

## MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 383<sup>rd</sup> Edition – December 8<sup>th</sup>, 2013

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones*shaw.ca)

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



Mr. & Mrs. Claus and Elves  
Christmas 2013

Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell [gillianklondikekate\\*shaw.ca](mailto:gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

Sherron;

I came across an item on George R. Clark in the Dawson Daily News so thought I should pass it on to the MocTel readership:

### **DAWSON MAN HAS TWO BIG WAR INVENTIONS**

Whitehorse: Nov. 23 - **George Russell Clark**, who has been in the Yukon country for the past 19 years, and is a well-known miner on Gauvin and O'Neill gulches on Upper Bonanza, on both of which he owns valuable placer property, arrived from Dawson Tuesday and left Wednesday morning for Juneau. He claims to have invented a projectile with one-half greater penetrating power than any now in use and which will increase the range of the gun from which it is fired, with the same amount of powder now used as a charge, at least 30 per cent. He says that his invention, if adopted by the military and naval authorities, will revolutionize artillery warfare. He also has an invention in aeronautics machinery that he thinks is destined to astonish the world at some not distant date.

It is his intention to offer both of these inventions to the United States government as soon as he can get in touch with the proper channel through which to make the tender and is now on his way south to consult Gov. J. F. A. Strong of Alaska as to the best and most expeditious manner in which to proceed - Star.

(the Dawson newspaper copied this from the Whitehorse Star)

Source: Dawson Daily News Wednesday December 5th 1917 page 1

I gave you another news clipping about another of his inventions some time ago...so obviously he had time in between mining etc. to think up neat ideas....I don't know if anyone has checked American or Canadian patents to see if his name is listed...and did not see anything about whether his inventions were accepted or not. But at least at that time, we know he was able to walk upright...or at least I am assuming so as I think the newspaper might have made mention of any disability back in 1917.....

Hope this adds to his biography. I will keep checking as I do my own research and if I find anything else I'll be sure to share it. By the way, spellings and punctuation are exactly as published!

Kathy Gates [kmgates@northwestel.net](mailto:kmgates@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **YUKON NUGGET**

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg@hougens.com](http://marg@hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

Following Bill Weigand's term as Mayor of Whitehorse in 1991 to 1994, he and Jeri volunteered their services to the Chinese government and were assigned to Qinghai province in Western China. After one year there, the next assignment was to Beihai in Southeast China in the year 1997-1998. For these services they were honoured in Beijing on October 1, 1998 – National Day – in the Great Hall of the People. This “Friendship Award” presented by the Vice Premier of Foreign Affairs, is the highest honour bestowed on foreigners. Bill and Jeri were one of 46 foreign experts recognized that year out of 80,000 volunteers in China that year. They then had a photo taken with Premier Shu Rongji.

Beihai is the Pearl Capital of China, a beautiful coastal city on the Bay of Tonkin, 40 miles from the Vietnam border. The climate is sub tropical. Assigned to the Beihai Bureau of Foreign Trade and Economic Cooperation, the main task for Bill was to connect Canadian companies with Chinese corporations and instruct the Foreign Trade staff in communications and to help improve their English. Jeri was seconded to work with the president and office staff of Brothers Pyrotechnics Corporation, one of the largest in China. Jeri's work extended to teaching English to the middle management of the new Beihai Shangri-La hotel and then for a period of working with the teachers and students of Beihai No. 1 Middle School. The highlight of the year was the visit of the Hougen Group bringing news from home and a suitcase filled with goodies.



Former Mayor Bill Weigand is hosted by Vice-Mayor Lan Tizhou of Beihai, China. Other guests were Marg and Rolf Hougen, Bob and Joyce Choate, Dr. Des Morrow, Jim and Karen Bell and of course, Jeri

Photo courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen



Jeri and Bill Weigand in front of a mural of the Karst Mountains along the Li River

Photo courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen

**Jason McDiarmid posted on Dawson Blast from the Past Facebook page.**

Extract from:

**A Collection of Yukon River Indian Legends  
Compliments of White Pass & Yukon Route**

### **The First Earthquake in the Yukon**

**An Indian Legend concerning the Origin of the Big Slide back of Dawson City, Yukon**

During the latter part of the eighteenth century the Moosehide tribe of Indians, who lived near the mouth of the Tron Deg (Klondike) River, had a princess of whom they were very proud. Like Snow White in the fairy tale, she was the most beautiful girl living. And she was exceptionally clever, too. None of the other girls were as well versed as she in the art of tanning the moose and caribou hides and the furs which were brought into camp by the men to the tribe; and the moccasins and clothing fashioned by her deft fingers were patterns which even the most experienced of the squaws despaired of copying.

She was the idol of her people. The fame of her beauty and accomplishments reached a neighboring tribe who lived about a hundred miles to the south.

The chief of this tribe heard about the princess, and it set him to thinking. If he could arrange a marriage between his son and this royal lady it would serve a double purpose. Not only would the old quarrels over hunting and trapping grounds be settled, but it would bring to his son a wife befitting his station in the tribe. The old chief pondered over this for many days, and eventually decided to have his son and a few of his braves accompany him on a state visit to the Moosehides.

It was early in the month of June when they pushed their canoes into the Yukon and started downstream on their journey to the mouth of the Tron Deg River. Arriving at their destination they were met by the chief of the Moosehides, who escorted them to the royal wigwam. After a feast of moose and caribou, the chief of the neighboring tribe explained the object of his mission.

In glowing terms he extolled the virtues of his son. Never was a young man born who was such a wonderful hunter and trapper.

No brave in the world possessed such courage. Wouldn't it be to their mutual advantage if his host gave to the young suitor the hand of the princess in marriage?

The Moosehides were stunned. Such a thing as taking away their princess, the idol of every man, woman and child in the village, was unthinkable. Their chief was asked by his counsellors to forbid the match, or at least to delay proceedings until they had time to think it over. Possibly something might happen to prevent their princess being taken away from them. They hoped so, anyway.

The visitors were tired after their long journey and, being assured that on the morrow they would be told whether the hand of the princess would be given to the young suitor, they lay down to sleep.

By this time the news had spread through the Moosehide camp like wildfire, and the chief was beseeched by his subjects to forbid the wedding. Waving them aside he called a council of his

advisors in an adjoining wigwam, where they could discuss ways and means of retaining the princess and still not offending their visitors.

It was finally decided that a task too difficult for any brave to perform was to be given to the young suitor, and if he failed, he lost the hand of the princess. He would be asked to show his prowess as a hunter, in order that he might prove himself worthy of such a bride. He would agree to start out alone and return in one year with the skins of fifty grizzly bears, one hundred black bears, one hundred moose, one hundred caribou, and one thousand foxes.

The Moosehides were well pleased with the answer they had prepared. No brave could take that amount of game in a year.

They could sleep now without any fear that their princess would be taken from them. But they reckoned without their suitor. Long before his father was awake, the young man was walking about the village when he spied the princess in front of her wigwam.

Following tribal custom, no words were exchanged; but one glance assured him that the fame of her beauty wasn't exaggerated. In fact it hadn't been half told. Then and there he decided that no obstacle should prevent his gaining the consent of her father to their marriage.

During the morning another feast was prepared for the visitors. After partaking of it, the chief of the Moosehides gave his answer. Disappointment was plainly evident on the faces of the guests excepting the young suitor, who showed no surprise at all. With the impetuosity of youth he whispered to his father to bind the bargain. Game was plentiful, and he could easily take the required number of skins in a year. After some discussion the father gave his consent, and the visitors left on their long voyage upriver.

In five sleeps' time they reached their village, and without delay the young man quietly made preparations for his trip. On the following morning long before any of his people were stirring, he set out alone.

Months went by, and the chief could get no information as to the whereabouts of his son. Neighboring tribes had not seen him. The father despaired of finding his boy alive, when during the following month of May there was great ado in the village. A raft was seen floating down the river, piled high with skins and manned by a solitary hunter. The excitement grew when the raft was skillfully poled into the eddy and the hunter proved to be the chief's son. The raft was quickly unloaded, and the skins counted. The old chief was greatly pleased when he saw that the young man had bagged the required number. There should be no further delay to the wedding.

It was arranged that only a few braves were to accompany the suitor on his visit to the Moosehides, and as the allotted year would soon be up, they started down river at once.

When they arrived at the mouth of the Tron Deg, disappointment was very evident among the Moosehides. The suitor had brought the skins, and the only thing they could do was to part with the princess.

They had no intention of giving her up however, if there was any way to prevent it. First, they would have a feast and a sleep; then they would discuss the marriage.

While the visitors were sleeping, the chief of the Moosehides called his braves in council. He also summoned his medicine man, and asked him to find a way out of their difficulty. The medicine man promised a solution if they would obey his instructions.

They were to prepare a feast and have a big dance on the following night. During the dance the braves were to separate. The visitors were to line up against the hill, and the Moosehides opposite them. The medicine man then would work his charm, and they would see what would happen.

The directions were carried out. The feast was prepared, and after all the food was eaten, the dance commenced. Toward the early part of the morning, the braves separated. The visitors were in line at the very base of the hill, when the medicine man made strong medicine. Instantly there was a loud grumbling heard in the hillside, the earth began moving, and before the startled visitors could escape, they were buried in the slide.

This was the occasion for great rejoicing. The princess remained with her people until the end of her days.

The old squaws still caution the youngsters not to venture too near the slide after dark. On moonlight nights, to the accompaniment of loud wails, the ghosts of the buried braves can be seen treading the steps of the ancient dance on that fateful night; and while the youngsters scoff at this and contend that the howls emanate from a pack of malamutes in a voice-testing chorus, the old squaws, with many a wise nod, say they know better.

**Marvin Dubois posted on Dawson Blast from the Past Facebook page.**

Published: November 9, 1897

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## **VESSELS FOR THE YUKON**

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**Contracts for 12 Steamers, 24 Barges, and 2 Towboats Let.**

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## **RAILWAY OVER CHILKOOT PASS**

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**The Road Will Begin at Chilcat Inlet  
And Run to Five Fingers, Where  
Steamers Will Be Taken  
To Dawson City.**

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**SEATTLE, Washington, Nov 8.** - Contracts for the construction of twelve river steamer, twenty-four freight barges, and two towboats, were let today by the Yukon Company to the shipbuilding firm of Moran Brothers of this city. The amount to be paid is approximately \$100,000, in installments of \$10,000. The boats are to be finished and ready for use in the river as soon as navigation opens next Spring.

The Yukon Company was organized a month ago in Philadelphia and New York by Andrew F. Burleigh of this city, formerly receiver of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Mr. Burleigh is President and William H. Andrews, the brewer of Allegheny, Penn., Vice President. The capital stock is \$10,000,000., owned principally by the Rockefeller family, the Cramps of Philadelphia, the Bethlehem Company, and other well-known Eastern capitalists. J. Cookingham of this city is Secretary, and G. W. Dickirson, formerly General Western Passenger agent of the Northern Pacific, will be General Manager, with headquarters in Seattle.

The four large ocean steamers mentioned in The Associated Press dispatches a few days ago are owned by the Cramps, and will be used in establishing a line of ocean steamships between Seattle and St. Michael, at the mouth of the Yukon. These boats will be operated under charter, or until the company can have modern steel steamships constructed for the line.

Six of the river steamers will be larger than any heretofore constructed for Yukon travel. The specifications for these call for modern river steamers capable of carrying 1,400 tons of freight each and 800 passengers. They will be equipped with search lights, steam steering power, electric lights throughout, and sleeping berths. They will not draw to exceed four feet of water; will be 260 feet long and 50 feet beam.

The company will apply to Congress as soon as that body assembles in December for a franchise and charter to build a line of railway across the Chilkoot Pass and over the Dalton Trail to Five Fingers. The line will be constructed as soon as the franchise is granted. The money is already subscribed for the enterprise, and reports of a preliminary survey of the route have already been received.

The smaller of the ocean steamers to be sent out by the Cramps will ultimately be used between Seattle and the Chilcat Inlet, where the road begins. From Five Fingers river steamers will carry freight and passengers to Dawson. It is believed that a man can be sent to Dawson City, by the steamer-railroad route, in three days, in seventy hours to Chilkat, in twenty hours over the 200 miles of road, and in twelve hours down the river to Dawson.

The company includes some of the strongest people financially in the country. It is the evident intention of the company to secure control as far as possible to Alaskan travel by operating the two separate routes.



12 steamboats being built at same time by Moran Bros. for the Klondike Gold Rush in 1898 at Smith's Cove. Seattle, Washington, 1898 - Photo courtesy Jason McDiaramid



Property of Special Collections, University of Washington Libraries

Paddle wheels being added to the twelve boats.  
Photo researched by Jason McDiaramid.



Arrival of SEATTLE No. 1 at Dawson City.  
Photographed at midnight. c. 1898  
Photo researched by Jason McDiarmid.

**Jason McDiarmid posted on Yukon First Nations History facebook page.**  
Nov 30, 2013

In **1902**, Chief Isaac of Moosehide visited Seattle and San Francisco as a guest of three Dawson trading companies, including the Alaska Commercial Company (ACC). During his stay in San Francisco, Father of the Yukon Jack McQuesten was his guide for a day. McQuesten established Fort Reliance below Dawson in 1874.

Although he was an independent trader for the ACC, he seemed to view his role as to take care of both prospectors and natives. He always offered credit and grub stakes to ensure nobody starved. McQuesten who was everybody's friend, left the Yukon during the gold rush.

I had assumed that one of the main reasons Chief Isaac went to San Francisco was to visit his friend Jack who lived across the Bay in Berkeley.

The attached chapter from an unknown book suggests he also visited with President McKinley. There are a few Dawson newspaper articles from when Chief Isaac left the north and upon his return but I have not yet found any accounts from Seattle or San Francisco.

With more and more stuff being uploaded to the internet all the time maybe something will show up.



Chief, Isaac, Eliza Isaac, Mary Mcleod, Simon McLeod, Old Jonas, Janas wife Jonas & child, Jonathan Wood, Ellen Wood - Probably Moosehide, maybe Dawson

Photo courtesy -- Jason McDiarmid > Yukon First Nations History Facebook Page -- November 23 2013

## VISITS CHIEF ISAACS

Having made all preparation for our home trip, I remembered our promise to Chief Isaacs to visit his town, so Goyne and I went down the river to Moosehide four miles distant, to visit his Indian village. Rev. Toitty was a missionary among the Indians there. He was from London; the Church of England his denomination. He had translated the hymns of his church into the Indian tongue, using English letters; this the old Indians talk and sing. The Indian youths talk English and is sing quite well. Another missionary teacher was Benjamin F. Foltz, who treated us with much kindness and said he would ring the bell at one o'clock, at which hour about 25 Indians came. Their church was built of logs chinked and covered with moss. Roofed with poles, it was chinked and covered with earth like most Klondike cabins. At the rear of the pulpit were blackboard charts printed with the ten commandments, both in English and Indian.

The services were after the Church of England, and were rendered in the native tongue as well. Most of their translation from English was made by Archdeacon McDonald, the pioneer missionary on the McKenzie side of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Foltz had translated the Bible and a number of gospel songs into the Indian, which he calls Montezumas. The Indians accompany their singing with a rhythmical swaying of their bodies, and sing with glowing faces.

These Indians are simple yet picturesque, rugged but friendly, and the curiosity of the Klondike metropolis. They number about 150, and are one of the numerous small tribes that inhabit the Yukon country. They are scattered along the great river which they have patrolled and called their own for centuries. They are not treaty Indians. Mr. Foltz had been a missionary among them for several years and said that they are in sympathy with the worship and naturally a religious people. They hold services in the little church regularly, and seem to have no traditions or legend lore, at least we never discovered any. Mr. Foltz came from London in 1892. The Indians trust Mr. Foltz as a father, and if he tells them that their hides or furs are worth so much, nobody can deal with them for less. One thing he can't do. He can't get them to keep clean. They have no chairs, but sit on robes and mats. They have lots of fish and meat they hunt for, then dry and smoke it until it is black. Chief Isaacs has a chair and table, also pictures of King Edward and President McKinley, which he holds high. He pointed to these pictures, patted himself on the breast and beamed, "Me King Indian!"

The Northern Commercial Company made the Chief a present of a trip to San Francisco and return, when President McKinley was in the city. Chief Isaacs went and it was a great revelation to him. Attired in his kingly arctic robes, the Chief was presented to the President. Mr. McKinley asked him what he thought of the United States, and he replied, "White man great! Big water. Big Boat. Big cars. Big village. White man many more than Indian!"

On Chief Isaacs' return, they sent a boat down to Moosehide, got all the Indians aboard, and took them up to Dawson to meet their Chief. The Mounted Police, the band, and a few of the big guns were at the wharf. When the Chief walked off the boat, the cannon fired and the band struck up a lively tune, which made the Moosehides squat and shy like so many quails. The Chief was attired in white man's clothes, and the Indians did not know him. He stood on a box and, made an address, and not till he began to talk to them in their native tongue did they believe that it was he. He also addressed the whites in English with great dignity: "White man great! We want to be like white man. White man good to Indian. Me big Chief. Want Indian to be good to white man." They gathered around their Chief with great joy. In their childish superstitions, they thought the whites had stolen him away and they would never see him again. I shall never forget the sight of those wild men and aged women greeting their Chieftain home. It was a heart-rendering sight.

They are a tender hearted people with strong affections. Yet in earlier days --- and only nine years ago --- three Indians were hung at Dawson for the murder of a white man. They opened the body and filled it with stones and sunk it in the river. But the Indians have now become quite civilized. The Government does not allow anyone to sell liquor to the Indians. That must be saved for the Christian whites! Dawson was a city of 8000 or 9000 in 1903, with 30 licensed drink shops to help people be good. Dawson was larger in 1897 and '98 when more gold was being taken out than later, Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks were the richest in the Klondike country, but they were well worked out by 1903.

While on the visit to Chief Isaacs, I asked him, "Chief, what was the best thing you saw on your trip to San Francisco?" His reply was enthusiastic. "Big village! Big water! Big boat! Cars! 'Boston man' many as Chief Isaacs' brush! No moose! No caribou!" And so on, but all said in great earnestness. "Isaacs go London! See King! Next." His braves look up to him as a great man, but the tribe is fast passing away. Chief Isaacs was very pleased I had come to visit him and showed me his treasures. He had many fur pieces, --beautiful pelts -- and richly beaded garments made for him by his people, including moccasins made of moosehide. One very prettily fashioned

pair of baby moccasins made of soft chamois skin took my eye. It was all fringed and beaded, and I bought this pair in hopes I might one day have a little son to wear them. When I went to leave, Chief Isaacs insisted that I have a gift to remember him by, so from his fishing supplies he selected a four foot long sinew from a moose's leg. "You take. Make you good fish line." Their method of fishing was to chop a hole in the ice on the river and let down several feet of fish line like this with bait, then pull out the fish. And so we said farewell and returned to Dawson for our boat home.



Photo courtesy Jason McDiarmid - Yukon First Nations History - November 29 2013  
Chief Isaac in front of his cabin at Moosehide.  
Not sure if he is making the bow or just holding it.



Photo courtesy Jason McDiarmid > Yukon First Nations History Facebook Page -- November 29, 2013

Chief Isaac and Angela with his snowshoes. Does anybody still make these? You can see his snowshoe frame on his cabin.



Photo courtesy Jason McDiarmid > Yukon First Nations History Facebook page - November 30, 2013  
This photo was taken of Chief Isaac a couple months before his passing of influenza in 1932.  
He looks strong as a horse. Erick Benson is on the far right.

### **MOOSEHIDE CELEBRATES**

From the Dawson Daily News, January 2, 1924.

Chief Isaac reports the celebration spirit still prevalent in the bustling Dawson suburb of Moosehide. The chief took an invoice of the residents of the burg last week and found a **total of fifty-two dwelling there**, while the grand aggregate for the holiday period has been **swollen by the sojourn for the time of several natives from other localities**. The holiday parties will be resumed tomorrow night. The chief reports the trail to Moosehide good, and all, regardless of race, creed or previous condition of servitude, welcome. The Christmas tree excises will be held Friday night, when the glad had will be extended to one and all.



### **Mayo Village Church 1937**

Indian church and congregation - mostly natives. 1937.

1. Paul Lucas; 2. Charlie Jimmy; 3. David "Little Dave" Moses; 4. Ella Moses; 5. Steven Louis; 6. Jenny Jimmy known as "Old Jenny"; 7. Caroline Lucas; 8. Sally Lucas; 9. Mrs. Bud Fisher; 10. Flora Harper; 11. Billy Davis; 12. Sophie Davis; 13. Sarah Johnny; 14. Lucy Peter; 15. Rev. Bill Valentine; 16. Arthur Davis; 17. Mary Peter; 18. Joseph Martin; 19. Simon Lucas; 20. Alice Jimmy; 21. Rev. John Martin; 22. Clifford "Kippy" Fisher; 23. Alice Hager; 24. Effie Martin; 25. Edwin Hager; 26. Charlie Profeit; 27. Mary Hager; 28. John Whitney; 29. Henry Breaden; 30. Alice Moses; 31. Moses Lucas; 32. Nancy Whitney; 33. Jimmy Lucas; 34. Mary Forbes; 35. Chief "Tom" Alfred Moses; 36. Arnold Theodore Hall (bank manager, who sometimes held services in the absence of the minister); 37. Charlie Peter; 38. Mary Moses; 39. Doris Fisher; 40. Johnson Peter; 41. Mrs. Clifton; 42. John Peter; 43. Mrs. Theos Whitney; 44. Phyllis Andison; 45. George Andison; 46. Mrs. Valentine; 47. Sam Peter

[The mostly First Nations congregation standing outside of the log church at the Mayo Indian Village. Reverend William Valentine is on the left.] Claude and Mary Tidd fonds.

Photo courtesy Marvin DuBois > Yukon First Nations History Facebook page – Nov 27, 2013

## **hpj Photography's first ever Yukon calendar**

Hot off the presses is hpj photography's first ever Yukon calendar... "Yet Another Yukon Calendar 2014!". The calendars are the regular wall size (11 x 17 with 8.5"x 11" images) and have been printed and produced by Yukon's own Integraphics! Should you be interested in a calendar (or a

few even!), please let me know...you won't find them anywhere else this season! Price is \$18.00 for local delivery and \$20.00 if they need to be mailed...that is the full cost! no taxes, no shipping, nothing more! Please feel free to share this if you know of someone else who may have an interest.....Oh and numbers are limited! Get yours quick!

The very best in the upcoming season.

Heather Jones (In Carcross and Whitehorse) [hpj50\\*me.com](http://hpj50*me.com)  
hpj photography

See more of Heathers images at:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=feSDS51ious>



## **History book idea was spawned on a Hawaiian lanai**

What started as a comment between husband and wife Art and Ione Christensen on a lanai in Hawaii has turned into a 333-page book detailing Whitehorse's history.

By Stephanie Waddell on November 27, 2013

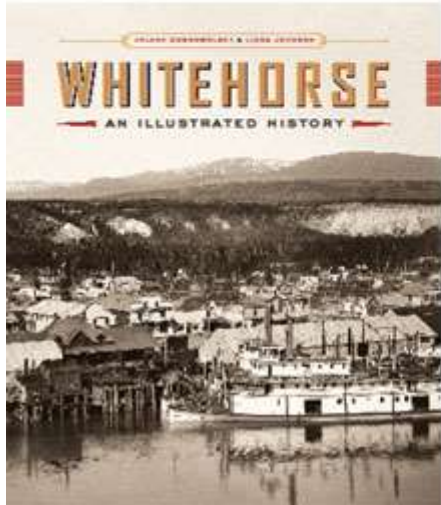


Photo by Vince Fedoroff

**HOT OFF THE PRESS** – Ione Christensen is seen Tuesday afternoon with a copy of the new book tracing the history of the Yukon capital. The volume will be officially launched at 4:30 p.m. Friday at the old Fire Hall, with many of the contributors on hand.

What started as a comment between husband and wife Art and Ione Christensen on a lanai in Hawaii has turned into a 333-page book detailing Whitehorse’s history.

While the official book launch will be held Friday afternoon at The Old Fire Hall downtown, Whitehorse – An Illustrated History is now available at Mac’s Fireweed Books and at [amazon.ca](https://www.amazon.ca).

“It’s exciting,” Ione said in an interview Tuesday afternoon.

It’s a process that’s always been fun; she added, with few, if any, disagreements or major bones of contention among the authors, researchers or board members.

Sitting with the book in front of her, the former Yukon commissioner and senator recalled the process that started in 2011 with a comment Art made to her.

The couple was vacationing in Hawaii, with Ione working on her autobiography.

As Ione recalled with a laugh, she said something to Art. He replied by asking why she didn’t do “something useful,” like writing a book about Whitehorse’s history as the city is going through so many changes.

That was the end of the conversation. Art finished his beer, she said, and they had supper.

Then he said he was serious, that the city's history should be recorded in a book. She agreed, and it wasn't long before she was on the phone with then-mayor Bev Buckway.

While Buckway thought it was a great idea and something she'd love to see, she also warned Ione to think about what she might be getting herself into before making any final decisions about whether to go ahead.

Back in Whitehorse, the more Ione thought about it, the more work she started putting into it – drawing up outlines and budgets, and contacting local historians about getting involved with the project.

The Whitehorse History Book Society board was soon formed – and also received charitable status – with Ione serving as chair and Art as a director.

The board also includes vice-chair Bob Cameron, secretary/treasurer Shirley Adamson and directors Vince Federoff, Yann Herry and Gudrun Sparling, all long time Whitehorse residents with a variety of skill sets and experiences to offer to the project.

It was a good book to create around a kitchen table, Ione said as she recalled the discussions, ideas, tea/coffee and cookies shared mainly around her kitchen table over the past two years.

Much of Ione's work was focused on raising the approximately \$150,000 needed to produce the book.

Funding came from the city's heritage fund, the Yukon Foundation and the territory's Community Development Fund, its Yukon Historic Resources Fund and personal and corporate donors.

Another 127 people signed on to the group's patron program, paying \$250 in advance for a special edition copy and having their names published in the back of the book as patrons.

Ione admits she had expected closer to 150 to sign on as patrons.

However, she was pleased to have 127 patrons come forward, along with the considerable support from donors in the community and the programs which helped put the project in a good financial position.

It was a massive undertaking. Two local authors – H el ene Dobrowolsky and Linda Johnson – were hired to compile the work of many others.

Those people included Cameron, John Firth, Michele Genest, Ty Heffner, Rob Ingram, Marlyn Jensen and Ingrid Johnson, each providing a particular focus in the book.

And still there were more Whitehorse residents involved in providing research for the book.

As more and more stories about the community were collected, decisions had to be made about what would be part of the book and what would stay out.

“It is hard,” Ione said of making those decisions.

To keep focused, the group would ask if particular events and stories were part of Whitehorse’s story or if they were part of something else.

The book, she said, was meant to be a logical, chronological story of what has formed Whitehorse as a city.

As an example, Ione pointed to a forest fire in 1958 which threatened the city. Many will remember the smoke and a potential evacuation plan.

The fire never came across the city boundaries and is not a critical piece of the city’s history, so it was omitted from the book.

“You can tell too much,” she said, adding the photos included in the book fill in many of the stories.

“The pictures enhance it so much,” Ione said, leafing through to the final page that shows the downtown, including the Yukon River.

“(It shows) we’re moving forward, we’re moving out,” she said, as she recalled a time when Rotary Peace Park and Shipyards Park (shown in the photo) were once filled with shacks and homes of Whitehorse residents.

“Whitehorse has come full-circle,” she said, referring to the waterfront.

As the book shows, in its earliest days, the waterfront was the central spot for the community, first as a fishing ground for First Nations.

Then, during the Gold Rush, boats loaded with goods and people plied the Yukon River, with Whitehorse turning into a larger community, focused on the river.

With the advent of planes and the Alaska Highway, it seemed Whitehorse had turned its back on the waterfront – “the mother of Whitehorse” as Ione referred to it – for years.

Suddenly, though, people are moving back again, with beautiful parks and facilities such as the Kwanlin Dun Cultural Centre fronting the river, Ione said.

Whitehorse – An Illustrated History follows the city’s growth from its earliest years as berry-picking and harvesting site for First Nations through its development into a community and capital city – with chapters sorted by eras.

Ione noted she’s especially pleased to have the First Nations history, which shows how instrumental the Kwanlin Dun First Nation and Ta’an Kwachan Council have been to Whitehorse since its earliest days.

The book also details the francophone influence on the city and the continuing impact other cultures are having on Whitehorse.

The community, she said, has become “a league of nations” with just about every corner of the world represented.

And it’s something that isn’t always thought about by those who have lived here for a long time.

“We’re just Yukoners, and I think that is wonderful,” Ione said.

Looking at the book, Ione said the end product is largely what she and Art envisioned on that lanai in Hawaii more than two years ago.

While the Whitehorse book is finished, Ione noted there are still many stories out there to be told.

And she’s pleased to see that at least one writer on the book is doing just that, with Firth working on a Yukon sports history book out of the stories collected for this piece.

With the release of the book, the Whitehorse History Book Society will soon wrap up its final business and dissolve the society.

Any royalties from the sale of the books are then set to go to the city’s heritage fund with a special designation that they be used for updating the work in future years.

Friday’s book launch will get underway at 4:30 p.m. with a formal program featuring presentations by the authors, board members and others involved from 5:30 p.m. until 6:30 p.m. at The Old Fire Hall.

The \$50 books will be available for sale at the event, with writers signing them until 9 p.m.

Approximately 1,500 copies have been published.



Former Mayor, former Commissioner & former Senator Ione Christensen,  
former Mayor Bev Buckway and current Mayor Curtis  
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Linda Johnson and Helene Dobrowolsky  
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## Yukon News

You can now read Yukon News in its entirety online.  
Black Press, newish owner of Yukon News, is publishing online via issuu.com

<http://issuu.com/blackpress/stacks/dea4778ea7ef457a84e6e384d669f7e6#>

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

Just took a quick look at this new option for getting news from the Yukon. Page 3 of November 29, 2013 edition the headline – **“Old Crow winter road planned for 2014”**.

In part it reads:

The road is more than 280kms long and meets the Dempster Highway just south of Eagle Plains, and then meanders to the northwest toward the community.

For the last 10 to 15 kilometres the road follows the river into town.

The road is expected to cost up to 1.4 million, including maintenance. The government has agreed to share the costs with the First Nations up to \$700,000.

The plan is to have it ready for travel by February 24 and have it open through March 17.

The road is not open to the public, and permits are required to bring freight down it.

It will only have one lane, so traffic can only travel in one direction.

Sherron

## OBIT

**Ilmi Butterworth** (Stenberg) September 20, 1920 – October 27, 2013 Ilmi passed away October 27th 2013 in her sleep. A memorial will be held at the United Church.

Extact from Whitehorse United Church Newsletter:

We are sad to announce the death of Ilmi Butterworth (Linda Cox' mother). Her funeral will be at the church on Thursday Oct 3, [2013] at 1 pm.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have a new email address... too many issues with Yahoo so I am switching.

[BettySutt@gmail.com](mailto:BettySutt@gmail.com) is my new email address.

Thanks, Betty

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Taco Bell is not a Mexican telephone company.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

### **LEMON SQUARES**

Ingredients:

1/2 cup unsalted butter, softened  
3/4 cup flour  
2 eggs, large  
2 tbsps lemon zest  
2 tbsps lemon juice  
3/4 cup granulated sugar  
1/4 teaspoon sea salt

For the tart lemon glaze:

4 tbsps lemon juice  
8 tsps lemon zest  
1 rounded cup powdered sugar

Directions:

1. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees.
2. Grease an 8×8 inch baking dish with butter and set aside.
3. Zest and juice two lemons and set aside.
4. In the bowl of an electric mixture fitted with the paddle attachment, beat the flour, sugar, salt, and softened butter until combined.
5. In a separate bowl, whisk together the eggs, lemon zest, and lemon juice until combined.
6. Pour it into the flour mixture and beat for 2 mins at medium speed until smooth and creamy.
7. Pour into baking dish and bake for 23-25 mins, should turn golden around the edges.
8. Allow to cool completely before glazing. Do not overbake, or the bars will dry.
9. Filter the powdered sugar and whisk with lemon zest and juice.
10. Spread 1/2 the glaze over the brownies with a rubber spatula and let glaze set.
11. Spread 1/2 the glaze over the bars, and let it set (not harden like most).
12. Cut into bars and serve.

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

**Vancouver Island Christmas Party**

Thursday, Dec 12, 2013 at 12:00 PM  
ABC Restaurant

6671 Mary Ellen Dr.  
Nanaimo, B.C.

Lunch and Social  
Entertainment by Liam, grandson of Trudy and Ted North  
choice of 3 items for lunch, approx. 20.00

Please RSVP by Dec. 4th by E-mail or phone:

Sharon    [dawson1\\*shaw.ca](mailto:dawson1*shaw.ca)        250-729-9773  
Harriett   [harriett3\\*shaw.ca](mailto:harriett3*shaw.ca)        250-751-1194

## **SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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

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

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

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Sherron Jones  
483 – 5707 E. 32<sup>nd</sup> Ave  
Yuma Arizona USA 85365