

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 430th Edition – Nov. 13th, 2016

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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

Longtime Waterfront Trolley volunteer remembered in Whitehorse

CKRW news item - Monday, October 24th, 2016 8:53am



Bryan Clayson. Photo: Miles Canyon Historic Railway Society

The late Bryan Clayson was the man who kept the Trolley and trains at the Copperbelt Railway and Mining Museum running, and a fund has been set up to keep 'his trains' operating for years to come.

The Miles Canyon Historic Railway Society has set up a fundraising campaign in memory of their long time vice-president and mechanic who passed away suddenly this month.

Bryan Clayson had worked on the Waterfront Trolley, and trains at the Copperbelt Railway and Mining Museum for eight years after his retirement.

Society Executive Director Angela Drainville says they're now in a bit of a pinch as to how they are going to operate next year, and the campaign will help with the training of a new mechanic.

"He had the bulk of the knowledge and information about how all of the equipment ran, and so the loss is devastating for our society, as well as personally--he was a wonderful wonderful man, and a tremendous person to work with." Drainville said.

"It's a very deeply-felt loss for us."

She says there were plans in place to begin a mentorship program next summer, and there were a few people interested in learning how the trains operate.

Drainville hopes those people will step forward, but the positions are open to anyone.

The goal is \$2,000, and you can either donate via Canada Helps, which will issue a tax receipt right away, or gofundme.

Family and friends packed the Yukon Transportation Museum on Friday for a memorial service.

Grief Counselling

If anyone has expertise in counselling people who have lost their loved ones, Bryan Clayson's wife Donna Clayson and long time helper with the Moccasin Telegraph is having a very difficult time. She can be reached at bdclayson@northwestel.net or 867-456-4981. Wishing you well Donna !

Sherron

Maddie the Elf !!

Madeleine Quong-Lee is an excited elf-to-be!

This little girl is Diamond and Jim' Quong's Grand Daughter and is going to be an Elf in our Christmas Santa Show she is a delight.

Hugs Edward Thompson & Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



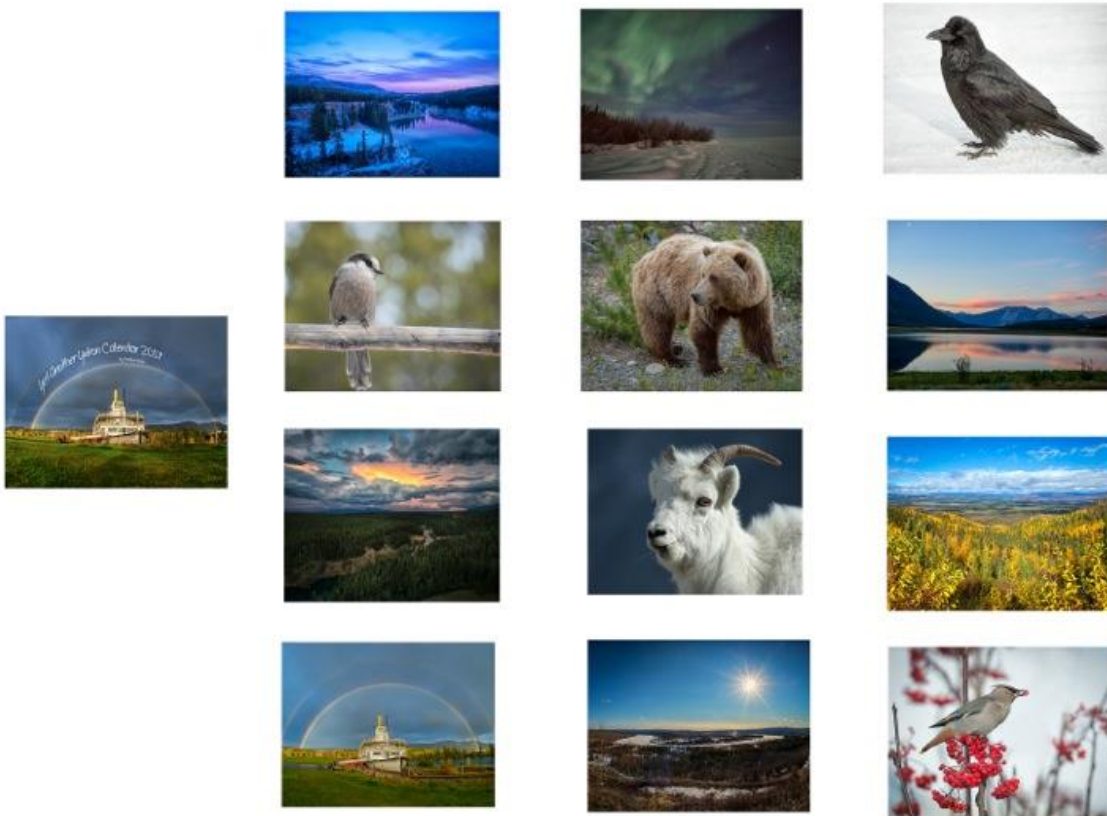
Madeleine Quong-Lee is one excited elf.



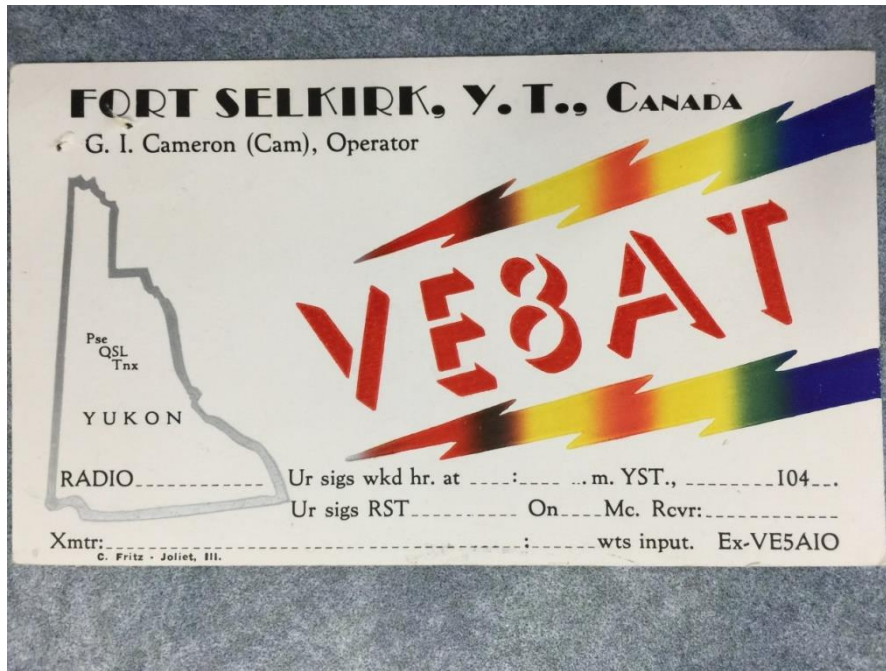
Yet Another Yukon Calendar 2017

“Yet Another Yukon Calendar 2017” by Heather Jones (hpj photography). These are 8.5 x 11 wall calendars. Available directly from Heather. \$20.00 each and a little bit more for Canada Post if required (orders of 6 or more and the postage is on me!). Very happy to make ‘by hand’ deliveries in Whitehorse and surrounding areas. This year’s calendar is dedicated to the memory of Don Jones and his love of Yukon’s paddle wheelers. You can reach me at hjones@northwestel.net or by phone at (867) 667-4915. Calendars have been 100% created and printed in the Yukon :)

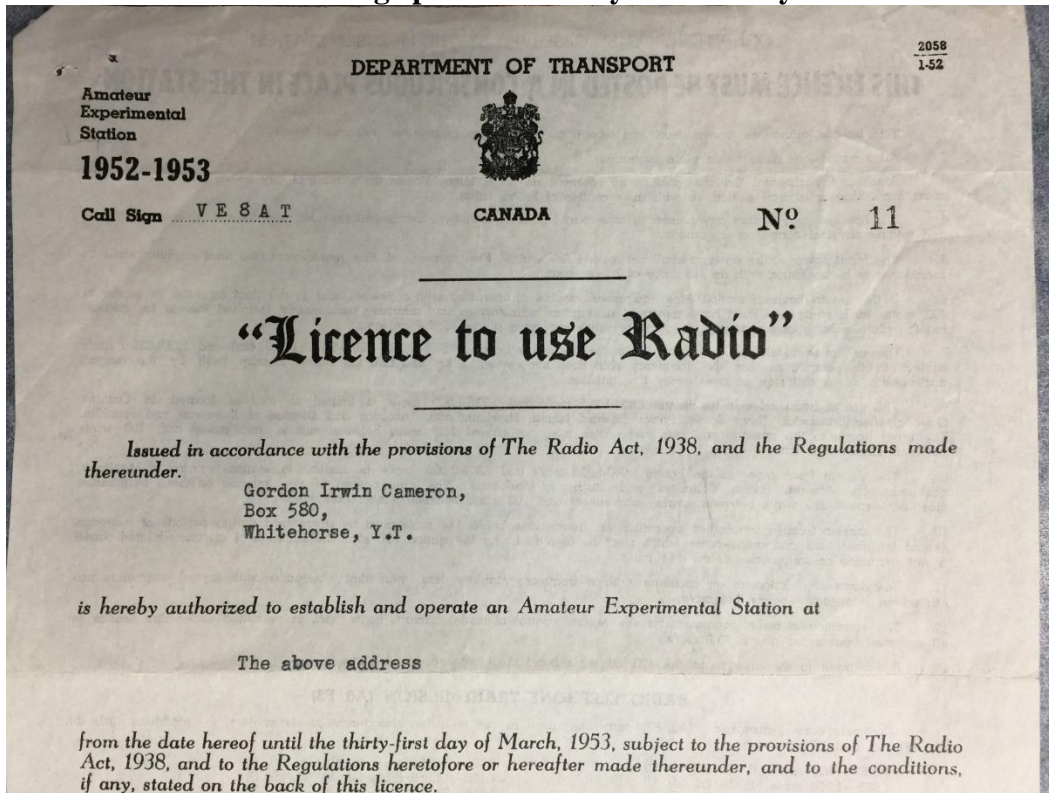
Heather Jones hjones@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Gordon Irwin Cameron aka G.I. Cameron



A QSL card used to confirm contacts with other operators around the world.
Image photos courtesy Ron McFayden



Top portion of 1952-53 Amateur Radio Licence VE8AT issued to Gordon Irwin Cameron.

Radio licence call signs were later changed from VE8 to VY1 to more accurately reflect the area of the world where the operators were located. VE8 covered the area above all of the provinces in Canada and made it hard for someone south of us to know which direction to point their directional antenna. VY1 is allocated to the Yukon Territory (as it was called in the day) which made it clear where we were calling from.

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT

2058
1-52

Amateur
Experimental
Station
1952-1953

Call Sign VE8AT

CANADA

N^o 11

“Licence to use Radio”

Issued in accordance with the provisions of The Radio Act, 1938, and the Regulations made thereunder.

Gordon Irwin Cameron,
Box 580,
Whitehorse, Y.T.

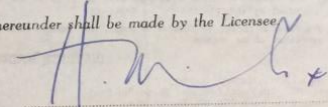
is hereby authorized to establish and operate an Amateur Experimental Station at

The above address

from the date hereof until the thirty-first day of March, 1953, subject to the provisions of The Radio Act, 1938, and to the Regulations heretofore or hereafter made thereunder, and to the conditions, if any, stated on the back of this licence.

Frequency Bands	Types of Emission
1.800 — 1.825 mc/s	A1
1.875 — 1.900 mc/s	A1
1.900 — 1.925 mc/s	A1
1.975 — 2.000 mc/s	A1
3.500 — 3.725 mc/s	A1
3.725 — 4.000 mc/s	A1 A3 F3
7.000 — 7.300 mc/s	A1
14.000 — 14.150 mc/s	A1
14.150 — 14.350 mc/s	A1 A3 F3
21.000 — 21.450 mc/s	A1 Effective 1, May, 1952
26.958 — 27.282 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F3
28.000 — 28.200 mc/s	A1
28.200 — 29.700 mc/s	A1 A3 F3
50.000 — 54.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3
144.000 — 148.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3
220.000 — 225.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3
420.000 — 450.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3
1215.000 — 1295.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3
2300.000 — 2450.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3
3300.000 — 3500.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3
5650.000 — 5925.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3
10000.000 — 10500.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3
21000.000 — 22000.000 mc/s	A1 A2 A3 F1 F2 F3

No transfer of this Licence or of any rights hereunder shall be made by the Licensee

Date 1st April, 1952. 

for Minister of Transport

Details of which frequencies he could use for what type of transmission, voice, morse code, etc.

The Force in the North



G. I. Cameron meeting the Klondike at Fort Selkirk.

G. I. Cameron

From 1935 to 1949, G. I. Cameron was the only RCMP officer in Fort Selkirk, which made him the government there. Corporal Cameron was responsible for law enforcement, including game laws; he met all the planes and sternwheelers; he distributed medicines and helped dig graves for burials; he did whatever he felt was necessary to make community life better.

Cameron was often away on extended patrols, travelling by boat in summer and by dog team in winter. He patrolled up and down the Yukon River as well as up the Pelly and South Macmillan rivers. He visited people living in remote areas to deliver their mail, doctor their sick, and bury their dead. During Cameron's absences, his wife Martha looked after the detachment by cutting the firewood, maintaining the airstrip behind the town for White Pass Airways and occasionally filling in for the telegraph operator. G.I. and Martha Cameron and their daughter Ione were respected members of the community. Their home was always open to visitors and travelers who needed a place to stay. Cameron took a number of photographs and movies showing life at Fort Selkirk in the late 1930s and 1940s. They give us an invaluable picture of daily life in the river settlement during the sternwheeler era.



Russ Juby and G.I. Cameron

YUKON NUGGET

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

GI Cameron

As he loaded up his flat-bottomed riverboat on the shores of Lake Laberge, GI Cameron belied his 80 years. He looked like a young whippersnapper getting ready for his first trip down to Dawson. In fact, Cam had made this river trip so many times he could do it with his green bandana covering his eyes. His travelling companion was an equally experienced river traveller, Charlie Taylor, whose company Taylor and Drury had operated riverboats to deliver goods to their many stores on the rivers of the Yukon. Cam lived at Fort Selkirk in the 30s and 40s when the river town was a bustling place. Times were interesting for the young RCMP constable. As we motored downriver in his comfortable flat-bottomed boat, Cam told a lot of fascinating tales, such as the days when the riverboats would have to reverse the paddle to stop in mid-stream so they could allow thousands of caribou to swim across the river in front of them. Cam described how an RCMP constable of that day had many other related duties...such as that of dentist, pulling abscessed teeth with rusty old pliers...or that of doctor...dreaming up concoctions for all manner of ailments...or that of undertaker, giving the last rites and officiating at burial services.

Cam talked about that year in 1936, when the SS Klondike lost steering power near Eagle Rock bluff. The boat was carrying passengers and lots of freight to Dawson. When the steering was lost, the boat hit the bank on one side of the river and a few passengers jumped off. It careened into the centre of the river and headed backwards for the other

side, smashing the paddlewheel in the process. More passengers jumped off and freight was washed overboard.

The boat continued its uncontrolled trip for three miles downriver before coming to rest on a sandbar. Cam said when he arrived on the scene; passengers were lining both banks of the riverbank for three miles, while goods which would float bobbed up and down in the water.

He told me that for years he found sacks of flour along the riverbank, hard as concrete but very useable when chipped off and mixed with water. The Klondike was abandoned on that sand bar where you can still see parts of it lying there to this day.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

I apologize for duplicate information you may notice in the following stories about G.I. Cameron. Was going to delete the one above article at the last minute and decided you would miss the information about the 1936 accident with the SS Klondike and the useable goods being found much later. – Sherron Jones



Gordon Irwin Cameron and Martha Cameron as Mr. and Mrs. Yukon in 1975.
Photo courtesy Ione Christensen



Art and Ione Christensen with her father G. I. Cameron.
Photo courtesy Ione Christensen pepper*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Memorable Mountie worked to improve the community

MacBride Museum/Yukon News



Identified from left to right: Mr. Woods, Mrs Cameron, Jackie Woods, GI Cameron and John Valens.

In the 1930s and '40s Cpl. G.I. Cameron was the law and everything else in the community of Fort Selkirk.

As the only Mountie for miles, Cameron did whatever he could to make the community better.

He was responsible for law enforcement, including game laws; he met all the planes and sternwheelers; he distributed medicines and helped dig graves for burials.

G.I. Cameron, or Cam as he was known, was born in Ontario at the turn of the century. After the First World War, he joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

He came to the Yukon in 1925 at the age of 25 and was initially stationed in Dawson to monitor the gold fields.

Cameron was at Sulphur Creek in 1927, when he became involved in a situation which would do credit to the imagination of Robert Service or Jack London, according to a transcript of the Yukon legislature from November 9, 1987.

“On a freezing January night, he and two other officers were called out to deal with a miner who had gone mad and was firing his weapon at anything that presented a target.

“A shoot-out ensued, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were pinned down. At one point the crazy man ran towards Cam in the night, fell, disappeared from sight and suddenly reappeared and pointed his rifle directly at him.

“The miner pulled the trigger, and there was a loud explosion. However, that explosion was not a bullet putting an end to the life of the young Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer.

“Instead it was the miner’s rifle that had become packed with snow and fell, exploding. After another day of exchanged gunfire, the deranged man finally died.”

While in Dawson Cameron met and fell in love with a woman named Martha, whom he asked to become his wife.

At that time Mounties could not marry without the approval of their commanding officer.

After three years of trying to get that approval, Cameron chose his love over his career and bought his discharge from the force.

However in 1934, when the rules regarding marriage were relaxed, Cameron rejoined the RCMP and was stationed in Fort Selkirk.

From 1935 to 1949, he was the only RCMP officer there, which also made him the government.

He was often away on extended patrols, travelling by boat in summer and by dog team in winter.

He patrolled up and down the Yukon River as well as up the Pelly and South MacMillan rivers.

He visited people living in remote areas to deliver their mail, doctor their sick, and bury their dead.

During Cameron's absences, his wife Martha looked after the detachment by cutting the firewood, maintaining the airstrip behind the town for White Pass Airways and occasionally filling in for the telegraph operator.

G.I., Martha and their daughter, Ione, were respected members of the community. Their home was always open to visitors and travellers who needed a place to stay. Cameron took a number of photographs and movies showing life at Fort Selkirk in the late 1930s and 1940s.

They give us an invaluable picture of daily life in the river settlement during the sternwheeler era.

In 1949, G.I. retired from the force with his family and moved to Whitehorse where he worked in different capacities for the territorial government.

Cameron's daughter, Ione Christensen, was the former Yukon Senator.



My Dad, my Mom and me with my dog Sheep, Ione.
1939 Selkirk Yukon. - Photo courtesy Ione Christensen pepper*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

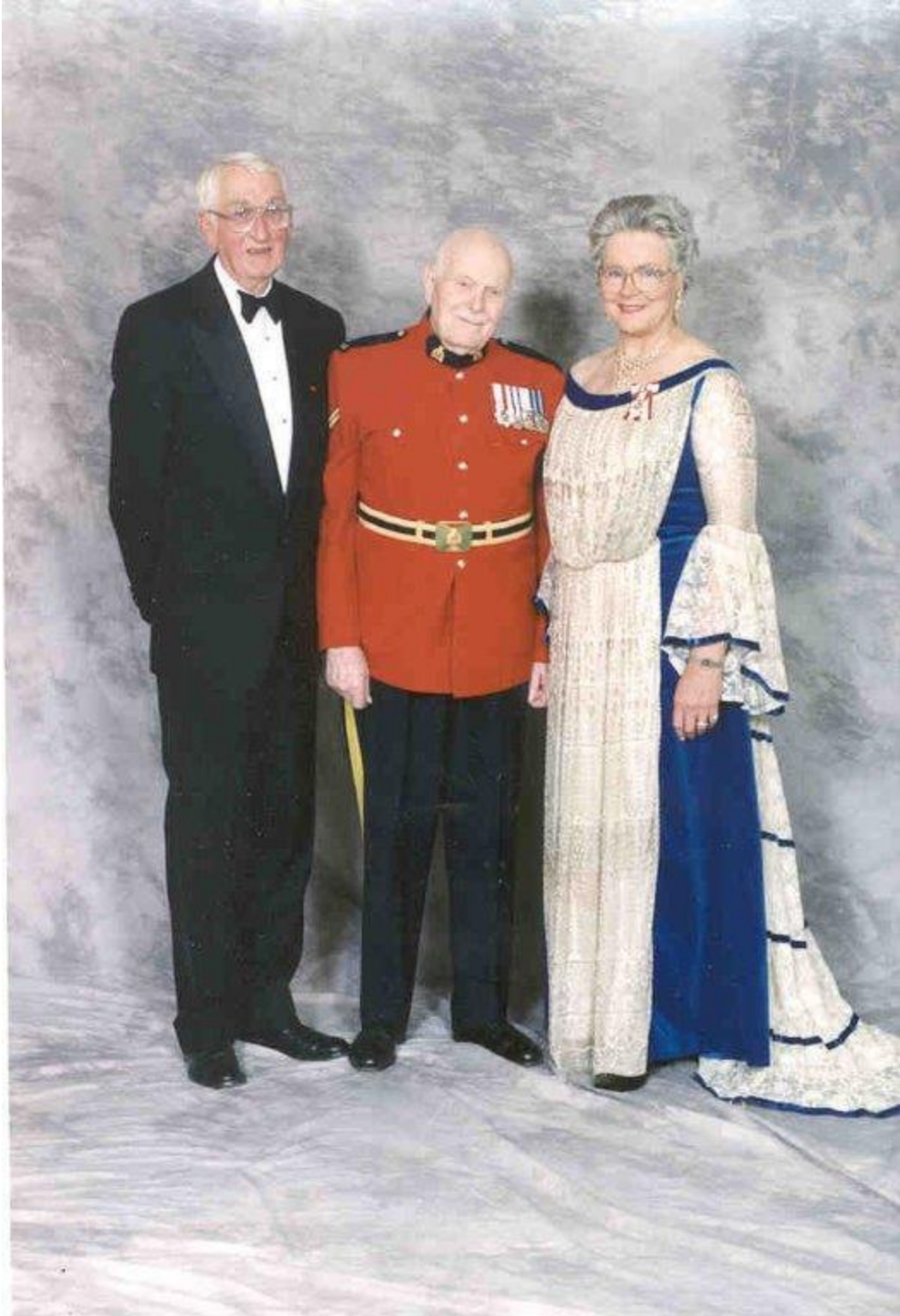


G.I. "Cam" Cameron – 1946

Photo courtesy Ione Christensen pepper*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Cam & Martha Cameron – Mr. & Mrs. Yukon – 1975
Photo courtesy Ione Christensen pepper*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Art Christensen, G.I. Cameron, Ione (Cameron) Christensen – 1995 Dawson
Photo courtesy Ione Christensen pepper*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Below an excerpt from the book “The Way it Was”

Permission obtained :

Approval to reprint the story “A Mounties Wife in the North” from *The Way It Was - 50 years of RCMP Memories* is granted on behalf of the Victoria Division RCMP Veterans Association.

We are sensitive to the fact that some words commonly in usage 50 – 70 years ago could be considered offensive today, however, we generally have no objection to the stories being reprinted, with the following provisos:

- the author’s name is attributed to the story,
- the following notation is included: Reprinted with Permission - © Victoria Division RCMP Veterans Association, and
- Moccasin Telegraph receive approval to reprint any story from “The Way it Was – 50 years of RCMP Memories” from the Victoria RCMP Veterans’ Association prior to its publication.

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to call.

Best Regards, Rick

Rick Saville, President
Victoria Division RCMP Veterans’ Association
Email: ricksaville@shaw.ca
Tel: 250-477-0997

A Mountie’s wife in the North – by Martha Cameron.

There is a saying the Mountie always gets his man. Well in my case, It was the other way around. I tried to get the Mountie, and found it was no easy task.

I was born in Dawson City in 1904. In 1925 a big hunk of RCMP came to Dawson City. After some careful angling he finally took the bait, but I had a tough time landing him. In those days it was really hard to get permission to marry in the Force. After three years of courting, the officer in charge finally said we would be able to get permission to marry by the following June.

We went ahead with our wedding plans, but on New Years’ Eve, at the Annual Ball, the officer died of a heart attack. When his successor finally arrived in the Yukon, he laid down his own decree; no married constables in the Territory! So that was that. My man decided we had waited long enough, so on the morning of June 16th 1928 he purchased

his discharge. That evening we were married in St. Paul's Cathedral at Dawson City. I had won a Mountie, he had got a bride, but we had no job.

We headed to Ottawa, his home town to start a new life, but things just never panned out during those depression years, no matter how hard we worked. We went to Vancouver in 1934. Some of his friends there suggested my husband join up again as the Force was looking for men with police experience. He applied, was accepted and the following June we were transferred to the Yukon.

Our first (and last) married posting was to Fort Selkirk, a small settlement on the Yukon River, halfway between Whitehorse and Dawson City. We spent fourteen happy years there before my husband went to pension in 1949. After that he worked for the Yukon Territorial Government in a number of capacities, his most recent position being sergeant-at-arms for the Yukon Territorial Council. (The equivalent of a Provincial Legislature.)

It was certainly an interesting time at Selkirk, still the age of the dog team, no roads, no planes. When my husband went on patrol, as he did regularly, that was it – maybe three or four weeks later he would turn up. There was no way of communicating with him from the day he left home until he returned. One night as I was rocking our baby daughter to sleep, she sat up and asked, “Mommy, I wonder if the coyotes have eaten Daddy yet?” What a pleasant thought in our little cabin on the river bank! It was never lonely, however, with about ten other white folks in the village and Indian families at the farther end of the settlement.

When the policeman was away, his wife was often called on to take his place; most unofficially of course. One night I heard a rap on the detachment door. It was the missionary and he said, “Martha, can you help me out? A couple of Indians are causing a fuss in the village and one of them I cannot do a thing with.”

So me, I took the handcuffs and leg irons (I had never seen my husband use them, but he was many miles away.) It seemed a logical way to keep our Indian friend quiet until he slept off the effects of the home brew. So away we went. In one of the cabins we found this chap very much under the influence of something or other, so as the missionary held him, I proceeded to put on the handcuffs, and for good measure, the leg irons. When I got back home I started to think about what I had done. I felt there might be serious consequences to this, I'd done something I had no right to do and knew nothing about, but the deed was done, and I worried all night. In the morning we went down and set him free, with me expecting him to get even. But no; Selkirk Indians after that said, “Policewoman worse than policeman.” I really had overstepped my traces, though I don't know what anyone else would have done under the same circumstances.

We were always busy in that small village. We had wood to cut, water to carry (or pump, when it worked; remembering to leave a bit of water to prime it.) In winter it meant cutting a hole in the ice, or melting snow for washing. It was a full time job, cooking and sewing, with knitting and crocheting as well. Once I took a contract from the wood man

to saw all the wood we bought for the detachment into sixteen inch lengths, from the four foot logs he brought. We didn't need any "keep fit" classes in those days.

As the years passed, we began to see aircraft in the north and finally we had weekly plane service into Selkirk, I took the contract to keep the landing field rolled. The company sent down a two ton "cat" and roller which was a pleasure to have. I must say. All the kiddies would ride as I went up and down the field.. I was also agent for the airline, which of course, meant handling all the mail and freight.

We had two stores, or trading posts, where we could get most anything in the way of food, warm clothing and so forth. I handled the medicine and first aid chest for the Indian Department. When anyone was ill I arranged to send them by plane to hospital. Much of the medical treatment was done right at the settlement with the Mountie pulling teeth and the odd bit of stitching when necessary.

I well remember the first needle I gave. The doctor had shown me the procedure and I had practiced on a lemon. Along came my first patient, and I debated whether I should have someone there in case I couldn't go through with it. I decided to go it alone, and my patient was an excellent model, "That's the best needle I ever had," he said, so it never bothered me after that.

It really was a pleasant life. Whenever folks came to Selkirk, the Detachment was the place they stopped first to ask about things. We were a small group, never more than fifteen whites and a few Indians. Of course, at Christmas, all that were able came in off their traplines and then it was a continual celebration, with dinners and parties and dances. During the festive season we all got together in turns, no one sat alone for dinner. I generally made boxes of home baked goodies for the old bachelors. I remember one year an old chap came back in tears and said no one had ever given him anything like that in his life, and how much he enjoyed every bit of it. On New Years day at 80 degrees below Fahrenheit his cabin burned. My husband was away on patrol and I went along to help with the water pump on my back. (It was so cold the pump wouldn't work. All we could do was save what we could, then watch the cabin burn. When the small porch dropped off, a carton slid to the snow, and there was my fancy box of goodies, intact. "You old so-n-so." I said to myself and pitched it into the flames. The next day, after inspecting the ruins of his home, he came to the detachment. "Do you know what? He said, "I think someone must have stolen my box of goodies. I had them up on the roof of the porch. They were far too nice to eat. Just liked looking at them." I didn't say anything, just got busy and made him another box.

The Indian village had a huge log house where we all danced and made merry one night during the season. The Indians were an industrious band. To this day, many years later, we still have many friends among the Selkirk people and are always glad to see them when we are down their way, or if we see them in town.

During the war years, our little group sent a huge bale of knitted goods every week to the Red Cross in Dawson. Our days were never long enough. In winter we skied, went snow

shoeing, skating (after first clearing off the river ice). Everything was done the hard way, but we made it into fun. I have seen the weather go down to 86 below zero on the Fahrenheit scale. It wasn't officially recorded because we were not a met station. Days like that we stayed home and just kept piling on the wood and nailed woollen blankets over the doors.

Being agent for the airline was another good way to make friends. When a plane was forced down for weather, we had the passengers stay with us for as long as a week at a time. One plane load of fourteen was billeted around town. Everyone pitched in and it was more like a picnic than work. Every day they would take off with lunches packed. Each night they would come back, unable to get over the mountains on the way to Fairbanks Alaska. After ten days one of our Indians offered to make "medicine" for them, and the next day they did get through!

We had a two way radio, with regular schedules connection trappers in the area. I would read the Dawson News over the air once a week. By spring I had built up quite an audience.

It was still the days of the sternwheeler river boat travelling between Whitehorse and Dawson. They were an important part of our daily life in summer. In the Autumn, when it got dark,, the boats would often tie up at Selkirk and the crews would all gather at our place for coffee and a visit. The last boat of the season was a sad occasion – goodby to friends and the coming of winter isolation. With freeze-up we could walk across the river ice to a farm eight miles away for a days outing. Spring break-up was viewed from the top of Victoria mountain, and we would gather the first spring flowers there. Then the first boat, an annual highlight, and we knew the trappers would soon be coming in to unload their winter furs. This was May, and on Mother's day it was a "treat" to let mom climb the mountain for a picnic; there was still enough snow in the draws to make a good pot of tea.

In the Spring we put up river ice so we could make ice cream most of the summer, hauling the ice with our dogteams and storing it in an old cellar full of sawdust. We had two huge ice cream freezers, the hand cranking kind. During the summer we had many good out door parties. When the trappers came in to get their outfits there would be a big ice cream feed...lots of work, but it was fun.

The dogteams needed a lot of care and exercise, summer and winter. Our daughter could play with the team at any time with no danger. She grew up learning to handle a team and a gun as well as the best of them. Gun practice was a frequent pastime along with hunting rabbits. Besides the team, she had her pet dog "Sheep". He had to be put down due to old age when we left Selkirk. I tried to teach her at home but she soon knew more than I did, so we sent her to boarding school on Vancouver Island. She always came home for the summer, but Christmas was spent with friends "outside".

The Selkirk detachment had no prisoner cell so it meant 24 hour duty in our home. If the prisoner was male my husband attended to him and could only snooze a bit during the

day when I could carry on. If it was a woman I was on 24 hour duty with my husband keeping an eye from his office while I slept during the day. We had no indoor plumbing so it meant accompanying the prisoner out to the “back house” as well.

On his patrols to isolated trappers, my husband often found someone dead in the spring and would bury them. Others that were ill, he would care for them, or bring them in to Dawson or Whitehorse hospitals. In a detachment of our kind we were called on for everything. We never did perform weddings, though we were witness to many, and prepared the food for the parties afterwards. Now our daughter is making up for the lack. She married a geologist and had two boys of her own. She became a Justice of the Peace and a Juvenile Court Judge and is often called upon to officiate at civil marriages. We are glad they are in the Yukon with us, living right next door. Our grandsons are fifth generation Klondikers.

I could go on and on. But this is not supposed to be a book length story. It was a wonderful time for us. Those fourteen years at Fort Selkirk, and we have no regrets. Staying in the north means we can keep in touch with our old friends, and with the new younger members of the Force, which recently celebrated its 100th birthday. I’m glad I had the chance to live and be part of that history.

Martha Cameron, wife ofReg.No.8681, Gordon Cameron

“Editor’s note: In those days a member engaged in the Force for a period of time. The first hitch was five years, and usually one to three years subsequent engagements. The cost to purchase discharge was five dollars per month for each month short of completion of the term of engagement.”

Note: RCMP 100th anniversary was in 1973. So expect Martha wrote this account not too long after that date.



Remembering Wayne Roberts

Ashley Joannou Friday August 26, 2016



Wayne Roberts, a fixture in the Carcross mountain biking community, died last week. Roberts is responsible for much of the early work developing the Mountain Hero mountain biking trail. - Photo courtesy Derek Crowe

The best mountain bikers know how to manoeuvre up, over, and around obstacles without fear.

No one ever accused Wayne Roberts of being intimidated by an obstacle.

The long-time Carcross resident, and fixture on the trails on and around Montana Mountain, died last week from cancer. He left his mark on biking, hiking and tourism in the community.

“I think the biggest thing he leaves behind is summed up by the Mountain Hero trail and his vision of a trail-related tourism project in the southern Yukon being a viable thing,” said his friend Derek Crowe.

More than a decade ago Roberts uncovered an old tramway that he would turn into Mountain Hero, the longest trail in Carcross’s renowned mountain biking system.

“I was bushwhacking along the Skagway highway when I first moved up here in ‘98, looking for places to take tourists,” Roberts told the News in 2011.

“I kept seeing this wooden structure up the hillside and one evening I jumped out of the truck with a compass and made a beeline for it. I came across this cut and started following it around and came across tram towers and tin cans.”

Crowe estimates that Roberts’ work, singlehandedly removing trees and overgrowth that had taken over the tramway, is responsible for about two thirds of Mountain Hero as it exists today.

It would eventually be completed by Carcross youth through the Singletrack to Success program.

The International Mountain Bicycling Association inducted the Mountain Hero trail into its Epic Trails category in 2011. It was only the fifth Canadian trail to achieve the designation.

Roberts was running a hiking and biking tourism company the first time he took riders down Mountain Hero. He was approached by Tourism Yukon to lead a group from a national biking magazine down the mountain, Crowe said.

He promised them a trip through the alpine would be organized in two days.

The trail was nowhere near ready.

“For two days, day and night, he basically frantically cleared out that trail. He hacked out a thin little path through a bunch of snarl,” Crowe said.

“But still, at that time, in the Yukon, it was a singletrack trail down from the alpine that was remarkable on its own.”

A month before he died, Roberts sat down with Anthony DeLorenzo and Jenn Roberts (no relation) on the deck of his cabin at the bottom of the mountain. The pair is working on a project documenting people who built the local mountain biking scene.

He spoke about those two busy days, when he worked and slept outside with his dog and was forced to scare off a bear.

“But anyways we got it going, got it opened up and they came out because they were looking for singletrack, not all mountain roads. And, pfft, there it is. That’s when it really began,” he said, according to a transcript provided to the News.

That’s just how his friend’s mind worked, Crowe said.

“He would get these ideas and just sort of go for it.”

After that first group left, Roberts worked to improve the trail. In the early days he led hiking tours up. He wanted to make sure they were comfortable, so he brought a full-sized outhouse halfway up the trail — a 2,000- to 2,500-foot elevation gain.

“He just broke it into pieces, each wall, and packed it on his back,” Crowe said.

“That kind of sums up who Wayne was, he would just do that by himself.”

As mountain biking grew in popularity in Carcross, Roberts spent two years working with the Singletrack to Success program. The crew those years built the 270-metre boardwalk on McDonald Creek and the Nares View trail.

After closing his official touring company, Roberts would still sometimes give impromptu tours of the mountain.

He was at his best when he was guiding and telling stories, Crowe said.

As his health started to fail, Roberts was still able to spend time on the mountain. He continued to ride, this time on an electric-assist mountain bike.

“I rode with him this year,” Crowe said. “Here’s a guy who was a month away from dying of cancer and he was able to ride up the Dei Kwaan trail at a speed my friend Seamus McGrath, who’s been to two Olympics, would have a hard time maintaining.”

During the ride, Roberts mused that everyone should have an electric bike.

“I said, ‘Wayne, it’s just typical you. You’re just ahead of your time.’”

With files from Tom Patrick

Contact Ashley Joannou at ashleyj@yukon-news.com

** If you are patient and can get this link to load for you there is a Northern lights video prepared by Shot in the Dark Productions which is narrated by Photographer Wayne Roberts and available on Yukon, North of Ordinary’s Facebook Page – dated November 4, 2016.

** <https://www.facebook.com/NorthOfOrdinary/?fref=ts>

If you receive an error message when you get to the Nov 4th video just click on the “Vimeo” Image option within the Error message.

Re: MocTel 429

Which Fred Cook delivered mail on the Alaska Hwy or is there a third Fred Cook?
When I was on highway patrol I used to see him a lot between Whitehorse and Beaver Creek in the 1970's.
Don't ever recall seeing him south of Whitehorse.

George Bliss georgebliss001@gmail.com (In Regina)

My Dad (Fred Cook) delivered mail to the YCGC (Yukon Consolidated Gold Company) Mining camp's around what we called "the loop" East of Dawson. When Dad and Mom moved to Whitehorse he delivered mail on the Alaska Highway between Whitehorse and the Yukon/Alaska border. So the Fred Cook George is referring to would be Dad. I forget what the Other Fred Cook's employment was but he may have worked for YCGC.

Bea (Cook) Wytinck bwytinck@yahoo.ca

Hi Sherron.....my name is Doug Stuart and I am the newest Director of the Vancouver Yukoners' Association. I am also the son of Vivian [Lelievre] Stuart, whom you have known for a long time.

One of my projects with the association is the Membership Drive. Over the past 9 years, our membership numbers have dropped by 35.4% so my goal is to get those numbers up between now and the Reunion in April 2017.

I have attached a one-page document for you to review and it would be so much appreciated if you would include it (as is) in the next 3 issues of the Moc Tel.

Regards,
Doug Stuart hospitality@telus.net (In Victoria BC)



Membership Benefits

The Vancouver Yukoners' Association, established in 1928, was founded so that Yukoners 'outside' for the winter, or had moved to Vancouver could keep in touch with each other. Many years later, we continue to thrive for the same reason - to stay in contact with friends and relatives from the

North. We have members from the Yukon, BC, rest of Canada and the United States (including Alaska). For our members who have never lived in the north, they may have strong family ties, like a relative who was active in the Yukon.

Perhaps the main reason for becoming a member is the social gatherings. The popular Annual Reunion Weekend and General Meeting Luncheons attract friends and family who wish to reconnect and catch up. We hope you will consider joining our unique association.

Membership assures the continued success of the Vancouver Yukoners' Association and we are pleased to offer you the following benefits....

☺ Ability to re-connect and catch up with friends and relatives from the Yukon & North, both past and present.

☺ Free Membership Newsletter sent 5 times per year, either by regular mail or email. The newsletter contains articles about what's happening in the Yukon, updates on our Members, information on upcoming events, Sunshine Lady's report (birthdays, milestones, achievements), Gone Down The Trail (Members who have recently passed & their contributions to the Yukon), minutes from the General Meetings, and ongoing updates for our Annual Reunion Weekend in April.

☺ Invitation to attend our General Meetings at the Croatian Cultural Centre (Burnaby) held 5 times per year in Feb, Apr, June, Oct & Dec. Lunch is provided for a nominal fee.

☺ And a free Vancouver Yukoners' Association lapel pin

Memberships are offered at 2 levels...

Regular - \$15.00 per year (may be purchased for 1 to 5 years at a time)

Lifetime - \$300.00 one time fee (for the rest of your life)

Note - for Annual Membership, the fee is due by December 31st each year

To become a Member, please contact either...

Vivian Stuart Tel 250.383.1349 Email lornellis@shaw.ca

Doug Stuart Tel 250.391.1493 Email hospitality@telus.net

Please visit our website..... www.vancouver-yukoners.com

OBIT



Wayne Roberts

November 16, 1966 ~ August 20, 2016

On Saturday August 20th, 2016 we lost our Mountain Hero, Wayne Roberts. He died peacefully at home, comfortably enjoying the view of Bennett Lake, with Deanna and Michele by his side.

He faced head on the challenges that his July 2012 diagnosis of Mantle Cell Lymphoma brought him. He fought gallantly, courageously and positively but ultimately the cancer proved too much for even a man as strong as Wayne.

Wayne spent his childhood in Sidney and Prince George, BC and made his way to the Yukon as an adult where his outgoing, can-do personality, cemented his involvement in the community he called home, Carcross Yukon. He had a passion for life, especially the outdoors. His curiosity and imagination led him to, on his own; rebuild the Sam McGee trail, now known as the Mountain Hero trail. This trail was the catalyst that makes Carcross an international destination for mountain biking. Wayne was especially proud of the Mountain Hero trail IMBA Epic Trail designation.

Wayne was equally passionate about his photography. He was extremely talented and over the past few years was specializing in capturing Northern Lights. He and his good friend Richard could be found in the middle of the night, in all weather conditions, chasing lights looking for that perfect shot. We will all miss those Facebook posts. Always available for a ride, a shuttle, a chat, a rant, advice, the loan of bear spray or to lend a hand, Wayne will be sorely missed by his family, the community of Carcross and the mountain biking community.

Wayne is survived by his partner Deanna Conlon, their dogs, Sprocket and Tinker, his sister Michele, (Neil), niece Brianna, (Yann) and nephew Tristan. He is also survived by a large extended family in BC and PEI as well as countless friends all over the world. Wayne was predeceased by his parents Wayne and Doris Roberts.

Our heartfelt gratitude to everyone at Whitehorse General Hospital, the care and support that they gave our family was outstanding. Special thanks to Dr. Sally MacDonald, Dr. Bob Zimmerman, Dr. Alison Freeman, Dr. Alison Madlung, Amanda Parniak, Ashley Beggs, Jennifer Wallace and Prev Naidoo. We cannot thank you enough.

Wayne's desire to pass at home was made much easier by the care and compassion and support we received from the Carcross Nursing Station, Brook and Tagish EMS Team. Please join us for a Celebration of Wayne's life, Sunday August 28th, 2016 from 2-4 pm at the Carcross Community Hall.

In lieu of flowers donations could be made to the Yukon Hospital Foundation. www.YHF.ca directing your donation to Karen's Room- chemo suite.



EDGECOMBE, Donald David

Nov. 9, 1926 - Oct. 24, 2016

It is with great sadness that the family announces the passing of this wonderful man after a brief illness. Don was born in Fort Vermilion, AB and as a young man joined the Hudson's Bay Company. He managed Bay stores around the north with stops in Fort Smith, Hay River and Lower Post. **The family eventually moved to Whitehorse where he and wife, Velma, opened their first clothing store.** Don expanded his business to become a wholesale rep, selling to retailers throughout BC and Alberta. This new work kept him away from his much-loved wife and children too much so in 1966 the family

moved to Grande Prairie where Don and Velma operated Don's Mens Wear. They retired in 1987 and chose Sylvan Lake to be central to their children and grandchildren. Don is survived by his wife of 65 years, Velma; sister, Phyllis (Lorne); sons, Don (Bonnie), Ron, Kevin (Linda); daughters, Deb (Gerry), Kathie (Perry), Wendy (Terry); 26 cherished grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren. He was predeceased by parents, Harold and Winnifred; brother, Harold (Wanda); sister, Dorothy (George) and son-in-law, Phil Borle. Don and his family are extremely grateful to the amazing staff of the ICU at the Red Deer Hospital. A funeral service will be held at 1:00 PM, Saturday, October 29th at the Sylvan Lake Funeral Home, 5019-47A Ave, Sylvan Lake, Reverend, Chris Roth officiating.



EDGECOMBE, Velma Lydia

July 22, 1928 – Nov. 1, 2016

While the family is saddened by Velma's passing, she was drawn by the loss of her husband, Don, who had passed just eight days earlier. They had happily celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary on October 11th. Velma was born in Fort Vermilion, AB and after working a short time as a school teacher, joined Don, managing Hudson's Bay stores in Canada's north. Velma got into the retail business for herself in 1958, opening Velma's Kiddie Korner in Whitehorse, YT. From there she partnered with her husband, operating Don's Mens Wear in Grande Prairie before retiring to Sylvan Lake in 1987. Velma was predeceased by her parents, four brothers and four sisters and son-in-law, Philip Borle. She leaves children, Don (Bonnie), Deb (Gerry), Ron, Kathie (Perry), Wendy (Terry), Kevin (Linda), and 26 cherished grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren. The family will be forever grateful to the wonderful staff of the Red Deer Hospital and the Red Deer Hospice. A prayer service will be held at the Sylvan Lake Funeral Home, 5019-47A Ave. at 7:00 PM on Sunday, Nov. 6, 2016. A funeral will be held at 1:00 PM on Monday, Nov. 7, 2016 at Our Lady of the Assumption Parish, 5033-47 A Ave., Sylvan Lake, AB, officiated by Father Les Drewicki.



TAYLOR, Carol Eleanor

1942 — 2016

With great sadness, at Hospice House in Kelowna BC and surrounded by family, our dear Carol passed away on October 11, 2016 after a brief two month battle with cancer. She was predeceased by parents Tom and May Adams and brothers Al and Don Adams. Carol is survived by her husband Paul, daughter Penny Biblow (Duane) and beloved grandchildren Milena and Hayden. She is also survived by brothers Garnet Adams (Carol) of Peterborough ON, Murray Adams (Judy) of Whitehorse YT, and sisters Joan Gattie of Whitehorse YT, Marlene Leclerc (Dub) of Kelowna BC, Cyndi Ramsfield (Rick) of Red Deer AB and many nieces and nephews.

When Carol was 12 years old she moved from Meaford Ontario to Whitehorse Yukon with her family and just three short years ago retired to the Okanagan. Carol's life was guided by her faith in God, love of family, sense of community service and her artistic and creative endeavours in her backyard gardens and her not so small craft room! Her sharp wit and engaging personality allowed for many hours of laughter and years of friendship. She will be forever loved by her family and fondly remembered by her many Yukon friends and her Westside Alliance Church family in West Kelowna.

A memorial service and celebration of Carol's life will be held on October 20 at 1:00 pm at Springfield Funeral Home in Kelowna. We wish to extend our gratitude for Carol's care to: Central Okanagan Hospice Palliative Care home nursing staff, Dr. T. Murphy, Pain management team at Kelowna Cancer Centre and everyone at Hospice House Kelowna and the staff at Springfield Funeral Home.

In lieu of flowers we would encourage you to consider donating to either Central Okanagan Hospice House or the Gideons.



James Raymond Richards

11/04/1962 10/15/2016

James (Jim) Richards, passed away peacefully in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada, on October 15, 2016. He is survived by his mother, Joyce M. Richards, of Tacoma, Washington; two sons, Steven W. and Theoren J. Richards, his former wife and devoted friend, Carol Richards, of Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada, and a brother, Steven Lee Richards, of Owensboro, Kentucky. Jim was predeceased by his brother, Joey Dee Richards of Weiser, Idaho, in 2010. Jim attended school at Curtis High School in University Place and worked in the auto body mechanic industry; he was an expert car painter and estimator. Jim was happiest with his family and working as a big game guide, hunter, and fisherman in the Yukon Territory of Canada. A Celebration of Life service will be held at the Mt. McIntyre Recreation Centre, Curling Club lounge, in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada, on Saturday, November 5, 2016, with a coffee reception to follow. Friends of Jim can leave condolences at the Heritage North Funeral Home website: www.heritagenorth.ca

Published in News Tribune (Tacoma) on Oct. 26, 2016



Beverly Ware REBER

Born: Fri., Aug. 25, 1922

Died: Wed., Oct. 19, 2016

With great sadness, we announce Bev's sudden passing on Wednesday, October 19th at Nanaimo Regional General Hospital. Bev was born in Barons, Alberta to Marjorie and Arthur Roberts. She married Roy Reber in 1944 and in September of 2016 they celebrated their 72nd wedding anniversary.

Bev spent many wonderful years in the Yukon where she was very involved in the community and sports. She represented the Yukon in ladies curling. Bev was the one always called upon to entertain, sing and play the piano.

After moving to Qualicum Beach in 1987, she enjoyed playing golf, bridge, and making many new friends. Bev will be fondly remembered for her kindness and compassion for others and for always being positive and upbeat. She treasured her family and friends.

Bev is survived by her husband, Roy; daughter, Jude (Dave) Layzell of Whitehorse; granddaughter Kelly (Shawne) Dewdney of Whitehorse; great grandchildren, Dustin Dewdney of Calgary, Kayla Dewdney of Whitehorse; great-great granddaughter, Aria Dewdney; as well as nieces, a nephew and many extended family and friends.

Bev will be greatly missed by all who knew and loved her. We will keep her forever in our hearts.

In keeping with Bev's wishes, there will be no service. The family would like to express their sincere thanks to the many friends and neighbours for their kindness and support at this difficult time.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Knowledge will bring you the opportunity to make a difference.

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.

Little Venetian Cakes

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
1 cup almonds

Yolks of 3 eggs
1 ½ to 1 ¾ cups flour

Cream butter and sugar; beat eggs and add 1 teaspoon vanilla; add to the mixture after flour has been well mixed in. (This is an old recipe, so measure flour before sifting.) Roll the paste into little balls, dip the tops of the balls into powdered sugar and place half an almond on each. Bake in 300 degree moderate oven about 20 minutes; (These cookies keep well, and a friend who sent them overseas in 1914 war, said they arrived in fine condition.)

Mrs. E. M. Maddocks

COMING EVENTS

VANCOUVER YUKONERS' ASSOCIATION CHRISTMAS LUNCH

December 1, 2016

11:30 am-2:00 pm

Croatian Cultural Center
3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver
Parking plentiful and free
Transit accessible – Handicap accessible
Bring a friend
Lunch \$10
RSVP mrcrawlinson@gmail.com
604 -565-7581

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



Banquet - Saturday, April 08, 2017
Dining Room: Open Friday from 4 pm and Saturday from noon
Sunday, April 9 – No Host Breakfast in Buffet



Theme – RCMP [Contact Joann Robertson 604 877-1871 joannr6@shaw.ca](mailto:Joann.Robertson@shaw.ca)

[Any pictures, mementos you wish to share for display would be appreciated](#)

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

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

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

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

Banquet Reception: Whistler Ballroom Foyer No-Host Bar 5pm – 6pm

Welcome followed by Dinner: 6:15 pm

For group seating reservations, please follow directions on website at
www.vancouver-yukoners.com or Phone Mike Rawlinson 604 565-7581

Check the website for updates and a list of those attending

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

**Donations to Silent Auction contact Doug Stuart 250 391-1493
hospitality@telus.net**

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

FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:

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

Phone: 250-383-1349 email: lornellis@shaw.ca

\$68.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to

Vancouver Yukoners' Association

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

Note: Pick up tickets in Hospitality Room

Yukon Residents may contact **Penny Sippel at 867 667-4094**
303A Hanson St. Whitehorse YT Y1A 1Y5

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

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into you bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of sherronjones@shaw.ca 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
483 – 5707 East 32nd Street
Yuma, Arizona, USA