

# Nugget News

February

2026

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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## Attention Members

The February meeting will be the last Meeting before the Gold Show, so if you can, could you please **attend** to help finalize the **Volunteer Sheet** and we have several Work Parties we need help with, such as Filling Gold Giveaway Viles and Some Paperwork Envelope Stuffing. Also, updating Claims Maps with Idaho Dream and deleting Cement Gulch.

We also need volunteers to put out signs a week before the show letting people know about it. They can be put in your yard, especially if you live on a main road. Signs can also be put around the area at major intersections or places of high

*(Continued on page 9) Attention Members*

## “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

At about the same time, and in the same vicinity, the Indians took nineteen head of cattle and three horses from another train; the horses belonging to the gentleman who gave me the information. A party of fifteen men went off in pursuit, when on crossing to a rocky gorge, twenty-five Indians rose from behind the rocks and commenced an assault with their arrows, wounding some of the men, but not mortally. The company, finding their reception so warm, commenced a retreat, and were glad to get back to the valley with the loss of their cattle. The gentleman who owned the horses had taken another path alone, and in the course of the day, without knowing anything of the circumstances which had transpired, came upon his horses in a little valley, and as he was endeavoring to catch them, the Indians suddenly rose and bent their bows. He immediately advanced towards them, entirely unarmed, and by motions told them that those were his horses, and if they would assist him in catching them, he would give them his shirt. His resolute bearing seemed to have its effect, and signs of hostility ceased, when they made him understand that they wanted fish hooks. By good luck he had a gross in his pocket, which he distributed among them, after which they turned and caught his horses, and escorted him nearly to the valley, when, taking off his shirt, he presented it to the one who appeared to be the leader. On leaving them, he had gone but a few rods, when

*(Continued on page 2) Life on the Plains*

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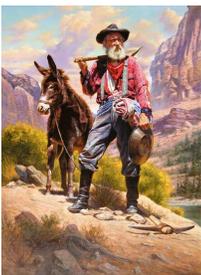
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190, North of Kingston

NO ENTRY FEE

Contact **THE MILLER TEAM** at  
1 208 682 3004  
solti9ton@gmail.com  
david3miller69@gmail.com



**Marriage is a workshop, where the husband works and the wife shops!**

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 5pm 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



In the late summer of 1896 a prospector named George Carmack wandered up the Klondike, a tributary of the Yukon, and found gold at the juncture of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. The values recovered dose to the surface were unimpressive, and it was not until the end of the year,

when bedrock was reached, that the enormous concentrations of gold discovered stirred the imagination of the world. When the S.S. *Portland* docked in Seattle on July 17, 1897, with the first regular shipment of gold from Alaska, Marshall Bond saw the heavy sacks of nuggets unload-eel and transported for safekeeping to the vaults of Wells Fargo. An employee showed him some of the gold and told him the shipment was worth \$300,000. Later estimates claimed it weighed over two tons and was valued at more than \$1,000,000. The Seattle depression immediately gave way to a mad scramble for goods.

Galvanized into action by the sight of such wealth, Bond and his brother Louis organized an expedition and borrowed enough money from their father to buy a year's supply of food and equipment at something like reasonable prices. Marshall sailed aboard the S.S. *Queen* on July 23 with an English friend, Stanley Pearce. Louis left two days later on the S.S. *Mexico*. They arrived in Skagway about a week ahead of the main rush.

Skagway at the time consisted of but one house where a few dock and trail workers boarded. A man named George ran the place, and his beefy young mistress presided over the kitchen. Since Bond and his party were camped in the timber nearby, they saved both time and food by taking their meals in the boardinghouse. Competition for space at the table being keen, they adroitly cultivated George and outrageously flattered the cook even making the absurd suggestion that she accompany them to Dawson.

In the meantime a small packtrain had arrived in Skagway, and as George was not without influence, Bond's party offered to pay him if he could procure its services for the White Pass Trail. After a lengthy silence he asked Bond to go with him to the edge of the timber, where he said, "Mr. Bond, I don't want any money, but if I get you this packtrain, will you agree not to take my woman away?"

Although Bond swore that they had only been  
*(Continued on page 6) Letters to the Editor*

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turning his head he saw several of them fitting arrows to their bows, but on seeing that he observed them they replaced them, and allowed him to ride off unharmed. More than an hundred head of cattle had been stolen on the Humboldt, and many wounded so that they had to be left. Distance, ten miles.

## CHAPTER XIV

### SEPTEMBER 5

We bid farewell to the fine valley of the Pitt, and took our course in a west-of-south direction over a long hill, the precursor of a hard, rocky road. It was twelve miles to the first water, and fourteen to the first grass. The day was too smoky to obtain an extended view, but what we saw showed us a rough, mountainous country all around. For the first time, we found on the hillsides some oak shrubs, and as we descended at one point into a gulch, they were large enough to be called trees. We had been assured by the Oregon packers that, on reaching the mountains we should be among a tribe of honest Indians, who were neither hostile, nor would they steal our cattle; yet the first thing that met our gaze on arriving at our camp ground, were the remains of five head of cattle, which they had killed the night before. Of course our vigilance was not relaxed, and that same night an attempt was made to drive off cattle, but happily for us, it proved unsuccessful.

We found a good encampment for the night, in a valley in which a fine mountain stream arose. Distance, fourteen miles.

### SEPTEMBER 6

We made a short drive of only six miles today, over a rough, hilly road, and as the next water was fifteen miles, we encamped. Distance, six miles.

### SEPTEMBER 7

Our information with regard to the distance to the next water, proved incorrect; for, six miles from our encampment, we found an excellent spring, about twenty rods to the right of the road. The days were very hot,

while the nights were so cold that ice formed in our buckets half an inch thick. The road during the day was quite good, and before night we arrived at a wide opening, or valley, in the mountains, where there were lateral valleys opening into it, with high mountains on the sides, which gave us an extended view. One of the accompanying trains slaughtered an ox, and the science of cooking was never displayed to better advantage than in the camps around us, as well as in our own. About sunset, the general conversation turned upon Indians; and the course which each man would pursue in case of an attack, was being discussed. Watson had a moment before come over to inquire about some arrangement respecting the night guard, when a cry was raised—"Indians, Indians!

They are coming towards us!" Looking down the valley, we distinctly saw three

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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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Call or write for details and rates for other advertising.

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

# Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

coming up, and as they approached, we saw they were squaws. "Get the guns, boys—shoot the Diggers," was echoed, and several jumped for their rifles. "No, no. Don't shoot! Don't shoot squaws," was replied. "Let them come up; perhaps they are friendly." Every man was on his feet, and generally prepared for any exigency, while every eye was strained in the direction of the coming savages, endeavoring to ascertain their disposition, whether friendly or not.

As they approached within a little distance, we were at once attracted by a loud, guffatory "haw, haw, haw!" from Watson, and looking again, we saw that the hostile squaws were none else than his own wife and a daughter-in-law, in company with another woman belonging to his train. "Thunder!" "Gracious!" and a variety of similar interjections escaped the mouths of our valiant men, as they recognized their neighbors, who had only strolled down the valley, and were now returning; but whose sunburnt faces, soiled and dilapidated garments, had made them look more like mountain wanderers than civilized beings. No harm being done, a hearty laugh ended the horrible catastrophe. Drive, eighteen miles.

## SEPTEMBER 8

About noon we found ourselves about eight miles from our last stopping place, on a fine creek which arose in the mountains a short distance off, but sank in the sands of the valley after a course of five or six miles.

The road was excellent, but the day was excessively warm. After our noon halt, Colonel Watkins and I walked forward, and at the distance of five miles, came to a broad valley, near a lake of water, so filled with insects and animalculæ, that a cupfull could not be dipped up without having multitudes in it. It seemed as if every insect that lives in water was there. The only way it could be used was by digging wells near the margin, and letting the water filter through the ground, and then it proved to be sweet and good.

We passed, during the day, some of the most magnificent pines I ever beheld, some of them being over two hundred feet high, and at least six feet in diameter. Mr. Gard and his family came up with us here, entirely destitute of provi-

**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, they 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 chose from. 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 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"**

sions; but the emigrants freely shared with him, although he had no money; thus enabling him to get safely through. He had lost eight head of cattle, but the others had recruited, so that he got along with one wagon. We found a beautiful place to encamp, under a grove of tall pines, and our cattle fared sumptuously. Distance, fifteen miles.

## SEPTEMBER 9

It was reported that it was twenty miles to the next water; we therefore started early in the morning. We found the road good, and at the distance of fourteen miles, there was a little grass. It was understood that the train would drive the twenty miles, which would bring us to the first tributary of Feather River; and with Colonel Watkins I had walked to the fourteen mile point.

As the train did not come up, however, I concluded to go on alone to the branch. The whole distance was finely wooded with magnificent pines. Occasionally volcanic rock protruded above the ground, and the soil was discolored with ochre. It was nearly sunset when I descended a steep pitch to a small valley, through which flowed the Feather Creek. While I sat near a camp, patiently awaiting the arrival of my company, with an anxious longing for a crust of hard bread, the shades of night began to darken, and no train appeared. The prospect of no supper, and a bed without blankets, were rising before me, producing no very pleasant feelings, when a gentleman approached, and stopping before me a moment, observed,

"You are alone."

"Yes, I am in advance of my train, which was to come to this place; but I fear something has detained them."

"No matter," he replied; "I want you to go with me, and spend the night at our camp. Come," said he, as I hesitated, knowing that none were well supplied with provisions; "you must go and share what we have. No excuse—no ceremony."

I followed him, and such as they had I freely shared, and the evening was whiled away in such pleasant conversation as well-bred and well-educated gentlemen know how to introduce. Gentle reader, if there is any mystery in all this, it may be explained by saying, they were Odd-Fellows; yet in all my journey, when circumstances have

(Continued on page 4) **Life on the Plains**

*(Continued from page 3) Life on the Plains*

taken me from my own train, I have never, in a single instance, been denied the rites of hospitality; and although at this time, when our route had been lengthened nearly three weeks—when every individual had scarcely supplies enough for himself, and when a single meal was an item of consideration, the courtesy of a civilized land was extended, and the weary and hungered were not denied the enjoyment of hospitality, such as Messrs. Cox and C. C. Lane, of Flemingsburgh, Kentucky, extended to me.

The train did not come up. It appeared that, as they came to the fourteen-mile halt, a beautiful lake had just been discovered, a mile and a half east of the road, and that they had driven to it, where, finding luxuriant grass, they had concluded to lay up all day. Distance, twenty miles.

### SEPTEMBER 10

That branch of Feather River where I spent the night, is a Rocky-Mountain stream of ice-cold water, about two rods wide. In the small valley in which we lay, another creek nearly as large gushed out at the base of the mountain. We had expected, on reaching Feather Creek, to find auriferous indications, but the formation was a kind of green-stone along the stream, and trap-rock in the mountains, with neither quartz nor slate.

The train came up early, and we went on. Ten miles, over a rough road, brought us to a paradise in the mountains, which is the principal head of the main fork of Feather River. A low, broad valley lay before us, probably twenty miles or more in length, and ten miles or more in width, apparently enclosed by high, pine-covered mountains. Into this flowed the mountain creek already named, through a deep gorge in the hills. A mile above, where the road led into the valley, was a curiosity indeed. At the very base of the hill the water gushed forth, forming at once a stream of crystal clearness, and cold as ice, six rods wide, and eight feet deep. In fact, it was an underground

## 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**

river, which had burst into the light of day, of sufficient capacity to float a small steamboat. From a little height we could trace its serpentine course through the tall grass of the valley for two or three miles, until it united at nearly right angles, with Feather River, which moves with a slow, even current, through the broad bottom, a clear, beautiful and navigable river. Many miles below it entered the mountains through a high, rocky and almost impassable cañon, being joined, however, by another affluent of nearly the same size, flowing from the northeast, through a broad lateral valley, and then by a long series of rapids and falls, after a circuitous course of between two and three hundred miles, it emerged from the foot of hills, through a rough cañon, into the broad valley of the Sacramento. From the indications along the edges, this valley is overflowed by the rains of winter and the melting snow of spring—thus making a broad but shallow mountain lake, of from sixty to eighty miles in circumference. Ducks, swans and wild geese covered its waters, and elk, blacktailed deer, and antelope were numerous on the bottoms; while the tracks of the grizzly bear, the wolf and cougar, were frequent on the hills. We halted for the night on this beautiful bottom, after a drive of sixteen miles.

### SEPTEMBER 11

It was rather late before we started, this morning; and proceed—  
*(Continued on page 5) Life on the Plains*

**Gold is \$5,076.20, an ounce! This time last year it was \$2,879.29 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.***

***Do not underestimate your abilities.  
That's your boss's job!***

### 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 5pm 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**

*(Continued from page 4) Life on the Plains*

ing down the valley, crossing some bad hills, over spurs which put down from the mountain on the right, before noon we came to the lateral valley before mentioned, which is only an arm of the main one, and through which flows the principal affluent, which rises in the hills in sight, at the upper extremity.

This part of the valley was about five miles wide, and besides the river there were several deep sloughs, through which we had to wade, and from the hills on the western bank other creeks and branches took their rise. About one o'clock, we reached the western side of the valley, where there was an encampment of a hundred wagons, laying over to recruit their cattle, for it was known that it was seventy miles to Lawson's, in the valley of the Sacramento, and also, that fifty miles of the distance was over a rough, mountain desert, destitute of grass and water. Lawson himself had passed the day before with an exploring party, and had left directions what course we were to take to reach the valley, as well as a table of distances to water, which was posted on a tree by the roadside above our camp. Distance, ten miles.

### SEPTEMBER 12

We were now in the valley of plenty. Our poor teeth, which had been laboring on the file like consistency of pilot bread, had now a respite, in the agreeable task of masticating from the "flesh pots" of California.

As we determined to lay over during the day, our wagon master, Traverse, concluded to butcher an ox, and the hungry Arabs of our train were regaled with a feast of dead kine. Feeling an aristocratic longing for a rich beef steak, I determined to have one. There was not a particle of fat in the steak to make gravy, nor was there a slice of bacon to be had to fry it with, and the flesh was as dry and as hard as a bone. But a nice broiled steak, with a plenty of gravy, I would have—and I had it. The inventive genius of an emigrant is almost constantly called forth on the plains, and so in my case. I laid a nice cut on the coals, which, instead of broiling, only burnt, and carbonized like a piece of wood, and when one side was turned to cinder, I whopped it over to make charcoal of the other. To make butter gravy, I melted a stearin candle, which I poured over the delicious tit-bit, and, smacking my lips, sat down to my feast, the envy of several lookers-on. I sopped the first mouthful in the nice looking gravy, and put it between my teeth, when the gravy cooled almost instantly, and the roof of my mouth and my teeth were coated all over with a covering like hard beeswax, making mastication next to impossible.

"How does it go?" asked one.

"O, first rate," said I, struggling to get the hard, dry morsel down my throat; and cutting off another piece, which was free from the delicious gravy, "Come, try it," said I; "I have more than I can eat, (which was true.) You are welcome to it." The envious, hungry soul sat down, and putting a large piece between his teeth, after rolling it about in his mouth awhile, deliberately spit it out, saying, with an oath, that

"Chips and beeswax are hard fare, even for a starving man."

Ah, how hard words and want of sentiment will steal over one's better nature on the plains. As for the rest of the steak, we left it to choke the wolves.

We were successful in killing ducks, and our evening meal was more palatable. At night a hunter came in and reported that he had seen an out-crop of slate on a mountain bordering the valley below, and from his description we thought there were indications of gold, and a small party was organized for prospecting the following morning.

### SEPTEMBER 13

How long we might be out in prospecting we could not tell, but putting up a two days' supply of bread and coffee, a party of six of us started off, under the guidance of the hunter, to the mountain, while the train took the road toward Lawson's, after cutting grass to be used on the desert. Three miles traveling brought us to a lofty mountain, and about midway up its sides was a small out-crop of light gray slate, standing about ten degrees from a vertical position, the dip in the rock being to the south-east. We made some slight excavations, and washed some of the earth, but obtained nothing, and concluded to return to the road in a diagonal direction, so as to save distance in overtaking the train. Three of the party, Hittle, Tuttle and Jackson, took a different direction, and crossed a ridge to the valley below, when they became bewildered, and were out all night. This little prospecting tour was the origin of a report to emigrants behind that there was good gold diggings near, and at one time a party of forty men started out and spent several days in searching for the lucky mines. Some penetrated to the cañon of the river, and a few followed it down many miles, climbing rocks and stupendous mountains, crossing gulches, and forcing their way through chaparral—suffering hunger, thirst and fatigue—until they were compelled to relinquish their golden hopes, and make for the road again. On reaching the road we walked briskly on for eight miles, over a somewhat rocky road, and coming to a fine mountain stream, called Deer Creek, we stopped in a beautiful cluster of trees. Here we made coffee in our prospecting pan, and satisfied our appetites on our hard bread. Two miles beyond we found our train encamped, and the boys out hunting. They were successful, and several black-tailed deer were brought in, and several grizzly bears were seen. Distance, twelve miles.

### SEPTEMBER 14

The success in hunting the previous day induced our company to remain in camp today, for the purpose of killing more deer, but they obtained only one. A short distance from the camp, whortle and goose berries were abundant, but they were not very good; however, they were very acceptable. Hittle, Tuttle and Jackson came in about noon, pretty well used up with fatigue and hunger, having ate nothing since they parted with us. We heard of one poor fellow who got lost while hunting, and was out six days, roaming over the mountains, and who had gone three days without eating. On approaching the road he seemed to be bewildered, and by his strange conduct, attracted the attention of a passing train. His impulse seemed to be to fly, as they approached, and then return; but he finally allowed some of the men to approach him, when, with a wild, hysterical laugh he told them where he had been. They took him to their wagons and fed him, and after resting quietly through the night, he became perfectly composed again, and followed after his train, which was about thirty miles in advance, having given him up as lost.

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*(Continued from page 5) Life on the Plains*

### SEPTEMBER 15

Six miles below, along the valley of Deer Creek, we came to the last grass, and where the mountain desert of fifty miles commenced. We now began to feel that our long, toilsome journey was coming to a close. We felt, too, that we could reach the settlements under any contingency which was likely to arise. Although we were worn down with fatigue, and want of nutritious food, our spirits were elevated because our monotonous travel was coming to an end. Our future course began to be talked of, yet we expected that our company, on reaching the valley, would dissolve, as the object of association would then be accomplished; still, no one could mark out a course for himself, to be pursued with any certainty. As a matter of course, all would go into the mines, and the best mines, if such could be ascertained. To ascertain what could be done on our arrival, I determined, at the request of several members of the company, to go ahead to the valley, to gain any information which might be useful to us. After dinner I took a check shirt, and tying the sleeves together, made a kind of knapsack, in which I put three days' supply of bread, jerked venison and coffee, and started on my solitary walk across the mountain desert. Twice, in as many miles, I waded Deer Creek, and then through a dark forest of tall pines I pursued my lonely walk, over a sideling and very rocky road. Five miles beyond I came to an open glade, where there was an encampment of troops, who had come out to afford aid to the emigrants, if necessary, and from them I learned that three miles beyond there was a spring. It was nearly sunset when I again entered the deep wood, but my anxiety to get in sight of the abodes of civilized man impelled me forward, choosing to risk a night alone in the woods, among the wild beasts which swarmed in that region, rather than not gain the distance. The road now led over long hills, over rocks, and among tall pines, and it soon began to grow dark. In the faint twilight of evening I discovered a fresh track, which I concluded was that of a negro's foot, and I felt satisfied that some train was at no great distance before me. I followed the track a mile, when it suddenly turned into the bushes, and while I was examining it with some curiosity, a deep, low growl a short distance in that direction convinced me that I was in close proximity to a grizzly bear. Even if I had been armed, it would have been dangerous to meet such an enemy alone. Having only my hunting knife, I did not desire a closer acquaintance with the monster. I therefore walked on without the ceremony of leave-taking. While I was congratulating myself on my escape, and had walked over half a mile, I saw the glimmer of a light through the trees. It was now pitch dark, and I was hastening on, in order to light a fire at the spring, to lay down by; but on coming up I found a bright fire blazing before an encampment of several wagons, and I was familiarly hailed by a well known voice. It proved to be the Davis County train, and I was cordially welcomed, and invited to spend the night in their camp—an invitation too agreeable, under my present circumstances, to be slighted. Distance, fourteen miles.

### SEPTEMBER 16

By sunrise we had breakfast, and gathering up my blankets and knapsack, I bid farewell to my kind entertainers, and walked on. I had not gone a mile from the spring, when the tracks of two large bears were seen in the road, and a few rods farther, about ten rods off the road, I saw the monsters standing near the trunk of a fallen tree. But as they showed no disposition to molest me, I felt grateful for their forbearance, and left them in peace, hoping

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

joking and would not take a woman over that rough trail under any circumstances, it was not easy to convince George.

**(A** month later that unfortunate woman agreed to go with another man who really did want her. Blinded by love and jealousy, George killed the offender, the woman, and himself.)

they would show the same kindly feelings to future solitary travelers. Before leaving the spring I had filled my flask with water, for it was said that there was none to be found in the day's travel. A short distance from the spring the road ascends to a high ridge, with gulfs on each side more than a thousand feet deep, and in some places only wide enough for the road, and seldom over fifty rods. The country around is a confused, broken mass of mountains, to the utmost limit of vision, and is highly auriferous, with stupendous outcrops of slate and white quartz. The road continues along this ridge nearly twenty miles, though there are occasional indentions, which make hard, rocky and sideling hills for wagons to pass. Eight miles from the spring, a notice on a tree informed me that water had been discovered over the bank on the right, and a note to myself on the same tree from Colonel Watkins, also informed me that he was in advance. At length I passed the apex of the ridge, and began to descend gradually on the other side, when I found the pines began to give place to ever-green oaks; and I observed many trees that had been cut down, so that the poor, hungry cattle could browse upon the tender branches—a substitute that would scarcely sustain life. About noon my stomach admonished me that it was dinner-time, and kindling a fire in the shade of some oaks by the road-side, I boiled coffee in my tin cup, from water in my flask, and made a sumptuous meal of my hard bread and jerked venison, with a zest which even Robinson Crusoe might have envied. It was now six miles before water could be obtained, and after resting I plodded on to that favored spot, where I found thirty or forty wagons on the ridge, with weary and exhausted cattle, to which they were trying to give water, by driving them a mile down a steep rocky hill, into the gulf on the south of the ridge. There was not a blade of grass, and the labor of descending and ascending was nearly equal to a day's travel, yet all the water which could be obtained was from this source. Tired as I now was, I was compelled to go down and fill my flask before I could think of going on, and when I had done so I could hardly walk from fatigue.

On coming up the hill I found Colonel Watkins, who was just ready to move on, and he kindly invited me to go on and share a part of his bed. We here left this ridge, and crossed by a deep ravine to another on the right, and proceeded a couple of miles, when he encamped among the rocks by the roadside. There was not a drop of water in the camp, and the Colonel made an excellent cup of tea from that which I carried in my flask. Yet such was the desire for water, that two of his men each took a pail and walked over the hills two miles to procure some. distance, twenty-five miles.

### SEPTEMBER 17

We used the last water in my flask to make our morning beverage, and I left the Colonel on my last day's travel to the valley. It was six miles to the only water that could be had near the road. I was stiff and sore from the exertion of the previous day, but hope impelled me on with ardent fervor, and suffering from thirst, I was desirous of gaining the point

*(Continued on page 8) Life on the Plains*



**Some tools of a Prospector!**

**Try not to become a person of success, but rather try to become a person of value.**

## Refreshment List

Corbin Ellison, February

*We would like get at least two (2), (three would be great) volunteers to signup 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 signup 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

*(Please let me know if your item(s) have sold or taken off the market)*

## 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

### Potluck Banana Cake

#### Ingredients

1/2 cup of butter, softened  
1 cup sugar  
2 large eggs, room temperature  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
2 cups of all-purpose flour  
2 teaspoons of baking soda  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1-1/2 cups mashed ripe bananas (about 3 medium)  
1 cup sour cream

#### COFFEE FROSTING:

1/3 cup of butter, softened  
2-1/2 cups of confectioner's sugar  
2 teaspoons of instant coffee granules  
2 to 3 tablespoons 2% milk

#### Directions

Preheat oven to 350°. In a large bowl, cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in vanilla. Combine flour, baking soda and salt; add to creamed mixture alternately with bananas and sour cream, beating well after each addition.

Pour into a greased 13x9-in. baking dish. Bake until a toothpick inserted in center comes out clean, 35-40 minutes. Cool completely on a wire rack.

For frosting, in a small bowl, beat butter and confectioner's sugar until smooth. Dissolve coffee granules in milk; add to butter mixture and beat until smooth. Spread over cake. Sprinkle with additional instant coffee, if desired.

(Continued from page 6) *Life on the Plains*

where it could be assuaged. This was half a mile distant, at the foot of a steep hill—a part of the way over perpendicular ledges of rock, from which I let myself down with difficulty. On reaching the brink of a fine mountain creek, now called Cow Creek, I kindled a fire, and prepared a refreshing draught of coffee. Anxious as I was, I could not prevail upon myself to leave the delicious stream for two hours. After filling my flask, I again climbed the hill to the road. Ascending to the top of an inclined plain, the long-sought, the long-wished-for and welcome valley of the Sacramento, lay before me, five or six miles distant.

To be continued.....

## Attention All Members!

Alan Trees, of Gold Trapper fame, is offering a  
**20% discount** to all NWGPA members  
(have membership card available)  
and a

**15% discount** to all non-member attendees,  
on all

### Gold Trapper Products

purchased during the annual

**NWGPA 2026 Gold & Treasure Show**  
March 7th & 8th

An OFFER to good to pass up! See you at the Show!

*As a note:* PEEWEE PAYMENT, a longtime member, is currently residing at the Silverton Health and Rehabilitation Center in Silverton, Idaho near Wallace. He is in Room 102.

This came about after a serious case of the Flu, a hospital stay and the doctors order to be moved to a skilled nursing facility. Visitors are welcome to visit him. Bob & Mary Lowe are his points of contact.

## 2026 Club Calendar

February 12th  
March 7th & 8th  
March 12th  
April 9th  
April 11th & 12th  
May 14th  
May 16th

June 11th  
June 13th  
July 9th  
July 11th  
August 13th  
August 15th  
September 10th  
September 12th  
September 20th  
October 8th  
November 12th  
December 10th  
December 13th

Meeting  
NWGPA's Annual Gold & Treasure Show  
Meeting  
Meeting  
NCWGPA's Annual Gold & Treasure Show  
Meeting  
Claims Tour & 1st Outing of the Year - Eagle City Park Opens  
Meeting  
Outing  
Meeting  
Outing  
Meeting  
Outing  
Meeting  
Last outing of the year - Chili Feed Potluck  
Eagle City Park Closes for the Season.  
Meeting  
Meeting - Start Annual Food Drive  
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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**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>

**Pickles' Mining Supply**

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

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

*(Continued from page 1) Attention Members*

traffic volume. Lakes Highway District has been known to remove our signs if too close to their right of way. If you want to put up a sign in your yard or elsewhere and can't make it to the meeting, call Mark Cook @ 208-755-8853.

If you have any slightly used mining related items that would make a great raffle prize and are willing to donate, please get ahold of Mark Cook @ 208-755-8853. We are in need of prizes for the raffles at the Gold Show. Mining vendors are fewer this year than in the past. With the price of gold, you'd think vendors would take advantage of the situation.

The board is looking into the cost of mailing the Nugget News to members who wish USPS delivery as opposed to email delivery. It costs \$2.30 to print, address, postage and sales tax for each copy to mail out the newsletter. This is \$27.60 a year per person. Since our dues are only \$25 per year, we are \$2.60 per year, in the hole for each address we mail to. Email costs us nothing as Bob & Mary Lowe use their accounts to send out the emails. To help alleviate this situation, please elect to receive your copy of the newsletter via an email account. Please let Bob Lowe know what email you would like to use. Thanks!

If you can't explain it to a six year old,  
then you don't understand it yourself.

*Albert Einstein*

**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/dldoc/Building\\_Strong\\_Clubs\\_Dan\\_Ehrmann.pdf](https://www.clubexpress.com/dldoc/Building_Strong_Clubs_Dan_Ehrmann.pdf) and read about building and maintaining a strong club.

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.

**Be sure to order the "Big Bob"!**

You can call in your order at 208-682-3012  
**Closed for the winter! See you in the Spring!**

**Jinger's Gold-Con Fluid Tube**

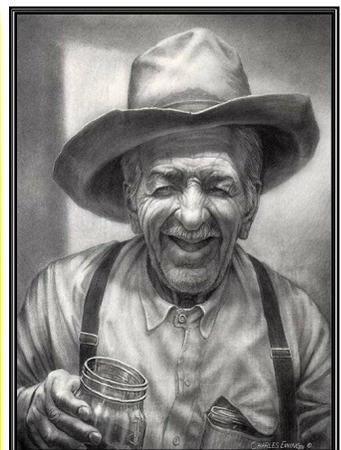
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It is far better to be alone than to be in bad company!

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