

The Klondike Sun

October 26, 2007 Online Edition

Dawson City, Yukon



Fire Claims Older Dawson Cabin

Story & Photos by Dan Davidson

Fire took another of Dawson's older buildings on Friday, October 12. Located next to the parking lot of the Palace Grand Theatre, the house at Second Avenue and York Street could not be saved due to its age and the sawdust insulation in the walls, and had to be ripped open and partially knocked down before the Dawson Fire Department could get the fire out and soak down all the embers.

The 1902-1904 vintage building was the property of Edward Lenchuk and was currently rented by the Gaven family.

Fire chief Jim Regimbal says that the fire began near the wood stove.

"The exact cause will have to go as undetermined, as it was too dangerous to spend any time (other than a search for people), inside the structure."

The fire was called in about 12:30 on Friday and

Regimbal says the small building was "totally involved" (fire fighter talk for "completely on fire") when he and his crew arrived.

"This was a tough one to gain control of due to the amount of sawdust and moss that was used for the insulation.

"As well, the metal roof makes it extremely hard for natural ventilation to occur and due to the instability of the building I could not risk having anyone up on the roof to do a proper ventilation."

Regimbal says that he regrets having had to knock the structure down, but that the circumstances left him no choice.

**This edition of the online Sun
was prepared for posting on
November 14/07.**



We've Chosen Our Seven Wonders

Story & photo by Dan Davidson

Following the example of the successful CBC Seven Wonders of Canada campaign, the City of Dawson decided last summer to hold its own poll to determine what might be the Seven Wonders of Dawson.

The final list includes a mix of natural wonders, man-made structures and people.

Over a period of over a month nominations were sought from the community at large and sifted through by organizer Jim Taggart, who prepared the next steps of the process, finding a way to whittle the thirty-seven items and persons nominated to a workable list for voting.

The list of fourteen finalists was sorted, Taggart told council on October 16, "based on the number of nominations cast, how iconic the nomination is, how important it was to the community in its time, and the impact it has on the community."



Our town's historic buildings are among its 7 Wonders.

Some of the reduction was caused by grouping related individual items into one category. For instance, many items related to the goldfields were consolidated under one entry.

Final voting took place through community ballot boxes, via the internet, post office box mailings and at various city events during the summer. It was further delayed to allow students at the Robert Service School to vote once classes began again in August.

The final list, unranked, reads as follows.

The Yukon River was described in the presentation as

"one of the largest rivers on the planet, it has shaped and sustained the community for countless generations and beyond."

The Moosehide Slide earned a place on the list as "the traditional landmark from the river."

Dawson's many Historic Buildings made the list, and Taggart noted that "we live amongst our history..."

The Midnight Dome, a favorite spot with visitors, paragliders and other locals was cited for having "a knockout view of our beautiful valleys."

The Community Spirit of the Dawson People rated a spot on the list.

The town, said Taggart, is filled with "volunteers and amazing characters ... It's fascinating the way people help each other ... people pull together in time of need ..."

The late Joe and Annie Henry were commemorated as "A truly remarkable couple ... married longer than most people live ... they raised their children on the land ... and are known all over the world."

The Klondike Sun is produced in a newsstand edition biweekly by The Literary Society of the Klondike, a non-profit organization. The online edition is posted after the next newsstand edition appears.

Published by the Literary Society of the Klondike- President: Palma Berger, Vice-President: Dan Davidson, Board of Directors: Judith Blackburn-Johnson, Jen Nunan & Ren Causer.

Letters to the editor, submissions and reports may be edited for brevity, clarity, good taste (as defined by community standards), racism, sexism, and legal considerations. We welcome submissions from our readership; however, it should be understood that the opinions expressed herein may not always reflect those of the publishers and producers of the Klondike Sun. Submissions should be directed to The Editor, Bag 6040, Dawson City, YT, Y0B 1G0, e-mailed to uffish20@hotmail.com, directly to the paper at klondikesun@northwestel.net

Last but not least, the Goldfields made the list.

"They have been associated with the community since the first discoveries at the turn of the century and continue to be a major attraction."

Mayor John Steins read a proclamation declaring the acceptance of this list as the official Seven Wonders of Dawson.

E coli contamination and hard water discussed at council

by Dan Davidson

Concerns over water quality in Dawson have been a feature of the last two council meetings, with discussions about wells and hard water content being topics of discussion.

At the October 2 council meeting the report from Superintendent of Public Works, Norm Carlson, indicated that "E coli bacteria was detected in PW3", one of the three wells from which the town draws its drinking water.

"We sampled repeatedly and changed sampling points to eliminate any possible error in sampling protocol."

Then they shut down the well and contacted Gartner Lee Ltd. for advice, as per instructions from Environmental Health.

It was determined that the effluent possibly came from a sewer line blockage on Front Street near where the wells are located. This line was cleaned and cleared right away and, just in case the soil around the well was contaminated the well was disinfected and superchlorinated.

The report noted that sampling of water actually in the town's water system did not reveal any E coli during this time.

Eldorado Hotel owner Peter Jenkins wrote in with a different concern in a letter tabled at the October 16 meeting.

Jenkins indicated that all the properties connected with his hotel are experiencing a high rate of failures in equipment "serviced by municipal piped water."

"During the past six years," Jenkins wrote, "our firm has experienced an alarming failure rate of water valves, copper water piping and electric hot water tanks."

Water tanks used to last 10 years, he noted, but "we are now fortunate to obtain a five year life cycle with some tanks failing after two years."

Jenkins speculated that something in the water is causing the failures and that that problem might be a high PH rating in the water.

"I believe that there is something chemically wrong with the City of Dawson water supply."

An analytical report from ALS Laboratory Group of samples taken in later July, 2007, was provided to council by the public works department. It indicated that the PH rating for the water tested was 7.85. The acceptable range, according to Canadian regulations is between 6.5 and 8.5. Dawson's water appears to be on the high side of the mid-range.

City manager Paul Moore indicated that this report has

been passed on to Jenkins orally, but that it would be forwarded in a letter as well.

Council felt that an effort would need to be made to determine the cause of the problem and instructed Moore to pass this on to Carlson.

Old Cribs to be Relocated

Story & Photo by Dan Davidson

In what may at first sound like an odd proposition, the City of Dawson has recently purchased a couple of historic brothels.

The purchase occurred as a result of a proposal put forth by the Planning Board, which noted that the 1897-1905 period cabins, known as cribs, were currently being stored on land behind the Front Street Hotel (check) and were about to be sold.

Both buildings were once part of the thriving nightlife part of town known as Paradise Alley, and are the only buildings of their type remaining in town.



Community Development and Planning Officer Mark Wickham noted in a report that the current location of the buildings is an eyesore and that they have also been "unsuitably occupied" when they are not fit for that purpose.

New locations for the buildings have been found. One will go behind the Tastee Byte Internet Cafe on Front Street. This will place it in the alley once called Paradise Alley. The owner, Ron Ryant, will use the building for storage purposes, but its exterior will be restored to a level appropriate for historic interpretation.

The other crib will be relocated to a site in the alley behind Ruby's Place, a more substantial Parks Canada representative of that enterprise, which is on Second Avenue. This was not a Paradise Alley location, but was still felt by the board to be an appropriate spot.

Town council voted to contribute \$5700 to this project, which included the \$2700 price tag for the cribs and the cost of moving them.

The total cost of the project to that point will be \$12,500, \$4500 of which will come from the territorial government through Yukon Government Historic Sites, \$900 from Parks Canada and \$900 from Ryant. Further costs related to preparing the buildings for proper historic interpretation will be borne by Parks and by Ryant, who

will become the owners of these buildings.

Wickham's report cites this as "an excellent example of partnership between three levels of government and the private sector to save and restore valuable community heritage assets for future generations.

Uffish Thoughts: When the World Goes Frosty

Seory & photo by Dan Davidson

What a difference a couple of days can make. We sailed into Whitehorse from Dawson on a crisp, clear Thursday afternoon. Lots of evidence of snow on the mountains as we headed south, but the road was clear.

Friday night, after all appointments were over, we sat down to Chinese food and found ourselves a table over from a couple of Dawsonites that we both used to teach. They were heading home for the weekend but had decided to wait for Saturday's daylight as they had heard a part of the road was bad.

They were dead right. In fact, a portion of the road had been closed and there had been at least four accidents between Carmacks and the Tintina Trench rest stop, but we didn't learn about the road closure until we got home. As for the rest, read on.

For our Saturday trip the road was clear to Carmacks, but quickly deteriorated after that. The world had gone frosty and driving was not a treat. If it had been all one thing or another it might have been okay, but for most of the middle portion of the trip our passenger tires were on bare pavement while the driver's tires were on same variation of water, snow or slush. It appeared that people had been driving in the centre of a largely obliterated road the night before. I might have done the same but, by the next morning, it was all messed up so there was no really clear passage.

About 50 km past Carmacks we met the first casualty. The little blue car looked as if the driver had suddenly decided to see what was at the bottom of the raised embankment on the left side of the road. It didn't look damaged at all, but that wasn't a place you could have driven to in the normal course of things, and it didn't appear to be a place the driver would have been able to drive out of without help. There was no one around. We slowed down a bit and kept on going.

The red truck was the next victim of the season's first serious snowfall. It appeared that the driver had lost control, spun 180 degrees, slid off the road sideways, rolled and

ended up driver's side down. It wasn't as steep an embankment this time. Stuff from the box was strewn about the wreck and whoever it was had not reclaimed a ball cap that was lying beside the windows. I would guess the occupant or occupants had exited through the passenger window. There didn't seem to be any obvious signs of injury

around the truck.

At this point I kicked some of the accumulated ice from around the wheel wells, engaged the four wheel drive on our Explorer and slowed down some more. The slush/snow/ice combination was doing a lot of pulling on the wheels by this time, and we were in no hurry to join the off-road tally.

Truck number two (or victim number 3) was a sort of greyish-green number on the right side of the highway. It appeared to have been pulled to our side and over the shoulder. Rolling, it had ended up passenger door down beside one of those enormous beaver lodge piles of cleared brush that line much of the Klondike Highway between Pelly and Stewart Crossing.

As I stopped for that one, a small convoy of Dawsonites eased past us on their way north. A couple with Australian accents slowed down as they passed heading south to warn us that the road didn't get better and there was at least one more accident off the road between us and Dawson. We cleared out the wheel wells again and moved on.

We came to that last vehicle on the other side of Stewart Crossing, but before the Tintina Trench rest stop. It was the worst of the lot, sitting on its crumpled roof on the left side of the road, surrounded by yellow caution tape. It was at the top of a small slope in the road and I guess it must have been headed north when it lost its footing and crossed the road. I can't imagine how it could have got there if it had been coming up the hill.

While the image was tempting, it was a poor place to stop, so I didn't.

Below and beyond Tintina the road began to clear and got steadily better until the Dempster Corner, after which it was clear sailing all the way home. Stopping for groceries, we



were the object of some considerable curiosity as we pulled in to park.

"Didja pick all that up driving from Whitehorse?" asked one young man.

Well, just let me tell you about it ...

Open House, Celebrating 20years at the Dawson Women's Shelter

By Erin Hartley

Come join us to celebrate 20 great years at the Dawson Women's Shelter, on Friday the 2nd of November from 12-2pm for a light lunch, a tour of the shelter and a chance to meet the staff and the Dawson Shelter Society's board members.

The Dawson Women's Shelter opened its doors in November 1987 as a volunteer run organization. The opening of the shelter represented the fulfillment of years of struggle to provide a safe place in Dawson City for women and children in crisis. We seek to improve the well being of families and to make the shelter a focal point of positive energy in the community.

For 20 years the Dawson Shelter Society has been providing women and their children with confidential resources during times of need.

The programs the Women's Shelter currently offers are: a 24 hour shelter for women and children in crisis, a support line open to the entire community, information on services and referrals to available community resources, Youthline; providing youth with a confidential line for answers to questions concerning issues such as sexual health, pregnancy options, Sexually transmitted infections and Birth control options, the kids time program; allowing parents a break for a few hours a week, the food bank and Christmas hampers, as well as variety of educational and fun events for the whole community. Programs out of the Shelter aim to increase awareness and promote healthy lifestyles and families in Dawson City.

RSS Joins an international movement by walking to school

Story & Photo by Dan Davidson

Students from the Robert Service School joined millions of schoolchildren from 42 countries on October 12 in walking to school that morning. The school buses with students from the Dome subdivisions, Bear Creek, Rock Creek and Henderson's corner met with half a dozen of RSS's staff members at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Craig



Street and headed off the five blocks to school on a crisp, snow covered Friday morning.

The walk is part of a tradition here, which began in 2000, the same year as the first International Walk to School Day.

The international movement (see <http://www.iwalktoschool.org/> for details) promotes this day for the "safety, health, concern for the environment, a sense of community and physical activity among children.

International Walk to School Day began in 2000, following several successful walk to school campaigns held in a number of countries, including the United Kingdom, Canada and the United States in the late 1990s. It has since spawned a global partnership called that works to support and promote walk to school initiatives around the world.

Business Awards go to Hotel Owners, the Daycare and Volunteers

Story & Photo by Dan Davidson

A big part of The Dawson City Chamber of Commerce's annual general meeting on October 13 was the handing out of the annual business awards. These came in five categories.

Volunteer of the Year went to Brenda Caley, who was noted for always being an active community member, but especially for her efforts during the 2007 World Goldpanning Championship.

"We would like to take this opportunity to recognize Brenda for going above and beyond and her commitment and dedication to Dawson City," said executive member Rhonda Taylor.

Dawson has many seasonal businesses, but one of the most popular summertime spots is Klondike Cream and Candy, which was chosen for Seasonal Business of the Year.

"Jane Reid and Malcolm Duncan have owned and operated Klondike Cream and Candy for many years," Taylor said. "The opening of the ice cream store has been the unofficial sign that summer has arrived in Dawson."

The Dawson Daycare was awarded Not for Profit Business of the Year, with Vera Holmes receiving the award.

Holmes has been in charge of the daycare for the last 8 years. In her nomination letter Megan Waterman stated, " (she) has gone above and beyond her call of duty as director with many volunteer hours and a passion to promote Early Childhood Education within our community."



The Business Person of the Year citation was presented



to Brad Whitelaw, now in his second year as owner of the Triple J Hotel and the person who will be responsible for finally bringing the paddle wheeler Klondike Spirit to Dawson waterfront in 2008.

"He has new ideas and is hard working ... a dedicated volunteer in the business community and involved in school sports. He

has been very progressive in his approach to marketing his new product."

The Business of the Year award went to the Eldorado Hotel, owned and operated by Peter and Karen Jenkins.



"Their strength to carry on from the setback of the destructive fire in April 2007, rebuilding and 'back to business operations' in such a short time should be an inspiration to all businesses."

Tracking Down his Grandfather's Northern Journey

Story & Photo by Dan Davidson

On August 18 Bill and Marilyn Sparks came as close as they could to fulfilling a dream that Bill has had since he was a young boy. They got as close as it is possible to get to the place where Francis (Frank) Frederick Sparks spent much of the winter of 1887.

"I have always been interested in the story of my grandfather," Bill Sparks said a week after the event.

"He was 73 when I was born and for 17 years I heard his stories. He had about four phases to his life, but the one that stuck with him the most was that phase in the Yukon. To his dying day, those were the stories he was telling and on his

grave in Kamloops is the word 'Yukon, 1887'"

Sparks was in the Yukon that year as part of the William Ogilvie expedition that determined the boundary between Alaska and the place that was to become the Yukon Territory. He had been on two previous expeditions with Ogilvie, who had the reputation of being the best astronomical surveyor on his day.

There was the professional connection and there was also a family link. Ogilvie was married to Bill Sparks's grandfather's aunt.

Mapping the boundary was a winter job, because it had to be done while they could see the stars. For the project, Ogilvie used the same telescope that had been used to survey across the Prairies, but it was a heavy beast, so they removed the base and decided that they could set it up on any tree that was five feet off the ground and 22 inches thick.

The journey to the Yukon River followed what would become the gold rush trail ten years later. The five man team packed six tons of supplies for the two years they expected the work to take.

There were other historical connections, for along the way they had Skookum Jim as one of their packers, and the records of the trip indicate that they met George Carmacks.

Along the Yukon River, about 12 to 15 miles up river from the town of Eagle, the party established themselves. They built an observatory from which to take their observations and a residence they rather grandly called Boundary Hall.

Bill Sparks said that the actual job of taking the measurements for the boundary, which has held up quite well against more modern survey techniques used since then, was not the most dramatic part of the time they spent in the North. Having completed that chore, the team moved on to a secondary objective: to map the route from the Yukon River to the Mackenzie River.

"The route had been travelled, but never surveyed."

So on March 4 of that year they left Boundary Hall on a trek so arduous that it convinced Frank never to sign on with Ogilvie again.

"It was against the advice of all the miners, all the natives. Just pure folly," Bill said.

Fortunately they made it, but the memory of that trip stayed with Frank Sparks for the rest of his life.

Those stories, told to Bill when he was a lad, led to his retirement project. He decided he would write grandfather's story for his four sons, and for the others in the family for whom Francis Sparks was an icon.

"I started out writing it because I was a history and social studies teacher and I was fascinated by this stuff," said Bill.

Soon the word got out and various relatives started contributing pictures and memories and encouraged him to do more.

"There are five in the family named for him," Marilyn added, and the interest was keen.

Bill and Marilyn came to the Yukon in 1999 and began investigations in the Yukon Archives, where they found letters written by William Morrison, a member of the team, to Frank Sparks, as well as Morrison's diary.

Sparks' letters had disappeared, but it later emerged that a cousin had his diary, authenticated by the fact that it was signed by all five expedition members.

Before that, however, on that first trip, Bill and Marilyn came to Dawson and later to Eagle, hoping to find the location of the winter camp where the observation station was set up.

After more than 100 years of decay, forest fires and



logging to feed the once steady river traffic, they had no thought that the cabin itself would still exist, but Bill had hopes that they might find the fireplace, which had been described in the letters, Morrison's journal and his grandfather's stories as being a sturdy affair.

At Eagle they tried to make arrangements to travel back up the river to where they thought the site had to be. After a bit of confusion a local couple took them the 9 miles to the border and then 3 miles beyond that, but they could not find anything in the matted vegetation.

Sparks recalls thinking that he should have realized how much destruction and regrowth must have taken place since 1888, and he decided then that he was probably as close as they were going to get.

Blocked in one direction, they thought of going to Fort McPherson to see the other end of that horrendous winter journey, but were stymied by the fact that the small truck and camper configuration they were driving wasn't suitable for the condition the highway was in that year. Everyone advised them against trying it.

That year they weren't even able to fly the route due to weather conditions, but they did drive as far as Tombstone, which convinced them that someday they were going to have to do the rest.

It was eight years and a few health problems later before Bill and Marilyn could continue their quest, but when they did, everything seemed to be working in their favour.

They bought a VW van and began planning the trip in detail. Jean Turner, Director of the Eagle Historical Society and Museum, at Eagle, advised them that Whitehorse archivist Linda Johnson had recently presented her Master's dissertation on that subject. When they contacted Johnson she quickly organized a trip to the location where Boundary Hall was thought to have been.

"She said the dates were set aside, the boat was set aside, she and her husband were going to go with us to Boundary Hall," Bill said. The Sparks' son, Jim, who was a convert to the North after eight years of teaching summer music camps in Whitehorse, also came along for the trip.

GPS coordinates for the most likely site were provided by Lewis Green, author of the 1982 study *The Boundary Hunters: Surveying the 141st Meridian and the Alaska Panhandle*.

On Discovery weekend the party made the ten and a half hour trip down river to those coordinates and, with the help of historical photos supplied by Johnson found part of what Sparks had spent years dreaming about.

"We found where the observatory has to have been," he said, "but Boundary Hall itself has been washed away by the river. That piece of land is just gone."

"Linda Johnson had photos of where the place must have been and that was the key," said Marilyn. "There's a distinctive promontory that lines up with the area you can see - but now it's a high bank rather than a hill."

Bill and Marilyn concluded their adventure with a trip to Fort McPherson, where Robert Alexi listened to grandfather Frank's version of the trek over the mountains from the Yukon River to the Mackenzie.

"He knew of that route," Bill said. "We, from our perspective, and the content of the diaries and the way those five people thanked God when they got to Fort Edmonton on that Christmas Eve, when they thought their lives were on the line, think of it as pretty horrible trip, he didn't."

"He said it was about a five day trip with his dogs as he recalled it and then he puts with this picture of him doing it in 1959.

"Talk about getting it in perspective

Lost in 'Shrooms

By Sylvia Sands Johnson

I used to hunt for the mystical wild mushroom, but after eating eleven varieties, from 'cinnamons' to 'hedgehogs' to the almighty pine mushroom, I gave it up. Why? It wasn't the prices which right now are at \$1.00 a lb. in Terrace, in the Fall of 2007. It wasn't even the fact that for every delicious mushroom, there's a deadly copycat — one that might put you in the hospital. An example of what can happen if you are not absolutely sure of what you are ingesting is the following story: I brought home a lookalike mushroom, but there was something suspicious about it. A friend of mine who was tippling, said, "Oh, there's nothing wrong with that," and gobbled it down. Two minutes later, if that, it looked like a rocket had taken off out of her mouth — a case of projectile vomiting such as you've never seen — probably saved her life.

Many people do not realize that that innocent-looking small white mushroom thriving on their lawn, could be the Death Angel. Nice name, eh? That is why we tell our kids NOT to eat ANY mushrooms that are not bought in a store. There are also LBM's, "little brown mushrooms." We are advised not to eat any of them. I do not eat ANY mushroom

I'm not 100% sure of, and if there's the slightest doubt I talk to a bonafide mushroom hunter, one who has been out in the field for years and has actually eaten the same mushroom.

The first season I quit hunting for the great edibles, is some of the horrific stories I heard of grizzlies and black bears out there, likewise attracted to mushroom territory. When I hear of tracks twice as large as my own, I shudder. It's not that I'm paranoid about bears, which most of my friends would say I AM, — oh heck, let's admit it, after living in the Yukon in an isolated village for several years — and knowing of women who had to shoot a bear right through their kitchen door windows, and other gruesome stories, I admit that I AM PARANOID ABOUT BEARS. It's like my Survival Instructor, Hugh Green, who had been a Park Warden for over 25 years, once said: "Remember, bears are predators, first and foremost."

I also didn't like the story one woman told me in Terrace of finding herself in a mass of fallen logs in the bush, and almost breaking a leg when she tumbled over one.

I have talked to professional mushroom hunters, who have gone as far as the Yukon to look for marketable morels, and even the best of them has found himself lost at one time or another. The smartest hunter always takes a compass along — at least some survey ribbon.

I asked one of the 'pros' if he had every been lost. "Of course I have," he replied, "Who hasn't?" "What did you do then?" I asked. He answered, "The first thing I did was light a fire, and collect enough wood for the night. I stood by the fire shivering most of the night. Luckily, I had brought my rifle along. The next day I was able to find my way out, even though I didn't have a compass." Famous last words..."I didn't have a compass." Or, "I didn't have a waterproof match, or a tube of fire starter." But at least he had a chocolate bar.

Another man I know found himself several miles from the main road. Dusk had fallen and he suddenly realized he wasn't quite sure of the way out. So what he did is crawl into a big pile of bush and try to make a reasonably comfortable nest in it for the night. When he woke up in the morning, he looked straight into a pair of brown eyes. "Eyes?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, laughing somewhat, "I was staring eyeball to eyeball with a porcupine." (That was before a bounty was placed on porcupines in B. C., a few years ago, and hundreds of them had their

noses cut off and turned in, as proof of their demise.) Now you're lucky to see a dead one on the road. Personally, I like porcupines and who is to say they don't eat a pine beetle or two? Porcupines are just another one of nature's pruners. So what if they girdle a young tree or two?

A friend and I were mushroom picking. I told her, "All you have to do is keep the sound of cars and trucks on the highway, within hearing, and we'll be fine. Famous last words. What I ignored is that moss is the original insulation — great for soundproofing. She was deaf in one ear — that didn't help. Later, she asked, "Can you hear any vehicles? I turned in every direction, listening. "No," I said embarrassed. I felt like an idiot. How had we lost the sound of the highway? My friend was forthright. "This is the last time I'm ever going mushroom picking." On top of this bad news, I couldn't decide which side of the trees the moss was thickest on. The thick moss was supposed to be toward the north, wasn't it? It all looked the same.

"There is nothing scarier than being lost," Hugh Green had added, "The main thing when you are lost is NOT TO PANIC." "What happens if you panic?" I just had to ask. He was happy to pass along the good news. "People start to run in a circle, then they start running faster and faster, until

Proclamation

Whereas the City of Dawson wishes to celebrate:

The historic character and heritage of the community; celebration and enhancement of the area's history and the community's heritage, and

The natural environment; protection of natural resources through careful stewardship, including reduction, reuse and recycling, and

Our inclusive community; growing a safe, supportive community that encourages resourcefulness, diversity, tolerance and independence, and

The vibrant arts and cultural scene; using our creativity to inspire the community, and

A strong First Nations community; celebration of the Tr'ondek Hwech'in identity, and

A healthy community; physical, spiritual, emotional and intellectual growth through varied education and recreation opportunities, and

A sustainable society; management of resources, and partnerships, for the long-term health and prosperity of the community.

On behalf of the Council of the City of Dawson I, John Steins, Mayor of Dawson City hereby proclaim the Seven Wonders of Dawson to be:

The Yukon River

The Slide

Historic Buildings

The Midnight Dome

Community Spirit of the Dawson People

Joe and Annie Henry

The Goldfields

John Steins, Mayor

they run themselves to death.” Silently, I kept saying to myself, “Don’t panic, don’t panic.”

Just when we were about to panic madly, a pair of other mushroom hunters happened to come along. “Do you guys happen to know the way out of here?” I couldn’t wait to ask. “You go that way,” they pointed. Actually, they escorted us to a point where we could hear the traffic. I was very grateful and gave them some chocolate cookies we had leftover.

I am even more embarrassed to admit I became lost on my own ten acres. It was a cloudy day with no sun to guide my steps. Fortunately, I had Kalum, our Springer Spaniel along, who couldn’t wait to get back home for supper. So I simply followed her. But before that I used a small axe to mark a huge hemlock, to show which direction I had been headed in. Later, I returned to the same spot and found out that had I followed that direction, I might never have got home again.

And there you have it. Bears and getting lost are my two main reasons for having quit the ‘shroom business. Still, it’s hard to believe that we’ve actually sat down and eaten a \$25., pan worth of mushrooms.

Library Notes

Submitted by Miriam Havemann, Public Librarian

It has only been a few weeks since I last sat by the river sweating at my last campfire and here we are now with our first snow flakes this year! Lynne and I hope to have done the best to gear this place up for the cold winter months. Actually we are still in the midst of doing so. We are happy to announce the successful launch of Lynne’s story time programme! After a few weeks of trial and error, we came to the conclusion that story time is best not to have it coincide with other programmes so please note the new hours for preschoolers story time: Saturdays, 2-3 p.m.

In addition to the fact that your children get something to do on the dark Friday afternoon, we decided you shouldn’t be left with nothing either. I try to keep up with promises as best as I can: We received tons of books over the past weeks!!!! Our new acquisition range from lots and lots of children’s books, do-it-yourself handbooks (electrics and plumbing, the latter just in time to safe your pipes from freezing up!), historical books on Dawson (The Memoirs of George Mercer Dawson), First Nation storytelling, stories around the history of the RCMP (we try to find something for everyone) and the Oxford Illustrated History of WWI. We also received a whole pile of new novels to be read with a cup of hot tea, snug in your cabin. There is Al Pope’s *Bad Latitudes* which is a novel about a cheechako, the naughty 1970s and life in the Yukon; Gil Adamson’s *The Outlander* is a kind of picaresque suspense novel about a young woman in the western wilderness (very entertaining and full of suspense, although it might not sound like it); Rajaa Alsanea’s *Girls of Riyadh* is a controversial modern tale of women’s life in Saudi Arabia. Even if you are not interested in another novel on gender issues, the book offers a fascinating insight into today’s Arabic world. And, yes! my all-time favorite, contemporary author’s novel has arrived.

Ian McEwan is probably the only writer I know who manages in *On Chesil Beach* to tell the story of a very short first night on not less than 160 pages with a very fine sense for the psychology and emotions behind love. Set in the 1960s in England, McEwan draws a perceptive psychogramme of the culture against the background of which his characters’ thoughts and deeds are to be judged. Even though the setting is quite specific, the novel addresses each reader who finds himself exposed to the struggle between individuality and cultural heritage. More books by Ian McEwan are on their way and will hopefully arrive in due time before freeze-up!

But he is not the only one I strongly recommend. Another young talent from Britain, Jon McGregor, is sitting on our shelves and whomever is interested in the small details that form your picture of the world around you, you should definitely not miss out on his novel if nobody speaks of remarkable things.

My last recommendation for today is the novel by the current writer in resident at Berton House. With *ManBug*, George Illsley has written a beautiful account of homosexual love and life in a contemporary Canadian city. The book is a most remarkable piece of literature for its unusual narrative which artistically and perceptively reflects the characters’ mindset in a metropolitan world. Personally, I think George is probably one of the most interesting writers that Berton House has seen in the past months and I am looking forward to some of the readings and workshops that we are going to set up together with him and other Dawsonite writers throughout the next months.

And there is also good news for those amongst you who like to read French literature: We received new editions of *Astérix* and *Cotton Kid*, a DVD of *Tintin* in French and English, and would you believe it or not, SEVEN boxes of French books for both kids and adults. If you are interested in those, just come up and ask me to browse through them, they are not on the shelves yet, for we are still re-arranging the library so as to make space for them.

If that got you interested just drop by. Our tea and coffee bar is open every Saturday for you to warm up. Heat up, read and relax.

Our opening hours are and will be for the next few months:

Tuesdays: 12:00-7:30
Wednesdays: 12:00-6:30
Thursdays: 12:00-7:30
Fridays: 12:00-6:30
Saturdays: 10:00-5:30

If you have any questions concerning the library, our events or us just call 993-5571 or send us an email to dclib@klondiker.com.

Thanks for all your support! Miriam, the librarian in town.