

April 30/59 Sunday

Drove to Canyon Creek where I picked up 4x4 Scout from Fred Brown. We both left his place at about 10:30 AM and headed up Aishikik Road. Encountered wash outs at Otter falls and spent about an hour filling them to get through. We encountered a glacier at the lower end of Aishikik Lake and slashed trail around and over it. We made it to Aishikik village at 7:00 PM and made camp and supper at Brown's Point Summer home. On the way up we did venture of the main road just west of Hopkins Lake. The road we took led us about 5 miles up the mountains and noticed lots of quartz and silver. Tried to pan samples but could only dig about 1 foot down to frost.

May 1 / 89

Left camp after breakfast at 8:00 AM and travelled up trunk road to Albert Creek. Encountered lots of wash outs and lots of bog in the 5 miles we did travel. With all the getting stuck and makeshifting road it took 3 hours to do that short distance. We couldn't get any farther because of thawing ground and decided to make camp here for a couple of days. I did some panning at this spot on the sand shore and a couple of bars but found no colors at all. We spent approximately 4 or 5 hours sampling shoreline and found digging good only for about a foot anywhere. I did trench about 20 feet on North side of creek. Found no colors.

1:250,000

CANADA

E 45' 6 30' 7 8 15' 9 137°00'



Mar 2/89

We woke to a nice day and after breakfast decided to walk farther up the road. About a mile we came to a pipe flowing from the north and decided to prospect it. Steep slopes but lots of water. I spent some time digging a trench and panning samples. Under the moss is lots of that black frozen topsoil, but where I could find gravel and dig any depth I found quite big rocks, some too big to lift. Although it seems like it was once a slide area, I did find sand and fine clauss in it. Fred and I have decided that later on when it dries we will come back to this area, probly horseback. We made it back Huskik late and decided to try the Hansen trail tomorrow

May 3

We were out of camp by 8:00 and headed up the Bushed Hansen trail. We could only get 5 miles up because of a wash out and decided to make camp here, lots of clean water. By the time we had camp set up it was lunchtime and after that we headed upstream. Still lots of snow in the bush here but where there isn't the ground is sandy. About 3 miles up we come to an area that was about 100 feet wide and all sand on top. I found I could only dig 1 foot down, but we started from the creek bank in. By 7:00 we had a trench 3 feet wide & 20 feet long by 1 foot deep. I had set up a narrow sluice I dragged up and had put the material through it. Panning out the concentrate showed no colors but I like this

area. We headed back to camp
and tomorrow would come back

May 4

After breakfast we headed back up the creek to where we were digging yesterday. On the way up we ran into a couple of Buffalo, I could not believe the size of these animals. I set the sluice up in the creek and found that we could only dig a couple of inches deeper in the trench. It would be a while before this thawed so we went to lunch trying to dig the banks of the creek, here the water had thawed it better. I checked the material found no colors. After lunch we started digging about 100 feet up the creek on a bench that seemed to be all gravel right from the surface. I found I could get down over a foot in this area. I spent the afternoon digging in the bank of the bench and carrying it to the sluice. At supper

we checked it, found no colors
and headed back to camp.

May 5

During breakfast Fred and I discussed walking farther upstream. The terrain here is easy walking and by eleven we were at least 5 miles upstream, I had panned samples of the bank on the way up even the creekbed where the water had diverted and found nothing. At this point we came to a narrow area where the banks were steep both sides, still sand though. Digging showed that 6 inches under the sand was gravel, so we set up the sluice on the creek and had lunch. We found we could only get down 18 inches so spent the afternoon digging a trench and shovelling it into the sluice. Before heading back to camp we checked the concentrate, showed no colour but I would like to spend another day here.

On the way downstream we ran
across 4 horses, looked in rice
shape and Fred explained that
there was probably 50-60 of them
in this area running wild. It
was 7:30 before we ate and Fred
explained he wasn't used to late
suppers.

May 6

Well one thing I had with me was a good cook. Moose steak and 4 eggs apiece, good coffee and I was set for the 3 mile walk back. We had 2 hours of shovelling and sluicing before lunch and during lunch I checked the mats finding no colors. We spent the afternoon digging here putting through 200-300 shovels and by 5.00 deciding to clean out the sluice and check it, no colors. We would drag everything back to camp and head down the road tomorrow.

May 7/89

Got up early and had a good breakfast. Were heading to Haines Junction to do some phoning and didn't know what to expect of the road. At a place called Sasketwan Flats we came to six big buffalo on the road and had to wait for them. Before Canyon Lake we came to a spot that had washed out behind us and spent 5 hours shovelling to get over it. I wanted to get to a phone and talk to Good Neger. He was heading to Hansen on the 8th or 9th and had a truck he could haul some stuff up for me. It was late when we got to Canyon creek so I decided to phone him early tomorrow from Haines Junction.

May 8

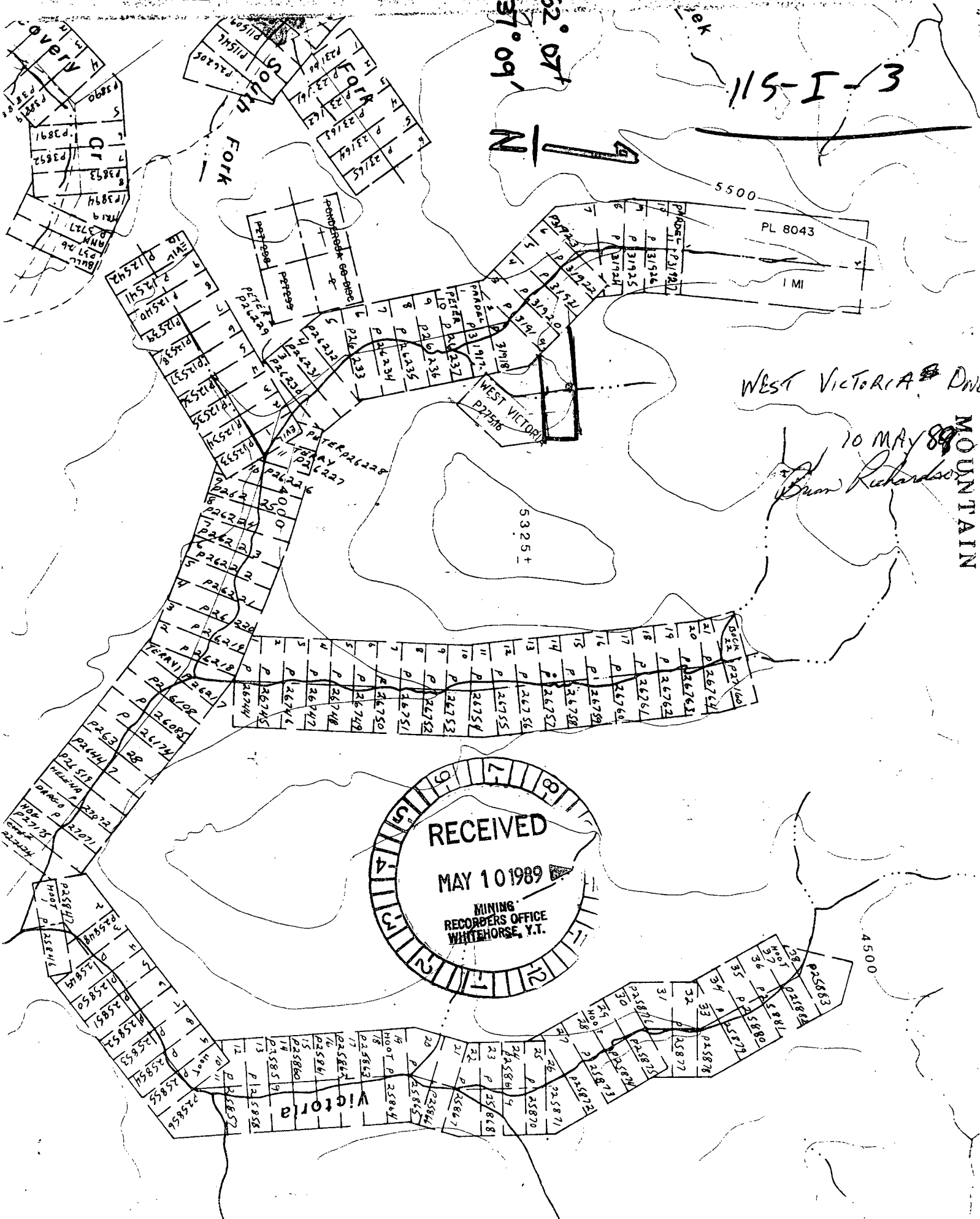
I left Fred in Canyon and ran in the phone cord. He had picked up a 5 ton truck and would be loading tracks for the cat in the afternoon. I told him I'd be down by 1030 so went back to Fred's, picked him up and loaded our gear and were on our way to Whitehorse by 9:00 A.M. When we arrived we went for lunch with Gord, we couldn't get the tracks loaded till after lunch so Fred and I took the truck to load my stuff first. We were all loaded, everything by 430 so I took the truck over to Gord's and we decided we would leave early in the morning. It was nice to spend the night at home.

May 9/89

Left Whitehorse at 7:30 for Hansen area and arrived about 10:00 at Coimacks where we stopped for breakfast. The road was surprisingly in good shape except for the crossing at Victoria creek and we were in the Dr. H. Placer camp by about 3:00 PM. After unloading the tracks we hauled up there. I had a couple of hours which I took to carry the stakes up Victoria to a peg where I staked West Victoria One, a 500 ft claim. It's about a mile and a half walk one way so I got back at about 8:00, just in time for supper. I did spend about an hour after eating helping the boys move some of their equipment so they could start installing the tracks tomorrow.

May 10/89

Left D & H Placer camp at about 9:00 AM and arrived at Carmacks for breakfast 11:00 AM. Arrived at Whitehorse about two o'clock and after dropping 2 fuel tanks at White Pass for D & H Placer, I delivered the 5 ton truck back to Macinroy. Had time to record the claim I staked yesterday at mining recorder's office and picked up a couple of shovels before supper. Left Whitehorse at about 6:30 PM for Canyon Ck and Fred Browns where I picked up tent and we headed for Hopkins Lake area. Had camp set up by 10:00 PM where I will spend the next week and said good bye to Fred. "Thanks for delivering me."



62° 07' N
137° 09'

115-I-3

WEST VICTORIA Dnt

10 MAY 89
Burr Richardson

MOUNTAIN

RECEIVED
MAY 10 1989
MINING RECORDERS OFFICE
WHITEHORSE, Y.T.

PL 8043

1 MI

5325+

4500

Victoria

27 May 11/89

After making breakfast, I started assembling a portable sluice box which I had down to the creek bed by noon. I walked upstream about a mile from camp to where it seemed fairly level and started sluicing the banks. I used outdoor carpet with expanded metal over in the run. Spent the entire afternoon shoveling old creek bed. Lots of quartz and lots of silver elements in the rock. Could only dig about 18 inches in sand. The creek still has lots of ice and the ground is frozen that far down. No colours.

May 12/89

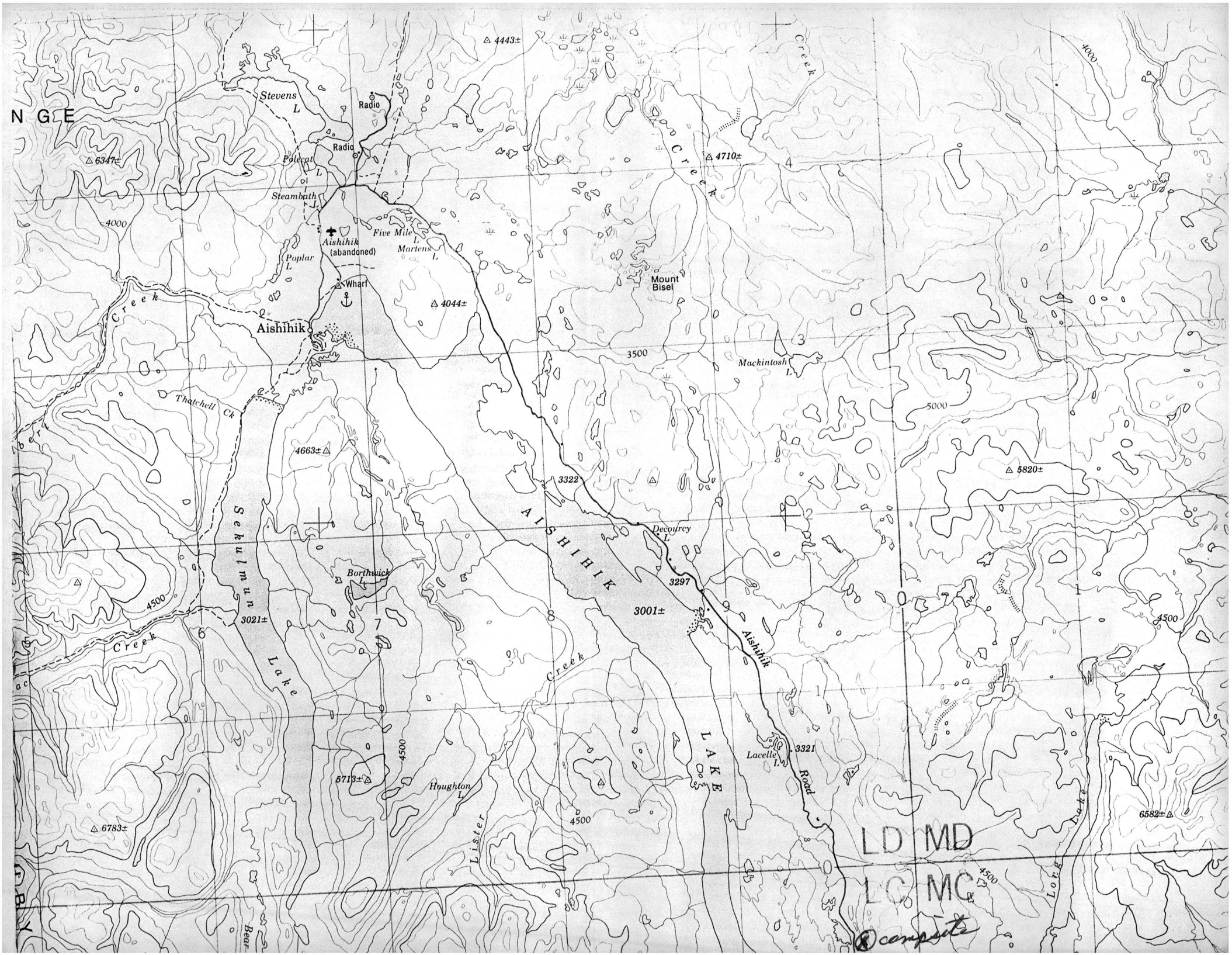
Friday

Decided to walk further upstream towards higher, better ground. Found on the way that the ground above where I was strolling yesterday was very steep. Came across falls as high as 40 feet and found a large area of granite. The entire creek bed approximately 100 feet by forty feet. Started trenching about 2 1/2 miles above camp. Nice ground, still a long way from top but quite level and lots of water. Just under the moss is real clean gravel, about a foot deep and then clean red sand for another foot. Have dug a trench 3 feet by twenty, the frost is a 2 feet. Fairly easy digging to frost level. I panned about 30 pans from different depths and distances but no gold colours. Lots of quartz and silver colours.

By the time I returned to camp
it was 7 o'clock. A real nice
warm day. Have good feeling
about this area. Will see how the
frost has thawed tomorrow

May 13/89

Woke up to one hell of a cold windy day. Its very overcast but hiked about a mile + half up the mountain before getting heavy snowfall. Returned to camp to find it cold & raining there so decided to walk upstream to retrieve sluce box. When I returned I was greeted by a couple of hunters from Whitehorse, (Millie Gage & her boyfriend Perry). They had walked more than a mile from a washout down the road. Had coffee and since it started raining harder they left.



May 14/89

Today I walked up to the top of the creekbed. 8 miles up and very level on top the mountain I had packed 2 meals a pan and 2 short shovels and I came to an area 100 feet in from the creekbed that was a bench with all gravel showing. I had 2 hours of shovelling and panning before lunch but found no colors. There were a lot of quartz claims in this area. After lunch I started digging into the bench, I had a slow moving stream nearby to pan in. About 18 inches below the gravel I hit a blond colored sand and 6 inches below that a red gravel. Below that the ground was frozen and I spent the afternoon panning the gravel. I did find 4 fine colors, this afternoon. I headed back to camp at 6:00 and decided to come back

tomorrow to see what would
thaw.

May 15/89

I was up early this morning. It was a long walk up to the top and I wanted to get started. About 3 miles up I was walking the creekbed looking at the rocks when I walked right into a grizzly. The biggest I had ever seen. He was 100 feet away and as I cocked the rifle he just took one more look at me and wandered up the bank. I got an hours panning in before lunch and found no colors. As I had ^{lunch} looked down the other side of the summit to a creekbed and thought about walking there tomorrow. After lunch I was back digging and the afternoon's panning showed only another 4 colors. I headed back down to camp and spent the night relaxing sitting around the fire.

May 16/89

I left without breakfast, thinking of eating on the way. I stopped where I was digging yesterday for a sandwich and then heading over the far side of the 4500 foot level found I had to walk a glacier down. It was 700-800 feet long but easier walking than through the truckwash. It was noon by the time I got down to the creekbed but here everything was melted and you could tell the difference in temperature. I spent the entire afternoon digging a trench on a 45° from the creekbed panning and found no colors but I would like to come back to this area later in the summer. It was 6 o'clock when I started heading back and dark by the time I got there. I was beat and hungry so I ate and bedded down.

May 17/89

I woke at 700 to find Fred Brown sitting in front of me. He had left Canyon at 500 dropped some stuff at his fish camp at Otter falls and drove up. He helped me break camp and we drove to his camp where I could spend the next few days staying in a home and prospecting the creek flowing in to Otter falls. After lunch I wandered up the creekbed with a pan and shovel to find the small rocks in this area to be the size of a house. Even bedrock had been pushed down and lay on the creekbed. I had a chance to pan some of the sand under the rocks and in one sample found 2 colours. I headed down for supper deciding tomorrow to drag the sluice up here.

May 18/89

These people get up early and I was finished breakfast by 7:00.

I loaded a couple of meals and strapped the sluice run to the pack and headed up the creek.

I walked to where I had been panning yesterday and dammed an area of the creek and set up the sluice. The bank here is a sand but the shore is nothing but huge rocks but I could shovel the sand under the rocks. There was no possible way to trench and I wondered what kind of equipment it would take to mine this.

After lunch I was back at it and the afternoon's shovelling produced 21 fine colors, surface gold. I left the sluice and as I walked back down I thought of walking further up tomorrow.

Maybe I would run out of the

huge rocks. When I got back
Fred and his wife had been
lifting nets and they were cleaning
of 200 fish. Fish for supper and
it was good.

May 19/89

I was away by 7:30 and picked the sluice up on the way. It took me till 1200 to walk over 10 miles to the start of the creek and it was huge rocks all the way. Even where it started there were rocks at the top of the mountain. After lunch I set up the sluice and started shovelling. I hit an area where it could trench for 5 feet but only 1 foot or so without hitting rock. Some I was able to roll out and under them I found this reddish gravel I had seen before above Hopkins Lake. It was still hard digging but I managed to put maybe 50-60 shovels through in the afternoon. By 600 I cleaned the mats and panned it out to find 4 fine colors. I left the sluice there and headed back. It was dark when I

got back and Fred informed me
they were heading back to Canyon
in the morning.

May 20/89

We were on our way down the road by 7:30 and on the way Fred was telling me about how a George Washington had found gold at 7 mile creek. He had things to do at home so agreed to drop me off there and pick me up tomorrow afternoon to lead to Whitehorse. By 9:30 I was leading up the creek 3 meals a shovel, a pan, and a sleeping bag. We agreed to meet at the road tomorrow at 2:00 P.M. This creek was the same as the previous one, nothing but big rocks, but 3 miles up I did find an area to pan the banks. I set up camp here and spent the afternoon panning finding no colors. After supper I tried panning the sand under the rocks and still found no colors. I wonder if this guy George actually found gold. Here. That

night I spent in only a sleeping bag, no tent and it was one of the coldest nights. I may have sleep 2 hours.

May 21/89

I was up early, sitting around the fire and drinking coffee trying to get warm. I was to gold to make breakfast. I did put in 3 hours panning but found nothing and headed down to the road where I had lunch waiting for Fred. He was all loaded with the gear and we headed for Whitehorse. I was home at 4:00 ate and where I could finally get warm. Tomorrow I'd head up to Victoria Creek.

MOHAWK GAS

~~SUPER A FOODS~~
(PORTER CREEK) LTD.

1406 CENTENNIAL ST., WHITEHORSE, YUKON Y1A 3Z3
PHONE 633-2265

8150

DATE May 22 19 89

RECEIVED FROM _____

\$ 80.00

DOLLARS

FOR _____

eighty
147.8 L of Gas

Thank You

AMOUNT OF ACCOUNT		
THIS PAYMENT		
BALANCE DUE		

- CASH
- CHEQUE
- M.O.

BY [Signature]

May 22/89

Left for Carmacks at about 7:30 AM and stopped for breakfast at hotel. Left there at about 10:30 to go into Greengold had to pick up a sluice. Prof Gord Hagan has lent me its on the claims of Ralph Lingard and the road in is quite steep and quite rough. Spent about 3 hrs loading the box, I found to be bigger than I thought. I got into Carmacks at 10:00 PM and decided to spend the night there.

May 23/89

I left early for Jensen area and found it slow going because of the weight I'm hauling. Arrived at Dr H Placer at about 2:00 PM and had lunch with Jean Hagan. No way to skid the box up the creek so decided to take it over top. After getting in at around 9:00 PM I've got time to set up camp only. I did spend about an hour before bedding down, witching the bottom of claim P27516. Have decided to trench the north side (right limit). My faith in witching is open mindedness but I get a good pull on the rods about sixty feet from creek bed.

May 24/89

I've started a trench, by lifting the overburden about 5' width. I've found volcanic ash just under the moss and can only dig about six inches down. Have decided to lay out a trench about 30 feet in length, 15 feet each way of where I got string reading with rods. I've got a small sluice, Gold King and decided to put through some of the ash and sand right under the moss. I can not get below a few inches onto a white coloured sand, so decided to slash off the buck brush and strip the overburden right to the creek. Seems to be lots of water on this pup. I did sluice about 20 buckets but found no colours. I'm not surprised but thought I might find surface colours.

Before bedding down I did walk
down to Dr H camp for coffee and
to see how they were doing. I
would be quite happy to find
six & half ounces on the property I'm
on. I'm glad they're doing better
than last year, I know how hard
they work.

May 23/89

Well, this morning I've decided to dig from the creek inward. I could only scrap another inch or so off the trench, but found I could dig in from the creek bed a little better. I've progressed about two feet in and about two feet down in this area before hitting solid ice. The gravel I could sluice came from just under the bigger rocks and once removed, that gravel is fairly loose stuff. I've decided to strip off a little more overburden, since I've got the time and it's going to take time to thaw. By day's end I have a trench stripped, 4 to 5 feet wide a seventy feet long. Have found volcanic ash just under the moss for entire length. Cannot penetrate through it, but found 2 very fine

colours in what I could shove
just in from the creep bed.

Before calling it a day, I watched
the entire trench area, and again
found the rods crossing with a
strong pull in the same area.

May 26/89

After finding only about 4 inches thawed, I dragged a couple shovels and the Gold King up to PL8843, where I had stripped and dug a little last year. The ground had undermined and thawed quite a bit. Today I was able to get down over 4 feet before encountering any frost and found after sluicing everything I put through about 14 fine colours. I found quite a few large rocks, some too big to lift, but was able to roll them out of a trench 4 feet wide by 10 feet in length. The material I'm digging in is a brown gravel with rocks from 20 lbs to 100 lbs, nothing that cannot be removed. Since it's possible to dig here because of a better thawed ground I decided to haul up a smaller tent I had with me a

a few days groceries and spend
some time digging here while the
other property is thawing

May 27/89

I've started trenching at the bottom of this case about one hundred feet up from Post No 1. Witching rods show strong on left limit of creek, close to valley bank. Just below where I left off yesterday, I encounter rocks quite large in size & 250 to 350 lbs in weight. Have dug a ramp into trench to remove them. In ground a little over four feet down have found very fine dust, 2 or 3 colours a pan. Also encountered water at this level, so I dug out more in length. Am about 20 feet long now, vary's from a little over ~~1~~ foot deep to about 2 feet. Lots of big rocks, but not slide rock. I spent probably 11 hrs digging today, my back feels like it, but I had the

chance to see seven caribou.
They don't seem afraid at all
just like pets. Was able to get
within 150 feet of them.

May 28/89

By 10:30 I had dug out the entire trench to the point where I was hitting either frozen ground or water or both so had an early lunch and decided I would strip of a drain. It turned out to be seventy feet long on a down angle to the creek ending at the creek. It was part of a natural drainage towards the bottom so I found I could dig quite deep in this area before hitting frozen ground about three feet. It was about 8 o'clock by the time the day came to a end, I had the drain dug as far as I could to frozen ground and decided that after having put in some long days, tomorrow I would venture over Victoria mountain and look at some other unstaked ground. It was a nice evening and I used it just relaxing and packing

my pack board for tomorrow,
pan, shovels, gold King. grub.

May 29/89

Got up early for a big breakfast. Haven't done that for a while, usually coffee + cigarettes. The climb over Victoria Mts. was a lot longer (in distance) and time and a lot tougher than I imagined. You are quite high, a can see a long ways from the top. The first creek bed on the other side didn't have much water and I never even bothered testing, but did rest and enjoy the view. Had a chance to watch 17 caribou pass by & young ones. It was still a good climb over to the most northern leg of the mid tributary and when I got there it was already noon. Had lunch and got digging by 1:30 PM. I started from the creek bed in and upward on a small spring coming into the creek. I found it easy digging

and the spring water was doing
a lot of the work. I put about
30 pails through the sluice box
by 8:00 before heading back overtop.
Out of the total sluiced I came
up with about 10 colours. I had
dug about 4 feet in from the
creek was already 4 feet deep
and found it easy digging, easy
to remove big rocks and was
quite excited about this property.
Tomorrow, I'll go back. I was
back in camp by 10:00 AM, easier
walking back empty and a shorter
route, straight up.

May 30/89

I didn't get out of camp till about 9:30 but found with a shorter route over the mountains that I was back at the creekbed before noon today. Digging is quite easy this way, the water does a lot of the work. Have hit frost but the flow of water loosens the rocks quite fast. I spent about 2 hours removing overburden and on an angle parallel to creekbed about 4 feet wide and 20 feet long. With the angle of the ground I hope to be at least 12 feet deep by the time I get this all dug out. The ground at the top of this trench is frozen just under the sod but I already have water flowing through from a spring I've diverted. By days end I have gotten about

another foot deeper at entrance
of trench and probably 3 feet
farther in. All the material
I sluiced produced only six
fine colours but I'm in a red
gravel and feel encouraged. I got
out to camp about eight and had
quite an experience while eating
watching a pair of eagles catching
Tarnegins.

May 31/89

After coffee & stew I headed back over the mountain, after checking how the ground was thawing and the water monitoring at the bottom of lease. I did spend about half hour panning some of the loose sand in this trench but found no colours. I was back at my trenching on mid Victoria by 10:00 AM and by 2 PM had removed all loose materials I could. I found I could only get down less than a foot but found that a lot of sand had been monitored down to the bottom of the trench overnight. I was able to pan about 30 pans but found no colours lots of black sand. Am not discouraged because I know its to shallow. I spent the rest of the day trenching about 100 yards downstream on an angle similar.

No colours but likewise lots of reddish gravel. I took a different route back over the mountain and explored camp and claims below. This has not been worked for a couple of years but I notice where they are digging as on the bench 100 yards above the creek bed. Tomorrow I'll work the lease.

June 1/89

I got up early this morning to find 5 cariboo wandering down the valley. No hiking today so I spent about an hour watching them grazing. They don't have any fear but are always keeping an eye on you. By 10:00 A.M. I've got the stove I borrowed from Gord Hagen set up. I decided not to use the Lopper because of the weight but the run is 18 feet long, 18" wide and 4" deep, has heavy ruffles and breaks up the material quite well. I started removing from the creekbed inward so I can also use the trench for a drain. The sun had thawed a lot more than expected in the last 5 days, and digging is easy but an encountering a lot of log racks. By starting from the creek in I'm able to roll them out through the trench. No way of lifting them.

By day end I had dug about
12 feet up the drain, level with
the creek and had sluiced 50 pails
(5 gal buckets) removed probably 100
big rocks. I cleaned out the mats
of the sluice and panned about a
3 gal pail of concentrate. No colours
but I'm only 2 1/2 feet deep at this
point. Tomorrow I will get in to
the steeper angle and get much
deeper.

June 2/89

This morning I found quite a bit a sand had been washed down into the drain and I panned about 5 pans before starting to sluice. I found three fine colours in all. I am finding some very big rocks at this point, a lot of purple colour to them, does not appear to be slide rock. The gravel just under and around the big rocks is really thawed and this material seems to break up fast in the sluice run. About 1:00 P.M. I am visited by one of the eagles that lands about a hundred feet away and just sits and studies me. Such a privilege. By six I've gotten in and down in the drain to $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in depth. I put through 100 buckets of material and after panning all the concentrate found nineteen colours, some so fine they

almost float. Have also noticed quite a bit of pyrite. Before quitting I shovelled off the entire length of the drain above where I'm digging to let it thaw. I spent a couple of hours before bedding down, measuring off and flagging the first three claims of this lease. Tomorrow I'm going to drag up as many stakes as I can from D. & H. Placers camp.

June 3/89

Arrived at Gord & Jean Hagens
by 8:30 AM in time to share breakfast.
Gord has agreed to walk up to claim
P27516 (West Victoria Ore) after work
and look at this property. I had
5 stakes tied together and packed
them as far as West Victoria Ore.
The ground had thawed so I
could dig here with no problem,
it had been a couple of weeks
and I dug a shaft where rods
indicated the strongest pull. Digging
5 feet in diameter I was able
to get six feet deep encountering
no frost and I put through the
portable sluice at least 80 buckets
of material before Gord arrived
6:30 PM. We panned off the
concentrate, he showing me better
technique and got 13 fine colors
from all. We spent an hour
walking this first claim, him

indicating the old slide areas, where
he suggested I pan samples, and
we both took a hand at watching
the property. When Gord left, so
did I in the opposite direction
packing the stakes the other mile
up to camp site #2 at Case 8043.

After a late meal, I pan what
even sand had flowed into this
draw and made plans to again
try to pack another five stakes
up from D & H's camp tomorrow.

June 4/89

Well 2 breakfasts in row cooked by someone else was alright. Jean was heading to Whitehorse after breakfast and so I could stay longer without a break she would pick up a couple more weeks grub for me and everything else I needed. I was back up at claim West Victoria One by 11:00 AM and felt glad that these 5 stakes would be enough to stake the lease into claims. They start out light and gain 10 lbs every $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. I dug for an hour till I hit a rock 4 feet in diameter about the width of the shaft at this depth and decided since I started digging already tired from packing stakes this far, I'd rest for a while. Time for lunch! It was 4:30 by the time I had dug a ramp down gotten the rock loose and rolled

it out the ramp. Underneath
was a course red gravel that I
felt was what I was looking
for but after taking out over a
foot, putting through 20-25 buckets
of material in the sluice and
panning the concentrate, I found
only 2 fine colours. I left tired
and disappointed to pack the last
5 stakes the mile up to the base.
Tomorrow I would go back. I was
down 8 feet depth.

June 5/89

While eating breakfast I wondered why I would find more colours at a depth of six feet than 8 feet when the deeper material looked more impressive and that I would go a check the sides of the shaft at the shallower level. By 11:00 AM I had made the diameter at that level about 6 1/2 feet and when I was shovelling what had fallen to the bottom out I broke through the gravel. I hit a greyish sand. I decided to quit for lunch after panning what was in the mats to see what I had found at a six foot level and keep it separate from this sand. Only 2 fine colours so I would dig deeper. By 6:00 PM I was eleven feet deep, easy digging some rocks 20-30 lbs but I had put about 60-70 buckets of material through the run before water

started coming in. I found I couldn't dig deeper with the ground water coming in and decided to clean the mats and pan the concentrate. 28 colors and one small nugget. I still had not hit anything like bedrock but I wanted to show God and get a weight on his scale. About a gram made me feel like I knew what I was doing and on the way back to camp, I stopped at the shaft to find the water deeper. I had to take a look at the 70 foot trench I would have to dig out for a drain.

June 6/89

Today I would spend digging on the lease. In 3 days with a lot of strong sun I could dig upward on the trench much easier. The rocks are still big and lots of them so I spend more time rolling rocks out than putting buckets of material through the sluice. By 4 o'clock I was beat and my back aching. After supper I dragged 3 stakes upstream to where I flaged the first claim and decided to measure 3 more. Where the sixth claim stake would be I found a spring pushing greyish sand out of the ground. I thought of bunting a pan a shovel up but by the time I walked back to camp I decided it would be to late and instead cleaned out the mats and checked what I had put through that day.

Three colours but I was 5½ feet deep and 25 feet from the trench I was digging up counter to. The depth of the upper trench was 8 feet and I found it filling more with ground water. Some days are discouraging but wandering what a bedrock makes us ambitious.

This valley is the most beautiful place I've ever been and maybe the riches are in the beauty of it.

June 7/89

Well, today I'm still tired but my curiosity makes me want to see how far I can dig and what I'll find. The big rocks seem to thin out at the 5 foot depth level. Still some but not so many. Again I'm in this reddish gravel which seems to be the substance that D & H are hitting pay downstream. Here it's a six feet and they hit it a 12 feet just above bedrock. By 4 pm I'm still 15 feet from counter trench six & half feet deep and lots of ground water flowing through drain. That's it for here but after early supper I packed shovel and panned up to the spring I discovered yesterday. It's about 25 feet in from creekbed and soft ground but found no colours. I removed the overburden from the spring parallel to creek

for about sixty feet (2 feet wide)
 to find rocks and some frost
 just below soil. Where the water
 is flowing underground though
 I can dig deeper. Lots of black
 muck in this area. It's about
 1/2 deep and by the time I had
 quit digging I found although I
 didn't intend it, I had worked
 one of my hardest days.

June 8/89

Up early and had breakfast over by 7:00 AM. Decided last night I would try to push the last 15 feet of drain through to counter trench. I tried early to dig a little deeper in the main trench but with over a foot of ground water its to hard and washes off shovel before you get it to the bucket. I'm still hitting the bigger rocks down to 5 feet and its farther to roll them out the drain. By noon I was 7 feet deep in the drain but still 15 feet from the trench. I did get a couple of samples after a sandwich but no colours. By 2:30 I had pulled a boulder out the drain that alone moved me 3 feet farther in but it was still 5'00 by the time I removed all the material around it. I ate early hope that I could dig till

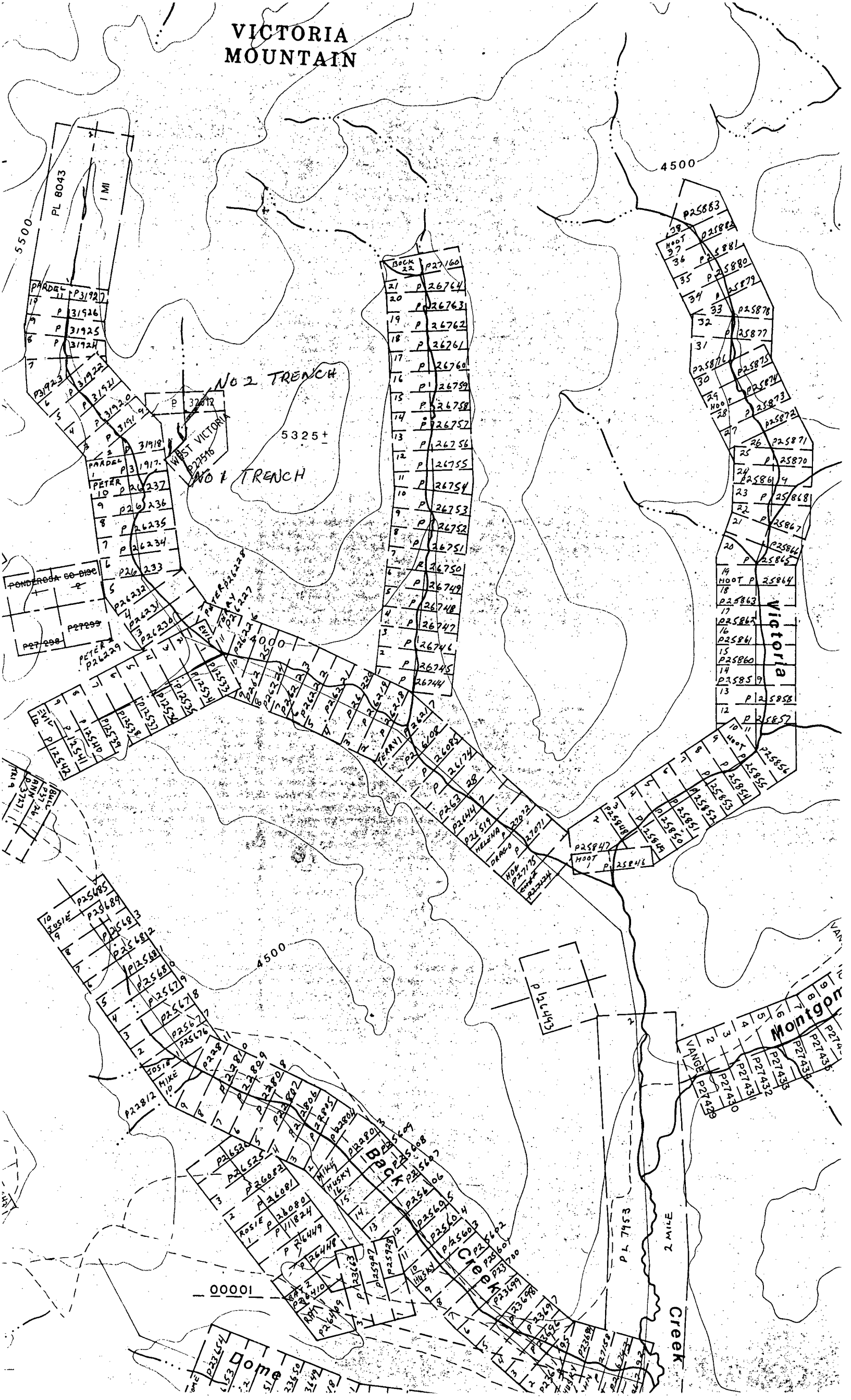
dark and get through to the trench by midnight or even later and that it could drain overnight. By 9.30 PM I had enough ($\frac{1}{16}$ lbs) I had put over 100 buckets through the sluice. I still had 5 feet of drain to dig and now deeper (8 feet). It was eleven by the time I panned off the concentrate but I had 32 colours including a couple good size. Now I was closer to where I had found a couple of coarse pieces last year in what started out to be a shaft, ended up being a 20 foot trench 3 weeks ago, and was now $\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep with water. It was also in line with where I found them, 20 feet in from creek and 12 feet from hillside.

June 9/89

This is one of those mornings where all ambition seemed gone. I sat drinking coffee looking at what was left to break through to the trench wondering how long it would have taken to do all this with a backhoe and then how long it would have taken to build the 3 miles of road to get me here. By 9:30 I had quit feeling sorry and was back down in the drain. This material was that reddish rust-gravel I had found in all the other trenches and what I supposed would produce pay. At noon I had put a hole through the bottom of the drain to the counter trench and the water was flowing out of the trench. I was only sluicing the bottom material and still had to knock down all the top stuff to eliminate the danger of it caving in, but I was

curious to see what the mats produced. The entire 5-foot showed only 17 colours but it was coarse gold, a couple the size of pinhead. I was disappointed in the results. By 4:30 I had covered in the top of the drain removed the big rocks and decided to let the flow of water clean out the rest. I walked the 2½ miles down to Gold Hagens to burn supper and let them know what the results were. After hearing of the hundreds of pan samples they did without finding a single color and yet the same ground was producing good gold. I realized they moved 250-300 yards a day. I decided to morrow I'd leave it and get my assessment finished on the claim. P275.16. I still had to be done to go and record and maybe take a day off.

VICTORIA MOUNTAIN



5500

4500

5325+

NO 2 TRENCH

NO 1 TRENCH

VICTORIA

Montgon

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Dome

Creek

PL 8043

1 MI

PARADE
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P 31925
P 31924

PARADE
P 31920
P 31919
P 31918
P 31917

PETER
P 26237
P 26236
P 26235
P 26234

PONDEROSA GO-BISE
P 27299
P 27298
P 26233

PETER
P 26229
P 26228
P 26227
P 26226

ERIC
P 25529
P 25528
P 25527
P 25526

ERIC
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P 25539
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ROSIE
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PL 7953

2 MI

PL 7953

2 MI

2 MI

2 MI

2 MI

2 MI

June 10/89

I had breakfast, packed half the grub I had left and headed down to claim west Victoria. I made up my mind I would camp there until I had enough work done to claim on the assessment. I started again from the creek inward and found the digging easy. All the frost had gone and I had the portable sluice (gold king) set up flowing into a larger, longer sluice run I had made and by noon had put through about 30 buckets. Since I had not found any colours in the top material, I just shovelled out on the edge of the drain the top 4 feet. At the level I was digging in a whitest fine packed sand not volcanic ash but heavy. It was about a foot deep, below 20-30 lbs rocks, some bigger and then this rust colored gravel again. The material I was sluicing was the gravel since

none of the other material had ever produced colours. By supper I had the entire trench dug out to 3 feet deep and the first 40 feet over 4 feet deep. After supper I walked up the creek about 700 feet to where the banks of the creek were quite steep. So it would later be thowed. I started stripping of a trench three feet wide by 50 feet long. I just got all the buckbrush removed and the trench 1 foot deep by 10:30 PM. Tomorrow I would spend back on no 1 trench deeping it.

June 10/89

Well today would be spent entirely on the first trench I already had enough material moved for the assessment but this I planned on getting as deep as possible and I would sluice it all. At 4½ feet depth I was encountering more of these purple colored rocks that did not have sharp edges and indicated they had travelled some distance. As in the shaft I had dug just below them was 1-1½ feet of red gravel and below that the same greyish white sand. By six pm I had the entire 70 feet down to 5-5½ feet and had widened it to 4 feet. I found no frost anywhere. I dug until 9:00 pm pulling or rolling out a dozen big rocks and then cleaned the mats and panned the concentrate. Of all I had put

through I found only six fine colors. I had a trench 75 feet long 4 feet wide and $5\frac{1}{2}$ - 6 feet deep. I also had a shaft at the end of it that was $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide and 12 feet deep. Tomorrow I will head to Whitehorse to record it, spend a day at home and stock up on supplies.

June 12/89

Well I was up early this morning and on my way down to Gord Sagers camp to burn breakfast or at least coffee before heading to Whitehorse. We talked about the materials I had been digging in, what colours I had found and where and Gord agreed to let me pan the edge of their cuts while I made a list of things I could also pick up for them. I panned probably 40-50 pans in a distance of about a claim (500 feet) in material they had been extracting good gold in and found 2 fine colours in the total amount. Just proved that digging by hand does not prove any potential because of the amount you're able to move. I had found colours seven coarse gold. It was 1 PM by the time I got out of their camp and

I stopped at Carnacks Hotel for lunch. I ran into a couple of other miners from that crew and we gabbed about what else. Already many of them were having short water problems. Arrived in Whitehouse to miss the mining recorder so went straight home.

WHITEHORSE

MINING

DISTRICT

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MOHAWK GAS

~~SUPER A FOODS~~
(PORTER CREEK) LTD.

1406 CENTENNIAL ST., WHITEHORSE, YUKON Y1A 3Z3
PHONE 633-2265

8987

DATE June 13 19 89

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Murphy one

\$ 91.99

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FOR _____

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THIS PAYMENT		
BALANCE DUE		

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M.O.

BY _____

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Thank You

June 13/89

Lois and I went for breakfast out this morning, celebrating me being home for a day. I did the running around for D & H placers first, then down to Foodfair for their order and mine, phoned Finning for parts I had to pick up for them to discover they wouldn't be ready till tomorrow and by the time I got to the mining recorders office it was 1:30 PM. I recorded the assessment work on claim D27516, enough for 2 years and decided that since I had to wait till tomorrow I'd just kick around I was informed how much work I would need on Lease 8043 how to break it into claims and when it had to be done by. I did gas up for tomorrows trip and checked out my truck.

June 14/89

I phoned Finning early to find they would not have the order ready till late afternoon so decided on another day home. It was 4:30 PM by the time I got the parts so I would leave tomorrow morning.

June 15/89

I was out of town by 8:30 AM and in Carnacks for breakfast at 10:15 AM. It was 12:30 PM when I arrived of Jean Hagens to here about the grizzly they had in camp yesterday and she informed me it headed up creek towards my way. I packed what I could carry and headed out arriving at camp no. 1. to find everything completely destroyed. I had gotten in to what food I had left, torn my tent to shreds and smashed everything in site. It was really my fault for leaving food around so I picked up my pack and headed to campsite no 2. A mile up the valley and I discovered a repetition of what happened at camp 1. Even the sluice run had been smashed. No tent, no sluice I headed back to D & H placer camp to spend the night and

Build a new sluce box. I made arrangements with Gord & Jean to use an old spare trailer they had in camp for a base so I wouldn't have to head right back to Whitehorse and then after supper drove up to the old apt & passed scrapyard to look for 2x4's or anything I might use for a sluce. I also bought another Gold King (portable) of them that they weren't using.

June 16/89

By 10:00 AM I had everything holed together and was dragging it up to Camp no. 1. I left the wood sluice there and headed up to lease 8043 where I spent the afternoon cleaning out the drain and sluicing it. For the next while I would be walking up and back the 3 miles every day and after eating supper I brought, I walked up to what would be claim six eventually to dig more of the trench I had previously started. I also dragged with me 3 more 4x4s (stakes) which would later be used to stake this lease. By 9:30 PM I had dug out the entire length (70 feet) to a depth of 2 1/2 feet. I had sluiced none deciding to just shovel the top 4 feet over the edge of the trench. I returned back that night to be informed

By Jean that I needed twice
as many stakes as I thought to
break the lease into claims. 2 to
end and begin each claim. I
would pack up 3 everyday so
not to wear myself out just
walking up that 3 miles. It was
good to spend half an hour at
night coffeeing with Jean & Gord
before bedding down. I had not
spent ^{any} much time talking to others
in the last month.

June 17/89

This I could handle for a while. Getting up at 7.00 and going next door to have breakfast with Jan & Gord made by someone else, every morning. Lunch & supper I would have up the mountains but it was nice eliminating making that one meal and there had been many mornings that I just had coffee & cigarettes for breakfast for that reason. Well by 8.30 I was packed and heading up the valley. The 3 stakes I was carrying would be the first ones for 8, 9, 10 claims. I already had three others laying at the point where claim seven would be so after measuring out the last 3 claims and marking them with 4x4's on the ground I decided to walk it over again with those 3 extra stakes. That way I had stakes placed at the furthest.

laid when it came time to
set them in the ground. Cutting
stakes would be so easy but
this is way above any tree line.
After lunch I spent digging out
the trench but because of all the
rocks I encountered I only gained
6-8 inches. I spent some time
today enjoying watching the eagles
and wondering about venturing
over the mountain to where I had
been digging on the mid fork Victoria.
It would keep until after I
had packed up all the 4x4's
and gotten this drain down to
where I could sluice. I was back
at base by eight o'clock and it
felt good to sit, relax, and visit.

June 18/89

With 3 more stakes staked on I was on my way early and stopped at original camp no. 1 to rest and check my staff. To surprise all the water in it had disappeared. With a shovel that had been left and not smashed I dug only to find another 6 inches down other big rock about 4 feet in diameter. I would not be able to lift it up to the trench level and I wanted to get up and continue digger on trench no. 2 on the case but I did get what I took out. It showed 2 colors in all but they were coarser than previous finds, the same as what I found before the water came in. I was up at trench 2 on the case by 11:00 having dropped stakes at 5, 6, 7, prospective claim sites. All day I encountered more big rocks, nothing

I couldn't lift or roll out but the digging is not as easy as the first 1 1/2 feet. I did pan about 30 samples from different lengths of the trench 3 1/2 feet deep but found no colours at all. There was still a good deal of water flowing in the trench, seeming to come from a spring, but maybe an underground flow of the creek. Before heading back tonight I did out of curiosity take a few samples from under the bank of the creek and pan them still no colors. Like last night I was back at D+H base by 8:30 and it felt good easing up a little. Felt good on the back too.

June 19/89

Today was a repeat of the previous 2 days, 3 more stakes (2,3,4) only 2 more would be needed. I stopped only to rest today, 2 smoke breaks and I was up at the trench before 10:00 AM. I worked till 1:00 PM when I had the entire trench 4 feet deep and decided from here on to sluice all materials. I walked down to prospective claim 1 and by the time I had packed & dragged the sluice up here & set it was 2:30. I dammed an area in the creek to let the water flow through and started, washing every rock well that was small enough to fit. Even the big ones I used a bucket pouring water over them well before rolling them out the trench. Because I was now packing buckets of material.

to the sluice I wasn't moving
as much but in a couple of
areas of the trench I did get
to a depth of 5 feet. I had
talked to one fellow who had found
course gold at 3½ feet down and
I thought of that but by six
when I started cleaning the mats
I found not a single color. I
headed down the trail before 700
and about 5 claims south of my
lease ran right into a silver tip
grizzly right on the path. At
100 feet away I injected a shell
into the 308 I always packed with
me. I was upwind from him
but the noise made him stop & look.
I was just going to fire a shot to
scare him when he decided to get
off the path himself. I had been
closer to a grizzly but I still thought
about it that night.

June 20/89

The last 2 stakes were strapped on and I was out of base camp by 9.00. I walked a different route today wanting to look at some ground that had exposed claims. It had been washed out quite deep because of previous flow of water and showed a 4-5 feet deep cut. Very little water now and I had no shovel but I did pan half a dozen samples finding no colors. No surprise. I dropped one stake at the bottom of lease, dropped my pack at 7 claims up at the trench 2 and carried the other stake up to the top of the lease. It was such a clear day and you could see so far. I watched 7 cariboo on a trail $\frac{1}{2}$ mile above me that I had walked before. When you're working you miss a lot of what goes on right around you. It was noon when I got back to the trench

and feeling lazy I made lunch first, sandwiches and juice. Two hours into digging I hit another one of these purple colored rocks I had found all over this area. Ray Desgagne had told me they found this rock wherever they found gold pay. I just kept sluicing and got one area of the trench down over 6 feet, found a couple more of these colored rocks and more red gravel I would have expected to hit some sign of bedrock shallow this far up but the valley is quite wide here 100 feet across. I put through probably 30 buckets, panned of the sluice clean up and found three fine colors. By 6:30 I was on my way back to camp where I had late supper with Gord & Jean

June 21/89

Today I would go back to the unstaked property I had been working on near Victoria a couple weeks ago. I took another route walking down D & H's claims and up Uluk's claims which were just below the area I was prospecting. I started digging on the lower trench #2 which I had only stopped early. The lay of the ground is steep here and digging at a 30% grade so you get deep fast. There is a lot of big slide rock in this area but it is not too hard to roll them out and down hill. I only had the Gold King. I packed for sluicing and a pan. The material I got into today is impressive although the glaciers could have slid any gold right through because of the slope. I had found colours in the trench farther up though. By 4:00pm I had put

about 20 buckets through, I had to walk up to get the bucket from the higher trench. I sat for a while watching a grizzly down the valley, the same animal that destroyed my camp, he belonged on this side of the mountain. I encountered no frozen ground and by 6:30 P.M. I had dug six feet in and over 3½ feet deep. I cleaned the mat panned the concentrate and found not a single colour but plenty of black sand. I was back at base camp by 8:30 and scrounged at late leftover supplies from Jean. Tomorrow I would take the same route and dig the same trench for a couple of days.

June 22/89

It was one of those mornings when you just feel like hanging around camp, raining like hell, windy and it didn't look like it was going to clear. It was all fogged in up the mountain so was hard to tell. It had been raining all night and the ground was mud. It was a dozen coffees and after 10:00 am when I finally got on my way. The creek was up and the road up to Ulrichs was muddy and hard walking. The spring feeding the trench was running pretty good, the flow of water helped monitor out the big rocks. Even at over 5 feet deep the rocks were still quite jagged indicating it was probably recent slide or had not travelled far. I did spend a lot of time removing big rocks but by suppertime was able to put

through 20 buckets of material and was in the bank to a depth of six feet. I packed the concentrate down to base camp to have Gord Hagen look at it. We had it panned by 830 and he showed me 2 fine colors. He felt I was not deep enough, that by the material it had been a slide area at one time and I would probably. We walked down to their cut showing me where they had moved their plant that day and some of the muck they were digging in, How they seemed to be losing the pay channel coming over a shallow bedrock.

June 23/89

Well this morning was no better than yesterday but my mood was. A lot of the miners up here needed this rain because of low water problems. I was finished breakfast by 8:00 AM and walking down the creekbed with Gord to where they were mining. I picked up another shovel off him and headed up the valley. About 11 claims up near Victoria I spotted the grizzly again. This is the side of the mountain he belonged on, where I had nothing he could destroy. I first cleared all the tailings out of the creekbed, then reset it the gold king. By four o'clock I was at 8 feet deep, maybe 16 feet in the bank. At this point I was washing every rock well, the hope that maybe something coarse might be stuck to it. I spent about an hour.

stripping of another 20 feet of nose. I was digging at a 45° angle from the creel bed and was at a point now against a 10 ft high bench. I took it 4 feet wide and then spent till 8:30 tunnelling in the trench putting all I could through the slice. From all I put in all day, maybe sixty or more buckets I came up with six fine colors. It was eleven when I got back to base and I went right bed.

June 24/89

At least the rain had ended last night and it did smell so fresh this morning. I was forgetting breakfast or coffee this morning and dragging a couple of 2x4x8's a sheet of plywood, some expanded metal and some mats up the valley early. I had thought that maybe, because the sluice I had was only 3 1/2 feet long and the heavy flow of the water, I might have colors that were going out the end. An 8 ft extension with coarser matting & heavier riffles might tell. At 10 feet deep in the afternoon, I was still rolling out big rocks that were quite jagged indicating it could still be quite a distance to bedrock. I was also still in this gravel besides the rocks it had not changed from a depth of 4 feet. Because I was up here early I was able to put

60-70 buckets of material through
the sluice. I was 12 feet deep and
over 20 feet in from the creek.
By 700 I had cleaned the mats
and panned only 4 colors out
of what the ~~two~~ 2 runs held. Was
I losing anything panning. I had
learned a lot about it this summer
and was extra careful so I doubt
it. I explained to Ray & Gord that
I had put through twice as much
material and found half the colors
as yesterday. They suggest coming
back the trench 5 or six feet and
digging at a 45° from there parallel
to the creek and pan some
samples.

June 25/89

I decided this morning that I would spend today on the same trench and if I couldn't find more colors I would leave it. I sat having coffee with Jean after breakfast and she explained how everyone they talked in this area said how sporadic the ground around here was. Even them, they were putting 300 yards a day through and finding on an ounce to an ounce + half what 3 weeks ago they were getting 8-9 ounces a day on less yardage. First thing I did was dig into the bottom of the trench where God had suggested and panned maybe a dozen samples finding nothing. I started digging further up the trench and was only a little over a foot in when I ran through the gravel and into reddish sand four 4-5 inches then a grey sand. I dug straight down

but ~~could~~ only get 1 1/2 because the water was washing the sand away. I kept digging level and inward and by five I came across the biggest rock yet. I quit for a while for supper and an hour later was back at it, digging above it, widening the hole (punch) and digging around it. By eight I had it clear but could not move it, I had sluiced probably 50-60 buckets and was eager to see the results. 24 colors all fine but this was encouraging. I would spend one more day, I was excited about seeing what was under and beyond the rock. That night I borrowed a big 8 foot bar of gold and he advised once I moved it, pour lots of water over and wash it well. It may have trapped gold.

June 26/89

A fifty pound bar does not seem heavy, but after you've walked a quarter mile it feels like 2 hundred pounds. With all the rest steps it was after ten by the time I arrived at trench # 2. I could not get the rock moved more than one roll so decided to dig some of the bank away on each side of it to let the water flow and to give me room to carry buckets by it to the sluice. For the first 2 feet I could only tunnel the bottom of the trench with a short shovel. Because the depth of the trench was now about 3 feet and I was afraid of undermining I started shoveling down from the top. To bring it parallel with the tunneling I had filled the trench with over 2 yards of fill. I decided that after supper I would put it all through the sluice box. By ten I had 60

buckets hauled and I was just
to tired to cleanup. I was even
to tired to walk back to base
so I spent the night at Illick's
camp.

June 27/89

It was 9:00 AM before I got up. Not having any light in the cabin made me feel like just sleeping in late. I had no food for breakfast but there was coffee in the cabin and since there was no wood for a fire up creek I made coffee before I left. I sat outside watching a black and silver fox. I didn't know they came in such colors. By 10:30 I was back digging and after panning yesterday's concentrate I found 8 fine colors, a couple of pieces of coarser gold. I would spend the rest of the week on trench #1 above me but since this is Tuesday I would finish of today here giving me 3-4 days above. It was a lot easier hauling material today. I had room to work around the big rock in the trench and room to shovel. The water flowing through

was also moving material and I figured leaving this trench for a while the water might do a lot of the work. By 6 o'clock I managed to put about 35 buckets through and after a cleanup found 16 fine colors and more coarse pieces. I was starving and wanted to eat and still had 4 miles to walk. I knew Jean would be worried about me not showing up last night but I had previously explained the cabin and mentioned I might spend a couple of nights.

June 28/89

When I left today I took enough grub for a couple more days planning on eliminating the walk every day so I could have more time digging. On the way up to trench #1 I measured out how many claims it would be from Ulrick's last claim (P27160) and found there to be only 4 to where I was digging. It looks like more on the map. Also walking the creek I found that 2 claims below where I'm digging the water runs under ground for about 700-800 feet. You can hear it below but there is no surface flow. I also stopped to watch a group of caribos coming down the valley (the young are getting quite big) so it was almost noon by the time I arrived trench #7. I had to drag the sluice, shovel and buckets up from trench #2 and by that time took 1/2 hour for lunch and rest. The water

Had washed the trench out about another 10 feet longer, probably 2 feet deep and left the heavy matter in the lower part I had dug out. I got about 10 buckets of material just scraping the bottom of the drain level. Putting in the whole afternoon digging upward on a 45° from the creekbed I was able to haul another 50 buckets of material and dig in 7 feet. For all that I found only a couple small colors but realized I was far from being as deep as trench #2. I walked down to Ulrich's camp for supper and had a couple of hours panning the bank of the creek down there before bedding down.

June 29/89

I was up early today 6:00 a.m. and it was nice sitting outside having breakfast, listening to the terrigan cackling. I was up at the trench by 8:30 and found the water flow overnight had washed down a couple more buckets into the drain. Digging inward I am hitting a lot of big rocks but the water flow around them sure helps separating and removing them. None too big to roll out. Still no signs of bedrock. After lunch I spent 2 hours digging down the extended part of the trench I had cleared the mess of a couple weeks ago and just shovelled it to the sides. I got another 3 feet deep this way and it would eliminate that from washing into the drain. By six o'clock I was 6 feet farther in the drain and digging parallel to the creek. I was also 12 feet deep and

thought at this height and this angle I would hit bedrock. I was able to put through about 70 buckets and after a cleanup found more than 20 colors. I would spend one more night at Ulrick's and tomorrow would be my last day in this valley for a while. I had more assessment to do in order to break the lease into claims on the left fork Victoria. I was back in Ulrick's camp by seven and spent the rest of the evening relaxing.

June 30/89

This was to be my last day here for a while and I could tell by my ambition. I had spent most of 2 months digging in these or other mountains and knew I needed a rest from it. The 4th of July was Lois' birthday and I would take a few days at home maybe a week. I was up at the trench by 9:00 AM and started digging inward forgetting the drain. By noon I had put 30 buckets of material through the sluice and having lunch I decided that I would drag all this stuff overtop to the base on the way down to D & A's camp. I was back digging by 1:00 PM, having the bar was sure a help at removing big rocks but I thought a wheel barrow would be nice as well. By 5:00 I had put another 30 buckets through and decided that was it. I spent 1/2 hour trying everything in

to the larger sledge box and made
a rope handle to drag it all. I
panned the concentrate from the
bucket and found over 40 colours,
some coarse. I had found the
most of any day. The walk up the
rest of the mountain was no easy
chore. It took till 8:30 just to get
to the top and 11:30 before I was
back at base camp. I had a quick
supper and bedded down.

July 1/89

I was ~~awake~~ up at 7:30 this morning having breakfast with Gord. At nine before leaving camp I phoned Lois to let her know I'd be home Monday night or Tuesday morning. I walked up to trench #2 on the lease and started sluicing what had built up in the drain. There was a good flow of water through it and I scraped 8 buckets full of sand & material. Some of the sides had washed out and caved in making the trench wider. This trench was only six feet at the deepest area and I decided to spend the next two days digging here, I could at least record it as assessment. The ground is also not too steep and at noon I measured the grade and how far I would have to dig to get 10 feet deep. It worked out to 120 feet. I already had ninety feet stripped so I took a

a couple hours to strip the rest. Back on the trench I encountered a lot of big rock (slide rock) but found none I couldn't roll out the drain. I was sluicing 25 feet away from where I was digging and managed to put through about 30 buckets altogether. I had advanced about 4 feet in and six feet down. I had also dug out the extension and at cleanup time found 7 fine colors. I was back at De H.'s camp by 6:30 for supper and spent the night relaxing and talking with them.

July 2/89

I was out of camp by 8:00 this morning, stopping at chain P27516 to check the shaft. It still had a foot of water so I headed up to trench #2 of the lease. Whatever digging would count for assessment and was hoping to hit bedrock shallow this far up the valley. By noon I had put 12 buckets through the sluice and one of the rocks I had to roll out had that purplish colour I had seen so often. In this area I would hit the reddish gravel but when I panned a couple samples found nothing but black sand. During lunch I watched the eagles chasing ternigan. From then till 6:00 I put through another 40 buckets. The digging is not bad but I'm encountering lots of rock, good thing I have a bar to remove them. I made over 5 feet in today and measured 7 feet in depth. What

looked like bedrock further up.
the creek turned out to be only
big slide rock. When I did the
cleanup I found only 9 fine
shors. One cannot shaft here
because of the ground water coming
in so the only way is to trench
from a drain. I was back a
camp by nine and spent 2 hrs.
helping Ray & Gord change tracks
on the 931 cat.

July 3/89.

Well I was going to head home tonight but I'd get as far as I could in the trench today. I was up the valley by 9:00 and first scrapped the drain putting 4 buckets of material, washed down, into the sluice. I decided to work right through without lunch and by 4:30 had dug in 5 feet more put 70 buckets into the sluice and hit what could be bedrock. I was at a depth of 7½ feet and wanting to finish a cleanup and get on my way I decided to check it better when I got back. I panned out of the concentrate 19 fine colors, was down at base camp by 6:30 and grabbed a couple of sandwiches and a couple of pepsi. I would like to be home by 11:00.

July 10

Well after a week off I was on the road by 7:00 AM. I had picked up a new tent, 3 weeks grub and all the things Gord Hagen had asked for, and was having breakfast in Curmaske by 8:30. I ran into Frank Cochran who was working Buck creek and he was telling me about their low water problems and how they could only sluice 1 hour a day. My problems were just the opposite, I couldn't shaft because of ground water coming in. I was at Dr. H's camp by 11:00 and heading up the valley with my first load. I set up camp this time at trench #2 and by 2:00 had the tent up and was heading back for another load. By 5:00 I decided to have supper, do a little digging and head down tomorrow for the rest. At 8:00 I walked up the creek with a shovel

to where claim 8+9 would be
and did some panning where a
small pup comes in. I checked
a dozen samples finding no colour
and headed back to camp. —

July 11/89

I was on my way down to D.H.'s camp by 7:00 AM to pick up the rest of my goods arriving in time to have breakfast with Jan. By 11:00 AM I was back at the new campsite and after putting everything away decided to spend the afternoon digging where I was yesterday. I packed the Gold King & shovel & rifle. It was a steep area where a small pup was feeding into the creek. The water flow had kept the moss from growing over and because of the grade it was easy to roll out any rocks. I was able to get a trench started 4 feet in and about 4 feet deep. I didn't keep track of the amount I sluiced, I was just shovelling into the sluice, but by 5:00 PM when I cleaned out the run I panned out 16 colors of gold dust.

I would come back to this spot
when I finished the length of
trench #2.

July 12/89

I sat around late this morning drinking coffee and watching the eagles. At 9:00 AM I was down in the trench eager to see if it was bedrock I had hit before leaving. At 9:30 I had cleaned it off to find a rock about 6 feet in length and wider than my trench. I had tunneled in 5 feet to find the edge of it and decided to leave it and knock down all the dirt above it. By noon I had the trench full over the rock and decided after lunch to just pack it all out and put it through the sluice. I hauled 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ buckets of material by supper and decided since I had no more walking at night that I'd put in 3 or 4 more hours. By ten I had packed and 35-40 buckets and gotten 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet further in the trench. At a depth of over 8 feet I still had

not hit bedrock. After during a
cleanup I found 56 colours, the
best yet but the most dirt moved
so far as well. It made a nice
little amount and as I sat
around the camp I wondered if
I had finally struggled on something.

July 13/89

Because I have eliminated the morning and evening walks I had time to sit around drinking coffee and relaxing in the morning. I felt good because the walk every morning played me out before ever starting digging. I figured 4 more days would get the trench cleared out and give me plenty of assessment work to record. I spent till noon rebuilding my dam and dropped in a 4 inch pipe. I had dragged up to regulate the water flow into the sluice. I worked a lot better than the creek flow and I wondered if maybe the heavy flow I had been using wasn't washing a lot of colors right through. After lunch I started hauling to see how it would work. One thing I found was I had to pick out rocks that before were being washed

right through. By seven I had
only holed 36 buckets and moved
3 feet into the trench. I did hit
a bunch of big rocks together that
I figured had been part of a
slide from the side bank. Finding
small pockets of nothing but air
between them assured me of this
and the fact that it had been
recent. At days end the cleanup
produced 36 colors, 1 per bucket.
This eliminated a theory Gold
had that maybe the gold had
slid through this area.

July 14/89

I woke up with a lot of emotion this morning. I was finally finding encouraging signs. It felt good to start digging fresh as well, not having a 3 mile work first every morning. I wonder if the pipe was working better or if I might have found some side channel. The rocks were still there down to the 6 feet even lower level but the gravel below was easy digging. It's also easier digging upward than it is downward and the flow of ground water helps wash around the rocks. Before removing the big ones I wash them well pouring buckets of water over them. I spent about 2 hours removing the build up of tailings in the creek. A small loader would sure be good here. At 4:00 pm I started hitting a reddish shale and I

kept some separate to take down
to Gord. for an opinion. I measured
the depth, just under 9 feet. I
tried digging downward but found
the water building up so decided
it would be easier staying level
and digging inward more. After
supper I spent 3 hours just
digging downward for about 4 feet
and shovelling it into the drain.
First thing tomorrow I would haul
all this. Today's cleanup produced
another good amount of colors and
because of excitement I put them in
the jar with rest and never did
count the find.

July 15/89

No breakfast this morning, just coffee. I was enthusiastic above removing last night's digging and seeing what it produced. By noon I had pretty well cleaned the trench out and before lunch did a separate cleanup to see what was in what I had removed. I showed only a few fine colors but it was the upper material and I wasn't disappointed. After lunch I started removing the rest and within an hour I was again into this red shale. Clearing out the drain I found I could go no deeper in any direction and the material being sluiced produced a rusty colored water. After supper I spent 3 more hours digging inward moved another 2 1/2 feet of length in the trench and still could not dig deeper. I hit about 3-4 inches

of this shale, then solid rock. I think I had finally hit what I had been looking for all summer. The cleanup that night produced of 60 colors, some as coarse as a pinhead. Tomorrow I would just shovel out the top seven or eight feet.

July 16/89

I left camp early this morning wanting to catch Gold before work and maybe scrounge a free breakfast. I was in their camp by 7:30 showing him the red shail samples and he verified it to be decomposed bedrock. After breakfast and before heading back up Ray took me down in their cut to show me samples of the same thing they had hit at a depth of 18 feet. I was back digging by 11:00 AM and I felt the feeling of the lure of gold. Even just a small sign makes you want to dig another shovelful. You also think of how much more you could move with equipment and see how by just your own thinking things can get out of hand. I spent the entire day and a couple of hours of supper just digging the rest of the length of the trench downward

and shovelling it over the side. By
quitting time I had a length of 30
feet, a width of 4 feet and I was
already 5 feet deep. Because it was
already down a couple of feet and
because I wasn't hauling to the
sluice I was able to move a lot more
dirt. I had no cleanup tonight but
did pan a couple of samples checking
no colors. I sat drinking coffee
thinking if I might get the rest
of the season in without that bear
smashing my camp.

July 17/89

Today was pretty much a repeat of yesterday and I was able to get the rest of the trench dug out to a depth of over 7 feet. I did no slicing but tomorrow from here down, I would haul the rest.

July 18/89

Right after breakfast I spent an hour setting up a small ramp out of the trench just parallel to the dune. I would save me 50 feet walk out the end of the drain and I was going to try to get the entire 30 feet left cleaned down. By lunch time I had only gotten 3 feet in. I had a couple big rocks to move but I was trying to keep as close and clean to the bottom as possible checking the cracks and crevices. Before starting back digging I cleaned as much of the tailings away from the run as I could. By the time I was finished the trench I would need a loader to move the build up. At supper time I was still only another four feet and I had already put through 46 buckets. I was washing each rock carefully though and making sure all sand was

separating from them. After
supper I managed to get another
3 feet inward and the count
now was over 70 buckets. The
cleanup that resulted showed a
good deal of coarse gold and I
thought in the morning I'll take
it down to Jean to have it
weighed, and maybe another
free breakfast.

July 19/89

I was down in time to eat and coffee with Gord for awhile. I don't think they mind my scrounging I think Jean worries when she doesn't see me for a few days. Anyway yesterdays find weighed just around a gram, I thought more but Gord did suggest walking up after work to inspect what I was doing. I was back in time to put in 2 hrs hauling before lunch and make another 3 feet in the trench. What I thought I'd clean out yesterday was producing a lot of material. The afternoon got me 7 more feet and I thought at supper time that actually was pretty good. I could remember shafting and only getting 2 or 3 feet all day but downward is harder than inward. After supper I did 3 more feet and being tired decided to

leave the cleanup till tomorrow morning. At 9:00 pm Gord arrived and was amazed at how much dirt I had moved and how I had moved such huge rocks. We did pan a couple samples of the bottom of the trench and he suggested I should maybe try digging at a 90° towards the mountain bank and a 90° towards the creekbed to see if I wasn't on side channel. We had a coffee together and at 10:30 he headed back down.

July 20/89

Well yesterday's digging produced 92 colours of gold, about $\frac{1}{4}$ coarse but nothing you could call a nugget. I took an hour to make bacon & eggs and look at the summer's find. I realized that this wasn't mining but exploration but in my mind I did expect to do better. If I had worked this hard at any job I would have made a nice paycheck by now. I had the last 7 or 8 feet cleaned out by 3:00 PM and did not even count the colours in the cleanup but it was slowing about the same as what slowed since hitting the bedrock. I decided to take Gordo's advice and from where I hit bedrock or even 10 feet up from there I would start a cross trench, but not tomorrow. I wanted to spend tomorrow relaxing and maybe walk over to the Plaza.

July 21/89

I was packing before breakfast strapping on a couple of shovels, the gold King a pan and enough grub for 4 meals, a sleeping bag in case, it was a $3\frac{1}{2}$ mile walk just to the top of the Klaga, straight up over the summit + straight down as I didn't know how long I'd be gone. I had a good breakfast and after strapping on the coffee pot was out of camp by 8:30. By the time I reached the top the pack was pretty heavy and I sat looking out over the territory. You would think you could see all the Yukon from here and looking down on the Klaga from the far side it seemed like just a wendy ribbon. It was 1:00pm by the time I got down, just to find a dry river bed. In fact for over a mile there was not a trickle of water. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles down

I found enough to dam an area so I could pan some samples.

The creekbed was full of enormous rocks and I thought it would take some equipment to mine this area.

I was able to remove some from the banks and shovel out gravel to pan but found no colors and after having supper walked further down stream. About 5 miles down

I came to a Ted Tullis's camp and spent some time gabbing before heading back up. I would spend the night over here and head back tomorrow. Thank god I brought a sleeping bag and the moss was like a thick carpet.

July 22/89

Well by good luck it didn't rain last night but when I got up it was a little fogged in. By the time I finished breakfast the sun was burning off the fog and I could see this was just as beautiful a valley as where I had the lease. I took my time walking up to the top of the river bed panning probably 30-40 samples on the way, checking for signs of bedrock showing, maybe this far up. Actually it was after 4:00 PM when I decided to head back overtop. I did spend over an hour on the top examining rocks and panning in the pools that accumulate up there. By 8:30 I was back in camp and spent the rest of the night eating and relaxing.

July 23/89

After breakfast I started a cross trench toward the mountain bank I could only strip off a length of 15 feet and I was right against the bank. I spent the entire day just digging out and shovelling it over the sides of the trench, rolling out the big rocks and by days end 9.00 at night I was over 5 feet deep. My back felt like I could not straighten up. Tomorrow I could start from the main trench digging in.

July 24/89

No breakfast, just coffee & cigarettes. I spent the whole morning digging the trench out more. Since I had hit no colors or hardly any till the 8 feet depth I thought why waste time hauling & sluicing it. After lunch I started digging on from the main trench and found the closer in I got the more big rocks I come across but but supper I had put about 40 buckets of material through. I cleared out the mats and did a cleanup to see if this portion would produce a heavier pay. I did get 30 colors, some coarse no nuggets for digging maybe ten feet. After supper I dug the rest out and cleaned the bedrock good and put through probably another 30 buckets by 10:00 P.M. producing over 50 colors, some coarse no nuggets. Did this mean it was closer to the bank or closer to the

bedrock. I should have cleaned
the bedrock letter before the
afternoon cleanup. Tomorrow I
would try the other direction.

July 25/89

Well today was a repeat of Sunday and I stripped of about the same length in the opposite direction. By suppertime I was 6 feet deep and decided to spend the rest of the night going down another 2 feet. It did appear that the rocks more towards the creekbed were smaller and easier to move. By 9:30 I had it down another two feet with ground water from the creekbed flowing through.

July 26/89

I started hauling before breakfast deciding that every 2 feet I would do a cleanup to check the change in area and after hauling about 10 buckets and finding only 8 colors (less than in the other direction) I had breakfast. At 9:30 I was back at it and after 2 more cleanups and scraping the bottom of the trench well I found 11 colors between both cleanups. After lunch I decided to do a 4 foot length and by 4:30 did a cleanup that produced 12 colors, 2 that might be called coarse, and less percentage. I had a couple of sandwiches and put the last 5 feet through and by 8:30 had done a cleanup the produced only 4 fine colors. I looked at the mountains towards the end of the cross trench noticing more lost rock on them than on the mountains.

on the other side of the creek and believed that at one time the valley floor and probably the creek had been moved away from the ones I had been trenching toward. The channel could possibly be farther in the mountain bank but it would take equipment to move that amount. For now I was finished and I had staking to do.

July 27/89

I was down a Post in 1 after breakfast with just a shovel, rifle & wire and a tape to remeasure the claims. By noon I had only done 2, 3, 4 and walked up for lunch. After lunch I measured & placed 5, 6, 7 putting me back at camp where I took a hour having a pop & relaxing. I had the rest in and finished by 7:00 and when I was walking back I spent some time checking a short trench I started a week ago at claim 9. I didn't have a pan but decided I spend one more day digging there before heading to a telephone

July 28/89

After coffee & cig's I packed a pan some lunch and the gold ring up the three claims to the trench I had started. I should be heading to Whitehorse but carelessness and the fact that the ground was steep here made me want one more day digging and I still had till Aug 7 to record the assessment. It was quite easy digging here, the ground was falling in towards me and any rocks I had to remove only had to be rolled 6 feet and it was slightly downward making them easy to roll. In the afternoon's digging I found 19 colors, all fine but as I sat relaxing and looking at the claim post I had put in I realized I had not numbered them and I didn't feel like doing it now. I headed down to

camp remembered to put the
marker in my pocket and decided
to get up at six and work the
lease again numbering the claims
While I was thinking about it I
figured I should also change the
date since the 29th would be
the actual day they would be
staked and a 7 could be a 9.

July 29/89

Well it took me 1½ hrs to walk the mile and straighten it out and I headed right down to Dr H's camp. Maybe I could have a coffee with Jean and see what they might need before heading to town. When I got there Jean pointed out it was Saturday and the mining recorder's office was closed and talked me into waiting for lunch to see what Gord might need picked up. When Gord did show up he explained the rough past weeks they had been having, losing the pay channel, the boggy clay ground they were in and how if they didn't start finding something this might be their last year here. He told me how others had pulled out because of such sporadic ground. I was packed and out of camp by 2:30 and drove

right through being home at 6:00 P.M.
I would have a couple of days
anyway.

July 31/89

Was in to record assessment work on lease and have it turned into claims. The girl advised that I had not put the measurements of how many feet the 11th claim posts were apart on post #1 & 2 and I would have to drive back up and do it.

Aug 1/89

Left Whitehorse in the morning and drove through to D & H place camp for lunch. I was up and had the 220" marks on both posts by 3:00 PM. Loaded up all I could carry and headed back down to Goods camp. I figured I could haul the rest in one more trip and store what I didn't up there. The tent I folded and piled under the big sluice and what lumber I had up there. I was back at D & H's camp by eight and decided to stay over and head back tomorrow.

Aug 2/89

Left after breakfast and was home by 100PM. Drove out to Frank Lacasse on Carcross where I would be string my stuff till I headed back up to Victoria Creek and was back home by 500PM

WHITEHORSE

MINING

DISTRICT

RECEIVED

09-08-89 09:10

11 3 10.00

AGRYANT 110.00

NET 110.00

TTL 110.00

CASH 110.00

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Aug 9/89

Got up and went down to record
claims and the measurements on
Post #1 + 2 for claim 11.

16⁹ 2 cords -

AK - N/A

Jane McIntyre
Noon hour

14 - 19

648 8722

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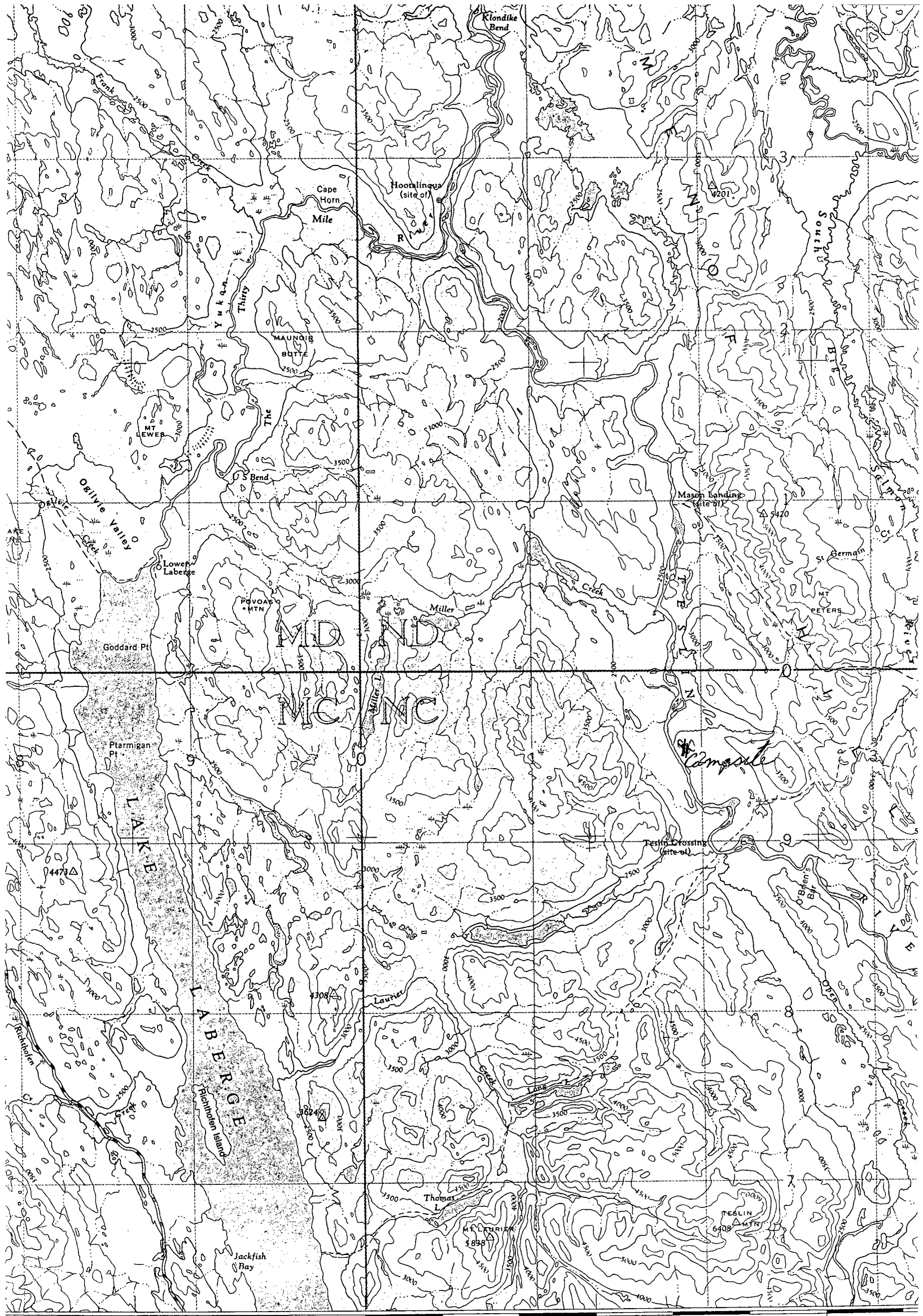
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Universal Transverse Mercator Projection

Contour interval 500 Feet
 Elevations in Feet above Mean Sea Level
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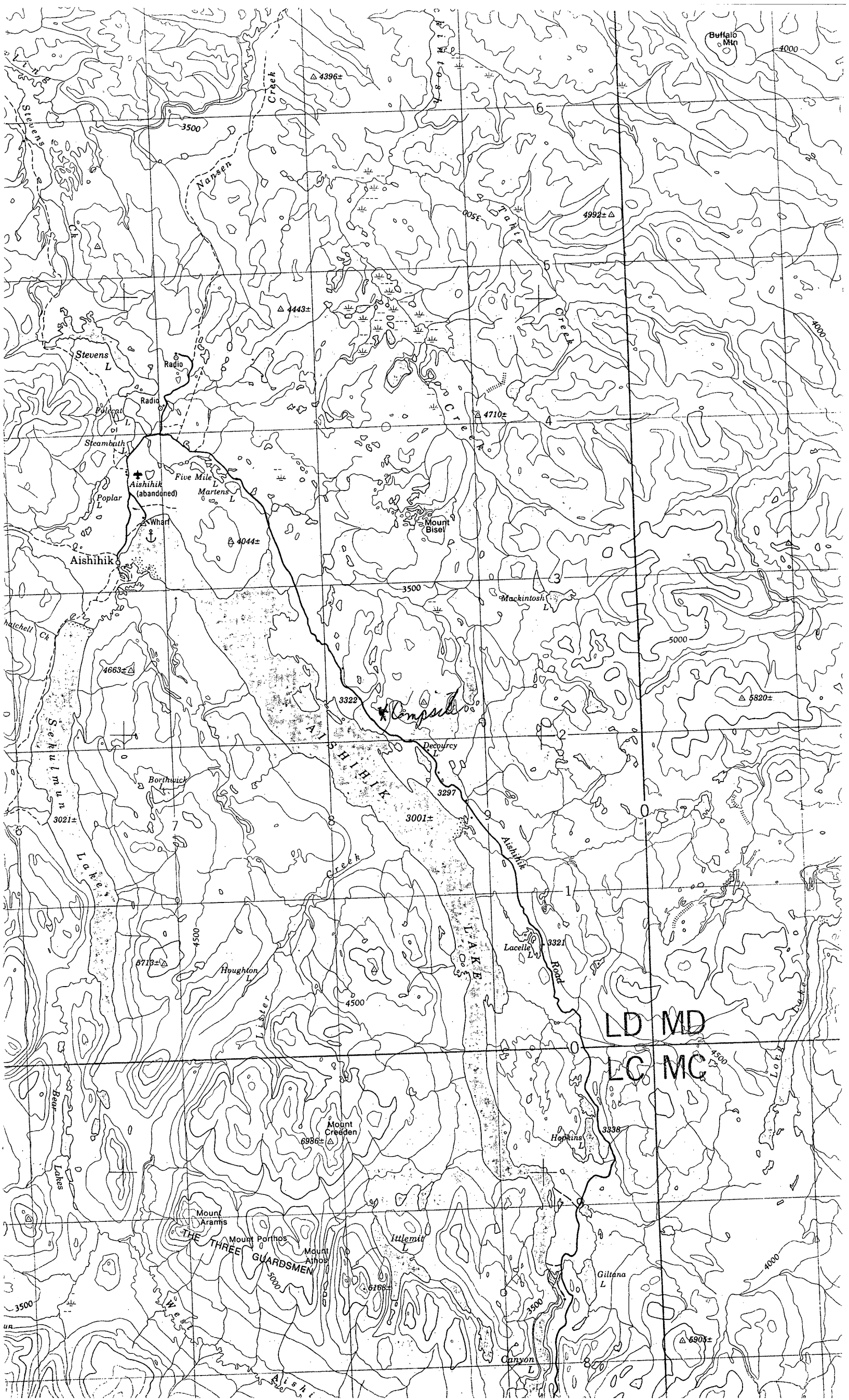
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Scale 1:250,000

- RE
- Streams:
 - intermittent or dry.....
 - indefinite.....
 - Marsh or swamp.....
 - Sand, gravel or mud.....
 - Contours:
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LD MD
LG MG

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