

Nugget News

October

2020

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



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

Important Notice

We're having a MEETING!

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

**Last outing of the season will be October 10th. This is also our annual
Chili Feed Potluck! Bring your favorite chili dish or something that goes
with the chili theme.**

**Eagle City Park will be closing to all non-Park members
for the season at the end of the day on October 11th.
Where did the summer go?**

September Outing / Pig Roast / Civil War Reenactment

What a weekend that was! The weather was perfect, but smokey, the pig was delicious and the reenactment was outstanding.

The water was low for those who prospected, somewhere between 225 & 250 people enjoyed the pork and all the fantastic potluck dishes that was served.

Between 60 & 65 people participated in the reenactment and what a show they put on. There were 4 artillery pieces with lots of rounds going off.

The period campsite was a learning experience. The weapons, uniforms and other clothing was about as authentic as you can get.

We hope to make this an annual event.

(Continued on page 6) Outing Weekend

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER

This town, like all Spanish towns, was composed of one-story houses, with dry mud, fire-proof walls. The country around looked very mountainous and barren, and comfortably warm.

After two days we were called on board, and soon set sail for sea again; and now, as we approached the equator, it became uncomfortably warm and an awning was put over the upper deck. All heavy clothing was laid aside, and anyone who had any amount of money on his person was unable to conceal it; but no one seemed to have any fear of theft, for a thief could not conceal anything he should steal, and no one reported anything lost. There was occasionally a dead body to be consigned to a watery grave.

A few days out from here and we were again mustered as before to show our tickets, which were carefully examined.

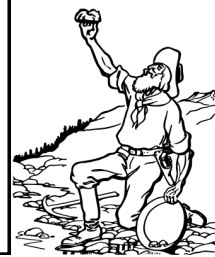
It seemed strange to me that the water was the poorest fare we had. It was sickish tasting stuff, and so warm it would do very well for dish-water.

There were many interesting things to see. Sometimes it would be spouting

(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



To Bean or Not To Bean: Jumping Into the Chili Debate

BY [REBECCA RUPP](#)

WITH BEANS OR without beans, that is the question when it comes to chili.

Rival chili cooks are as passionate about beans as rival makers of clam chowder are about tomatoes.

"If you know beans about chili,

you know that chili has no beans!" thundered Wick Fowler, journalist and chili fan from Texas, the state that made (beanless) chili its official state dish in 1977.

Today, the bean line remains drawn in the sand, sharp as the divide between Red States and Blue, despite a host of modern-day chefs who insist that chili is a creative, eccentric, and open-minded dish for which there are no rules. Chili is "an expression of the cook's personality rather than codified chow," write Cheryl and Bill Jamison in *Texas Home Cooking* (2011).

In this spirit, many cooks have moved far beyond the traditional chili basics of beef, chili peppers, and (maybe) beans. Chili has been made with everything from venison to buffalo, goat, skunk, jackrabbit, rattlesnake, pork, chicken and hot sausage. Outback Chili – an Australian specialty – is made with kangaroo; Alaskans use moose meat; and Norwegians, reindeer. The Jamison's include a recipe for Hornadillo Chili, made from the chopped meat of one medium armadillo, served in an armadillo shell.

Other not-so-traditional chili ingredients include peanuts, chocolate, sherry, blackstrap molasses, raisins, tequila, moonshine, ginger ale, bamboo shoots, artichoke hearts, eggplant, tofu, and zucchini. Mark Bittman's black bean chili recipe calls for a cup of espresso. Greek chili makers favor a dash of cinnamon. In Cincinnati, chili comes with spaghetti. Known as "five-way chili," this dish was reportedly invented in the 1920s by Greek hot-dog stand proprietors Joe and Tom Kiradjieff, who served their customers quintuple-layered plates of spaghetti, chili, beans, chopped onions, and grated Cheddar cheese. Food writers Jane and Michael Stern admiringly dubbed this "one of America's quintessential meals." But a [less-friendly critic](#) calls it a "Z-grade atrocity," adding: "Don't let your loved ones eat it. Turn away from the darkness, and toward the deep-dish pizza."

Whatever recipe chili fans favor, they're likely to be unreasonably devoted to it. Humorist Will Rogers, who claimed to judge a town by the quality of its chili, gave the prize to Coleman, Tex. The town's spicy concoction featured mountain oysters (a.k.a. bull testicles); Rogers referred to it as a "bowl of blessedness."

Outlaws Frank and Jesse James are said to have spared the bank in McKinney, Tex., home of their favorite chili parlor. Lyndon Baines Johnson swore by the chili of his

(Continued on page 5) To Bean

(Continued from page 1)

whales; sometimes great black masses rolling on the water, looking like a ship bottom upward, which some said were black-fish. Some fish seemed to be at play, and would jump ten feet or more out of the water. The flying fish would skim over the waves as the ship's wheels seemed to frighten them; and we went through a hundred acres of porpoises, all going the same way. The ship plowed right through them, but none seemed to get hurt by the wheels.

Perhaps they were emigrants like ourselves in search of a better place.

It now became terribly hot, and the sun was nearly overhead at noon. Sometimes a shark could be seen along-side, and though he seemed to make no effort, easily kept up with the moving ship. Occasionally we saw a sea snake navigating the ocean all by himself. I did not understand how these fellows went to sea and lived so far from land. The flying fish seemed to be more plentiful as we went along, and would leave the water and scud along before us.

We had evening concerts on the forecandle, managed by the sailors. Their songs were not sacred songs by any means, and many of them hardly fit to be heard by delicate ears. We again had to run the gauntlet of the narrow passage and have our tickets looked over, and this time a new stowaway was found, and he straightway made application for a job. "Go below, sir" was all the Captain said. Several died and had their sea burial, and some who had been so sick all the way as not to get out of bed, proved-tough enough to stand the climate pretty well.

As we were nearing Panama the doctor posted a notice to the mast

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25th of the month preceding
publication month.

cautioning us against eating much fruit while on shore, as it was very dangerous when eaten to excess. We anchored some little distance from the shore and had to land in small boats managed by the natives. I went in one, and when the boat grounded at the beach the boatman took me on his back and set me on shore, demanding two dollars for the job, which I paid, and he served the whole crowd in the same way.

The water here was blood warm, and they told me the tide ran very high.

This was a strange old town to me, walled in on all sides, a small plaza in the center with a Catholic church on one side, and the other houses were mostly two story. On the side next to the beach was a high, thick wall which contained cells that were used for a jail, and on top were some dismantled cannon, long and old fashioned.

The soldiers were poor, lazy fellows, barefooted, and had very poor looking guns. Going out and in all had to pass through a large gateway, but they asked no questions. The streets were very narrow and dirty and the sleeping rooms in the second story of the houses seemed to be inhabited by cats. For bed clothes was needed only a single sheet. On the roofs all around sat turkey buzzards, and anything that fell in the streets that was possible for them to eat, was gobbled up very quickly. They were as tame as chickens, and walked around as fearless and lordly as tame turkeys. In consideration of their cleaning up the streets without pay, they were protected by law. One of the passengers could not resist the temptation to shoot one, and a small squad of soldiers were soon after

(Continued on page 3) Autobiography

Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

him, and came into a room where there were fifty of us, but could not find their man.

He would have been sent to jail if he had been caught. We had to pay one dollar a night for beds in these rooms, and they counted money at the rate of eight dimes to the dollar.

The old town of Panama lies a little south in the edge of the sea, and was destroyed by an earthquake long ago I was told. To me, raised in the north, everything was very new and strange in way of living, style of building and kind of produce.

There were donkeys, parrots and all kinds of monkeys in plenty. Most of the women were of very dark complexion, and not dressed very stylishly, while the younger population did not have even a fig leaf, or anything to take its place. The adults dressed very economically, for the days are summer days all the year round, and the clothing is scanty and cheap for either sex.

The cattle were small, pale red creatures, and not inclined to be very fat, and the birds mostly of the parrot kind. The market plaza is outside the walls, and a small stream runs through it, with the banks pretty thickly occupied by washerwomen. All the washing was done without the aid of a fire.

On the plaza there were plenty of donkeys loaded with truck of all sorts, from wood, green grass, cocoanuts and sugar-cane to parrots, monkeys and all kinds of tropical fruits. Outside the walls the houses were made of stakes interwoven with palm leaves, and everything was green as well as the grass and trees. Very little of the ground seemed to be cultivated, and the people were lazy and idle, for they could live so easily on the wild products of the country. A white man here would soon sweat out all his ambition and enterprise, and would be almost certain to catch the Panama yellow fever. The common class of the people here, I should say, were Spanish and negro mixed, and they seem to get along pretty well; but the country is not suitable for white people. It seems to have been made on purpose for donkeys, parrots and long-heeled negroes.

The cabin passengers engaged all the horses and mules the country afforded on which to ride across the Chagres River, so it fell to the lot of myself and companion to transfer ourselves on foot, which was pretty hard work in the hot and sultry weather. My gold dust began to grow pretty heavy as I went along, and though I had only about two thousand dollars,

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

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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 \$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"**

weighing about ten pounds, it seemed to me that it weighed fifty pounds by the way that it bore down upon my shoulders and wore sore places on them. It really was burdensome. I had worn it on my person night and day ever since leaving the mines, and I had some little fear of being robbed when off the ship.

Our road had been some day paved with cobble stones. At the outskirts of the town we met a native coming in with a big green lizard, about two feet long, which he was hauling and driving along with a string around its neck. I wondered if this was not a Panama butcher bringing in a fresh supply of meat.

When we reached the hills on our way from Panama, the paved road ended and we had only a mule trail to follow. The whole country was so densely timbered that no man could go very far without a cleared road. In some places we passed over hills of solid rock, but it was of a soft nature so that the trail was worn down very deep, and we had to take the same regular steps that the mules did, for their tracks were worn down a foot or more. On the road we would occasionally meet a native with a heavy pack on his back, a long staff in each hand, and a solid half-length sword by his side. He, like the burro, grunted every step he took. They seemed to carry unreasonably heavy loads on their backs, such as boxes and trunks, but there was no other way of getting either freight or baggage across the isthmus at that time.

It looked to me as if this trail might be just such a one as one would expect robbers to frequent, for it would of course be expected that Californians would carry considerable money with them, and we might reasonably look out for this sort of gentry at any turn of the trail. We were generally without weapons, and we should have to deliver on demand, and if any one was killed the body could easily be concealed in the thick brush on either side of the trail, and no special search for anyone missing would occur.

About noon one day we came to a native hut, and saw growing on a tree near by something that looked like oranges, and we made very straight tracks with the idea of picking some and having a feast, but some of the people in the shanty called out to us and made motions for us not to pick them for they were no good; so we missed our treat of oranges and contented ourselves with a big drink of water and walked on. After a little more travel we came to another shanty made of poles and palm leaves, occupied by an American. He was a tall, raw-boned, cadaverous looking way-side renegade who looked as if the blood had all been pumped out of his veins, and he claimed to be sick. He said he was one of the Texas royal sons. We applied for some

(Continued on page 4) *Autobiography*

(Continued from page 3) *Autobiography*

dinner and he lazily told us there were flour, tea and bacon and that we could help ourselves. I wet up some flour and baked some cakes, made some poor tea, and fried some bacon. We all got a sort of dinner out of his pantry stuff, and left him a dollar apiece for the accommodation. As we walked on my companion gave out and could carry his bundle no longer, so I took it, along with my own, and we got on as fast as we could, but darkness came on us before we reached the Chagres River and we had to stay all night at a native hut. We had some supper consisting of some very poor coffee, crackers, and a couple of eggs apiece, and had to sleep out under a tree where we knew we might find lizards, snakes, and other poisonous reptiles, and perhaps a thieving monkey might pick our pockets while we slept.

Before it was entirely dark many who rode horses came along, many of them ladies, and following the custom of the country, they all rode astride. Among this crowd was one middle-aged and somewhat corpulent old fellow, by profession a sea-captain, who put on many airs. The old fellow put on his cool white coat—in fact, a white suit throughout—and in this tropical climate he looked very comfortable, indeed, thus attired. He filled his breast pocket with fine cigars, and put in the other pocket a flask with some medicine in it which was good for snake bites, and also tending to produce courage in case the man, not used to horse-back riding, should find his natural spirits failing. The rest of his luggage was placed on pack animals, and in fact the only way luggage was carried in those days was either on the backs of donkeys or men.

All was ready for a start, and the captain in his snow-white suit was mounted on a mule so small that his feet nearly touched the ground. The little animal had a mind of his own, and at first did not seem inclined to start out readily, but after a bit concluded to follow his fellow animals, and all went well.

(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 \$1,888.40 an ounce! This time last year it was \$1,463.80 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.**

**My grief counselor died the other day.
He was so good at his job
that I don't even care!**

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*

The rider was much amused at what he saw; sometimes a very lively monkey, sometimes a flock of paroquets or a high-colored lizard—and so he rode along with a very happy air, holding his head up, and smoking a fragrant Havana with much grace. The road was rough and rocky, with a mud-hole now and then of rather uncertain depth. At every one of these mud-holes the Captain's mule would stop, put down his head, blow his nose and look wise, and then carefully sound the miniature sea with his fore-feet, being altogether too cautious to suit his rider who had never been accustomed to a craft that was afraid of water.

At one of these performances the mule evidently concluded the sea before him was not safe, for when the captain tried to persuade him to cross his persuasions had no effect. Then he coaxed him with voice gentle, soft and low, with the result that the little animal took a few very short steps and then came to anchor again. Then the captain began to get slightly roiled in temper, and the voice was not so gentle, sweet and low, but it had no greater effect upon his craft. He began to get anxious, for the others had gone on, and he thought perhaps he might be left.

Now, this sea-faring man had armed his heels with the large Spanish spurs so common in the country, and bringing them in contact with the force due to considerable impatience, Mr. Mule was quite suddenly and painfully aware of the result. This was harsher treatment than he could peaceably submit to, and at the second application of the spurs a pair of small hoofs were very high in the air and the captain very low on his back in the mud and water, having been blown from the hurricane deck of his craft in a very sudden and lively style. The philosophical mule stood very still and looked on while the white coat and pantaloons were changing to a dirty brown, and watched the captain as he waded out, to the accompaniment of some very vigorous swear words.

Both the man and beast looked very doubtful of each other's future actions, but the man shook the water off and bestowed some lively kicks on his mule-ship which made him bounce into and through the mud-hole, and the captain, still holding the bridle, followed after. Once across the pool the captain set his marine eye on the only craft that had been too much for his navigation and said "Vengeance should be mine," and in this doubtful state of mind he cautiously mounted his beast again and fully resolved to stick to the deck, hereafter, at all hazards, he hurried on and soon overtook the train again, looking quite like a half drowned rooster. The others laughed at him and told him they could find better water a little way ahead, at the river, and they would see him safely in. The captain was over his pet, and made as much fun as any of them, declaring that he could not navigate such a bloody craft as that in such limited sea room, for it was dangerous even when there was no gale to speak of.

The ladies did not blush at the new and convenient costumes which they saw in this country, and laughed a good deal over the way of traveling they had to adopt. Any who were sick were carried in a kind of chair strapped to the back of a native. Passengers were strung along the road for miles, going and coming. We would occasionally sit down awhile and let the sweat run off while a party of them passed us. Some were mounted on horses, some on mules, and some on donkeys, and they had to pay twelve dollars for the use of an animal for the trip.

To be continued.....

(Continued from page 2) *To Bean*

home state. He once said: "Chili concocted outside of Texas is usually a weak, apologetic imitation of the real thing." This led to such a national flurry of recipe requests that Lady Bird Johnson had cards printed with directions for making the president's favorite: Pedernales River Chili, named for the river near their Texas ranch.

For all the emotions that it stirs up, no one is really sure how or in what form chili originated. One story holds that the dish formally known as *chili con carne* came from Mexico, based on Bernal Díaz del Castillo's *The True History of the Conquest of New Spain* (1568), in which the author describes how the remains of luckless conquistadors, sacrificed and butchered by the Aztecs, were boiled up with hot peppers, wild tomatoes, and oregano. (The primal chili recipe, writes H. Allen Smith, should thus begin: "First, catch yourself a lean Spaniard.")

An alternative hypothesis attributes chili to Spain, via channeling. In the 17th century, the story goes, a nun named Sister Mary of Agreda was transported (by angels) from her Spanish convent to western Texas while in a trance. There she brought the word of God to the Jumano Indians and, in exchange, picked up a recipe for chili, which consisted of venison, onions, tomatoes, and chili peppers.

Others cite the *lavenderas*, or washerwomen, who followed the Mexican Army in the 1830s and 40s as the first chili makers; and cowboy historians opt for the chuckwagon cooks on the cattle trails. Everett Lee DeGolyer, oil millionaire and occasional chili scholar, believed that the first chili was an early 19th-century form of trail food: dried beef, fat, and chili peppers pounded together and shaped into packable chili bricks that could be reconstituted in boiling water over a campfire. DeGolyer called this "the pemmican of the Southwest."

Alternatively, chili may have been a brainstorm of displaced Canary Islanders, sent to what is now San Antonio, in 1730 by order of King Philip V of Spain. (The king was hoping that Spanish settlers would thwart attempts of the French to expand their territory westward from Louisiana.) If so, their spicy beef-and-chili-pepper stews may have influenced the menus of the 19th-century "Chili Queens" for whom San Antonio later became famous. These brightly dressed women sold chili to passersby in the city's Military Square, warming their pots over mesquite fires beside wagons hung with colored lanterns. Visitors were delighted with them, though author Stephen Crane (from New Jersey) commented that their food tasted like "pounded fire-brick from Hades." O. Henry, who lived in San Antonio in the 1880s, set a short story, "The Enchanted Kiss," among the Chili Queens, featuring a sinister conquistador who had been kept alive for 400 years on chili, gruesomely concocted from "the flesh of the señorita."

Others argue that chili may be far older than the Chili Queens. Rudy Valdez, a member of the Ute Indian tribe, won the world chili championship in 1976 with a native recipe that he claimed dated back 2,000 years. The original chili, according to Valdez, "was made with meat of horses or deer, chili peppers, and cornmeal from ears of stalks that grew only to the knee." Tellingly, he adds, "No beans."

Most food historians—among them chili expert Frank X. Tolbert, author of the classic *A Bowl of Red*—agree that chili likely originated in Texas. (Some Mexicans are more than ready to concur: a Mexican dictionary of 1959 defined chili con carne as a "detestable food falsely called Mexican, sold in the United States from Texas to New York.") Popularized at the 1893 Chicago World's Fair, where Texas wowed tourists with its San Antonio Chili Stand, the dish spread quickly across the country. By the 1920s, cookbook recipes for chili called for beans; by the 1940s, tomatoes were a common ingredient. Tomatoes—like beans—have no place in chili, according to traditional chili purists, and have aroused almost as much ire. "Putting tomatoes in chili is the equivalent of dousing raw oysters with chocolate sauce," sputtered one Texas journalist.

To the credit of the chili factions, however, none has (so far) attempted to ban the ingredients of the other by law, which puts them one up on

(Continued on page 6) *To Bean*

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 September 2020

Income

8/31/20 Balance Forward from August 31, 2020	\$11,851.56
9/10/20 Club Raffle: (September)	\$ 43.00
9/10/20 Club 50/50 Raffle: (September)	\$ 3.50
9/10/20 Club Merchandise: (Gold Cups)	\$ 12.00
9/10/20 Cash Contribution: Gift	\$ 10.00
9/10/20 Club Memberships: \$180.00	
9/30/20 Interest: \$0.09	

Total income **\$ 248.59**

Disbursements

9/3/20 N.W. Offset Printing	\$ 190.15
9/3/20 Consumer Cellular:	\$ 17.85
9/10/20 U.S. Postal Service (Annual P.O. Box Fee)	\$ 114.00
9/10/20 Rathdrum Senior Center: (Rent September)	\$ 80.00
9/13/20 Credit Card Fee:	\$ 0.62
9/23/20 Check Reorder:	\$ 30.77
Total Disbursements	\$ 433.39

Starting Balance: September 1, 2020	\$11,851.56
Total September, 2020 Income :	\$ 248.59
Total September, 2020 Disbursements :	\$ 433.39
Ending Balance: September 30, 2020	\$11,666.76

Eagle City Park Memberships for Sale

#95 Robin & Becky Bird (208-691-1721)
 #55 & 56 James Bonham (208-582-2471)
 #63, 64 & 65 Mark & Lisa Wenig (208)687-2072
 #68, 69, & 71 Margie Coe (208)660-7795
 #85, 86 & 87 Doug & Cathy Boseth (208-773-4701)

(Continued from page 5) Autobiography

the chowder people. (In 1939, Maine chowder proponents, outraged by the fast-and-loose vegetable behaviors of Manhattan, attempted to pass a bill making it illegal to put tomatoes in clam chowder.)

The International Chili Society, on the other hand, in the spirit of live and let live, has come around on beans: as of 2012, beans are a permissible ingredient for chili in the annual World Championship Chili Cook-Off.

Chili is wonderful food: eclectic, expansive, multifaceted, imaginative, and accepting of change. The more it absorbs from the outer world, be it beans, bourbon, or espresso, the richer and more interesting it becomes.

And, as Pat Garrett said of Billy the Kid, "Anybody that eats chili can't be all bad."

(Continued from page 1) Outing Weekend

I've attached several pictures of the events for those who missed it.



One of the small cannons.



Ladies dressed in their finest!



The Reenactors (with Mary and I)

(Continued on page 8) Outing Weekend

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

Jinger's Gold-Con Fluid Tube

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Some tools of a Prospector!

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

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

Pans * Sluices * Dredges * Etc.

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)

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Bryan McKeehan (2yr Jan 2022)

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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 of any changes of your email address or home address to ensure delivery of your newsletter each month!

2020 Club Calendar

Sept 10	Meeting
Sept 12	Eagle City Park's Annual Pig Roast
Sept 12	Outing
Oct 8	Meeting
Oct 10	Chili Feed Outing
Oct 11	Eagle City Park closes for season
Nov 12	Meeting
Dec 10	Meeting
Dec 13	Christmas Potluck & Food Drive
Mar 13-14 2021	NWGP 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) Outing Weekend



Even "Honest Abe" showed up!

FOR SALE
Alaskan Gold Claims
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.

Contact Larry @ 907-229-9525 or Jeff @ 208-771-4770



Mountain West Mining, LLC

www.mtnwestmining.com

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Metal Detectors Kwik-Kiln Smelters
Gold Cube Black Magic Rock Crushers
Mining and Prospecting Supplies
"Gold Reserve" Premium Gold Paydirt

208 920-0157 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
\$29.95

www.goldpannersguide.com

Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895



Confederate soldier
panning for gold!



Thanks to the Black Family & the Clausen Family
for getting this setup within 6 weeks.



Thanks to Barry & Jeff Coe
and all the wonderful cooks!

What's the difference between the bird flu and the swine flu?

One requires tweetment and the other an oinkment.

Notice

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

Email: info@nwgoldprospectors.org

Website:

www.nwgoldprospectors.org

**Instead of the John, I call my
bathroom the Jim! That way
it sounds better when I say I
go to the Jim first thing every
morning!**

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

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

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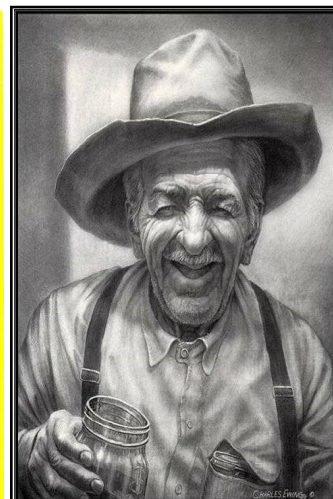
Relief In Minutes

Coy McGaha
sales associate

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

Recipe(s) of the Month

To kick it off, here's one of the earliest printed recipes for chili, found in the 1896 *Manual for Army Cooks* and designed for an individual mess kit:

Old Army Chili

1 beefsteak
1 Tbs. hot drippings
1 cup boiling water
2 Tbs. rice
2 large dried red chili pods
1 cup boiling water
Flour, salt, and onion optional

Cut the steak into small pieces. Put in frying pan with hot drippings, cup of hot water, and rice. Cover closely and cook slowly until tender. Remove seeds and parts of veins from chili pods. Cover with second cup of boiling water and let stand until cool. Then squeeze them in the hand until the water is thick and red. If not thick enough, add a little flour. Season with salt and a little onion, if desired. Pour sauce over meat-rice mixture and serve very hot.

The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**My boss told me
to have a good day...
so I went home...**

Inland Empire Metal Detectors

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(inside Pine Street Market)

Multi-Line Dealer
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Keene, Coming Soon : MineLab
Detectors, Gold Pans
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208-660-4852**

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

I like the type of people
whose sense of humor may be
described as inappropriate.

Wyoming Mines, Inc.
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Cheney, WA 99004
509-235-4955
jim Ebisch—jimmymyrcrackcore@yahoo.com
wyomines.com



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

