

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Thirty Fifth Edition – October 19, 2003**

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



**SS Tutshi at Carcross Yukon-** Photo Courtesy Donna Clayson

**SOAPY SMITH**

By Gus Barrett

When Soapy Smith the con-man came to Skagway for the rush,  
It was on to Dawson City he was bound.  
To fleece successful miners toiling out there in the bush,  
And relieve them of the nuggets that they found.

But while on the trail to Dawson to be closer to the gold,  
In what he thought would be a lawless land,  
He would meet Sam Steele, the Mountie and with certainty was told  
There would be no room for Soapy and his band.

Sam Steele told Soapy then and there, and in no uncertain terms,  
That if the innocent he meant to fleece,  
He had best get back to Skagway, or he very soon would learn  
The justice of our Royal Mounted Police.

Soapy then returned to Skagway, where he built a gaming hall,  
With its tables and its sporting girls so bold,  
Who would lure the lonely miners heading southward in the fall,  
To his lair where crooked dealers stole their gold.

He bought the politicians, set his henchmen on the bench,  
As he set himself above the rule of law.  
Businessmen were terrorized, and even governments  
Closed their eyes to evidence they saw.

He ran the town of Skagway with a heavy iron fist,  
With his ragged mob he murdered and he stole,  
Prospectors and pioneers, with no power to resist,  
Were assaulted 'til they offered up their gold.

He carried on his thievery so blatantly and bold,  
He was a brazen bully and a knave.  
Any action of resistance, an attempt to break his hold  
Resulted in a cold and lonely grave.

Soapy was an evil man, without one saving grace,  
With a reputation now of some renown.  
He looked with scorn on everyone, 'til the day he had to face  
Frank Reid, the young surveyor of the town.

Frank vowed on his honor that he would bring Soapy down,  
Folks jeered him and branded him a fool  
He loaded up his pistol and he sent the word around,  
That he would challenge Soapy to a duel.

Soapy Smith received the challenge at his table, playing cards,  
And he saw his hands were shaking in the gloom,  
He felt a strange sensation as he organized his guards,  
An eerie premonition of his doom.

One July night in ninety-eight they met upon the dock  
Two pistols blazed as one, and two men fell.  
Frank Reid was sorely wounded and lay dying from the shock,  
But he smiled when told that Soapy Went to Hell.

Soapy died a desperado, a murderer and thief,  
There were few, who came to mourn his loss.  
Frank Reid was hailed a hero for the way he came to grief,  
Yet each now rests in Skagway 'neath a cross.



### **Jonas Fred Whitcomb Jr.**

Photo Courtesy Murray Lundberg

## **LOST GRAVES #2**

By Murray Lundberg [MurrayL@explorenorth.com](mailto:MurrayL@explorenorth.com)

This is the second of three articles about the pioneers whose wilderness graves I've found in the Carcross area so far.

### **Jonas Fred Whitcomb Jr.**

"Fred" Whitcomb was born on May 17, 1873 at Keene, New Hampshire, the son of Jonas Fred Whitcomb Sr. and his wife. He had one brother, Charles, and seven sisters.

In February 1898, he left Concord, New Hampshire with a group of men including Frank Barker from Keene, NH, headed for the Klondike. In California, they joined a larger party.

In May 1898, Whitcomb and A. P. White, of Houghton, Massachusetts, went ahead to clear a trail from Tutshi Lake to Windy Arm. On the 25th, while leaning over to start a rock rolling down the hill (possibly during a hunting excursion), Whitcomb's revolver slipped out of its holster and fell to the ground, discharging it. The bullet hit Whitcomb in the chest, killing him immediately.

On May 27th, he was buried in a Masonic ceremony at the south end of Windy Arm. His father sent a brass plaque for the grave, and it was mounted on a piece of slate. His death was briefly reported in the July 2, 1898, edition of "The Klondike Nugget".

There appears to have been two other burials beside Whitcomb - right beside on the left is a slate marker with "H. M. H." chiseled into a piece of slate by the same hand as the initials "J. F. W.

Jr." on the back of Whitcomb's slate marker, while several feet to the right is an apparent exhumation. The 1898 diary of Stewart L. Campbell reports that on Monday, May 9th, 1898, "a Mrs. Howe [was] buried at end of lake. 72 years old", and on May 15, "3 men drowned around the point." He also reports that he took a photo of the graves at the south end of the lake, so the deaths he reports are possibly related to this site.

The graves are accessed from the South Klondike Highway - there is lots of room to park at the south end of Windy Arm. There is no trail, and you have to wade across two creeks (waist deep at mid-summer water levels) and crash through the forest to avoid lakeshore cliffs.



The gal nearest the fence is my sister Carol Masters who lives in Bellevue WA and Indio, CA I think she was a granny in waiting at the time her first arrived in 1993. Next is me I live in Delta, BC and some of my grandkids predate the trail. Next is Vimy Cooper we have been friends all our lives, which began in side-by-side bassinets in the Whitehorse Hospital sometime in the ice age. This is outside her home in Wolf Creek, Whitehorse.  
Dorothy

### **Three Grannies take on the Chilkoot**

By Dorothy (Wilson) Graham  
[dorothyg@dccnet.com](mailto:dorothyg@dccnet.com)

In July of 1991 my sister Carol Masters, and my lifelong friend Vimy (Yuelet) Cooper headed out on our quest for the Chilkoot.

The night before Carol and I left Vancouver my youngest son arrived with the brightest pink waterproof jacket you have ever seen. His theory was that I would be easier to spot at the bottom of a gully, thanks for the confidence! Actually, several rangers commented that they could see my jacket for miles and knew we were still more or less upright and moving.

None of us knew why we were tackling such a fete but there we were in Skagway with all of our borrowed equipment, packs, sleeping bags, tent, etc. Edie Lee loaned us her cottage for the night and drove us to the trail head, it was raining of course.

That first day as we slipped and slid in the mud, we met an interesting Norwegian man heading back to Skagway, his rented gear was leaking and he was soaked to the skin. He told us of his fathers adventure during the gold rush. A party of Norwegian's landed at Haines rather than Skagway and herded oxen and a milk cow up the Chilkat Trail to the Canadian border where they were asked to pay a toll of \$5. per animal – as they didn't have any money they had to work on the road until the fare was earned. The party finally got to Dawson by raft where they sold the milk cow for \$1,200. a huge sum at the time. Finding the good claims all staked in the Dawson area, they continued on to Nome and finally were able to return to Norway rich men.

Canyon City was our stop the first night, there was a fire going in the log cabin. We joined the other hikers including Fred & John, brothers who were professors from Michigan & Wisconsin. They felt sorry for the 3 bedraggled women and fed us tea and apple pancakes before we could get our gear unloaded. The brothers had purchased every known gadget for hiking, even a thermometer for checking the cabin, trail, and water temperature. This was their first holiday together in 25 years and even on the first day they swore it was the last!

That evening we sat around chatting with the other climbers and noticed a mouse or several mice running across the floor apparently all going to and from the same direction and most surprisingly wearing red lipstick! One of the brave guys who was not sitting on top of a table followed the mice and found a hole in one of our packs, and another in a bag of trail mix inside. The mice seemed to prefer the red M & M's !

The second day, and the only one without rain, snow or sleet. We arrived at Sheep Camp to find a group of 20 or 30 hikers who had spent the day there due to a white out at the summit. The battling brothers were there as well, we joined them picking blue berries. Our friends Toookie (Soldine) Harlow originally from Skagway, her husband Doug and a friend arrived. We had earlier decided not to travel with them as they were traveling light and far too fast.

The third day, after a night of rain we wore rain pants, jackets, wrapped our packs in ponchos by the time that was done we were the last to leave camp. The scales were as bad as expected perhaps worse, the rain turned to sleet and fog, we were wishing we could drop our packs and forget them.

When we finally got to the summit, a small cabin and two tiny A frames. Our friend Toookie was inside one of them with a badly broken ankle. Her husband had dropped his pack and headed for Happy Camp to radio for a helicopter to airlift her out before the place was completely covered in fog. We were instructed to stay inside the A frame until it had landed, loaded and taken off, sort of like being inside a blender, very scary.

As you are not allowed to stay at the summit we had to hike on a million miles it seemed to Happy Camp, the scariest part of the trip, edging along the top of a glacier, a quick sharp slide away from a glacier lake. By the time we arrived at the day cabin we were soaked to the skin, bruised and exhausted. That was when a mickey of rye suddenly appeared from my pack and enhanced everyones cup of tea. We met the usual suspects at Happy Camp, held a very short uprising threw the picnic tables out the door strung every piece of rope we could find together and zig zaged a clothesline through the cabin, then 15 assorted people from all over the world settled down to sleep & snore in rows – no one could possibly get out over the bodies and thru the dripping clothes lines. It was cold but dry.

The next morning the sun shone we headed for Lindeman, a beautiful site. Rather than the short trip to the rail line at Bennett we took a nap and enjoyed the fantastic scenery. Watched some crazy Austrians swim in the icy water.

The next morning we headed for the tracks through the worst mosquitoes I have ever seen. We were able to flag down a casey headed for Bennett, lying on the track does work!

Our speed or lack of it on the trail was about 1 mile per hour and our longest day was 12 hours.

It is written that in the early days the Chilkoot trail was difficult, even dangerous to those not possessed of steady nerve. We three had nerve and are proud of our accomplishment and much more respectful of our ancestors and all those who went before us.

The most amazing thing is that people do this trip over and over I believe Senator Ione (Cameron) Christensen has done it 18 or more times!



**A Small Arrow Pointing Left says Bennett 3 Miles**  
Photo Courtesy Mike Paolera



### **CARIBOU HOTEL – CARCROSS, YUKON 1950**

Photo Courtesy MaryAnn (Laurin) Kelleway

*Check out this URL for a colour view of the Hotel one year earlier. – Sherron*

Many people wonder what colour the hotel was. Here's a photo from 1949 - <http://www.explorenorth.com/library/rails/1949film/1949-cx5.jpg> This is from a lengthy article that I'm just finishing off. You can use that photo if it works for you.

### **Murray Lundberg**

*(These factual comments about the Caribou Hotel Courtesy of Murray Lundberg @ [http://www.yukonalaska.com/history/Carcross\\_hotels.html#caribou](http://www.yukonalaska.com/history/Carcross_hotels.html#caribou)*

**ANDERSON HOTEL (1901-1903)**

**CARIBOU HOTEL (1903-1998)**

- may have been the **YUKON HOTEL** in Bennett, which was going to be moved to Caribou Crossing in May 1901 by William A. Anderson. At that time, William Walmsley's **CARIBOU HOUSE** was the only hotel in town.
- May 19, 1901, Anderson applies to Hugh McKinnon, on **VENDOME HOTEL** (Bennett) stationery, for a hotel licence at "Carriboo Crossing." Opened as the **ANDERSON HOTEL**.
- Christmas 1901, Anderson sponsored a Turkey Shoot; "Caribou can boast of more crack shots than any other town of its size in Canada, and the entire population turned out to take part in and witness the contest. A noticeable feature was the entire absence of drunkenness, not an intoxicated person being present. The Indians took an active part in the proceedings,

and every turkey was hotly contested for. Paddie, of Tagish, carried off the honours for the day" (*Star*, Dec.27).

- January 1903, Anderson's bar, hotel and store were sold to Dawson Charlie for a reported \$9000. Renamed the **CARIBOU HOTEL** and extensively remodelled. "Mr.Scott will manage the hotel in the interests of Dawson Charlie" (*Star*, Jan.10).
- May 1903, managed by Theodore M. Watson; still called the **ANDERSON HOTEL** in the *Star* (May 23). Watson went on to join his father Charles at the Windy Arm Hotel, Conrad, in 1906.
- in July 1904, managed by Mrs. E. Ready
- October 1906, leased (?) by R. J. Brittain.
- following Dawson Charlie's death on January 26, 1908, Edwin W. and Bessie Geraldine Gideon rented it from his estate (starting September 1, 1908)
- burned on December 24, 1909; Colonel Conrad's house, just around the corner on the Lake Bennett waterfront, was used as temporary hotel until new one built.
- rebuilt by the Gideons in 1910, with financing from Jack Stewart.
- Polly the Parrot moved into the hotel in 1918, when Captain James Alexander, owner of Engineer Mine (BC Mininster of Mines, 1913) asked the Gideons to take care of him (Polly was a male) while he and his wife went Outside; they were killed in the wreck of the *Princess Sophia*
- December 1926, beer licence held by Mrs. E. W. Gideon.
- October 27 1933, Bessie Gideon died; although she was reported to have been buried in Carcross, a 1998 cemetery survey has been unable to locate her grave. Bessie's sister, Louise V. Dawson, had been helping her manage the hotel, and was executrix of her estate. The hotel was on a lot, which was rented from Annie Austin, for \$75 per year.
- rented by Jack McMurphy ca.1939-1940
- n.d., owned by May Florence Ross for 9 years; she died in Chilliwack, BC, February 13, 1991, at 92 years old.
- operated by Dorothy Hopcott from 1959 - ?
- operated by Bob Olsen from early 1990s until the present

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Hi Sherron,

Here's the article that I mentioned last week. There's just no way to effectively summarize this as an article for MocTel, but I think that most members can view it on the Web if you think it's appropriate to post the following notice.

## **A 1949 Steam Adventure from Skagway to Dawson**

A few months ago, I found buried treasure. It's a superb film that I found on the eBay auction site - the description was pretty vague, but it had some WP&YR footage for sure. The bidding got a bit ridiculous, as a collector in New York also wanted it, but with some encouragement from a railfan friend in Germany, I got it. As it turned out, this 52-minute film takes the viewer from Skagway, Alaska to Dawson City, Yukon by steam train and sternwheeler. There is very little footage of scenery - the photographer's objective for this film seems to have been to show Northern life, not just the beauty of the North as most visitors do. The communities of Skagway, Carcross, Whitehorse and Dawson City are particularly well recorded, but Bennett,

Ben-My-Chree and many locations along the Yukon River get cameos. I've just posted a very lengthy article about this fascinating journey back in time - there are 76 images from the film in the article, so I hope that you all have broadband now! It's at <http://www.explorenorth.com/library/rails/1949film/>

Murray Lundberg  
RailsNorth.com  
Steel Lines Around the Circumpolar North  
<http://www.railsnorth.com>

*I highly recommend you take time out to visit the website Murray has above his signature. It is fantastic and I have already ordered my copy of the film. How lucky we are to have someone buying up bits of History like this. Thank you Murray. – Sherron*

## **THANKSGIVING SUNDAY - CARCROSS – 2003**

Photo courtesy Heather Jones, from her Cessna 150



Thought you might be interested in seeing how things looked from the air above Carcross on Thanksgiving Sunday! This photo was taken as I enjoyed a spectacular flight around the Carcross area in my little Cessna 150 (GXEI)....(gotta get those windows washed!!) We've had some pretty wonderful flying weather recently :) Heather Jones [hjones@klondiker.com](mailto:hjones@klondiker.com)



### **Carcross with Nares Lake and Mountain in background**

Photo courtesy Heather Jones, from her Cessna 150

This shot was taken on Tuesday, October 14...a day or two after the Thanksgiving feast, proving that this little Cessna does well with dramatic "weight and balance" changes! Another wonderful day to be flying. This shot is taken looking easterly towards Nares Mountain and Lake.

## **ENCOUNTER WITH WOLVES**

By Donna Clayson

A slight movement out of the corner of my eye caught my attention. The four pair of eyes bore through me, so bright, so intense. This must be the wolf pack that had been terrorizing the small village of Haines Junction, Yukon where I lived in 1962. Many family pets had become prey to this pack over the last month. The previous week I had watched helplessly as my own cat was snatched off our steps at home by these large timber wolves.

The residents in this sleepy village had been warned and advised to carry rifles for their protection as this pack was losing its fear of humans.

That morning I got my schoolbooks ready along with my 30.06 rifle for the 20-minute walk to school. The temperature was -20°F, which didn't bother me as I enjoyed the cool air after a summer of extraordinarily warm temperatures.

Fifteen minutes into my trek I spotted the pack and slowly released the safety latch on my rifle. I had a decision to make. Should I continue on to the school that was within sight or turn around

and go back home? One option was to go down a steep hill, through a ditch and cross the Haines Road with the pack not 200 yards away. This way I would be closer to the pack but would not lose sight of them. Once I crossed the road and over a small hill I would be within 100 yards of the school. The other option was to go back home. At least I'd be walking away from the menace but my back would be to the wolves and it was farther to go.

I decided to carry on and tightened my grip on the rifle. Slowly I made my way down the steep embankment careful not to lose my footing on the freshly fallen snow. As I approached the Haines Road I kept a wary eye on what appeared to be the leader. The large predator took a step forward when my foot hit some gravel.

Even in the cold my hands were sweating and the hair on the back of my neck felt like it was standing on end. I slowly, but steadily moved toward the further ditch, pointing my weapon in the direction of the threat.

The pack, standing with their heads lower than their massive shoulders, watched as I passed to safety. The last 100 yards seemed forever. I slowly turned my gaze toward the school building, away from the intense staring of those magnificent animals.

Inside the school cloakroom I took off my coat and mukluks and removed the bullet from the chamber of my gun then slipped the clip into my lunch bag. As I leaned my rifle against the wall beside the others a sense of relief and respect overwhelmed me. Was the pack really the menace as everyone seemed to believe, or were they just trying to survive, like me? As I made my way to the grade 6 row of desks I couldn't help thinking that part of my school lesson had begun 20 minutes ago.



**Indian Mission School – Whitehorse – 1953 – 54 ?**

Photo Courtesy Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)

Here's a photo of the "inmates" (as we now might regard them) of the Indian Mission School on 4th Ave & Hawkins, where the Elks is now.

Actually, the IMS occupied the whole block between 4th & 5th Avenue, Hawkins & Lowe St. Perhaps the photo will spark some stories.

Regards. Ralph Lortie

## COMMENTS

Just a little note to say how much we are enjoying all your hard work and a big thanks to Gus Barrett for all his great poems. Thank You and hope you have a wonderful weekend.

Audrey & Joe Vigneau

## ROTARY ROSES

Yes, the Rotary Club of Whitehorse still sells Rotary Roses, just in time for Thanksgiving. Rose delivery was Thursday, October 9th. This is one of our Club's biggest fundraisers - money raised goes to support the Rotary Music Festival in April (which now lasts a week!) and other Club projects.

Our Rotary website, should anyone wish to check it out, is

[www.rotary-whitehorse.org](http://www.rotary-whitehorse.org) - it's maintained by the wonderful Bob Nardi.

Pam Buckway, Secretary, Rotary Club of Whitehorse

Hi Sherron,

Yep, they still sell Rotary Roses in Whitehorse. I enjoy the M.T. when I get a chance to read it all.

Take care, Betty Sutton [elizabethsutton@yahoo.com](mailto:elizabethsutton@yahoo.com)

## CORRECTION TO MOC TEL 34

Dear Sherron, Mom passed away in Williams Lk. B.C. Ann Ravenhill

*(So sorry Ann, you said Williams Lake and I read Watson Lake. Sherron)*

## MOC TEL 33 ADDITION

Yes the request was to be added to your list. I have just read the 33rd edition and enjoyed the stories and pictures. My husband and I are history buffs and like the stories of the early Yukon. My co-worker Gord Arndt was talking about it to some others in the coffee room and I asked if he could send me the information. Oh yes we are still living in the Yukon but have friends that have moved away.

I am with a Girl Guide Unit in Whitehorse and this will give the girls a perspective on the history of Whitehorse and the Yukon before motorized vehicles came up and down the highways. The story of Two Mile Hile is interesting as I worked as a trolley driver on the Whitehorse Waterfront Trolley this summer and was asked how Two Mile Hill got its name.

Bye for now Nancy Deasty [Dstmiester@netscape.net](mailto:Dstmiester@netscape.net)

## REPLY TO QUESTION – ROSE HIP JELLY

This weeks MocTel was asking for a recipe for **Rose Hip Jelly**. I have a little cookbook from Dawson City called **Sourdough's Delight** put together by **St. Paul's Church Women**.

Unfortunately it has no date but I'm pretty sure I bought it between 1972 and 1977 when I lived in Dawson City the first time (good grief that's 30 years ago!!). The book is made from pages about 5x7" on which the recipes were carefully typed with a manual typewriter on one of the Gestetner wax stencils, then the book was 'printed' with coloured papers representing the various sections, Bread and Pancakes, Cakes, Cookies, Desserts, Supper Dishes, Wild Meats and Fish and Miscellaneous. It is all held together by two metal rings which makes it easy to work with and amazingly it is still all there.

The front page says: This recipe book was compiled and printed by the ladies of St. Paul's Church, Dawson City, Yukon. It contains recipes of friends and members of St. Paul's A.C.W., as well as those of many former members now residing elsewhere.

Many of the recipes are credited and among the names I recognize are Pretoria Butterworth, Jean Gould who was my neighbour up on 7th Avenue and who taught me how to make sweet rolls and cinnamon buns which were marvelous, Joyce Caley, Margretta Gaundroue, Ruth Troberg, Lil Munroe, M. Profeit, Marlene Olson, Brenda Caley, Bertha Gibson, Aldene Snider (the Minister Ken Snider's wife), Mary Dines (I remember Dinty Dines??), Irene Whitehouse, Ethel Callison (was she related to the Callison after whom the airstrip was named?), Norma Kunzel, Heddy Mueller, and Annie Henry. Phyllis Gairns, and Lorna (Brownie) Foth, have several recipes in there, so perhaps this list might jog some memories for them.

The most used page is the recipe for Dawson Special aka Nanaimo Bars!! This little book has been on the 'discard' pile every time I've moved and I can't bring myself to throw it away - I guess it still contains a lot of wonderful memories from my days in Dawson City. Also in its way it shows a piece of the history of family cooking in the North, there seems lots of emphasis on the sweets, many of the main course meals were made with canned ingredients as fresh was not available, and of course the wild food section is very Northern.

So here's the recipe for **Rose Hip Jelly** contributed by Margaret Marsh who was living in Cobourg Ontario at the time.

**Puree 1 lb. rosehips to 3 cups boiling water. Simmer 30 minutes. Press through seive. Add enough water to make 4 cups.**

**Follow recipe on Certo crystal package or liquid pectin bottle for Apple Jelly.**

**Delightful if there is a shipment of crabapples at the rosehip time. Use half crab apple juice and half rose hip puree.**

It is excellent on bannock, toast, muffins and pancakes and full of vitamins.

Glad to make a contribution to MocTel, which I do enjoy receiving and reading each week. Sending love and best to you and Bill for the wonderful season of Fall as we move into the dark time.

Jan McConachy [jmccconachy@shaw.ca](mailto:jmccconachy@shaw.ca)

PS - perhaps it's best to note here that in the years I am referring to I was known as Jan Brown.

## **ANOTHER REPLY TO THE ROSEHIP JELLY QUESTION**

Someone was asking about a recipe for **Rosehip Jelly**. I have used this one for years so if you are interested in sending it along, that is fine. It is a book from **Clinton Creek**, so definitely a Yukon recipe.

### **ROSEHIP JELLY**

8 cups rosehips  
1 pk powdered fruit pectin  
1/2 cup fresh lemon juice  
5 cups sugar  
whole cloves

Soak washed rosehips overnight.

Place berries and 5 cups water in saucepan. Simmer 50 minutes or until VERY tender. Mash a bit then strain through jelly bag over night. You should have 4 cups of juice.

Place juice in saucepan.

ADD lemon juice and pectin.

Bring to a full rolling boil, ADD sugar, bring back to full boil, stir and boil 1 minute.

Pour into sterilized jars. Place a couple whole cloves on top of jelly.

ENJOY!

Thanks again for the great stories and all the work you put into keeping us all "connected"

Take care, Shirley Keobke [keobkens@marshlake.polarcom.com](mailto:keobkens@marshlake.polarcom.com)

### **STILL ANOTHER ROSEHIP JELLY RECIPE**

Good Morning Sherron

My mother Shirley Middlebrook has started sending me your columns and they are great. To answer the question about Rose Hip Jelly. I have a recipe in an old Teslin Cook book, from when I lived there 76-82. It was donated by Betty Doe. I have never tried it but here goes.

### **ROSE HIP EXTRACT**

Remove blossoms, stems & leaves

Wash well and add:

1-cup rose hips to 1 1/2 cups boiling water  
(copper or aluminum utensils should not be used)

Cover and simmer for 15 minutes.

Let stand in a crockery or enameled pot for 24 hours.

Strain off the extract, first thru sieve, then overnight thru a cloth bag.

## **ROSE HIP JELLY**

2 cups rose hip extract

3 1/2 cups sugar

1 1/3 bottle Certo (not crystals)

After removing from heat and straining add:

1 tsp. bottled lemon juice

1 tsp. strawberry extract

Follow Certo Blueberry recipe carefully.

Pour into sterilized glasses.

I use saran wrap to cover instead of paraffin.

P.S. Copper or aluminum utensils should not be used. I use gallon mayonnaise jars to soak the extract. A large enamel pot to make the jelly. Allow 2 days for the jelly to set good.

Betty Doe

Wendy Yeulet [yeulet@telusplanet.net](mailto:yeulet@telusplanet.net)

## **OTHER ROSEHIP RECIPES**

Donna Clayson has forwarded several other recipes, which use Rosehips. If anyone has an abundance of Rosehips and would like to have a look at some other recipes just let Donna or I know and we will send you a copy. Otherwise I may use some of the recipes over time in the MocTel. – Sherron [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

## **NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST**

My name is Nancy Knechtel (nee Parker) & I am on your mailing list. I was just out in Vancouver helping my Mom move into a seniors "place". Got together with a few "old" friends from the Yukon I went to high school with in Whitehorse, for dinner. They all want to be on your list . Hope that is OK . Here are the addresses

Keltie McCall [kmccall@vsb.bc.ca](mailto:kmccall@vsb.bc.ca)

Heather Johnson [heatherjohnson@shaw.ca](mailto:heatherjohnson@shaw.ca)

Heather Stewart (nee Hinds) [whstew90@hotmail.com](mailto:whstew90@hotmail.com)

Maroesja van Oeveren [maroesjabigm@hotmail.com](mailto:maroesjabigm@hotmail.com)

Hope all these addresses are right as one has to try to figure out their hand writing. If not, you can email me & I will figure it out.

Thanks to your list I got Bev Whitehouse's address & we had a nice time up dating. You are doing a fantastic job & I am enjoying all the stories & old familiar names from my growing up years in WH-1958-1968. Cheers Nancy [knechtels@telusplanet.net](mailto:knechtels@telusplanet.net)

My Aunt Shirley Middlebrook has tried to register with the MocTel but seems to be having trouble contacting you. She and Uncle Les are long, long time Yukoners. Although they winter in Osoyoos, they still spend the summers at the cabin on Marsh Lake. I think you know each other because she attends the Okanagan Yukoners meetings. Her e-mail address is [shirleym@cablerocket.com](mailto:shirleym@cablerocket.com). I know that you are very busy but when you have time maybe you could drop her a line. She is very interested in the MocTel and that may have something to do with the rave reviews I give it. Keep up the great work. Thanks

Mike Paolera [peasinapod@shaw.ca](mailto:peasinapod@shaw.ca)

My name is Shirley Middlebrook, my husband is Les. Les went to the Yukon looking for work in 1949. I went to visit my brother and family (Army) for Xmas 1951. Les and I met and married in July 1953. We celebrated our 50th anniversary at our Cabin at McClintock Bay, this past summer 2003. We lived in the Yukon till 7 years ago when we took up residence in Osoyoos B.C. We would like to receive the Moccasin Telegraph, Mike Paolera sent me a copy and I just loved reading it. Lots of memories.

My e-mail is: [shirleym@cablerocket.com](mailto:shirleym@cablerocket.com)

Thanks Shirley.

Bruni Hoenisch forwarded us the above, if possible would you please put us on your mailing list. We lived in Whitehorse from 1982 to 1998 when we moved to Alberta. At least every other year we spend a month in the Yukon, no better place in the world.

Greetings,

Heinrich and Elly Lohmann

[heinrich@lohmann.ca](mailto:heinrich@lohmann.ca)

Hi Sherron, My name is Valorie Paolera, My son, Micheal, is really promoting your page, so here goes. I started school at Whitehorse Elem. in 52, left for a lot of years, and finished my education at Whitehorse trade school in 64. 1st class of nursing Assistants to graduate. I met my husband in Whitehorse, and all three kids were born there. Angelo is from Italy, moved to Whitehorse to do stone work. He built the Y.M.C.A. The Lynn Building, Quanlin Mall, as well as most of the Stone work seen in Whitehorse. We left in 84, so our kids could see a bit of the outside before they finished school. My Aunt and Uncle still have their cabin there, which Micheal and I spent time at this summer to celebrate the Middlebrooks 50th. Can not get over how the town has changed, for the better I might add. Still a Yukoner at heart, and would move back in a heartbeat, if I was a few years younger. Keep up the good work. Valorie (Risteau) Paolera [valang@vip.net](mailto:valang@vip.net)

Hi Sherron, Please add our names to the list George and Wendy (Middlebrook) Yeulet Both born in Whse, Lived in Swift River 73-76, Telsin 76-90, Drury Creek (little Salmon) 81, Ft St John 81-83, Edmonton 83-98, Whse 98-99, Watson Lake 99-00, High Level 00-pres.

e-mail [yeulet@telusplanet.net](mailto:yeulet@telusplanet.net)

Looking forward to reading your column.

## **RETURNED MAIL**

Does anyone have a new address for Edie Stutter?

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Invalid recipient: <[emulady@telusplanet.net](mailto:emulady@telusplanet.net)>

Or Betty Mackie

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 5.1.1 user [egmackie@acts.bc.ca](mailto:egmackie@acts.bc.ca) not known

I also received MANY notices from HOTMAIL and MSN that the members of the group who use their service had not picked up the mid week mailing of the e-mail address list.

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK:**

*Each day comes bearing its' own gifts. Untie the ribbons.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK:**

### **TROUT STUFFED WITH MUSHROOMS**

Northern Cookbook by Eleanor A. Ellis

Rainbow trout, cleaned  
1 cup fresh mushrooms  
2 tablespoons butter  
½ cup sherry  
½ teaspoon salt  
1/8 teaspoon pepper  
Lemon wedges

Saute sliced fresh mushrooms in butter for 10 minutes.

Pour a good amount of sherry over them.

Boil until liquid has evaporated.

Season with salt and pepper and stuff into cleaned trout.

Wrap each fish with string and tie.

Place trout under a hot broiler or in a skillet until they are brown, then place on a hot platter and garnish with lemon.

In camps you may wrap trout in foil so that no juice will escape and bake them in hot coals; be sure the foil is secure. Serves 2

## **FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Please contact Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)

To date **thirty-four previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **eleven special editions**.

**Sandy Campbell** has kindly agreed to send out copies of the earlier editions of the regular Moccasin Telegraph upon request. Please be specific as to which editions you are requesting.

We have also come up with a way of placing the past editions into e-mail accounts online and we can provide you with the instructions and password, which will enable you to retrieve them yourself.

Sandy is a working girl and will get to the requests at her earliest convenience.  
Contact Sandy at [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)