

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 443rd Edition – Dec. 3, 2017

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

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



Cottonwood River on Stewart Cassiar Highway
Facebook photo courtesy Susan Gleason (In Whitehorse)



Doctor Duncans' house about 1940
7th Avenue – Dawson, Yukon

Those Duncans just keep coming. . . and coming . . .and coming.

Call it the law of the Yukon. Call it the natural urge to return to our roots. Or maybe say it's just the curiosity so many of us Duncans share to see for ourselves the place our parents and grandparents remembered with such pleasure.

Whatever the reason, four generations of Duncans – yep, FOUR! – have come back to get to know the Yukon, especially Dawson and Whitehorse.

Sure, we'd heard the stories about Uncle Alan, Dr. A.C. Duncan, who found himself in the Yukon, first in Mayo in 1933, then Whitehorse, and finally, in 1935, in Dawson City. He was a recently-graduated doctor who needed a job very badly – the Depression was happening, remember - so he didn't look at a map too closely when the Anglican Archdiocese offered him a heaven-sent posting.

Sure, we heard how many times Dr. Alan tried to join the armed forces during the early years of WWII. But the Canadian government wanted to keep him where he was – virtually the only doctor for miles around - and had the power to make that happen. They simply conscripted him, put him in uniform, declared him an essential service and ordered him to stay where he was.

And when the federal government does THAT, there's no arguing, no talking back, and no refusing.

Throughout the war, Dr. Alan looked after everybody, no matter what ailed them. He also delivered every baby born in Dawson throughout the entire war years. Thus the legend of the 'Duncan babies' was born.

The legend grew when my father, Dr. Barrie Duncan, moved to Dawson to take over the medical practice after his discharge from the RCAF at the end of the war. Younger than his brother Alan, Dad brought his family – his wife and my mother, Norah; my younger

sister, Barb and I, the two oldest of what would eventually be five children with the arrival of Peter, Gene and Bruce, in that order. They also brought the first of many family dogs, most of whom were named 'Bugs'.



Doctor Duncans' house on 7th Ave – Dawson Yukon – 2014
Family photos sent courtesy Peter Duncan.

Another Dr. Duncan. More Duncan babies. Lots more.

In fact, Dad told us many years later that Dawson and the surrounding area was full of little boys named Alan or Barrie in honour of the doctor who had delivered them. Particularly if the delivery was difficult, naming the baby after the doctor was considered then - and still is - a way of saying 'thankyou'.

The stories our parents told us. And we told the next generations.

Stories of watching and cheering from the Dome as the siren wailed that the Yukon River ice had broken up and was 'going out'. Of coming within 15 minutes of winning the ice-going-out lottery myself, at age seven.

Of that awful day of the hospital fire when Dad helped other volunteers save the new x-ray machine that the town had worked so hard to get. Of sending us all home via the school fire escapes, because the hospital patients were being brought in the front door. School was cancelled for several weeks as the building became a temporary replacement hospital.

Stories of the Christmas when the town was snowed in; the temperature had dropped to about eight million below, and stayed there for weeks. There was just no way to get those catalogue orders – mostly for Christmas presents – into Dawson.

We knew about the two gutsy American airmen, stationed in Whitehorse, who volunteered to try and get one plane load of gifts into town. The staff of the Whitehorse post office opened the packages addressed to Dawson, selecting only kids' stuff to send in the tiny aircraft.

Toys and sports equipment, yes. Buzz saws and electric mixers, sorry, no space. The staff of the Dawson Post Office worked through that entire night. Local teachers made a list of every kid in the area so no one would be overlooked. And Dad turned our dining room into a sorting depot.

All night long, parents came to pick up gifts for their children. No one was missed, and every child in town had something to open on Christmas morning.

The stories went on, often getting 'better' with age.

Stories of our family's annual drive 'around the loop' so Dad could visit as many mining camps as he could get to, checking on the health of the miners and their families. My BFF, Fay Callison, often came with us, and we both usually got dreadfully car sick. Delightful!

And stories of Fay's father, bush pilot Pat Callison, flying Dad to remote mining camps, landing on nearby rivers, and somehow, getting both plane and passengers safely back home to Dawson.

(Callison eventually built his own airstrip on the outskirts of Dawson. Both the airstrip and the nearby Callison Industrial Park are named after him.)

Those were the stories we heard, the images we gleaned from old photos, and the myths or truths that intrigued the Duncans of our generation as we grew up.

It all seemed so adventurous, so man-against-nature-ish, and so Sergeant Preston-ish somehow. No wonder we all wanted to go back and see it again. And no wonder the upcoming generation of Duncans wanted to see it.

When you think about it, some of the north-bound third-and fourth-generation Duncans – the young ones - were kind of like the early miners: they were going for the adventure and for the opportunity. Others of us – the older, second generation - went back as returning tourists, looking to soak up the atmosphere and natural beauty we remembered. We went back too, to pay homage to Mom and Dad, by visiting the 'Doctor's house', the log cabin on Dawson's Seventh Avenue where we were raised, and which locals still call the 'Doctor's House', 60 years later.

Four of the five of us second ‘generation-ers’ went back in the summer of 2011, the 60th anniversary of the year we left the Yukon. We took Barb’s 16-year old grandson David with us - Barrie and Norah’s great grandson -, and the first of the fourth generation of our family of Yukon-bound trekkers.



Four of the five Duncan ‘kids’ in front of the family home during their Dawson Re-Discovery Days. Left to right: Tricia, Gene, Barb and Peter

We called it the ‘Duncan Dawson Re-Discovery Days’ (‘Re-Discovery Days’, get it?) and we started by walking directly and surely to our old house, the ‘Doctor’s House. We didn’t need directions; we remembered exactly where it was.

But somehow, we remembered that house as HUUUGE. It’s definitely NOT huge. It’s tiny. REALLY tiny. In fact, when we saw it, we couldn’t believe that Mom had managed five young kids in that small cabin through the dark winters, with no radio, television or drop-in day care centres to help her.

We were impressed by what Parks Canada and the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs had done to restore many of the old buildings and bring back a sort of gold rush ‘vibe’, all to kindle and support a local tourism industry.

We brought some old photos we found among Dad’s things, and donated them to the Museum. And we recorded our memories of ‘Growing up Dawson’ for the Parks Canada people to use as background ‘context’ in preparing their guided tours of Dawson. As one of the interviewers told us, “We had quite a lot of information about life in Dawson in those isolated, pre-highway times, but until you Duncan ‘kids’ (I was 70 – some kid!) came back, we had almost nothing about what those days were like as seen through the eyes of a child.”

Now, the next generations of Duncans are coming.

One by one, they're heading north, lured by the opportunities now opening up for young people.

They're attracted, too, by the stories Peter has written in two family publications, *The Hunt for my Heritage*, December, 2004, and the update, *Our Duncan Dawson Days*, produced in December, 2016.

(The update was written with considerable input from Fay Callison and her husband, Wayne Ash. Talk about closing the loop!)

One third-generation-er, Shannon Duncan - Bruce's daughter, Barrie and Norah's granddaughter - is a committed Yukoner. She first went up to Dawson in 2003, purely on a whim. And yes, with a miniature banjo on her knee.

She lived mostly in a tent, camped on a sandbank during the Solstice; helped out at the local vet's clinic, and juggled a job at a local restaurant with another job working for the humane society as a husky dog walker. (More Duncans-with-dog stories!)

Four years later, Shannon returned to Dawson, this time with a group of friends from Toronto. They tried to form a band - those kids played every conceivable type of instrument - but the gigs were few and far between. So Shannon turned to writing plays about the gold rush, and performing her own work in the Palace Grand Theatre.

When she returned the following summer, 2008, the world economic crash was in full bloom, and Dawson was as affected as everywhere else. Shannon couldn't make enough to pay her university tuition so she couldn't afford to come back for a fourth summer. She says she'll be back some day. Perhaps with her own children.



Dr. Barrie Duncan's guitar-playing and singing granddaughter, Shannon Duncan (right) and fellow musicians performed on the deck of the Historic Site, Sternwheeler Keno in Dawson on the banks of the Yukon River.

The Duncans keep coming. . .

The latest? Peter's youngest, Conrad Duncan, and his wife, Ashley, have recently moved to Whitehorse, the third generation of Duncan Yukoners. They're both speech - language pathologists working for the Yukon government: Conrad works with families and kids; Ashley works with long-term care residents.

They had only just arrived when they started hearing stories about the so-called 'Duncan babies'. And it wasn't long before they actually met some former patients of Alan and Barrie: an elderly woman who said she and her brother were both delivered by one of the Dr. Duncans, and a First Nations elder from Mayo who recalled a Dr. Duncan (he wasn't sure which one!) who 'fixed' his brother's leg.

Although they've lived in Whitehorse for only a few months, Ashley and Conrad have already settled in. And their son, Angus, born in August, is now officially the first FOURTH generation Duncan to live full-time in the Yukon.



The newest 'Duncan baby', Angus Duncan of Whitehorse. He's the son of Conrad and Ashley Duncan, Dr. Barrie's great grandson, and the first of the fourth generation of Duncans to live in the Yukon.

And coming.

Peter's oldest, Tracy, made her first visit to the Yukon last summer. She and her husband, Darcy Cumming, brought their three children, Mackenzie, Maggie, and Duncan (yep, that's his name!), to visit Conrad and Ashley in Whitehorse.



Duncan Cumming, Dr. Barrie's great grandson and Peter's grandson, tries his hand at panning for gold.

Coming up next: Tracy and family plan to visit Dawson. They've already heard the stories, and want to see the old family home for themselves. They'll love it.

Tricia Sirrs triciasirrs@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

Hoggan Reunion Held in Burnaby - 2017

Sherron, this is the only family group picture from the reunion that has been posted thus far. This is the John W. Hoggan's descendant group and includes Frank Hoggan's widow, Jean. Several spouses were present but wouldn't fit in the picture.



John W. Hoggan Descendants

Back row, left to right: John G. Hoggan, Kay Hoggan Burch, Dawn Norrish, Shalyn Norrish, Heather Norrish, Joy Mainer, Kristine Anderson, Maribeth Mainer, Mark Hoggan.

Front row: Natalie Hoggan, Kyra Mainer holding her cousin Pandora, Jean Hoggan John G, Kay, Kris and Mark are Frank Hoggan's kids; Jean Hoggan is his widow. Natalie is John G.'s daughter

Dawn, Heather and I are the Tubman sisters, granddaughters of John W. Dawn and Heather married brothers, hence the same surname. Shalyn is Heather's daughter. Joy is my daughter; Pandora, hers. Kyra is my son's eldest. She lives with Joy, Pandora and I.

Maribeth Mainer mmainer9@telus.net (In Burnaby BC)

Hoggan Family Reunion 2017

Since getting together for **John Edward Farnsworth Hoggan's** posthumous **Yukon Transportation Pioneer award in 2011**, Cousins Joann Robertson, John G. Hoggan and Maribeth Mainer had talked about getting together his descendants for a family reunion that was not instigated by a memorial. Once I had access to an appropriate space, we announced that 2017 was the year it would happen.

On 23 September, we gathered in the hall of St. Timothy Anglican Church for a pot luck lunch, display of family memorabilia and swapping of stories. There being three of us familiar with genealogy, we displayed the descendant trees of the original eight children of JEF (Ned) and Katherine (Kate) Hoggan on poster board, gave out ancestor tree printouts to individuals and invited corrections and/or additions as indicated. Many pictures were taken but few have dribbled in at this writing.

We gathered from Ontario, Alberta, Washington and from all over the Lower Mainland. Two couples came from Vancouver Island. Because Kate had spread her child bearing over a quarter of a century, some were offspring of the original eight; others, of successive generations. Few of us were Yukon born. Three were Colombian-born. We put the latter cousins on the spot, asking them to tell us what it was like integrating into Canadian life mid-way through their school life in the late 1960's. Three brought their current partners who entered into the activity with gusto, one of them even taking over coffee duty.

The three Tubman girls had not been together at the same time since our parents' memorial nearly a decade ago. Other cousins had met at various family visits when they were children, funerals and wakes over the years but some had only heard of each other. There was no need for an ice breaker. Many brought albums and pictures. As each one arrived they joined in the conversations, explored the memorabilia, or added their own. For each of us, it was an opportunity to catch up and to catch each other up on family members unable to attend. Three were unable to make it because of illness but three others, invited but unexpected, arrived. Notable of the three was wee Adelina, age 4 weeks.

As we talked about our regret that we had no contact with descendants of Aunt Florence, we learned something about her not generally known. She had been a crusty individual, feared at times by nephews and nieces. However, we learned that she was the one who took her youngest brother on at a time in his life when he was without direction and got him back on track. Later, she took on her nephew who had been kicked out of high school after high school, and got him to graduate. He was to go on to get not one but two engineering degrees and lead a successful life.

John G. Hoggan showed his slide show of old family pictures. It had the desired result of turning individual conversations into group story telling. John's wife Debbie Adams' gift for detail and his daughter Natalie's running the dishwasher enabled everything to run

smoothly and for the rest of us to visit. When it was over, everyone pitched in to put the hall back “as found” then split off into smaller groups for dinner elsewhere.

For any who may have known the original eight Hoggan’s, they were Lillian, Helene, Dorothy, John W., Florence, George, Marjorie, Robert McGregor (Greg). Helene’s first husband was among those lost upon the sinking of the Sofia. Dorothy taught in Mayo before moving to BC. George and Greg lived in Dawson and Mayo before leaving the north. John W. (Johnny) worked various dredges, ending his career as the superintendent who shut down YCGC’s operations in 1966. Marjorie lived in various highway camps until she and husband “Curly” Stevenson settled in Whitehorse. She worked at Hougen’s before moving to BC.

Submitted by Maribeth Mainer (granddaughter of John W.) and Joann Robertson (daughter of Marjorie)

History Hunter

Straight and true: the story of the Yukon Colours

2017 11 10

Michael Gates ©

Last week, [*] I participated in the 150th birthday celebration for Klondike Joe Boyle, sponsored by the Whitehorse Legion and the Yukon Historical and Museums Association, at the Mount MacIntyre recreation centre.

A major highlight of the event occurred when Sgt. John Mitchell and Chris Collin, of the Canadian Rangers from Dawson City, led a procession into the hall carrying the old regimental colours of the 2nd Canadian Motor Machine Gun Brigade. The colours are normally seen mounted on the wall in St. Paul’s Cathedral in Dawson City.

The two flags were placed in a prominent location behind the speakers’ podium and were later joined by a life-size cut-out figure of Joe Boyle.

The regimental colours for this unit bring with them a story of patriotism, bravery and sacrifice. More than a thousand men and women from the Yukon’s tiny population served their country during World War I; nearly a hundred died in uniform. While they served in many units and numerous theatres of battle, two units are of particular note: The Boyle Machine Gun Detachment and the Black Contingent.

Klondike mining entrepreneur Joe Boyle sponsored a detachment of 50 men (39 from Dawson city; 11 from Whitehorse) that left the Yukon in October of 1914 and arrived in France the summer of 1916, renamed the Yukon Machine Gun Battery. They

were engaged in numerous battles, including the battle of the Somme (1916), Vimy (1917), Passchendaele (1917), and the defence against the last German Offensive in March, 1918.



Marching in the colours: "Sergeant John Mitchell (L) and Chris Collin (L), of the Canadian Rangers from Dawson City, carry in the colours of the 2nd Canadian Motor Machine Gun Brigade at Mount MacIntyre Recreation Centre last Saturday. The two flags, which were commissioned by the IODE, were presented to the Brigade April 3, 1919. and have been in Dawson City since 1922." Credit: Michael Gates

The men of the Yukon Machine Gun Battery received many honours for bravery in battle, but by the end of the action of March, 1918, their ranks had been decimated by death and injury. The remainder of the Yukoners from this unit were integrated into a new formation in June of 1918, which was known as the 2nd Canadian Motor Machine Gun Brigade (2nd CMMGB). But they were not alone.

Yukon Commissioner George Black volunteered for service and was commissioned as a captain in the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF) in 1916. He raised a body of Yukon volunteers informally known as the Black Contingent, numbering about 250, and over the summer and fall of 1916, they were transported to Victoria, B.C., for training.

Shipped to England as the Yukon Infantry Company in early 1917, they were reformed as the 17th Canadian Machine Gun Company and sent under that name to France in March of 1918, but they joined their comrades from the Yukon Battery in June in the 2nd CMMGB.

These men fought in several battles leading to the Armistice November 11, 1918, including Amiens, Arras, Cambrai and Mons. That was followed by several months' duty in the force of occupation in Bonn, Germany.

By April of 1919, they were back in England preparing for demobilization when they were presented with the regimental colours by Lady Perley, wife of the Canadian high commissioner, April 3, 1919.

The ladies of the four chapters of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire (IODE) in the Yukon raised \$100 by public subscription for the creation of the regimental flags, which they hoped would one day be deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral in Dawson City.

The colours, both the King's Colours (Union Jack) and the regimental banner, were embroidered by the Royal School of Art Needlework, Kensington. Martha Black, the wife of the commissioner, even went down to Kensington to contribute a few stitches of her own to the regimental flag. The design of the flag consisted of a right-facing red arrow over a blue bar in the centre of a yellow circle, which was surrounded by the battles in which the brigade fought, the initials C.M.G.C. and the motto "Straight and True," on a field of crimson.

The colours were consecrated in the parade ground at Seaford camp, east Sussex, by Colonel (Canon) Almond, the senior Canadian camp chaplain. They were then presented to the standard-bearers Lieutenant Lyman Black, M.C., (son of George and Martha Black) and Lieutenant Alex Wyllie of Ottawa, in front of an armed guard of officers and men.



"Lady Perley, wife of the Canadian high commissioner, presents the colours to the 2nd Canadian Motor Machine Gun Brigade at Seaford, east Sussex, England, on April 3, 1919. A kneeling Lyman Black (R), the adopted son of Commissioner George Black, was one of the colour-bearers. Now a decorated officer, Black had just turned 20 years of age a few weeks before, after seeing action in France in 1917 and 1918." Credit: Toronto Public Library, Anne Merrill collection

The colours were brought back to Vancouver and remained with the unit until it was disbanded in 1920. The flags were brought home to the Yukon in August of 1922 by His Excellency, Lord Byng of Vimy, the Governor-General of Canada.

Byng presented them to Gold Commissioner George P. Mackenzie, the chief executive of the territory, in Minto Park before hundreds of citizens, including George Black and a company of returned soldiers. The ladies of the IODE, who originally commissioned the creation of the colours, including Martha Black, turned out in a body for the presentation.

The official party mounted the rostrum where aides to the governor-general stepped forward and carefully removed the flags from their leather casings and unfurled

them. After speeches were delivered by the dignitaries, two members of the Mounted Police carried the flags with much ceremony to the council chamber in the territorial administration building, where they were placed beside the Speaker's chair.

The flags remained in the administration building for the next 26 years. They were brought back to Minto Park, when the new cenotaph bearing the name of fallen Yukon soldiers was unveiled in a sombre ceremony on September 25, 1924. The ladies of the IODE, returned veterans and a party of Mounties accompanied Lieutenants Phillip Creamer and Frank Berton, who carried the colours to the flag-draped obelisk, which was unveiled in front of the assembled crowd.

The flags were returned to the council chambers and remained there until they were transferred to St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, August 15, 1948. A colour party consisting of members of the Royal Canadian Signals, RCMP officers, Legion members, and veterans of both world wars, accepted the flags from Commissioner J.E. Gibben and escorted A.A. Bigg and John F. MacLennan, the colour bearers, to the cathedral, where they were received by Reverend W.R. Stringer. At last, the wish of the IODE from three decades earlier was fulfilled.

During the Great War of 1914-1918, many Yukon volunteers lost their lives in the service of "King and Country," including more than a dozen from the southern Yukon. It is for this reason that those present last Saturday gratefully appreciated the loan of the storied banners for the day as part of the birthday celebration of Joe Boyle, who sponsored the original Yukon machine gun unit 103 years ago.

[* Please note that the event took place on November 4th, 2017 and the article was written for the November 10th edition of the Yukon News – Michael Gates]

Michael Gates is a Yukon historian and sometimes adventurer based in Whitehorse. His new book, *From the Klondike to Berlin*, is now available in stores everywhere. You can contact him at msgates@northwestel.net

Only Four comments came in regarding my message last MocTel:

Sherron, there comes a time when a hobby becomes a task. As we gather seniority we should be allowed to engage in other things that hold our interest.

I can sympathize with you as I once was a publisher of a writers guild magazine and suffered the same dearth of input from the members. I would like to request that when and if there is a final publication that you record all of the segments of the Moccasion Telegraph and reserve a copy for me.

If you do cease publication I for one will sadly miss it.

All the best. **Del Delaere** odelaere@hotmail.com (In Australia)

Good morning Sherron and Bill,

Thought it would be appropriate to express my grateful thanks for all the hard work and pleasure you have been able to give to the readers of the Moccasin Telegraph magazine over the years, especially when being on the other side of the pond.

I know from my very short experience of researching and typing for hours how frustrating putting the magazine together must be for you, especially working from home. I believe we are now approaching that goal of retirement that we must all accept with sadness, but are able to reflect with happiness the “Yukon Library” we now treasure in our possession.

Having had the experience of travelling in B.C. and the Yukon and Alaska, my dear friend Don Frizzell led me down the path of friendship and I was able to experience the sincerity and depth of greetings given with love and harmony wherever we arrived.

If and when Sherron you take a decision to retire perhaps you could consider a final DVD to close this wonderful and exciting chapter of your lives.

With kindest regards and Best Wishes to you and Bill, and my grateful thanks for filling so many gaps in my Yukon History and enabling my journey's to be much shorter.

Dennis Eve denmeve@btinternet.com (In England)

Hi Sherron and Bill

I just reviewed edition 442 and noted your comment re the decline in the number of contributed articles. The trend is worldwide with publications, service clubs etc. - getting people to be involved, write things down beyond a Tweet or email. The younger Yukoners, even those who were born and raised here (BNRs our kids call themselves) almost exclusively use social media and are busy working at least one job, raising families with all the attendant logistical gyrations, etc. If I were your financial advisor I suspect I would have told you to shut it down years ago based on a revenue/expense analysis. Your personal time commitment and the resulting consistently high quality *MocTel* editions are not even considered by younger readers.

I know how hard you have worked on this publication and hope that your comments today might spur on some more support. I am quietly starting a book - which might become an autobiography for my family - and I am starting with all the funny things that have happened in my personal life and working career. Fortunately I have kept extensive notes - over 100 Blueline books @ 210 pg each just for Yukon land claim negotiations. I

am arranging to donate them to Yukon Archives but they will be sealed until both I and the 14 federal Ministers I served over 27 years as a Chief Federal Negotiator are six feet under. That way I don't run the risk of the unedited comments in my unrestricted note-taking creating any embarrassment for former living Ministers, colleagues, third parties or me.

I have a wide network of correspondents and yesterday had a phone call with Peter Jenkins, long-ago multi-term mayor of Dawson City and a former Underhill client, who provided me/us with accommodations in the Eldorado Hotel for forty years. For the past several years I am compelled to use the Downtown Hotel which Chief Isaac Inc. is a 50% owner of. I am the corporate secretary and a director of CII.

See https://www.google.ca/search?source=hp&ei=HtYIWtutL5KwjwOcqoaQBw&q=chief+isaac+inc&oq=chief+isaac+inc&gs_l=psy-ab.3..0j0i22i30k112.2108.11575.0.12008.15.15.0.0.0.151.1862.0j14.14.0...0...1.1.64.psy-ab..1.14.1861...0i131k1.0.d7NnxiSBPfe#

Tim Koepke tim@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse and Vancouver)

Hi Sherron

I hope you had a typo and omitted “not” in the phrase “...”you are the only ones [that commented]...”, but in case I am wrong, I am disappointed in my fellow Yukoners. But maybe while old age has been creeping up on me, some of my colleagues and friends have been dropping email for reasons of time, constant platform and software upgrades, health, family needs, etc. I am one of the fortunate ones so am pleased to offer to be your Head Cheerleader.

If you do go to a FB only format, I will have to discontinue but will still donate to keep it alive. My brief stint as Yukon's *Ombudsman/Information and Privacy Commissioner* gave me a startling view of what abuses are occurring on social media, led by Google (and more specifically Street View), FB and VISA. Linked In seems to be OK and well monitored and policed. I'll send you a separate note to illustrate my concern with a couple of examples.

And you are at liberty to include this response above in its entirety.

Note: Tim still hasn't lost his sense of humor: he went on to say: “Best regards to you and Bill. I think of him often as we brainstorm on how to wring more money out of Ottawa. YTG has to try to run a territory with over 38,000 to care for on only \$1.3 billion dollars. Hugely problematic as POTUS would say.”

Tim Koepke tim@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse and Vancouver)

Dear Sherron, I will indeed be sorry if MT does not continue. However I can well understand and appreciate the amount of time you two have put into this endeavour. There are drastically fewer of us left to appreciate the items you produce for us. Please do not feel sorry if you need to stop. You have given hundreds of us fond memories of the best years of our lives, in the Yukon. If there are other productions I will be more than pleased. If, and when the last one appears I will be sad, but please recognize you filled a wonderful spot in my life.

Bill Dawson yhuree*sympatico.ca **Yukon: 1956/1964**

Hi Sherron. Might be time to just change to a FB page. Just a thought. Bob

Robert Ambrose

*Agreed. Wonder if anyone would volunteer to be editor.
Sherron*

Maybe put the question out there for comment next issue

Robert Ambrose robertambrose*hotmail.com (In Strathmore, Alberta)

Maritime Museum of B.C.

634 Humbolt Street
Victoria, BC
V8W 1A4

The Sinking of the SS Princess Sophia

October 25, 2018 is the 100th anniversary of the sinking of the *SS Princess Sophia*, a Victoria-based vessel that transported passengers up the coast to Skagway, Alaska, with several port stops along the way. The ship cruised the waters of the Inside Passage from 1912 to 1918 before striking Vanderbilt Reef and tragically sinking. Sadly, everyone on board perished and this is recognized as the worst marine disaster of its kind in the Pacific Northwest. The ship was one of the main modes of regular coastal transportation and was a terrible loss.

The Maritime Museum of British Columbia is producing a travelling exhibit that

commemorates this tragedy 100 years later and is scheduled to open in Victoria on January 12, 2018 before traveling to the Maritime Museum in Vancouver, B.C. in late March 2018. The exhibition is then scheduled to be in Juneau, Alaska at the State Museum before heading on to the Yukon Arts Centre in Whitehorse during the late fall of 2018.

This exhibit will bring together artefacts from multiple organizations along the coast, which will be the first time that they will have been together since they were salvaged from the wreck. The exhibit will also include digital interactive displays about the ship and background information about the individual victims and crew.

For more information on the story of the *SS Princess Sophia* and on the Exhibition, please visit the Maritime Museum of British Columbia's website at princesssophia.org.

For further information, please contact:

David Leverton, Executive Director
Maritime Museum of B.C.
T: 250.385.4222 ext.101
dleverton@mmbc.bc.ca

POLICE VISITS ALONG THE YUKON RIVERS

I was digging around in my stored emails and came across this. I likely used it when it came in during April 2015. But since I have since learned Alan McDiarmid has passed away, I would like to rerun it in his honor. I never did find an obituary for Alan and by the looks of a note on his Facebook page, he died in October 2016. Farewell Alan, RIP. You shared some priceless memories.
Sherron

Hi Sherron

In the last MocTel Ione [Christensen] has provided readers with interesting glimpses into her father Gordon Cameron's career and working life. I'm sure there are much more. I have extracted the following from some notes of my early childhood I have been putting down on paper for my kids future reading. It is just one encounter from another perspective through the eyes and ears of about a four year old who has seen nothing but bush and life along the Stewart River till then.

.....
There were times when we didn't want visitors though. Sometimes things were done that were, necessary but not lawful. The NWMP also travelled on the river. Their boats were

better equipped than most with newer higher-speed outboard engines. Fortunately their comings could be identified easily and sooner from the higher-pitched sound these engines made. Cronkite was one officer who traveled on the river that people were sometimes concerned about. He was considered to be a, “by the book man”. I had heard people talk of this.

One time we had setup camp on the riverbank where there was a good stand of fairly mature new growth-spruce. Dad had got a moose earlier in the day. As it was early in the summer the moose needed to be hung for a few days to cool and crust before it could be moved to a more permanent camp further up river. It was too slow going with a heavily-loaded boat and the weather was warm so the meat could spoil. Anyway the meat was hung on poles between trees a little behind where our camp was set up. And a smudge-fire was lit near the meat to keep the flies at bay. We were just finishing supper when we heard the sound of a police boat coming up river.

It was approaching pretty fast so all that could be done was to put out the smudge-fire, string another rope between trees in front of the meat rack and hang some blankets over it. I watched the policeman climb up from the river then I headed into the trees at the perimeter of our camp. This time I didn't stay close enough to hear but could still see. The policeman introduced himself then walked around the fire and sat with his back to the hanging blankets. He stayed for quite a long time, first eating the food mom offered then talking on as visitors usually did. I don't know what I expected but I don't think my eyes left him for a minute.

After he said his goodbyes and left I heard dad tell mom; “he looked straight at those blankets hanging there when he came up the bank, then turned his back to them and never looked that way again.” It was Cameron not Cronkite. I heard this part of the story told appreciatively quite a few times later which included speculation as to whether Cronkite would have done the same.

Alan McDiarmid (passed away in Oct 2016?)

OBIT

Eddie Crum - R.I.P. - 1918/2017

ATLIN LOSES ANOTHER PIONEER

By Brad Smith 16 November

Eddie Crum recently passed away peacefully in her sleep at the incredible age of 99. With her passing goes another important chapter in Atlin's past.

For a 10 year period from 1963-1973 Eddie together with her husband Gordon provided

Atlin with its only grocery store, known as Atlin's Friendly Store or just Edie's to most. Edie not only sold groceries but for a time it was the only place in town to buy ammo, fishing tackle, propane, light hardware, sundries and more. Edie offered credit to all and because of it more than a few Atlin families were able to squeak through the lean winter months.

In the early 60's Atlin was just starting the long slog back from its middle age decline of the 1950's. It's an easy argument to say, without Edie's store, Atlin may not have survived those hard times. In those days Whitehorse was not the quick drive it is today and for a lot of Atlinite's it was completely out of reach. Without the store life for many would have been unbearable, after all you couldn't order bananas and hamburger from Sears Roebuck.

Before Sands store was reopened by the Mitchells as the General store and before the Rossiter's built the Trading Post, Edie's was the only place to buy fruit and vegetables and meat, and it was quite possibly the glue that kept Atlin's fragile economy alive until its modern boom of the late 60's and early 70's.

As a young boy of that time I will forever remember the nice lady behind the counter that never failed to greet me with a smile and make me feel like an important customer even though a big purchase for any kid back then was ten cents worth of Mojo's or Double Bubble chewing gum or a twenty cent candy bar. Edie always treated everyone the same way, like our business mattered, and she appreciated even our few cents. As the store was close to the school the kids flocked there at lunch time and after school. The small store quickly filled with rambunctious children, all eager to spend their pennies and nickels. Edie never minded the chaos; in fact she seemed to like having a bunch of dirty faced curmudgeons pressing their noses to the glass counter while they pondered whether to buy a Fun Dip or Pep Chew.

Edie and Gordon were also successful gold miners and worked their claim on the O'Donnell River for many years. Edie loved her store but loved being out at the claim with Gordon and her children and grandchildren more.

Edie and Gordon were instrumental in bringing back to life the long dormant Atlin Curling Club, defunct since the early nineteen hundreds. In January 1968 Atlin had the first Gold Nugget Bonspiel on the frozen slough at the end of town.

On a cold evening not long after that austere first spiel. Edie and Gordon hosted the Bullen's the Kirkwood's and Roy and Nora Smith for dinner and drinks. Upon reflecting on the great success of that first spiel the seed was planted and the modern Atlin Curling Club began to sprout. Within weeks the first meeting was called to order and Gordon was elected president. Before the next January Atlin had a two sheet covered rink, completed just in time for the second Gold Nugget Bonspiel. By the following year the first stage of the Atlin Rec. Center was finished.

Without the Atlin Curling Club there would be no rink, no bonspiels. Without the Curling Club there would be no Rec. Center and it's not a stretch to say the Rec. Center became the beating heart of the community. Many of Atlin's fondest events and celebrations all

had their roots in that humble get together of friends at Edie's and Gordon's that frosty January evening.

Edie eventually sold her store to the Lovely's. Although the owners and the name have changed over time, as we all know that little store continues to serve Atlin well.

Edie and Gordon later moved to Whitehorse but continued to spend their summers mining their claim on O'Donnell River.

I spent quite a bit of time at the Crum's house in Riverdale, visiting Lance and Sabrina and Zandra during my high school years. Edie always made me feel welcome and treated me like one of the family. For some reason she insisted on feeding me at every opportunity. I know I didn't look like I was starving but she made it her mission to fatten me up. Man was she a good cook, her house smelled delicious and there were always cookies and pastries that she liberally dispersed.

She taught us how to play canasta and she was very competitive but always laughing and smiling as she kicked our butts.

To me Edie was an example of how someone can make a huge difference in a quiet, benevolent and humble way. I will always appreciate the hospitality and kindness she showed me. She was my other, other Grandma.

She will be missed by family, friends and any fortunate enough to have known her.
R.I.P. Edie Chum - 1918/2017.

Rocky Crum, son of Edie and Gordon, was my brother-in-law from 1969 to 1984. I remember those wonderful get togethers at their home above the store in Atlin. When we needed an item to finish making a dinner feast Edie would send someone down to fetch the item. I felt like I was stealing from a closed store that I was given a key to. I remember the fun times at Warm Bay with the Crums and all the family members and friends. When visiting the Crums at their home in Riverdale I was proud to introduce my new husband. Edie whispered to me as we were leaving that I had a "winner" and to "keep him". That meant a lot coming from Edie. You were the best Edie. It was an honor to call you "mom". RIP.

Donna Clayson (formerly Donna Ross).



Dolores Bebe (Woolf, Coombes) Hawthorne

Dolores Bebe Hawthorne died in her home in Tumwater, Washington on August 10, 2017. At the time of her death she was 88 years old. She was under the care of hospice and with her daughter (Susene) and son-in-law (Karl Smith) at the time of her death.

Dolores is survived by her two children, Susene and Gary, several grandchildren and great grandchildren. Dolores was predeceased by her beloved husband, Bruce Hawthorne, on November 25, 1974.

Dolores was an only child, born April 21, 1929, to Reginald Weston Woolf and Ethel Naomi (Hagglund) Woolf in Vancouver, BC Canada. She spent the first ten years of her life living in Vancouver with her mother (Ethel), grandmother (Emelia) and aunts Mabel (Mc William) and Vivian (Rogers). **At age ten Dolores and her mother traveled north to the Yukon Territory where they joined James (Jim) Toohey. For the remainder of her youth they lived remote areas around Dawson City where Jim worked on the gold dredges. Dolores left the Yukon to become trained as a cosmetologist in Vancouver, BC Canada. She returned to Dawson City where she opened her own shop and married Vernon Ray Coombes July 23, 1949. They had a daughter, Susene, in 1950. Dolores and Vernon divorced and she married Bruce Gordon Hawthorne April 11, 1953. Bruce and Dolores had one son, Gary Bruce Hawthorne born December 17, 1953. Dolores and family lived in northern Canada and Alaska for the majority of her life working in the construction industries.** After the death of her husband Bruce she became a successful realtor. Dolores and Bruce had purchased a ranch in Oregon that Dolores moved to for a time. She continued to practice as a realtor until she sold the ranch and settled in Washington.

Dolores had many different jobs in her lifetime but most enjoyed being a realtor. She found it challenging to find just the right home for a potential buyer and had a talent for matching homes with new owners. Special interests Dolores enjoyed were gardening and painting. She left many pieces of art that will be enjoyed by family and friends for years to come. Dolores was an excellent cook and enjoyed entertaining.

Dolores requested that there be no services following her death and cremation. Family and friends are invited to spend a few minutes remembering their time with her.

Submitted by Susene (Coombes, Hawthorne) Smith
70 Rock Lake Road, Wheatland, WY 82201
susene.smith@gmail.com

Maylor, Ruth

Hi Bill (Maylor)

Do you have an obit for your wife that you would like to share in the MocTel ?
So sorry for your loss Bill.

Bill & Sherron Jones

Thank you.

Ruth didn't really qualify as a Yukoner although she really enjoyed our trip north on our honeymoon. She especially enjoyed Frank Turners kennels and Eagle Plains Lodge. It was there we met a Water Survey crew going to the Peel River. There wasn't room in the chopper for her and I too, so I declined their offer. A complementary dessert with two spoons at the hotel in Dawson was another highlight.

After going over the Top of the World Highway and back towards Whitehorse, we stopped at Koidern Lodge and Jim Cook gave her a necklace that he had made. The Warm Springs in Atlin was another highlight, as was the Stewart- Cassiar Highway. I was sharing my experience in Yukon with her.

Maylor, William #126-4202-54 Ave Lloydminster, AB T9V 2Z3 780-870-9004
780 808-0435 cell

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The individual saying its not possible should move out of the way of those doing it.

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.

Delicious Pork Pies

1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup suet rendered, allowed to set and then grated
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
1 cup cold water
1 lb. pork neck
1 middle-sized onion
1 tablespoon gelatine
1 egg white
A few veal or pork bones
1 cup hot stock

Remove any gristle or bone from the meat and cut into small pieces. Wash bones and place in saucepan and cover well with water. Add seasoning and grated onion. Bring to boil and remove scum. Allow to simmer slowly from 2 to 3 hours. This supplies stock. For pastry have all ingredients as cold as possible. Sift flour, baking powder and salt at least twice. Add grated suet and then water to make a smooth dough. Chill thoroughly before rolling.

Work a large piece of pastry into shape of a bowl, making sides stand up well, and make sure it is free from cracks. Trim around top with scissors; fill with pieces of pork which are well seasoned and slightly moistened with water.

Roll out the other piece of pastry to fit top of pie and place on top. Make a hole in centre of pie so steam can escape. Glace the top with egg white to which 1 teaspoon of water has been added. Bake 375 F for 20 minutes, then lower to 325 to 350 F for 1 ½ to 2 hours. Sprinkle gelatine in about ¼ cup of cold water and dissolve in 1 cup of hot stock. When thoroughly dissolve, strain into a jug. When pies are baked, pour as much of this stock as possible through the hole in top of the pie, and serve when cold and well set.

Gladys Hoggan (wife of John W. (Johnny) Hoggan, grandmother to Maribeth Mainer).

COMING EVENTS



Vancouver Yukoners' Association

90th Annual Reunion Weekend

Fri Apr 6 to Sun Apr 8/2018 ♥ River Rock Casino Resort

Celebrating

"90 Years: A Retrospective through The Decades"

♥♥♥ We are looking for pictures & memorabilia for the display (items returned at the end) ♥♥♥

contact Doug 778-679-2894 hospitality@telus.net ♥ Vivian 250 383-1349
lornellis@shaw.ca

EVENT TICKETS...contact Vivian Stuart, email lornellis@shaw.ca
tel 250-383-1349 ♥ address #217-3255 Cook St, Victoria BC, V8X 1A4

\$68.00 each for VYA Members ♥ \$75.00 each for Non-Members



(membership may be purchased for discounted rate)

Payments....cheque (payable to Vancouver Yukoners' Association to Vivian's address), e-transfer to Vivian's email address or by credit card (contact Vivian with card info)

Note...tickets are not confirmed until payment received ♥ pick up tickets in Hospitality Room

Cancellation Policy – before March 20th full refund, after March 20th no refund

Whitehorse & Area Residents...contact Penny Sippel 867-667-4094 for purchase

AIRLINE PARTNER...contact Air North, Yukon's Airline 1-800-661-0407
extension 1 book online at flyairnorth.com please ask for the Vancouver Yukoners' Association Discount

HOTEL PARTNER...River Rock Casino Resort ♥ 8811 River Rd, Richmond BC
tel 604-247-8900 ♥ toll free 1-866-748-3718 ♥ free parking in casino parkade

When booking hotel rooms, please ask for the Vancouver Yukoner's Association Rate

1 King Bed or 2 Queen Bed Standard Room \$152.00 ♥ 1 Bedroom Suite \$182.00
2 Bedroom Resort Suite \$232.00 ♥ Purchase Breakfast Coupons at Check-In
(Avoid Lineups)

Hotel special rates for 3 extra days for before or after the event, based on availability

Book early! Room availability & rates subject to change on March 7, 2018

Looking for a complimentary room?? Register before Feb 28, 2018 and your name goes into the VYA draw for a FREE 1-bedroom suite for 2 nights at the River Rock Casino Resort!!!

WEEKEND FESTIVITIES...

Hospitality Room ~ join us on Friday 3:00-9:00pm & Saturday 12:00 noon pick up event packages ♥ no host bar service ♥ complimentary coffee & tea

Saturday Evening Gala ~ pre-dinner reception in the Whistler Ballroom Foyer 5:00–6:00pm (no host bar service) ♥ dinner in the Grand Ballroom at 6:15pm (advise of any food allergies)

♥ followed by evening program & live entertainment (bring your dancing shoes) Hank Karr and the Canucks will play for enjoyment

Sunday Morning Breakfast ~ no host breakfast buffet ♥ last opportunity for more socializing

For Sat dinner seating reservations, check our website www.vancouver-yukoners.com

or contact Mike Rawlinson 604 565-7581, email mrcrawlinson@gmail.com

Looking to see who's coming?? Check our website for updates & a list of those attending

Donations gladly accepted...for silent auction contact Doug Stuart hospitality@telus.net

♥ for door prizes contact Cary Gertzen carycomm@telus.net

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

Sherron Jones
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