

Nugget News

June / July / August

2026

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

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



NEW RATES!

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

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Dues are Past Due!

If your membership card expires 4/26 or older,
this will be your last copy of the Nugget News!
Remember: Renewals are now \$40.

Annual Kootenai County Fairgrounds Arena Metal Detecting Cleanup

August 23, 2026 @ 6:30pm at the Arena.

We meet/stage on the East Side of the Arena until we're
called in. Giving Away 2-Nice Gold Nuggets at the
conclusion. All participants are eligible. Sign-up Sheet will
be at the August Club Meetings or you can call
Mark Cook. 208-755-8853.
Fair Passes & Parking Passes
will also be given to Participants if desired.



My first AI generated image!

“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

I have purposely omitted many details of our operations during that eventful year; but enough, perhaps, has been mentioned, to give an idea of what the miners of the first emigration encountered in the fall of '49, and the summer of '50. For forty miles along the South Fork of Feather River, the stream was dammed whenever it was practicable, some of the dams costing, in labor and necessary expenditures, fifty to eighty thousand dollars, and not one paid a moiety of its cost. Below Stringtown dam about a mile, an energetic and enterprising company erected a splendid dam, and dug a race at an expense of thirty-two thousand dollars, expending four thousand dollars which they had dug the previous fall, and all that they got when completed was fifteen cents! They were completely wrecked, and their company broke up hopelessly in debt, a portion of which was for the provisions on which they had subsisted during the winter.

And this wide-spread ruin did not fall upon the poor miner alone. Merchants who had given them credit for provisions, in the expectation of being repaid when they should get fairly at work, were sufferers, not from any design, but from the utter inability, of their poor debtors to pay, and some of them, having purchased a portion of their stocks on credit in the city, were also unable to meet their payments. Thus the failure of

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“Reality continues to ruin my life.” — Bill Watterson

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 Lost Ledge

By Bob Lowe and AI

In the summer of 1878, a prospector named Eli Harper wandered alone through the high mountains, searching for the strike that would make him rich. For ten years he had worked streams,

dug test pits, and chased rumors, finding little more than enough gold dust to buy beans and coffee.

One bright morning, while climbing a narrow canyon, Eli noticed a vein of quartz exposed on a cliff face. Sunlight flashed from the rock like a mirror. Curious, he chipped away a piece with his pick.

His heart nearly stopped.

Gold ran through the quartz in thick yellow ribbons.

He struck again and again, breaking open fresh rock. Everywhere he looked was gold—more than he had ever seen in his life. The ledge stretched along the canyon wall and disappeared around a bend. It looked rich enough to make a king.

Eli laughed, shouted, and danced among the boulders. He filled his pockets with samples and swore he would return with proper tools and legal claim papers.

The nearest town was two days away. As he left, he stacked a small cairn of stones beside the trail and carefully noted landmarks: a twisted pine, a waterfall, and a mountain peak shaped like an arrowhead.

By sunset on the second day, Eli rode into Silver Junction carrying his gold samples.

The town could scarcely believe what he displayed on the saloon counter.

Drinks were bought. Stories were told. Songs were sung. Eli celebrated harder than he had planned.

One day became two. Two became four. By the time he sobered enough to leave, the entire town knew about the great discovery. Several men even offered to accompany him, but Eli refused. The claim

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the miners was felt far and wide. Wherever we turned, we met with disappointed and disheartened men, and the trails and mountains were alive with those whose hopes had been blasted, whose fortunes had been wrecked, and who now, with empty pockets and weary limbs, were searching for new diggings, or for employment—hoping to get enough to live on, if nothing more. Some succeeded, but hundreds, after months and years of toil, still found themselves pining for their homes, in misery and want, and with a dimmed eye and broken hopes, sighing in vain for one more fond embrace of the loved ones who were anxiously looking, but in vain, for the return of the father and friend.

While McNeil and myself were living alone, we were one day visited by several naked, mountain Indians. We treated them kindly, giving them tobacco, fish-hooks and bread, and they left us, manifesting the utmost good nature. Subsequently, they came with others, and we began to think they might be tempted, by our isolated condition, to commit some depredations on our property, even if no acts of hostility were exhibited towards our persons, and we deemed it best to get rid of them as quietly as possible, upon any future occasion when they presented themselves.

One cold, stormy day, while sitting by our cabin fire, unable to work, the door was gently opened, and two naked savages, dripping with wet, stood before us. We invited them to the fire, and after giving them something to eat and a little tobacco, I gave them to understand that I was a conjurer, who came from the rising sun; and that I could control the elements. Occasionally, a terrific gust of wind drove the smoke in clouds down our chimney, and for the purpose of practicing on their credulity, I would jump up and wave the smoke up, which, as the gust passed, seemed to obey my behest. On the approach of another gust, I would invite it down, and by continuing my manipulations long enough, the wind appeared to obey me. When it lulled, I would stop, and the smoke came or went accordingly, till it was plain to see that their wonder was excited.

Still, they did not move. Then I began to examine their heads phrenological-

ly, making some mysterious observations to Mac, who as gravely responded, when, under apparent excitement, they inquired in Spanish, if I was bueno. We answered that it was good, yet they still stuck by the fire. At length, after a few passes of animal magnetism, during which Mac had all he could do to maintain his gravity at my ridiculous maneuvers, I took a smooth board, and with a piece of crayon, began to sketch their likenesses, occasionally continuing my smoke-driving up and down the chimney, as the blast invited. As the figures began to assume shape and form something like themselves, they evidently became uneasy and frequently looked at the door, inquiring if it was good. We still assured them it was not bad. Suddenly, a mighty gust came, driving the smoke down with unprecedented violence, when I sprang up to the fire-place, while Mac jumped to the door, and opened it to look out, and our tawny

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Alaska Gold & Resort, LLC

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

friends, seeing an outlet, bolted outright, preferring to “bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,” rather than stay longer in the den of a monster who called the storm from the clouds, and took their spirits from themselves and made them fast to a board. We never received another visit from an Indian while we remained.

When Billingham, Brown and Periam were crossing the plains, they found at Fort Laramie an elderly man named Turner, who had bargained with a man to bring him through; but at this point the man sold his wagon and team, and left poor Turner to shift for himself. Without a friend to aid him, with no money or provisions, and unable to go backwards or forwards, he was like a shipwrecked mariner upon a desolate coast. Happily, Messrs. Billingham, Brown and Periam, from Chicago, came along, and pitying his condition, they took him on board their wagon, with all his worldly wealth—his violin, to which he clung with an affection that only an amateur knows—although their own supplies were not abundant.

On the road across the plains, Turner was taken with scurvy, and instead of being of any service to them on their arrival, he was only a continual tax upon their generosity and good feeling, where even the necessities of life were with difficulty procured; and though his disease had made him childish and irritable, they did not relax their assiduity for his comfort, notwithstanding it was “without the hope of reward.”

He moved with them from Long's bar to Stringtown in November, and if at times he was able to draw the bow to “Auld Lang Syne,” or “Sweet, Sweet Home,” with plaintive melody, with tears trickling down his care-worn face, at the reminiscences they called forth, it was destined that “wife, nor children more, should he behold, nor friends nor sacred home.” He gradually grew worse, and died the last of January, and was buried on the hill-side above the cabin, leaving, as the only memento of his former existence, his violin, which long hung against the rude wall, and a half-written letter to his wife, which she probably never received. Many cases equally as melancholy came to my notice. During the winter, at least thirty persons were drowned in the river. One man perished before my own eyes, and two bodies floated down the river in one day. The most cases were caused by persons slip-

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”**

ping from logs in crossing the rivers, when, by the icy stream, they soon became benumbed and incapable of exertion, and were whirled away to death in the rapid current.

CHAPTER XIX

When the high water in the spring of 1850 arrested the progress of our works, and our two companies temporarily separated, I learned that cattle stealing had become common in the valley. During the rainy season, the miners who owned teams were obliged to drive their cattle to the valley, where there was grass; for none grew on the mountains. They were left there from necessity, without care, till spring. I frequently met many who had lost all their cattle—unprincipled men having seized and driven off whole teams, and either sold them, or used them to haul loads to the mines after the roads became passable. One day a teamster drove a wagon into our settlement at Dawlytown, when Mr. Billingham recognized one of his own oxen in the team. As he had an abundance of proof at hand, the fellow was glad to compromise the matter by paying him a hundred dollars and taking the ox. Scarcely had the thief gone twenty yards before another yoke was claimed by a miner; and before he left the diggings his cattle were all claimed and taken by their owners. The fellow had made an unfortunate mistake, and had driven his load into the very settlement where his cattle belonged. This wholesale stealing excited much surprise among us, for the almost unheard-of honesty of Californians, as it had been the previous fall, was a subject of general remark. But a change seemed coming “o'er the spirit of *their* dream,” for soon we began to receive accounts of robberies beyond anything we had ever heard. In this state of things I deemed it advisable to look after my own cattle; and taking my blankets and provisions on my back, I set out for the valley, Twenty-five miles brought me to the meadow land, and I was fortunate enough to find three out of four; but the fourth was lost. Being unable to continue mining and have a care over my cattle at the same time, I drove them to Marysville and sold them. And here I met with a surprise. When I forded the Yuba, in September previous, there stood then but two low adobe houses, known as Nye's Ranch, but early in the following winter a town had been laid out, which, in this short space of time, had grown to over a thousand inhabitants, with a large number of hotels, stores, groceries, bakeries, and (what soon became a marked feature in California) gambling houses. Steamboats were daily arriving and departing, which seemed strange, for it had been a matter of doubt the previous fall as to Feather

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River being navigable for craft larger than whale boats. On this river, a mile from Marysville, Yuba City had sprung into existence, with a population of five hundred inhabitants; and two miles below, the town of Eliza had been laid out, and buildings were rapidly going up. The two latter places, however, were eventually swallowed up by the rapid growth of Marysville, which has become a beautiful city, while the others, at the moment of writing this, have dwindled into nothing, and are nearly deserted. Speculation in towns and lots was rife; and on every hand was heard "Lots for sale"—"New towns laid out"—which looked as well on paper as if they were already peopled. There seemed to be a speculative mania spreading over the land, and scores of new towns were heard of which were never known, only through the puffs of newspapers, the stakes which marked the size of lots, and the nicely drawn plat of the surveyor. Not a single town was laid out on land where the title was indisputable; and as might be expected, litigations were frequent. Squatting followed, which resulted, in many cases, in riot and bloodshed. And to this moment, when the State contains probably over three hundred thousand souls, three years from the first emigration, claims are contested, and there is a vagueness and uncertainty in the possession of lands in the great valley, and in San Francisco, which renders the purchase of landed property uncertain, and the risk so great that prudent men hesitate to invest large sums.

Before the conquest, many of the old Californians had either taken possession of lands without authority, or held grants under revolutionary governors, which were not acknowledged by the supreme government of Mexico; and in some cases, where these grants were given by an acknowledged Mexican Governor, the proprietor had neglected to have them confirmed by the parent government; and in others, if this was done, they had neglected to comply with the requisitions of the grant—so that, where there were so many loop-holes, some shots of contention would enter. Still some of the claims were undoubtedly good, and will be acknowledged by the government of the United States, while squatters, in many cases, will very likely be able

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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**

to hold the land they have taken up, after it has been decided that such lands belong to our government by the Commission instituted to examine the merits of claims, and we may look forward to time when litigation and uncertainty on the subject, shall cease, and consequent happiness and thrifty progress of the people of California ensue.

Before returning to the mines, I visited Sacramento, and the improvements not only in the city, but in the country around, which a few months had produced, astonished me. Along the road hotels and dwellings had been erected at convenient distances; and where we had traveled the previous fall without seeing a human habitation, was now the abode of civilized man. At Nichols' Ranch, near the mouth of Bear River, where then but a single adobe house stood, a town had been laid out, and buildings were going rapidly up, (but this, however, eventually declined,) and under the bank, in the river, a large brig was moored, which had doubled Cape Horn. Vernon and Fremont, at the mouth of Feather River, appeared flourishing, but subsequently shared the uncertain fate of new towns in a new country. All these may revive, as the country advances in population, and its agricultural resources are properly developed.

Sacramento City had become a city indeed. Substantial wooden buildings had taken the place of the cloth tents and frail tenements of the previous November, and, although it had

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Gold is \$3,977.20 an ounce! This time last year it was \$3,347.62 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.***

Wanted - Placer claim in Murray area. Would be interested in lease, purchase or even pay per day of use arrangement.

Also open to purchase of real estate with mineral rights.

Bruce King 208 691 4516

Bruceking.lakewood@gmail.com

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**

been recently submerged by an unprecedented flood, which occasioned a great destruction of property, and which ruined hundreds of its citizens, it exhibited a scene of busy life and enterprise, peculiarly characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race by whom it was peopled. An immense business was doing with miners in furnishing supplies; the river was lined with ships, the streets were thronged with drays, teams, and busy pedestrians; the stores were large, and well filled with merchandise; and even Aladdin could not have been more surprised at the power of his wonderful lamp, than I was at the mighty change which less than twelve months had wrought, since the first cloth tent had now grown into a large and flourishing city.

I regret to say, that gambling formed a prominent part in the business of the city; and there appeared an infatuation, if not unprecedented, certainly not excelled in the annals of mankind. Long halls had been erected, which were splendidly lighted, and beautifully decorated with rich pictures, having magnificent bars, where liquors and various refreshments were exhibited, to tempt a depraved appetite; and along the centre and sides of the room tables were arranged, where piles of money were seductively laid out to tempt the cupidity of the unexperienced. And to crown all, on raised forms, or finely-wrought galleries, bands of music "discoursed harmonious sounds," to attract a crowd. These places of resort were daily and nightly thronged with men of all ages and conditions in life, eager to tempt the fickle goddess of Fortune, too often to their own ruin. Large sums were freely staked, and often changed hands, and the hard earnings of the infatuated miner, which he had been months in accumulating by incessant toil and wearying hardships, frequently passed from his well-filled purse, to swell the gambler's bank that was spread seductively, before him.

A day or two previous to my arrival, I was told that a young man, having started for home, came to the city from the mines, with nineteen thousand dollars. On his arrival he deposited sixteen thousand with a friend, and with the rest went into one of these splendid hells, and commenced betting at monte. He soon lost this, and under the excitement which it occasioned, he drew the sixteen thousand from his friend, notwithstanding all remonstrance, and determined to retrieve his luck. He returned to the table, and continued playing till he had lost every farthing, when, instead of making his friends happy, by returning to their embrace with a competence, he was compelled to return to toil and privation in the mines. Another, with fifteen hundred dollars, began playing, with the avowed intention of breaking the bank; but the result was, as might have been anticipated, the gambler won every dollar in a short time. With the utmost coolness the poor fool observed to the banker, "You have won all my money—give me an ounce to get back to the mines with." Without saying a word, the gambler handed him back sixteen dollars, and the victim returned to his toil again.

Even boys of twelve and sixteen years of age were sometimes seen betting. But little else could be expected, from the extent of the demoralizing influences thus set before them.

In passing down to Sacramento through some of the mining settlements, I could not but observe the march of refinement which was going on, or, more properly speaking, the comforts, which were introduced. Crockery and table-cloths

appeared on the tables of the hotels along the road; glass tumblers, and even wine glasses, were used; berths, similar to those on steamboats, were made around the rooms, and occasionally spare blankets could be found, so that on the principal thoroughfares it was no longer necessary to sleep on the ground, nor carry one's own plate, knife, and tin cup; and as early as July, 1850, a line of stages commenced running from Sacramento to Marysville, which the following year became a very important and well-regulated route, from which, in 1851, lines diverged to various points in the mines.

During the winter of 1849 and '50, one of the greatest floods occurred which had ever been known in the valley of the Sacramento. From the top of a high hill on the left bank of Feather River, not far from the Table Mountain, where I could command an extensive view of the valley, I estimated that one-third of the land was overflowed. Hundreds of cattle, horses and mules were drowned, being carried down by the rapidity of the current in their attempt to reach higher ground; and Sacramento City, then being without its levee, was almost entirely submerged. A small steamboat actually ran up its principal streets, and discharged its freight on the steps of one of the principal stores, (Starr, Bensley & Co.'s) But at that time the limits of the city were not more than a third equal to its present size. A vast amount of property was destroyed, and many of its lighter buildings washed away.

The number of dead carcasses of animals, which floated down and lodged as the waters retired, produced a most loathsome effluvia, and it was the work of several days to rid the city of their putrid remains. All intercourse with the mines was suspended, and although it was predicted that the prosperity of the city was ruined, the substantial improvements which followed soon showed that the ardor and energy of its people could not be checked, even by an extraordinary catastrophe.

By the 29th of March I was once more at Dawlitytown, but as the water still continued too high for mining operations, I resolved to go to Marysville, and endeavor to get into some business which would at least afford me the means of living. Of all the money I had received, but thirty-two dollars remained—enough to sustain me one week, as the price of board then ranged. A man may be placed in circumstances where all the ingenuity he is possessed of may be called forth, and this was emphatically my case. In vulgar parlance, I was *strapped*, and it was necessary that I should do something to raise the *quid pro quo*. Having a little skill in drawing, I took some crayons and drawing paper, and a few days saw me installed in town as a miniature painter, doing a thriving business. For three weeks I plied my pencil in copying the outline and forms of the long-bearded miners, at an ounce a head, when I found myself the wealthy recipient of four hundred dollars; but wishing to make money a little faster, I played the speculator, purchased paper town lots, and—lost nearly half of my earnings in the operation! It was, however, at this period that one of the most interesting events of my California life began. The rage for town speculations was still rife, when a friend proposed that we should make a claim twenty miles above Marysville, on Feather River, lay out a town, and get rich by selling the lots. We proceeded accordingly, made our claim, laid off the lots, and in a few days I was installed the patroon of our new village, with a fine stock of goods, cheap enough, if customers could only be coaxed to that really beautiful, but isolated spot. But that was a difficulty not easily overcome. My friend, by adverse circumstances, was finally compelled to give up the speculation, and I called my town an addition to one which my nearest and only neighbor, Captain Yates, had laid out. Captain Yates had been in

the country nine years, and was a fine specimen of the old Californian. He was an Englishman by birth, and formerly a sea captain—brave, open, and generous—and though he was somewhat rough in his outward deportment, he possessed so many real sterling qualities, I really respected him. Though it may be supposed that our interests clashed, we lived together in the utmost harmony, and finally parted with mutual good will and esteem for each other. He lived half a mile above me, and near him was a large village of Indians, over whom he acquired complete control, and who were much attached to him; while on my plot, and within ten rods of my house, was another village, of the tribe of Oleepa, and over which it was my good fortune to acquire a like control, with their good will, which continued during the three months I lived near them. It is true, I took every occasion which offered to conciliate them, isolated as I was, and completely in their power, had they been disposed to be hostile. An incident occurred soon after my arrival among them, which gave them an idea that I was disposed to justice, and to respect the law of *meum* and *tuum*. When we were surveying our town we wanted stakes to mark out the size and boundaries of the lots, and proper timber to make them of was very scarce. In searching along a low spot on the river bank, we found several cedar logs, which had floated down during the flood, and which we supposed had drifted to the place where they lay. Our axeman mounted one for the purpose of splitting out stakes, but scarcely had he struck a dozen blows, when we heard a shout from the direction of the village, and twenty Indians came running down, shouting in Spanish, “*Canoa, canoa!*” accompanied by excited jesticulations, and a volubility of words which we could not understand. Seeing that something was wrong, I called to the axe-man to desist, when they came up, and with much interest, began to examine the cuts he had made. Fortunately he had cut near the end, and had not injured it. They made us comprehend that they had picked up these logs for making canoes, and to them they were very valuable, for nothing but oak timber grew in that vicinity. I assured them, as well as I could, that it was a mistake on our part, and that we would not interfere further with them. As timber was scarce, however, the axe-man got upon a log, declaring with an oath, he would cut them, and that there was no use in coaxing such Indians. They seemed to understand his intention, and again appealed to me to save them. I insisted that the axeman should not strike another blow, and made him come down. I then took a piece of paper, drew a picture of a canoe, with two Indians and a white man in it, and gave it to the one who seemed to be a leader. This they interpreted as my sign-manual that I would protect their property, and peace and harmony was at once restored, and they frequently repeated in Spanish, “*Bueno, bueno*, (good, good,) *Bueno Americano*.”

While the axe-man was gone after sticks, I sat down on the grass and began to converse with them by signs, which they easily comprehended. Taking out some medicines, I made them understand that I was a physician, (Heaven help me for the deceit!) and if they got sick I would cure them. I explained as well as I could the use of quinine and opium, and gave each a small pill of the latter, which they readily swallowed. Then I told them that I should make my “camps” near them, and we would be very good friends. They seemed delighted as they comprehended my meaning, and *Bueno, bueno Americano*, was again echoed all around.

CHAPTER XX

It can hardly be expected that in three months I could gain a perfect knowledge of the Indian they had no intercourse with debased whites. I found that the most simple remedy soon restored

them to perfect health. Soon after I had got my house erected, mercantile and housekeeping arrangements completed, I strolled one evening into the village, and saw the chief sitting by the fire in front of his house, apparently suffering from pain. I inquired by signs if he was sick. He put his hand just back of his ear, and signified that he had been in such pain that he had not slept for two nights. Feeling the spot indicated, I found a tumor gathering, when, returning to my house, I got some strong volatile liniment, with which I rubbed the affected part well, and giving him a pretty good pill of opium, I directed him to go to bed, assuring him that he would sleep. When morning came, the swelling had nearly subsided, and he felt much better. I then washed the place with Castile soap and water, and made a second application of liniment, and by the second morning the poor savage was completely restored to health. This was wonderful; and my credit as a medicine man was established at once. I continued my practice on others with complete success, and very soon my reputation became so high that every sore toe and scabbed skin was submitted to my inspection; and if it had been a matter of dollars and cents, my fortune had been surely made; but, unfortunately for me, they neither had nor understood the value of money. I was soon looked upon as a friend, and for aught I know recognized as of the tribe of Oleepa. When I first arrived, the men manifested no interest in me; and on drawing near the houses, the women and children almost always retired, as if in fear; but my uniform kindness soon dispelled this feeling, and when I went among them I was surrounded by numbers, with the utmost cordiality, and always invited to share their meals, or to partake of their luxuries, and they never seemed weary in showing me little attentions.

It has been supposed that they are taciturn in their dispositions. This may be so in their intercourse with whites and others with whom they are not acquainted; but among themselves, and with those in whom they confide, a more jolly, laughter-loving, careless and good-natured people, do not exist. The air resounded with their merry shouts as we sat around their fires at night, when some practical joke was perpetrated, or funny allusion made. And they were always ready to dance or sing at the slightest intimation, and nothing seemed to give them more pleasure than to have me join in their customs and superstitions, without understanding their language; but it was my chief amusement to study their character and language while I remained, and I thus learned more of them than I could have done by simply passing through their country. It was my first business to cultivate their good will. An occasion was not long wanting to turn a little circumstance to my advantage. Owing to their extreme filth and dirt, they are very subject to an eruption of the skin, which commences first by painful swellings, and then supuration ensues, which, on its discharge, irritates whatever portion of the body it touches, producing large and disgusting sores, so that not unfrequently their body and limbs are covered with scabs and running sores. This has been sometimes mistaken by the common observer for venereal disease, but justice obliges me to declare that this assertion is wholly unfounded, for I never in my life saw an Indian afflicted with this vile disease, where recreations. To each other they were uniformly kind, and during the whole of my residence with them, I never saw a quarrel or serious disagreement.



Some tools of a Prospector!

Refreshment List for August

Flo Howard & Nancy Weatherly

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!

(Continued from page 2) Letters to the Editor

was his. He rode out alone. The trouble began almost immediately.

A thunderstorm had swept through the mountains while he was in town. Trails had washed away. Small landslides had altered the canyon walls. The creek he remembered now flowed in a different channel.

Still, Eli pressed on. He found the arrowhead-shaped peak. He found the waterfall. But the twisted pine was gone, struck by lightning and lying across the valley floor. For three days he searched. No ledge.

For another week he searched. No ledge.

He climbed every canyon within miles. He examined every cliff face. He wore out his boots and exhausted his mule. Nothing.

The mountains seemed to have swallowed the treasure.

Months passed. Then years.

Eli never stopped looking. Each spring he returned and searched again. Miners laughed at him and called him "Lost Ledge Eli." Some believed he had imagined the whole thing after too much whiskey. Others believed he had truly found a fortune and simply could not relocate it.

Eli kept one piece of the original quartz on his cabin shelf. Thick threads of gold still glittered through the stone. Whenever someone doubted his story, he would place the sample in their hands and say, "The mountain showed me its secret once. It can do it again." But it never did.

When Eli died many years later, the sample passed from owner to owner, and the legend of the lost ledge spread through-

(Continued on page 9) Thank You

Club Officers

2024

President:
Rotating
By Board of Directors

Vice President:
Bryan McKeenan
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:
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208-755-1919

Bob Lowe (1yr Jan 2021)
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Bryan McKeenan (3yr Jan 2020)
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Mark Cook (3yr Jan 2020)
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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
\$16.95

Gold Panners' Guide to Idaho

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

www.goldpannersguide.com

Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895

Or from Gold Fever Mining Supply at Eagle City Park

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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

Baked Spaghetti with Cream of Mushroom Soup

Ingredients

1 cup chopped onion
1 cup chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon butter
1 can (28 ounces) diced tomatoes, undrained
1 can (4 ounces) mushroom stems and pieces, drained
1 can (2-1/4 ounces) sliced ripe olives, drained
2 teaspoons dried oregano
1 pound ground beef, browned and drained, optional
12 ounces spaghetti, cooked and drained
2 cups shredded cheddar cheese
1 can (10-3/4 ounces) condensed cream of mushroom
soup, undiluted
1/4 cup of water
1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Directions:

In a large skillet, saute onion and green pepper in butter
until tender. Add tomatoes, mushrooms, olives, oregano
and, if desired, ground beef. Simmer, uncovered, for 10
minutes.

Place half the spaghetti in a greased 13x9-in. baking dish.
Layer with half the vegetable mixture and 1 cup cheddar
cheese. Repeat layers.

In a small bowl, combine soup and water until smooth;
pour over casserole. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake,
uncovered, at 350° until heated through, 30-35 minutes.

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

I soon began to get hold of their words, and to aid my memory, wrote them down. They were very fond of instructing me—repeating each word slowly and distinctly until I caught the sound. It was not long before I comprehended enough to make myself understood on common occasions. Whenever I was at a loss for the word, I referred to my glossary, and it was a matter of wonder to them that the paper could tell me how to speak. They frequently took it in their hands and looked at it every way, turned it upside down and around, but they could make nothing of it. Sometimes they would take my pencil, examine it closely, and then try to write, but in their hands it would not go off, and with a long drawn *waugh!* of wonder, they returned it to me.

To be continued.....

For Sale

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See at Eagle City Park

For Sale

Two 12v 100Ah Lithium Ion Batteries

Brand New-Still in the box

\$175 each

Call Carla @ 208-991-8777

2026 Club Calendar

August 13th
August 15th
August 23rd
September 10th
September 12th
September 19th
September 20th
October 8th
November 12th
December 10th
December 13th

Meeting
Outing
Metal Detecting Cleanup at the Fairgrounds
Meeting
Annual Pig Roast Potluck
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.**

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>

**Tony & Suzanne Bamonte's
book
"The Coeur d'Alene Gold Rush
and its Last Legacy"
will be available at the meet-
ings and at Eagle City Park for
\$45.
See Mary or Bob Lowe to
purchase one.**

Reminders

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

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

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

Speaking of volunteers, please check out the following link:
https://www.clubexpress.com/dldocs/Building_Strong_Clubs_Dan_Ehrmann.pdf
and read about building and maintaining a strong club.

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.

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(Continued from page 7)) *Letters to the Editor*

out the West.

Even today, according to local stories, treasure hunters still search those mountains. Some swear they have seen flashes of gold in the cliffs at sunset. Others claim the ledge appears only briefly before disappearing again into the folds of the canyon.

Whether the ledge was hidden by time, buried by a landslide, or simply lost because one prospector celebrated too long, nobody knows.

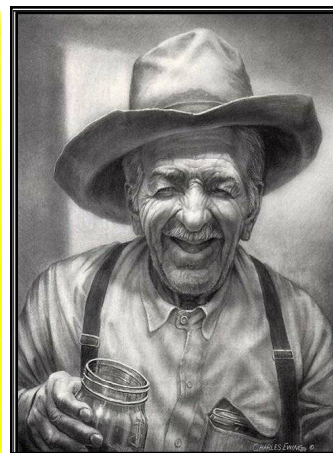
But somewhere in those mountains, the gold may still be waiting.

The End!

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

"I'm a man of my word... and that word is unreliable." — Unknown

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The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

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