

Nugget News

December

2020

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



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outings and newsletters.

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

Important Notice!

Due to COVID-19 issues, the annual Christmas Potluck and the December 2020 & January 2021 meetings have been cancelled! That also goes for our Saturday morning get togethers at the hospital. Please watch for any updates in future editions of the Nugget News! Stay Safe Everyone!



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER GOLD PROSPECTOR

New Orleans seemed to be a very large city. Near the levee a large government building was in course of construction for a Custom House. It was all of stone, and the walls were up about two stories. We put up at a private boarding house, and the first business was to try and sell our gold dust. So we went to the mint and were told we would have to wait ten days to run it through the mill, and we did not like to wait so long. We were shown all through the mint and saw all the wonders of coin making. Every thing seemed perfect

(Continued on page 3) Autobiography

Merry
Christmas

HAPPY NEW YEAR



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 are at Eagle City Park 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



HOW IT ALL STARTED!

In the winter of 1995, I was on an airplane returning from a business/pleasure trip in Phoenix Arizona when I got the bright idea of starting a local gold prospecting club.

You see, while in Arizona, I decided to see if I could find my mother who was wandering the desert looking for gold. She was staying in Stanton, AZ, which is one of many GPAA/LDMA properties. The timing of my visit put me there during one of their famous outings. Although, I didn't participate in the outing, I did get to meet and socialize with many of the attendees. In short, I had a blast. Some of the best times were sitting around their nightly campfire story telling, drinking and singing to lots of so called campfire songs. If you follow the GPAA shows and magazines, I'm sure you've heard the name David "Boo Coo" Haas. What a personality. Turned out he is an acquaintance of my mother and as a staff member of GPAA, he told stories till you hurt from laughing and then led everyone in song while playing his ukulele. Like I said, I had a blast.

By the time I got home, I was excited as ever to try and duplicate the experience I had there. So, in February 1996, I placed an ad in the Nickels Worth announcing an organizational meeting of a gold prospecting club. We had about 28 people show up in a blinding snowstorm and discussed the possibility.

At the second meeting in March, during a flood in the Silver Valley, we had about 35 people in attendance and decided, among other things, we should each put \$1, each meeting in the pot as dues to start a fund. This only lasted a couple of meetings as we needed to budget our money and with \$1 per person when you attend a meeting, we couldn't be sure of our income., so \$12 per year at that time.

At our third meeting in April, the NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association was off and running as we had over 120 people show up. In fact, soon after our third or fourth meeting, some of us helped a new club start up in Spokane, because as it turned out, our club was not radical enough for some in their group who wanted to "tear down gates and retake the land." Always wondered how that turned out for them.

(Continued on page 6) Letters

The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas at
Rock-Away Rest,

And all of us seniors
were looking our
best.

Our glasses, how
sparkly, our wrin-
kles, how merry;

The punchbowl held
prune juice plus
three drops of sher-
ry.

A bed sock was
taped to each walk-
er, in hope

That Santa would
bring us soft candy
and soap.

We surely were
lucky to be there
with friends,

Secure in this resi-
dence and in our
Depends.

Our grandkids had
sent us some Christ-
massy crafts,

Like angels in snowsuits and pen-
guins on rafts.

The dental assistant had borrowed
our teeth,

And from them she'd crafted a holi-
day wreath.

The bed pans, so shiny, all stood in
a row,

Reflecting our candles' magnificent
glow.

Our supper so festive -- the joy
wouldn't stop.

'Twas creamy warm oatmeal with
sprinkles on top.

Our salad was Jell-O, so jiggly and
great,

Then puree of fruitcake was
spooned on each plate.

The social director then had us play
games,

Like "Where Are You Living?" and

"What Are Your Names?"

Old Grandfather Looper was feeling
his oats,

Proclaiming that reindeer were noth-
ing but goats.

Nugget News

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Advertising
Ads are free to our members.
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vendors at our gold shows. Call or
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advertising.

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

Our resident wanderer
was tied to her chair,
In hopes that at bed-
time she still would be
there.

Security lights on the
new fallen snow,

Made outdoors seem
noon to the old folks
below.

Then out on the porch
there arose quite a
clatter

(But we are so deaf
that it just didn't mat-
ter.)

A strange little fellow
flew in through the
door,

Then tripped on the
sill and fell flat on the
floor.

'Twas just our director,
all toggled out in red.

He jiggled and chuckled and patted
each head.

We knew from the way that he strutted
and jived

Our Social Security checks had ar-
rived.

We sang -- how we sang -- in our
monotone croak,

Till the clock tinkled out its soft eight
p.m. stroke.

And soon we were snuggling deep in
our beds,

While nurses distributed nocturnal
meds.

And so, ends our Christmas at Rock-
Away Rest.

Soon you'll be with us; we wish you
the best!!!

Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

here. Beautiful machinery was in operation making all sizes of gold coins, from a twenty dollar piece down. Strips of gold bands about six feet long and of the proper thickness for twenty dollar pieces are run through a machine which cuts out the pieces, and when these are cut they can stamp out the pieces as fast as one can count.

This was the most ingenious work I ever saw, and very wonderful and astonishing to a backwoodsman like myself, for I supposed that money was run in molds like bullets.

As we could not wait we went to a bank and sold our dust, getting only sixteen dollars per ounce, the same price they paid in California. We now took the cars and rode out to Lake Ponchartrain most of the way over a trestle work. We found a wharf and warehouse at the lake, and a steamer lay there all ready to go across to the other side. The country all about looked low, with no hills in sight.

When we returned to the city we looked all about, and in the course of our travels came to a slave market. Here there were all sorts of black folks for sale; big and little, old and young and all sorts. They all seemed good-natured, and were clean, and seemed to think they were worth a good deal of money. Looking at them a few minutes sent my mind back to St. Joseph, Missouri, where I saw a black sold at auction. From my standpoint of education I did not approve of this way of trading in colored people.

We continued our stroll about the city, coming to a cemetery, where I looked into a newly dug grave to find it half full of water. On one side were many brick vaults above ground. The ground here is very low and wet, and seemed to be all swamp. The drainage was in surface gutters, and in them the water stood nearly still. It seemed to me such water must have yellow fever in it.

For a long way along the levee the steamboats lay thick and close together, unloading cotton, hemp, sugar, hoop poles, bacon and other products, mostly the product of negro labor.

Here our friend Evans was taken sick, and as he got no better after a day or two, we called a doctor to examine him.

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

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!

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"**

He pronounced it a mild case of yellow fever. His skin was yellow in places, and he looked very badly. The doctor advised us to go on up the river, saying it was very dangerous staying here with him. Evans gave me most of his money and all of his gold specimens to take to his wife, and when he got well he would follow us. We bade him good-bye, and with many wishes for his speedy recovery, we took passage on a steamer for St. Louis. This steamer, the *Atlantic*, proved to be a real floating palace in all respects. The table was supplied with everything the country afforded and polite and well-dressed darkies were numerous as table waiters. This was the most pleasant trip I had ever taken, and I could not help comparing the luxuriance of my coming home to the hardships of the outward journey across the plains, and our starvation fare.

Our boat was rather large for the stage of water this time of year, and we proceeded rather slowly, but I cared little for speed as bed and board were extra good, and a first cabin passage in the company of friends, many of whom were going to the same part of Wisconsin as myself, was not a tedious affair by any means.

At night gambling was carried on very extensively, and money changed hands freely as the result of sundry games of poker, which was the popular game.

We reached St. Louis in time, and here was the end of our boat's run. The river had some ice floating on its surface, and this plainly told us that we were likely to meet more ice and colder weather as we went north. We concluded to take the Illinois River boat from here to Peoria, and paid our passage and stepped on board. We were no more than half way through this trip when the ice began to form on the surface of the water, and soon became so thick and strong that the boat finally came to a perfect standstill, frozen in solid.

We now engaged a farm wagon to take us to Peoria, from which place we took regular stages for Galena. Our driver was inclined to be very merciful to his horses, so we were two days in reaching that town, but perhaps it was best, for the roads were icy and slippery, and the weather of the real winter sort. From here we hired a team to take four of us to Plattville, and then an eighteen-mile walk brought me to Mineral

(Continued on page 4) *Autobiography*

Point, the place from which I started with my Winnebago pony in 1849. I had now finished my circle and brought both ends of the long belt together.

I now went to a drug store and weighed Mr. Evans' specimens, wrapping each in a separate piece of paper, with the value marked on each, and took them to his wife, to whom I told the news about her husband. In two week's time he came home sound and well.

I was quite disappointed in regard to the looks and business appearance of the country. It looked thinly settled, people scarce, and business dull. I could not get a day's work to do, and I could not go much farther on foot, for the snow was eight or ten inches deep, and I was still several hundred miles from my parents in Michigan. So my journey farther east was delayed until spring. The hunting season was over, and when I came into Mineral Point without a gun, and wore good clothes, making a better appearance than I used to, they seemed to think I must be rich and showed me marked attention, and made many inquiries about their neighbors who started for California about the same time I did. The young ladies smiled pleasantly when near me, and put on their best white aprons, looking very tidy and bright, far superior to any of the ladies I had seen in my crooked route from San Francisco through Acapulco, Panama, the West Indies and along the Mississippi.

After a few days in town I went out into the neighborhood where I used to live and stopped with Mr. E. A. Hall, who used to be a neighbor of Mr. Bennett, as he had invited me to stay with himself and wife, who were the only occupants of a good house, and all was pleasant. But notwithstanding all the comfort in which I was placed, I grew lonesome, for the enforced idleness, on account of the stormy weather, was a new feature in my life, and grew terribly monotonous.

After some delay I concluded to write to my parents in Michi-

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gan and give them a long letter with something of a history of my travels, and to refresh my memory I got out my memorandum I had kept through all my journey.

As my letter was liable to be quite lengthy I bought a quantity of foolscap paper and begun. I took my diary as my guide, and filled out the ideas suggested in it so they would understand them. I soon ran through with my paper and bought more, and kept on writing. The weather was cold and stormy, and I found it the best occupation I could have to prevent my being lonesome; so I worked away, day after day, for about a month, and I was really quite tired of this sort of work before I had all the facts recorded which I found noted down in my diary. My notes began in March, 1849, in Wisconsin, and ended in February, 1852, on my return to Mineral Point. I found, as the result of my elaboration, over three hundred pages of closely written foolscap paper, and I felt very much relieved when it was done. By the aid of my notes I could very easily remember everything that had taken place during my absence, and it was recorded in regular form, with day and date, not an incident of any importance left out, and every word as true as gospel. I had neither exaggerated nor detracted from any event so far as I could recollect.

I now loaned Mr. Hall, with whom I lived, six hundred dollars to enable him to cross the plains to California and try to make

(Continued on page 5) *Autobiography*

Gold is \$1,828.30 an ounce! This time last year it was \$1,462.30 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.***

***If at first you don't succeed,
try doing it the way your
wife told you!***

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 **439 Eagle Creek Road**, the Eagle City Park entrance on left side of road. **GPS is 47°38'51"N & 115°54'37"W**

(Continued from page 4) Autobiography

his fortune. To secure this I took a mortgage on his eighty-acre farm, and he set out to make the journey. I had another eighty acres of land near here which I bought at government price before going to California, but I could not now sell it for what it cost me. When I went away I had left my chest and contents with my friend Samuel Zollinger, and he had kept it safely, so I now made him my lawful agent. I placed my narrative and some other papers in the chest and gave the key into his charge, while I went north, across the Wisconsin River, to visit my old hunting and trapping friend, Robert McCloud. Here I made a very pleasant visit of perhaps a week, and the common prospects of the country were freely talked over. It seemed to us as if the good times were still far off; every day was like Sunday so far as anything going on; no money in circulation, many places abandoned, and, like myself, many had gone to California to seek gold instead of lead. (The mines at Mineral Point are mostly of lead, with some copper.)

Looking at matters in this light it did not need a great deal of McCloud's persuasion to induce me to go back with him to California, all the more so as my little pile seemed to look smaller every day, while three or four years ago it would have seemed quite large. Deciding to go, I wrote to Mr. Zollinger to send the account I had written to my parents in Michigan, reading it first himself, and admonishing him not to lend it. I also wrote to my parents telling them what they might look for in the mails, and cautioning them never to have it printed, for the writing was so ungrammatical and the spelling so incorrect that it would be no credit to me.

I afterward learned that in time they received the bundle of paper and read it through and through, and circulated it around the neighborhood till it was badly worn, and laid it away for future perusal when their minds should incline that way. But the farm house soon after took fire and burned, my labor going up in smoke.

When the news of this reached me I resolved to try to forget all the trials, troubles and hardships I had gone through, and which I had almost lived over again as I wrote them down, and I said to myself that I would not talk about them more than I could help, the sooner to have them vanish, and never write them down again, but a few years ago an accident befell me so that I could not work, and I back-slid from my determination when I was persuaded so earnestly by many friends to write the account which appeared a few years ago in the Santa Clara Valley now the Pacific Tree and Vine, edited by H. A. Brainard, at San Jose, California. The diary was lost, and from memory alone the facts have been rehearsed, and it is but fair to tell the reader that the hardest and worst of it has never been

told nor will it ever be.

McCloud and I now took his skiff, and for two days floated down the Wisconsin River till we reached the Mississippi, boarded the first steamboat we could hail, and let our own little craft adrift. In due time we reached St. Louis and boarded another steamer for New Orleans.

At a wood-yard, about dark, a lot of negroes, little and big, came on board to sell brooms. The boat's clerk seemed to know negro character pretty well, so he got out his violin and played for them. For a while the young colored gentry listened in silence, but pretty soon he struck a tune that suited them, and they began to dance in their own wild style.

In seven days from St. Louis we landed in New Orleans, and found the government steamer, Falcon, advertised to sail in two days. We went together to one of the slave warehouses. Outside and in all was neat and clean, and any day you could see men, women and children standing under the shed as a sign of what they had within, and the painted signs "For Sale" displayed conspicuously. We were very civilly treated, and invited to examine the goods offered for sale. There were those of all ages and all colors, for some were nearly white and some intensely black, with all the shades between. All were to be sold, separately, or in families, or in groups as buyers might desire. All were made to keep themselves clean and neatly dressed, and to behave well, with a smile to all the visitors whether they felt like smiling or not. Some seemed really anxious to get a good master, and when a kind, pleasant looking man came along they would do their utmost to be agreeable to him and inquire if he did not want to buy them. We talked it over some between ourselves, and when we thought of the market and the human chattels for sale there, McCloud spoke up and said:—"I am almost persuaded to be an abolitionist."

I now went on board the steamer Falcon, in command of a government officer, to try to learn something about the family of Capt. Culverwell who perished alone in Death Valley. He told me he had once belonged to the Navy and had his life insured, and as I was an important witness for his family I wanted to learn where they lived. The Captain looked over a list of officers, but Culverwell's name was not there. I then wrote a letter to Washington stating the facts of his death, and my own address in Sacramento, California. I also stated that I would assist the widow if I could, but I never received an answer.

We soon started down the river, having on board about one hundred passengers, men going to work on the Panama Railroad. At Chagres we found a small stern wheeled river steamer and took passage on it for Gorgona, as far as the steamer could well go up the river. While going up we met a similar boat coming down, and being near a short bend they crashed together, breaking down our guards severely, but fortunately with no damage to our wheel. A few miles above this a dark passing cloud gave us rain in streams, and we had to drift in near shore to wait for the storm to pass. I never before saw water fall so fast, and yet in half an hour the sun was out and burning hot.

To be continued.....

Jinger's Gold-Con Fluid Tube

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208-699-8128

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

Balance Forward from October 31, 2020 \$10,687.76

Income:

Interest:	\$0.10
Club Memberships:	\$40.00
Club Raffle: (November)	\$51.00
Club Raffle 50/50: (November)	\$5.50
Total income	\$96.60

Disbursements:

Gold Show Website Renewal Fees:	\$159.38
Consumer Cellular:	\$17.86
Rathdrum Senior Center: (Rent November)	\$80.00
Office Supplies: Administrative	\$8.62
2021 Gold Show Classified Adds:	\$142.50
Total Disbursements	\$408.36

Ending Balance: October 31, 2020 **\$10,376.00**

Submitted by Mark Cook

***Here's to another day of outward
smiles and inward screams!***

Important!

If you have any digital photos of any prospecting / mining activities, outings, meetings, wildlife, etc., that you would be willing to share, please email or send copies of them to me to be included in a digital photo slideshow.

Also, I would be interested in getting future photos covering the same topics as above. Slideshows are a great draw at meetings and gold shows. Also, I can use them in the Nugget News.

Send to: bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Thanks.....Bob

(Continued from page 2) Letters

In the years since, we helped get the Clearwater Chapter of the NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association started in the Lewiston/Orofino area. They are still very active and hosted the annual Gibbs Eddy outing (wish it was still an annual event as it was FUN!).

Right away it was apparent that we needed a place to gather for outings and prospecting. As soon as the snow melted at Eagle Creek, I took Mary on a drive to show her a claim my brother and I staked (now known as Ruby #1). As fate would have it, we had a chance encounter with the owner of 42 acres on Eagle Creek. I proposed to the club that we all go together, pool our money and purchase the 42 acres. When that idea fell through, my wife and I took a chance and put all we had in the purchase and development of what is now known as Eagle City Park. Selling 5 acres of the property to Mary's parents, Don & Irene Rower, along with help from my mom, Virginia Hanks, long time friends Dwight Makinson, Bruce Anderson and Wayne & Sharon Parkin made Eagle City Mining Company, Ltd and the project possible.

After a couple of additional purchases and trades, Eagle City Mining Company secured a few mining claims for the members of the club to share. We also had access to mining claims owned by a couple of our club members as well.

I was elected President in the beginning and served in that capacity many times over the years. Several of our members also served as officers of our club, some of whom are still very active to this day.

I started the Nugget News in 1997 and with the exception of about a year or so when Diane McCarroll kindly stepped in and published it, I have done my best to publish an entertaining and informative newsletter ever since. Over the years, Murphy has visited me several times when it came time to putting the Nugget News together. Everything from computer problems to heart surgery. From data loss, accidental deletions, data corruption (membership lists), problems with the printing at the printing companies, my printers jamming after eating labels, forgetting about holidays (Post Office closures), out of toner, etc. And then there are deadlines, the biggest of which is doing my best to get the Nugget News into the hands of the members before the next meeting.

We are around 400 members strong with 8 charter members still active. Some of the old-timers have passed on, some have relocated to other parts of the country, some can no longer be physically involved and some have lost interest completely after finding that looking for gold is not as easy as looking for Easter eggs. As I've always said, "Don't quit your day job."

23 years ago, I brought up the idea of hosting our own gold & treasure show. That first show, even after all the planning, ended up not going on at all. I got a phone call a couple of weeks before the start of the show from Lucille Bowen of Bowen's Hideout wherein she noticed that our show was scheduled the same weekend as Easter. Since we only had a handful of vendors, most of which were members of the club, we decided to cancel that first

(Continued on page 7) Letters

Eagle City Park Memberships for Sale

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

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

A Must Have Book

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By Chris Ralph

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ISBN: 978-0-9842692-0-4

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(Continued from page 6) Letters

show. But, we've had 21 very successful shows and with Mark Cook taking over show chairmanship since show #20, I am looking forward to our best ever, with our 22th annual show on March 13th & 14th, 2021 if the issues with Covid-19 will allow. Lets hope so.

The club has really matured over the years. What started out as an idea to get a night out with a few fellow prospectors 24 years ago has evolved into what could be a powerful lobby for small scale miners, gold prospectors and **YES**, recreational gold panners today. Over the years, our members have come from all walks of life. From lawyers to used car salesmen, from doctors to laborers, from housewives to professional women, from law enforcement to fire fighters, from military personnel to clergy, flat broke to millionaires, from those starting a career to those of us who are retired. Out of all these various backgrounds, I'm sure we can rest assured that our club will always be in good hands, especially if you step forward and volunteer some of your time and talent.

April 2021 is fast approaching and we will be needing nominations for various offices (see page 7 for list). Let's see if we can overcome the 80/20 rule, where 80% of the work is done by 20% of the members. **PLEASE STEP UP & VOLUNTEER!!**

HOW TO TELL IF YOU'VE FOUND GOLD OR PYRITE

When you're prospecting for gold, the shining little bits in your sluice or pan can make your heart start beating hard when you see them.

With the sun shining and the flakes sparkling, you feel like a million bucks and hope you've made at least a few hundred dollars. Without taking a closer look at what you've found, however, you may find that the only thing you've found is pyrite.

Pyrite is what we call "Fool's Gold." Unless you can spot the differences between the two, you may find yourself going to a gold buyer with nothing to offer.

There are 4 specific points to look at when examining what you think may be gold to determine if you've got something of value.

Pyrite tends to glisten in the sun instead of shine naturally. You'll see the glistening come to a sharp edge and the "sparkly" aspect of the

(Continued on page 8) Gold or Pyrite

Club Officers

2020

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Wayne McCarroll

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Vice President:

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Skip Lindahl

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Club Merchandise:

Directors:

Bob Grammer (1yr Oct 2021)

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Bob Lowe (1yr Jan 2021)

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Bryan McKeehan (3yr Jan 2020)

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Mark Cook (3yr Jan 2020)

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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!

2021 Club Calendar

All future calendar events are on hold at the moment. Look to this portion for any changes in meeting dates, times and other activities. Stay safe and try to enjoy yourselves.

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

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

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RED SKELTON'S RECIPE FOR THE PERFECT MARRIAGE

1. Two times a week we go to a nice restaurant, have a little beverage, good food and companionship. She goes on Tuesdays, I go on Fridays.
2. We also sleep in separate beds. Hers is in California and mine is in Texas.
3. I take my wife everywhere, but she keeps finding her way back.
4. I asked my wife where she wanted to go for our anniversary. "Somewhere I haven't been in a long time!" she said. So I suggested the kitchen.
5. We always hold hands. If I let go, she shops.
6. She has an electric blender, electric toaster and electric bread maker. She said "There are too many gadgets, and no place to sit down!" So I bought her an electric chair.
7. My wife told me the car wasn't running well because there was water in the carburetor. I asked where the car was. She told me, "In the lake."
8. She got a mud pack and looked great for two days. Then the mud fell off.
9. She ran after the garbage truck, yelling, "Am I too late for the garbage?" The driver said, "No, jump in!"
10. Remember: Marriage is the number one cause of divorce.
11. I married Miss Right. I just didn't know her first name was 'Always'.
12. I haven't spoken to my wife in 18 months. I don't like to interrupt her.
13. The last fight was my fault though. My wife asked, "What's on the TV?" I said, "Dust!"

Can't you just hear him say all of these?

I love it. These were the good old days when humor didn't have to start with a four letter word. It was just clean and simple fun. And he always ended his programs with the words, "And May God Bless" with a big smile on his face.

(Continued from page 7) Gold or Pyrite

material may shift as your perspective changes. If you're still unsure, place the item in question into a darkened environment. Gold always has luster. If the shine goes away without light, then you've got pyrite.

Pyrite is much harder than gold. It's also harder than copper. Take a penny that was minted before 1982 and attempt to scratch the item that you've found. If you alter the complexion of the material, then it isn't gold. If you don't have a copper penny, just stick a pin in what you've found. Pyrite tends to shatter.

Pyrite interacts with white porcelain in a unique way. It will leave a powdery residue that appears to have a green-like sheen when rubbed against the material. Gold leaves a residue that is faintly yellow on white porcelain instead.

Pyrite tends to have an angular appearance. Gold tends to have a rounded appearance. If it looks more like a cube than a sphere, then you've likely found some fool's gold.

For people who are sensitive to smells, pyrite tends to offer a faint odor of sulfur. Gold does not offer an odor after it has been cleaned whatsoever. If you get a whiff of what smells like rotting eggs, then there's a good chance

Metal detectors can struggle to tell the difference between the two sometimes because fool's gold is a mineral. It is comprised of iron sulfide, which has a crystalline structure that can "absorb" other materials as it forms. The metal detector can pick up the deposit and sound a signal.

Unless your equipment has a numbered notification of the deposit discovered or has some other method of notification, it can be easy to think you've found gold when you really have not.

To make matters even more confusing, it is possible for some fool's gold deposits to contain traces of real gold.

Reminder!

Since we are not having our annual Christmas Potluck and gift exchange, we also won't be doing our food drive for the Morning Star Boys Ranch and donations to the women's shelter as a group. But we encourage everyone to donate your time, money, food and personal hygiene items to the Charity of your choice. This year is hitting the population hard and they need extra help. Thanks!

In Memoriam

NWGPA charter member (#0016) Della Irene Rower, (Mary Lowe's mother) passed away November 10th, 2020 after a long battle with Alzheimer's and failure to thrive. She was 92 years old. Irene (as she was known) and her late husband, Don were very instrumental in the early days of the NWGPA. They also helped Bob & Mary Lowe realize their dream of getting Eagle City Park on the map and the success the Park has had to date. She will be missed by all who knew her.

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—Closed Tuesdays & Wednesdays

Make sure you order the "Big Bob"!

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

CLOSED FOR THE SEASON! SEE YOU IN THE SPRING!

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

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), car-toons 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.

A bad attitude is like a flat tire. You can't go anywhere until you change it!

A wise man can learn more from a foolish question than a fool can learn from a wise answer.

We cannot solve our problems with the same thinking we used when we created them.

If you think your boss is stupid, remember: you wouldn't have a job if he was any smarter!

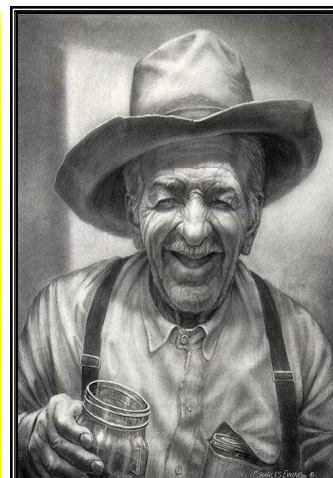
That's not my job!

This is a story about four people named: Everybody, Somebody, Anybody & Nobody.

There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's Job. Every body thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.



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

Recipe(s) of the Month

BUTTERMILK PIE

Ingredients

1/2cup (1 stick) butter, melted
 1 3/4cups sugar
 3tablespoons all-purpose flour
 3 eggs, beaten
 1cup whole buttermilk
 1teaspoon vanilla extract
 1/4teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg
 1/4teaspoon salt
 1 unbaked 9-inch deep-dish pie crust

Instructions

Preheat oven to 350F.

Combine butter, sugar, flour, eggs, buttermilk, vanilla, nutmeg and salt in a large bowl; whisk until smooth.

Pour mixture into pie crust. Bake 45 to 50 minutes, until golden and a wooden toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean.

Cool completely on a wire rack. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate until serving time.

Recipe by Kaye Ray, Borger, Texas

The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

If a woman is quiet, it doesn't always mean that she is mad at you. She is simply giving you a chance to think about what you have or haven't done.

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*In life, you'll realize that there is a
 purpose for everybody you meet.
 Some are there to test you. Some will
 use you. Some will teach you. And
 some will bring out the best in you!*

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