

# Nugget News

November

2020

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

Official Newsletter of the  
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



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Post Falls, ID 83877

## Important Notice

### We're having a MEETING!

We will be meeting the  
**SECOND THURSDAY OF THE MONTH @ 7pm at the  
Rathdrum Senior Center.**

**At this point, we are unable to meet on Saturday mornings at the hospital.  
We will update you when we can resume.**

**Editor's Note:** I'm sorry this issue is getting out late, but my main computer is in the shop dealing with a Microsoft upgrade issue, AGAIN! For some reason, after a major upgrade, some (Microsoft Publisher) programs and/or hardware gets screwed up. When it happened earlier this year (February), I purchased a used backup laptop that was turned off and didn't get automatically updated. So far, this has saved the day. I did get to speak to very nice people in India and the Philippines for HOURS on the phone. They are working from home and you can hear chickens, pigs, kids, dogs and horns in the background. Hope you enjoy this issue, because a lot of cussing went into the publishing of this months Nugget News!

### The Elusive Pot of Gold

There are many stories throughout history that affirm one can find a pot of gold at the end of rainbow. Stories of mischievous leprechauns guarding the pot of gold abound. Some have likened the pot of gold to be an allegorical story about searching for something beyond reach. The search for gold has historically been a driving force for many as the endurance of this myth demonstrates.

**Symbolism of the Leprechaun:** Leprechauns have several meanings in Irish legends. They can be a sign of great wealth for one who discovers their secret pot of gold but they are also signs of thievery and mischief.

Man's search for gold has been long told in historical timelines as well as fantasy, folklore and fables. The classic stories told have varied over time but gold endures as a symbol for godliness, riches, wealth and power and continues to lure many with its illustrious beauty.

#### El Dorado: Legendary City of Gold

The legend of El Dorado has inspired many to spend their lives in search of this famed city of gold. The story was based on the pre-Columbian Muisca, or chief, that covered himself in gold

*(Continued on page 6) Gold Stories*

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER

Our night at this wayside deadfall was not much better than some of the nights about Death Valley, but as I was used to low fare, I did not complain as some did. This seemed a wonderful country to a northern raised boy. The trail was lined on both sides with all kinds of palms and various other kinds of trees and shrubs, and they were woven together in a compact mass with trailing and running vines. The trees were not tall, and the bark was as smooth as a young hickory. The roots would start out of the tree three feet above the ground and stand out at an angle, and looked like big planks placed edgewise.

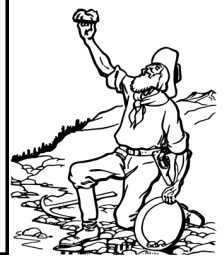
It seemed as if there were too many plants for the ground to support, and so they grew on the big limbs of the trees all around, the same as the mistletoe on the oak, only there were ever so many different kinds.

The weather was very clear, and the sun so hot that many of the travelers began to wilt and sit down by the roadside to rest. Many walked along very slowly and wore long faces. The road from Panama to Cruce, on the Chagres River, was eighteen miles long, and all were glad when they were on the last end of it. The climate here seems to take all the starch and energy out of a man's body, and in this condition he must be very cautious or some disease will overtake him and he will be left to die without burial for his body if he has no personal friends with him.

*(Continued on page 2) Autobiography*



**The Northwest Gold Prospectors Association** meets  
at 7:00pm on the 2nd Thursday of each month at the  
Rathdrum Senior Center located at 8037 W Montana Street, Rathdrum, ID  
Our regular outings (May thru October) are at Eagle City Park on the weekend following  
the monthly meeting with a potluck at 4pm on Saturday. Other outings will be  
announced by the President and posted in the newsletter. November thru March  
members are invited to meet each Saturday morning at 8:00AM at Kootenai Medical  
Center Cafeteria in Coeur d'Alene to solve the world's problems. Please join us.



# Letters to the Editor & Other fun "Stuff" By "GoldFever Bob" Lowe, Editor



## Lost Treasure

There are reports that there is a cache of Civil War-era valuables worth upwards of \$350,000 buried deep in the woods of Fairfax County, Virginia. It all started when Confederate Colonel (and notorious guerilla fighter) John Singleton Mosby launched a daring night raid one rainy night in early March of 1863. Mosby and his men captured 42 Union soldiers who were camp-

ing out at the Fairfax County Courthouse without firing a single shot. The Confederate army also, according to legend, found a burlap sack containing family heirlooms and treasures taken from the homes of Virginia's wealthiest planters in Brigadier General Edwin H. Stoughton's room. Jewelry, candlesticks, coins and more were reportedly among the booty that was on its way to Union authorities. Mosby and his men rounded up their captives, packed up the treasure and headed back towards Confederate lines.

On their way back, Mosby's Raiders ran into a little trouble; his scouts discovered that he and his men were about to walk right into a huge contingent of Union soldiers. Mosby, unsure of what was ahead and unwilling to let the valuables fall back into Union hands, took his most trusted sergeant and buried the treasure in the woods "between two pine trees", marking them with an X so he would be able to find it again. He had every intention of recovering the goods as soon as it was safe...but things didn't work out that way. He and his men arrived back to Culpepper, but it was a few months before Mosby felt it was safe enough to retrieve the goods. He sent his sergeant with six of his best men to go dig up the booty-- but before Mosby's men could reach the loot, they were captured by Union soldiers and hanged. Mosby was the only person left alive who knew where the treasure was buried. He was never able to return, however, and he took the location of some of Virginia's most precious heirlooms with him to his grave.

## The Lost Dutch Oven Mine

One of the most famous ones of the top 3 lost gold mines of Wild West legend, the Lost Dutch Oven Mine was situated somewhere in the state of California. There are a lot of versions of the story that led to the legend of the Lost Dutch Oven Mine, but the most commonly acknowledged legend is that of Tom Schofield.

In 1894, he was a railroad worker that went off on his own during the job to do a bit of prospecting for gold mines. His search led him to the Clipper Mountains in the northwestern part of Essex where he found an old aban-

(Continued on page 5) Dutch Oven Mine

(Continued from page 1)  
Autobiography

We started on the next morning, and on our way stepped over a large ship anchor that lay across the trail. I suppose the natives had undertaken to pack it across the isthmus and found it too heavy for them. Perhaps it was for Capt. Kidd, the great pirate, for it is said that he often visited Panama in the course of his cruising about in search of treasures.

Passing along a sandy place in the trail, a snake crossed and left his track, big as a stovepipe it seemed to be, and after this we kept a sharp watch for big snakes that might be in waiting to way-lay us for game.

There were plenty of monkeys and parrots climbing and chattering around in the trees. The forest is here so dense that the wind never blows, and consequently it never gets cool. The sun, ever since we got down near the equator, was nearly overhead, and the moon seemed to be even north of us.

When we reached the Chagres River we hired a boat of an Irishman for the trip down. I wondered if there was a place on earth so desolate that the "Paddy" would not find it. The boat for the journey cost two hundred dollars, and would hold passengers enough so that it would cost us ten dollars each, at any rate, and perhaps a little more. Two natives had charge of the boat and did the navigating. There were two ladies among the passengers, and when the two natives, who I suppose were the captain and mate of the craft, came on board, clad very coolly in Panama hats, the ladies looked at them a little out of the corners of their eyes and made the best of it. Our two navigators took the oars and pulled slowly down the stream.

Nothing but water and evergreen trees could we see, for the shore on either hand was completely hidden by the dense growth that hung over and touched the water. On a mud bar that we passed a huge alligator lay, taking a sun bath, and though many shots were fired at him he moved away very leisurely. No one could get on shore without first clearing a road through the thick brushes and

## Nugget News

**Published Monthly by:**

NorthWest Gold  
Prospectors Association

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

vines along the bank. On the way one of our boatmen lost his hat, his only garment, into the river, and overboard he went, like a dog, and soon had it and climbed on board again. I wondered why some of the big alligators did not make a snap at him.

The water in the run looked very roily and dirty, and no doubt had fever in it. The only animals we saw were monkeys and alligators, and there were parrots in the trees. The farther we went down the stream the wider it became, and the current slacker so that we moved more slowly with the same amount of

rowing. At a place called Dos Hermanos (two brothers) we could see a little cleared spot near the bank, which seemed to be three or four feet above the water. There were no mountains nor hills in sight, and the whole country seemed to be an extensive swamp. It was near night that we came to a small native village of palm huts, and here our boatmen landed and hid themselves, and not being able to find them we were compelled to stay all night, for we dare not go on alone. The place looked like a regular robbers' roost, and being forced to sleep outside the huts, we considered it safest to sleep with one eye open. We would have gone on with the boat only that we were afraid the river might have more than one outlet, and if we should take the wrong one we might be too late for the steamer, which even now we were afraid would not wait for us, and getting left would be a very serious matter in this country.

We had very little to eat, and all we could buy was sugar cane, bananas, monkeys and parrots. We kept a sharp eye out for robbers, keeping together as much as we could, for we knew that all returning Californians would be suspected of having money. Most all of them were ready for war except myself who had no weapon of any kind. All of these people had a bad name, and every one of them carried a long bladed knife called a Machete, with which they could kill a man at a single blow. But with all our fears we got through the night safely, and in the morning found our boatmen who had

(Continued on page 3) Autobiography

hidden away. We waited not for breakfast, but sailed away as soon as we could, and reached Chagres, near the mouth of the river, before night.

The river banks here are not more than three feet high, and farther back the land fell off again into a wet swamp of timber and dense vegetable growth. The town was small and poorly built, on the immediate bank, and the houses were little brush and palm affairs except the boarding house which was "T" shaped, the front two stories high, with a long dining room running back, having holes for windows, but no glass in them.

Before the bell rung for meals a long string of hungry men would form in line, and at the first tap would make a rush for the table like a flock of sheep. After all were seated a waiter came around and collected a dollar from each one, and we thought this paid pretty well for the very poor grub they served afterwards.

No ship had as yet been in sight to take us away from this lowest, dirtiest, most unhealthy place on earth, and the prospect of remaining here had nothing very charming about it. The river was full of alligators, so the bathing was dangerous, and the whole country was about fit for its inhabitants, which were snakes, alligators, monkeys, parrots and lazy negroes. It could not have been more filthy if the dregs of the whole earth had been dumped here, and cholera and yellow fever were easy for a decent man to catch.

My companion and I went out on the beach a mile or two to get the salt water breeze, and leave the stinking malaria for those who chose to stay in the hot, suffocating village, and here we would stay until nearly night. Across a small neck of water was what was called a fort. It could hardly be seen it was so covered with moss and vines, but near the top could be seen something that looked like old walls. There was no sign of life about it, and I should judge it was built at some very early day. Surely there was nothing here to protect, for the whole country did not seem able to support even a few barefooted soldiers.

Some men who wandered along up the river bank, following a path, said they had seen some dead human bodies thrown into the swamp and left, probably because it was easier than putting them under ground.

For a bedroom I hired a little platform which a store keeper had placed before his store, where I slept, and paid a dollar for the privilege. Some one walked around near me all night, and I dared not close more than one eye at a time for fear of losing a little bag of gold dust. This little bag of gold was getting to be a great burden to me in this sickly climate, and the vigilant guard I had to keep over so small a treasure was very tiresome.

The second night no steamer came, but on the third morning the steamer was riding at anchor three or four miles out, and soon after a ship came in from the Atlantic end of the Nicaragua route with one thousand passengers, there

## Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

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

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

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

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

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

**The Gold Sniper** by Gold Fever Bob. Get this effective crevice tube for that hard to reach gold in the cracks of bedrock. Four models to choose from. From \$25 to \$75 Call 208-699-8128.

**The Snake Pit (Enaville Resort)**, in Kingston serves the best "Smoked Prime Rib" in the Northwest. They have a full menu with fast, courteous service.

**Rugged Country Outpost.** A must-stop, go to food trailer serving the best breakfasts and lunches on the Coeur d'Alene River. Located on Beaver Creek Rd a hundred yards or so from Babin's Junction. Open summers from early morning to mid-afternoon (6am to 4:00pm). See ad on page 4!

**Prichard Tavern** – Still home to its Famous Broasted Chicken also serving Alligator Bites, Frog Legs, Hand Formed Hamburgers and Ice Cold Beer! A great place to meet old friends and make new ones! **Editor's Note: Be sure to try their "Flat Iron Steak"**

being no steamer there for them to take a passage home on, and so they had to come here for a start. This filled the little town to over-flowing, but as the ship that had arrived was the Georgia, one of the largest afloat, all could go if they only could endure the fare.

We now had to go in small boats from the shore to the ship, and the trip cost two dollars and a half. I waited till I had seen some of the boats make a trip or two, and then choosing one that had a sober skipper, I made the venture. It was said that one drunken boatman allowed his boat to drift into some breakers and all were lost.

I tell you I was over anxious to get out of this country, for I well knew that if I stayed very long I should stay forever, for one like myself raised in a healthful climate, could not remain long without taking some of the fatal diseases the country was full of.

We made the trip to the vessel safely, and as our boat lay under the ship's quarter, the men holding the ropes, I looked up, and when I saw the swinging rope ladder on which I was expected to climb up to the ship's deck, it seemed a pretty dangerous job; but I mustered up courage and made the attempt. The sea was pretty rough out here for the small boats, and the ship rolled some, so that when persons tried to get hold of the ladder they were thrown down and sometimes hurt a little. A man held on to the lower end of the ladder so that the one who was climbing might not get banged against the side of the ship and have his breath knocked out of him. I mounted the ladder safely and climbed away like a monkey, reaching the deck all right. Ladies and weak people were hauled up in a sort of chair with a block and rope.

It took the most of two days to get the people on board, and when they were counted up there were one thousand four hundred and forty, all told. This steamer had a very long upper deck and a comparatively short keel, and rolled very badly; and as for me, I had swallowed so much of the deadly malaria of the isthmus that I soon got very seasick, and the first day or two were very unpleasant. I went to the bar and paid two bits for a glass of wine to help my appetite, but it stayed with me no longer than time enough to reach the ship's side. When night came the decks were covered with sleepy men, and if the weather had been rough and all sick, as was the case when we left San Francisco, we should have had more filthy decks than we had even on that occasion.

Approaching the harbor at Havana, Cuba, we seemed to be going head foremost against a wall of solid rock, but when within speaking distance an officer came in sight on the fort right before us, and shouted through his speaking trumpet, saying:—"Why don't you salute us?" Our officer said, "You know us well enough without." Our ship had a small cannon on the forecas-tle, but did not choose to use it, and I suppose the Cuban officer felt slighted. We now turned short to the right and entered the beautiful harbor, which is perfectly landlocked and as still as a pond. The city is all on the right side of the bay and our coal yard was on the left at a short wharf at which we landed.

A lot of armed soldiers were placed a short distance back on the high ground and no one was allowed to go beyond them. We now had a port officer on board who had entire charge of the

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ship, and if anyone wanted to go to the city, across the bay two or three miles, he had to pay a dollar for a pass. This pass business made the blue bloods terribly angry, and they swore long and loud, and the longer they talked the madder they got, and more bitter in their feelings, so that they were ready to fight (not with sugar-bowls this time.)

The weather here was very warm and the heat powerful, and as these fellows saw there was only one course to be pursued if they wanted to get on shore, they slowly took passes good for all day and paid their dollar for them, and also another dollar each to the canoe men to take them to the city. Myself and companion also took passes and went over.

Arriving at the city we walked a short distance and came to the plaza, which is not a very large one. Here was a single grave nicely fenced in, and across the plaza were some large two-story houses in front of which was stationed a squad of cavalry standing as motionless as if every man of them was a marble statue. We kept on the opposite side of the street, and chancing to meet a man whom we rightly supposed to be an Englishman, we inquired about the grave on the plaza and were informed that it was that of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America.

Just then we noticed the cavalry moving up the street at a slow gallop, and so formed that a close carriage was in the center of the squad. As they rushed by and we gazed at them with purely American curiosity, our new English friend raised our hats for us and held them till the cavalcade had passed, merely remarking that the Governor General was within the carriage. We spoke perhaps a bit unpleasantly when we asked him why he was so ungentlemanly in his treatment of us as to remove our hats, but he said:—"My friends, if I had not taken off your hats for you as a friend, some of those other fellows would have knocked them off, so I did for you an act of greatest kindness, for every one removes his hat when the Governor General passes." He also informed us that the special occasion for this rather pompous parade was the execution of some criminals at a park or prison not far away, and that this was done by beheading them.

Our friend proposed that we also walk out in that direction, and we went with him to the edge of the city, but when he turned into a by

(Continued on page 5) *Autobiography*

## Club T-Shirts Are Available

S, M, L & XL are \$14 each  
2XL & 3XL are \$16 each

New caps & visors are available  
See and purchase at the meetings and the outings  
**Makes Perfect Gifts**

## Editor's Note

We are always looking for stories to fill our pages.

Please take a minute to jot down a story (fact or fiction) and send it into me.

Tell us about your experiences, plans or ideas.

Letters to the editor, pictures, jokes (clean, of course), cartoons and ads are all welcome.

Recipes, web pages of interest, email, magazine and news clippings are also needed.

A newsletter is only as good as the article and content submitted.

Please give it a try and wake up the writing genius in you.

## Rugged Country Outpost

Located on Beaver Creek Road (red food trailer behind G&G Riverstop Store), RCO serves the best "made to order" breakfast & lunch food items around.

Specialty coffee drinks are also available.

Open 6am to 4pm—Closed Tuesdays & Wednesdays

Make sure you order the "Big Bob"!

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

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

**To get your copy of the Nugget News early via email, please send an email to:  
[bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com](mailto:bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com)  
with "Newsletter" in the subject box.**

**All the things I really like to do are either immoral, illegal or fattening.**

## Notice

Eagle City Park is privately owned and operated and is for the exclusive use of Eagle City Park Members and their guests and is open to all NWGPA members the weekend after the second Thursday of the month from May thru October, free of charge for day use. Overnight camping during this weekend is \$20 per family for the whole weekend (Friday thru Sunday). Potluck picnic is at 4pm on Saturday that weekend.

You are welcome to come and prospect and / or camp at other times. The fees are \$20 per family per day, \$30 per family per weekend (Friday thru Sunday), \$75 per family per week and \$275 per family per month.

Please call 208-699-8128 or 208-682-4661 for reservations.

To get to Eagle City Park take I-90 to Kingston (Exit 43), then take the Coeur d'Alene River Road to Thompson Falls/Prichard Creek Road (Mile Post 23), take Thompson Falls/Prichard Creek Road (2.6 miles) to Eagle Creek Road, take Eagle Creek Road (1/2 mile) to **439 Eagle Creek Road**, the Eagle City Park entrance on left side of road. GPS is 47°38'51"N & 115°54'37"W

*(Continued from page 4) Autobiography*

path that did not seem much frequented, we declined to follow farther, and turned back along the open road. The path looked to us a sort of robber's route, and not exactly safe for unarmed men like us in a strange country.

The man followed us back and took us into a large, airy saloon, in the center of which a big fountain was playing, and the great basin in which the water fell was filled with beautiful fish. Our friend called for an iced drink for each of us, and as we sat at the table we tasted it and found it rather intoxicating. For this they charged us one dollar each, but we noticed that our friend paid nothing, and we set him down as a sort of capper, after the style we had seen at the gold mines. We sat a few minutes and then so coolly bade our friend good-bye that he had not the face to follow us further, and continued our walk about the streets which seemed to us very narrow, and the houses generally two stories high.

A chaise passed us, containing two young ladies with complexions white and fair, and eyes and hair black, in striking contrast. The carriage was drawn by two horses tandem, the horse in the shafts being mounted by a big negro of very dignified appearance, dressed in livery and having top boots that came to his knees. This was the only vehicle of the kind we saw on the streets.

We did not dare to go very far alone, for with our ignorance of the Spanish language we might go astray and not get back to the ship within the lifetime of our passes, and not knowing how much trouble that might cause us, we were naturally a little timid; so we took a boat back to the ship, and when on board again we felt safe. We had only about four dollars cash left.

A big gang of darkies were coaling the ship. Each one carried a large tub full of coal upon his head and poured it down into the ship's hold. All the clothes these fellows wore was a strip of cloth about their middle. When they were let off for dinner they skimmed off all they could get from the ship's slop barrel which stood on the wharf alongside, to help out their very scanty food. The overseer stood by them all the time with a big whip and made them hurry up as fast as possible, talking Spanish pretty vigorously, and though we could not understand, we made up our minds that a good part of it was swearing.

The next morning the steamship Prometheus came in and tied up near us, and soon word was brought that she would take the New Orleans passengers on board and sail immediately for that port. It now occurred to me that I could get nearer home by going up the Mississippi River than by way of New York, so I went on board the Prometheus, and we soon sailed out of the harbor, passing under the gate of the fortress called, I think, San Juan de Ulloa.

Nothing special occurred during our passage till we were near the mouth of the Mississippi River, when, in the absence of a pilot boat or tug, our Captain thought he would try to get in alone, and as a consequence we were soon fast in the mud. The Captain now made all the passengers go aft, and worked the engine hard but could not move her at all. The tide was now low, and there was a prospect that we should have to wait full six hours to get away. We worked on, however, and after a few hours a tug came to our assistance and pulled us out of the mud and towed us into the right channel, up which we steamed on our way to New Orleans, one-hundred-twenty miles away.

The country on both sides of us was an immense marsh—no hills in sight, no timber, nothing but the same level marsh or prairie. When we were nearer the Crescent City some houses came in sight; then we passed General Jackson's battle-field, and in due time reached the city.

On board this ship I became acquainted with Dick Evans who lived in the same county that I used to in Wisconsin, near Mineral Point, so the three of us now concluded to travel together.

To be continued.....

*(Continued from page 2) Dutch Oven Mine*

doned house from which he continued onward. The trail led him to end up at a split boulder through which he found an old Spanish camp and through his search of the camp he found an old Dutch Oven or rather, he tripped over the Dutch Oven which fell over releasing a lot of gold nuggets.

He took back as much as he could back with him but when he came back around to get more, he could not even find the path he was on let alone the gold mine.

**Lost Cabin Mine**

The strange story of the Lost Cabin Mine, and the grizzly bear skeleton that guards it, begins in the late summer of 1850 with the arrival in California of a party of Indiana gold-seekers.

Having crossed the plains and mountains together in safety, the members of this party decided now to part and go their separate ways; but three of them - two older men named Cox and Benedict and a young man of 20 or so - had come from the Wabash country, and, reluctant to say good-bye to each other in the strange land, they decided to form a partnership for the venture ahead.

To the Trinity diggings in the north they would go, they decided, and so set out over the old California-Oregon trail, which took them up the Sacramento valley, past Fort Reading and to Shasta City. On their way from Shasta City up through French Gulch to Weaverville, they came to a large canvas shelter beside the trail known as The Blue Tent.

The Blue Tent passed for an inn in those days. Many a miner on his way to or from the northern mines put up there for the night, eating the establishment's dollar dinner of bacon, beans and coffee, tossing off its two-hit whisky nightcaps and sleeping on the puncheon floor upon payment of another dollar for "lodgings."

Here the three Indianans learned that the Trinity diggings were overrun with prospectors. But they heard also that new strikes had been made along the Klamath and the Salmon to the north and west. Changing their plans and ignoring warnings against hostile Indians, they laid in a large supply of provisions and struck out into the northern wilderness.

One evening, near the headwaters of the Trinity river's north fork, on a mountainside where a cold spring bubbled from the roots of a great yellow pine, they pitched camp. Cox and Benedict immediately set out to prospect and explore in the vicinity, while Compton remained on guard.

Several hours passed, and Cox and Benedict did not return. As darkness began to fall, Compton heard voices calling his name. He hurried down the mountainside. When he met his partners, they excitedly blurted the details of their curious adventure.

They had wandered far from camp, they said, following an animal's trail. As they rounded a point of rock, an immense grizzly reared before them. Snarling with rage, it advanced to attack them. They emptied their revolvers into the beast and killed it, and it fell partially into a pit several feet in diameter. There was lava in the pit.

With a dinner of bear steaks in mind, they leaped into the hole and began skinning the carcass. One of them found, in the pit, a lump of gold. They dug further and found more...

They held out a handful of nuggets for Compton to see. "We've struck it rich!" they cried. "There's enough gold there for all of us, for the rest of our lives!"

The next day, they moved their camp to the pit. Six hundred paces east of the pit they built two cabins, one for themselves and the other to house their provisions and implements. Pushing aside the dead grizzly, they went to work on their mine.

*(Continued on page 6) Lost Cabin Mine*

***A number of us meet at Zips, across the  
highway from the Senior Center for dinner  
at 4:30pm on the day of the meeting.  
Come join us!***



## Treasurer's Report October 2020

<b>9/31/2020 Balance Forward</b>	<b>\$11,666.76</b>
<b>Income:</b>	
10/8/20 Club Raffle: (October)	29.00
10/8/20 Club 50/50 Raffle: (October)	6.00
10/8/20 Club Merchandise: (Gold Cups October)	18.00
10/8/20 Club Membership:	20.00
10/27/20 Deposit: (Gold Show Booths)	150.00
<b>Total income</b>	<b>\$223.00</b>
<b>Disbursements:</b>	
10/5/20 N.W. Offset Printing	387.66
10/5/20 Liberty Mutual Insurance:	500.00
10/5/20 Consumer Cellular:	17.84
10/8/20 Rathdrum Senior Center: (Rent September)	80.00
10/13/20 USPS: Postage Gold Show	55.00
10/13/20 Office Max: Printing Services Gold Show	113.18
10/16/20 Office Max: Printing Services Gold Show	26.32
10/16/20 USPS: Postage Gold Show	22.00
<b>Total Disbursements</b>	<b>\$1,202.00</b>
<b>Ending Balance: October 31, 2020</b>	<b>\$10,687.76</b>

## Eagle City Park Memberships for Sale

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

*(Continued from page 5) Lost Cabin Mine*

For a whole month, they dug gold out of the pit, each man in that time gathering a modest fortune. Then, fearing the mountain storms of winter, they stowed their tools in one of the cabins and drove their gold-laden pack animals south, blazing their way as they went.

When they reached San Francisco, Cox and Benedict decided they had enough, both of gold and the rugged mountain existence, and so they went back to the Wabash. Compton, however, had a longer life ahead of him than they; he decided to stay, to return to the mine with the melting of the snows.

But he never got back. That winter in San Francisco, he contracted cholera. One day, to a friend who had cared for him in his illness, a fellow Mason named Maxwell, Compton babbled directions to the mine, and died.

Maxwell did not keep the secret, but in the Montgomery street bars passed along the story to anyone who would listen. The next spring, party after party left San Francisco to search for the two wilderness cabins and the fabulous mine not far from the headwaters of the Trinity river's north fork and the spring at the foot of the yellow pine. But they searched in vain; neither the cabins nor the mine were ever found.

For many summers, hopeful prospectors tramped the Trinity wilds hunting for the cabins or their ruins. But little by little as time passed, the tale of the lost cabins and the pit of gold that was guarded by the skeleton of a grizzly bear become one of the mountain legends of California. But that does not mean that they are not up there somewhere, lying deep beneath the winter snows, lying still beneath the summer suns.

This column originally appeared in The Chronicle Sept. 6, 1948.

Written By Robert O'Brien

*(Continued from page 1) Gold Stories*

powder and jumped into Lake Titicaca as a ritual to become crowned chief. The gold represented godliness to this ancient Aztec civilization who worshiped the deity or trinity of Chiminigagua. The city of El Dorado has been sought after by many, including the Spanish conquistadors. During the time that the Americas were discovered, the indigenous Indians possessed many relics that led the conquistadors to believe they were close to discovering this lost city of gold. Since this time, there have been many additional explorers who have come up empty handed. Some continue to believe that this legendary city truly does exist.

### The Search for Golden Cities

Vincent Mendoza was the leader of New Spain. He wanted to find the Seven Cities of Cibola. He formed a small group to go and search for them. Fray Marcos de Niza was the leader of the group. He was a Catholic missionary. Estavan was the guide.

After many weeks of traveling through the desert, Estavan and a small group of Indians were sent ahead to find the golden cities. Since he could not read or write, Estavan agreed to send a wood cross back to Fray Marcos as a message. A small cross would mean no golden cities had been found. A larger cross would mean that riches had been found. The men arrived at a city they thought was full of gold. Estavan sent an Indian runner back to Fray Marcos with a cross as large as a man.

Estavan was a tall black man. In some Indian villages he acted like a medicine man. He shook a gourd filled with pebbles and wore red and white feathers. Bells jangled on his ankles and elbows. Most Indians treated him with awe and respect. Many followed him as he traveled.

When Estavan got to a Zuni village, things changed. Angry men shot him with sharp arrows, Indian runners went back to tell Fray Marcos the sad news of Estavan's death. First Marcos returned to Mexico City. He told Viceroy Mendoza that he had climbed to the top of a hill and seen a huge city with high buildings and turquoise doors. He said the Indians wore giant pearls, gold beads, and emeralds. Viceroy Mendoza believed Fray Marcos and decided to send other explorers to search for the golden cities.

### Francisco Coronado

Viceroy Mendoza chose a young nobleman, Francisco Coronado, to lead another group back to look for the Seven Cities. Coronado was only twenty-five years old. This time, Fray Marcos was the guide. It would be his second trip to the desert.

### A Grand Army

Many men were eager to go on the journey to get riches and glory. Before they set off, they paraded in front of Viceroy Mendoza. First in the parade were 225 men on horses. Some wore armor and helmets. Then came more than sixty soldiers. They carried swords, spears, and shields. About 1,000 Indians with weapons were next in line. Indian and black slaves brought up the rear to look after the animals. They herded thousands of cattle, sheep, and goats.

### The End of the Rainbow

Coronado took a smaller group of men and traveled ahead of the entire group. After many days, they ran out of food. They were half starved by the time they got to a Zuni village in what is now New Mexico.

*(Continued on page 8) Gold Stories*

## A Must Have Book

**"Fists Full of Gold" – By Chris Ralph -**

**Cover Price \$29.95**

**ISBN: 978-0-9842692-0-4**

**Goldstone Publishing; 362-pages**

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## Refreshment Signup

We have some spots still open for signup. Pick a month that you will be willing to bring snacks to the monthly meeting. Make note of the month you choose so if by some chance you can't make it to the meeting on that date, you can give us a call to find someone to fill in for you. We would like to get at least three volunteers for each month for variety.

## For Sale

**Mini Gold Grabber**

**\$400.00**

**Call Eddie Siegel @ 208-712-4974**

## For Sale

**Jabbit Sluice Stand**  
**\$75**

(see at Eagle City Park)

## Pickles' Mining Supply

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## Club Officers

**2020**

### President:

**Wayne McCarroll**

208-262-6837

mccarroll2297@roadrunner.com

### Vice President:

**Bryan McKeehan**

509-999-8710

doorguybryan@hotmail.com

### Secretary:

**Mary Lowe**

208-651-8318

mary@goldfeverminingsupply.com

### Treasurer:

**Mark Cook**

208-755-8853

mark2697301@gmail.com

### Sergeant of Arms:

**Skip Lindahl**

509-487-7831

kd7fye@gmail.com

### Club Merchandise:

### Directors:

**Bob Grammer** (1yr Oct 2021)

**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)

208-5104111

bluefrontside@hotmail.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:

### Nomination:

**Law and Regulations:** Wayne McCarroll

**Legislation Liaison:**

**Internet Website:** Bill Izzard

**Programs:**

**Financial Audit:**

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!

## 2020 Club Calendar

Nov 12 Meeting  
Dec 10 Meeting  
Dec 13 Christmas Potluck & Food Drive  
Mar 13-14 2021 NWGPA Gold & Treasure Show

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

(Continued from page 6) Gold Stories

The Spanish were in for quite a shock. Here they were at the end of the rainbow, but there was no pot of gold. Zuni warriors met the Spanish at the edge of the town. The Zunis raised their bows and arrows and yelled threats. They drew lines on the ground with cornmeal and told the Spanish not to cross the lines.

When Indians tried to kill Coronado's interpreter, Coronado ordered an attack. With swords flashing in the sun, they rushed toward the Zuni. In less than an hour the Zuni were forced to flee. The hungry Spanish ate all the food that was left in the Zuni homes. The beans and corn were better than gold.

Later Coronado met the Zuni Chiefs from other places. They had no gold. Coronado wrote the sad news in a letter to Viceroy Mendoza. Fray Marcos took the letter to Mexico City. He was happy to go. By now the men were angry with him because all of his stories of rich cities were not true..

If all the gold ever mined in the world was melted, it could form a cube with 20-meter sides weighing more than 175,000 tons.

Newly mined gold would increase the cube's sides by 11 cm a year.

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with a fair amount of Platinum

200 acres total, consisting of 5 adjoining 40 acre state claims. Includes a John Deere 9600 excavator and wash plant, a 27ft older 5th wheel w/ lean-to. Can include a 1 bedroom cabin on air strip with approx. 1 acre lot on Glen Hwy at Eureka Roadhouse. Many extras. Access is by AT-V/4-wheel drive road or by air on an airstrip on a neighboring claim.

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208 920-0157 [tom@mtwestmining.com](mailto:tom@mtwestmining.com)

## Refreshment Volunteers

We have some spots still open for signup. Pick a month that you will be willing to bring snacks to the monthly meeting. Make note of the month you choose so if by some chance you can't make it to the meeting on that date, you can give us a call to find someone to fill in for you. We would like to get at least three volunteers for each month for variety.

## 2020 Refreshment Volunteers

**January:** Neil Oliver - Mary Lowe - Wayne & Diane McCarroll  
**February:** Mike & Nadine Ferry - Steve Booras - Crystal McNeil  
**March:** Mike Phillips - Bill Pease -  
**April:** Dan Boss - Julia McCormack - BJ Scheckler  
**May:** Bob & Pat Beck - Anne Stephens - Mary Lou Robinson  
**June:** Mel Ellegood - Mike & Nadine Ferry - Steve Goodman  
**July:** Julia McCormack - Nick Masten - John Fee  
**August:** Bob & Pat Beck - Mike & Nadine Ferry - John Fee  
**September:** Wayne & Diane McCarroll - BJ Scheckler -  
**October:** Russ Brown - Steve Burris -  
**November:** Bill Pease - Julia McCormack - Mike Fisher  
**December:** Mary Lowe - Anne Stephens

We need more volunteers.  
Would like to have at least 3 people per month.

(We need 1 more for September, October & December)

Sign up at the meeting.  
Thanks to all who have signed up!

## 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  
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[www.goldpannersguide.com](http://www.goldpannersguide.com)

Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895



## FOR SALE

Keene Ultra 4" Dredge GX 200 Honda engine T80 compressor.  
4" x 20 feet suction hose. P180 Pump. Purchased March 2019.  
Used only once. Cost \$4200, asking \$2950 or best offer. Call  
Bob Warren 509-263-9784. Spokane, or Edward 509-558-7822.

**We now accept major credit &  
debit cards for membership  
renewals and purchases of  
club merchandise.**

## Notice

The phone number for the NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association is  
**(208)262-6518**

Email: [info@nwgoldprospectors.org](mailto:info@nwgoldprospectors.org)

Website:

[www.nwgoldprospectors.org](http://www.nwgoldprospectors.org)

## DID YOU KNOW.....

That 1 oz. of pure gold is approx. the size of a cube of sugar? That 1 oz. of gold can be flattened out to 300 sq. ft.? That a mixture of one part nitric acid and 3 parts hydrochloric acid (*aqua regia*) will dissolve gold? That in 1966 all the refined gold in the world would make a cube 50 feet on a side?

### What is gold?

Symbol: AU  
Atomic Weight: 196.967  
Atomic Number: 79  
Melting Point: 1063° C (1945° F)  
Boiling Point: 2966° C (  
Specific Gravity: 19.2  
MOH's Scale of Hardness: 2.5 - 3

### What is a carat?

Pure gold is expressed as 24 carats. When alloyed (mixed with other metals) the following table is used to determine the carat.

24K donated by 100% Pure Gold  
18K donated by 75% Pure Gold  
14K donated by 58% Pure Gold  
10K donated by 42% Pure Gold

### How is gold weighed?

0.0648 grams = 1 grain  
24 grains = 1 pennyweight (dwt.)  
20 pennyweight (dwt.) = 1 troy oz.  
12 troy oz. = 1 troy pound

## Some Little Known Facts

India ranks first in the world in terms of gold consumption. Indian housewives own 18,000 tons of gold, which are estimated at \$329 billion. For comparison, the all world reserves equal to \$950 billion.

In just one minute you can buy gold bars in weights from 1 to 28.4 grams in an ATM at the Emirates Palace Hotel in Abu Dhabi. This golden ATM equipped with 4-cm thick armor was created by the German TG Gold-Super-Markt company. Its 'twin-brother' is located in Beijing where anyone can purchase even larger gold bars, weighing up to 2.5 kg.

The Olympic Charter prescribes the rules for awarding athletes and the standards the Olympic medals must match. The 1st place assumes a 925 silver medal covered with 6 grams of gold. The diameter may differ, but its weight should not be less than 6 grams.

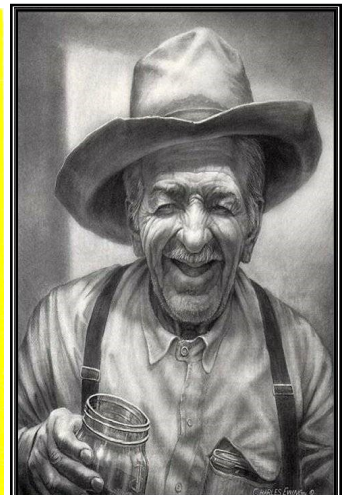
The medals at the Olympic Games 2012 in London were the biggest in the history: 394 grams of silver and 6 grams of gold. The medals for the Olympics 2016 in Rio de Janeiro reached a record of 500 grams, although their face value dropped by 12% compared to the London's ones.

"Frozen Haute Chocolate" is the most expensive ice cream in the world. It costs \$25,000 and consists of 28 unique varieties of cocoa beans from around the globe. This culinary masterpiece is topped with 5 grams of 23-karat edible gold. The goblet and the dessert spoon used to serve the ice cream are also decorated with gold. By the way, the buyer can take along these precious appliances as he or she finishes enjoying this luxury treat.

It has been scientifically proven that eucalyptus leaves can contain gold. Specialists at the Australian Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization confirmed that this valuable metal can be found in eucalyptus leaves if trees have their roots going as deep as 30 m where precious metals deposits are present.



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

## Recipe(s) of the Month

### Chicken Biscuit Skillet

1 tablespoon butter  
1/3 cup chopped onion  
1/4 cup all-purpose flour  
1 can (10-1/2 ounces) condensed chicken broth, undiluted  
1/4 cup fat-free milk  
1/8 teaspoon pepper  
2 cups shredded cooked chicken breast  
2 cups frozen peas and carrots (about 10 ounces), thawed  
1 tube (12 ounces) refrigerated buttermilk biscuits, quartered

Preheat oven to 400°. Melt butter in a 10-in. cast-iron or other ovenproof skillet over medium-high heat. Add onion; cook and stir until tender, 2-3 minutes.

In a small bowl, mix flour, broth, milk and pepper until smooth; stir into pan. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly; cook and stir until thickened, 1-2 minutes. Add the chicken and peas and carrots; heat through. Arrange biscuits over stew. Bake until biscuits are golden brown, 15-20 minutes.

## The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**When I was a boy I was told that  
anybody could become President.  
I'm beginning to believe it.**

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it to everyone in your  
address book.

As a child my family's menu  
consisted of two choices: take  
it or leave it.

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