

## MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 445<sup>th</sup> Edition – March 4, 2018

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



### **Top of Keno Hill - 1961**

I was recently looking through a bunch of my old photographs and I came across this one that I took when I was stationed in Keno in 1961. Over the years I have seen newer versions of this iconic sign post with some notable changes and additions. This one may have been the original.

George Leoppky [galeoppky\\*telus.net](mailto:galeoppky*telus.net) (In Richmond BC)

**Danny Bereza** has offered his book **Big Dipper Route** to share in the Moccasin Telegraph over time. [Dannybereza@gmail.com](mailto:Dannybereza@gmail.com)  
So here is Chapter 1.



Chapter 1.

### **Dead Man**

Flying with a dead man lying beside you is no fun at all, especially at night. He was covered with a grey blanket and strapped to a stretcher that had been placed in the little airplane by taking out the right front and rear seats. The boys from the mine had placed the stretcher in first as he was too big and the doorway too small to manoeuvre him tied down. Next they grabbed him by the shoulders and legs and manhandled him in, placing his head near the instrument panel where the glow cast eerie shadows on the door and I could watch his blanket-wrapped head loll around as his body jostled in the turbulence. My hand came within a few inches of his face as I reached out to tune my radio. I felt queasy in such close proximity to a corpse so I tuned in the local radio station at Whitehorse and was thankful to hear voices from living people. I listened intently to the commentary, trying to keep my mind off the thing beside me that only a few hours before had been telling dirty jokes and laughing with the boys at the bar.

I was an inexperienced pilot on my first assignment flying in northern Canada and didn't want to screw up. I had been recently sent up to Whitehorse, Yukon Territories to train as a Captain of the DC-3 aircraft, an old but very reliable machine. My training was not scheduled to start for a few days so I was assigned to fly the Piper Aztec, a six passenger twin-engine aircraft while I looked for a house to rent for my wife and infant son.

The base manager of Great Northern Airways, Bud Harbottle, had called me just as I was getting ready to hit the sack in the beat up old hotel next to the airport in Whitehorse. Harbottle was one of the well-known bush pilots who had flown tens of

thousands of hours over the bitter hostility of the Yukon winter and the sweet, seductive summer, unlike I who had only a few hundred hours flying in the north. He had quit active flying and was the base manager responsible for the overall operation at Whitehorse. He was tall and wiry with veiled eyes and dark hair. He was quiet and guarded, typical of many older pilots who have survived by trial and error, straining every hour out of their grimacing wood and fabric machines. He probably could have taken apart an old Fairchild 24 and put it back together in one shrieking winter day. When we talked, he looked at me as if to say: "Don't ask for any secrets— find out for yourself."

Now he said: "A man just died at the Anvil mine so I want you to take the Aztec in and pick up the body."

"But it's night time and there are no lights on the strip at Anvil," I protested. He was firm. "They're going to get all the vehicles from the camp to line up on both sides of the strip and shine their lights on the runway for you." His voice hinted: what's the matter, are you scared? You young fellas just can't hack it, can you?

As far as I was concerned, it wasn't legal to land an airplane at night unless there was Department of Transport approved lighting on the strip and I doubted whether a bunch of trucks would have been approved. But there was a guy who just died and his family was probably waiting for his body and Harbottle wouldn't have called me unless he thought that it was important enough to break the rules. And I didn't want to get started on the wrong foot with the company management, so...

"OK. I'll get dressed and be down right away."

After a few minutes of flying away from the bright city lights of Whitehorse, the Yukon night sky became alive with lustrous stars pulsating high overhead as I winged my way to the Anvil Mine site. Astronomy had always been a passion of mine so I concentrated on identifying constellations and stars that I could see from the cockpit so I wouldn't think of the corpse I was going to transport. The darkness of the night sky contrasted sharply with the bright spheres of light stabbing at my eyes as I flew low over the strip to check the lighting. There must have been a dozen vehicles lined up on either side of the runway. They had their lights turned up on high beam and aimed directly at my airplane. I swooped and careened my way down the runway, cursing the idiots in the trucks and trying hard not to meet the same fate as my awaiting passenger as the blinding lights of the trucks almost caused me to lose direction.

The corpse was loaded and we took off again. When we were within visual distance of Whitehorse I began to relax. I looked down at my grey, shrouded corpse. Why don't I just reach over and lift the blanket from his face? You know, to see what he looks like. I had never really seen a dead man before. I couldn't count the old man in the casket so many years ago. He had been made up to look like he was sleeping. This guy here would be for real so I could confront death right in the face, so to speak. *OK. Danny, cast away your childish fears and have a look. Go ahead, chicken.* The mechanical turbulence

over the mountains rocked the body and the head wagged slowly sideways as if to deny me my thoughts. Leave us be in death. You will know soon enough. Some things are best left alone. A chilling thought came to me. What would happen if he were not really dead? He could merely be in a coma. I doubted whether there was a doctor at the mine and maybe not even a nurse so how did they know that he was dead? If I pulled aside the blanket and his eyes were open, what then? Would I be able to tell if he was dead or just very sick? We would be landing soon so I had to make up my mind. I reached over and tentatively touched the blanket but my hand froze. I tried to lift it but fear held my hand in its rigid embrace. I shivered involuntarily. I sat there contemplating my irrational fear of death. *I must address this problem. How about if I just lift the blanket from his shoulder area. That way I can move it slowly toward his face.* I touched the corner of the blanket near his shoulder and lifted it until I could see his shirt, dark and foreboding in the night. Panic struck me. I started to shake and dropped the blanket.

The tower cleared me to land so I snapped out of my frightened frame of mind, reached over beside his head and lowered the landing gear. In doing so I brushed his face under the blanket, which sent more chills up my spine and made me long for living company. That was it—I decided not to tempt my sanity anymore and landed the airplane without looking at my bizarre payload.

I taxied up to the awaiting ambulance with mixed feelings. I was glad to see people but hated my spineless fear of death that after all, is just as natural as being born. The two ambulance attendants were leaning up against the vehicle casually smoking cigarettes that they flicked to the tarmac and crushed out with their shoes as I swung around to park and cut the engines.

"Have a good flight?" one asked.

"Not bad but I didn't have very friendly company," I said trying to play smart-ass.

He guffawed loudly. "Are you going to give us a hand to get him out of there?"

"Er, sure, no sweat."

Slowly I got up on the wing and removed the door. One of the guys jumped up there with me, climbed into the airplane and proceeded to wrestle the dead man's legs out onto the wing as his friend stood on the ground ready to place the stretcher under the body.

The guy in the plane grunted under the load and said, "Grab his shoulders and we'll swing him onto the stretcher."

I hesitated, but fear of embarrassment overrode the fear of touching a dead body so I reached down and gingerly grabbed hold of him. I tried to think of it as holding a side of beef and in fact, the texture wasn't that much different. The difference was that he was still warm. He had cooled slightly but there was still enough body heat left to blow my side of beef inspiration. So with my spine tingling, I dumped his bulk onto the stretcher and jumped off the wing happy to be done with it.

I watched the ambulance roar off and then in almost total darkness, slowly trudged the few blocks back to the hotel feeling like Ichabod Crane after traversing Sleepy Hollow.

At the hotel a couple of the company pilots were having a drink in the bar. One of them spoke to me, his eyes smiling as he watched my reaction. "I hear that George Landry is gonna check you out in the DC-3. He's a tough bugger and pretty opinionated. You'd better watch your step."

George would be my teacher and the judge of my performance. If I did the job to his satisfaction he would recommend me for an upgrade to Captain but if I faltered he could cease training me and send me packing in disgrace. I would be relegated to the right seat, which is where the co-pilot sits. The other company pilots would smile and say nice things when they worked with me but I would be forever known as a pilot who never really made it.



Lewis Lake Trestle ca 1900

Yukon Archives, E.J. Hamacher fonds (Margaret and Rolf Hougen collection), 2002/118, #270.

## **Lewis Lake**

There's a nice little lake just off the Klondike Highway between Whitehorse and Carcross. Well, it's a little lake today, but back in 1900 before a Vancouver based engineer came along, this lake was much, much larger.

When the White Pass railway was being built in 1900, the workers encountered a large unnamed lake about 50 miles from Skagway near Lake Bennett. A construction engineer A.B. Lewis discovered that the surface of the lake was above the railway grade. To go around it would add as much as ten miles to the length of the line.

Lewis decided if the water level could be lowered by about 10 feet the company would save a lot of money. A ditch was dug from the south end of the lake to drain away the excess water. The plug was pulled during the evening. Then, to the dismay of Lewis and the workers, the force of the water flowing down the ditch washed the loose mud and gravel away causing a torrent of water which quickly drained the lake, not 10 feet, but nearly 80 feet. The flood washed out a considerable length of the recently constructed railroad bed below the lake. This held up construction, much to the embarrassment of engineer Lewis.

The once large unnamed lake became three small lakes. All round the present day shore is volcanic ash deposited about 1300 years ago by a massive eruption in Alaska. The ash, which used to be underwater, reveals fossilized marine creatures which lived in the lake many thousands of years ago. It's hard to understand why the lake was named in honour of Engineer Lewis. It's likely if the same feat were tried today, Lewis would have to find a way to put the water back.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



**Mayor Wayne Potoroka**

January 9 2018

Posted on Facebook "Dawson, Blast from the past"

The recent post over at the "A History of Tr'ondëk-Klondike in 100 Objects" Facebook page about Dawson's birthday and diamond jubilee celebration inspired me to dig up information shared with me by Kathy Gates about another Dawson diamond jubilee artifact: the mayor's chain of office.

Chains of office, also known as livery collars, have their roots in the middle ages and are worn as an insignia of office, especially during official functions, and a sign of respect. Dawson's isn't quite so old. The diamond-jubilee committee used proceeds from the 1977 Homecoming Weekend to pay for the collar (Dawson's first), which was designed

by Murdoch's Gem Shop in Whitehorse. Bill Weigland and Mike Scott spent that fall working on the chain of office and it was presented by Brenda Caley at the 1978 New Year's Ball. The first person to wear the chain of office? Her Worship Yolanda Burkhard.



Photo by Whitehorse Star

**ORIGINAL GOLD DIGGERS - Kate Carmack, right, discovered gold on August 17, 1896, along with her husband George, Skookum Jim and Dawson Charlie. Gypsy Troele, left, was a turn of the century dance-hall girl in Dawson City. She later married Elay Britton and settled in Carmacks.**

## **Women in mining, then and now**

"Strange things are done in the midnight sun by the men who toil for gold," wrote Robert Service.

**By Whitehorse Star on June 1, 1990**

But what about the women?

Rose Margeson of Parks Canada posed that question to a number of women active in today's mining industry at last Saturday's Gold Show in Dawson City.

She presented a number of slides of archival photographs to prove that - contrary to popular belief - the women who hiked the Chilkoot Trail in the gold Rush weren't all prostitutes and dance hall girls.

They were teachers, wives, entrepreneurs, nuns, mothers, prospectors, nurses and journalists. And although these women accounted for one out of thirty people hiking the Chilkoot, there's virtually no record of them.

They slogged up the Chilkoot in their knee-high leather boots, tight-fitting jackets and whalebone corsets for exactly the same reasons as the men, said Margeson: wealth and adventure.

But where the Gold Rush was a great leveller for men who sweated and drank together, it enforced social divisions between women.

There were the respectable women, said Margeson, and then there were the not-so-respectable women. Dance hall girls were more respectable than prostitutes, but not by much. Within a couple of years of the discovery of gold, prostitutes had been banned from Dawson City, forcing them to relocate in Louse-town, a safe distance from Dawson's increasing number of respectable wives and mothers.

During the gold rush, Dawson was populated by many fascinating women who crossed the line between ladies of leisure and working ladies, said Margeson.

They included: Edith Van Burn, a large, imposing and highly-opinionated American who brought two dozen pigeons, a parrot and a portable bowling alley along with her to the Yukon; Diamond Tooth Gertie, the dance hall girl renowned for the diamond stud between her two front teeth; and Martha Black, the Chicago woman who married a future commissioner, and went on to make her own mark on Yukon history.

Margeson also mentioned Belinda Mulrone, who sold \$5,000 worth of trade goods for \$30,000 and, against all advice, went on to build a hotel at Grand Forks. Her foresight and acumen resulted in the town of Grand Forks, located at the confluence of Bonanza Creek and Eldorado Creek, with a population at one time of 10,000.

Margeson said a tiny number of women did work their own claims, but they were prevented at that time from fully exploiting the many mining opportunities by the law, which said only a married woman could file for new claims. Single women could only purchase existing claims.

"There are dozens of fascinating characters among gold rush women," Margeson said at the conclusion of her talk. "They need not be glorified but they should be remembered.

"Dawson would not have survived beyond the gold rush without the women who stuck around."

Margeson's audience was living proof that the Yukon's spell continues to attract unusual trail-blazers.

Most of the women were actively involved in the placer mining industry - driving heavy duty equipment, operating sluice-boxes, expediting, and cleaning and pouring gold.

All the women who've worked in the placer industry for many years said there's just something about their way of life that's irreplaceable.

"At first, I was kind of frightened of the mining industry," said Paula Ross, who married into placer mining, and is a relative newcomer with a mere 12 years on the creeks.

"But now, I wouldn't change it. I wouldn't change it for anything. Not for all of Donald Trump's money."

True Yukoners, the women laughed at tales of severe hardship in the days of "no Finning or phones."

Marianne Holbrook said she and her husband decided to stay at their cabin on Quartz Creek through the winters of 1960 and 1961 to fix equipment. For three months in 1961, the mercury didn't surface from the lowest reading on their thermometer, an icy -60.

"Those were the years when we used to get cold weather."

Holbrook said it was so cold they ran out of wood and had to take a chainsaw to the log ends on their cabin to stay warm.

"Miners today have it soft with their VCRs and their washers and their welders," said Fran Hakonson, who started mining in 1946. "A lot today didn't melt snow and weren't in the sluice boxes like we were.

"Things are much better. I'm glad for them really."

She didn't sound convinced.

Noreen Sailer has helped her husband mine Dominion Creek and Quartz Creek for 26 years. Sailer was loaded down with the fruits of all those years of labor - a nugget bracelet, two tiny nugget necklaces, and nuggets on fingers and ears.

Like all the women, Sailer couldn't put her finger on what it is that's turned her into an addict.

"I think it's the spell of the Yukon," she said. "Why would you come back to something that wouldn't support you in the early times and even now you're not making much?"

"It isn't because it's easy."

Bonnie Taylor admits she's hooked, too.

"My first summer on the creek, an old timer said to me 'You can take the man out of the North but you can't take the North out of the man,'" said Taylor. "That happens to us, too. Something makes us come back."

All the women said they preferred working on the claim rather than fulfilling a traditional female role.

"One thing I love is I work cleaning gold in the evenings," said Ross. "We pour our own gold. It's very satisfying - a lot more satisfying than throwing another turkey in the oven."

Ross was disappointed that there were no young women in the audience who are working actively in mining today. A lot of the women in the mining industry these days have grown up in it, she said.

"I know a lot of girls have taken over jobs and in time, we'll see more of that, especially in family operations."

Women have always done a lot of bookkeeping, she said, but now more women are developing their own businesses and running companies.

Wanda Schmidt said she's doing a job which, until a few years ago, was thought of as a man's job. She's an expeditor. Schmidt said she knew there was a need for her service because she kept bumping into miners' wives running around town, trying to find everything on a huge list within a couple of hours.

"I've dealt with men a lot and so I know what they need when they say 'I need this thing-me-bob that goes on the end of the what-do-you-call-it and I absolutely have to have it before I go back out to the creek this evening.'"

Placer mining in the Yukon is a small world. The women all know each other well, and chatted casually about common friends and acquaintances.

But they couldn't stay talking for too long. Most were heading back to the creeks that night.

## **When I was a child in Whitehorse**

When I was a child in Whitehorse, I loved the scents of the old ladies I knew, the lavender and the lily of the valley. When I was a child, the old lady I knew best was my grandmother who would have been in her mid to late forties. Both lavender and lily of the valley scents were marketed as toilet water.

When I was deemed old enough to wear scent, I tried both and found they did not smell the same on me. In my teens, I discovered Avon scents; had an unfortunate experience with using too much *Topaz* and finding that I couldn't just wash it off. Eventually, I found two perfumes that did not stink on me and used them sparingly for two decades. One day, they too turned on me.

I am now an old lady, one of the people for whom scent-free zones are created. For now, I have the luxury of bathing often enough to curb the inevitable odors of an aging body. However, I have seen my elders in settings where bathing is limited to once a week or in their own homes when changing clothes has become difficult.

I now understand the liberal use of toilet water among those women I loved to smell. Most of them had no running water, had to haul or purchase water and share the weekly bath water with others in their household. Laundry was a challenge at any time; winter woolens made it worse. Cooking and heating with oil or wood, cooking moose – these added odors to be overcome. A splash of toilet water may not have been enough but wearing it or receiving a gift of it was a very meaningful gesture.

Maribeth Mainer [mmainer9@telus.net](mailto:mmainer9@telus.net) (In Burnaby BC)

How very interesting and observant of you Maribeth.

As one who showers daily a smelly human is not an experience I have had. My parents died young and I left home relatively early. I did spend a lot of time with my grandmother and cannot recall an odor or a scent on her. She was a janitor at the elementary school I attended and did that job until she retired. The smells I just recalled while telling you this was that of the orange peels and pencils shavings in the wastebaskets I emptied for her and my mother who took the job when “Nannie” retired.

Thank you for sharing Maribeth.  
Sherron

## **I flew with Doug Makkonen**

I have been incredibly busy over the last year. Barely have time to read the Telegraph. I am glad I read your last one. Being part of the flying community I flew with Doug Makkonen as he was training a young friend I introduced to commercial flying. **That man did not fly a chopper, he wore it.**

I tried to find a photo of Doug & I but too tired I'll find it tomorrow.

Cheers,

Brent Tipple [beasley@shaw.ca](mailto:beasley@shaw.ca)

Hi Sherron, this is a photo of Doug and I up on Aishihik Lake in 2008.

He was training my buddy Randy, a new chopper pilot. I flew with Water Survey on a survey trip up the lake.

I had just met Doug the night before and we had an instant bond. I have a lot of years working out of helicopters, and Doug was the most amazing pilot I every flew with.

The Yukon has lost a true legend.

Thanks, Brent



Doug Makkonen and Brent Tipple at Aishihik Lake in 2008.

Doug and I during a lunch break. I had some sausage in my left hand and was gesturing with the knife in my right.

Doug was noted for his high altitude rescues in the mountains around Haines Junction. Landing and taking off at 18,000 feet, which is quite the feat in a Bell 206 Jet ranger.

Photo courtesy Brent Tipple [beasley\\*shaw.ca](mailto:beasley@shaw.ca) Nelson BC



Doug at the controls of his helicopter, flying along the Aishihik River.  
Photo courtesy Brent Tipple [beasley@shaw.ca](mailto:beasley@shaw.ca) Nelson BC



US Air Force C-47 Dakota that is on a hillside between Ashihik Lake and Haines Junction– Searching for a missing C-54 (Military version of the DC-4), which had disappeared with 44 people onboard. - In February 1950 a sudden and ferocious downdraft forced this aircraft in a rapid descent, ending in a collision with mountainous terrain, luckily on a snow covered slope. It moved to this position after rotating 90 degrees and sliding downgrade stopping at a large rock. Another photo of this same aircraft in the link below appears that the ground in this area has very little slope.

Photo courtesy Brent Tipple [beasley@shaw.ca](mailto:beasley@shaw.ca) Nelson BC

For anyone interested in more photos and information about this incident and for all who are interested in the **DC-3/ C-47/ Dakota history** see:

<https://www.dc3dakotahunter.com/blog/yukon-c-47-crash-site-revisited-vol-2-how-the-crew-escaped-from-frozen-hell/>

**YUKON QUEST**

The 2018 Yukon Quest is finished. I attended the banquet Saturday night and was one of the best I've ever attended. I have attached photos of the patches made by a Sewing Circle that were given to each finisher. They were very beautiful and every musher very proud to receive one.

Donna Clayson [bdclayson\\*northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

























## **RCMP Jim Wake travels from Whitehorse From Facebook “Yukon History & Abandoned Places”**

RCMP Jim Wake travels from Whitehorse YT Canada down the Yukon River to Ft. Yukon, then up the Porcupine River to Old Crow YT to serve as the local law enforcement. Meantime, he falls in love with a beautiful young nurse (Ann) at the Episcopal Mission Hospital in Ft. Yukon. A wintry flight to see her dream comes true when they both resign their longer term commitments and get married. Jim, however, contracts tuberculosis and has to spend a year in a hospital where he almost dies. This gives him time to take two years of 8mm movie film and edit into 1 1/2 hours. In 1986 Jim converted to VHS and narrated his story. The love story is separate, but two years of way below zero footage while traveling by dog team to remote outposts is remarkable. Jim and Ann Wake maintained a lifelong friendship with my parents who are seen briefly in Ft. Yukon (along with little Willie).

Will Files - Homer, Alaska

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=DJ4Moe2Kak4&app=desktop](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DJ4Moe2Kak4&app=desktop)



**Qwanlin Mall pylon sign**

Photo courtesy Frank May on Facebook.

Frank May

February 13, 2018 at 10:38am on Facebook

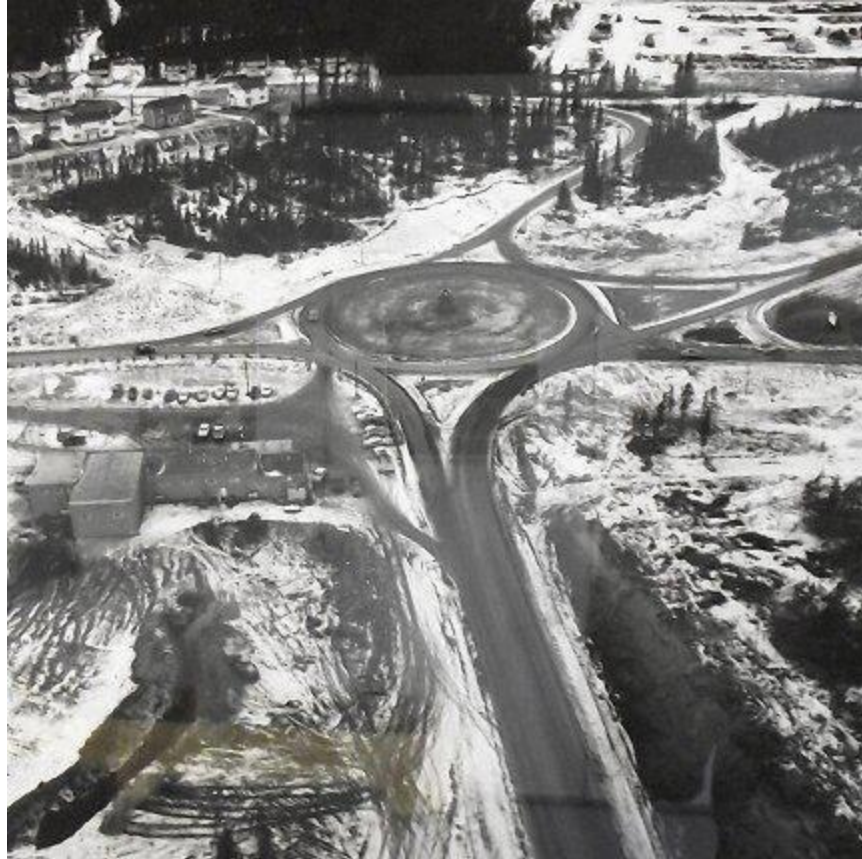
I realize that this is a very old picture of the Qwanlin Mall pylon **sign**.....but this is a very old story.

When we were developing the mall in 1971/72 we started to cast around for a name for the mall. Names like Yukon Mall, Steel Mall and Ogilvie Mall immediately came to mind but we were looking for something different.

We finally went to the principal of Whitehorse Elementary and ask the principal if the students would care to name the mall. A committee consisting of the principal, the mayor and I believe John Dumas was formed. We offered a prize to the student who came up with the chosen name, I think it was \$100 and we gave a financial gift to the school.

Well there was a short list was made and there was a clear first choice which was a First Nation's name but at the last moment the principal became suspicious about the name so he went to elders and they advised that there was no such name, the student had just made it up. □

Second on the list was Qwanlin which the elders liked and that was the name chosen albeit some 45 years later I question if we got the spelling correct.



**Traffic Circle at Whitehorse until the early 1970's.**

Upper left is Valleyview. Lower left was Elvins Equipment and the Circle Cafe. Road coming up the center from the bottom of the photo was the Two Mile Hill, First lane to the right was into Takhini area, while second lane went north on the Alaska Highway.

Hamilton Blvd did not exist at this time.

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson on Facebook



**Ed Barnett** Another one of the many mistakes made by City Hall getting rid of the traffic circle, one of the most efficient means of getting vehicles to get through an intersection. Don't worry they'll soon realize the mistake they made and spend 3-5 million to correct it back the way it was. BTW I love those pics



**Sherron Jones** The traffic circle was not within the City Limits when it was removed. The City at the time was just the lower level of Whitehorse and included Riverdale. The expansion of boundaries to include (if memory serves me right) north on the highway 10 miles and south on the highway 10 miles occurred about 1974, but will look it up and return here. I did work at City Hall from 1968-1983.



[Donna Clayson](#)[Group Admin](#) Glad you worked at City Hall Sherron. You are a wonderful resource for these types of posts.



[Ed Barnett](#) Pretty sure Takhini and Hillcrest were in city limits then I may be wrong but if I remember right they changed it in the late 60s thinking around 68 or so



[Sherron Jones](#) All of the upper level was not within City Boundaries. Hillcrest, Valleyview, Takhini, LoBird Trailer Court, Kopper King Trailer Court, Hillcrest, Crestview, Porter Creek were all in YTG boundaries. Wolf Creek was non-existent as a subdivision in 1974.

I remember creating a numbering system for property records, taxation and utilities. 1 had been for downtown Whse, 2 for Riverdale and 3 for Squatters. Some of the other numbers that were added were 10 for Porter Creek, 20's for the trailer courts (in alphabetical order) - so 28 was Takhini Trailer Court.



[Donna Clayson](#)[Group Admin](#) [Sherron Jones](#) Thanks.



[Sherron Jones](#) I did look online and did not find the year, but do see they compare population growth in Whitehorse to the year 1974. This would make sense since it was a much smaller jurisdiction the year before.



[Ed Barnett](#) Okay I thought they were within city limits as we called them part of Whitehorse thanks for clearing that up



[Sherron Jones](#) The expansion of boundaries was imposed upon the City. The Takhini Fire Department transfer was slightly later than the other transfers and don't know if that was Federal jurisdiction before 1974.



[Sherron Jones](#) [Ed Barnett](#) I know what I am saying about the upper level not being in City boundaries to be correct - in fact the Army had not completely left town when I arrived in 1968. For sure the dwellings in Hillcrest were sold off before the subdivision was turned over to the City. That sale took place - I estimate in the early 1970's.



Ed Barnett I believe you I just thought it was all one big happy town back then. In 68 I was only 11 lol



Mar 18/1971

Left to right: Brenda Jones, Val Smith, ?, ?, John Hadvick, Lis Patterson, Selah Joy, Ken Sawyer, Alida Frame, John Erickson, Carl Miller, Lawrence ?, Cathy Cameron, ?, ?, Eddy Barnett, Dale ?, Debbie Bowers, Thelma ?, Darlene ?, Janet Wood, ?, Wendy ?.



**Whitehorse 1944 – taken by aunt of Pam Walden.  
Courtesy Pam’s post to facebook Yukon History & Abandoned Places.**

Since the **MocTel is winding down**, please join the Facebook group **“Yukon History and Abandoned Places”** being coordinated by Murray Lundberg. <https://www.facebook.com/groups/yukonhistory/>

**It is collecting an amazing amount of Yukon History and you are welcome to add.**

**Several items in this edition of the MocTel were found there. Thank you to all who posted them.**

**Sherron Jones**

**OBIT**



## **WILLIAM JOHN "BILL" HENDERSON**

1924 – 2017

**HENDERSON, WILLIAM "BILL" JOHN:** Bill passed away peacefully at home on December 28, surrounded by his loving family. He was born in Deepdale, Manitoba on February 22nd, 1924 into a long time farming family. His parents were Ross Robert & Grace Evelyn Henderson. He is survived by his loving wife, Joy. He was honored and proud to join the R.C.M.P. in 1948. He served in N.S., B.C., Yukon & Ontario until 1972 when he moved to Kelowna, B.C. He then undertook a second career in real estate sales and land development for 12 years. Bill became the proud father of Lyle born in 1956, Sandra born in 1959 and Teresa born in 1963.

He shared his love of the outdoors with his family, taking them camping while the kids were young and shared hunting trips with Lyle when he was older. Later in his life Bill enjoyed traveling with Joy for over 32 years, first in their R.V. and then to Australia & New Zealand and other destinations in the South Pacific. They often traveled with good friends to Mexico where they stayed for several winters. They also had a wonderful trip to Italy with friends. They were true Snowbirds! Bill was a charter member of the local R.C.M.P. Veterans and was instrumental in forming this Association. He remained active until late in his life. Bill thrived on activity, enjoying walking, swimming, skiing, hunting and hiking until late in his 80's. He was adventurous and always ready for a new challenge. He loved a good practical joke and could tell many entertaining stories of his life and his service in the R.C.M.P. Bill loved swimming and was at the beach for a long swim as often as he could during the summer. He and Joy walked nearly every day in their neighborhood. No wonder he stayed in such great shape! Bill is survived by his three children: Lyle (Cindy) of Whitehorse, Y.T., Sandra (Roy) of Greenville, S.C., Teresa (Will) of Kelowna, B.C.; Grandchildren; Adam, Luke, Cassandra, Nicholas, Natalie, Danielle, Ali; Great Grandson Brady And Joy's children: Bryan (JoAnn) of Edmonton, AB., Michael (Misa) of N. Vancouver, B.C., Karen (Allan) of Chilliwack, B.C.; Grandchildren: Michelle, Steven, Sarah, Mia, Sera; his sister-in-law Alice, of Phoenix, AZ. Bill was pre-deceased by his brother, Herb, of Phoenix, AZ and his sister, Gladys, of Kamloops B.C. As requested by Bill, there will be no service. In lieu of flowers, those wishing to may donate to the Kelowna Hospice Society. Special thanks to Dr. Van de Ross for his compassionate care.

Published in Okanagan Valley Newspaper Group on Jan. 3, 2018



## **ARCHER, Alan**

Alan was born May 26, 1933 in Winnipeg, MB, and passed away at home in Vancouver, BC on January 9, 2018. Al is remembered as an honest, supportive and caring family man. He will be greatly missed by his wife of 62 years, Maureen (Laird); daughters Kathleen (Neil), Susan (Kelly), and Sharon (Carl); grandchildren Nicole, Michelle, Laura, Marc, Emma, Karl, Matt and Dylan; and great-grandchildren Jadyne, Owen, Reilly and Leah. Al graduated from UBC in Geological Engineering in 1957 and continued in his profession until retiring in 2003. **His first position as a geologist was with United Keno Hill Mines in Calumet, Yukon and, after a short time at Texada Mines, returned to United Keno Hill Mines as Chief Geologist. In 1966, Al and Bob Cathro took a "gamble" and formed Archer Cathro & Associates Ltd, opening a consulting office in Whitehorse which specialized in Yukon mineral exploration and engineering. Archer Cathro is still going strong after 50+ years, both in Whitehorse and Vancouver. Al was always proud that their firm was one of the first to hire female geologists at a time when many would not. In the late 1960s, Al discovered a large copper and gold deposit in the Casino area which led to the company's first big contracts and established Archer Cathro as an industry leader. During slumps in the mining industry, Al had innovative ideas to keep the company continuing. Archer Cathro began compiling a mineral inventory database for the Yukon starting in 1972, which was later purchased by the Yukon Government to become the foundation for the current Yukon MINFILE database. During further slow periods in the 1980s, the company conducted high-grade silver mining in the Keno Hill district, which led to the discovery of extremely rare silver crystals formed in ice. The frozen silver was donated to the Canadian Museum of Nature in Ottawa in 1990. Archer Cathro recognized the scenic value of the Tombstone Mountains and, in 1994, voluntarily forfeited its Tombstone mineral claims to help with the creation of the Tombstone Territorial Park. In 1998 Al was a recipient of the H.H. "Spud" Huestis Award for excellence in prospecting and exploration and, in 2002, Archer Cathro was inducted into the Yukon Prospectors' Hall of Fame by the Yukon Prospectors' Association.** After retiring, Al continued to enjoy golfing in Whistler and vacationing in Maui. Family get-togethers were one of the most important and enjoyable parts of Al's well-lived life. His numerous stories about his adventures as a geologist in the Yukon will long be remembered by his family.

Published in Vancouver Sun and/or The Province from Feb. 2 to Feb. 3, 2018



### **KIRCHNER, Erich Josef**

Born March 15, 1930 in Ratibor, Germany, passed away February 22, 2018 in Edmonton, AB. From his early teens through his early 30s, Erich lived a life of survival, hard work and travel in Europe, on the oceans, and across Canada. He fled wartime Germany in 1945, a young teen on his own and found work sailing on fishing ships. He later travelled to France, Japan, New York City, Toronto, Quebec, Ontario, the Yukon and Alberta, working in lumber camps, mining camps and eventually earning his pipefitter certificate, which became a lifelong career. Erich immigrated to Canada in 1951 and was very proud of his work and of being a member of the Plumbers and Pipefitters Union Local 488 for 53 years.

In March, 1959, having been introduced by letter through a mutual acquaintance, Erich and Maria began a penpal courtship between Whitehorse and Yugoslavia. Maria moved to Whitehorse in June, 1960, where the two were married 10 days later. They later moved to Edmonton, Alberta then St. Catherines, Ontario and back to Edmonton, where they raised their two boys. Erich was fiercely loyal and protective of his family, which was his whole world, and he will be missed by his wife Maria (nee Klemen?i?), their sons Erich C. (Carmen Wyatt) and Siegfried (Cindy Walling), and grandchildren, Christina (known as Christie) and Erich B. (known as Brady) Kirchner.

Erich was predeceased by his parents, Hedwig and August Kirchner and his sister Brunhilde (Günther) and brother Siegfried. In memory of Erich, donations may be made to the Red Cross Health Equipment Loan Program (1-800-481-1111 mention Equipment Loans).

A Viewing and Visitation for Erich will be held on Thursday, March 1, 2018 at 11:00 a.m. – 12:00 p.m. at Westlawn Funeral Home, 16310 Stony Plain Road, with a gathering to follow at the family home. Erich's final resting place will be Westlawn Cemetery.

Published in The Edmonton Journal on Feb. 27, 2018



## **Leslie Jean (Zeller) KINGWELL**

KINGWELL, Leslie Jean (nee Zeller) It is with a sad and heavy heart that we say good-bye to our dear Leslie, beloved wife of Kenneth Kingwell, daughter of Vi Meech and the late Robert Zeller, sister of Rick and Doug Zeller. **Born April 4, 1958 in Whitehorse, Yukon** and passed away January 4, 2018 at St. Michael's Hospice in Burnaby, BC after a lengthy illness. After leaving a job in the financial department at Crown Paper in the 1990's, she took on the role of office manager and administrator for KR Gutter, the business started, owned and operated by Ken and herself for over 40 years. In her free time she loved reading, gardening, cooking, watching football, and spending time outdoors with husband Ken. Scuba diving, skiing, hiking, riding dirt bikes and side-by-side quads in the back country were just a few of her interests and accomplishments. Her time with us was far too short. God lent her to us for 59 years, but when he needed another angel he took her home. She was loved dearly and will be sorely missed. By request a private family service will be held at a future date.

Published in The Burnaby Now and New Westminster Record from Jan. 24 to Jan. 25, 2018



**Eleanor Bernice Dearness**

**DEARNESS**, Eleanor Bernice (nee Spurrell) 1928 - 2018 Eleanor passed away peacefully on January 23, 2018 at the age of 89 years. She leaves to cherish her memory her loving daughters Barbara Garside (Brian), Katreia Dearness (Tom), grandchildren Aaron Garside, Kevin Garside, Brendan Rooney, Graeme Rooney and Gillia Rooney. She was predeceased by her husband, William Dearness, brothers Eric, Ron, Tom and sister Ann. Eleanor had a sense of adventure, enjoying travel, seeing and experiencing new places and people. She set out on her own from Newfoundland at the age of 18, arriving to start her RN training at Vancouver General hospital. However she was not ready to settle at this time and continued exploring into Washington State then back up and down the West Coast landing **in Whitehorse to run a hotel/restaurant. Before leaving for the Yukon she married William the love of her life in Vancouver.** After some time in the Yukon they settled in Port Alberni where both her daughters were born.

At the age of 28 she lost her husband in an accident. Eleanor was called back to a career in nursing where she completed her training as a single parent and went on to excel in caring for those in her care. Eleanor was always kind, compassionate and loving for her family. We feel blessed by her abiding love that will remain forever. We are so very grateful to have had the privilege of calling her our Mother. At her request, there will be no service or celebration of life held. To make a condolence please visit [www.earthsoption.com](http://www.earthsoption.com)

Published in Victoria Times Colonist from Jan. 27 to Jan. 28, 2018

Hi Sherron,

Mom (Ruby (Bowers) Woolgar) wanted you to know that Ted (Woolgar) passed away on Tuesday, February 6th. His service will be on Saturday, March 17, 2018 in Grand Forks BC.

Debbie (Bowers) Gelineau [ddgelineau@gmail.com](mailto:ddgelineau@gmail.com) (In Grande Prairie)

Thanks Sherron. Mom will be moving to Grande Prairie once her house sells in Grand Forks. She'll put it on the market next month. I'll let you know her new address at that time. Duncan and I moved back to Grande Prairie as well last Fall. We loved Cape Breton and enjoyed every day we spent there - but missed our grandchildren too much. We have two grandchildren in Grande Prairie and four more, close by in Peace River. Mom will be able to keep busy with family.

Debbie

## **Theodore (Ted) Woolger** 1926 2018

Ted passed away peacefully on February 6, 2018 at Hardy View Lodge, after a long battle with dementia.

Ted was born in Vanguard, Saskatchewan on April 21 1926. He attended school in Aneroid, Saskatchewan and then went on to university in Saskatoon where he received his teaching degree. Ted taught in southern Saskatchewan until 1957, at which time he moved to Whitehorse, Yukon. In the Yukon, Ted taught Industrial Education for several years. Ted retired to Grand Forks, BC in 1987. He was very active as a volunteer at Hardy View Lodge and also spent many years with Hospice. Ted was a kind and gentle man and these volunteer activities suited him well. He loved boating and fishing, both in the Yukon and in retirement, at Christina Lake and Jewel Lake.

Ted is survived by his wife Ruby; two sons Brad and Mark; brothers Ron and Bonnar; Ruby's four children; five grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren, all of whom he loved dearly.

The family would like to thank each and every member of Christina Lake Cottage and Auxiliary Cottage for care, love and compassion that they showed Ted. Your kindness will never be forgotten.

A memorial service will be held on Saturday March 17, 2018 at the Gospel Chapel at 1 pm. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to Boundary Community Hospice Association, Box 2647, Grand Forks, BC V0H 1H0.

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*"Only those who dare to fail greatly can ever achieve greatly."*  
– Robert F. Kennedy

## **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.

### **Uncooked Tomato Relish**

7 lbs ripe tomatoes  
7 large onions  
2 lbs celery  
1 cup salt  
6 cups granulated sugar  
2 cups white vinegar  
2 sweet red peppers  
3 oz. or less of white mustard seeds

Peel tomatoes and add the peeled and cut up onions. Scrub and scrape the celery, cut coarsely and put through food chopper with tomatoes and onions. Sprinkle with the salt and mix thoroughly, and turn into a double square of cheese-cloth or a jelly bag. Let drip overnight. In the morning, stir sugar with vinegar, seeded and chopped peppers and celery seed, over low heat until sugar has dissolved. Add the drained vegetables, mix thoroughly and turn into sterilized jars. Seal.

Viola M. Hoggan

## COMING EVENTS

Vancouver Yukoners Members: I am reaching out to our Members for donations to the Silent Auction table at the Annual Reunion Weekend coming up in April. As most of you know, we are sold out and will be at capacity of 280 persons. It's going to be quite the weekend as we'll be celebrating 90 years of the Association. And of course, the coveted "Canucks" will be playing again on the Saturday night.

Each year we run a Silent Auction where the proceeds are donated to a Yukon business or association which would benefit from the funds. Last year, we had a highly successful Silent Auction and donated just over \$3500 to the Macaulay Lodge in Whitehorse. The goal was reached largely due to the generosity from businesses and persons like yourselves. Since we like to change up the donation target each year, we have selected the Marsh Lake Community Centre since Marsh Lake now has the second highest population for a city/town in the Yukon. Also, a large number of our members and attendees do reside in Marsh Lake. Since we have not chosen Marsh Lake in the past, we thought it would be fitting to have them as the donation target. The community centre is in dire need of proper snow removal equipment for their skating rink and public areas so the funds will be put towards purchasing the equipment.

If you wish to donate an item, please contact me directly. Some of you have already donated for the upcoming event, so no need to contact me again. Your generosity is appreciated. I will be the MC again this year and will do my absolute best to drive up the bids :)

Please let me know if you have any questions or comments.....

Kind regards,  
Doug Stuart [hospitality\\*telus.net](mailto:hospitality*telus.net) (In Victoria, BC)  
Vice President  
Vancouver Yukoners' Association

## SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect. There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

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

ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

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

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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