



Front Cover:

Entrance to one of the existing cabins at Camp Wellington July 2008.

The B.C. Prospector Magazine accepts and appreciates independent articles and stories on a wide variety of topics for publication. Submissions can be made via email to bcprospector.ca or in writing to B.C. Prospector, P.O. Box 317, Enderby, B.C., V0E 1V0.

All submissions must include the writers name, email and overland mailing address.

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Established in 2009



B.C. Prospector Magazine ~ Online Edition ~



No.2

Second Edition

November 2009

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B.C Prospector Magazine
~ Online Edition ~

Established 2009

ISBN 978-0-557-15342-8

Published Monthly by the Prospectors at BCProspector.ca – Mailing address P.O. Box 317, Enderby, B.C., V0E 1V0
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Lest We Forget

The poem, *In Flanders Fields*, symbolizes all of the sacrifices made by those who fought during The First World War and remains a sombre reminder to all sacrifices made by Canadians in all conflicts.

In Flanders Fields

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw the sunset glow
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

"John McCrea – Lieutenant Colonel – Canadian Artillery – World War One"



John McCrea: 1872 - 1918

John McCrea was born in Guelph Ontario. He was the grandson of Scottish immigrants.

From 1892 to 1893 he studied at the University of Toronto while also serving as a member of the Toronto militia, The Queens Own Rifles of Canada. Within a short period of time with the Queens Own Rifles of Canada, he was promoted to commander of the company.

He trained as an artilleryman at the Royal Military College of Canada in Kingston Ontario and served with the artillery during the South African – Second Boer War.

Following his studies and completion of his residency he opened a private practice as a physician.

During the First World War, McCrea served in the Canadian artillery as a field surgeon and was in charge of the field hospital during the Second Battle of Ypres in 1915.

On June 1, 1915 he was ordered to set up No.3 Canadian General Hospital at Dannes-Carniers, in northern France. John McCrea died of pneumonia on January 28th, 1918, while still in command of the No.3 Canadian General Hospital. His famous poem, *Flanders Fields*, was first published in 1915.

Greenwood Purchases Machine Guns for Troops on the Western Front



Greenwood: Main Street/Highway 3

R.W. Nicholson - 2008

Greenwood, B.C., is located on Highway No.3, west of Grand Forks, in the Boundary region of southern British Columbia. Incorporated in 1897, Greenwood has the distinction of being the smallest city in Canada.



Greenwood Post Office — R.W. Nicholson - 2008

Prior to the fall of copper prices in 1918, Greenwood was a bustling metropolis of mining activity. This smallest city in Canada even boasted its own smelter. Many of the original buildings remain as reminders of Greenwood's rich and colorful history with the most prominent landmark in the area being the chimney of this long vanished smelter. This most very impressive guardian of times-past, stands 31m [121 feet] tall, and is easily seen from the highway on the eastern end of this most memorable town.

Greenwood not only has the distinction of being the smallest city in Canada, it also has the most honorable distinction of being the first town in the Dominion to purchase machine guns for Canadian Battalions fighting in the trenches of the Western Front during the First World War.



*Greenwood Smelter Chimney
Photo: City of Greenwood Website*

THE DAILY PROVINCE – VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1918

Greenwood Held As Example In True Spirit Of Patriotism
- Was First to Purchase Machine Guns for Canadian Battalions -
- People Recognize Debt to Veterans – Raise Fund and Present Gold Watches to Their Returned Men -

Greenwood, Nov, 18 – Sir Herbert Ames, secretary of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, in a speech in New York, singled out Greenwood and one or two other towns in British Columbia and gave a statement of their contributions as examples of what can be done in the way of giving when people are animated by a true spirit of patriotism. When one learns that the entire population of this place, men, women, and children, does not exceed 850, and then sees the figures that represent their contributions since the beginning of the war, one is not surprised that Greenwood is being held up as an example to large cities so far away.

In the patriotic work of the town co-operation has been given by the employees of the Canada Copper Smelter and some of the adjacent districts such as the Motherlode Mine, and mines of the Canada Copper Company.

In October, 1914, a campaign instituted by the mayor, Mr. J.L. McBaine, Hon. J.D. McLean and Mr. J.L. White resulted in the organization of a branch of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, in which they had the assistance of an energetic committee whose enthusiasm met with a warm response on the part of the people. The office of honorary secretary-treasurer of this fund has since been held for periods of varying length by Mr. C.B. Winter, Mr. A.H. Manson, Mr. E.E.L. Dewdney, and Mr. P.H. McCurron, who now holds the office. Since the organization of the fund until the first of last August nearly \$31,000 has been forwarded from the branch to the provincial headquarters of the fund in Victoria. Of this about \$3500 has returned to the town to be distributed among the dependents of Greenwood soldiers.

Unique Distinction



First World War - Vickers Machine Gun National Archives

Greenwood has the distinction of being the first town to organize a fund for the purchase machine guns for Canadian battalions. This movement was launched in August, 1915, and the sum of \$1850 was quickly raised by public subscription. Two machine guns were purchased which have been in use at the front, but as no more guns of that description were required at that time the balance of the money was turned over to the local branch of the Returned Soldiers' Fund. Those who interested themselves in the movement and took charge of the collections included Mr. E.J. Coles, Mrs. J. Simpson, Mr. H. McCatcheon and Mr. E.E.L. Dewdney, and it was largely due to their efforts that the campaign was so successful.

Realizing that something ought to be done to give some recognition to the debt owed to the returned soldier, a committee was formed by the people of the town, whose duty it was to raise a fund for the purpose of giving assistance that might be required by any of the Greenwood men returning from the front. Mr. G.H. Taylor, city clerk, is the corresponding secretary and treasurer. A number of soldiers have been presented on their return with gold watches, by the committee, among the recipients of these gifts being Pte. Clifford Schenek, Pte. George Marfo, Pte. Jack White, Lieut. O.R. Matthews, M.C., and Pte. F.R. Nicholson.

The work of the Red Cross Society has been looked after by the women of the town who through their untiring efforts have been able not only to send generous contributions of money to the headquarters, but have made and shipped large quantities of hospital supplies. Donations totaled \$874, and there were shipped 170 garments and five bales of old linen. During that period Mrs. J.D. McLean acted as secretary-treasurer. In 1916 Mrs. Rendell continued as president and the vice-president was Mrs. W.B. Fleming and the secretary-treasurer Mrs. E. Potts. In that year the money contributions amounted to \$376, and the articles of hospital supplies forwarded numbered 595. There were also made at Christmas thirty-five comfort bags, which were filled with many useful articles for soldiers in hospitals.

Last year Mrs. Fleming assumed the office of president; Mrs. Malcolm that of vice-president and Mrs. Potts continued as secretary-treasurer. The donations of money again, went up \$814, while the output of work was also increased, the society having to its credit 826 garments, while fifty well-filled Christmas boxes were sent to men from town serving over-seas, and 125 jars of jam and pickles dispatched to the sanitarium at Balfour. Up until the first of August this year's donations had amounted to \$281, and 449 garments had been made. The president of the society now is Mrs. W.H. Wood; the vice-president, Mrs. Ashby; the secretary, Mrs. J. Jory, and the treasurer, Mrs. Wilson.

At the beginning of this year Greenwood people decided that in order to avoid overlapping, and to prevent the possibility of one fund gaining an undue share of support, perhaps to the detriment of another, that the best plan would be to organize a central fund with a committee to take charge of all money subscribed for war purposes, such as the Patriotic Fund, Y.M.C.A., and Red Cross. This was accordingly done, and without including sums paid in for the Patriotic Fund, there has been collected through it more than \$1339 since the beginning of the year. The committee is in charge of the central war fund, as it is being called.



One of the original heritage buildings in Greenwood, B.C.

R.W. Nicholson - 2008

The smallest city in Canada not only has a rich and colorful mining history, it has contributed significantly to the development of British Columbia and Canada as a nation.

Coal Mine to Combat

Cpl. Robert Hunter Thomson – Second World War

Robert Hunter Thomson was born in Glencraig, Fifeshire, Scotland on March 9th, 1919. He was the third eldest of 5 boys in the Thomson family. John and Alex were his older brothers and Angus and Charles his two younger siblings. The Thomson family immigrated to Canada, settling in Edmonton, Alberta, when Robert was still in his formative pre-school years.

Robert attended the Bennett school in Edmonton from 1926 to 1934. Following completion of Grade 8, which was the standard education for the time period, he found employment with the Mareus Coal Company of Edmonton.

At the tender age of 15, Robert Thomson started working at one of the most dangerous job in mining, underground coal miner. Within a short period of time he had advanced himself with the coal company, first by becoming an electricians assistant, followed by a First Aid Certification.

Robert Thomson, like so many other brave young men and women, answered Canada's call to arms at the outbreak of the Second World War, enlisting in the Canadian Army at Drumheller, Alberta on September 11th, 1939.

Robert Thomson's military service record is slightly more unusual than average. At 5'7" and weighing only 133 lbs at the time of his enlistment, this slightly built man was on the front lines in every theater of operations the Allied Forces were involved in. He spent 60 month overseas serving with the; R.C.A [Royal Canadian Artillery] , R.C.E. [Royal Canadian Engineers], and R.C.C.S. [Royal Canadian Corps of Signals], and amazingly, saw combat in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany with these units.

At the time of his enlistment Robert was assigned to No.8 Field Ambulance, R.C.A.M.C. However, prior to being transferred overseas, he was re-assigned to the R.C.A., as a Gunner and Wireless Operator, achieving the rank of Lance Corporal. Corporal Thomson was also a trained Parachutist and Qualified Pioneer, Group "C".

Cpl. Thomson appears to have frequently parachuted behind enemy lines which would explain his deployment in all theaters of operation. In all probability, he was assigned to co-ordinate artillery and bombing strikes, although military records do not specifically state this assumption. As an example of his extraordinary deployment activities, Cpl. Thomson is listed as being deployed in Italy on February 26th 1945 and then in France on February 28th 1945 moving on to Holland a few days later.

For his service in the Canadian Army, Cpl. Thomson was awarded the; 1939 – 45 Star, War Medal 1939-45, Defence Medal, Canadian Volunteer Service Medal – with Clasp, Italy Star, France & Germany Star, and the North-West Europe Medal.

When he returned to Canada Robert married Madeline Johns. Robert and Madeline had two children, Bonnie and David. After receiving his discharge from the Canadian Army, the Thomson family moved to Westbank, B.C.

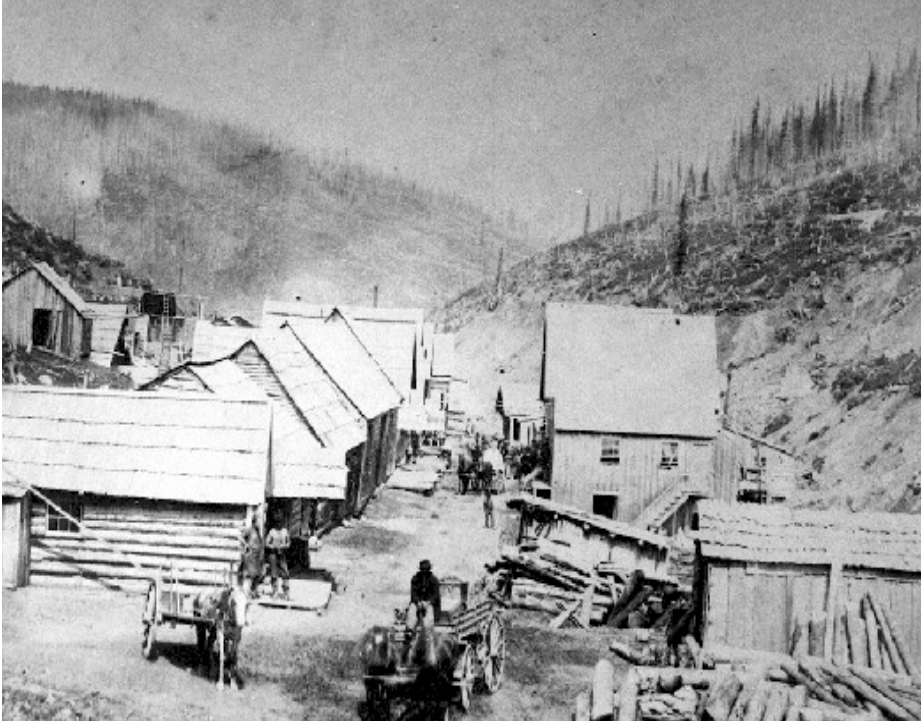
Tragically, Robert Hunter Thomson, was the first fatality on the Okanagan Floating Bridge. In May 1959, the warning signal on the bridge was not working correctly as the span was being opened to allow the passage of a C.P.R. Tugboat. Robert's car plunged off of the opening span into Okanagan Lake. His body was never recovered.

Madeline Thomson passed away several years ago. Bonnie Thomson has long since resided in the lower mainland while David Thomson remained in the Kelowna area.

David Hunter Thomson is a prospecting enthusiast who spends as much free time as possible exploring the creeks in the Okanagan and Boundary areas. In addition to being an avid prospector, David is also a staunch and unwavering advocate for human rights and social justice for all Canadians. He is widely known for his honest, courageous, and often tenacious stance regarding all forms of injustice.

The Price of Things – Barkerville 1884

Barkerville was the hub of the Caribou gold Rush and is arguably the most renowned townsite in British Columbia's mining history. Like all mining camps and towns of the time period there was little that could not be purchased if one was able and willing to pay the price. Inflated prices for services and commodities was common place. These grossly inflated prices in the Barkerville area is very evident in Gold Commissioner, John



Richfield, B.C. - 1866

B.C. Provincial Archives

Bowron's report to the B.C. Minister of Mines, dated November 25th 1884. From Richfield, B.C., Mr. Bowron wrote the following:

"In view of the early completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, many old Caribooites continue to leave the district, with the object of making themselves homes somewhere along the line of railway, while but few newcomers appear to take their place in the mines. This state of affairs may be expected to continue until the completion of the railroad, when a reaction will probably take place. So far, the construction and maintenance of the railroad been most injurious to the interests of this district, as, while the works of construction have attracted away a large number of our most

enterprising miners and prospectors, the maintenance of that portion of the line over which the cars now run has actually, owing to the exorbitant tariff, increased the prices of all kinds of supplies in the Caribou. This fact will be better understood when it is known that before any railroad works were commenced a sufficient number of ox-teams and pack-trains were employed on the road between Yale and Caribou to meet all requirements But, anticipating a fall in the rates for freight, many of the carriers disposed of their stock till, at the present time, the carrying trade is in the hands of a few, who naturally make all they can out of the situation; while merchants, anticipating a fall in the freight rates on completion of the railroad to Spence's Bridge, withheld their orders till late. Even with the scarcity of teams on the Caribou road. I am informed that some of those actually go to Yale for their loads, traveling from Spence's Bridge to Yale and back, a distance of 160 miles, loaded one way only, and are able successfully to compete with the railway company's charges.

I have ventured to say this much to show that if the district appears to be on the decline, there are other than local causes affecting its prosperity, as, to my knowledge, quite a number of persons are leaving the district owing to the unusually high prices of provisions. I am informed by merchants here that the lowest freight rate from Victoria to Barkerville



Mr. and Mrs. John Bowron
B.C. Provincial Archives

this fall has been 12½ cents per pound. It may, therefore, be inferred with what anxiety Caribou looks forward to the early completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway; a consummation which, it is hoped, will bring about a different state of affairs.

Crops with the farmers in the lower part of the district have been exceedingly good. The wheat crop especially exceeds in quantity the production of any former year; notwithstanding which flour, at the present Time, is selling in Soda Creek for 6½ cents a pound, and at Barkerville for 12 cents. The mildness of the climate thus far this fall is unprecedented. There is not sufficient snow at Barkerville at the present writing to make good sleighing, and below Stanley waggoning is still good.

The following is the retail price, in Barkerville, of some of the principal articles of consumption: Flour, 12c. per lb; Butter, 62½; Beef, 10c. to 15c.; Mutton, 18c.; Hams and Bacon, none in market; Dried Apples, 40c.; Peaches, 50c.; Rice, 20c.; Potatoes, Turnips, Beets, Cabbage, and Carrots, 4 to 5c.; Onions, 18 to 25c.; Tea, \$1 to \$1.25; Coffee, ground, 75c., green, 55c; Raisins, 40c.; Coal Oil, \$19 per case; Candles, 40c. By the box; Eggs, \$1.25 per doz.; Gum Boots, \$10 per pair; Giant Powder, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per lb; Wheat, 8c.; Oats, 6c.; Timothy Hay, 3c.; Wild Hay, 2c. per lb.

It is profoundly hoped that these figures will be materially reduced upon the advent of good sleighing.”



Cataline's Pack Train Leaving Main Street in Barkerville - 1868

B.C. Provincial Archives

One can only speculate on what John Bowron was thinking when he wrote his report but it is more than obvious he was not happy with the price of things in Barkerville in 1884.

In 1884, gold was \$18.94 an ounce. At the end of October 2009, gold was trading at \$1132.98 an ounce, Canadian.

Comparing gold prices, the price of eggs at \$1.25 per doz. and Gum Boots at \$10 per pair in Barkerville would be equivalent to paying \$74.78 for eggs and \$598.21 today.

Pioneer prospectors endured many hardships as they headed out into the uncharted wilderness and by the sounds of it, skimpy meals and wet feet was more common than not.

Ghosts & Gold Series

The Lost Gold of Pitt Lake: Selected Chapters reformatted from: LOST CREEK MINE – Historical Analysis of the Legendary Gold Deposit of Pitt Lake: R.W. Nicholson – 2002:

Continued from October Edition: Part 2: Jackson & Shotwell/Harrington

Jackson (Unknown - Circa 1906): An individual most commonly known by only the last name of Jackson is the undisputed successor in the saga of the Pitt Lake Legend. Following in Slumach's footsteps, Jackson has undeniably gained legendary status that equals, if not exceeds that of his native predecessor.

Although there are a variety of entertaining accounts describing how Jackson initially became involved in the legend and located his elusive creek laden with millions of dollars worth of gold there is, not surprisingly, very little that has or can actually be confirmed about him. Some believe that his last name was not Jackson but rather Hill or Hall. Most agree that his first name was either John or William. Regardless of the cycle of debate, I will continue with tradition and refer to the mysterious prospector as Jackson.

Did Jackson find a hidden creek full of gold on his own accord. or did he kill his native guide and bury him at the foot of a tent shaped rock after being shown the location?

The most recognized basic recital is that Jackson located a creek laden with gold nuggets somewhere in the mountains beyond the head of Pitt Lake. Loading up with as much gold as he could carry from the creek, he started back towards civilization. Unable to continue with his full load, he buried a substantial quantity under a tent shaped rock, somewhere between the source and the head of Pitt Lake. Jackson returned to San Francisco where he died before he could return to the site.

Prior to his death, he wrote a letter to an unknown friend giving directions to the location of both the tent shaped rock and the gold laden creek. This letter is commonly referred to as the 'Jackson Letter'. Some written accounts strongly suggest that a crude map accompanied his letter.

According to all accounts, Jackson died in San Francisco sometime around the turn of the century. In an attempt to determine the date and under what circumstances he died I contacted the Department of Public Health Bureau of Records in San Francisco and requested a search for the death certificate of one John or William Jackson. The years searched were from 1891 to 1916.

The bureau responded to my request by stating that all local records prior to April 18, 1906 were destroyed in the great San Francisco fire of that year. They further informed me that they were unable to locate any record of any John or William Jackson for the years 1906 to 1916.

Again, that ever frustrating shadow that obscures the facts remained, except in this particular case it produced an unexpected dilemma. Because there are no records of either a John or a William Jackson in the City or County of San Francisco, one can neither prove nor disprove the existence of Jackson let alone accurately research the accounts written about him. Given these findings, one can only assume that Jackson died in San Francisco sometime prior to April 18, 1906.

It is interesting to note two curiosities found in the B.C. Provincial Archives during the course of my research which may be of interest to anyone interested in conducting further research into Jackson. First, a 50 year old man identified only as Jackson, his first name is listed as unknown, died in New Westminster on August 21, 1902. Second, in the collection of Attorney Generals Correspondence 1872 - 1937, there is a reference to a 1905 murder of an individual named Jackson.

Regardless of the varied accounts describing Jackson's activities and the lack of any specific dates, Jackson's undisputed claim to fame is definitely based almost entirely on the infamous letter he wrote prior to his death.

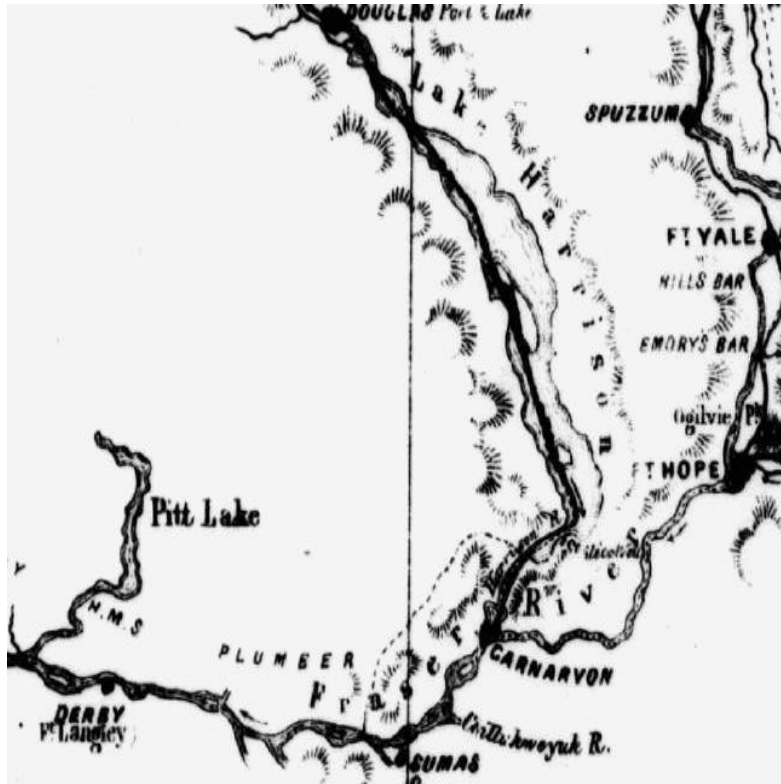
The following is a copy of Jackson's letter, courtesy of well known and respected historian and author, Mr. Bill Barlee. This copy was date stamped May 28, 1924 by the Gold Commissioners office in Grand Forks, B.C. The 1924 letter is a type written copy of Jackson's original letter and includes all errors in grammar and spelling found in the original letter. The missing word is smudged and illegible on the original letter so I have

The Jackson Letter

"I had been out over two months and found myself running short of grub. I lived mostly on fresh meat for one cant carry much of a pack in those hills. I found a few very promising ledges and colours in the little creeks but nothing I cared to stay with. I had almost made up my mind to light out the next day. I climbed to the top of a sharp ridge and looked down into a valley or canyon about one mile and a half long, and what struck me as singular, it appeared to have no outlet for the little creek that flowed at the bottom. Afterwards I found that the creek entered (unknown) and was lost. After some difficulty I found my way down to the creek. The water was almost white, the formation for the most part had been slate and granite, but there I found a kind of schist slate formation. Now comes the interesting part. I had only a small prospecting pan but I found colours at once right on the surface, and such colors they were. I knew then that I had struck it right at last. In going upstream I came to a place where the bedrock was bare, and there, you could hardly believe me the bedrock was yellow with gold. Some of the nuggets was as big as walnuts and there were many chunks carrying quartz. After sizing it up, I saw there was millions stowed around in the little cracks. On account of the weight, I buried part of the gold at the foot of a large tent shaped rock facing the creek. You cant miss it. There is a mark cut out in it. Taking with me what I supposed to be ten thousand dollars but afterwards it proved to be a little over eight thousand. After three days hard travelling, it would not have been two days good going, but the way was rough and I was not feeling well, I arrived at the lake and while resting there was taken sick and have never since been able to return, and now I fear I never shall. I am alone in the world, no relatives, no one to look after me for anything. Of course I have never spoken of this find during all this time for fear of it being discovered. It has caused me many anxious hours, but the place is so well guarded by surrounding ridges and mountains that it should not be found for many years, unless someone knew of it being there. O, how I wish I could go with you to show you this wonderful place, for I cannot give you any exact directions, and it may take a year or more to find. Dont give up but keep at it and you will be repaid beyond your wildest dreams. I believe any further directions would only tend to confuse it, so I will only suggest further that you go alone or at least take only one or two trusty Indians to pack food and no one need know but you are going on a hunting trip until you find the place and get everything for yourself. When you find it and I am sure you will, should you care to see me, advertise in the Frisco Examur, and if I am living I will either come to see you or let you know where to find me, but once more I say to you, dont fail to look this great property up and dont give up until you find it".

Some believe that the 'Jackson Letter' is legitimate while others believe that it was a hoax perpetrated by the early media in an attempt to increase newspaper sales by adding to the rumors surrounding Slumach. Skeptics that disagree with the authenticity of Jackson's letter argue the point that if there is a canyon one and one half miles in length containing a creek full of gold, why has it not been found by one of the suspected tens of thousands who have searched for it for the better part of a century?

One must take into consideration that the letter was written from memory by a dying man, without the assistance of any topographical maps. A letter written under these conditions is not very likely to be anywhere



Section of one of the earliest maps of B.C. Produced by the British Royal Navy and British Royal Engineers on November 24, 1859. Jackson would not have had access to any maps with noticeably more detail.

B.C. Archives: CM_A1832

down very steep inclines producing white water. His description is very specific and was intended to identify the specific location of the creek.

Secondly, Jackson writes that the location is a two or three day hike from the lake and it may take a year or more to find. In addition to giving the approximate distance from the lake, which does put the location somewhere in the Stave Glacier region, he is likely trying to say that the location is under a blanket of snow and ice that does not necessarily melt sufficiently each and every year to expose the creek.

Thirdly, Jackson unmistakably places an extremely high value on a tent shaped rock, not only because he buried part of his gold there but also because it is a significant directional indicator to the location of the gold bearing creek itself.

I have seen a dozen or so tent shaped rocks within the general search area. Some of these tent shaped rocks are as large as modern houses. The only location that I am aware of in the entire search area that contains any rock that is suitable enough to fit Jackson's description is indeed very distinct.

The location of what I refer to as the 'Jackson Rock' is of interest to at least three independent search parties that I am aware of. The location was initially provided to me by two prospectors who had searched the surrounding area several times throughout the years. They claim to have located the 'Jackson Rock' by following the directions given on what they identified as a very old crude map drawn on a deer hide. The two

near as accurate as most who try and follow the directions outlined in it would hope it to be.

Jackson died during a time period when an influenza epidemic was taking more lives than all other illnesses combined. It is most probable that he was suffering from influenza when he wrote his letter. It is not uncommon for a person with any type of terminal illness to also deteriorate mentally. Fevers are characteristic of virtually all illnesses which, when left unchecked or are untreatable, ultimately cause hallucinations of varying degrees of intensity. Jackson's deteriorating health undoubtedly affected his memory which would account for the elusive and somewhat distorted directions given in his letter.

With fading memory Jackson provided what he believed to be sufficient information and directions for the recipient of his letter to follow and find the location of his rich placer discovery. I am confident that the interpretation of the following points alone will offer consideration of the accuracy of the directions given in the letter under the suspected circumstances.

Jackson specifically stated that the water in the creek was almost white. He would not have used this term lightly as a general reference. Almost every creek in the search region flows



Aerial photograph showing a small creek disappearing and then reappearing several hundred feet downstream. Numerous creeks in the search area flow intermittently through subterranean channels. Some of the smaller creeks simply disappear underground.

R.W. Nicholson -1989

It has a slight overhang or lean in a southerly direction. On the ground a few feet out from the base but still just under the peak of the overhang are several very old fire pits spaced out to form the shape of a semi-circle or arch.

At the base, on one side of the 'Jackson Rock' is an obviously old depression measuring approximately 4 feet by 3 feet by 1 foot in depth. The depression is not a natural occurrence. The ground cover that has reestablished itself over the depression suggests that the hole had been dug many decades earlier.

About 30 feet to one side of the 'Jackson Rock' are two slabs of rock leaning together that definitely give the appearance of a pup-tent. These slabs measure approximately 8 feet by 8 feet in length by 5 feet in height. One can actually crawl inside this natural rock structure. This itself is undeniably a tent shaped rock without comparison.

I am fairly confident that this rock formation is the tent shaped rock that Jackson was referring to simply because, of the hundreds of tent shaped rocks in the search area, this is the only one that is definitely unique, cannot be missed, and is within the travel distance identified in his letter. And, these are the only two rocks on the entire bench.

No marks have been located or identified on either the 'Jackson Rock' or the tent shaped slabs. However, the inside of the slabs unfortunately were not examined. Jackson literally wrote that there was a mark cut out 'in' the rock not 'on' the rock. It has been suggested that the mark may actually be on the inside of the slabs. Only a re-examination of the site can determine if Jackson literally meant 'in' or 'on' the rock.

I have been independently advised that the ashes from the fire pits were carbon dated a few years ago. The carbon dating results identified the ashes as being circa very early 1800's.

The location of this site, combined with the carbon dating results and Duff's documentation, discussed in

prospectors were convinced that the deer hide map had been drawn by Jackson himself.

Unfortunately the existence of the map could not be confirmed. The one prospector no longer had possession of the hide map. He claimed that it had either been lost or destroyed by his former spouse during a family break-up years prior to our meeting. The prospectors were continuing their search based on memory. This is the only piece of indirect information that suggests, at a circumstantial level, that Jackson may have provided a crude map with his letter.

The particular 'Jackson Rock' to which I refer is in fact huge. It sits alone on a bench not far from Iceworm Creek and definitely seems to be out of place in its surroundings. It is similar in appearance and somewhat larger than the native 'Standing Rock' west of Keremeos, B.C.

The 'Jackson Rock' measures approximately 100 feet by 100 feet at the base by 70 feet in height.



Aerial photograph showing a rock outcropping or small ridge blocking the flow of water from a small creek. There is no water flowing from this source on the downstream side of the ridge

R.W. Nicholson - 1989

the previous chapter, [See October Edition] are strong indicators that this location is not only of interest to the Jackson portion of the Pitt Lake Legend, it may also be of significant historical value related to native culture and history.

The Archeology department at The University of British Columbia was unaware of this site when I contacted them. Subsequent consultation with an independent archaeologist has proven to be most interesting and enlightening.

Without physically examining this site, the archaeological consultant is confident that the location may actually be an undocumented site of an ancient native seasonal hunting camp. This opinion is based on several factors of which two principle ones are notable for the subject of this writing.

Firstly, the semi-circle of old fire pits are strong indicators that the pits were used by native hunting parties for drying meat hung over the boulder. Native hunting parties commonly dried their meat at the site of their seasonal hunting camps because they were able to pack out far greater quantities of dried meat than fresh meat to the main encampment or settlement.

Secondly, the preferred meat of the natives identified as having traditional access to the area was black bear, closely followed by mountain-goat. The location is almost in the center of an area still well known for both species. The location is not far off of the Iceworm Creek trail that leads from Glacier Lake to the Pitt River.

As a general point of interest, the archaeologist has additionally expressed an interest in the possible association of this site to the native tribe identified as the 'Squalls' by Duff in the previous chapter. [See October Edition].

The archeologists professional opinion, even without physical assessment of the sight, does, in itself, offer an interesting correlation to the fact that Slumach met a Port Douglas native hunting party and Jackson tells his friend to take trustworthy natives and only tell people he is going on a hunting trip.

As a final reference to Jackson's letter it is curious to note that he did not identify any lake by name and simply referred to the location of the creek as being two or three days from 'the lake'.

The only reference that I can find that places Jackson at Pitt Lake is found in a story which again features

Slumach's nephew, Peter Pierre. Peter Pierre claimed to have found Jackson on the eastern shore of Pitt Lake, across from Little Goose Island, in 1903. Jackson was physically exhausted and extremely sick. He claimed to have been helped to the lake shore by and old native women. As Pierre paddled the canoe down the lake Jackson told him about dense fogs, impenetrable underbrush, unbelievable 'devils club' and other hardships he had endured.

On the trip down the lake Jackson, also made reference to hot springs. There are two known locations of hot springs in the general search area. One is located on the west side of the upper Pitt River, north of Alvin, a short distance upstream from where the main logging road bridge crosses the river. The second is located at the junction of the North and South Sloquet Creeks. There is also rumored to be a third hot



Photograph taken in a small valley near Stave Glacier. The 'Devils Club' seen here is approximately 10 feet tall and several inches in diameter. It is so large that it dwarfs the two men in the left-center of the picture.

R.W. Nicholson - 1989

spring located somewhere in the Iceworm Creek area. This third hot spring, being located in the same area as what I have referred to as the 'Jackson Rock' does prove uniquely interesting.

During the time period in which Jackson was undoubtedly involved in his adventures there was an extensive prospecting frenzy taking place in the upper Harrison Lake area, specifically in the vicinity of Fire Mountain.



H. Pidgeon, a prospector from Wrangle, Alaska, in a very precarious situation in the Stikine area of B.C. in 1899.

Jackson may very well have taken similar risks descending into his gold laden creek from the sharp ridge above.

B.C. Archives: B-006646

early prospectors constantly took excessive precautions against being followed to their secret locations. Many of them would frequently travel miles and often days out of their way to avoid detection. Given the mother lode that Jackson writes about, it is more than probable that he took all precautions he considered necessary to avoid detection.

In addition to the mineral finds in the Harrison Lake area, Port Douglas at the north end of Harrison Lake had been the prospectors gateway to the northern gold fields. The entire area had been and was once again swarming with prospectors and fortune hunters. Harrison Lake was commonly referred to as 'the lake' simply because everyone knew the location being referred to.

No one really knows anything about Jackson's background. It is definitely not out of the question to suggest that he was one of the countless prospectors combing the area around the upper Harrison Lake area during the 1890's and early 1900's.

Jackson states in his letter he had been prospecting for over two months. It is highly probable that he began prospecting in the Harrison Lake area. Expanding his search area over a two month period, he ultimately made his discovery somewhere between Fire Mountain and the upper Pitt River.

After discovering his bonanza, he made a rational decision to make his way back towards civilization via an alternate and unfamiliar route instead of going back in the direction of Port Douglas and Harrison Lake.

His choice of direction using an alternate route that ultimately ended at Pitt Lake would have been made in order to avoid the hordes of prospectors concentrated in the area between Harrison Lake and the upper Stave River. By avoiding as many of these prospectors as possible Jackson would have significantly reduced his chances of being robbed or otherwise having his discovery prematurely identified.

Many historical accounts describing prospectors activities identify the paranoia aspect of their lives. These

Shotwell & Harrington (November 1911): In November 1911, two worn and sickly looking men walked into the office of E.H. Heaps and Company near Ruskin, B.C. They identified themselves as Shotwell and Harrington.

According to the stories relayed by E.H. Heaps employees who were present at the time, both Shotwell and Harrington were tired, hungry and suffering from severe cases of influenza.

The ailing pair told the employees that they had been prospecting in the Stave area when they ran out of food and the weather turned on them. The mountainous terrain, poor weather condition and lack of food had forced them to follow the Stave River to civilization. Neither of them thought they would make it out alive.

They said that they had no money but offered to pay for their food, lodging and a ticket to Vancouver on the next C.P.R. train with some of the gold they had found. One of the men, it is unclear which one, pulled a large buck skin pouch from his inner jacket pocket. The pouch was almost full of large sized gold nuggets.

In exchange for a handful of nuggets the office manager arranged for food and lodging at the local hotel,



obtained cloths and shoes from the local store and provided Shotwell and Harrington with enough cash to purchase train tickets to Vancouver.

As much as they were quizzed, neither of the men would say any more about their prospecting trip other than they had gone into the Stave area via Pitt Lake and were on their way back to San Francisco via Seattle.

When the pair arrived in Seattle, Shotwell was admitted to the hospital where he died of

Photograph of the C.P.R. Station at Ruskin, B.C. in 1910. This is where Shotwell and Harrington were last seen boarding the west-bound passenger train for Vancouver. B.C. Archives: G-02678

influenza a short time later. What happened to Harrington is unknown. Given that Shotwell died of influenza it is assumed that Harrington may also have met a similar fate. Like so many others passing through the legend, Harrington seems to have simply disappeared into the mist never to be heard of again.

It has been suggested that either Shotwell or Harrington were the initial recipients of Jackson's letter and alleged map. Speculation further concludes that they had found Jackson's cache of gold at the base of the tent shaped rock but failed in their attempt to locate the actual source.

The very old depression at the base of what I referred to as the 'Jackson Rock' in the last chapter was obviously dug by someone a very long time ago. It is definitely not out of the question to suggest that this may have been where Shotwell and Harrington obtained their gold. However, the identification of a single pouch of gold does not necessarily confirm a direct link to Jackson.

Jackson stated he buried part of the gold because of the weight. This indicates that he buried a substantial quantity of his load. Theoretically, by comparing the gold value of the time period with the monetary value of what Jackson did pack out would put one-half of his initial pack weight at close to 50lbs. It would have taken several pouches the size of the one described in this story to move the quantity of gold believed to have been buried by Jackson.

Next Issue: Part Three – R.A. “Doc” - “Volcanic” Brown

Reflections - The Legendary Spanish Mine of Harrison Lake

With over 14 years of climbing trips, mountaineering expeditions, and caving adventures, the memories have accumulated into a vast array of random named file folders consisting of pictures, trip reports and maps that now fill a 500 gig portable hard drive. With the adding of scanned images that were originally film, and the adding of Google earth screen shots with way-points marked and highlighted to the digital photography of a happy trigger finger, I have virtually created a detailed journal of personal explorations throughout British Columbia along with the odd trip to Brazil, Hawaii, or the deserts of the United States. Yes, sometimes a trip to a dry warmer climate is in order when you come home after spending 5 nights in clouds and rain, trapped in a tent reading the nutritional content on a wrapper of a Powerbar, while you try to wait out a storm in South Western BC. Nonetheless, when it comes time to reflect upon and re-live those trips through digital memories, I find myself clicking on the files that open pictures of expeditions that involved a little more research, and a little more planning and equipment that remind me of a past generation, one long before my time.

Reading stories of lost treasure, lost gold mines, and ancient legends as a kid, now has turned into the motivation behind planning trips into areas where a lot of the legends were born, and where a lot of the stories originated from. Just the history alone, such as the Gold Rush in 1850s or the explorations through out early British Columbia is fascinating, but I find my senses and adrenaline elevated when I find myself actually standing in one of those first mine shafts, or standing in the middle of a deteriorated cabin which once housed

those early explorers. And when there is no evidence, or the land just has seemed to reclaim itself and envelop any remains of the past, the mountains still stand high and beckon to be climbed.

With climbing and exploring the legends of British Columbia combined, I find myself attracted to the alpine peaks overlooking Harrison Lake. It is an area where there are enough mountains to spend a lifetime climbing alpine routes and exploring the ridges which can be day trips or multi day mountaineering trips consisting of glacier crossings and climbing up slabs of granite.



Alpine climbing at Fire Lake above Harrison Lake: Adam Palmer 2009

Researching the area, which can range from reading about logging camps, tourism, historical farming records, native legends, and mineral exploration through out the area, it fascinates me to read about those certain legends that seem to wild to be true, or just not enough confirmation or evidence to make it into a historical record, but seems to be published over and over again in small books or novels that usually start with ‘Mysterious’, or ‘Unexplained’ in the title.

In Particular, a legend that seems to always take over my thoughts as I slog through the bush or scramble up a peak above



Harrison, is the legend of the *Overlooking the Harrison Lake area:*

Adam Palmer 2009

Spanish Mine. Working in the Agassiz-Harrison area, I don’t think a day goes by where I don’t look up at the hillsides and mountain tops wondering if maybe the legend could be confirmed one day. There are several accounts of people finding Spanish swords and even a canon from a Spanish ship, but frustratingly enough, not even these accounts can be confirmed, rather there is just the retold reports of older retold reports! As frustrating



Alpine Lake near Terrarose Glacier:

Adam Palmer 2009

as it is to find any information on people finding evidence, or finding research which may lead closer to confirming or ruling out this legend, it really only makes it more exciting when I decide to do a trip into the area, whether its gold panning, hiking, or climbing up in the mountains.

I first learned about this legend when I was doing some research about the first nations of the area, in which they describe a ‘big white winged ship’ coming up the lake,

long before contact with white people in the area. This seems to be a reoccurring theme in the area, in which I also have read several other books on native history in which many other tribes describe a people different than them living in valleys or regions close to them, long before contact with white people. Seabird Island, and Spuzzum, which is close to Harrison Lake, both have legends which describe a mysterious people living close to them in a valley, or by the riverside. Many people have come up with conclusions that are fascinating in itself, such as Vikings, Aliens, or Spanish Explorers looking for Gold. The latter seems to be more evidential!



Ancient Pictograph at Doctors Point on Harrison Lake: Adam Palmer 2009

Lost Spanish Gold Mine of Harrison, please feel free to contact me: Adam Palmer; apalmer@shawlink.ca

I have been on several trips through out the years exploring the alpine to shoreline of Harrison, and not one trip was ever disappointing. Not finding the elusive Lost Spanish Mine of Harrison never outweighs the pure enjoyment of a trip in the area, something interesting always finds its way into my backpack each trip. Finding old mining relics of our own gold rush is enough to be fulfilled and call a trip successful even when the conversation with your partner the whole day was centered on finding evidence of a Lost Spanish gold mine.

If anyone has any information, or would like to share experiences or stories regarding the legend of the



Note: Watch upcoming issues for Adams exciting stories as he describes his adventures into remote areas in search of legends and historical sites.



Camping & Outdoor Survival

Edible Plants

You don't have to be lost or in survival mode to take advantage of the abundant food sources available in British Columbia's great outdoors. The health benefits of eating natural plants is well known and survival foods are worthy of trying for yourself in the convenience of your own home.



Yellow Water Lily: The Yellow Pond Lily is found in most lakes, ponds and wetlands though out the province.

The lily is easy to identify with its heart shaped leaves and single yellow flower. All parts of the lily are edible. The large center flower contains seeds that can be roasted and eaten or ground into a flour like paste which can be added to any meal such as a stew or soup. If you put the seeds in a frying pan they will swell up and open like popcorn and are actually a very tasty snack.

The roots are high in starch content. The roots can be eaten raw but they are quite bitter when consumed this way. Boiling or roasting the roots will remove most of the bitterness. You can eat the boiled or roasted root as you would a potatoe or you can add it to soups or stews.



Pineapple Weed: This little plant grows everywhere. You have probably even seen it growing in the cracks of your driveway or simply pulled it out of your garden with the rest of the weeds.

The plant is easy to identify by the distinctive flower head and shape of its leaves. It also have a fairly distinctive pineapple scent.

The entire plant is edible. It is a very nice compliment to any fresh salad or can be eaten as a tasty nutritious snack while you are hiking or camping.

Forget your insect repellent? Relax, it was probably full of toxic chemicals anyway. Just crush the entire Pineapple Weed up and apply it to exposed skin. You will have a very effective and natural insect repellent which also helps reduce and eliminate itching.

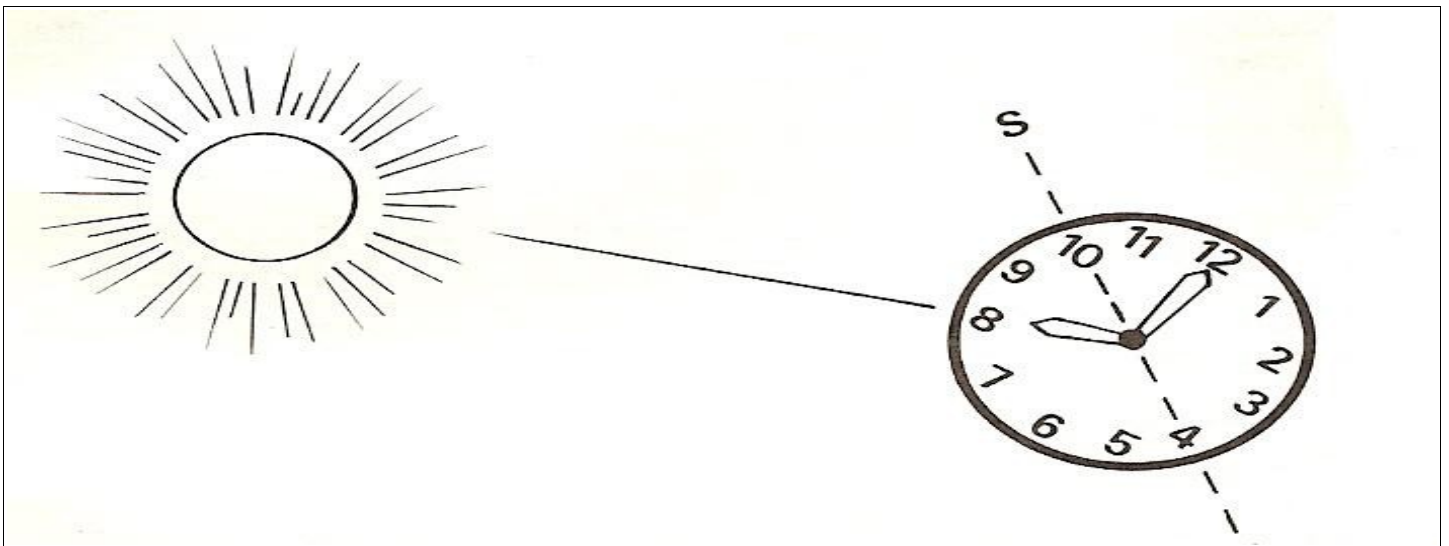
Eat it or wear it, keep this this handy little plant in mind.

Survival Orientation

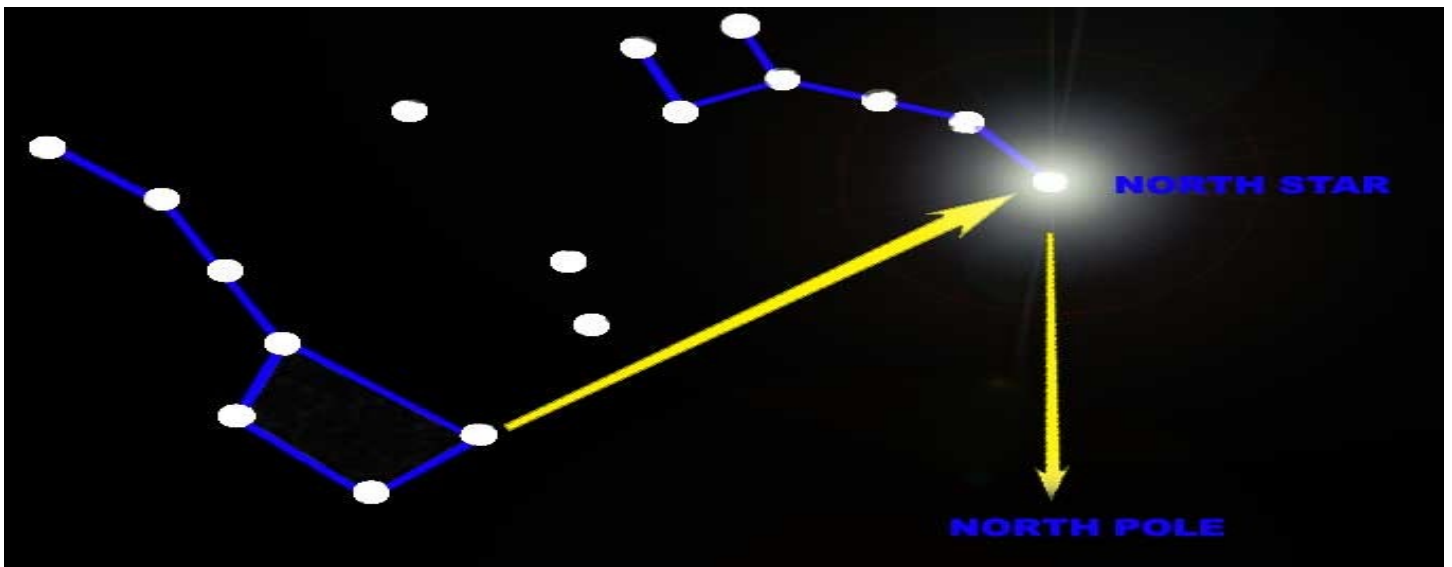
Most people use GSP to navigate and one must admit the GSP is a great little piece of modern technology. It will guide you to your location through a congested city and show you your return route in the great outdoors. But what happens if you can't get the proper satellite signal or you *forgot* to recharge the batteries of your GPS?

If you have a non-digital watch you will always know your directions. Using the watch-sun method you first orient your watch by pointing the hour hand directly at the sun. Next you bisect the angle between the hour hand and twelve o'clock. The imaginary line running between your hour hand and twelve o'clock is your north-south directional line. The figure below is an example of how this works.

Have some fun with this one. Take someone with you to an area you are familiar with and try it out. Go a few meters in one direction and then a few meters in another direction. Do a directional change a few times placing something at your change of direction. Give your path to the person with you and see if they can follow your directions. This is great fun for the whole family and you will be surprised how accurate this method can be with a little practice.



Finding your direction at night is easy too, however night traveling is not recommended. To find north simply face the North Star and you are facing North.



My First Claim

Like many of us I came to gold panning by accident. Without knowing it, I was swept up in the world of gold fever and hard work fueled by black camp coffee by day and worse by night. There wasn't much pay, but that first glint of the shiny yellow perished any thoughts of quitting. My first claim came to me as a part of a land deal back in the early nineties. Someone was packing up and leaving that part of the world and I moved in. The claim was just signed over as basically a giveaway with the deal.

After a little reading and looking over the claim map the first winter, I decided to at least go have a look. In early spring I followed an old back road high up into the hills. It wasn't long until I had gone far past any tire tracks left from other vehicles and I was out there in the wilderness. A feeling that I would soon come to know well began to set in. I was free!!

Eventually the claim was found and all the markers uncovered. The creek was too fast and high at first but later in the season we were down in the gravel bars and panning behind the big rocks. There was little to get excited about at first but that soon changed.

On one afternoon's exploration trip, a couple of us lowered a rope off a steeper part of the bank and over a rock shelf down to creek level. That when things began to heat up. Along the bank dug into the side of the rock wall we discovered a shaft. The entrance was only about three feet up from creek level and would be completely submerged except at the lowest time of the year. A quick trip back for a flashlight and we were in. Once inside the narrow opening we discovered a near room sized cavern. Our lights played about the walls revealing a band of near clear white quartz running up the far wall and disappearing below the water level in the floor of the cavern. Intrigued we inspected it closer. Along side the quartz vein we could see glimmers of a shinier material. We poked a few miniscule slivers from the wall and admired the sheen under our lights in the pitch black of the rock womb. Momma, we were hooked!

We set up camp late that summer, not even bothering to go back to town for long periods of time. We brought up pumps and generators and set to work. We could tell by the tool markings on the cavern walls that there used to be a great deal more material along that quartz vein than there was now. Following it down to the bottom we could see there was beginning to be a little more color showing again. So we set to pumping out the cavern floor to see what was there. Low and behold as the water dropped more and more color began to show. The vein dropped lower and off to angle which brought us to the far outer edge of the cavern at a height where we were now considerably below the water level of the creek rushing by outside. This just happened to be where rock jutted out for some reason, or maybe just didn't wear down as fast as the surrounding rock, but whatever it was, we were right at the spot where the creek was forced to make a ninety degree turn after rushing headlong into the rock in which we were just on the inside. Little did that matter at first; the fever was on. Pay-dirt at last! Guards were posted to watch for claim jumpers...everyone sworn to silence.

The work began in earnest, picks shovels and buckets at first. Plans were made to bring in an air chisel. The pulp died and we got a bigger one. Everyone was taking turns at first. Pump and then chip for an hour pump and repeat. Little did it dawn on us that or cavern was filling faster each day. Finally we had to have the talk.. The chippers were becoming unnerved hearing that rushing water just outside the cavern as they chipped away. At some spots where greed had overcome common sense, the water was seeping through the vein and dripping down the wall now. Every chip felt like it could be the one that broke through and all that water would come rushing in. This was no small creek, it may as well be called a river, the white water frothed and boiled near inches away. Nerves began to fray, excuses were made by some to return to town for various reasons. Coffee consumption declined replaced by shots of whiskey for those few left now. Finally the decision was made to take one last chip each and abandon ship.. the big pump could no longer keep up and we wondered about each others sanity.

A year later, after a long hard winter I returned only to find that high water had collapsed our cavern. She was and always would remain below water level from then on. Now a days as I pan away in the sunshine in the calm waters of a peaceful shallow gravel bar and see the old familiar glint of the shiny, I just grin away to myself..... not so much from the find, but the memory. Hope no one sees me I chuckle..

Prospectors Kitchen

This edition features recipes from *The Extreme Woman Cookbook* by **Morgan Chai**: ISBN: 978-0-9744380-9-2. Morgan is a Women's Army Corp Veteran (WAC) and a former female Senior Intelligence Agent, and as such worked in, with and through all levels of foreign and domestic government.

The Extreme Woman Cookbook is 325 pages of wonderful and delicious recipes and hilarious stories that both men and women will enjoy. The Extreme Woman Cookbook can be found at: www.furtherbeyond.com

Bronco Bunnies

2 whole rabbits – about 3 lbs each
1 tblsp sweet paprika
2 tsp chili powder
1 tsp oregano
1 tsp salt
¼ - ½ tsp cayenne pepper
tblsp packed brown sugar
2, 12 oz cans of beer
1 small onion – diced
8 cloves garlic, cleaned and pressed

Rinse rabbit in and out and pat dry. In a small bowl, combine spices and sugar, mix well. Rub 1 tsp of mixture on the inside of each rabbit. Rub remaining mixture on rabbit's surface.

Open beer can and drink off about half the beer and stuff the onion and garlic into the cans. Ease the rabbits over the beer cans until the rabbit is balanced on the legs and by the can. If you need double cans under each rabbit, hot dog, that's just another beer to drink!!

Place the bronco riders on the grill and close the lid, leaving vents open. Grill for 2 hours or until legs wiggle easily. Add six to eight briquettes to fire every 30 minutes if not using a gas grill.

Note: You can also brush BBQ sauce and extra virgin olive oil on the bronc's toward the end of cooking. Try this using chicken too, it's all delicious.

Crocked Willy

1 rabbit, cut into pieces (like chicken)
½ tsp salt
3 carrots, sliced
3 ribs celery, sliced
1 onion, chopped
5 cloves garlic, cleaned and pressed
6 mushrooms, sliced/chopped
1 tsp parsley
pinch of cayenne pepper
granulated kelp

Boil the rabbit for 10 minutes, set aside and cool. Dredge the cool pieces in flour and fry until golden brown, just as you would fry chicken.

Sprinkle with granulated kelp instead of salt. When done, put the pieces into a crock pot. Cover meat with water and add the rest of the ingredients and cook on high for 1 hour then turn on to low for 1 hour.

Caribbean Pork Chops with Apple Sauce

4- 8 pork chops
1 ½ c chunky apple sauce
½ c water
1/3 c chopped onion
1/3 c lemon juice concentrate
1 tblsp canola oil
4 tblsp light brown sugar
1 tsp instant chicken bouillon
¾ tsp each, ground allspice, cinnnamon
½ tsp cayenne pepper
4 cloves garlic, cleaned and thinly sliced

In a small saucepan, combine all ingredients. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for 10 to 15 minutes. Brown pork chops and when done, pour sauce over them and let cook for a few minutes, on low.

Four-handed Stuffed Log-o-Lamb

8 lb, boneless leg of lamb
¼ c garlic, cleaned and pressed
¼ c jalapenos cleaned and finely diced
¼ tsp powdered rosemary
1 tblsp prepared mustard
¼ tsp sea salt
½ c finely diced onion
1 ½ tsp marjoram leaves
1 ½ tsp oregano leaves
¼ tsp powdered sage
¼ tsp cayenne pepper

Baste: Make baste and set aside

¼ c olive oil
1 tblsp grated onion
½ clove of pressed garlic
1/3 c crushed mint leaves

Saute all but meat until the onions are almost translucent.

Remove the elastic banding from the lamb and open the meat up. Rinse the elastic banding and squeeze it into paper towels. You need to use it again, so set it aside.

Cut through the meat only to make it lay flat. Cut large slits in the meatiest parts of the lamb. Spread the mixture on the lamb and into the cut slits. Tightly roll the lamb up again.

With the handy spare set of hands, one set holds the lamb tightly, and the other set of hands slides the elastic banding back around the meat. If you can't get it back into the elastic you can instead tie it with butchers twine. At least 4 to 6 wraps around the meat to hold it together and keep the stuff inside. Place meat fat side up on a greased pan and cook at 325 degrees for 30 minutes per pound, or for internal temp of 160 – 180 degrees.

Vaccines: Killer or Cure? There Are Natural Medical Alternatives

The Germ Theories:

The "theory" or belief system behind vaccines are not necessarily the truth. Vaccines are injections that contain germs. People are being told by pharmaceutical cartels that vaccines are meant to protect them. The pharmaceutical company's bottom line is profit, not health. The vaccine theory being sold to people, is that these germs stimulate you to produce antibodies and proteins that defend you against an invasion of harmful germs. Perhaps it is just easier and more cost effective to have a strong immune system built up first and use naturally occurring super-foods?

The word "vaccine" comes from "vacca", the latin word for cow, the material in cowpox (the diseased udders of cows). It was believed that if this material was injected into people they would not get the small pox disease. This dates back to 1796 when Dr. Edward Jenner took the cowpox diseased tissue from an infected dairymaid, Sarah Nelmes, then inserted it into an open cut in the tissue of a healthy 8 year old boy, James Phipps. The young child then actually developed cowpox. Forty-eight days later, Dr. Jenner then inserted smallpox, he thought the boy appeared to have no noticeable effect. This was the first recorded vaccine.

Louis Pasteur, the French chemist, had great influence on the course of our medical models. Early in his career, he thought that diseases were caused by the microbes or germs acting like parasites. It was later found that the internal environment was the key. ("Was Pasteur Wrong?/Natural Health-Micheal Sheenan pg.41-44). Dr. George White, noted that if the germ theory was on based on truth, there would be no one living to read what is written.(ibid pg.898).

What is really in the Vaccine? Ingredients 101. Aside from the germs being placed in the vaccine solution, let one imagine a glass being filled up with possibly:

Thimerosal: A Mercury preservative and a known neurotoxin. In 1998 FDA banned over the counter preparations as safety had not been established, however it is allowed to be present in vaccines directly given to our children.

Formaldehyde: A known cancer causing agent & preservative for embalming corpses/cadavers.

Sulfites: Allowed to be in vaccines and foods; know to cause breathing problems, dizziness.

MSG: Monosodium Glutamate. Allowed in foods and vaccines; known to cause nausea, vomiting, headaches.

Aluminum: A known neurotoxin linked to Alzheimers and many nervous system diseases.

Phenoxyethanol: Anti-freeze.

Antibiotics: (Anti=against, Bio=life). A known drugs that have numerous harmful-effects and allergies.

Aborted Fetuses Tissues: From aborted baby and animal cell tissues and genetic material from cows, pigs and monkey organs.

Viruses: (Live or Dead)

Squalene MF 59: A known Biological Military Weapon linked to the Gulf War Illness. So severe are the effects, it is called the "Cytokine Storm" and linked to auto immune diseases. All rats injected were left crippled and dragging paralyzed limbs, severe grade 3 arthritis, auto immune diseases, and lupus.

***There are many numerous other chemical agents, too many to list here.**

Now that you have the recipe, would you drink this in a glass? Is it not the same ingredients in the glass that is in solution injected by a needle or now via inhalers in the nose?

Natural Healthy Options and Alternatives to Vaccines:

Raw Organic Foods: Not cooked over 105 degrees F. Like a fever- don't fry out the enzymes. 80 percent of your recommended food intake; dehydrated foods/shakes.

Water: Alkaline Mineralized water with bio photons, pH of 8-9 is the key. Tap/bottled/reverse osmosis are usually still acidic, test pH with home litmus paper, formula: wt(lbs) divide in 1/2, = # oz water/day).

Essential Plant Oils: Frankincense, Myrrh, Oregano, Clove, Lemon, Rosemary, etc. Take orally as food/capsules or absorb through the skin.

Monatomic/Nano/Ionic Minerals: Natural precious minerals in solutions as silvers.

MMS: Sodium Chlorite solution mixed with a citric juice is a super oxygenator and pH balancer.

Natural Cleansers: Zeolite based solutions are used to naturally cleanse out heavy metals.

Hemp Protein/Essential Oil: Excellent source of protein and the oils are beneficial for pulling out impurities.

Quantum/Nano Technology Energy Machines: Biofeedback machines; computer assisted efp/x/scio/radionics/rife/scalar/orgone/tachyon/crystal energies all use frequencies of light and sound to identify and remove unwanted viruses and other pathogens.

Quantum Energy Techniques: Matrix/QuantumTouch/Reiki/TherapeuticTouch & other modalities such as massages/relexology/sho tai. Explore new areas to see how they may resonate by meditation/shamanic work allowing for relaxation and stress reduction.

Himalyan/Natural Sea Salts: Used internally and externally. Externally, soak tub with aluminum free baking soda for 30 min before using a salt bath.

Vitamins/Minerals/AminoAcids/Enzymes/Probiotics: Especially vitamin D which is well known for combating colds and flu.

Colonics: Warmed Herbal Mineral Water flushes. This is one of the easiest and safest ways to remove toxic acid build up of foods/germs. The procedure is usually completed within an hour.

Organic household Products: Includes make-up, shampoo, tampons, diva cups, organic pads, cleaners, natural candles; any product that does not contain unnatural preservatives.

Vaccines still exist in many areas and are used to control populations traveling to other countries. Parents have been forced to vaccinate their children, against the law, against their will, and with blatant disregard for their faith and belief. Threats and intimidation of mandatory injections are becoming more and more prevalent in certain work places with threats of job loss for non compliance. Rallies in major cities throughout the world, most recently in Vancouver, British Columbia, and New York, see nurses refusing to take the vaccines. Parents are even being denied childcare from certain facilities unless they comply, on a fear based assumption, that many of the research and scientific studies now do not support administration of any vaccines.

Clearly people need to wake up. This has now become mainstream news and is on many internet sites such as Facebook and Youtube.com.

Recently, the Tamiflu vaccine was sent to several Indian reserves. One west coastal community, Ahousaht has had over one hundred are sick from the vaccine and the sickness is spreading. In northern Manitoba, reserves were also sent body bags with the vaccine as documented on CBC news.

The most dangerous disease of them all is the Dis-ease of Unawareness - Get Educated! Prevention is the key here.



Note: Everyone at B.C. Prospector wishes all readers and their families health and happiness.



Health



My Own
Handmade Soap

Cathy Nicholson

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Stanhope Creek – 3 Adjoining claims
Asking \$15,000.00

Stanhope Creek flows into Jolly Creek a tributary of Rock Creek. This area has a rich mining history and respectable amounts of gold are still being recovered by panning. The first claim, at the mouth of Stanhope Creek, overlaps the B.C. Forest Service Recreational Site at Little Fish Lake. These claims have excellent potential and offers an extraordinary recreational site as well. Contact Jeff Saldat at 250.469.2468 or email jeffsaldat@hotmail.com for further details.

Miscellaneous



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Contributing Writers

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Karen Anne Macdonald: Karen has been a quantum health practitioner for 25 years. She was also a registered nurse for several years. Karen specializes in quantum matrix natural energetic medicine. She also operates a wellness clinic in Saskatoon, Sask.

A. DeRock: Mr. DeRock is an entrepreneur and prospecting enthusiast living in the Okanagan Valley.

B. Smith: Ms. Smith is an outdoor enthusiast who practices traditional North American herbal medicines. She currently lives in Alberta.

R.W. [Rob] Nicholson: Rob is a former research consultant and amateur historian currently living in the Okanagan.