

# The POWDER MAGAZINE

16. EDITION

ELSA, YUKON TERRITORY

JUNE, 1975

## James Kennedy Bradshaw

Like a fine wine, Kenny Bradshaw has improved with age. Not that he's mellowed any, mind you — he's just improved. When Kenny first slipped over the 60th way back in 1944 he was, reportedly, the most cantankerous, mule-headed, dog-gone fun-lovin' son-of-a-gun that a man could ever hope to befriend! Thirty years later Kenny isn't much different — he's just a hell-of-a-lot better at it!!

Kenny is a legend. He was in Dawson for what proved to be the waning days for many of the '98 Sourdoughs—and heard these men describe, first-hand, what it had really been like back then — at a time when values were so distorted by a strange, passionate, fever that a man set more store by a pocket-full of gold than a belly-full of food. And Kenny loves to pass on these stories, if given a chance — or even half-a-chance! So should you want to hear some of them, haul Kenny up to the Beer Parlour some Friday night, and sit him down to a brew or two, and listen like he was the Mayo Police and they'd just caught you speedin'!! We would caution you though to perhaps carry a fire-extinguisher — the odd tale or two of Kenny's just might "burn your ears" — well, maybe just singe them!!

An example of one of Kenny's "tamer" tales, one in which he was personally involved . . .

One cruel winter's day back in the late forties, Kenny and a pal were walking home, having undertaken some serious libations, er . . .

deliberations at a local bar, when they chanced upon an old shack and decided to "take five" and warm up. Upon entering however, they discovered a mutual friend, name o' One-Eyed Henry, holed-up, out-cold, "drunkin-er-an-a-skunk". Their sense of compassion stirred, Kenny and his buddy decided to haul Henry home. A noble gesture — but Henry's "home" was 10 miles away through dense bush unmarked by a trail and it was down around



JAMES KENNEDY BRADSHAW  
. . . birthday boy

40 below outside. But compassion is the father of invention, they say, and Kenny and his pal struck upon an ingenious solution — they fired up the old wood-burner stove that was in the shack, hoisted her up on wood-block skids, attached a hand-rope, stocked up on kindlin' — and dragged both Henry and the stove "home" — stoppin' every now and agin' to warm themselves over their

"portable" fire and from Kenny's handy-dandy Rum flask.

Another of Kenny's favourite stories involves one Gertie Meluish, lady proprietor of a roadhouse at Granville Creek near Dawson. Gertie was also in charge of mail service for the area and apparently had letters that had been undelivered since Gold Rush days. In the winter Gertie closed up shop and retired to a cabin she owned nearby, and according to Kenny, when she felt "good", she used to roll out a barrel of beer and invite he and his friends over. "She was a very humane type," Kenny says.

James Kennedy Bradshaw was born in Polpearro, Cornwall, England, "within spittin' distance of Land's End." The date of his birth is somewhat in dispute — Kenny says it was July 28, 1900 — the Canadian government would tell you July 28, 1904. "I fudged a bit on my passport," Kenny chuckles.

He left school at 13 and apprenticed to become a mechanic and was soon a journeyman working for Rolls-Royce.

He first came to Canada in 1939 — and entered the country illegally — jumping ship in Halifax. He returned to England, however, and came back to Canada — this time entering through proper channels, not Halifax harbour.

In 1942 he went to work for Falconbridge at Sudbury as a miner, then in 1944 headed north to the

(Cont. on Page 2)

BRADSHAW (Cont. from p. 1)

Yukon, simply, he says, "because I had no money". On June 12, 1952, Kenny hired on with U.K.H.M. as a Pipefitter at \$1.25 an hour. Since then he has handled darn near every job there is on Surface, from General Labourer, to Mill Labourer, to 2nd Class Mechanic, to Electrician's Helper, to 2nd Class Electrician — his present position.

"And I still have no money," Kenny says. "At my age most people have money — I haven't any — so I need security — and I get it here — that's one of the reasons I like Elsa, that and the fact that it's one of the free-est places left. I don't worry about tomorrow — when tomorrow comes and I'm still kickin', I'm just happier'n-hell to be here."

And Kenny, Elsa is happier'n-hell that you're here too. And by the way — HAVE YOURSELF ONE GLORIOUS 75th BIRTHDAY!



YUKON MOSQUITO-HOUSE  
... high-rise living at its best!!

## MEAN GENE

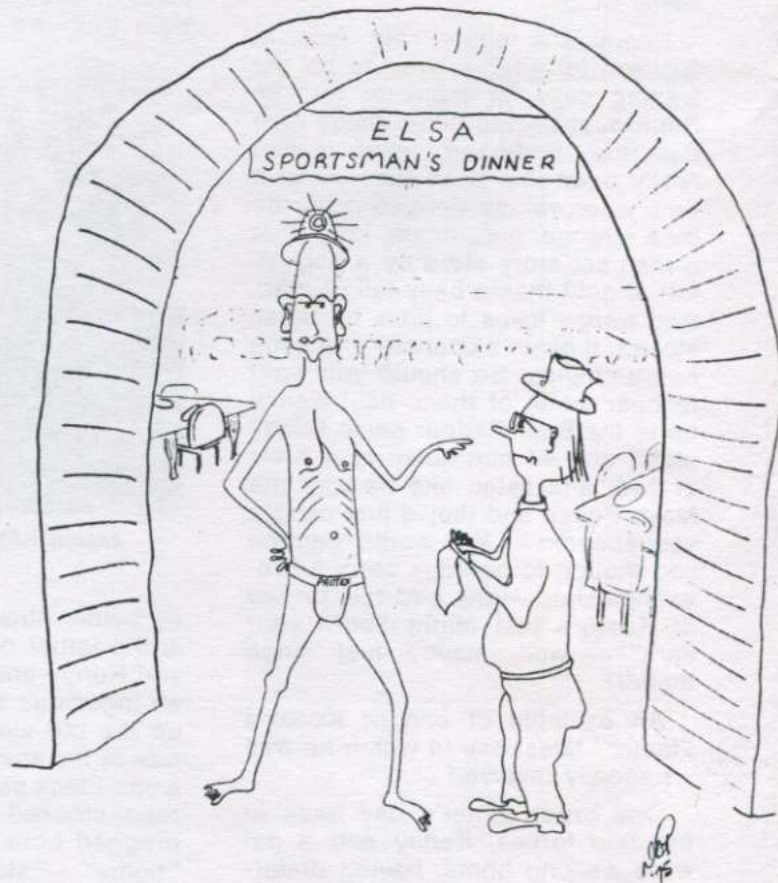
Thanks to Dr. David Suzuki, of CBC fame, one day soon we'll wake up to find the Yukon mosquito free — they will have all "self-destructed".

Dr. Suzuki has developed a mutation of mosquito with a gene that causes the insect to die if the temperature rises above 40°F. The only problem is how to spread this wonderful little gene through millions of mosquitoes when, since the mosquitoes carrying the gene die off at temperatures over 40°F and most "normal" mosquitoes exist at temperatures above that level, the two don't come into contact and propagate.

However, once Dr. Suzuki irons out that little wrinkle, imagine how much more enjoyable will be a Sunday-afternoon, Hansen Lake, SKINNY-DIP!



YUKON CHAMPEENS. Pictured above are the members of Elsa's Mine Rescue Team who recently won the Yukon Championship at Whitehorse. They are from left to right: Tibor Csizmazia, Coach; Greg Smith, Captain; Randy Clarkson; Bruce Bourdeau; Eric Petrov; Larry Carlyle; and Fulvio Roberti.



"WHAD'Y-A MEAN I AINT DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION?"



THE NHL'S TALLEST PLAYER MEETS ELSA'S SHORTEST  
 ... Big Bob Daily, 6'5½" — Darcy "Boom-Boom" Levicki,  
 2'4", approximately.



VANCOUVER CANUCK'S STAR, DON LEVER  
 ... and "The Mob"

# Our Sportsman's Dinner

It all really started Saturday afternoon at the Kids' Autograph Party. Elsa Pee-Wee Hockey stars Peter (Puck) Grundmanis and Bobby (Lash) Binder sat glumly glued to their chairs — even the prospect of free pop and chips couldn't motivate them to move. The Lions' Den was boiling over with kids — all of them waiting, silent. It was like the proverbial calm before the storm.

Then Sergio Pritchard rushed in and screamed, "They're Here!!!! They're Here!!!!!!", and instantly 143 eyeballs snapped their focus to the door. (One kid was so excited he tried to drink his chips and eat his pop can and his left eye was so amazed by what it saw that it literally jumped right out of its socket!) Fortunately, our one-eyed wonder got his second one back in place just in time to see the NHL's Friendly Giant, the Vancouver Canuck's Deadly Defenceman, Big Bob Daily, duck through the doorway, straighten up, and — CRASH HIS HEAD INTO THE CEILING! 144 eyeballs stared in awe. But the appearance, from somewhere down around Daily's left kneecap, of the Canuck's leading scorer, Don "Lethal" Lever, proved too much — jaws had to be plucked from shoetops left and right.

And what a fitting prelude to our Sportsman's Dinner — the FIRST one to be held in the Yukon — EVER!!

And what a night it was!

Who will forget Walter Losin standing up to address a question to Don Lever and Bob Daily and instead—beginning to UNDRRESS!? And after fighting off a horde of shocked on-lookers, finally managing to rip off his sweater to reveal a T-shirt emblazoned with the words "SOUTH PORCUPINE, ONTARIO" — hometown of Don Lever!

And who will forget Bob Daily auctioning off to the good people of Elsa a piece of string, which someone remarked looked like a Canucks jockstrap, for the princely sum of \$200 plus, \$100 of which came from the pocket of Don Lever, the money going to support recreation in Elsa?

And we can not forget the recipient of Elsa's first Sportsman-Of-The-Year Award — Stan Kula, Paymaster at the Main Office. As Stan was on holidays, Bill Bennett accepted the award on his behalf, and best described Stan's Herculean efforts in aid of recreation in our community by saying, "Stan is unassuming, the sort of man you might overlook for an award of this nature, but shouldn't". Stan doesn't play sports himself but he's been known to work from midnight to six a.m., in bone-chilling temperatures, to prepare our hockey ice for a tournament.

Our dinner had it all — a magnificent Head-Table, which included, along with NHL stars Daily and Lever, the Don Twa Curling Rink from Whitehorse, "Mr. Haines Junction Himself", Bill Brewster, and our local recreation club presidents — magnificent cuisine, featuring filet barbecued outside the Rec. Hall by four poor souls engulfed by a ravenous cloud of blackflies (and no, smoke does not drive them away, Gary Periard, but we love you anyway!) — magnificent service, voluntarily and classily rendered by the youngsters of Elsa — and magnificent music supplied by the Canucks Ltd. from Whitehorse. Not bad for a community that one broadcaster, in leaking to the world news of our event, described as a "Sportsman's Dinner to be held in Elsa — Somewhere Up There In The Yukon!"

But perhaps the best comment on the evening came from Bill Bennett, U.K.H.M. Plant Superintendent, when he fatherly advised the beleaguered Don Lever and Bob Daily, whose weekend here included a trip underground, a helicopter inspection of the area, a visit to Keno, an autograph session, a fishing trip, the dinner, and liberal quantities (Gargantuan, in Daily's case) of Hootch, "Don't get overwhelmed by our Northern hospitality—IT COULD BE FATAL!!!"

## Our New Manager



GEORGE S. DUNDAS

There's an old adage that says, "Experience is the best teacher". By that criterion, George S. Dundas, our new manager, is a man who definitely knows his onions.

George brings to Elsa over 33 years of mining experience, with his last 27 years continuously with the Falconbridge Group. He was baptized into the industry back in 1938 when he went to work at the McLeod Mine in Ontario. In 1948, after a stint in the Air Force, he joined Giant Yellowknife, in the North West Territories, where he spent the next 19 years. In 1967 George jaunted off to Africa to work

at the Kilembe Copper Mine in Uganda, then in 1969 was transferred back to Quebec where he has spent the last six years with Delbridge Mines in Noranda, New Quebec Raglan Mines (200 miles south of Frobisher Bay), and Falconbridge Copper, Lake Dufault Division, also in Noranda.

But experience isn't all that George brings to Elsa. Along with him he has brought his wife Elda (both share a keen interest in community activities), two Pekinese dogs, Ching and Lacey, and an African Grey Parrot named Peter, who according to George, "talks like hell!"

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## Logan: Mythical Mountain

An element of mystery often surrounds regions of very high altitude. Mount Logan, the highest point in Canada, is no exception.

Lying in the Yukon Territory 20 miles east of the Alaska boundary and 39 miles north of the 60th parallel, Mount Logan, height 19,520 feet, was first sighted in the summer of 1890 by Professor I. C. Russell, leader of an American expedition that climbed a ridge to the east of Mount St. Elias and saw the impressive vista to the north. In an article published the following May in the National Geographic Magazine he wrote:

"... The clouds parting toward the northeast revealed several giant

peaks not before seen, some of which seem to rival in height Mt. St. Elias itself. One stranger, rising in three white domes far above the clouds, was especially magnificent. As this was probably the first time its summit was ever seen, we took the liberty of giving it a name. It will appear on our maps as Mount Logan, in honor of Sir William E. Logan, founder and long director of the Geological Survey of Canada."

However, acceptance of Logan's existence wasn't swift, as witnessed

by an undated clipping from the Ottawa Citizen found glued into the Geological Survey of Canada's copy of the May 1891 National Geographic Magazine: the article was headed, "Is There a Mount Logan?" The reporter was led to believe that Mount Logan resulted from the intersection of certain cross-bearings obtained from Dominion surveyors' notebooks, and was likely to be a figment of trigonometry rather than an actual mountain. Fortunately, today we know better.

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## The POWDER MAGAZINE

THE POWDER MAGAZINE is published

by

Marshall Printing Limited

for

United Keno Hill Mines Limited  
Elsa, Yukon Territory

Editors: Don & Anne Percifield

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