

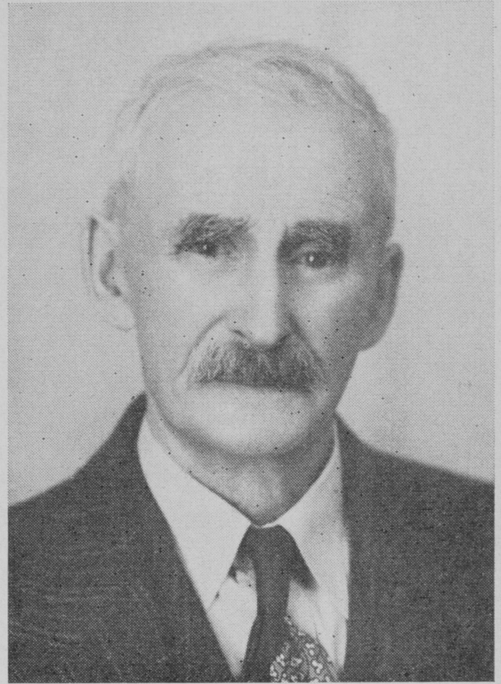
Dan Milligan, grand old man of the North.

work, to work in an early grist-mill and as a fireman on the old *Marquis*, plying the North Saskatchewan River. He was aboard the famous old steamer when she met disaster in a rapid. Cut off from civilization, Dan and his mates were marooned until the old *Northwest* arrived five weeks later from Edmonton with repairs. The *Marquis* managed to reach Prince Albert but she was never used again. Her bleached bones finally disintegrated in front of the Hudson's Bay District Office in East Prince Albert.

But the west called Dan Milligan, and he struck out for British Columbia. He first worked on the newly constructed smelter at Trail, then moved on to Vancouver. Up and down the coast and inland he worked in turn as miner, cook and prospector. While prospecting he once made an arduous 30-day trip on snowshoes, crossing the Fraser at Prince George on his way to Black River. In 1914 he returned to Prince Albert. There he partnered with Dan Mosher, another "Dan," another prospector; and this event was to bring about the highlight of his career.

The two men travelled the 400 miles down the North Saskatchewan River, making for Beaver Lake. It was the spring of the year, and when the river gave way to lakes, they encountered ice. They portaged, dragged their canoe over the ice or carried it around it, and ultimately reached their destination of Beaver Lake. Gold was there, in the milky-white quartz. They staked, ran lines around their claims; then the following spring they joined forces with four other prospectors, Jack Mosher, the Dion Brothers and Tom Creighton. The rest is history—they discovered, staked and named the now-famous Flin Flon property.

Last summer the Chamber of Commerce at Flin Flon invited this Grand



Old Man of the North to be an honored guest at Flin Flon's 25th anniversary. The Saskatchewan Government furnished him with an aircraft and a doctor—as though he'd ever need one!—and flew him to the town he had helped bring into being. There Dan was accorded the honor and respect that was due him.

Dan Milligan is a wonderful man, wonderful in many ways. The picture of health, one marvels how he retains his vigor, his mental alertness. Could it be that Dan doesn't drink, doesn't smoke? Offered a cigarette while being interviewed for this story, Dan courteously refused. Thank you, but he didn't use them. So that was it; he had never smoked? "Oh, yes," countered Dan. "I was always a heavy smoker. Smoked ever since I was 12 years old. But a year ago I cut out the cigarettes. Figured they weren't too good for me."

So that was the secret, Dan's secret, anyway. Smoke heavily from 12 years of age, then cut it out when reaching 90.

So Dan Milligan and Prosper John go into the twilight together, "full of years"