

Nugget News

September

2024

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

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



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RATES!**

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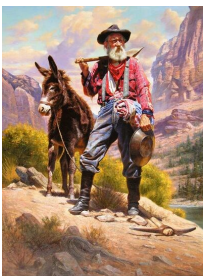
A Note From Kim Lynch

I did this years ago while driving long haul and had a layover. I knew I would need grease to cook my potatoes in, so I bought some pork sausage. While that was cooking , I peeled and sliced up the potatoes. Once the sausage was done I removed the meat leaving the grease and cooked the sliced up potatoes. When they were about as crispy as a potato chip I added the cooked sausage. Once it was all up to temp, I added chili with no beans. I let it all simmer together and had a great couple of meals. No, I never did drain any of the grease and I'm still here with good arteries and heart.

Speaking of chili, this Saturday is the last outing of the season and it is our annual chili feed potluck at 4pm in the Eagles Nest at Eagle City Park. Bring your favorite chili and/or fixins' and enjoy a wide variety of chili.

HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!

**Eagle City Park will be closed to all
non-Park members on September 16th
till the spring opening.**



The Northwest Gold Prospectors Association meets
at 7:00pm on the 2nd Thursday of each month at the
Hayden Eagles located at 1520 W Wyoming Ave, Hayden, ID 83835

Our regular outings are at Eagle City Park the weekend following the
monthly meeting from May thru September with a potluck at 4pm on Saturday.
Other outings will be announced by the President and posted in the newsletter.



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

BY A. DELANO.
NEW YORK:
MILLER, ORTON & CO.
1857.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and fifty-three, by A. DELANO,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the
Northern District of New-York.

To Colonel F. B. Morgan.

WHETHER toiling through the deep sands of the barren desert, suffering from hunger and thirst; or weary and way-worn in climbing stupendous heights of the Sierra; whether surrounded by death and desolation on the Plains, or obtaining slight repose in the new cities of the Pacific—the reminiscences of our happy, school-boy days, too often intrude on my memory, to permit me to forget my old and well-tried friend of early years. And now that the dangers are passed—when we can sit side by side in “the old arm chairs,” and trundle the hoop, or throw the ball, in fancy, and laugh over our boyish follies—these recollections of *by-gones* only cement the kindly feeling, which is rarely “of this world.”

It is only a slight testimonial of respect—indeed, were it an hundred fold greater, you would deserve it—but such as it is, my heart dedicates this little work to you. THE AUTHOR.

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

Letters to the Editor & Other fun "Stuff"

By "GoldFever Bob" Lowe



Fairground Cleanup

By Mark Cook

Well we had a great turnout for the Metal Detecting of the Arena at the 2024 Idaho State Fair.

This year was a bit different. Instead of a "post fair" event,

we had to metal detect the Arena during the Fair in between events, so there was a bit of urgency to work quickly. As it turned out we had around 35-people participate and things went very quickly and efficiently and we did a pretty good job on the "clean up". We got 23.2 lbs of metal and scrap picked up and out of the way. This was less of a haul than last year which means maybe we're putting a dent into the accumulation from over the years.

We gave away 2-gold nuggets at the end of the event and we had 1-winner from NWGPA and one winner from the Metal Detecting Club so that worked out great! The Metal Detecting Club also gave away lots of Silver Coinage so everyone was a winner!

A special thanks to Clay Soliday and the Northwest Treasure Hunters Club as we couldn't pull this off without their help. They are a super fun crowd to work with and they really know what they're doing!

Hopefully we can do this again next year, so if you missed out this year, you need to be sure and get in on the fun in 2025.



(Continued from page 1) *Life on the Plains*

Chapter 1

NINETY days previous to the 5th of April, 1849, had any one told me that I should be a traveler upon the wild wastes between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean, I should have looked upon it as an idle jest; but circumstances, which frequently govern the course of men in the journey of life, were brought to bear upon me; and on the day above named, I became a nomad denizen of the world, and a new and important era of my life began.

My constitution had suffered sad inroads by disease incident to western climate, and my physician frankly told me, that a change of residence and more bodily exertion was absolutely necessary to effect a radical change in my system—in fact, that my life depended upon such a change, and I finally concluded to adopt his advice. About this time, the astonishing accounts of the vast deposits of gold in California reached us, and besides the fever of the body, I was suddenly seized with the fever of mind for gold; and in hopes of receiving a speedy cure for the ills both of body and mind, I turned my attention "westward ho!" and immediately commenced making arrangements for my departure. A company had been formed at Dayton, a few miles above Ottawa, under the command of Captain Jesse Greene, for the purpose of crossing the plains, and I resolved to join it. Our general rendezvous was to be at St. Joseph, on the Missouri, from which we intended to take our departure. I had engaged men, purchased cattle and a wagon, and subsequently laid in my supplies for the trip, at St. Louis. My wagon I shipped by water to St. Joseph, and sent my cattle across the country about the middle of March, to meet me at the place of rendezvous, in April. All things being in readiness, on the day first named, I bid adieu to my family and to Ottawa, and proceeded to St. Louis on the steamer Revolution, and there took passage for St. Joseph on the Embassy. The companions of my mess were Messrs. J. H. Fredenburg, Matthew Harris, and Eben Smith, from Ottawa—the two last I had engaged to take across the plains, on condition of their assistance during the journey, and half they should make for one year from the time we left home—a

contract which was then common. We were joined on our trip up the river by a young man named Robert Brown, who was looking out for some opportunity of going to California, and who was proceeding to St. Joseph for this purpose.

There was a great crowd of adventurers on the Embassy. Nearly every State in the Union was represented. Every berth was full, and not only every settee and table occupied at 15 night but the cabin floor was covered by the sleeping emigrants. The decks were covered with wagons, mules, oxen, and mining implements, and the hold was filled with supplies. But this was the condition of every boat—for since the invasion of Rome by the Goths, such a deluge of mortals had not been witnessed, as was now pouring from the States to the various points of departure for the golden shores of California. Visions of sudden and immense

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Nugget News

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of the month preceding
publication month.

wealth were dancing in the imaginations of these anxious seekers of fortunes, and I must confess that I was not entirely free from such dreams; and like our sage statesmen, cogitating upon the condition of the National Treasury, with the extinguishment of the National Debt, under the administration of General Jackson, I wondered what I should do with all the money which must necessarily come into my pocket! Our first day out was spent in these pleasing reflections, and the song and the jest went round with glee—while the toil, the dangers, and the hardships, yet to come, were not thought of, for they were not yet understood. But they were understood soon enough, nous verrons. On the second day, amid the gaities of our motley crowd, a voice was heard, which at once checked the sound of mirth, and struck with alarm the stoutest heart—“the cholera is on board!” For a moment all voices were hushed—each looked in another's face in mute inquiry, expecting, perhaps, to see a victim in his neighbor. “The cholera? Gracious Heaven! How?—where? Who has got it?”—and from that moment anxiety prevailed—for who could tell that he might not become a victim? At length calmness gained the ascendancy, and excitement passed away; but the subdued tones of those who had been the most gay, attested the interest which they felt in the melancholy announcement. A young gentleman, belonging to a company 16 from Virginia, who had indulged in some imprudence in eating and drinking, while at St. Louis, was the subject of attack; and although every attention was rendered which skill and science could give, the symptoms grew worse, and he expired at ten o'clock on the morning after he was taken ill.

It was a melancholy spectacle, to see one who had left home with high hopes of success, so prematurely stricken down; and although he had no mother near him to soothe his last anguish, or weep over his distress, he was surrounded by friends who were ready and willing to yield any assistance to mitigate his pain. Indeed, there was not a man on board, whose heart did not yearn to do something for the sufferer. Preparations were made for his interment; and a little before sunset the boat was stopped, to give us, his companions, an opportunity to bury him.

It was in a gorge, between two lofty hills, where a spot was selected for his

Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

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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 \$30 to \$140 Call 208-699-8128.

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

Rugged Country Outpost. A must-stop, go to food trailer serving the best breakfasts and lunches on the Coeur d'Alene River. Located on Beaver Creek Rd a hundred yards or so from Babin's Junction. Open summers from early morning to mid-afternoon (6am to 3:00pm). Closed Tuesdays (See ad on page 9)!

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

grave. A bright green sward spread over the gentle slope, and under a cluster of trees his grave was dug by strangers. A procession was formed by all the passengers, which, with a solemnity the occasion demanded, proceeded to the grave, where an intimate friend of the deceased read the Episcopal burial service, throughout which there was a drizzling rain, yet every hat was removed, in respect to the memory of a fellow passenger, and in reverence to God. How little can we foresee our own destiny! Instead of turning up the golden sands of the Sacramento, the spade of the adventurer was first used to bury the remains of a companion and friend. A tedious passage of ten days brought us, on the 19th, to St. Joseph, where we learned that the Dayton company, which had preceded us, had left that day, with the intention of moving up the river to some other point for crossing into the Indian 17 Territory, where they would halt until the grass was sufficiently advanced to afford forage for our cattle, and which would give us ample time to overtake them before setting out from the land of civilization, on our arduous journey across the plains. I also heard that my cattle had arrived safely, and were waiting, under the charge of Henderson, about a day's journey in the country; and I dispatched Smith to notify Henderson of our arrival, and to bring them in. Our goods and wagon were soon landed, and as every public house in town was crowded by emigrants to overflowing, (having a portable cooking stove,) we slept and messed in our wagon, in one of the back streets; and up to Sunday night, all were enjoying our usual health.

About four o'clock on Monday morning, we were awakened by groans, and cries of distress, from the outside of our wagon. “Who is that?—what is the matter?” I exclaimed, starting from a sound sleep. “Who is sick?” “It must be Mr. Harris,” said Brown, “for he is not in here.” We sprang out, and indeed found poor Harris, writhing and agonized, under an attack of cholera. I immediately gave him a large dose of laudanum, the only palliative we had at hand, and dispatched a messenger for a physician. He was violently taken with the worst symptoms, but within an hour was undergoing regular treatment from a skillful physician. For about three hours he suffered intense pain, with vomiting, purging, cramps, and cold extremities, while a clammy sweat started from every pore. During the day we moved him to a more quiet and secluded spot, and his symptoms became more favorable. The evacuations and vomitings ceased, his limbs became warm, his eye brightened, and he thought, as we did, that he was better. He remained in this state about three hours, during which we con-

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tinued our exertions in rubbing him, and 18 making the applications advised by the physician, when all looked upon him as out of danger. Suddenly, and without any warning, he began to gasp for breath, and in five minutes lay a corpse before us. We could scarcely credit our senses. He, who but the night before bid as fair to live as any one of us—he, who passed the good natured jest with us, in the fullness of health and strength, now lay extended, an inanimate mass of clay, “one of the things that were.” Alas! it was too true, and our friend had “gone to that bourn, from which no traveler returns.”

We laid him out on the ground decently, and as well as our slender means would allow, and Brown and myself lay near him that night, keeping a melancholy watch by the light of our camp fire, over the remains of our companion and friend. If an honest, well-meaning man ever lived, poor Harris was one and his simple habits, and virtuous inclinations, had endeared him to us all. We dug his grave ourselves, in the morning, and with no tolling bell to mark the sad requiem, we buried him in a cluster of trees, by the side of a beautiful rivulet.

My wagon-top had received some injury when getting it on board at St. Louis, and while repairing it, after the sad duty of burying Mr. Harris, Henderson and Smith arrived with the cattle, and by Wednesday morning we were ready to pursue our journey. Brown was installed in Harris' place, and under the direction of Mr. Fredenburg the party started off to follow the track of the Dayton company, while I remained to get letters, which might be forwarded to St. Joseph by the mail of the following day. I may say here that in this we were disappointed, for no letters came, and it was ten months before we received the first word from our friends at home. While I was at work repairing my wagon, the day was very warm, and 19 being unaccustomed to labor, when night came, I went early to bed, at a house where I had obtained lodgings, exhausted by the fatigues of the last few days. Before I got to sleep, I felt strangely. Was there a change in the weather? I could not get warm. I piled on more clothes. I felt as if I was in an ice-house. Ugh! the cold chills were creeping along my back I involuntari-

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ly drew up my knees, and put my head under the bed clothes, but to no purpose—I was shivering, freezing, and then so thirsty!—I wanted a stream of ice-water running down my throat. At length I began to grow warm, warmer; then hot, hotter, hottest. I felt like a mass of living fire—a perfect engine, without the steam and smoke. There seemed to be wood enough from some source, but I poured in water till I thought my boiler would burst, without allaying the raging thirst which consumed me. At last the fever ceased, and then, indeed, the steam burst in a condensed form through the pores of my burning skin, and my body was bathed in a copious perspiration, that left me as weak as any “sucking dove.” I had had a visit from my old friends, chill and fever.

Thursday came, and I felt too ill to ride. I lay up to dry; but on Friday morning I went through another baptism of fire and water, the ceremony of which closed about noon. Determined to be with my friends if I was doomed to be sick, and as our medicines were in the wagon, I mounted the pony, Old Shabanay, which had been left for me, and although so weak that I could hardly keep my seat, I started. I soon found my strength increase in the fine air, and when I reached Savannah, a pretty town fourteen miles above St. Joseph, I felt quite well, though weak.

On Saturday morning, I made the chief part of my breakfast from blue pill, and started off in pursuit of my wagon, which I

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Gold is \$2,512.30 an ounce! This time last year it was \$1,918.40 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.***

***SORRY, yesterday was the deadline
for all complaints!***

Notice

Eagle City Park is privately owned and operated and is for the exclusive use of Eagle City Park Members and their guests and is open to all NWGPA members the weekend after the second Thursday of the month from May thru September, free of charge for day use. Overnight camping during 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) or any three days during the week, \$100 per family per week and \$300 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**

20 overtook in a ride of ten miles. Suspecting my illness, the company had driven slowly, in order to let me overtake them. On Sunday we reached English Grove, sixtyfive miles above St. Joseph, where we learned that the Dayton company had resolved to cross the Missouri at a ferry just established, called Harney's Landing, and remain on the opposite bank until it was ascertained that there was sufficient grass for the cattle, and then take an obscure route, over which only one train had passed, about four years previous, and strike the St. Joseph and Platte road at a point which it was said would put us in advance of the St. Joseph and Independence trains, at least ten days.

Feeling that it was absolutely necessary for me to lay up and nurse myself, and as there was plenty of time to overtake the train, while the boys went on with the wagon, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Van Leuvin and family, to whom I am much indebted for the kindness which a sick man requires, and went resolutely into "drugs and medicines."

On the 2d day of May, feeling that I could "throw physic to the dogs," I took leave of my kind host, and again mounting Old Shab, I rode to the ferry, where I learned that the company had started that day, determined to go on as far as the grass would allow the cattle to be driven.

After dinner, dropping a few words to my friends by the last regular mail, I crossed the river, which is, perhaps, a third of a mile in width, and stood, for the first time, in the Indian country.

The camp of the company had been about a mile and a half below the ferry, on the bottom, but I found it vacated when I reached it, though the trail of their wagons was plainly to be seen, leading up the high bluff, which runs parallel with the river, 21 and I turned my pony's head towards the Platte. Ascending a long hill, I found the land sparsely covered with timber, and much broken, as far as the eye could see among the trees; but the road marked by our train was on an easy ridge, which led beyond the broken ground into the interior.

The timber continued four or five miles, when it ceased, and the eye rested on a broad expanse of rolling prairie, till the heavens and earth seemed to meet, on one vast carpet of green. In vain did the eye endeavor to catch a glimpse of some farmhouse, some cultivated field, some herd of cattle, cropping the luxuriant grass in the distance; yet no sign of civilization met the eye. All was still and lonely, and I had an overwhelming feeling of wonder and surprise at the vastness and silence of the panorama. It seemed as if the sight of an Indian would have given relief, but not one appeared, and on, on I rode, without seeing a sign of life, and with none but my own thoughts to commune with.

A little before night-fall, on rising a hill, I came suddenly in sight of the encampment of our company, consisting of seventeen wagons and fifty men, all of whom were from the neighborhood of Ottawa. They were encamped in a hollow, near a fine spring, and putting Old Shab to his best gait, in three minutes I stood among my friends, with a glorious appetite to partake of their savory supper of bacon, bread and coffee. They had made about fifteen miles. Soon after my arrival, all hands were summoned, by the blast of the bugle, for the purpose of adopting general rules for mutual safety in traveling and also to detail a guard for the night.

My own mess was now composed of Messrs. J. H. Fredenburg, Benjamin K. Thorne, Robert Brown, Hazel Henderson, John Morrell, Eben Smith, and myself. It was the intention 22 of our company to keep the dividing ridge between the Great and Little Namaha, to a certain point which had been marked out, and then strike off to the St. Joseph road, which we had been assured we could reach in about eight days, and we relied much on following the trail of the train which had passed over the ground four years before, and which here was plainly perceptible.

Our guards being posted, we all turned into our tents, and fatigue and the novelty of our situation were soon forgotten in the arms of the god of sleep.

CHAPTER II

MAY 3, 1849

OUR company was well arranged and provided for the great journey before us. Every wagon was numbered, and our captain, with the concurrence of the members of the company, directed that each wagon should in turn take the lead for one day, and then, falling in the rear, give place to the succeeding number, and so on, alternately, till the whole seventeen advanced in turn. Every mess was provided with a portable light cooking stove, which, though not absolutely necessary, was often found convenient, on account of the scarcity of fuel; each man was well armed with a rifle, pistol, and knife, with an abundant supply of ammunition, and each mess had a good and substantial tent. Each wagon was drawn by from three to six yoke of 24 good cattle; and it was agreed that they should be prudently driven, for we could well anticipate the helplessness of our condition, should our cattle give out on the plains, where they could not be duplicated. To prevent their being stolen by the Indians, or straying at night, a watch was set while they were feeding; and at dark they were driven in and tied to the wagons, where they were constantly under the supervision of the night guard; and it is owing to this watchfulness and care, that we lost none by Indians throughout the trip.

Before sunrise the cattle were driven out to graze, and all hands were astir, and some engaged in that business of life, cooking breakfast. The wagons formed a circle, outside of which the tents were pitched, so that had thieves been disposed to get at our valuables, they would have been compelled to pass into the inner circle, under the eyes of the guard; and in case of an attack, the wagons would form a barricade. Anticipating a scarcity of fuel, the company, on leaving the timber of the Missouri, had thrown wood enough on the wagons to serve two days for cooking, and now before each one the smoke gracefully curled, in active preparation for wooding up the engine of life. Brown was installed cook, the other boys agreeing to perform his duty as night-watch. Henderson drove our cattle, and Smith made himself generally useful, in collecting fuel, pitching and striking the tent—in fact, all had their respective duties to perform. About nine o'clock the camp was broken up, the tents put into the wagons, the cattle driven in and yoked, and our second day on the plains commenced.

The country was rolling prairie; with the little Namaha on the right, four or five miles distant, and no timber in sight, except on the banks of the stream. Our route was traced mainly by marking the course of the hollows and little streams which 25 diverged to the right or left keeping such ridges as appeared to divide the waters which flowed into the Great or Little Namaha. Old Mr. Greene, the father of our worthy captain, from his experience in traversing the western prairies, acted as our chief pioneer, and he was rarely at fault, although, at times, it was extremely difficult to

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determine the true ridge, from the evenness of the ground and the win lings of the hollows. About ten o'clock I had walked in advance of the train about a mile, and was a little behind Mr. Greene, who was accompanied by Mr. Fredenburg, on the pony, when suddenly two strangers came in sight upon an eminence, having three mules and ponies. On seeing us, they halted and gazed for a few moments, and then took a direction as if to cut off a circuitous bend, which our train was making, without approaching us. Messrs. Greene and Fredenburgh, desiring to make some inquiries, galloped across the plain and intercepted them.

These men told them that they belonged to a company of an hundred wagons, which had started out from Old Fort Kearny two weeks before, and had gone about forty miles on the plains, when the grass failed, and the company were compelled to stop, and that they were then returning to the settlements for some additional supplies. After getting some directions, the parties separated, each continuing their several routes.

About two hours afterwards we were met by two white men and an Indian, who were in pursuit of these men. It appeared that the two men belonged to no company of emigrants, and their story of the hundred wagons was a sheer fabrication. They had stolen their animals from an Illinois company, at Fort Kearny, and were making their escape. Their pursuers, suspecting the Indian to be accessory to the theft, forced him to go 26 with them in pursuit. At night the two men returned to our camp, having overtaken the thieves, who, on seeing that they were pursued, jumped from their animals, and made their escape in the timber on the bank of the creek. When they were running off, the Indian asked permission of his companions to mount a fine pony for the purpose of intercepting the rogues. One of them dismounting from his recovered animal, the Indian mounted, and set off in pursuit at a round gallop, and soon disappeared behind a hill. After waiting some time for his reappearance, they chanced to look in another direction, and saw the outline of the Indian, making off with their pony, a new saddle, and an overcoat which had remained on the saddle. It was now too late to think of overtaking the red runaway, and they had to submit to their loss with the best grace they could, cursing their own credulity, but giving the Indian credit for his ingenuity.

Our course through the day was a little north of west, over a beautiful prairie. The ground was generally ascending, with an abundance of grass and water, and our cattle looked well. As the sky portended rain, we encamped about four o'clock in the afternoon, and made preparations accordingly. Trenches were dug around the tents to allow the water to run off, and about night-fall the sky was overcast with black clouds. The wind blew a gale, and the thunder and lightning was terrific. Peal after peal rolled along, as if heaven's artillery were doing battle, and soon its floodgates were opened upon us in a perfect deluge. I never saw it rain harder, yet we found our tents a perfect protection, and we slept on our buffalo-skin couches with as much composure, as if we had had a tiled roof over our heads. Distance sixteen miles.

MAY 4

The rain made the roads heavy this morning, but we were moving at our usual hour, over a charming, undulating country, without a tree or shrub in sight only along the streams at a distance, and whose dark verdure along the Little Namaha, in a measure indicated our general course. Once we were at fault. The old trail had become obliterated, and we pursued what we thought was the dividing ridge, till we were suddenly brought up at a bluff which formed a point on the banks of the Little Namaha. Before

the train came up, we sent messengers back to turn its direction, while I jumped on a mule, and followed a small tributary a mile and a half to its source, where I found the old trail, and the dividing ridge only a few rods wide. We encamped near the tributary, where there was good grass and excellent water, after a drive of fourteen miles, and were merry over our coarse fare, laughing at the mistake of the day.

MAY 5

We found this morning on driving up our cattle, that one of Mr. Greene's oxen had become too sore to travel; he was therefore turned loose, and a cow yoked in his place, which proved to answer the purpose exceedingly well. The road was still heavy, and our train moved slowly, while the wind, which blew a gale every day, retarded our progress with our high canvas-covered wagons. It was found to be a fault in having the tops of our wagons too large, for the force of the wind against them made the labor much harder on our cattle, and we resolved to stop at the first convenient place and reduce their dimensions, as well as to overhaul our provisions. We discovered that we had been imposed upon in St. Louis in the 28 purchase of our bacon, for it began to exhibit more signs of life than we had bargained for. It became necessary to scrape and smoke it, in order to get rid of its tendency to walk in insect form.

To be continued.....

Treasurers Report August 2024

Balance Forward	\$17,714.34
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Income:

Interest: Checking Account	\$0.76
Club Memberships:	\$655.00
Life Flight Memberships:	\$825.00
Raffles:	\$125.00
Merchandise Sales:	\$50.00
Total income	\$1,655.76

Disbursements:

USPS: Postage	\$1.92
Harbor Freight: Raffle Items	\$74.43
MinutePress: Newsletter	\$264.19
BLM: Claim Fees	\$4,400.00
Eagles #4080: August Rent	\$80.00
Consumer Cellular: Phone Bill	\$20.17
Parking Fees: Metal Detecting	\$21.00
Membership Refund: Bradley Pocock	\$10.00
Raffle Paydirt Purchase: Elk Creek Gold	\$100.00
Square: Credit Card Fees	\$13.60
Total Disbursements:	\$4,985.31

Summary:

Balance Forward:	\$17,714.34
Income:	\$1,655.76
Disbursements:	\$4,985.31
Ending Balance:	\$14,384.79

Submitted by Mark Cook



Some tools of a Prospector!

Memberships for Sale at Eagle City Park
Lot 5 - Jeremy Kramer - 208-676-6395

Refreshment List

<i>Heather Barber</i> 208-659-5553	<i>September 12th</i> <i>Diane McCarroll</i> 208-262-6477	
<i>Donni Moen</i> 208-512-1208	<i>October 10th</i> <i>Steve Goodman</i>	
<i>Thomas Szczeszinski</i> 562-447-5044	<i>November 14th</i> <i>Art Groeneweg</i> 206-595-6182	Bob Grammer
<i>Bill Izzard</i> 206-510-4111	<i>December 12th</i> <i>Mary Lowe</i> 208-651-8318	

We would like get at least two (2), (three would be great) volunteers to signup to bring goodies to each meeting for the group to enjoy during our breaks. Please put your name down at the meetings for the date(s) you would like to signup for. If you find that you can't make it to the meeting you signed up for, please call one of the other volunteers for your week to make arrangements.

Thanks for your help!

IT'S A DATE

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

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

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

Club Officers

2024

President:
Rotating
By Board of Directors

Vice President:
Bryan McKeehan
509-999-8710
doorguybryan@hotmail.com

Secretary:
Jacqueline Schneider
208-964-0942
jacqueline.alsakka@gmail.com

Treasurer:
Mark Cook
208-755-8853
mark2697301@gmail.com

Sergeant of Arms:

Club Merchandise:
Bob Grammer
208-755-1919

Directors:
Bob Grammer (1yr Oct 2021)
208-755-1919

Bob Lowe (1yr Jan 2021)
208-699-8128
bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Bryan McKeehan (3yr Jan 2020)
509-999-8710
doorguybryan@hotmail.com

Mark Cook (3yr Jan 2020)
208-755-8853
mark2697301@gmail.com

Bill Izzard (2yr Jan 2022)
206-510-4111
bluefrontside@hotmail.com

Wayne McCarroll
208-262-6837
mccarroll2297@roadrunner.com

Communication and Newsletter:
Bob Lowe
208-699-8128
bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Membership:
Mary Lowe
208-651-8318
mary@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Claims & Gold Show Chairman:
Mark Cook

Activities: Open

Nomination: Open

Law and Regulations: Wayne McCarroll

Legislation Liaison:

Internet Website: Bill Izzard

Programs: Open

Financial Audit: Open

Note: If you would like to become an officer of the Association or a member of any of our committees, please contact one of the board members above. A club or association is only as good as those who volunteer their talent and time!

Field Guide to Recreational Prospecting in Montana

55 detailed maps
local advice
regulations
89 pages
\$14.95

Gold Panners' Guide to Idaho

by **Tom Bohmker**

80 detailed maps
useful information
geology of gold deposits
big nuggets
\$35.00

www.goldpannersguide.com

Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895

Or from Gold Fever Mining Supply at Eagle City Park

For Sale

GOLD CLAIMS on Pony Gulch
Nickle #1 & Nickle #2 ** \$1,600 EACH OBO
Keith & Julene Baxter (208) 755-1277

GOLD CLAIM
Near Murray, Idaho
Call Rich @ 208-682-9391

Recipe of the Month

FRESH APPLE CAKE

1 cup vegetable oil
2 cups sugar
3 eggs
3 cups flour
1 tsp baking soda
2 tsp vanilla extract
1 cup chopped pecans (optional)
3 cups peeled and chopped apples

Preheat oven to 350°. Grease a 9X13 pan. Combine oil, sugar and eggs. Stir in flour and baking soda. Add Vanilla, pecans and apples. Spread in prepared pan and bake for 45 to 50 minutes. Cool for 2 hours then prepare the frosting.

FROSTING

1/2 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar, packed
1/4 cup evaporated milk
1/2 tsp vanilla

Boil all ingredients in a small saucepan for 2 minutes. Set pan in a bowl filled with ice water. Beat icing until it is of spreading consistency. Spread over top of cake. Cut and enjoy!

NOTICE

A group of us are planning a two week trip to Alaska Gold & Resort on Anvil Creek outside of Nome, Alaska in July 2025. We settled on the last week of July and the first week of August in 2025 and have Reserved those dates, so let us know ASAP if you want to join us as we should fill up fast.

I will be a great time for you and your spouse. If interested, contact Bob Lowe @ 208-699-8128 or bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com.

There are only 20 spots available, so reserve your spot NOW! For info on the Alaska Gold Resort, see www.akaugold.com

LifeFlight Renewal Time

It's that time of the year for renewing your LifeFlight Membership! If you are just renewing with no changes in status or contact info, just send a check for \$75 made payable to NWGP or by credit card online (club website) or at the meeting.
(we have to send one check to LifeFlight).

You will need to fill out an application if there are changes or you are a new member. New members can join at the meetings or download the application at <https://nwgoldprospectors.org>

The Deadline is September 20th, 2024! Don't be LATE! As always, any late Applications after that date will have to contact LifeFlight directly and will not receive our club discount.
YOU MUST BE A NWGPA MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS GROUP RATE!

Important!

If you have any digital photos of any prospecting / mining activities, outings, meetings, wildlife, etc., that you would be willing to share, please email or send copies of them to me to be included in a digital photo slideshow.

Also, I would be interested in getting future photos covering the same topics as above. Slideshows are a great draw at meetings and gold shows. Also, I can use them in the Nugget News.

Send to: bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Thanks.....Bob

**Tony & Suzanne Bamonte's book
"The Coeur d'Alene Gold Rush and its Last Legacy"
will be available at the meetings and at Eagle City Park
for \$45.**

See Mary or Bob Lowe to purchase one.

2024 Club Calendar

September 12th
September 14th & 15th
September 16th
October 10th
November 14th
December 12th
December 15th

Meeting
Last Outing of the Year - Chili Feed Potluck
Eagle City Park Closes for the Season
Meeting
Meeting
Meeting
Christmas Potluck

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

CLYDE'S MINI-SLUICES & MILLER TABLES

THE MOST ECONOMICAL & EFFICIENT PROSPECTING TOOLS ON THE MARKET

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Video Review

https://youtu.be/1NH_5CmIMCA?si=osDdi5jd2d7i2UO

Wanted!

*Old leather belts,
any condition*

**Bob Lowe
208-699-8128
or bring to meetings**

Share With Your Friends
Eagle City Park Video at:
<http://youtu.be/0lzZnkOJaVk>

Reminders

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

Looking for volunteers who would like to participate in the operation of the NWGPA to contact one of the current board members. We could sure use some fresh ideas and leadership help. There are couple of us who have been participating since the Club began 27 years ago. Please step up and volunteer! The Club needs you!

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

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

Editor's Note

We are always looking for stories to fill our pages. Please take a minute to jot down a story (fact or fiction) and send it into me.

Tell us about your experiences, plans or ideas. Letters to the editor, pictures, jokes (clean, of course), car-toons and ads are all welcome.

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

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

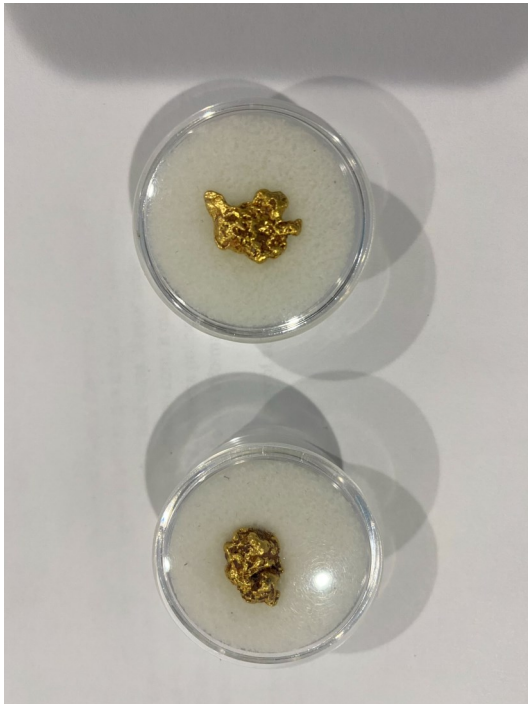
Be sure to order the "Big Bob"!

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

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Fairgrounds Cleanup**

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**GoldFever Mining Supply
208-699-8128**

(see video at <https://youtu.be/lcSb1maktAg>)

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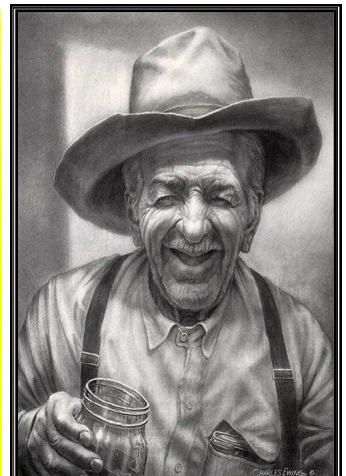
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deeply. Speak kindly.
Leave the rest to God.**

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509-999-0692 208-660-4852

The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**Research has shown the laughing
for 2 minutes is just as healthy as a
20 minute jog. So now I sit in the
Park and laugh at all the joggers!**

For Sale

GOLD CLAIMS on Pony Gulch

Nickle #1 \$1,600 OBO

Nickle #2 \$1,600 OBO

Keith & Julene Baxter

PO Box 336

Smelterville, ID 83868

(208) 755-1277

Attention All Members

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

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

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

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

Wyoming Mines, Inc.
15101 S Cheney-Spokane Rd
Cheney, WA 99004
509-235-4955
Jim Ebisch—jimmycrackcore@yahoo.com
wyomines.com



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

