

Nugget News

January

2026

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

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



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Alan Trees, of Gold Trapper fame, is offering a
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March 7th & 8th

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

Eagle City Park Update

Sure glad 2025 is behind us! Our power project has not gone as well as we hoped. First, some of the material for the project was backordered and Mother Nature decided to let it rain. Our ditches got flooded and the roads turned into a muddy mess. We had some logistics issues with Avista, our electrician and ourselves. Nothing serious, but we might have bit off more than we could chew for the timeline we set for ourselves.

Then Mother Nature decided to let it continue to rain and warm up to the point of a Chinook. The whole Cda River Basin flooded, including the Park. We fought high water and ankle deep mud to try to control the flood waters. Most of our culverts were washed out and had to be reworked. And if that wasn't enough, a week later, very high winds came thru and blew down several trees and did some damage to a couple of buildings and just made a hell of a mess of things.

Then the freeze! The mud froze solid for a few days and then thawed into another muddy mess. With all the damage done in

(Continued on page 9) Eagle City Park Update

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

BY A. DELANO.

NEW YORK:

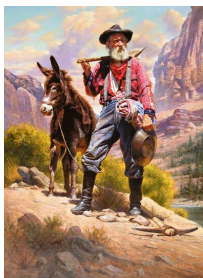
MILLER, ORTON & CO.

1857

AUGUST 24

The day was smoky, and our view was limited and indistinct, but we could see in the hazy atmosphere the bold line of the Si ra Nevada, which divided us from our anxious desires. As Colonel Watkins and I walked on together in the morning, we were attracted by a large body of steam to several hot springs near the road on the right, which were throwing off a vapor in the cool air; but there was nothing remarkable about them, aside from what we had already seen. As the day advanced the weather became sultry, and we had fifteen miles to go before reaching water. We had gone on a desert plain about twelve miles, when before us we saw a pond of clear water, perhaps five miles in circumference, and we all hurried to the muddy beach to quench our thirst, and eagerly dipped up our cups full. “Salt,” roared one—“Brine,” echoed another—“Pickle for pork,” said a third; and with thirsty throats, we resumed our toilsome march. Turning an angle at the salt lake, from north-west to north, we continued on; entering a gorge, we began to ascend over a ridge about two miles long, when, coming to good grazing and water, we encamped. The mountains began to assume a more elevated outline on our left; cedars and fir were growing on their sides, and the appearance of trees once more, although at a distance, excited pleasurable

(Continued on page 2) Life on the Plains



My boss told me to start every presentation with a joke. The first slide was a copy of my paycheck.

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



THE GOLD RUSH ISN'T OVER YET!

By
SALLY CARRIGHAR

Continued from last month

Their time in the States is always a sociable one, for Ben Gillette is no hermit by choice, and everyone finds

his wife charming. Even his summer is not wholly solitary. About once a week Mrs. Gillette and a few friends drive out from Nome to the mine, bringing dinner. They appear, a string of heads bobbing up the slope as they walk single file through the sluice boxes, treading on gold. When Ben Gillette greets them, his smile comes as easily as a tundra breeze, and he talks freely about gold if he thinks that is what they would like. He is an excellent cook and generally contributes at least one dish to the meal, concocting it out of the staple supplies that a tractor pulls to the mine for him in the spring. I especially enjoyed his applesauce, made with dried apples, and with molasses as one ingredient. The conversation is good in the little cabin, for Alaskans seem to have many dramatic experiences to relate.

But when the evening is over, there is no hint that Ben Gillette will have even a moment of loneliness as the voices die away down the hill. He will put out some scraps for his pet squirrel, look at his homemade weather vane—the end of a tin can nailed onto a rotating stick—and if it is late in the season he will watch the sky to see if the first migrating cranes have begun to fly south. If they have, he believes that the freeze-up will come in two weeks. Then, at the end of his day, he may set some sourdough bread before he turns into his bunk, and it appears that he will feel only a keen impatience for morning—the new day with its bright and infallible nuggets.

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sensations, after having been so long without seeing them. Our bacon, flour, meal, sugar and vinegar, were all gone, and we had to take felon's fare—hard bread, and water—and this we felt to be much better than nothing; indeed, we were much better off than many others on the road. Mr. Watson had an old cow that the crows had been quarreling over for a long time; and thinking a little fresh beef, (save the mark!) might be acceptable, he slaughtered her. There could not be more rejoicing around the carcass of a camel by the Arabs on the desert, than we evinced around the poor, worn out, "knocked down" brute, and we looked upon it as a sort of God-send, and like to have surfeited ourselves. Being out of meat, it seemed as if our stomachs only craved it the more, and our appetites grew sharper at every halt. Distance, eighteen miles.

CHAPTER XIII

AUGUST 25

Our road continued through the defile for five or six miles, when we came upon a broad track, barren, as usual, over which we proceeded ten miles to the first water—a warm spring which made an oasis. On the highest peaks of the Siérra Neváda snow still lingered, and the air felt like autumn more than summer. As we approached the base of the great mountain, over which we were to pass, we observed the valley, or basins, began to be more contracted and irregular, being broken by ravines and gulches, and points extending from the hills, and we became aware that we should soon be in the California mountains, and on the last end of our tedious journey. On arriving at the spring, and finding good grass and plenty of sage for firewood, we laid over for the day. Distance, fifteen miles.

AUGUST 26

The Siérra Neváda—the snowy mountain so long wished for, and yet so long dreaded! We were at its base, soon to commence its ascent. In a day or two we were to leave the barren sands of the desert for a region of mountains and hills, where perhaps the means of sustaining life might not be found; where our wagons might be dashed to atoms by falling from precipices. A thousand vague and undefined difficulties were pre-

sent to our imaginations; yet all felt strong for the work, feeling that it was our last. Yet the imagined difficulties were without foundation. Instead of losing our wagons, and packing our cattle; or, as some suggested, as a last resort for the weary, mounting astride of an old ox, and thus making our debut into the valley of the land of gold—we were unable to add a single page of remarkable adventure across the mountains more dangerous than we had already encountered.

A drive of four miles brought us to the baked, dry bed of a lake, which I estimated to be twenty miles in circumference, surrounded on three sides by the mountains. Towards the upper end of this lake the Siérra Neváda seemed to decrease much in height, and we could see even beyond the plain over which our road lay, that it seemed to blend with other hills on our right, and a low depres-

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Nugget News

Published Monthly by:
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Prospectors Association

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

sion appeared, as if an easy passage might be made in that direction—even easier than at the point where we crossed—where the bed of the lake was about five miles wide, and the ground smooth and level as a floor. About a mile from the base of the mountain, and on the bottom land of the lake, were many acres of fine grass, with a fine mountain brook running through it, which sank as it reached the bed of the lake; and a little way from our place of halting there were perhaps an hundred hot springs, which induced us to call this Hot Spring Lake.

It was now only eight miles to the Pass, and the grass being excellent, the company halted for noon, with the intention of driving on in the afternoon to the crossing. I availed myself of the opportunity to make an excursion to the mountains, not only with a view of gratifying my curiosity, but hoping a chance shot might add something in the way of flesh to our larders. At the foot of the mountain I was joined by two young men from a Missouri train, and we commenced the ascent. On the sides of the mountain we saw a species of nectarine, growing on dwarf bushes not more than twelve or eighteen inches high; but they were sour and acid, not yet being fully ripe. In the ravines were an abundance of wild, black cherries, but those were not very good. Pines grew to a great height, and we were refreshed by their cooling shade.

I had preceded my companions along the border of a deep ravine, and was about fifty rods in advance, when the ravine terminated in a perpendicular wall of rock, hundreds of feet high, around which there appeared to be a craggy opening, or passage. While I was gazing on the towering rock before me, I momentarily changed my position, when the front part of my coat was grazed by something passing like a flash before me. Glancing at the base of the rock, I saw two naked Indians spring around a jutting, and I comprehended the matter at once. I had been a mark, and they had sent an arrow, which grazed my coat, but without striking me. I instantly raised my rifle and discharged it at the flying Indians, and sprang behind a tree. The noise of my piece soon brought my companions to my side, and going cautiously to the rock, a few stains of blood showed that my aim had not been decidedly bad; but we saw nothing more of the Indians.

Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

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

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

Visit the **Bedroom Gold Mine Bar** in Murray. Enjoy beer, wine and cocktails while playing darts or pool. See how it looked in the old days. They now have a kitchen with Pizza and deli sandwiches as well as dinner specials on the weekends, 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"**

Crossing a deep ravine, we climbed to the top of a rocky out-crop, from whence we ascended in a diagonal direction towards the road, which we reached in an hour by sliding, rolling and tumbling along the ravine. We were about four miles from our train in the direction of the pass; and under the impression that the train would come up, I continued with my companions to their camp at the foot of the pass. The day finally closed, and our train did not come, and I was indebted to the hospitality of strangers for a blanket, supper and breakfast. Distance, fourteen miles.

AUGUST 27

Taking my rifle in my hand, I turned my course up the defile of the far-famed mountain. The ascent was easy generally, but occasionally there were benches which were to be overcome; still the passage was far from difficult—indeed not as bad as many hills which we had already climbed. Grass was growing nearly to the summit; pure, ice-cold water was flowing in little rivulets along the path, and about half-way up, near a little stream that flowed into a grassy basin a short distance on the right, was a most beautiful cluster of dark pines, which shut out the glancing rays of a hot sun. Beyond this the ascent of another bench led to another basin, or small valley, and a little further on arose the back bone of the father of hills. For about a quarter of a mile the ascent was somewhat steep, and here was the only thing like difficulty. Even over this many wagons passed without doubling teams. On each side of the road at the summit, the ground rises higher, and the path passes over a depression in the ridge.

Once arrived at the summit, the view of mountain scenery is grand and beautiful. Below, on the west, at the distance of a mile, is a broad, green and grassy valley, abounding in springs. The valley is enclosed by high, pine-covered mountains, which seem to kiss the clouds; and at the distance of ten miles, at the extremity of the valley, is seen the broad, beautiful, blue water of Goose Lake, adding a charming variety to the scene. Turning to the east, and looking beyond the pines already passed, the dry basin of the lake, with its gray bed, seems to lay at our feet, surrounded by barren hills, which extend in a broken and irregular manner as far as the eye can see, and on each side the rocks and cliffs stand out in bold relief—the portals of the huge gate by which we enter the golden region of California.

Having gratified my curiosity in viewing the country, I returned to the bottom of the hill, where the train arrived soon after. They had found the forage so good at Hot

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

(Continued from page 3) Life on the Plains

Spring Lake that they concluded to remain all day—a determination which they came to after I left to go to the mountains. It was two miles to the summit, and they drove about half way up and halted for noon, in the deep shades of the pine grove—a perfect luxury, after having been so long deprived of the sight of trees.

After dinner came the last pull. At the steepest part our company doubled teams; but many did not, and the summit was gained without difficulty. The time actually spent in traveling from the base to the summit was not over one hour and a quarter, and the dread we had so long indulged of crossing this great mountain, died away at once at seeing the few difficulties of the passage. The descent on the west is rather precipitous, but not dangerous, and the hill is probably near a mile long. My impression is that a little further north, a still better passage might be found. A little before sunset we were encamped on the green valley, about a mile and a half from the base of the mountain, near a fine brook, and beyond arrow-shot from the pines skirting the base of the hill to the left. Distance, twelve miles.

AUGUST 28

The road lay through the valley for three miles, when it turned into the pines over a low point, to avoid an out-crop of trap-rock, and soon rose to a higher plain, which continued until we reached the hill bordering the lake. It was the intention of several companies to lay over a day at the lake, and our boys made great calculations on bathing and fishing; but on reaching the hill their anticipations were blown to the winds, for the whole shore was white with carbonate of soda, and the beach a perfect quagmire, so that it was impossible to reach the water, except by throwing down sticks to walk on. The water was salt and soda combined, and was very nauseous to the taste. At the bottom of the hill were springs of pure, fresh water, and there was grass enough for our cattle at a noon halt.

The road now led south along a broad valley near the shore, with discolored and broken hills on our left; and a mile below

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**

where we descended to the lake, I observed the first out-crop of slate, which, in California, indicates gold. The character of the country began to change. The soil of the valley was a rich mould; pines and fir covered the hills, and the sage gave way to other shrubs, and appeared only occasionally. About four miles below where we descended to the lake, a ledge of rocks bounded the valley near us on the left, and on going to it I found it to be a strata of serpentine, the green and gray stripes beautifully blended, and the lines as delicately drawn as if done by the pencil of the artist. Along the base of the ledge the drift wood and water-washed weeds showed that during the flood season the ground was overflowed. The lake extended many miles south, which I estimated as it then was, to be twenty miles long by eight or ten broad. Night brought us to the end of the lake, yet the valley still continued, and but little above the water level, and we laid up on a mountain brook where the road forked—one branch going to Oregon, the other to California. Distance, fifteen miles.

AUGUST 29

We remained in our excellent camp till noon, and then drove down the smooth valley, crossing two fine creeks which made down from the mountains, and halted for the night in a cluster of willows, on the margin of another creek. While strolling through the willows, by paths which led to the brook, our men found a basket hanging to a tree, which contained perhaps two

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Gold is \$4,452.10 an ounce! This time last year it was \$2,640.06 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.***

***You know you're getting old when you
run into your friends at the pharmacy
instead of a nightclub!***

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**

bushels of small fish, dried in the sun—a portion of the winter stores of the savages. In the absence of meat, we roasted some of these on the coals, and found them very palatable. A mile from camp, under the mountain, were half a dozen dwellings of the Indians. These were conical in form, about ten feet in diameter, built of grass thrown over a light framework of willows. I wandered out to them, but they were untenanted, having probably been vacated on the appearance of the first trains. Distance, eight miles.

AUGUST 30

During the evening, on looking to the west side of the plain, we discovered a number of fires, six or eight miles distant, and in the morning several of the men were positive that they saw wagons and cattle moving along in that direction. It was supposed that the road leading from Oregon to California came in near there, and that what we saw were trains from Oregon. Being anxious to get supplies, if possible, I determined to walk forward to the junction, to meet those trains, and accordingly set out, alone. We found that, although our provisions had given out, our appetites rather increased than diminished, and it was desirable to stop the grubbings of the stomach.

I walked very fast for six miles, when I came to Pitt River, the principal branch of the Sacramento, which arose four or five miles in the mountains east. Here it was only a little brook, which I jumped across, but its numerous affluents made it a considerable stream in a very few miles. I still walked on, and soon came to a high, rocky cañon, through which the river flowed, and the road led over a hill on the left to the valley below. As I descended on the other side, I saw a train of six wagons, which I hoped were from Oregon; but on approaching I found they were from Davis county, Missouri—a company with whom we had previously traveled. Instead of the road from Oregon coming in here, I became convinced that the camp fires seen by our men was the grass set on fire by the Indians; the wagons, merely clusters of bushes—and the clouds of dust which had been remarked, was that taken up by whirlwinds from naked spots of soil—a circumstance very common on the dry and dusty plains. My hope of supplies was blasted, and not an ounce of food could be procured; we were therefore compelled to stick to our hard bread. Some of the men of the Missouri train reported that there were plenty of fish in the stream, and a proposition was made to make a seine and drag the river. This party I joined with pleasure; and taking an old wagon cover, we proceeded to a beaver-dam, and while a party went above to drive the fish down, we waded in the deep water with the primitive net. In three hauls we caught fifty-five fine trout, and going with them to their camp, we had a delicious feast, made the more acceptable by a sharpened appetite. While there, three footmen came up, begging to buy a little flour. They had belonged to a pack train, and their horses and mules had all been stolen by the Indians at the little salt lake between High Rock cañon and the Sierra Nevada Mountain, and they were getting through in the only way which was left. They had pursued the Indians twenty-five miles into the country, north, where they came to a large lake of fresh water in the mountains, but here they lost all traces of the marauders, and were compelled to relinquish the pursuit. Being supplied with a small quantity of flour, they hurried on. Near the place of our halt were several singular out-crops of volcanic sandstone. There were be-

tween forty and fifty of these, standing isolated from each other, in the form of cones, being from ten to fifteen feet high, and some of them were filled with yellow mica, which glitters in the sun like gold. Our general course from Goose Lake was a little west of south, up to the close of this day, and we again found excellent quarters in the broad valley on the banks of the river. About half a mile from our encampment I observed a hill, which was of a bright white color, and which was washed at its base by the river. I strolled down to it, and what was my surprise to find before me a hill over a hundred feet high, of as pure magnesia as I ever saw in a drug store. With some difficulty I climbed nearly to the top, and detached large blocks, which, rolling down into the water, floated off, as light and buoyant as cork until they became saturated. It seemed as if there was enough for the whole world. A little below were other banks, partially discolored with ochre, and more impure, but we found the banks of the river and the knowls in the vicinity, for two or three days' travel, to be highly impregnated with the carbonate of magnesia. Distance, fifteen miles.

AUGUST 31

The road led to a table plain above the valley, over Magnesia Hill, and then turned nearly west into the valley again, in about a mile. From the brow of the hill we had a charming prospect. The great valley extended many miles before us, and at the limit of vision, perhaps eighty miles distant, a high and apparently isolated snowy peak lifted its head to the clouds, like a beacon to travelers on their arduous journey, and the clear water of the Pitt was sparkling in the morning sun, as it wound its way, fringed with willows, through the grassy plain. The high, snow-capped butte was Mount Shasta; and though it appeared to us to be on a plain at the extremity of the valley, it was in fact surrounded by a broken and mountainous country, far from the course of the river. We crossed the river twice during the day by easy and safe fords, and found the volume of water increasing every hour.

We were overtaken at our noon halt by three *packers*, who told us that the emigration had again turned upon this road, in consequence of the failure of grass on the old road; that there was much suffering on the desert, and that the Indians were excessively bold and troublesome. If there was much selfishness shown on the road, there were occasional cases of genuine benevolence. They told us of one family, in which there were several small children, whose cattle had all become exhausted, and had given out entirely. They were thus left destitute and helpless on the desert plain, without the possibility of moving. A company of young men came along, who were touched with compassion at their deplorable condition, and immediately gave up their own team to the distressed family, and traveled on foot themselves. I regret that I could not learn the names of these true philanthropists.

After crossing the river the second time, the plain was sandy and rolling, but we found a beautiful encampment on the bank of the river. A mile from our camp we passed a singular rock, of perhaps a quarter of an acre in extent, lying near a small pond, or marshy ground, that resembled a powder magazine. Its roof was regular, and the western end appeared like the gable end of a building. The roof seemed to project over the sides, while the earth was apparently banked up around it. From its singular form we named it Magazine Rock. Distance, nineteen miles.

SEPTEMBER 1

The character of the country continued much the same, till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when our course changed to a southerly direction, leading into a cañon having some hard passes. When within three miles of our place of encampment, it again

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

opened into a small valley. There were indications of Indians all around us, and we kept a vigilant guard, firing our guns and keeping lights burning around our cattle all night long. Distance, nineteen miles.

SEPTEMBER 2

The Davis County train were encamped about a mile below us, and after broad daylight, their sentinel had started for the camp, when an Indian suddenly rose from the bushes and discharged an arrow at one of the oxen. The sentinel gave the alarm, and a force instantly set out after the Indian. They pressed him so hard that he was obliged to throw away his bow and quiver of arrows, two hatchets, and a pair of bullet moulds. Thus lightened, he succeeded in making his escape. The ox was slaughtered at their noon halt, and we were again regaled with desert beef. We still continued in the cañon for eight miles, though at one point passing over a hard hill to avoid a towering cliff five hundred feet high; and had we not seen High Rock Cañon, this would have been a curiosity of itself.

We crossed and recrossed the river at least a dozen times. Three miles from our noon halt, after passing over the point of a hill, the valley again expanded, and here we came to the junction of the Oregon and California road. From the appearance of the Oregon fork, no teams had passed since spring, and all hope of further supplies was at once cut off; but we now felt sure that we were within two or three days' travel of the valley of the Sacramento. So strong was this opinion among the emigrants, that after we had encamped in a fine place on the river, a man came along on horseback, and on being invited to stop, he replied, that "we were within ten miles of the diggings," and (with an oath) said "he would not get off his horse till he got to them." I do not know whether he stuck to his horse all the while, but he did not reach the diggings in ten days. Distance, fifteen miles.

SEPTEMBER 3

Three miles from our encampment we entered a spacious valley, at least twenty miles broad, with a rich soil, which only required irrigation to make it very productive. A little before reaching this, McNeil, Mr. Pope and myself, seeing that the road crossed the river, and supposing that it would soon recross to this side, resolved to continue under the mountain along the bank, rather than wade the river so many times as we had been compelled to do the previous day. On the right was a high ridge of trap-rock, and between it and the river a narrow bottom, rocky and covered with a chaparral of willow, wild cherry and plumb bushes. After a laborious walk of a mile through the chaparral, tearing our clothes and scratching our faces, McNeal and Pope gave it up, and waded the river, while I clambered up the crags to the top of the ridge. I found myself on a desert plain, without vegetation, and a little below the valley spread out to the right a long distance. Walking about a mile, near the edge of the cliff, I found several circular walls of stone, which had probably been the winter dwellings of the Indians.

In descending from the ridge to the valley, I lost my revolver, which probably dropped from my pocket while clambering over the rocks, but I did not discover the loss until it was too late to return and look for it. As I was walking through the tall grass near the river, Doctor Hall beckoned to me from the opposite side, and I waded across. He told me that they had just met a small mule train on their return from California to Oregon, and from them gained the information that we were still two hundred and fifty miles from the mines, and at least two hundred from the nearest settlement. This was a damper, when we expected that

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

He is something one seldom meets, a genuinely contented man. Both he and his wife have an unpretentious and friendly attitude that I have noticed in other owners of small northern mines. So peaceful an outlook might seem almost dreamlike to men who require the stimulation of more intense activity. But 400 years ago Agricola wrote: "The occupation of the miner is objectionable to nobody. For who, unless he be naturally malevolent and envious, will hate the man who gains wealth as it were from heaven?" Ben Gillette has similar words for the deeper satisfaction he finds in mining. As we started to leave, to make our way back to Nome through the wide notch in the hills with the shine of the Bering Sea on the other side, our host had this to say for his way of life: "I'm not taking away anything anybody else wants. And I'm not bothering anybody."

The End

we were within one day's travel, at most, from Lawson's. We still had hard bread enough, but there was a tremendous cry within for flesh, flesh, flesh! Distance, fifteen miles.

SEPTEMBER 4

Learning from the *packers* that after ten miles we should come to a hard mountainous country, we concluded to make only that drive, lay over the rest of the day, and commence the mountain road early in the morning. We accordingly halted at a point a little above where the river entered a rocky cañon, and where we were to part with it.

While we lay there, some horsemen came up, who gave us an account of a fierce combat, which had occurred a few days before between a small party of whites and the Indians. The latter had become very bold and troublesome, not only on the Humboldt, but on the plains, and in the mountains this side. On the Humboldt they had made a foray, and driven off all the cattle belonging to a man who had a family with him. A call for volunteers was made, and a party at once formed to pursue the robbers. After tracing them some miles in the mountains they found five head, which had been slaughtered, and the meat all picked from their bones. Here the party separated, and four men, two of the name of King, a Mr. Moore, and Mr. Elliot, taking a direction by themselves, while the others proceeded another way. Captain King, with whom I became well acquainted subsequently in the mines, corroborated the statement. His party had not gone far, when, on turning around a rock, they came in contact with four Indians, who drew their bows at once. Each man selected his antagonist, and a desperate fight for life commenced.

Elliot wounded his man mortally, though he commenced a flight. Moore had also wounded his, but he still continued to discharge his arrows before Moore could reload, who, to avoid the arrows, bent his head, but was severely wounded; while King, after wounding his, advanced, and after a desperate conflict dispatched him with his knife, after firing his pistol. The cap on Captain King's rifle exploded without discharging his gun, and his adversary discharged his arrows with great rapidity, without giving the Captain time to put on another cap. He however managed to dodge in time to avoid the arrows, and rushing up, caught hold of the Indian's

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



Some tools of a Prospector!

I have been putting a lot of thought into it and I just don't think being an adult is going to work for me!

Refreshment List

Mary Lowe, January

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
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89 pages
\$14.95

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by **Tom Bohmker**
80 detailed maps
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www.goldpannersguide.com

Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895

Or from Gold Fever Mining Supply at Eagle City Park

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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

Chili Colorad

This recipe comes from Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping, by Estelle Woods Wilcox (1877).

Safety note: When handling hot chili peppers, it is best to wear rubber gloves and to avoid touching the mouth, eyes or nose.

2 chickens
2 tbl fresh parsley
3 med onions
1/2 pound large chili pepper pods
Butter, flour and salt
Steamed rice

Take two chickens; cut up as if to stew; when pretty well done, add a little green parsley and a few onions. Take half pound large pepper pods, remove the seeds and pour on boiling water; steam for ten or fifteen minutes; pour off the water and rub them in a sieve until all the juice is out; add the juice to the chicken; let it cool for half an hour; add a little butter, flour and salt. Place a border of rice around the dish before setting on the table.

Makes 6 to 8 servings

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

bow with one hand, while the Indian seized the Captain's rifle. Thus they struggled until, becoming somewhat exhausted, they paused a moment, when King kicked his gun from the grasp of the Indian, and sprang after it. He avoided a second arrow, but as he was adjusting the cap, another arrow grazed his hand, inflicting a slight wound. His turn now came; the rifle was discharged, and the deadly weapon did its duty—the Indian fell dead. Elliot, being released by the death of his antagonist, rushed up to assist Moore, (who, though badly wounded, was still fighting desperately,) and shot the Indian with his pistol. Finding the odds now too great against him, the savage turned to retreat, but Elliot followed him with his knife, and inflicted a ghastly wound in his neck. Wounded as he was, the Indian now turned upon Elliot, who, with a pass of his knife, inflicted a wound in the Indian's abdomen, through which his bowels protruded, when he slowly sank to the ground, striking wildly, and with savage determination, at Elliot, with his own knife, and finally fell backwards in the agonies of death. The Indian was a hero, worthy of death in a better cause; but this desperate fight proved that the whites were heroes too, and that they were men of nerve and resolution. Moore, though badly wounded, eventually recovered, and though the cattle were never recovered, the emigrants by contributions furnished the plundered family with cattle, which enabled them to get through.

To be continued.....

A perfect metaphor for my life would be
“Someone trying to stand up in a hammock!”

2026 Club Calendar

January 8th
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
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.

You never realize how good you
have it, until it's gone.
Toilet paper is a good example!

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Video Review

https://youtu.be/1NH_5CmIMCA?si=osDdi5jd2d7i2UQ

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>

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(509) 442-3196

Pans * Sluices * Dredges * Etc.

(Continued from page 1)) Eagle City Park Update

the Prichard/Murray area, I'm sure Avista will be too busy to finish what we started until sometime in the spring.

Many, many thanks to **Wes Shockley and John Wanless** for all their work in not only the power project, but in keeping the flood waters at bay and their work in keeping the roads open in the Park so our members could get to their lots.

We will still have lots of work to do this spring. Finish cleanup of downed trees, install some service line conduit, meter pack connections, road cleanup and general cleanup of the area from debris floated in by the high water and any other damage that turns up in the spring.

One good thing is the flood water really churned up the creek and changed course in a couple of areas, opening up new ground and replenishing the gold.

Looking forward to a much, much better 2026!

**The hacker was so disappointed
in my bank account that he
started a Go Fund Me page!**

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
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), 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 sub-
mitted.**

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

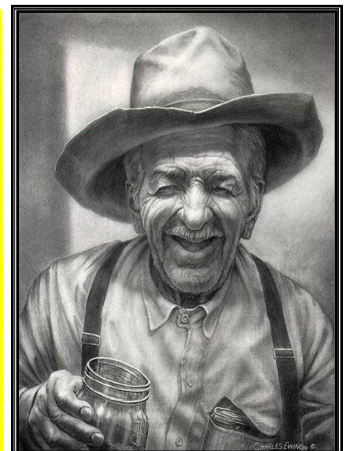
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Leave the rest to God.**

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saying "I hid the body.....now what?"

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can smack something
to get it to work?**

**I wish I could do that
with some People!**

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