

# Nugget News

August / September / October

2025

PROMOTING SMALL SCALE MINING , CASUAL GOLD PROSPECTING , RECREATIONAL GOLD PANNING & METAL DETECTING

Official Newsletter of the  
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



## NEW RATES!

Join / Renew  
Today

Don't miss out on  
upcoming meetings,  
outings and newsletters.

\$30 to Join  
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### IN MEMORIAM

Thursday, September 25 Diane McCarroll received her angel wings, she was an amazing lady and she will certainly be missed by those who knew her and especially her husband Wayne and their children and grandchildren. She and Wayne shared a love of gold prospecting and metal detecting near and far. They were/are original members of the NorthWest Gold Prospectors, Eagle City Park, and the NorthWest Treasure Hunters working tirelessly to the success of all entities and life itself.

## “Life On The Plains And Among The Diggings (scenes and adventures of an overland journey to California” in 1849)

BY A. DELANO.  
NEW YORK:  
MILLER, ORTON & CO.  
1857

JULY 28

I felt extremely well this morning, and starting off in advance of the Company, I walked about four miles, when I came to a pretty brook, fringed with willows. I took the tin cup which hung from a string in my button hole, and drank a hearty draught, and then lay down in the thick shade of bushes. Very soon I began to feel cold chills creeping along my back, and became satisfied that a day within the wagon was my fate. I felt almost discouraged when I reflected that that fell disease was gnawing at my heart; but there was no help for it, and when my wagon came up, I turned in under the influence of chill and fever. During the day we left this valley, passing some hot springs, and then by a gentle ascent, came as usual into another basin. The scenery was but little varied, and I was too ill to take notes. There was but little grass, and the water was poor and brackish. The days were excessively warm, and the nights cold—ice being frequently found in our buckets half an inch thick. Drive, twenty miles.

JULY 29

I was under the operation of cathartics, and spent a most disagreeable day. It is indeed hard to be sick in a wagon, while

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### Fairgrounds Arena Metal Detecting 2025

Well once again we had a great turnout for the Metal Detecting Outing at the Fairgrounds. The event was on August 17th with this year's event being similar to last year in that we had to do our detecting during the Fair, immediately following the Demolition Derby.

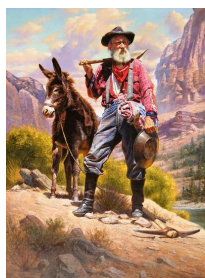
We had about 37 people show up and it was great to see all the members from the Metal Detecting Club along with our club members all doing their thing together to clean up the debris from the Arena. This year we removed 34.2 pounds of scrap metal, nuts, bolts, washers, etc. so that was a pretty good haul. At the conclusion we gave away 2-gold nuggets and some silver coinage provided by Clay Soliday so everyone walked away with something. The Winners of the Gold Nuggets this year were Steve Burris and Steve Goodman.

At the conclusion we had a surprise visit from Alexia Jordan the General Manager and CEO of the Fairgrounds who spoke to us. She wanted to personally thank all of us for our participation and effort in cleaning up the Arena and just let us know how much she appreciated everyone's efforts. A very nice way to conclude our evening. If you haven't ever participated in this Outing, you're missing out on a fun event working with the Metal Detecting Club who are all great friends of our Club. It was a really nice evening!

Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving!

The Northwest Gold Prospectors Association meets  
at 7:00pm on the 2nd Thursday of each month at the  
Hayden Eagles located at 1520 W Wyoming Ave, Hayden, ID 83835

Our regular outings are at Eagle City Park the weekend following the monthly meeting from May thru September with a potluck at 4pm on Saturday. Other outings will be announced by the President and posted in the newsletter.



# Letters to the Editor & Other fun "Stuff"

By "GoldFever Bob" Lowe



## THE GOLD RUSH ISN'T OVER YET!

By  
SALLY CARRIGHAR

A thousand gold-fever victims a day landed in lawless Nome in the early summer of 1900. Many prospectors struck it rich on fabulous Anvil Creek-but

only one is still working his claim. He's Ben Gillette, a contented man who says, "I don't need money. But I love to find nuggets!" The day was a Wednesday, but felt like Sunday, when I went out to the hillside seven miles behind Nome where Ben Gillette has his gold mine. All open country is quiet, but there the silence seemed more like a recess. Scattered over the face of the treeless slope, also across on the opposite hill and below in the dry bed of Anvil Creek, were the gray piles of tailings where thousands of miners once worked with delirious haste to sluice out as much as possible of their "noble metal" during the short arctic summer. Their eagerness, what Rex Beach called the glad bright wine of adventure, still seemed to spice the air. From the tailings came none of the sounds that once echoed around the valley-the clatter of winches, the clang of picks on rocks, the roar of cascades from the pipe lines and, above all, the shouts, the exulting voices. From a hummock of moss came the small sweet chirp of a plover. My dog bounded toward it, and even that sound was gone. In the Sunday stillness, the dog and I went farther along the ditch to find Ben Gillette. Of the gold-rush miners on Anvil Creek, he is the only one left who is still taking gold from this famous ground.

Much of the gold is here yet, but not in the quantities that made millionaires in a single season. Ben Gillette, in one cleanup, has melted down gold worth \$15,000. Others could do it if he can, but few still alive have had his experience. Fewer still, perhaps, have the ambition. For placer mining like this requires industry, an inventive

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traveling under a burning sun, with the feelings of those around you so blunted by weariness that they will not take the trouble to administer to your comfort. At our noon halt we found good water, and a cup of tea revived me so much that I was able to walk some during the afternoon. Near our halting place we saw a party of Digger Indians, and I went over to them. As I approached, they advanced to meet me, offering their hands, and pronounced in good English, "How de do," followed by "Whoa haw!" They had picked up these few words from the emigrants, and pronounced words after us with surprising correctness. They were entirely naked, except a breech-cloth—of a dark complexion, nearly as dark as a negro, and showed considerable obesity. Their stature was about five feet six to five feet eight inches, with well formed limbs. Each was armed with a bow and a quiver of arrows, neatly made, tipped with iron. They saluted every one who came up in the same way, laughing immoderately, and seemed a merry set of mountain rovers.

An amusing story was told of Hudspeth's Company, when crossing the mountains from Bear River. His guide took them by the shorter route from Bear River, avoiding Fort Hall. The Indians had mostly retired to the hills, but they had learned a few English words from the teamster's vocabulary. On Hudspeth's approach, they met him in the most cordial manner with, "How de do—whoa haw! G—d d—n you!" It was in fact the most common language of the drivers. In short, the most profane swearing was the common dialect of a great majority of the emigrants, and the poor Indians only used it as a welcome to the whites. On another occasion a party were inquiring for a good camping ground. They were assured that there was "plenty of grass for the *whoa haws*, but no water for the G—d d—ns!"

We fell in company this afternoon, with a poor fellow who was working his way to California on foot, his sole supplies being a small bag of flour on his back. His cattle had died, and he had bought a horse. This, too, had died, and with a lame leg and a cancer on his hand, he was limping his way to that bourne which was to salve all his aches and pains—the valley of the Sacramento. At our usual camping

hour, we reached a beautiful valley of good grass, and a good spring of water, and turned off the road to it. Several of the teams were unyoked, when a thick coating of carbonate of soda was discovered among the bright green grass. A discussion took place respecting it, some declaring it was salt. I took a handful, and mixing it with water in a cup, applied a little tartaric acid, when it foamed and effervesced equal to any soda in the world, showing its nature at once. In ten minutes the cattle were re-yoked, and we were moving from this valley of death. That night six head of cattle died from the imprudence of a company who encamped on the spot, and allowed their cattle to get at the alkali. We drove on four miles, and were obliged to stop where there was grass, but no water, and nothing was left for us but to do as we had done before—leave by day-light in the morning. Distance,

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## Alaska Gold & Resort, LLC

[www.akaugold.com](http://www.akaugold.com)

### Winter Address:

PO Box 1373  
San Marcos, CA 92079

### Summer Address:

PO Box 1567  
Nome, AK 99762  
760-500-1329 or 760-855-2855  
[info@akaugold.com](mailto:info@akaugold.com)

<https://youtu.be/qQnJPEIV224>

## Nugget News

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NorthWest Gold  
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Editor: Bob Lowe

Address:  
NorthWest Gold  
Prospectors Association  
PO Box 2307  
Post Falls, Idaho 83877-2307

Email:  
[bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com](mailto:bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com)

Phone:  
208-699-8128

Web Page:  
[www.nwgoldprospectors.org](http://www.nwgoldprospectors.org)

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All ads & stories are due by the 25th  
of the month preceding  
publication month.

eighteen miles.

### JULY 30

It had long been our desire to reach the great River of the Mysterious Basin. Our guide books assured us that for three hundred miles we should find good roads, with an abundance of grass and water. We therefore felt a curiosity to see a river flowing that distance, which had no outlet. We were now in the heart of the Great Basin, spoken of by Fremont. Since coming through the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, it had been a continued series of basins, or valleys, surrounded by a rough, broken, and sterile country; and although there was varied scenery in the route, yet here there was nothing to distinguish it particularly from what we had already passed over. There was no line of demarcation other than the Rocky Mountain range; and this is in fact the eastern boundary of the Great Basin.

By sunrise we had driven two miles, when, in sight of hundreds of wagons, we reached the celebrated Humboldt, or Mary's River, where we made a long halt for breakfast and forage. Here we again overtook the Hennepin Company, on whom we had gained a day and a half since leaving Green River. The Humboldt is a small stream, perhaps thirty feet broad at this point, having a good current and pure water. It flows generally through a valley, several miles wide, with high and barren mountains on each side, which, occasionally coming near each other, the valley is contracted to rocky caverns which cannot be traveled. At such points the road leads over spurs of high hills, several miles across. Generally, on the margin of the stream and its immediate bottom, good grass is found, but sometimes the deep sand extends quite to the river, and forms its banks. Game began once more to appear. Sage hens, ducks, wild geese and cranes were very numerous, and easily killed. A few fish were in the streams, but we were unable to catch any with the hook. I was weak from continued disease, still I was able to walk slowly nearly all day, and kept along with the train without much difficulty.

It was a strange thing for us to have as many comforts as we found here, such as wood, water, grass and game; and the sage hens and ducks made a delicious repast. To-day our sugar was used up, and from this time we were obliged to drink our tea and coffee without sweet-

## Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

**Stop at the Sprag Pole Sports Bar & Museum in Murray, ID** for Great Food & Good Times a look at the history of the gold rush days in the Murray, Prichard and Eagle City area. See how people lived and worked all those years ago.

**G & G River Stop** at the "Y" in Prichard, ID. Your one-stop-shop for all your forgotten camping needs. Cold Beer/Pop, Food, Fishing Tackle/Bait, Gas, Phone and still the **Best Ice Cream Cones** around.

Visit the **Bedroom Gold Mine Bar** in Murray. Enjoy beer, wine and cocktails while playing darts or pool. See how it looked in the old days. They now have a kitchen with Pizza and deli sandwiches as well as dinner specials on the weekends, we also serve breakfast on weekends during the summer months and hunting season. Taco Tuesday's are a must. Check out the great many pictures hanging on the walls.

**Prospector Pins (\$5.00)** are available for your own use or as gifts. See at meetings or call (208)699-8128

**Wanted:** Mining videos, books and pamphlets, old owners manuals for detectors, dredges, pumps, etc. for the NWGPA library. Call Bob Lowe @ (208)699-8128.

**The Gold Sniper** by Gold Fever Bob. Get this effective crevice tube for that hard to reach gold in the cracks of bedrock. Four models to choose from. From \$30 to \$140 Call 208-699-8128.

**The Snake Pit (Enaville Resort)**, in Kingston serves the best "Smoked Prime Rib" in the Northwest. They have a full menu with fast, courteous service.

**Rugged Country Outpost**, A must-stop, go to food trailer serving the best breakfasts and lunches on the Coeur d'Alene River. Located on Beaver Creek Rd a hundred yards or so from Babin's Junction. Open summers from early morning to mid-afternoon (6am to 3:00pm). Closed Tuesdays (See ad on page 9)!

**Prichard Tavern** – Still home to its Famous Braasted Chicken also serving Alligator Bites, Frog Legs, Hand Formed Hamburgers and Ice Cold Beer! A great place to meet old friends and make new ones! **Editor's Note: Be sure to try their "Flat Iron Steak"**

ening. It is astonishing what appetites we had, and how much the stomach could digest. It seems almost insatiable. I have frequently ate four slices of bacon and drank a quart of coffee at a meal, and still felt a desire for more; and I have seen one of my mess drink half a gallon of coffee at a sitting. This inordinate appetite, with the quantity of salt meat used, is probably one principal cause of the frequent cases of scurvy on the road. Fortunately, we had a large supply of vinegar and acid, which, together with our getting out of bacon sometime before our arrival in California, prevented any such disease in our company. When laying in my supplies I bought one hundred pounds of sugar for four men, and it lasted only ninety days. Distance, eighteen miles.

### JULY 31

This was a day of *rest*, and, as usual, we were busy all day in renovating and repairing sundry goods, wares, and merchandise—washing and mending clothes, together with all such interesting occupations.

### AUGUST 1

The thought that another month would end our journeying, together with the *rest* which we had enjoyed, put us in good spirits this morning as we started off, and we made a good forenoon drive.

As we were leaving our noon halt, we were agreeably surprised at seeing an old Ottawa acquaintance in the person of Charles Fisher, who rode up on horseback. Finding himself behind, in a great crowd, with a doubtful chance of getting through, he had sold his oxen and wagon at Fort Laramie, and purchasing a pack and riding horse, had come ahead. As he left home nearly a month later than we did, his news was interesting to us, although it was but little more than that our friends were well. He confirmed the accounts of the sickness of which we had previously heard, and told us that the cholera extended as far as Chimney Rock. By him we learned that Mr. Chipman, (formerly a merchant of Ottawa,) had lost his cattle in the great storm on the Platte, and had not found them when he left, and was remaining by the road side. He, however, recovered his cattle subsequently, and got through. I afterwards met him under melancholy circumstances on Feather River. Many had abandoned the idea of reaching California this fall; some passed on with the intention of wintering at Salt Lake, while others turned about and returned to the States, discouraged. Those who did

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come on suffered incredible hardships in crossing the California mountains. But the most lamentable case was that of the abandonment by his companions, of Joseph E. Ware, formerly from Galena, but known in St. Louis as a writer, and if I recollect right, the publisher of a map and guide-book to California. He was taken sick east of Fort Laramie, and his company, instead of affording him that protection which they were now more than ever bound to do, by the ties of common humanity, barbarously laid him by the road side, without water, provisions, covering or medicines, to die! Suffering with thirst, he contrived to crawl off the road about a mile, to a pond, where he lay two days, exposed to a burning sun by day and cold winds by night, when Providence directed Fisher and his mess to the same pond, where they found him.

With a humanity which did them honor, they took him to their tent and nursed him two days; but nature, over-powered by exposure as well as disease, gave way, and he sank under his sufferings. He told Fisher who he was, and related the story of his company's heartlessness. He was a young man of decided talents. Fisher was confident that if he had had medicines and proper attendance he might have recovered. What misery has not California brought on individuals?—and this is but one of the many tales of suffering which might be told. This being my night to guard the cattle—a practice which we had resumed on getting into the Digger country—I shouldered my rifle, and wading the river, commenced my rounds. Distance, eighteen miles.

#### AUGUST 2

Mr. Fisher took leave of us this morning; and, as he intended to go to San Francisco, we gave him the letters which we had prepared at Fort Hall, to be mailed on his arrival; but they never reached the States, and the first intelligence which our friends obtained from us was by letters written after our arrival in Sacramento.

Mr. Fredenburgh was very successful in hunting to-day, and returned at noon, loaded down with ducks and sage hens, and

## Club T-Shirts Are Available

**S, M, L & XL 2XL & 3XL are \$20 each**

**New caps & visors are available  
See and purchase at the meetings & Gold Show  
Makes Perfect Gifts**

we fared sumptuously. At night we encamped near where there were two roads—one leading through a rocky point, which can be traveled in low water by fording the stream several times, the other a mountain road for ten miles, without grass or water. Distance, fifteen miles.

#### AUGUST 3

Walking on in advance of my companions, without being aware at the time that the road around the mountain was passable, and seeing all the wagons of other trains turning up the mountain gorge, I also followed it up an ascent of three miles, when, on arriving at the summit, as usual, a barren and rough country lay before me, with the deep cañon of the river far below. Reposing under the shade of a sage bush lay a member of the Hennepin company, whose name I forget, but a very clever fellow by the way, and joining him we walked on. Soon we became so thirsty that we were obliged to descend the steep side of the mountain to the river, which we found was a somewhat intricate and toilsome task. Here we found the other road, which was level and good, with plenty of grass, and we followed it several miles to the junction of the two roads.

Our train did not come up, and we became so hungry that we applied to a company encamped on the river, who were from Columbia, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, for dinner, which

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**Gold is \$3,856.56 an ounce! This time last year it was \$2,663.92 an ounce!**

***To get your copy of the Nugget News early via  
email, please send an email to  
bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com  
with "Newsletter" in the subject box.***

***A diamond is merely a lump of  
coal that did well under pressure!***

### Notice

Eagle City Park is privately owned and operated and is for the exclusive use of Eagle City Park Members and their guests and is open to all NWGPA members the weekend after the second Thursday of the month from May thru September, free of charge for DAY USE. Overnight camping during outing weekend is \$30 per family for the whole weekend (Friday thru Sunday).

Potluck picnic is at 4pm on the Saturdays of outing weekends.

You are welcome to come and prospect and / or camp at other times. The fees are \$30 per family per day, \$40 per family per weekend (Friday thru Sunday) or any three days during the week, \$150 per family per week and \$400 per family per month.

Please call 208-699-8128 or 208-682-4661 for reservations.

To get to Eagle City Park take I-90 to Kingston (Exit 43), then take the Coeur d'Alene River Road to Thompson Falls/Prichard Creek Road (Mile Post 23), take Thompson Falls/Prichard Creek Road (2.6 miles) to Eagle Creek Road, take Eagle Creek Road (1/2 mile) to **439 Eagle Creek Road**, the Eagle City Park entrance on left side of road. **GPS is 47°38'51"N & 115°54'37"W**



was cheerfully given, and I found Colonel Halderman to be a well educated gentleman, to whose hospitality I was indebted. It seems that our train discovered the cañon road, and preferred it, thereby saving many hard hills and something in distance, having good water all the way. Finding a good encampment, they halted for noon three miles below, and did not come up in three hours. There was a good deal of vexation among the emigrants who took the mountain road, on learning the character of the lower one, and they immediately called the long, hard, mountain trail the Greenhorn Cut-off—a name which it still bears. Our afternoon drive was on a good road, along which the valley resumed its usual breadth and character. Mr. Bryant speaks of cotton-wood trees and willows, which fringed the banks of the Humboldt. The place at which I dined was the only point where I observed anything that could be called a tree in the whole length of the river, all the rest being shrubs of a few varieties, and willows. Manifestations of Indian hostility began to appear. We saw an ox which had been shot during the night with arrows, which were found sticking in him in the morning. The same company lost several head of oxen the same night, and taking their trail into the mountains, found the remains of two, which the Indians had slaughtered and eaten. Drive, eighteen miles.

#### AUGUST 4

One of the most disagreeable things in traveling through this country is the smothering clouds of dust. The soil is parched by the sun, and the earth is reduced to an impalpable powder by the long trains of wagons, while the sage bushes prevent the making of new tracks. Generally we had a strong wind blowing from the west, and there was no getting rid of the dust. We literally had to eat, drink, and breathe it. Two miles below our encampment the mountains again reduced the valley to a cañon, which was impassable for wagons, and we were obliged to cross a spur, eighteen miles in extent, before we reached the river again.

I was taken with dysentery during the night, and being too weak to walk, I had to take up uncomfortable quarters in my "moving lodge." On arriving at the river, after passing the rough mountain, I felt much better, and spreading my buffalo skin in the open air, slept well. From this time till we reached the valley of the Sacramento, I discarded the tent altogether, and from choice slept in the open air without inconvenience, and indeed long after I reached California. Distance, twenty miles.

#### AUGUST 5

The weather was excessively warm during the day, but the nights were cool, and we determined to change the order of our traveling; that is, to lay by during the day, and travel at night. For the purpose of arranging this, we made only a short drive, and then lay up on a fine bottom. Distance, six miles.

We started off a little before sundown. The evening was cloudy, but the moon gave light enough for us to see our way, and in the cool air we made excellent progress. There were no trains moving but our own, and it was decidedly more pleasant than traveling in the hot sun. I walked forward some miles, with my blankets on my back, when, coming to a crossing in the river, I lay down and slept till the train came up. After crossing I resumed my solitary walk. The road at one point lay along the bank of the river, and

Henderson, who drove the cattle, being nearly asleep at the moment, walked off the bank where it was six or eight feet high, and brought up "all standing," knee deep in water, skinning his nose against the willows, and cooling his nether extremities with a sudden and involuntary bath. However, he scrambled out right side up, and with his usual "whoa haw," &c., was plowing the ankle-deep dust again. I made a compromise with him, offering my old ox, of Green River memory, against his Mary's River bath, thinking that in the way of joking it was "a long road that had no turn." By daylight we had made twelve miles.

#### AUGUST 6

The day was chiefly spent among the willows, or in the shade of our wagon, in the service of Morpheus, until the sun was about two hours high, when, lashing my blankets to my back, in company with Charley Traverse, I set out on my night's walk. The road was down a level valley, bounded by high mountains, as usual, and the river very serpentine in its course. We advanced at a good pace for some hours, when we came to the point of a mountain, on going around which we found the road stony and bad for a mile. After that every step was in dust ankle deep, making the walking extremely laborious.

Indian depredations were becoming frequent. The utmost vigilance became necessary in guarding cattle and mules. The Indians seemed to have as *cruel* a taste for beef as the Irishman's cow had for music, when she ate Paddy the piper, pipes and all. We fell in company with a Missouri train, who the night before had five head of cattle stolen. The Indians had run them up a bank, so steep that it hardly seemed possible for an animal to go up. The company followed their tracks twenty-five miles, when they found them with all the cattle slaughtered, and preparations for a grand feast going on. The Indians, however, did not wait to welcome their unexpected guests, but fled at their approach to save their own bacon, for the men would most assuredly have shot them had they remained. Scarcely a night passed without their making a raid upon some camp, and for five hundred miles they were excessively troublesome. If they could not drive the animals off, they would creep up behind the sage bushes in the night and shoot arrows into them, so that the animals would have to be left, when they would take them after the trains had passed. During the night it became a common practice for those on duty to discharge their firearms frequently, to show the Digger banditti that they were on the alert, but this precaution was not always effectual, and as we advanced, the tribes became more bold. They cannot be seen in the daytime, but at night they prowl about like vicious beasts, and pounce upon their prey with comparative safety.

After walking about twelve miles we turned aside from the road and lay down in a water-worn gutter, our train passing us about one o'clock, intending to go about eight miles across the plain to the river, where we joined them at breakfast in the morning. Distance, twenty miles.

#### AUGUST 7

The Hennepin company lost five head of cattle and two horses during the night. As soon as the loss was discovered, sixteen men set off to the mountains in pursuit. After going up a gorge something like six miles, they recovered four head. The Diggers had killed one ox, and succeeded in getting off with the horses. Another company lost ten head, and another four, in spite of all their vigilance. Not a day passed without hearing of similar depredations, and the emigrants resolved to pursue and chastise the robbers, if possible, in every instance.

In some cases this led to severe combats, and it was found that

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instead of being frightened at the sound of a gun, they would often stand and fight man to man with the most desperate courage, though they were usually defeated on account of the superior weapons which the emigrants used. If under any circumstances the Indians came into a camp, they were hospitably treated, and provisions given them, but war was declared to the knife when they made an inroad.

Captain Fredenburgh was my companion for the night, and after a walk of fourteen miles over a smooth road, we spread our blankets by the road side among the sage bushes. The night was "made hideous" by the incessant howling of wolves all around us, who often came within a few rods of us, keeping up an infernal serenade; but as they did not otherwise molest us, we returned the compliment by letting them alone. At the dawn of day, we roused up, and left the river. Passing around the point of a small hill, we again came upon the broad valley. Beyond this, for many miles, there was nothing but sage, except the willows which marked the course of the river. The ashy dust was very deep, and when we turned aside to find better walking, the parched and dry alkaline crust broke under our feet like frozen snow, making it excessively fatiguing to walk.

A walk of six miles brought us to camp. The boys were enjoying a quiet snooze, and we cooked our own breakfasts, which we relished much. The valley was about fifteen miles wide, with grass growing only along the borders of the river. We began to observe a difference in the volume of water in the river at intervals. Sometimes it decreased materially, then again it was full and deep. The water began to be warm and slightly brackish, but still it answered all purposes for use, without deleterious consequences. Distance, twenty miles.

#### AUGUST 8

Reports of Indian depredations continually reached us, and perhaps one cause of our own good fortune in not losing cattle, was on account of traveling at night—thus having them constantly under our charge at the hour when they were most likely to be stolen. At the usual hour for setting out at night, Charley Traverser accompanied me in my walk, and we went at least fifteen miles without halting. Scarcely had we spread our blankets and lain down before the wolves commenced their usual music, and they approached so near that sleep was out of the question. Several times they came within two rods of us, and our pistols were cocked to give them a salute, but on rising up they retreated so far that we could not hit them, and we felt unwilling to throw away a shot. Fires were kept burning in camps not very distant, and the discharge of firearms was almost continuous, so that between the discharge of musketry, and the howling of wolves, sleep was impossible, tired as we were. As soon as the faint streaks of day began to gild the horizon, we set out to follow the train, as usual, which had laid over about six miles beyond us.

We passed through a narrow valley, made by the approach of the mountains to the river, where we saw the palace of a "merry mountain Digger." It was simply a cleft in the rocks—a kind of cave, strewn with wild grass, and might have served equally well for the habitation of a Digger king, or a grizzly bear. On leaving home it looked like a hardship to sleep upon the ground, but habit had changed us so completely that I could sleep as well and sweetly on a bare rock, as upon a bed of down. After our sumptuous meal of bacon and hard bread, we enjoyed the luxury of a quiet snooze in the thick shade of the willows along the bank. Distance twenty miles. *To be continued.....*

*(Continued from page 2) Letters to the Editor*

mind and some, though not a great deal of, equipment. But Ben Gillette does not really drive himself. I found him spading the moss out of his temporarily dry ditch, and he was quite willing to stop for the day, though the time was but half past two. As we were walking back to his cabin, he said, "I'll admit I don't have to keep working this mine. I don't need the money. But I love to find nuggets!" It was fifty-three years ago that he first came to Nome. Inasmuch as he has been mining ever since then, the novelty has had time to wear off. Yet his voice had the ring of youthful high spirits: "I love to find nuggets!"

Later that day, while we stood at the side of his pit, he shoveled up some of the soil into a gold pan and showed me the way to rotate the pan in a tub of water. As the dirt, like a muddy mush, is shaken, the heavier gold works its way to the bottom. I found it surprisingly hard to do—the dirt wouldn't shift enough and the water splashed out of the tub. Finally, when all but a cupful of mud had washed over the edge of the pan, Gillette took it and very skillfully, swishing the water into and out of it, drained away everything except one little nugget attached to a pebble of quartz, and a few gleaming grains of gold. He emptied my tiny cleanup into a rusty coal shovel, carried it back to the cabin and dried out the gold in a granite saucer on top of his cookstove. Next, stirring the grains with a magnet, he took out some slivers of iron and, last, softly blew away traces of rock dust and weighed my take.

All this, he said, duplicated a large operation, even that on a dredge. When he poured the grains from the saucer into an envelope, then, and gave it to me, his eyes were merry with private amusement. He saw that another novice had caught the gold fever, that eagerness which has kept him lively far past the age when most men want to retire. He knew, too, that I would be like the others who come and watch him and envy him and go away, back to work that is probably both more hectic than his and more humdrum. When he remembers such visitors, I imagine his eyes always twinkle, alone as he is out there on his beautiful hill, with his pet squirrel and the birds he enjoys, and the ingenious arrangements he has for recovering nuggets.

This mine is in the location that Rex Beach wrote about in *The Spoilers*. Rex Beach called it the Midas Mine. The Midas could have been Anvil Creek No. 9, a famous claim next to Ben Gillette's, or it could have been one of the four that Gillette now owns, adjoining Specimen Creek and called Specimen Nos. 1, 2 and 3, and Specimen Bench No. 7. Other claims are named more fantastically, such as Jumpers Fear, Whale, Lucky Six, Foggy Day and Big Hurrah. The sober maps of the region record the exhilaration of the first white men who arrived. This area where Specimen Creek enters Anvil Creek was so rich that the miners possessing it did not need to doctor their hopes with romance. If they could keep their mines working throughout the summer, if nobody jumped their claims and no dishonest judge, masking the theft with law, appropriated the treasure, the owners apparently did not care whether their mines bore names or numbers. But holding on to their mines was exactly what they were not able to do. In one of the biggest and boldest robberies ever plotted, the mines were taken away from them by what were proclaimed as legal procedures.

*(Continued on page 8) Letters to the Editor*



**Some tools of a Prospector!**

One day or day one. It's your decision!

## Refreshment List

Brenda Munjar & Heather Barber, October  
 Bill Izzard & Mary Lowe, November  
 Bill Izzard & Brenda Munjar, December

*We would like get at least two (2), (three would be great) volunteers to sign up to bring goodies to each meeting for the group to enjoy during our breaks. Please put your name down at the meetings for the date(s) you would like to sign up for. If you find that you can't make it to the meeting you signed up for, please call one of the other volunteers for your week to make arrangements.*

*Thanks for your help!*

## WANTED

Larger Dolly Pot  
 And  
 Mortar & Pistil

Call Cal Vork @ 208-682-3760

\*\*\*\*\*

## FOR SALE

Omni Range Master w/ Operating Instruction Manual \$1,200

Gold Miner Spiral Gold Panning Machine w/case \$200

Dynamic Gorce Dry Washer Make offer

Call Al @ 509-936-0204

\*\*\*\*\*

## FOR SALE

Proline 4" dredge w/ air & snorkel for for compressor.  
 Basically new with about 12-15 hours. Asking \$2,500

Call Shaun @ 208-500-9806

## Club Officers

2024

**President:**  
**Rotating**  
**By Board of Directors**

**Vice President:**  
**Bryan McKeehan**  
 509-999-8710  
 doorguybryan@hotmail.com

**Secretary:**

**Treasurer:**  
**Mark Cook**  
 208-755-8853  
 mark2697301@gmail.com

**Sergeant of Arms:**

**Club Merchandise:**  
**Bob Grammer**  
 208-755-1919

**Directors:**  
**Bob Grammer** (1yr Oct 2021)  
 208-755-1919

**Bob Lowe** (1yr Jan 2021)  
 208-699-8128  
 bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com

**Bryan McKeehan** (3yr Jan 2020)  
 509-999-8710  
 doorguybryan@hotmail.com

**Mark Cook** (3yr Jan 2020)  
 208-755-8853  
 mark2697301@gmail.com

**Bill Izzard** (2yr Jan 2022)  
 206-510-4111  
 bluefrontside@hotmail.com

**Wayne McCarroll**  
 208-262-6837  
 mccarroll2297@roadrunner.com

**Communication and Newsletter:**  
**Bob Lowe**  
 208-699-8128  
 bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com

**Membership:**  
**Mary Lowe**  
 208-651-8318  
 mary@goldfeverminingsupply.com

**Claims & Gold Show Chairman:**  
**Mark Cook**

**Activities: Open**

**Nomination: Open**

**Law and Regulations: Wayne McCarroll**

**Legislation Liaison:**

**Internet Website: Bill Izzard**

**Programs: Open**

**Financial Audit: Open**

**Note: If you would like to become an officer of the Association or a member of any of our committees, please contact one of the board members above. A club or association is only as good as those who volunteer their talent and time!**

## Field Guide to Recreational Prospecting in Montana

55 detailed maps  
local advice  
regulations  
89 pages  
**\$14.95**

## Gold Panners' Guide to Idaho

by *Tom Bohmker*  
80 detailed maps  
useful information  
geology of gold deposits  
big nuggets  
**\$35.00**

[www.goldpannersguide.com](http://www.goldpannersguide.com)

Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895

Or from Gold Fever Mining Supply at Eagle City Park

## For Sale

Keene 2.5" dredge with all the parts.  
Tested & everything works good.  
Make a reasonable offer!

24' 5th wheel w/ slide-out and solar panel. Has lots of  
extras. Low mileage - one owner. Asking \$10,000

Ask for Bill @ 208-597-1182

## Recipe of the Month

### PEACH CAKE

#### CAKE:

1 large can sliced peaches, drained and mashed (I  
used 2 regular cans since that is all I had at the time)  
You could also use fresh peaches.  
2 cups all-purpose flour  
2 cups sugar  
2 teaspoons baking soda

Drain the peaches and empty into a large bowl. I just  
used my hands to mash them. Add flour, sugar and  
soda and mix well. Spray a 9 x 13 inch cake pan and  
pour in batter. Bake in a preheated 350F degree oven  
for 35 minutes. See recipe below for icing.

#### ICING:

3/4 cup sugar  
3/4 regular sized can of evaporated milk  
1 stick butter or margarine  
1 cup coconut (I used a little more than a cup of co-  
conut)  
1 cup nuts (your choice)

Boil everything but the nuts on top of the stove until  
thickens, remove from heat, stir in nuts and spread  
on cooled cake.

(Continued from page 6) Letters to the Editor

In The Spoilers, Rex Beach described the dramatic events. so accurately  
that his novel could be called history. They took place during the sum-  
mer of 1900, and Gillette himself arrived just in time to become in-  
volved. He, one of 700 stampeders on a small steamer, the Valencia,  
came up from Seattle early in June. In the novel, the hero sees two men  
kill each other on Front Street only a few hours after he lands; Ben Gil-  
lette witnessed that. The fighting was over a lot. In a year Nome had  
mushroomed from 400 people to 20,000, all of them living in tents when  
they did not live under the windy sky. Only the beach was habitable;  
150 feet back from the water was spongy marsh. Therefore the tents  
were pitched on the shore, twenty-deep on a five-mile stretch, in a scene  
of stupendous chaos: canvas households set behind mountains of uniden-  
tified freight that the lighters had dumped on the shore. Among the  
hams, cans of coal oil, the new bar fixtures, tools, trunks, hay for pack  
horses, bolts of mosquito netting, timber and crates of food, babies  
played and thousands of miners shoveled the beach sand into their  
"sourdough rockers"-rocking boxes not unlike those in which pioneer  
women made butter. For these were "the golden sands of Nome," free to  
everyone from the high-tide line back sixty feet. They were the richest  
poor-man's diggings as the steamship companies advertised-that the  
world ever had known. Now, we think we are fortunate if three freight-  
ers come up in a summer; none carries passengers. In June, 1900,  
newcomers debarking at Nome averaged 1000 a day.

Ben Gillette threaded his way through the jungle of freight on the beach  
and talked to the men at the rockers. I think I know how he looked, for  
he is a type that age does not greatly change. He was of medium height,  
trimly built, quick in his movements, but patient, with interested blue  
eyes and a mouth, under his reddish mustache, that often smiled, more in  
friendliness than hilarity. His manner would have inspired confidence,  
and the miners, no doubt, were frank with him. From their reports he  
decided the beach sands were running out and he would go somewhere  
else. First, though, he staked a claim only a little way back from the  
shore. Immediately behind Nome is a tundra flat. It covers several pre-  
historic beach lines also containing gold. They are buried deep under  
muck and gravel, accessible to the buckets of a large dredge, but not to  
the pick and pan of a prospector. During those first hectic weeks, Gil-  
lette secured title to twenty of those unpromising acres; later he leased  
them to one of the dredge companies for a share of the take. The take has  
been good. By such lucky hunches Gillette has proceeded, all the way.

"I'm not taking anything anybody else wants," says miner Gillette, "and  
I'm not bothering anybody."

*To be continued.....*

## MISSING

Cordless Craftsman Drill and a cordless Craftsman Small Hand-held  
Limbing Chain Saw from under a trailer at Eagle City Park.  
If you know anything about these items, please contact:  
Bob or Mary Lowe at the Park or at 208-699-8128

## 2025 Club Calendar

October 9th  
November 13th  
December 11th  
December 14th

Meeting  
Meeting  
Meeting  
Christmas Potluck

All dates are subject to change & other events  
will be added when dates are known. Check back often.



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Video Review

[https://youtu.be/1NH\\_5CmlMCA?si=osDdi5jd2d7i2UO](https://youtu.be/1NH_5CmlMCA?si=osDdi5jd2d7i2UO)

**Wanted!**

*Old leather belts,  
any condition!*

**Bob Lowe**

**Call 208-699-8128 or bring to meetings or Eagle City Park.**

Share With Your Friends  
 Eagle City Park Video at:  
<http://youtu.be/0lzZnKOJaVk>

**Reminders**

Refreshments and goodies for the meetings are always a big hit. Please sign up at the next couple of meetings for your turn to volunteer to bring items in. We would like at least three people to commit to some month during the year to cover the bases.

Looking for volunteers who would like to participate in the operation of the NWGPA to contact one of the current board members. We could sure use some fresh ideas and leadership help. There are couple of us who have been participating since the Club began 2 years ago. Please step up and volunteer! The Club needs you!

Please cut out & post the "Calendar of Events" just in case I am unable to publish the Nugget News in a timely manner. Sometimes, "Life Happens".

Speaking of volunteers, please check out the following link:  
[https://www.clubexpress.com/dldocs/Building\\_Strong\\_Clubs\\_Dan\\_Ehrmann.pdf](https://www.clubexpress.com/dldocs/Building_Strong_Clubs_Dan_Ehrmann.pdf)  
 and read about building and maintaining a strong club.

**Pickles' Mining Supply**

42 N Kelly Drive  
 Cusick, WA 99119  
 (509) 442-3196

**Pans \* Sluices \* Dredges \* Etc.**

**TIPS**

**Start Where Gold Has Been Found Before**

Research historic mining areas—old maps, mining records, and local legends can point you to promising spots. Rivers, creeks, and gulches that were productive in the past often still hold gold.

**Use the Right Tools**

*Gold pan:* Great for beginners and testing small areas.

*Sluice box:* Processes more material and increases your chances.

*Metal detector:* Ideal for finding nuggets in dry areas.

*Dry washer:* Useful in arid regions where water is scarce

**Learn to Read the Land**

Look for contact zones where different rock types meet—these are often gold-rich. Black sand is a good indicator; gold is heavy and often settles with it. Inside bends of rivers, behind large rocks, and natural riffles are prime gold traps.

**Know the Rules**

Always check local regulations—some areas require permits or restrict certain equipment like dredges. Respect private property and protected lands.

**Be Patient and Persistent**

Gold prospecting is a skill that improves with time. Keep detailed notes of where you've searched and what you've found. Join a local prospecting club to learn from experienced miners.

**Test Before You Dig Deep**

Use a pan to test multiple spots before committing to a larger operation. Sometimes moving just a few feet can make a huge difference.

Tony & Suzanne Bamonte's book  
 "The Coeur d'Alene Gold Rush and its Last Legacy"  
 will be available at the meetings and at Eagle City Park for \$45.

See Mary or Bob Lowe to purchase one.

**Editor's Note**

We are always looking for stories to fill our pages. Please take a minute to jot down a story (fact or fiction) and send it into me.

Tell us about your experiences, plans or ideas. Letters to the editor, pictures, jokes (clean, of course), cartoons and ads are all welcome.

Recipes, web pages of interest, email, magazine and news clippings are also needed.

A newsletter is only as good as the article and content submitted.

Please give it a try and wake up the writing genius in you.

**Rugged Country Outpost**

Located on Beaver Creek Road (red food trailer behind G&G Riverstop Store), RCO serves the best "made to order" breakfast & lunch food items around.

Specialty coffee drinks are also available.

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You can call in your order at 208-682-3012

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Saves Hours Of Panning

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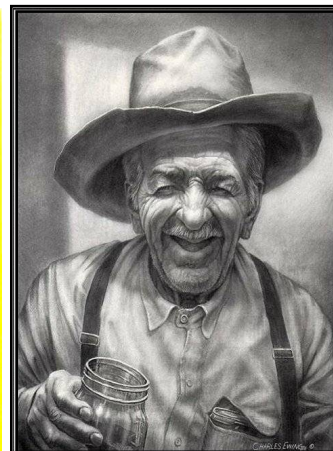
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**208-699-8128**

(see video at <https://youtu.be/lcSb1maktAg>)

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**Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly. Leave the rest to God.**

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509-999-0692 208-660-4852

Forget the mistake, remember the lesson!

Now is the time to start collecting items for the Oasis Women's Shelter and the Morning Star Boys Ranch. Last year we were told there are also young girls there too. We will get the ages and sizes of all the kids.

If you get this newsletter by email,  
please feel free to forward  
it to everyone in your  
address book.

Please email:  
[bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com](mailto:bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com)  
of any changes of your email address  
or home address to ensure delivery of  
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**Wyoming Mines, Inc.**  
15101 S Cheney-Spokane Rd  
Cheney, WA 99004  
509-235-4955  
Jim Ebisch—[jimmycrackcore@yahoo.com](mailto:jimmycrackcore@yahoo.com)  
[wyomines.com](http://wyomines.com)

## The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**I wish I were a little kid so I  
can just take a nap and  
everyone would be  
proud of me!**

**Eagle City Park is closed  
for the season.**

**See you next spring!**



Northwest Gold Prospectors Assn.  
PO Box 2307  
Post Falls, Idaho 83877-2307

