

Nugget News

August

2020

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

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



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upcoming meetings,
outings and newsletters.

\$20 for Single
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Remit to:
NWGPA
PO Box 2307
Post Falls, ID 83877

Important Notice

The August meeting has been cancelled!

Remember, when we get back to having a meeting, we will be meeting the
**SECOND THURSDAY OF THE MONTH @ 7pm at the
Rathdrum Senior Center.**

Outings will still be on the weekend after the
second Thursday of the month.

The Eagle City Park Annual Roast & Potluck Picnic is just around the corner (September 12th) hopefully, with a few changes. This year we are planning a Civil War reenactment by a group of people who do these type of events. If all goes as planned, we will not have the usual activities (poker run, scavenger hunt, pie eating, etc.) We still plan to have music in the evening and possibly a surprise event at the reenactors campsite. Additional details will be posted on our webpage and the September Nugget Newsletter. **PLAN TO ATTEND!**

Watch this video: https://youtu.be/xYh_gK4Uoos

(see page 9 for more information)

RATE CHANGES

As we all know, the cost of everything continues to go up. Eagle City Park will increase their camping fees for the first time in 24 years, starting this season.

Day use during a club outing will still be free! If you plan to camp during the club outing weekend, the cost will now be \$20 (Friday thru Sunday).

The fees for non-outing visits are now \$20 per day, \$30 per weekend (Friday thru Sunday), \$75 per week and \$275 per month.

These fees are for families (husband & wife or significant other w/ kids, grandkids, nieces and nephews 18 and under).

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER

Next day my trip was toward the western hills, and before I came to them was confronted with an extensive stretch of chaparral brush, absolutely impenetrable, which I must go around or stop my progress in this direction. These thickets were a regular paradise for grizzly bears, for within the protection of this matted and thorny growth he is as safe as is the soldier in the rocky fort of Gibraltar. I soon found a way around the brush and rose high enough so that a backward look over the valley was charming, quite as much so as the eastern side. I wandered over the grassy hills covered with great scattering oaks, and came to a grove of mammoth trees, six feet or more in diameter, with tops reaching two hundred or three hundred feet toward the blue sky. They seemed to me to be a kind of cedar, and were far larger and taller than any trees I had ever seen in the forests of Vermont, Michigan or Wisconsin, and in my long journey from the East the route had been principally through a country devoid of good timber. A stranger in a strange land, everything was new and wonderful. After satisfying my inquiring mind I returned to

(Continued on page 2) Autobiography



The Northwest Gold Prospectors Association meets
at 7:00pm on the 2nd Thursday of each month at the
Rathdrum Senior Center located at 8037 W Montana Street, Rathdrum, ID
Our regular outings (May thru October) are at Eagle City Park on the weekend following
the monthly meeting with a potluck at 4pm on Saturday. Other outings will be
announced by the President and posted in the newsletter. November thru March
members are invited to meet each Saturday morning at 8:00AM at Kootenai Medical
Center Cafeteria in Coeur d'Alene to solve the world's problems. Please join us.



Letters to the Editor & Other fun "Stuff" By "GoldFever Bob" Lowe, Editor



In November, 1889 a prospector named Jack Breen found gold near Coeur D'Alene. Breen; however, didn't have the funds to work the claim so soon went into Coeur D'Alene to find someone to grubstake him. Two men named N. R. Palmeter and Jack Osier agreed to be his partners, but Breen did not reveal the exact location, only that it was somewhere near Hayden Lake. Breen then went to get a

drink at a local saloon and bragging about his find, a number of customers began to buy him more drinks, hoping that he would reveal the location of the gold. Fearing Breen would give away the information, they persuaded the local marshal to put him in jail for "his own protection." This proved to be a "deadly" mistake, as early the next morning, the jail caught on fire, and before Breen could be released he died from smoke inhalation.

Sometime around the year 1900, a bank was robbed in the Wallace-Kellogg area and the bandits made off with some \$80,000. Hiding out from the authorities overnight, they were said to have buried their cache somewhere in the four-mile stretch between Huettner and Post Falls. However, with the posse on their tails, they were captured the next morning. The authorities could not find the stolen loot and presumably, the bandits were hanged. To this day, it has never been recovered.

Near the mouth of the Yankee Fork River, a man named Isaac T. Swim discovered gold-bearing quartz in the late summer of 1881. He quickly made his way to Challis, the Custer County seat, to file a claim. He returned to his claim to take some samples in the Fall but didn't stay long as winter was quickly setting in. The following June, he and several other miners, set out for the quartz cropping. When they came upon the Salmon River; however, they found it running extremely high from the spring run-off. Though Swim thought they should wait until the river had tamed down a little, the other miners were impatient. Swim then agreed to cross first and then return for the other men. When he didn't come back, the other miners began to search for him and soon found his drowned horse a short distance downstream. Swim's body was found later in the summer. He had died with the specific location of the rich quartz with him. Though his partners tried to find the gold, and one did find a claim marker, across the river from the mouth of the Yankee Fork, the gold was never found.

camp again, and soon learned that my newly discovered trees were the famous redwoods, so greatly prized for their valuable qualities.

Taking the most direct course to camp I came, when within two or three miles of San Jose, to a large extent of willows so thick, and so thickly woven together with wild blackberry vines, wild roses and other thorny plants, that it appeared at first as if I never could get through. But I found a winding trail made by the cattle through the bushes and mustard, and this I followed, being nearly scared occasionally by some wild steers as they rushed off through the thickets. I got through safely, though it would have been difficult to escape a wild, enraged steer, or a grizzly had I met him face to face even with a rifle in hand. I could see nowhere but by looking straight up, for the willows were in places fifty feet high and a foot in diameter. The willows where I came from were mere bushes, and these astonished me. This bit of brush is still locally known as "The Willows," but the trees are all gone and the ground thickly covered with orchards and fine residences, the land selling at from one thousand to two thousand dollars per acre.

The sun rose without a cloud, and a little later the sea breeze from the bay blew gently over the valley, making the climate perfectly delightful in its temperate coolness, a true paradise on earth it seemed to me, if I was able to judge or set a value upon so beautiful a spot; and surely I had seen all sorts, good and poor, desert and valley, mountain and plain.

But I was poor in purse, and resolved I would seek first the gold mines and secure gold enough to buy a piece of this valley after-

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

ward.

When I had seen what was to be seen about San Jose I had a talk with my friends and found that Mr. Bennett favored going on to the mines at once and that Moody and Skinner thought they would remain a little while at least.

I went along in company with Bennett, and when we got a little way from San Jose, on the road to the Mission, the road seemed walled in on both

sides with growing mustard ten or twelve feet high and all in blossom. How so much mustard could grow, and grow so large, I could not understand. I had seen a few plants in the gardens or fields which people used for greens, and here seemed to be enough to feed the nation, if they liked mustard greens.

The second day out we passed the big church at Mission San Jose and soon left the valley and turned into the mountains and when part way over we came to a stream which we followed up and came out into Livermore valley, where we found a road to follow. Houses were scarce, and we camped a mile or so before we got to the Livermore ranch buildings. There was very little sign of life about the place, and we soon went out of the valley and into the mountains again.

The first sign of settlement we saw when part way through the mountains was a stone corral, but no house or other improvements. The next place was a small house made of willow poles set in the ground and plastered over with mud. This rejoiced in the name of "Mountain House." This wayside inn looked like a horse thief's glory; only one or two men, a quarter of an elk hanging on a pole, and no accom-

(Continued on page 3) Idaho Treasures

Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

modations for man or beast. There was very little water, nothing to sell as well as nothing wanted. On the summits of the mountains as we passed through we saw, standing like guards, many large buck elks.

It was now fifteen miles to the San Joaquin river, and a level plain lay before us. When our road turned into the river bottom we found the water too deep to get through safely, so we concluded to go on and try to find some place where we could cross. On our way droves of antelopes could be seen frolicking over the broad plains, while in the distance were herds of elk winding their way from the mountains towards the river for water. When far away their horns were the first things visible, and they much resembled the dry tops of dead pine trees, but a nearer view showed them to us as the proud monarchs of the plain.

When we came up opposite the mouth of the Merced river we concluded to try again to cross. The river here, as below, was out of its banks, and the overflowed part was quite wide which we had to pass through before we could reach the river proper.

I waded in ahead of the team and sounded the depth of the river so as not to get in too deep water, and avoid if possible such accidents as might otherwise occur. Sometimes the water was up to the wagon bed and it looked a little doubtful of our getting through in safety, but we made it at last.

We found a narrow strip of dry land along the river bank. A town was on the east side of the San Joaquin River, just below where the Merced river came in. I think this place was called Merced City. This so-called city contained but one residence, a tent occupied by the ferryman. We crossed the sluggish stream and for the privilege paid the ferryman ten dollars for toll. The road was not much used and the ferry business seemed lonesome.

Here we camped for the night. The mosquitoes soon found us, and they were all very hungry and had good teeth. They annoyed me so that I moved my lodgings to the ferryboat, but here they quickly found me and troubled me all night. These insects were the first I had seen since I left the lower Platte river, and I thought them as bad as on the Mississippi.

From here the road led up the Merced river near the bottom, and as we came near groves of

Stop at the Sprag Pole Sports Bar & Museum for Great Food & Good Times in Murray, Idaho.

Cedar Village Campground & RV Park at Prichard, ID offers the best in "ROUGHING IT". A full service campground that is near some of the best dining and nightlife on the Coeur d'Alene River. Call 208-682-9404 for reservations. (They have showers at reasonable rates for those who are really "roughing it")

G & G River Stop at the "Y" in Prichard, ID. Your one-stop-shop for all your 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. Many great pictures to look at.

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 chose from. From \$25 to \$75 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 4:00pm). See ad on page 4!

willows, big, stately elk would start out and trot off proudly into the open plains to avoid danger. These proud, big-horned monarchs of the plains could be seen in bunches scattered over the broad meadows, as well as an equal amount of antelope. They all seemed to fear us, which was wise on their part, and kept out of rifle shot. As were not starving as we were once, I did not follow them out on the open plain, for I thought I could get meat when we were more in need.

We followed up the river bottom and saw not a single house until we reached the road leading from Stockton to the Mariposa mines, where we found a ferry and a small store. Here we learned that some men were mining a few miles up the river, so we drove on until we found a little work being done in a dry gulch near the river bank. We made our camp at this spot and had plenty of wood, water and grass. We found there was something to be learned in the art of gold mining. We had no tools nor money, and had never seen a speck of native gold and did not know how to separate it from the dirt nor where to search for it. We were poor, ignorant emigrants. There were two or three men camped here. One of them was more social than the rest and we soon got acquainted. His name was Williams, from Missouri. He came down to the river with a pan of dirt, and seeing me in my ignorance trying to wash some as well, he took the pan from me and very kindly showed me how to work so as to let the dirt go and save the gold. When he had the pan finished a few small, bright scales remained. These to me were curious little follows and I examined them closely and concluded there was a vast difference between gold and lead mining. Williams became more friendly and we told him something about our journey across the plains, and he seemed to think that we deserved a good claim. He went to a dry gulch where a Spaniard was working and told him that all of California, now that the war was over, belonged to Americans and he must leave. Williams had his gun in his hand and war might follow, so Mr. Spaniard left and his claim was presented to Bennett and myself.

Williams had been twice to Santa Fe from Missouri and had learned the Spanish language and could swear at them by note if necessary. We now began work almost without tools, but our ground we had to work was quite shallow and Williams helped us out by loaning us some of his tools at times. We soon succeeded in scratching together some of the yellow stuff and I went down to the store and bought a pan for five dollars, a shovel for ten dollars, and a poor pick cost me ten dollars more. This took about two ounces of my money.

(Continued on page 4) Autobiography

(Continued from page 3) *Autobiography*

We now worked harder than ever for about three weeks, but we could not save much and pay such high prices as were charged. Our gulch claim was soon worked out, and as the river had fallen some we tried the bar, but we could only make four or five dollars a day, and the gold was very fine and hard to save. We bought a hind quarter of an elk and hung it up in a tree and it kept fresh till all of it was eaten.

Some others came and took up claims on the bar, and as the prospects were not as good as was wished, three of us concluded to go and try to find a better place. The next day was Sunday and all lay in bed late. Before I rose I felt something crawling on my breast and when I looked I found it to be an insect, slow in motion, resembling a louse, but larger. He was a new emigrant to me and I wondered what he was. I now took off my pants and found many of his kind in the seams. I murdered all I could find, and when I got up I told Williams what I had found. He said they hurt nobody and were called *piojos*, more commonly known as body lice.

We started on our prospecting tour and went northeast to a place now called Big Oak Flat. This was at the head of a small stream and there were several small gulches that emptied into it that paid well. This flat was all taken up and a ditch was cut through to drain it. A ship load of gold was expected to be found when it was worked. A small town of tents had been pitched on both sides of the flat. One side was occupied by gamblers, and many games were constantly carried on and were well patronized. On the opposite side of the flat were many small tents, and around on the hillside some mules and jacks were feeding. One of the little long-eared donkeys came down among the tents and went in one and commenced eating flour from the sack. The owner of the flour ran to the tent, took his shot gun and fired a load of buck-shot into the donkey's hams. The animal reeled and seemed shot fatally. I now looked for a battle to commence, but the parties were more

(Continued on page 5) *Autobiography*

Club T-Shirts Are Available

S, M, L & XL are \$14 each
2XL & 3XL are \$16 each

New caps & visors are available
See and purchase at the meetings and the outings
Makes Perfect Gifts

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.

Open 6am to 4pm—Wednesday thru Monday

Make sure you order the "Big Bob"!

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

Gold is \$1,922.90 an ounce! This time last year it was \$1,496.30 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.**

Prichard Tavern – Still home to its Famous Broasted 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"

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 October, free of charge for day use. Overnight camping during this weekend is \$20 per family for the whole weekend (Friday thru Sunday). Potluck picnic is at 4pm on Saturday that weekend.

You are welcome to come and prospect and / or camp at other times. The fees are \$20 per family per day, \$30 per family per weekend (Friday thru Sunday), \$75 per family per week and \$275 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 Eagle City Park entrance on left side of road. GPS is 47°38'51"N & 115°54'37"W

reasonable. The price of the animal was fully paid, and no blood shed as I expected there surely would be.

We now prospected further east, but nothing good enough was found. The place we looked over was where the town of Garrote now stands. We concluded to go back, have a council, and go somewhere else. On our way back we stopped to get dinner. While I was around the fire, barefooted, I felt something crawl up my instep, and it proved to be another of those *piojos* of Williams'. I now thought these torments must be all over this country.

Gold dust was used to transact all business; all the coin was in the hands of the gentlemen gamblers. Most miners found it necessary to have a small pair of scales in the breast pocket to weigh the dust so as not to have to trust some one who carried lead weights and often got more than his just dues. Gold dust was valued at sixteen dollars an ounce.

We now thought it would be best for two of us to take our mules and go down in the small hills and try to get some elk meat to take with us, as our route would be mostly through the unsettled part of the country, and no provisions could likely be procured, so Mr. Bradford of New Orleans and myself took our mules and went down where the hills were low and the game plenty. We camped in a low ravine, staked out our mules and staid all night without a fire, believing that when we woke in the early morning some of the many herd of elk then in sight would be near us at daylight, and we could easily kill all we wanted without leaving camp; but we were disappointed. Hundreds of the big-horned fellows were in sight, but none in rifle shot, and there was no chance for us to get any nearer to them. We got near a couple of antelope and Mr. Bradford, who was a brag shot and had the best gun, proposed to kill them as we stood. The larger of the two was on his side and much nearer than the smaller one, but we fired together just as we stood. Bradford's antelope ran off unhurt: mine fell dead in its tracks. Bradford bragged no more about his fine gun and superior marksmanship.

We went back to camp with the little we had killed and soon got ready to start north. Bennett was to go with his team to Sacramento and wait there until he heard from us.

Four of us, mounted on mules, now started on our journey along the foothills without a road. We struck the Tuolumne river at a ferry. The stream was high and rapid and could not be forded, so we had to patronize the ferryman, and give him half an ounce apiece. We thought such charges on poor and almost penniless emigrants were unjust.

The point we were seeking to reach was a new discovery called Gold Lake on Feather River, where many rich gulches that emptied into it had been worked, and the lake was believed to have at least a ship load of gold in it. It was located high in the mountains and could be easily drained and a fortune soon obtained if we got there in time and said nothing to anyone we might meet on the road. We might succeed in getting a claim before they were all taken up. We followed along the foothills without a road, and when we came to the Stanislaus River we had to patronize a ferry and pay half an ounce each again. We thought their scale weights were rather heavy and their ferrymen well paid.

We continued along the foothills without any trail until we struck the road from Sacramento to Hangtown. This sounded like a bad name for a good village, but we found it was fit-

tingly named after some ugly devils who were hanged there. The first house that we came to on this road was the Mormon Tavern. Here were some men playing cards for money, and two boys, twelve or fourteen years old, playing poker for the same and trying in every way to ape the older gamblers and bet their money as freely and swear as loud as the old sports. All I saw was new and strange to me and became indelibly fixed on my mind. I had never before seen such wicked boys, and the men paid no attention to these fast American boys. I began to wonder if all the people in California were like these, bad and wicked.

Here we learned that Gold Lake was not as rich as reported, so we concluded to take the road and go to Coloma, the place where gold was first found on the American River.

We camped at Coloma all night. Mr. Bradford got his mule shod and paid sixteen dollars, or in the mining phrase, an ounce of gold dust. I visited the small town and found that the only lively business place in it was a large gambling house, and I saw money (gold dust) liberally used— sometimes hundreds of dollars bet on a single card. When a few hundred or thousand were lost more would be brought on. The purse would be set in the center of the table and the owners would take perhaps twenty silver dollars or checks, and when they were lost the deposited purse would be handed to the barkeeper, the amount weighed out and the purse returned. When the purse was empty a friend of the better would bring another, and so the game went on almost in silence. The game called Monte seemed to be the favorite. How long these sacks of gold lasted or who eventually got the whole I never knew. This was a new country with new people, and many seemed to be engaged in a business that was new, strange and hazardous. The final result of all this was what puzzled me.

We now followed the road up the mountain to Georgetown. Here was a small village on the summit of the ridge and it seemed to be in a prosperous mining section. After some inquiry about a good place to work we concluded to go down a couple of miles northeast of town on Canyon Creek and go to work if vacant ground could be found. There was a piece of creek bottom here that had not been much worked. Georgia Flat above had been worked and paid well, and the Illinois and Oregon cañons that emptied into the bottom here were rich, so we concluded to locate in the bottom. Claims here in the flat were only fifteen feet square. I located one and my notice told others that I would go to work on it as soon my partner came from Sacramento. I sent my partner, Mr. Bennett a note telling him to come up.

While waiting for Mr. Bennett I took my pan and butcher knife and went into a dry gulch out of sight of the other campers and began work. As the ground was mostly bare bed rock by scratching around I succeeded in getting three or four pans of dirt a day. The few days I had to wait for Bennett I made eight dollars a day until my claim was worked out.

I then went to Georgetown to meet Bennett and family, and soon after my arrival they came well and safe. All of them, even to the faithful camp dog, Cuff, were glad to see me. Old Cuff followed me all around town, but when we got ready to start for camp the dog was gone and could not be found. Some one had hidden him away knowing he could not be gotten any other way, for six ounces would not have bought him. We had raised him in Wis-

(Continued on page 6) *Autobiography*

A number of us meet at Zips, across the highway from the Senior Center for dinner at 4:30pm on the day of the meeting. Come join us!

Treasurer's Report July 2020

Balance Forward from June 30, 2020 **\$14,942.19**

Income

Checking Account Interest: June	\$ 0.12
Memberships:	\$ 1,095.00
Life Flight Memberships:	\$ 413.00

Total Income **\$ 1,505.05**

Disbursements

Consumer Cellular:	\$ 17.72
Idaho State Tax Commission:	\$ 15.66
BLM: (Claim Renewal Fees)	\$ 2,805.00
N.W. Offset Printing: (June/July)	\$ 403.90
Mary Lowe: (Club Expenses June/July)	\$ 100.91
Mark Cook: (FS-152/Life Flight)	\$ 17.71
U.S. Post Office: (Stamps)	\$ 22.00
Office Max: Copies, Life Flight (Debit Card)	\$ 0.25
Fairgrounds: Deposit Gold Show 2021	\$ 891.05
Square Bank Fee:	\$ 3.07

Total Disbursements **\$ 4,277.27**

Ending Balance: July 31, 2020 **\$ 12,169.97**

Eagle City Park Memberships for Sale

#95 Robin & Becky Bird (208-691-1721)
 #55 & 56 James Bonham (208-582-2471)
 #63, 64 & 65 Mark & Lisa Wenig (208)687-2072
 #68, 69, & 71 Margie Coe (208)660-7795
 #85, 86 & 87 Doug & Cathy Boseth (208-773-4701)

(Continued from page 5) Autobiography

consin, made him a good deer dog, and with us he had crossed the dry and sandy deserts. He had been a great protection to Bennett's children on the plains, and company for us all.

We now located claims on the creek bottom. The channel of the creek was claimed by Holman of Alabama and the Helms brothers of Missouri. They had turned the stream into a ditch in order to work the bed of the stream, believing that their claims had all the gold in them. Our claims joined theirs.

Mr. W. M. Stockton, who left his family in Los Angeles, came with Mr. Bennett and went to work with us. As everything here was very high we concluded to let Mr. Stockton take the team and go to Sacramento for provisions for our own use. Flour and meat were each fifty cents a pound, potatoes twenty-five cents a pound and onions one dollar and twenty-five cents each. Onions and potatoes eaten raw were considered very necessary to prevent and cure scurvy, which was quite a common complaint. Whiskey, if not watered, cost one dollar a drink.

Our claims were about ten feet deep. The bottom was wet and a pump needed, so we went to a whip saw-mill and got four narrow strips one by three and one by five and twelve feet long, paying for them by weight, the price being twelve cents a pound. Out of these strips we made a good pump by fixing a valve at the end and nailing a piece of green rawhide on a pole, which answered for a plunger, and with the pump set at forty-five degrees it worked easily and well. One man could easily keep the water out

and we made fair wages.

In the creek bottom Mr. Bush of Missouri had a saloon. The building was made mainly of brush, with a split piece for a counter, and another one for a shelf for his whiskey keg, a box of cigars, a few decks of cards and half a dozen glasses, which made up the entire stock of trade for the shop. In front was a table made of two puncheons with a blanket thrown over all, and a few rough seats around. There was no roof except the brush, and through the dry season none was needed except for shade.

There was also at this place five brothers by the name of Helms, also from Missouri. Their names were Jim, Davenport, Wade, Chet and Daunt. These men, with Mr. Holman, owned the bed of the stream, and their ground proved to be quite wet and disagreeable to work. Mr. Holman could not well stand to work in the cold water, so he asked the privilege of putting in a hired man in his place, which was agreed to. He then took up a claim for himself outside of the other claims, and this proved to be on higher bed rock and dry, and paid even better than the low claims where the Helms brothers were at work. This was not what the Helms boys considered exactly fair, as Holman seemed to be getting rich the fastest, and as there was no law to govern them they held a free country court of their own, and decided the case to suit themselves; so they ordered Holman to come back and do his own work. No fault was found with the hired man but what he did his work well enough, but they were jealous and would not be bound by their agreement.

But this decision did not satisfy all parties, and it was agreed to submit the case to three men, and I was chosen one of them. We held Court on the ground and heard both sides of the story, after which we retired to the shade of a bunch of willows to hold council over the matter with the result that we soon came to a decision in favor of Mr. Holman. About this time one of the Helms boys began to quarrel with Holman and grew terribly mad, swearing all kinds of vengeance, and making the canyon ring with the loudest kind of Missouri oaths. Finally he picked up a rock to kill Holman, but the latter was quick with his pistol, a single shot dueling piece, and as they were not more than ten feet apart Helms would have had a hole in him large enough for daylight to shine through if the pistol had not missed fire. We stopped the quarrel and made known our decision, whereupon Helms went off muttering vengeance.

We now went back to our work again at our claims, mine being between Helms' cabin and the saloon. Holman stopped to talk a little while on my claim, while I was down below at work, and soon Helms came back again in a terrible rage, stopping on the opposite side of the hole from Holman, swearing long and loud, and flourishing a big pistol with which he threatened to blow Holman into purgatory. He was so much enraged that he fairly frothed at the mouth like a rabid dog. The men were about twenty feet

(Continued on page 8) Autobiography

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Refreshment Signup

We have some spots still open for signup. Pick a month that you will be willing to bring snacks to the monthly meeting. Make note of the month you choose so if by some chance you can't make it to the meeting on that date, you can give us a call to find someone to fill in for you. We would like to get at least three volunteers for each month for variety.

For Sale

**Mini Gold Grabber
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Call Eddie Siegel @ 208-712-4974

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**Jabbit Sluice Stand
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Vice President:

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Secretary:

Mary Lowe
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Mark Cook
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Sergeant of Arms:

Skip Lindahl
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kd7fye@gmail.com

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Directors:

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Bryan McKeehan (3yr Jan 2020)
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208-651-8318

mary@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Claims & Gold Show Chairman:

Mark Cook

Activities:

Nomination:

Law and Regulations: Wayne McCarroll

Legislation Liaison:

Internet Website: Bill Izzard

Programs:

Financial Audit:

Please email bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com of any changes of your email address or home address to ensure delivery of your newsletter each month!

2020 Club Calendar

Aug 15	Outing
Sept 10	Meeting
Sept 12	Eagle City Park's Annual Pig Roast
Sept 12	Outing
Oct 8	Meeting
Oct 10	Chili Feed Outing
Oct 11	Eagle City Park closes for season
Nov 12	Meeting
Dec 10	Meeting
Dec 13	Christmas Potluck & Food Drive
Mar 13-14 2021	NWGP Gold & Treasure Show

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

(Continued from page 6) *Autobiography*

apart, and I at the bottom of the hole ten feet below, but exactly between them. It seemed to me that I was in some little danger for Helms had his big pistol at full cock, and as it pointed at me quite as often as it did at anybody, I expect I dodged around a little to keep out of range. Helms was terribly nervous, and trembled as he cursed, but Holman was cool and drew his weapon deliberately, daring Helms to raise his hand or he would kill him on the instant. Helms now began to back off, but carefully kept his eye on Holman and continued his abuse as he went on to the saloon to get something to replenish his courage. Holman, during the whole affair, talked very calmly and put considerable emphasis into his words when he dared Helms to make a hostile motion. He was a true Alabamian and could be neither scared nor driven. He soon sold out, however, and went to a more congenial camp for he said these people were cowardly enough to waylay and kill him unawares.

Soon after this unpleasantness a man and wife who lived in Georgetown came into notice, and while the man made some money mining his wife did a good stroke of business washing for the boys who paid her a dollar a shirt as laundry fees. As she began to make considerable money the bigger, if not better, half of this couple began to feel quite rich and went off on a drunk, and when his own money was spent he went to his wife for more, but she refused him, and he, in his drunken rage, picked up a gun near by and shot her dead.

All of a sudden the Helms boys and others gathered at the saloon, took drinks all around, and did a good deal of swearing, which was the biggest portion of the proceedings of the meeting; and then they all started off toward town, swearing and yelling as they struggled up the steep mountain side—a pack of reckless, backwoods Missourians who seemed to smell something bloody.

To be continued.....



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Refreshment Volunteers

We have some spots still open for signup. Pick a month that you will be willing to bring snacks to the monthly meeting. Make note of the month you choose so if by some chance you can't make it to the meeting on that date, you can give us a call to find someone to fill in for you. We would like to get at least three volunteers for each month for variety.

2020 Refreshment Volunteers

January:	Neil Oliver - Mary Lowe - Wayne & Diane McCarroll
February:	Mike & Nadine Ferry - Steve Booras - Crystal McNeil
March:	Mike Phillips - Bill Pease -
April:	Dan Boss - Julia McCormack - BJ Scheckler
May:	Bob & Pat Beck - Anne Stephens - Mary Lou Robinson
June:	Mel Ellegood - Mike & Nadine Ferry - Steve Goodman
July:	Julia McCormack - Nick Masten - John Fee
August:	Bob & Pat Beck - Mike & Nadine Ferry - John Fee
September:	Wayne & Diane McCarroll - BJ Scheckler -
October:	Russ Brown - Steve Burris -
November:	Bill Pease - Julia McCormack - Mike Fisher
December:	Mary Lowe - Anne Stephens

We need more volunteers.
Would like to have at least 3 people per month.

(We need 1 more for September, October & December)

Sign up at the meeting.

Thanks to all who have signed up!

Field Guide to Recreational Prospecting in Montana

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Gold Panners' Guide to Idaho

by Tom Bohmker

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www.goldpannersguide.com

Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895

In Memoriam

Jackson Connolly

Longtime NWGPA member # 1016, passed away July 14th, 2020 after a long battle with a liver transplant.
His generous personal contributions to the success of the NWGPA will be missed.

We now accept major credit & debit cards for membership renewals and purchases of club merchandise.

2019 Refreshment Sign-Up

Need at least 3 volunteers to bring refreshments to each months meeting. Please sign up at the meeting and do your part to help out. See page 8 to find dates we need to fill. Thanks!

Notice

The phone number for the NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association is
(208)262-6518

Email: info@nwgoldprospectors.org

Website:

www.nwgoldprospectors.org

DID YOU KNOW.....

That 1 oz. of pure gold is approx. the size of a cube of sugar? That 1 oz. of gold can be flattened out to 300 sq. ft.? That a mixture of one part nitric acid and 3 parts hydrochloric acid (*aqua regia*) will dissolve gold? That in 1966 all the refined gold in the world would make a cube 50 feet on a side?

What is gold?

Symbol: AU
Atomic Weight: 196.967
Atomic Number: 79
Melting Point: 1063° C (1945° F)
Boiling Point: 2966° C
Specific Gravity: 19.2
MOH's Scale of Hardness: 2.5 - 3

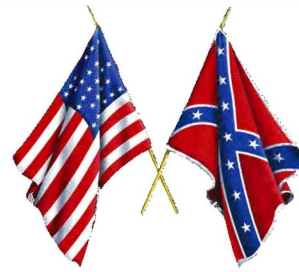
What is a carat?

Pure gold is expressed as 24 carats. When alloyed (mixed with other metals) the following table is used to determine the carat.

24K donated by 100% Pure Gold
18K donated by 75% Pure Gold
14K donated by 58% Pure Gold
10K donated by 42% Pure Gold

How is gold weighed?

0.0648 grams = 1 grain
24 grains = 1 pennyweight (dwt.)
20 pennyweight (dwt.) = 1 troy oz.
12 troy oz. = 1 troy pound



Eagle City Civil War Reenactment

September 12th – 13th

Eagle City Park – Located between Prichard and Murray at the old townsite of Eagle City. Eagle City Park is 25 miles off I-90 from the Kingston exit (Exit 43), on Eagle Creek Road, via Coeur d'Alene River Road.

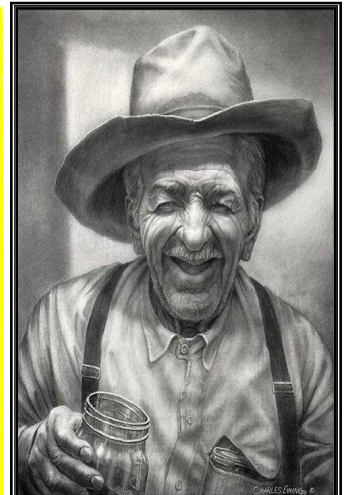
Battles	Camps Open
Sat. @ 11am + 2pm	Sat. 9am – 4pm
Sun. @ 11am	Sun. 9am – Noon

Join us as we travel back in time to the year 1863 to reenact America's past through living History, with the hope of providing a glimpse of what life was like during the Civil War.

Contact: Sheena Black (509) 238-2978

While taking a clinical history from an elderly patient, a doctor asked, "How's your love life?" "I don't know," he said. "I'll ask my wife." He got up, walked into the hallway where his wife was sitting, and shouted, "Hey, the doctor wants to know if we still have sex." His wife shouted back, "No, the only thing we have is Medicare and Blue Cross."

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

Recipe(s) of the Month

Raw Apple Cake

Mix together & set aside:

4 cups apples (peeled & chopped)
2 eggs
1/2 cup oil
1 cup sugar
1 cup brown sugar

Sift together:

2 teaspoons baking soda
1/2 teaspoons salt
2 cups flour
1 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 1/2 cups of raisins and/or nuts (combined)

Combine the two together and pour into an **UNGREASED**
9X13 pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

Editors Note: This is one of the BEST cakes I've ever eaten.

The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**A foolish man tells a woman to stop
talking, but a wise man tells her that
her mouth is extremely beautiful
when her lips are closed.**

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manual for a wife? Mine's
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