

# Nugget News

May

2025

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  
\$25 to Renew

### First Come-First Served

There is still time to join us, but time is running out! Hurry and get your deposit in and your spot reserved!

### Alaska Gold Resort Trip July 25th thru August 7th, 2025

The time has come to get ready for our Alaska Gold trip. I just confirmed with Betty the dates and pricing. The dates are July 25th thru August 7th, 2025.

The airfare via Alaska Airlines is now \$519 per person, each way. That's \$1,038 round trip, per person. Check for update.

The discounted group cost of the stay at the resort is \$2,300 per person, per week. This includes transportation to and from the airport, all meals, very nice accommodations and all the gold prospecting you can handle.

An ATV is a must to get around to the hundreds of acres of gold country. The weekly rental of an ATV is \$700 for a 300cc, \$800 for a 400cc and a side by side is \$1,250. Reservations in advance is required.

We reserved two weeks for this year as our past experience has shown us that one week is not enough. And, with the airfare prices, why not get your monies worth?

The Resort limits the participants to 20 persons per week. We hope you plan for both weeks, but you can stay one week, if need be. Please let us know what you decide, one or two weeks.

You also need to get a \$400 per person deposit sent in ASAP to reserve you spot in week 1 and/or 2. The NWGPA Gold & Treasure Show on March 7th thru the 9th, 2025 is the deadline

*(Continued on page 6) Alaska Gold Trip*

## DUES ARE DUE

It's that time of the year! Please renew your NWGPA membership to continue receiving the Nugget News, have access to 22+ mining claims great times with like minded gold seekers. \$30 to join and \$25 to renew!

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

BY A. DELANO.

NEW YORK:

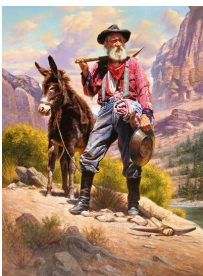
MILLER, ORTON & CO.

1857.

JUNE 29

As early as we could, consistently, we left our encampment for the ford, at which we were to bid adieu to the Sweet Water, and launch into the region beyond the Rocky Mountains. Near the ford, which was two miles below our camp, we found a cluster of lodges, which belonged to one of a singular class of men, who leave the comforts of civilized life, and bury themselves in the wild, inhospitable regions of the far west. At first I mistook him for an Indian, from his dress, his long black locks, and his swarthy, weather-beaten complexion. He was a man apparently thirty-five or forty years of age, with a pleasing countenance, and mild blue eyes, whom I found to be well educated—far above the humble sphere of life to which he had

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



Knowledge is like underwear. It's useful to have it, but not necessary to show it off.

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 4pm 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



**February 7, 1920  
MINING AND  
SCIENTIFIC PRESS  
The Old Diggings and  
Modern Dredging  
Operations  
By T. A. RICKARD**

(Continued from last month)

We saw a cedar stump uprooted with apparent ease. The buckets, we were told, dig two feet or more into the bed-rock, according to the depth to which the gold has penetrated, as determined by panning. The buckets are close-connected and made of manganese-steel throughout, the lips being replaceable. During the first nine months of the year, that is, up to the time of our visit, the dredge had excavated over a million cubic yards. Running time had averaged 86%. There is a constant urge to keep the wheels turning and to ensure continuous operation; the manager does not hesitate to incur the cost of any appliances that may contribute to this result. During the first eight months of 1919, an increase of 25.8% in total yardage was made as compared with the corresponding period of 1918, together with a 14% decrease in cost, despite the higher prices of labor and supplies. This was done, in part, by diligent attention to details of operating management and avoiding delays and make-shifts, by keeping plenty of repair parts on hand. A compressor on board furnishes air-power for drilling, riveting, chipping, or grinding, when repairs are made. The dredge is equipped with a little machine shop. An oxy-acetylene welding and cutting equipment has proved exceedingly useful; it saved its cost thirty times in the first five months, says Mr. Ferry, largely by its ability to cut manganese-steel, which no ordinary tool can do. Another time-saver has been the substitution of manganese-steel plates for ordinary steel in screens and hoppers; even the discarded manganese plates are cut by the oxy-acetylene torch and used for lining the tailing-slucies. Forged nickel-steel has been substituted for ordinary cold-rolled shafts in the ladder-rollers, which were subject to frequent breaks in cold weather. Records are kept to show the service given by the repair parts; this information includes the life, wear, fit, first cost, and cost per cubic yard of material handled. was low in the water, almost awash, despite the pontoons provided to increase the flotation. We were shown the new transformer-house, which is fire-proof, being made of steel plates lined

(Continued on page 9) Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 1) Life on the Plains

consigned himself. He was surrounded by three or four squaws and a number of children, who seemed to look upon him as the grand head of the family, in the relative position of husband and father. He readily entered into conversation, and told me that he had lived that life for eighteen years, without once having been to the States, depending upon chance for supplies.

"And do you never think of returning? Do not old thoughts of home and friends intrude upon your memory, and awaken old feelings of endearment?"

"O yes," he replied, rather sadly, "very often. Once, about five years ago, I determined to return, and made my arrangements, but after all, I could not make up my mind to leave; and when I think of it now, and almost determine to go once more, I look at my responsibilities, (and he glanced around at his wives and his young brood of half-breeds,) and I give it up. You see I have cares; and then I am so accustomed to this mode of life, that I am unfitted for social intercourse in refined society. True, I think I will go some time, but I may never do it. Who would protect my children in danger, if I was absent?"

Nature clings to its offspring, irrespective of color, thought I, and bidding him farewell, I followed the train. Crossing the river, we ascended a steep hill from the bottom land, and then found a good and almost level road to the South Pass—only about eight miles distant.

A herd of about thirty buffaloes were bounding off over the plain as we rose the hill, frightened at the sight of so many enemies. These, and one other which we saw the day after we went through the Pass, were the only ones which we saw during the remainder of our journey.

There are no particular land-marks to distinguish the scenery on the east side of the Pass from that of the valley, through which we had come. The ascent is so gradual that the culminating point is a matter of doubt with the thousands who have crossed it, and I can only give my own impressions. Half a mile before we reach the highest rounded knoll, according to my ideas of the highest point, are two small conical hills, which stand near

each other, on the same plain, perhaps twenty rods asunder, between which the road passes. Here Bryant and Fremont fix the culminating point. I cannot agree with them, for from this a slight ascent brings the traveler to the terminus of the plain, over which you pass a slight convexity, and begin to descend towards a second curvature of an equal height. From the second curvature, the descent is regular and certain, and on commencing this, the hills are not large on either side, but approach so near that, like a small, water-worn gully, there is barely sufficient room left for a good wagon road between them. The declination on the west side is more rapid than on the eastern, but not difficult; and this narrow road continues about a mile and a half, when we get a view of the first water which flows into the Pacific Ocean. This is called Pacific Spring, and is in boggy ground on the right, where there are also

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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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**Advertising**

Ads are free to our members.

Display ads are free to vendors at our gold shows.

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'

sulphur springs. The water is clear, and of icy coldness, and a little brook here takes its rise, and flows to the west. As we proceed down, the valley expands, and the hills on the left immediately bounding the Pass, are perhaps two or three hundred feet high, (by estimation)—no worse than those on which roads are laid out in some States at home. On the north, you look across a broken, mountain plain, to the Wind River range of mountains, apparently twenty or thirty miles distant. The South Pass proper is about two miles long, after which we come to a large basin, perhaps four miles across, with a rim of the peculiar table hills and ridges, easy of ascent, which seems to be the commencement of a series of basins and valleys, though often interrupted by mountain streams and hills extending quite to the Siérra Neváda, of a character peculiar to themselves, and differing much from those east of the South Pass.

From the culminating point, the view is not as grand as at many places along the Sweet Water Mountains, for these mountains, though here much diminished in size, hinder any extended view in that direction. The point has an altitude of between seven and eight thousand feet, and the rarefication of the air is so great that it is necessary to stop frequently to get breath on ascending the hills in the vicinity.

We arrived at Pacific Spring a little after noon. Being told that our next day's drive would be twenty miles, without water, we stopped where there were tolerable grass and good water. The Hennepin company had arrived just before us, and the Dayton company were encamped but a short distance below, and we made and received visits to our mutual satisfaction.

We were now in Oregon—the ridge of the Rocky Mountains being its eastern boundary—and fifteen hundred miles from our homes. We had toiled steadily in our weary journey for two months, and were but little more than half way to our point of destination; and although thus far, no serious mishap had befallen us, no one could tell what trials awaited us. My own health had vastly improved, and I endured the labors of our daily routine, and the absence of comforts, much better than I could have apprehended. One object of my journey was successfully accomplished, and I was in better health than I had been for years. Would the other grand desideratum be

**Stop** at the **Sprag Pole Museum** for 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 camping needs. Cold Beer/Pop, Food, Fishing Tackle/Bait, Gas, Phone and still the **Best Ice Cream Cones** around.

Visit the **Bedroom Gold Mine Bar** in Murray. Enjoy beer, wine and cocktails while playing darts or pool. See how it looked in the old days. They now have a kitchen with Pizza and deli sandwiches as well as dinner specials on the weekends, we also serve breakfast on weekends during the summer months and hunting season. Many great pictures to look at.

**Prospector Pins (\$5.00)** are available for your own use or as gifts. See at meetings or call (208)699-8128

**Wanted:** Mining videos, books and pamphlets, old owners manuals for detectors, dredges, pumps, etc. for the NWGPA library. Call Bob Lowe @ (208)699-8128.

**The Gold Sniper** by Gold Fever Bob. Get this effective crevice tube for that hard to reach gold in the cracks of bedrock. Four models to chose from. From \$30 to \$140 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”**

also accomplished, and my labor meet its reward? Time alone could tell. In a musing mood, I ascended a high hill opposite our camp, to take a parting look at the Atlantic waters, which flowed towards all I held most dear on earth. Old reminiscences were crowding on my memory. As I turned my eye eastward, home, wife and children, rushed to my mind with uncontrolled feeling, and in the full yearnings of my heart, I involuntarily stretched out my arms as if I would clasp them to my bosom; but no answering look of affection, no fond embrace met me in return, as I was wont to see at home, but in its place there lay extended before me barren reaches of table land, the bare hills, and desert plains of the Sweet Water, while long trains of wagons, with their white covers, were turning the last curve of the dividing ridge, their way-worn occupants bidding a long, perhaps a last adieu to eastern associations, to mingle in new scenes on the Pacific coast. Sad, but not dispirited, I descended the hill, and sought the dubious comfort of our weather-beaten tent, where memory kept busy till fatigue closed my eyes in slumber.

On leaving the Missouri, nearly every train was an organized company, with general regulations for mutual safety, and with a captain chosen by themselves, as a nominal head. On reaching the South Pass, we found that the great majority had either divided, or broken up entirely, making independent and helter skelter marches towards California. Some had divided from policy, because they were too large, and on account of the difficulty of procuring grass in one place for so many cattle, while others, disgusted by the overbearing propensities of some men, would not endure it, and others still, from mutual ill-feelings and disagreements among themselves. Small parties of twenty men got along decidedly the best; and three men to a mess, or wagon, is sufficient for safety as well as harmony. Distance, ten miles.

### CHAPTER VIII

JUNE 30

We had a toilsome day before us of twenty miles, to the Little Sandy, one of the waters of the Green River, or Rio Colorado, and this distance was to be passed before water or forage could be obtained. On emerging from the Narrows of the Pass, we observed for the first time, at a great distance, the Rocky Mountains, towering to the skies in lofty grandeur, with their snow-white peaks blending with the blue sky, and on the right the Wind River chain presented a bleak, broken and cheerless appearance.

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

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

Before us lay the basin, bounded by its tables of nebula, and through it meandered the brooklet which took its rise from Pacific Spring. By an easy ascent, after passing across the level plain, we gained the rim of the basin, and before us lay another, differing but little from the first. I ascended one of nature's watch-towers, and found the top covered with pebbles and scoria, which bore the appearance of having been in fire. The flat surface might have contained two acres, and the inclination of the sides was perhaps at an angle of forty-five degrees. Fourteen miles brought us to the Dry Sandy—not inaptly named, for it was the dry bed of a creek where salt and unpleasant water could anywhere be found at a depth of six or eight inches below the sand. Once in every mile, at least, we saw the carcass of a dead ox, having closed his career of patient toil in this land of desolation in the service of his gold-seeking master, to become the prey of ravenous wolves, or food for croaking ravens, which covered his dead body, screaming at our approach. Six miles beyond Dry Sandy, where even the everlasting sage is scanty and of dwarfish growth, is Little Sandy—a fine creek of pure and sweet water. The road through the day was good, and we reached our place of encampment a little before sunset, but found grass and wood scarce. Game, which before had been plenty, now entirely disappeared, as if the Mountain Pass was a barrier to that portion of animal life necessary to the wants of man. On arriving at the creek, men and animals rushed to the water to quench their raging thirst, after which the latter were driven off a mile, where they picked up enough to satisfy the cravings of appetite, and we had recourse to the simple larder of our wagon. Drive, twenty miles.

#### **JULY 1**

On getting our cattle together this morning, I found that one of my best oxen was sick. We felt sure that it was not the effect of bad water, and concluded that it was more from hard labor in the rarified atmosphere than the effect of disease. There was a cow in the company, owned by Messrs. Wilson and Hall, and I purchased Wilson's interest, and with the consent of Doctor Hall, put her in the yoke, and drove my ox before the train. She

## **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**

was worth nothing except to bear up the end of the yoke, but our loads by this time were much lighter, and the other cattle could draw it, so she answered a temporary purpose. After crossing the creek and proceeding a mile and a half, we came to where the road forks—the one to the left leading to Salt Lake and Fort Bridge, the other more direct to Fort Hall, by what is known as Greenwood's or Sublett's cut-off. The former was about seventy miles further, and had been the traveled road until the other route was discovered the previous year. The latter was by a desert route, without grass or water, (as our guide books informed us), thirty miles to Green River; but which we found by actual measurement by roadometers to be fifty-four miles from Big Sandy, which was six miles from Little Sandy. We decided to take the cut off, and drove on over an arid plain to Big Sandy. As this was the last water, it is customary to start about four o'clock in the afternoon on the dreaded desert, and by driving continuously night and day, make the distance in about twenty-four hours. This was our course. We found good grass at Big Sandy, and here we again threw away all superfluous articles. All our kegs were brought into requisition for water, and I had an india-rubber bag, which I took to the stream to fill, but just as I was pouring in the last bucket full, the bag burst, and it was rendered wholly useless. The desert over which we were to pass was an arid plain, without a drop of water, or a blade of grass, the soil being of soft, dry, ashy consistence. The dust was an impalpable powder,

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**Gold is \$3,237.30 an ounce! This time last year it was \$2,320.69 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.***

***How do you know where to dig for gold?  
I just figure it has to be somewhere  
so I dig everywhere!***

*- John Schnabel*

## **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 4pm 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**



and the dense clouds which arose almost produced suffocation. Happily for us, one hour before we started a fine shower came on, which laid the dust for thirty miles, though in some places the mud was sticky and bad.

At four o'clock we set out. The rain had cooled the sultry atmosphere, and the night was comfortable and pleasant. I had walked six miles during the day, and now I was to try my bottom on one of the most severe attempts I had ever made. Slow, but steadily, we walked on. The night closed in upon hundreds of wagons, and the road was lined by horsemen and pedestrians, and lucky was he who had the good fortune to have the shadow of a mule to ride. All walked who could, in order to make their loads as light as possible, to save their cattle; and as the night wore heavily on, all sounds of mirth or of loud profanity ceased, and the creaking of wheels and the howling of wolves alone were heard. It was with difficulty I could keep awake. Tired as I was, and as the small hours approached, my weary limbs frequently gave way under me, and I fell headlong to the ground. This aroused me for a time, and I kept plodding on, driving, with the assistance of Brown, my poor ox, who needed rest perhaps even more than we. Smith was still in the wagon, suffering from his swollen leg, which pained him excessively, and the care of him had been severe to us; but we still attended assiduously to his comfort. With an intense desire to make our load light, by the order of Henderson, he nearly emptied a bag of corn meal in the road as we drove along; a measure which was afterwards regretted, when our provisions failed, and even Henderson would have been glad of a corn cake, which he affected to despise.

### **JULY 2**

At day-break we were a little more than half way across the desert, where we stopped for an hour, to give our cattle rest, and a drop of water from our kegs, and then set out again. The morning air somewhat revived me, and I managed to crawl along. For about ten miles before reaching the river, the country became broken, and we passed several hard hills. There had been no rain here; consequently the dust was ankle deep. The wind blew a gale, and the impalpable powder filled our eyes and nostrils, and our faces, hair, and clothes looked as if we had been rolling in a heap of dry ashes. Even respiration was difficult. Completely exhausted, when within about five miles of the river, I crawled into the wagon, and lay helpless as a child. This was my birthday, and it was the hardest one of all my life, for without sleeping I had walked fifty-five miles. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the river, all of us exhausted, when, instead of finding grass for our cattle, there was nothing growing on the broad, barren bottom but a weed which they could not eat, and the nearest grass was nearly four miles from our camp, over a high hill, accessible only at two points, through deep ravines. It was impossible, in our exhausted state, to drive the cattle out, and they were left to roam, and take care of themselves, till daylight; and after getting our tents erected, we fell upon our blankets, and were lost in utter unconsciousness till morning. Distance, in two days, sixty miles.

### **JULY 3**

When morning dawned, our first care was to drive our cattle over the hills, where there was grass; and then, after dispatching our breakfast, to ascertain the chances for crossing

the river.

The ferry was nearly two miles below our stopping place, and I went down to make inquiries. The whole plain was covered with tents, wagons and men, and there were also a detachment of troops, on their way to Oregon, under the command of Major Simonton, who were stopping a few days to rest, and recruit the strength of their animals. On inquiry, I found that a register was kept by the ferryman, of the applicants, and each had to be served in turn. This, though fair, consigned us to two or three days delay; yet, as there was no help for it, I gave the name of our Company, and then took a view of the premises.

There was a small but good scow, capable of carrying two wagons at once with safety, and to which oars were attached. The river was one hundred yards broad, with a very rapid current; and when the boat reached the shore, it was towed up by a long line and a strong force, to the place of departure. The landing on the west side could be made by rowing, allowing for the velocity of the current. The river rose in the Wind River Mountains, and the melting snows made it of icy coldness, and sweet to the taste. The only timber was a few cotton-wood trees, and willow bushes growing sparsely on the margin. The whole bottom was sand, in which stunted sage, greasewood and weeds struggled to grow. The hills on the eastern boundary of the bottom were perpendicular rocks, of the same formation as at Scott's Bluffs; and like them presented a fanciful appearance, resembling architecture in some places, though not to a very great extent. On the north and west, at a great distance, were high mountains, capped with snow; and from the hill above, the barren plain could be traced to the extent of vision, bearing nothing but stunted sage and greasewood bushes.

In looking about the camps, I found Captain Tutt and my South Bend friends, who had arrived before us, and who were then crossing the river. They had got along thus far well, no accident having happened to them. Among others, I met for the second time on the plains, my old friend, Doctor M. B. Angel, formerly from Niles, Michigan—a generous, open-hearted and benevolent gentleman. With the enterprising spirit for which he is remarkable, he, in company with two others, was building a ferry-boat, with the intention of remaining here a couple of weeks, and then go down the river to the Salt Lake road, and visit the Mormon City, which he subsequently did. I saw him no more till I strangely met him in Sacramento City, when he rendered me an essential service in my utmost need.

Soon after my arrival, the whole encampment was thrown into great excitement by a cruel and fiendish murder, which was committed on the west bank. A reckless villain, named Brown, requested a young man who acted as cook in his mess, to get him a piece of soap. The young man was at the moment bending over the fire, engaged in preparing the meal, and replied by telling him to get it himself, as he was busy. With out further provocation, as it appeared, the wretch raised his knife and stabbed him in the back, killing the young man almost instantly. The murderer fled. A meeting of emigrants was called, and General Allen, from Lewis county, Missouri, was called to the chair, when the atrocious deed was set forth, and it was determined by a series of resolutions to arrest the villain, give him a fair trial, and if found guilty, to execute him on the spot. Major Simonton seconded the views of the emigrants, in order to protect them against similar assassinations. In addition to a dozen athletic volunteers, who stood forth at the call, he detailed a file of soldiers to assist in the capture of the murderer. Several murders had been committed on the road, and all felt the necessity of doing something to protect

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themselves, where there was no other law but brute force. The party set out in pursuit of Brown, and I lounged around among the different camps till afternoon, when our train came up, and established an encampment on the river bank among the crowd, from which we experienced much courtesy.

#### JULY 4

On reaching the mountains at Fort Laramie, I felt the bracing air acting favorably upon my health, and from that day I had been growing strong, and supposed that my predisposition to disease was wholly conquered; but as the sun arose over the eastern mountains this morning, certain unmistakable signs warned me that "the end had not yet come." The cold chills which were dancing along my back, gave me an inkling how my fourth of July was to be spent. Dear reader, may you be spared such a celebration of our glorious anniversary as I was doomed to endure. My old enemy nailed me to my bed, and kept me there, rioting in fever and chill, till after high noon. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before I was well enough to crawl out, and gather the news of the camp.

The volunteers had returned, without being successful in capturing Brown, but they had overtaken Williams, who had killed the rascal at the Devil's Gate, and thinking that some example of justice was necessary, they intimated that his presence was required to stand trial before a Green River jury, and he willingly returned; but his companions, dreading delay, would not accompany him.

Upon his return it was resolved to try him. As his witnesses would not come, he feared a true representation of facts would not come out, and he employed B. F. Washington, Esq., a young lawyer from Virginia, to defend him. Had he known it, there were witnesses enough in the crowd to have justified him, but as he did not, he was disposed to take advantage of any technicality, and therefore employed counsel.

A court of inquiry was organized; General Allen elected chief justice, assisted by Major Simonton, who, with many of his officers, and a large crowd of emigrants, was present. A jury was empaneled, and court opened under a fine clump of willows. There, in that primitive court-house, on the bank of Green River, the first court was held in this God-forsaken land, for the trial of a man accused of the highest crime. At the commencement, as much order reigned as in any lawful tribunal of the States. But it was the 4th of July, and the officers and lawyers had been celebrating it to the full, and a spirit other than that of '76 was apparent.

Mr. Washington, counsel for the defendant, arose, and in a somewhat lengthy and occasionally flighty speech, denied the right of the court to act in the case at all. This, as a matter of law, was true enough, but his remark touched the pride of the old commandant, who gave a short, pithy and *spirited* contradiction to some of the learned counsel's remarks. This elicited a *spirited* reply, until, spiritually speaking, the spirits of the speakers ceased to flow in the tranquil spirit of the commencement, and the spirit of contention waxed so fierce, that some of the officer's spirits led them to take up in Washington's defense. From taking up words, they finally proceeded to take up stools and other beligerent attitudes. Blows, in short, began to be exchanged, the cause of which would have puzzled a "Philadelphia lawyer" to determine, when the emigrants interfered to prevent a further ebullition of patriotic feeling, and words were recalled, hands shaken, a general amnesty proclaimed, and this spirited exhibition of law, patriotism "*vi et armis*," was consigned

to the "vasty deep." Order and good feeling "once more reigned in Denmark." Williams, in the meantime, seeing that his affair had merged into something wholly irrelevant, with a sort of tacit consent, withdrew, for his innocence was generally understood, and no attempt was made to detain him. The sheriff did not even adjourn the court, and it may be in session to this day, for aught I know.

#### JULY 5

An old ox was offered for sale to-day by one of the emigrants, and though I knew he was nearly worn down, yet my friend McNeil thought he might do to hold up the yoke better than my cow, and as I thought he would give my sick ox a still better chance to recruit, I paid ten dollars and called him my own. He was driven out to graze with the other cattle, but on getting them together the following morning, the old ox was *non est inventus*, and I was assured by Henderson and Morrell that he had gone where neither goad, load, nor wagon-train would worry him more; in short, like Uncle Ned, he "had gone where all good oxen go;" and for some days I was the butt of my companions for my unfortunate speculation in beef. However, it appeared afterwards that instead of being dead, Henderson would not take the trouble to drive him up, but left him on the mountains, without caring whether I made or lost by the operation.

*be continued.....*

(Continued from page 1) *Alaska Gold Trip*

for signing up and reserving a spot for this years trip.

You can reserve your space early, by sending your deposit to:

**Alaska Gold & Resort, LLC**

PO Box 1373

San Marcos, CA 92079

Phone (760) 500-1329

See [www.akaugold.com](http://www.akaugold.com) for details.

Watch: <https://youtu.be/qQnJPEIV224>

Let **Bob Lowe** at (208) 699-8128 know that you've reserved your spot so we don't over book.

## **Betts Sells Mining Interest for \$150,000**

**CW Betts, formerly of Murray, Idaho, now at the Hotel Victoria, says he has sold his interest in the Idaho-Montana Summit Mining company's property at Murray, Idaho, to the Federal Mining**

(Continued on page 8) *Betts sells*



**Some tools of a Prospector!**

I love everybody!  
Some I love to be around, some I love to avoid  
and others I would love to punch in the face!

## May Refreshment List

**Randy Mullins and Rick Scott**

*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!*

## Help Wanted

The Alaska Gold Resort in Nome, Alaska is looking for a Diesel Mechanic experienced with Detroit & Allison engines. Also an "all around mechanic" to work on ATV's, gas pumps, gas generators and vehicles.

Call Betty at (760) 500-1329

## IT'S A DATE

The last week in July and the first week in August in 2025 have been reserved for our trip to the Alaska Gold & Resort in Nome, Alaska. We have room for 20 people each week. You can stay one or the other week or like most of us, stay both weeks. We just need 20 people staying each week to enjoy the discounted group rate. The cost is about \$2,300 per person / per week. An ATV is a must and the weekly cost of one is between \$650 to \$1,800 depending on the model you choose.

Alaska Airlines will get you to and from Nome via Spokane, Seattle, Anchorage and Nome or Spokane, Portland, Anchorage and Nome.

Call **Bob Lowe @ 208-699-8128** for details  
<https://www.akaugold.com/>

## 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

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

### Chess Pie

A favorite of the 14 children of Harriett Josephine McAlister Owen 1857-1934.

2 cups sugar  
1 Tbls. Flour  
1 Tbls. Cornmeal  
4 eggs  
¼ cup melted butter  
¼ cup milk  
1 tsp. Vanilla

Mix thoroughly sugar, flour and cornmeal.

Add beaten eggs, milk, melted butter and vanilla.

Place mixture in a 9" pie pan lined with your favorite pastry.

Bake in a moderate oven (350°) and bake until firm. (knife should come out clean when tested ½ way between edge of pastry and the center).

[Harriett Josephine McAlister Owen's recipe; Submitted by: Mary Lou Boddy, granddaughter, who adds this NOTE: "Oven temperature and time are really not known because she cooked on a wood stove"]

(Continued from page 6) Betts sells

**Company, of which Charles F Sweeney is president, for \$150,000. The property is what is familiarly known as the Black Horse mine and produces silver and lead. It is stated that the Federal Mining Company will spend a large amount of money in immediate improvements on the property.**

**In speaking of the matter this morning, Mr. Betts said: The mines in the country around Murray are in their infancy. I look for a big boom there this spring, It is more that likely that improvements contemplated by property owners there will include a railroad, The people to whom I sold are going to spend lots of money developing the property immediately and other mines there will be worked to the limit and I think it is reasonable to expect that this spring will be a period of unprecedented activity and prosperity for the section.**

### Accused of Drunkenness

Because he is a habitual drunkard, according to the complaint of his wife, Marie, Wm. L. Savage faces a divorce suit in the Superior Court. They were married October 21, 1899.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Young Head Must Leave

The case of H.C. Head, a young boy, accused of having stolen a suit of clothes from A.N. Webber, Alki Block, was continued this morning by Judge Hinkle. The judge turned the boy loose on his own recognizance and instructed him to leave town before tomorrow night.

(from Spokane Press March 22, 1906)

## 2025 Club Calendar

May 8th	Meeting
May 10th	Opening of Eagle City Park
May 10th	Claims Tour Outing
June 12th	Meeting
June 14th & 15th	Outing
July 10th	Meeting
July 12th & 13th	Outing
July 25 - August 7th	Nome Alaska Trip
August 14th	Meeting
August 16th & 17th	Outing
August 17th	Annual Trash Cleanup at the Fairgrounds (meet @ 6PM * start @ 6:30PM)
September 6th	Pig Roast Potluck at Eagle City Park
September 11th	Meeting
September 13th & 14th	Last Outing of the Year - Chili Feed Potluck
September 15th	Eagle City Park Closes for the Season
October 9th	Meeting
November 13th	Meeting
December 11th	Meeting
December 14th	Christmas Potluck

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



### CLYDE'S MINI-SLUICES & MILLER TABLES

**THE MOST ECONOMICAL & EFFICIENT PROSPECTING TOOLS ON THE MARKET**

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(509) 482-0721**

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Video Review

[https://youtu.be/1NH\\_5CmIMCA?  
si=osDdi5jd2d7i2UO](https://youtu.be/1NH_5CmIMCA?si=osDdi5jd2d7i2UO)

### *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 2) Letters to the Editor

with asbestos. The dredge requires 400 hp. all told, to operate the bucket-line, the winches, screens, pumps, compressor, and shop-tools. The 6600 volt current as received from the Shoshone County Power Co. is stepped down to 440 volts for use on board. Previous to the erection of lightning-arresters the power cable was burnt during a storm, but, fortunately, the switches kicked out, so no further damage was done. The dredge is heated by steam in winter, from the middle of October to early in May. Fuel is obtained cheaply by buying the wood cut in the course of clearing the ground ahead of the dredge, this preliminary operation being done on contract. Water for the washing of the As soon as we stepped aboard, I noticed that the hull gravel is supplied by two centrifugal pumps, 8 and 10 inches respectively, connected directly to a 75-hp. motor. The material leaving the screen is washed with unusual thoroughness. All the cables used, for moving and mooring, are made of crucible steel and come from Roebling's Sons. These cables are kept well greased so as to prevent abrasion by the sheaves. The machinery is driven by belts, the hardest work being done by the belt, 22 in. wide and 42 ft. long, that transmits the main drive from the motor. The belt actuating the upper tumbler is 24 in. wide and 90 ft. long, running over an 8-ft. pulley.

While we were looking around, the bucket-line was stopped in order to permit lubrication. We saw how the lower tumbler is lubricated by means of grease fed from a cylinder provided with a screw worked by a handle, which, on being turned, forces the grease into the journal bearings. This device excludes grit. For under-water work a special hydraulic graphite grease is used. The rollers of the bucket-ladder are greased once a day. The upper part of the line needs only one-tenth the lubricant required by the under-water part.

To be continued.....

### Reminders

Refreshments and goodies for the meetings are always a big hit. Please signup 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/  
Build-Strong\\_Clubs\\_Dan\\_Ehrmann.pdf](https://www.clubexpress.com/dldocs/Build-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

### Jinger's Gold-Con Fluid Tube

Saves Hours Of Panning  
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(see video at <https://youtu.be/lcSb1maktAg>)

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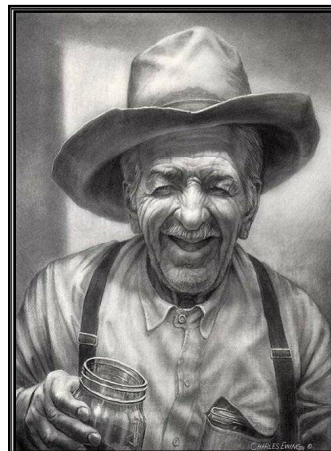
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509-999-0692 208-660-4852

I like long walks, especially when they  
are taken by people who annoy me!

## Don't Forget The Claims Tour!

Because the runoff is still high in the creeks, we conduct a claims tour, where we take new members around to several claims the show you some history and how to get there. **Tour starts at 10am on May 10th from Eagle City Park** (see bottom of page 4 for directions).

Prepare to car-pool to reduce the number of cars traveling. Bring your lunch, claim map, pencil and something to drink. Don't forget the POTLUCK at 4pm that same day!

If you get this newsletter by email,  
please feel free to forward  
it to everyone in your  
address book.

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

**Wyoming Mines, Inc.**  
15101 S Cheney-Spokane Rd  
Cheney, WA 99004  
509-235-4955  
Jim Ebisch—[jimmycrackcore@yahoo.com](mailto:jimmycrackcore@yahoo.com)  
[wyomines.com](http://wyomines.com)

## The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**I wouldn't have to manage  
my anger, if people could  
learn to manage their  
stupidity!**

### Attention All Members

**How about a two (2) week trip to Alaska Gold Resort in July & August of 2025? I've already reserved the last week of July and the first week of August, 2025. Get you slot reserved ASAP and join us.**

**If you are interested, please contact Bob Lowe at 208-699-8128  
or email me at [bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com](mailto:bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com)  
(see page 2 for info about the resort.**



Northwest Gold Prospectors Assn.  
PO Box 2307  
Post Falls, Idaho 83877-2307

