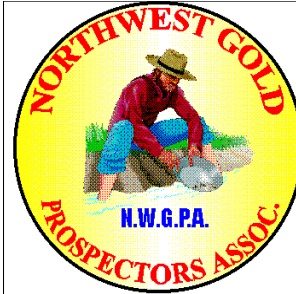


Nugget News

September

2020

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



Join / Renew Today

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

\$20 for Single
\$25 for Couple
\$30 for Family

Remit to:
NWGPA
PO Box 2307
Post Falls, ID 83877

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.**

Outings will still be on the weekend after the
second Thursday of the month.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER

It was near night when they all came back and gathered around the saloon again. They were all in unusual good humor as they related the adventures of the afternoon, and bragged of their bravery and skill in performing the little job they had just completed, which consisted in taking the murderer out to the first convenient oak tree, and with the assistance of some sailors in handling the ropes, hoisting the fellow from the ground with a noose around his neck, and to the "Heave, yo heave" of the sailor boys, pulling the rope that had been passed over an elevated limb. They watched the suspended body till the last spark of life went out, and then went back to town leaving the corpse hanging for somebody else to cut down and bury. They whooped and yelled at the top of their voices as they came down along the mountain trail, and at the saloon they related to the crowd that had gathered there how they had helped to hang the — who had killed his wife. They said justice must be done if there was no law, and that no man could kill a woman and live in California. They imagined they were very important individuals, and veritable lords of Creation. These miners, many of them, were inveterate gamblers and played every night till near day-light, with no roof over them, and their only clothes a woolen shirt and overalls which must have been a little scanty in the cool nights which settled down over the mountain camp; but they bore it all in their great

(Continued on page 2) Autobiography

17th Annual Eagle City Park

Pig Roast & Potluck Picnic

Saturday, September 12th, 2020 at **Eagle City Park**
(pig served at 4 PM rain or shine)

This year we are planning a Civil War reenactment by a group of people who do these types of events.

We will not have the usual activities (poker run, scavenger hunt, pie eating, etc.)

We still plan to have music in the evening and possibly a surprise event at the reenactors campsite.

Bring a potluck dish or two and your favorite beverage(s).

Bringing chairs & card or folding tables would be helpful.

Pig & table service will be provided by **Eagle City Mining Company, Ltd.**

See bottom of page 4 for directions to
Eagle City Park

Hope to see you there.....

Watch this video: https://youtu.be/xYh_gK4Uoos

(see page 9 for more information)



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



Planning a Stage Robbery

In May of 1865, a group of four outlaws got together in a Boise, Idaho saloon. **Brockie Jack**, the leader of the group, had recently escaped from an Oregon jail, and had been lying low in a ranch near Boise. A man by name of **Big Dave Updyke**, the Ada County sheriff, was the second member of the gang. Bad Guy No. 3 was a hot tempered man by name of **Willy**

Whittmore, who was reputed to be good with a gun. The last fellow was **Fred Williams**, about whom very little is known.

The gang of four departed Boise on May 31, 1865. Near Fort Hall at Ross Fork Creek, they made camp and began to flesh out their plan to hold up the stagecoach from **Virginia City**. Williams traveled to Virginia City, Montana in order to find out details of the gold shipments. The plan was for him to buy a ticket and travel as a passenger on the coach traveling the Portneuf Stage Route, when he had determined that it would in fact be carrying a gold shipment.

Meanwhile, Brockie Jack, Updyke, and Whittmore spent the time scouting for a good place to hold up the stage. Upon finding a canyon a little to the south of Pocatello, Idaho, the three determined that it provided them perfect cover. They decided to block the stage road with large rocks. If the roadblock failed to stop the stage, Whittmore's task was to shoot the horses, since he owned a Henry repeating rifle.

With the plan in place, they returned to wait for Fred Williams at Ross Fork Creek, where they waited for two weeks before hearing from him.

A Violent Robbery in Portneuf Canyon

The stagecoach departed Virginia City on July 21, 1854, driven by Charlie Parks, an experienced stage driver. The seven passengers included the bandit Fred Williams.

Corral Station, located near to Dillon, Montana, was the site of the first stop. The stage traveled for the next three days without incident, following the route that would subsequently become the route of the Union Pacific Railroad. Sodhouse Station was the site of the fourth stop, and after supper, Williams slipped away and met up with the other three at Ross Fork Camp, informing them that the stage was carrying **two strongboxes filled with gold**. Nobody appeared to have noticed his departure or his return to Sodhouse Station.

(Continued on page 6) Stage Robbery

(Continued from page 1)
Autobiography

desire for card playing.

Near by there were three men who worked and slept together, every night dividing the dust which each put into a purse at the head of his bed. One day the news came to the saloon that one of the purses had been stolen. The Helms boys talked it over and concluded that as one of the men had gone to town, he might know something about the lost dust; so they went to town and there, after a little search, found their man in a gambling house. After a little

while they invited him to return to camp with them, and all started together down the mountain; but when about half way down they halted suddenly under an oak tree and accused their man of knowing where his partner's money was. This he strongly denied, and was very positive in his denial till he felt the surprise of a rope around his neck, with the end over a limb, and beginning to haul pretty taut in a direction that would soon elevate his body from the ground, when he weakened at their earnestness and asked them to hold on a minute. As the rope slackened he owned up he had the dust and would give it up if they would not send the news to his folks in Missouri. This was agreed to and the thief was advised to leave at once for some distant camp, or they might yet expose him. He was not seen afterward.

The boys bragged a good deal of their detective ability after this, and said that a little hanging would make a—thief tell the truth even if it did not make an honest man of him, and that a thief would be lucky if he got through with them and saved his life. Their law was "Hanging for stealing."

The Helms brothers were said to be from western Missouri, and in early days were somewhat of the border ruffian order, and of course preferred to live on the frontier rather than in any well regulated society. As the country became settled and improved around them they moved on. A school house was an indication that

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25th of the month preceding
publication month.

the country was getting too far advanced for them. They crossed the plains in 1849 and began mining operations near Georgetown in Placer county. It was well known that they were foremost in all gambling, and in taking a hand in any excitement that came up, and as a better class of miners came in they moved on, keeping ahead with the prospectors, and just out of reach of law and order. If anyone else committed a crime they were always quite eager to be on the vigilance committee, and were remarkably happy when

punishing a wrong-doer. When any of their number was suspected it was generally the case that they moved quickly on and so escaped. It was reported, however, that one of their number was in the hands of the vigilance committee and hanged in Montana.

After a time, it is said, they went down to southern California and settled on the border of the Colorado desert, about seventy-five miles east of San Diego, in a mountainous and desert region. Here they found a small tribe of Indians, and by each marrying a squaw they secured rights equal to any of them in the occupation of the land. This was considered pretty sharp practice, but it suited them and they became big chiefs and medicine men, and numerous dusky descendants grew up around them.

It is said that their property consists of extensive pasture lands on which they raise cattle, and that they always go well armed with pistol, rifle and riata. It is said that some of the Indians undertook to claim that the Helms brothers were intruders, but that in some mysterious way accidents happened to most of them and they were left without any serious opposition. They are very hospitable and entertaining to people who visit them, provided they do not know too much about the men or their former deeds or history. In this case ignorance is bliss and it is folly, if not dangerous, to be too wise. They have made no improvements, but live in about the same style as the Indians and about on a level with them moral-

(Continued on page 3) Autobiography

ly and intellectually.

There may be those who know them well, but the writer only knows them by hearsay and introduces them as a certain type of character found in the early days.

As I was now about barefoot I went to town to look for boots or shoes. There were no shoes, and a pair of the cheapest boots I found hanging at the door were priced to me at two ounces. This seemed a wonderful sum for a pair of coarse cow-hide boots that would sell in the state for two dollars and fifty cents; but I had to buy them at the price or go barefoot.

While rambling around town I went into a round tent used as a gambling saloon. The occupants were mostly men, and one or two nice appearing ladies, but perhaps of doubtful reputation. The men were of all classes—lawyer, doctors, preachers and such others as wanted to make money without work. The miners, especially sailors, were eager to try to beat the games. While I was here the table was only occupied by a sailor lying upon it and covered with a green blanket. All at once the fellow noticed a large *piojo* walking slowly across the table, and drawing his sheath knife made a desperate stab at him, saying “You kind of a deck hand can’t play at this game.”

Our claims, by this time, were nearly worked out, and I thought that I had upward of two thousand dollars in gold, and the pile looked pretty big to me. It seemed to me that these mines were very shallow and would soon be worked out, at least in a year or two. I could not see that the land would be good for much for farming when no irrigation could be easily got, and the Spanish people seemed to own all the best land as well as the water; so that a poor fellow like myself would never get rich at farming here.

Seeing the matter in this light I thought it would be best to take my money and go back to Wisconsin where government land was good and plenty, and with even my little pile I could soon be master of a good farm in a healthy country, and I would there be rich enough. Thus reasoning I decided to return to Wisconsin, for I could not see how a man could ever be a successful farmer in a country where there were only two seasons, one wet and the other long and dry.

I went out and hunted up my mule which I had turned out to pasture for herself, and found her entirely alone. After a little coaxing I caught her and brought her with me to camp, where I offered her for sale. She was sleek and fat and looked so well that Helms said that if I could beat him shooting he would buy both mule and gun; so three or four of us tried our skill. My opponents boasted a good deal of their superior marksmanship, but on the trial, which began at short range, I beat them all pretty badly. Helms was as good as his word and offered me twelve ounces for my gun and mule, which I took. I thought a great deal of

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 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”**

my fat little one-eyed mule, and I thought then, as I think now, how well she did her part on the fearful road to and from Death Valley.

Helms was now going to the valley to have a winter's hunt, for here the snow would fall four feet deep and no mining work could be done till spring, when he would return and work his claim again.

I now had all in my pocket, and when I got ready to go Mrs. Bennett was much affected at knowing that I would now leave them, perhaps never to return to them again. She clasped me in her arms, embraced me as she would her own son, and said “Good luck to you—God bless you, for I know that you saved all our lives. I don’t suppose you will ever come back, but we may come back to Wisconsin sometime and we will try to find a better road than the one we came over. Give my best regards to all who inquire after us.” She shook my hand again and again with earnest pressure, and cried and sobbed bitterly. As I climbed the mountain she stood and watched me so long as I was in sight, and with her handkerchief waved a final adieu. I was myself much affected at this parting, for with Mr. and Mrs. Bennett had been really a home to me; she had been to me as a mother, and it was like leaving a home fireside to go away from them. I was now starting out among strangers, and those I should meet might be the same good friends as those whom I had left behind. Mr. Bennett and I had for many years been hunting companions; I had lived at his house in the East, and we never disagreed but had always been good friends. I had now a traveling companion whose home was in Iowa Co., Wis., where I had lived for several years, and we went along together by way of Greenwood where there was a small mining town built of tents, many of which were used as gambling places. These places were occupied by gentlemen, some of whom wore white shirts to distinguish them, I presume, from the common herd of miners from whom they won their dust.

We crossed the American River at Salmon Falls, and walked thence on to Sacramento City, which was the largest town we had seen on the coast. The houses were all small wooden ones, but business seemed to be brisk, and whiskey shops and gambling houses plenty. One game played with three cards, called three card Monte, was played openly on the streets, with good boxes for tables. Every one who came along was urged to bet by the dealer who would lay out his cards face up so all could see them, then turn them over and shuffle them and say “I’ll bet six ounces that no one can put his finger on the queen.” I watched this a while and saw that the dealer won much oftener than he lost, and it seemed to be a simple and easy way to make a living when money was plenty.

We strolled around town looking at the sights, and the different business places, the most lively of which had plenty of music inside, lots of tables with plenty of money on them, and many questionable lady occupants. These business places were liberally patronized and every department flourishing, especially the bar. Oaths and vulgar language were the favorite style of speech, and very many of the people had all the whiskey down them that they could conven-

(Continued on page 4) Autobiography

(Continued from page 3) *Autobiography*

iently carry.

We got through the town safely and at the river we found a steamboat bound for San Francisco and the fare was two ounces. The runners were calling loudly for passengers, and we were told we could never make the trip any cheaper for they had received a telegram from below saying that no boat would come up again for two days. I said to him "I can't see your telegram. Where is it?" At this he turned and left us. He had thought, no doubt, that miners were green enough to believe anything. In the course of an hour the smoke of a steamer was seen down the river, and this beat out the runners who now offered passage for half an ounce.

At this time there was no telegraph and the delay was a lucky one for us. We took passage and went to San Francisco that night, where we put up at a cheap tavern near where the Custom House now stands.

Here we learned that we would have to wait two days before a ship would sail for Panama, and during this time we surveyed the town from the hill-tops and walked all over the principal streets. It was really a small, poorly built, dirty looking place, with few wharves, poor, cheap hotels, and very rough inhabitants. There were lots of gambling houses full of tables holding money, and the rooms filled with pretty rough looking people, except the card dealers, most of whom wore white shirts, and a few sported plug hats. There was also a "right smart sprinkling" of ladies present who were well dressed and adorned with rich jewelry, and their position seemed to be that of paying teller at the gambling tables.

The buildings seemed to be rather cheap, although material was very expensive, as well as labor, mechanics of all sorts getting as much as ten or twelve dollars per day for work. Coin seemed to be scarce, and a great deal of the money needed on the gambling tables was represented by iron washers, each of which represented an ounce of gold.

I noticed some places in the streets where it was muddy and a narrow walk had been made out of boxes of tobacco, and sometimes even bacon was used for the same purpose. Transportation from the city to the mines was very slow and made by schooner. Ship loads of merchandise had arrived and been unloaded, and the sailors having run

(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—Wednesday thru Monday

Make sure you order the "Big Bob"!

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

Gold is \$1,931.80 an ounce! This time last year it was \$1,542.80 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.

**They say you can't fix stupid
Turns out you can't quarantine it either!**

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 Eagle City Park entrance on left side of road. GPS is 47°38'51"N & 115°54'37"W

(Continued from page 4) Autobiography

away to the mines, everything except whiskey and cards was neglected. Whiskey sold at this place for fifty cents a drink.

A man at the tavern where we stopped tried hard to sell me a fifty-vara lot there in the edge of the mud (near where the Custom House now stands) for six hundred dollars. I thought this a pretty high price and besides such a lot was no use to me, for I had never lived in town and could not easily see the uses to which such property could be put. It seemed very doubtful to me that this place would ever be much larger or amount to much, for it evidently depended on the mines for a support, and these were so shallow that it looked as if they would be worked out in a short time and the country and town both be deserted. And I was not alone in thinking that the country would soon be deserted, for accustomed as we all had been to a showery summer, these dry seasons would seem entirely to prevent extensive farming. Some cursed the country and said they were on their way to "good old Missouri, God's own country." Hearing so much I concluded it would be wise not to invest, but to get me back to Wisconsin again.

The steamer we took passage in was the Northerner, advertised to sail on the twenty-ninth day of November, 1850. The cabin room was all engaged, and they charged us nine ounces for steerage passage; but I did not care as much about their good rooms and clean sheets as I would have done at one time, for I had been a long time without either and did not care to pay the difference. When we were at the ship's office we had to take our turns to get tickets. One man weighed out the dust, and another filled out certificates. When the callers began to get a little scarce I looked under the counter where I saw a whole panful of dust to which they added mine to make the pile a little higher. They gave out no berths with these tickets, but such little things as that did not trouble us in the least. It was far better fare than we used to have in and about Death Valley, and we thought we could live through anything that promised better than the desert.

The passenger list footed up four hundred and forty, and when all got on board, at about ten o'clock in the morning, there was hardly room for all to stand up comfortably. It seemed to me to be a very much over-crowded boat in which to put to sea, but we floated out into the current, with all the faces toward the shore, and hats and handkerchiefs waving goodbye to those who had come down to see the home-goers safely off.

As we passed out through the wonderful Golden Gate and the outgoing current met the solid sea, each seemed wrestling for the mastery, and the waves beat and dashed themselves into foam all around us, while the spray came over the bows quite lively, frightening some who did not expect such treatment. When we had passed this scene of watery commotion and got out into the deeper water, the sea smoothed down a great deal; but sea-sickness began to claim its victims, at first a few, then more and more, till the greater part were quite badly affected. I had a touch of it myself, but managed to keep my feet by bracing out pretty wide, and hugging everything I could get hold of that seemed to offer a steady support, and I did not lie down until after I had thrown my breakfast overboard.

By the time dark came nearly every one was on his back, mostly on deck, and no one asleep. All were retching and moaning bitterly. Some who had a few hours before cursed California now cursed the sea, and declared that if they could induce the Captain to turn about and put them back on shore again, they would rather creep on their hands and knees clear back to old Missouri over rocks and sand, than to ride any further on such a miserable old boat as this one was.

Next morning the decks looked pretty filthy, and about all the food the passengers had eaten was now spread about the decks in a half digested condition. Most of the passengers were very sick. With the early daylight the sailors coupled the hose to the big steam pump, and began the work of washing and scrubbing off the decks, and though many begged hard to be left alone as they were, with all the

filth, a good flood of salt water was the only answer they received to their pleading, and they were compelled to move, for the sailors said they could not change their orders without the Captain, and he would not be out of bed till ten o'clock or later. So the cursing and swearing went for naught, and the decks were clean again. There were no deaths to report, but there were very few to do duty at the tables in eating the food prepared for them. After a few days the tables filled up again, and now it took them so long to eat that there had to be an order for only two meals a day or there would not have been a chance for all to get something. They were terribly hungry now, and every one seemed to try his best to take in provisions enough to last him for at least twelve hours.

As the fellows began to get their sea legs on, they began to talk as if they were still in California, and could easily manage any little boat like this, and could run things as they did when they crossed the plains, where no sheriff, court or judge had anything to say about matters, and all law was left behind. They began to act as if they were lords over all they could see, and as many of them were from the Southern states, they seemed to take an especial pride in boasting of how they did as they pleased, about like the Helms brothers. They talked as if they could run the world, or the universe even, themselves without assistance.

One morning at breakfast, when the table was full and the waiters scarce, some of these fellows swore and talked pretty rough, and as a waiter was passing a blue-blood from New Orleans rose in his seat and called for sugar, holding the empty bowl in his hand, but the waiter passed on and paid no attention, and when a mulatto waiter came along behind him the angry man damned him the worst he could, ordering him to bring a bowl of sugar, quick. This waiter did not stop and the Louisiana man threw the bowl at the waiter's head, but missed it, and the bowl went crashing against the side of the ship. I expected surely the Captain and his men would come and put the unruly fellow in irons, and there might be a fight or a riot, so I cut my meal short and went on deck about as soon as I could do so, thinking that would be a safer place. But the Captain seemed to know about how to manage such fellows, and never left his stateroom, which I think was a wise move. The darky did not make his appearance at table afterwards, and the man who threw the bowl said that colored folks had to mind a gentleman when he spoke to them, or fare worse.

The Captain now got out his passenger list, and we all had to pass through a narrow space near the wheelhouse and every one answer to his name and show his ticket. This made work for about one day. Some stowaways were found and put down into the hole to heave coal. One day the Captain and mate were out taking an observation on the sun when a young Missourian stepped up to see what was being done, and said to the Captain:—"Captain, don't you think I could learn how to do that kind of business?" The Captain took the young man's hand and looked at his nails which were very rough and dirty and said:—"No, my lad; boys with such finger nails can't learn navigation." This made a big laugh at the brave lubber's expense.

Many of the sea-sick ones did not get up so soon, and some died of that, or something else, and their bodies were sewed up in blankets with a bushel of coal at their feet to sink them, and thrown overboard. The bodies were laid out on a plank at the ship's side, the Captain would read a very brief service, and the sailors would, at the appropriate time, raise the end of the plank so that the body slid off and went down out of sight in a moment.

In due time we went into the harbor of Acapulco for water and coal. Here nearly every one went on shore, and as there was no wharf for the vessel to lie to, the native canoes had many passengers at a dollar apiece for passage money. Out back of town there was a small stream of clear water which was warm and nice to bathe in, and some places three or four feet deep, so that a great many stripped off for a good wash which was said to be very healthful in this climate. Many native women were

(Continued on page 6) Autobiography

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 August 2020

7/31/20 Balance Forward from July 31, 2020	\$12,169.97
Income	
8/1/20 Square Credit:	\$ 3.07
8/2/20 Checking Account Interest: July	\$ 0.12
8/6/20 Life Flight Membership: (30)	\$ 1,770.00
8/12/20 Club Memberships: (Multiple)	\$ 350.00
8/31/20 Checking Account Interest: August	\$ 0.11
Total income	\$ 2,123.30
Disbursements	
8/6/20 Consumer Cellular:	\$ 17.85
8/8/20 N.W. Offset Printing: (LifeFlight Postcard)	\$ 89.26
8/10/20 PLP: Annual Membership Renewal	\$ 150.00
8/18/20 Life Flight Networks: (36)	\$ 2,124.00
8/18/20 USPS:	\$ 1.60
8/19/20 Life Flight Networks: (1)	\$ 59.00
Total Disbursements	\$ 2,441.71
Ending Balance: August 31, 2020	\$11,851.56

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

on hand with soap and towels ready to give any one a good scrubbing for *dos reales*, (twenty-five cents) and those who employed them said they did a good, satisfactory job. As I returned to town the streets seemed to be deserted, and I saw one man come out on an adjoining street, and after running a few steps, fall down on his face. Hearing the report of a gun at the same time, I hurried on to get out of danger, but I afterward learned that the man was a travelling gambler who had come across the country from Mexico, and that he was killed as he fell. No one seemed to care for him.

Near the beach were some large trees, and under them dancing was going on to the music of the guitar. There were plenty of pretty Spanish girls for partners, and these and our boys made up an interesting party. The girls did not seem at all bashful or afraid of the boys, and though they could not talk together very much they got along with the sign language, and the ladies seemed very fond of the *Americauos*.

There was a fort here, a regular moss-backed old concern, and the soldiers were bare footed and did not need much clothing.

The cattle that were taken on board here were made to swim out to the ship and then, with a rope around their horns, hoisted on deck, a distance of perhaps forty feet above the water. The maddened brutes were put into a secure stall ready for the ship's butcher. The small boys came around the ship in canoes, and begged the passengers to throw them out a dime, and when the coin struck the water they would dive for it, never losing a single one. One man dropped a bright bullet and the boy who dove for it was so enraged that he called him a d—d Gringo (Englishman.) None of these boys wore any clothes.

To be continued.....

(Continued from page 2) Stage Robbery

The stagecoach resumed its journey the morning of July 26, 1865, and around noon neared the spot where the ambush was planned. After crossing a stream and climbing the bank, the roadblock appeared, and the stage came to a stop. At that point, the three armed bandits came out of hiding. One of the passengers, a professional gambler by name of Sam Martin, drew his revolver and took aim at Whittmore, shooting off a finger of his left hand.

Being known for his quick temper, Whittmore began shooting at the stagecoach. The stage driver made a valiant attempt to circumvent the roadblock, but at that point the horses were shot by Brockie Jack. Charlie Parks, who had been injured, made a run for the cover of the woods. A passenger named James B. Brown also escaped into the nearby trees, along with accomplice Fred Williams, whom Whittmore had managed to shoot in the arm.

At this point Brockie Jack took the rifle from Whittmore, and, with Updyke and Whittmore covering him, called for the passengers to come out of the stagecoach. Upon opening the door, he discovered all five of the passengers left in the coach were dead, with the exception of L.F. Carpenter, who had pretended to be dead in an effort to save his life. It's questionable whether or not Brockie Jack had expected the level of violence that Whittmore had perpetrated.

The Spoils: Gold Bars, Nuggets and Dust

The gold taken during the Portneuf Stage Robbery is estimated to be worth over 1 million dollars today.

The two strongboxes yielded 15 gold bars, as well as two bags of nuggets and gold dust. The inside of the stage contained two additional pounds of nuggets and dust. The four bandits loaded up their haul and rode away. After their departure, Charlie Parks and James B. Brown came out from the cover of the trees, and checked for survivors. At this point they found Carpenter still alive, buried under the dead bodies. After making him as comfortable as they could, they then detached the stage from the dead horses and drove on to the Miller Ranch Station.

Reward and Capture

Unfortunately for the bandits, James Brown had recognized Willy Whittmore and Fred Williams. Charlie Parks identified David Updyke and Brockie Jack. A \$10,000 reward was offered by the insurance company, and the vigilance committee ordered the criminals to be hung immediately upon capture.

The first to be apprehended was Willy Whittmore. Upon resisting arrest in Arizona, he was shot and killed by law enforcement. Fred Williams was hanged a week later when he was taken in Colorado. Both men were broke at the time of their capture.

The vigilantes were more careful in their attempt to deal with David Updyke, since he was an elected Ada County Sheriff. The Payette River Vigilance Committee arrested Updyke on September 28, 1865, and charged him with fraud. After making bail, and fearing for his life, Updyke traveled first to Boise, and then teaming

(Continued on page 8) Stage Robbery

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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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

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\$75

(see at Eagle City Park)

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mccarroll2297@roadrunner.com

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Mary Lowe

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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	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) Stage Robbery

up with another bandit named John Dixon, left Boise toward the **mining camps of Rocky Bar and Atlanta**. They were not aware that they were being tracked by the vigilantes, and decided to stop thirty miles out of Boise in an abandoned cabin.

Vigilantes Hang the Outlaws

Before morning the two were taken into custody by the vigilantes and taken to Syrup Creek. As they prepared for the hanging, they asked Updyke where they could find the stolen gold. He refused to say a word, and both men were then hung. Neither man had a significant amount of money on them at the time of their death. Two days later their bodies were discovered.

Brockie Jack appears to have dropped off the face of the earth, as there is no record of anyone ever seeing him again. Given the fact that the three executed men had no significant amount of money on them, and the fact that the gold bars were never recorded as having been sold, **it is speculated that there is a cache of gold not far from the robbery site**. The gold, which had a value of \$86,000 in 1865, is estimated to have a worth over a million dollars now.

Is it still out there?

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



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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

Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895

Being popular on
FACEBOOK
 is like sitting at the
 cool table in a cafeteria
 at a MENTAL HOSPITAL

2019 Refreshment Sign-Up

Need at least 3 volunteers to bring refreshments to each months meeting. Please sign up at the meeting and do your part to help out. See page 8 to find dates we need to fill. Thanks!

Notice

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

Email: info@nwgoldprospectors.org

Website:

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

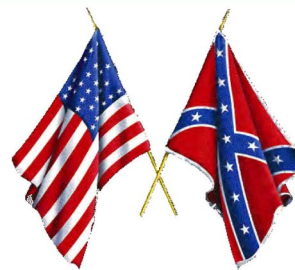
What is a carat?

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



Eagle City Civil War Reenactment

September 12th - 13th

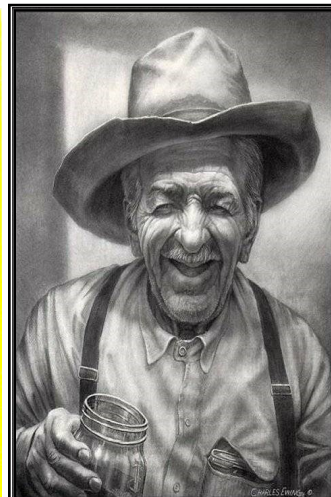
Eagle City Park - Located between Prichard and Murray at the old townsite of Eagle City. Eagle City Park is 25 miles off I-90 from the Kingston exit (Exit 43), on Eagle Creek Road, via Coeur d'Alene River Road.

Battles	Camps Open
Sat. @ 11am + 2pm	Sat. 9am - 4pm
Sun. @ 11am	Sun. 9am - Noon

Join us as we travel back in time to the year 1863 to reenact America's past through living History, with the hope of providing a glimpse of what life was like during the Civil War.

Contact: Sheena Black (509) 238-2978

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



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

Recipe(s) of the Month

Pease Porridge

1 lb split peas
2 eggs
2 T butter
salt and pepper

Soak and cook split peas, drain liquid, and puree peas. Mash peas into a smooth puree. Add butter, eggs, salt and pepper. Pour into a greased bowl and cover tightly so it won't dry out. Steam for 1 hour. Place bowl on a trivet in a Dutch oven. Place 2 inches of water in the bottom of the Dutch oven, cover tightly, and bake for 20 minutes at 350F. Left-overs can be sliced and fried in butter. Traditionally served with pork or sausage.

Scalloped Corn

2 cups corn
2/3 c. milk
1 1/4 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1 slightly beaten egg
2 tbsps. butter or margarine, melted
2 c. soft bread crumbs

Mix corn, egg, milk, and seasonings. Mix crumbs and butter and place 1/4 of the mixture in the bottom of buttered dish. Add half of the corn mixture, then another 1/4 of crumbs. Repeat layers, ending with the balance of crumbs. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve hot. Serves 6.

The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

I get most of my exercise these days from shaking my head in disbelief!

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I know the voices in my
aren't real...but sometimes
their ideas are just absolutely
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September 2020
Nugget News