

Nugget News

September / October

2026

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

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



NEW RATES!

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Annual Christmas Potluck & Food / Personal Hygiene Drive December 13th, 2026

This year we are again collecting non-perishable food, clothing and personal hygiene items (combs, toothbrushes, toothpaste, floss, deodorant, etc.) to donate to the **Morning Star Boys Ranch**.

Last year the socks and underwear were greatly appreciated as was the food. These are teenage boys and as most of you know, a teenager can eat a lot of food. We understand that a few young girls are also there.

We are also taking donations for the **Oasis Women's Shelter**. Items such as clothes and personal hygiene products are in great demand. They will also accept your used cell phones, working or not.

Bring your donations to the meetings and get a special drawing ticket for each item you bring. Tickets will be drawn for prizes at our Annual Christmas Potluck held at the Hayden Eagles on Sunday, December 13th from 1pm to 5pm. (Setup at noon). The club and/or volunteers will furnish ham, turkey, beverages and table service. Bring a dish or two to share.

We will hold a White Elephant Gift Exchange after we eat and have lots of FUN for the whole family.

Rules for the White Elephant Gift Exchange are as follows: If you and you family want to participate, bring a wrapped gift for each person in your family. Mark them as male, female or unisex for each adult and for each child, under 18 years of age, mark theirs as child.

Those who join in the exchange will be given a ticket for their gift. A ticket will be chosen and the number will be called out and the first person holding that ticket will chose a gift and unwrap it. The person holding the next number called will be able to chose from the pile of gifts still available or steal the gift or one of the gifts already opened. If a person's gift is stolen, he or she can steal another opened gift or chose one from the pile. The third person holding the gift is safe from having their gift stolen as it becomes out of play.

Children **MUST** chose a child's gift and can only steal a child's gift. After the last person's number is called, the first person whose number was called has the option to keep their gift or chose any gift still in play.

Mark your calendar & bring your donations to the next 3 meetings or the potluck!

"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

For intelligence, they are far behind the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, but although they are affectionate and kind to each other, as is the custom among all civilized tribes, their women are held to be inferior to the males, and are reduced to unmitigated slavery. The men are idle vagabonds, and spend most of their time in lounging; occasionally shooting birds and small game, or spearing fish, and, as it seemed to me, more for amusement than from any desire to be useful to their families. While thus engaged, the women were almost constantly occupied, either in gathering nuts, seeds or wood; cooking, pounding acorns, weaving blankets, or in some way providing for the comfort of their lords. I have often seen a woman staggering under a heavy load, attended by her husband, who never offered to relieve her. Yet this is not always the case, for on a long march, and when human endurance is not sufficient to stand longer under the burthen, an Indian will take the load on his own back, and relieve his squaw for awhile. And yet these very men can be employed by whites, and will carry, frequently, over an hundred pounds on their backs, with the package fastened by a strap, which passes across their foreheads, and in this way will climb long and steep mountains with apparent ease, when a white man would tire at once.

Their chief aim seemed to be to get enough to eat. Usually,

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A wise woman can predict the future because she creates it!

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 5pm on Saturday. Other outings will be announced by the President and posted in the newsletter.



Letters to the Editor & Other fun "Stuff"

By "GoldFever Bob" Lowe



Well, we had another successful Metal Detecting Event at the North Idaho Fair this year. We had a record 46-participants show up to detect and clean metal trash from the Arena directly following the "Demolition

Derby". A **BIG** thanks to the Northwest Treasure Hunters Club for helping us out once again. They are a great group!

Collectively, we removed 37.2 lbs of material, so that is a really big haul and everyone was glad to get it done before the Rodeo. At the conclusion we gave away a 1.4 gram and a 1.8 gram Gold Nugget along with Silver Coinage given away courtesy of the Metal Detecting Club so everyone went home with something. Nugget winners were Duncan Long (1.4) gram, and another Metal Detecting Club member who got away before I got his name. (1.8 gram). Congrats to those guys!

This is a fun event, and we hope to help out at the Fairgrounds next year if asked.



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(Continued from page 1) Life on the Plains

about nine o'clock in the morning, half the squaws in the village, attended by the young girls who were old enough to work, and one or two men, to act as a kind of body-guard, start out with their baskets hanging on their heads, by a strap from their foreheads, to gather seeds, nuts, or anything to support their miserable existence. They are usually thus employed till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, when they return to cook and prepare acorn flour. Weaving baskets occupies the rest of their time till nearly sundown, when there is a general suspension of labor, the evening being generally spent in sitting around fires in groups, talking and laughing, or on moonlight nights in dancing. Sometimes they procured enough to last two or three days, and then a large number of the women have but little to do, and are at liberty to be idle; but this does not very often occur. The men and women never eat together, and each congregate by themselves. Even around their fires at night, it rarely happens that the males sit in the same circle with the females. Sometimes men will be standing around, and now and then condescend to laugh and joke a little, but it is not common, and as a general thing they seem to prefer the society of their kind, rather than mix in social chat as we do. Even little boys and girls do not play together, and the latter are brought up to yield obedience to the former from childhood. Frequently a bevy of little girls would come to my store, and though timid and shy, liked the *kietha* and *loopa* (bread and sugar) of the *Americano*, when, if the boys came, they would all retire at once; and I have seen a dozen women retire in the same way, at the approach of a single man of their tribe. Yet there seemed nothing like jealousy in the men, for I often sat down in the circle with the women while they were standing around, and such little familiarity seemed to give pleasure rather than annoy them. I recollect sitting thus one beautiful evening, when they were endeavoring to learn me to pronounce their words, and laughing immoderately at my uncouth mistakes, when a young man approached, and looking at me, said something good-naturedly, and then gazing around, he saw one of the best looking squaws, full of frolic, at the farther side of the circle. He ap-

proached, seized her, and dragging her along, placed her in my lap, saying that she was my sweetheart. There were several Indians standing near, and among them the husband of the squaw. The men and women set up a joyous shout of laughter, and passed several jokes, which seemed to mortify the poor squaw, and she soon returned to her former seat. All seemed affectionate and kind to each other, and readily shared a tit-bit. When laying out my plot, I employed a young Indian to carry stakes. At dinner I gave him an ample plateful, when two other Indians came along, and sat down without ceremony, and shared his meal as readily as if it had been their own. For the purpose of trying two boys who came into my store, I would give one of them a single cracker, when he would invariably break it in two and give half to his companion. I could never learn much about their ideas of a Supreme Being. That they

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have some ideas of a Spirit superior to themselves, is certain; for at times they have peculiar dances in honor of the moon, and a superstitious reverence for their dead. At intervals, as often as once a year, they have large bonfires, and spend the night in wailings, and sometimes in peculiar dances and ceremonies, not only to lament for their departed friends, but to propitiate a good Being in their behalf. Different tribes have peculiar customs, but this seems to be universal, both among the mountain and valley Indians. The valley Indians usually bury, while those of the mountains burn their dead. I was one day talking with the war chief who belonged to the upper village, (who, by the way was a frank, open-hearted, generous fellow, and intelligent beyond his people,) when near my own village I observed a small rail enclosure, like that around graves in some of our pioneer settlements. I asked him what it was. We had been talking together gaily, but the moment I propounded the question his whole manner changed to sadness, and sinking his voice to a whisper, he said it was bad, very bad. I told him I would go and see what it was—that I did not think it could be bad. “No, no,” he continued, “do not go; it is bad,” and stooping down, he scraped a little hole in the ground, putting a chip in it, carefully covered it with dirt, and pointing expressively to the enclosure, made me understand that one was buried there. Of course I respected his feelings, and did not visit it.

I attended the burial of a young man who died at the upper village. The body was bent into a sitting posture, and closely wound with cord, so as to form a kind of ball, after which some squaws dug a pit about four feet deep, and ten feet in front of the father's door. The corpse was then put therein in a sitting posture; two squaws got in, and while the dirt was being thrown in, they trod it down hard around the body, till the hole was nearly filled to the surface, when they retired. Up to this time not a tear was shed, nor a lamentation uttered; but when the ceremony was completed, the old man took a little broom and commenced sweeping the ground over the grave, and in front of his house, till a large space was cleaned, accompanying his labor by a long and loud wail, which at regular intervals was responded to by the women and children in the house, while the tears streamed down his face as if his heart was nearly broken. Their

Stop at the **Sprag Pole Sports Bar & Museum in Murray, ID** for Great Food & Good Times a look at the history of the gold rush days in the Murray, Prichard and Eagle City area. See how people lived and worked all those years ago.

G & G River Stop at the “Y” in Prichard, ID. Your one-stop-shop for all your forgotten 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, they also serve breakfast on weekends during the summer months and hunting season. Taco Tuesday's are a must. Check out the great many pictures hanging on the walls.

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. 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”**

lamentation was continued nearly all night long, and at intervals for several days, until they gradually ceased, and the burial rites were concluded.

Captain Yates told me an affecting anecdote of a mountain Indian, which strongly illustrates their affection and never-dying love for the memory of their friends. A few years since Mr Johnson, late proprietor of the ranch which bears his name, at the foot of the hills on Bear River, brought up an Indian boy and girl from childhood. They were educated as well as the circumstances of the country would permit, and while the girl was instructed in the domestic arts, the boy was taught the science of agriculture. Both were trusty and faithful, and Mr. Johnson became much attached to them. In process of time they grew up, and the boy wanted a wife. Mr. Johnson proposed to him to marry the girl, which being perfectly in unison with their feelings, their marriage was celebrated with the usual rejoicing, and they lived together in the utmost harmony. In a year or two the boy was taken sick and died. Mr. Johnson, to testify his regard for his adopted children, desired to have a somewhat expensive funeral. Numerous guests were invited, and he gave his Indian relatives new clothes, and purchased a new hat for each, for which he paid eighteen dollars a piece, in order that they might make a decent appearance at the ceremony. Mr. Johnson intended to bury the body in a beautiful spot on his farm. But the poor girl begged him to let her lay her beloved husband beside the bones of her fathers in the hills. Of course he at once consented, and when all was ready, he set out, accompanied by his guests and retainers, to escort the body to the mountains. They were met by the rude mountaineers, with every demonstration of sorrow, who placed the body on a pile and set fire to it. As it was consuming, the Indians began to dance around it with a slow and measured tread, accompanied with songs of lamentation, each casting into the flames some precious offering, while the widow stripped herself completely of her civilized garments, and threw them into the fire, and Mr. Johnson's domestics each pulled off his hat and cast it into the burning pile of his deceased fellow and friend. When all was consumed, the Indians gathered up the ashes in their hands, and scattered them to the winds.

After the ceremony was concluded, Mr. Johnson told the young widow that her mule was ready, and they would return, but she refused to go. “My husband, my heart, is dead; I will stay in the mountains with him; I will watch his ashes on the hills, and his spirit shall be with me. I am an Indian now. I love you, my father, but I will go no

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more to the valley. I will be an Indian till I die.”

It was in vain that she was promised new clothes, a life of ease and comfort, and the wants and miseries of a savage life exhibited to her. She would not go. “Her heart was here now. His bones were with her father's. Hers should be with his;” and no entreaty could prevail on her to change her determination. She assumed the usual grass apron worn by the squaws, and remains with them now.

Their language does not consist of as great variety of words as our own; they are comparatively few and simple, yet sufficiently expressive, and, like those of Indian tribes in general, they use some metaphor in a lengthened address. Of course, they have no terms of their own for things to which they are not accustomed; for instance, in articles of dress—they use the Spanish words for hat, coat, shirt, shoes, &c. I append a few of their common words, giving the sound by letters as near as possible:

ENGLISH	INDIAN
Bread,	Ki-eth-ta.
Acorn bread,	Mah-tee.
Acorn or wh't flour,	Hi-de-e-nah.
Wood,	Charp.
Fish,	Mocco.
Salmon,	Mi-ee-mh.
Hair,	Oleem.
Ground,	Cowepe.
Work,	Tow-wal-te.
House,	Koom-ballum.
Man,	Wah-nah-mah.
Woman,	Maam.
Boy,	Yah-mush-tim.
Girl,	Cola.
Captain,	Hoko'm.
Come here,	Upeah.
Go away,	Wanok.
Good,	To-pe.

Although there seems to be a general language, by which many of the valley tribes can communicate with each other, and even

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with the mountain Indians; yet the provincial dialects are so different, that those separated only fifteen or twenty miles seem to speak almost an entirely different language, and the examples which I have quoted above might not be understood by tribes twenty miles distant.

The Indians of California are more swarthy in complexion, and of smaller stature than those east of the Rocky Mountains; and although they may be placed in situations where they will fight bravely, they are less bold, and more cowardly in the main, than those on the great plains west of the Missouri; while they are more gentle in their natures, and become willing slaves to those who will feed and clothe them, if they are not overworked. They have more of the Asiatic cast of countenance than the eastern tribes, and are easily controlled if properly managed. Strict justice, and a uniform but firm and gentle behavior, will conciliate them, and gain their good will and respect. The mountain and valley tribes are in perpetual warfare, and rarely venture into each other's possessions, unless in considerable force, or by stealth.

Their staple article of food is acorns. These they gather in the proper season in large quantities, which constitute their principal supply of winter provisions. Before each house cribs are built, which will hold from thirty to fifty bushels each, and these are filled by the industrious squaws. None are thrown away from being worm eaten or mouldy, but good and bad are

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Gold is \$4,141.80 an ounce! This time last year it was \$3,842.61 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.***

Wanted - Placer claim in Murray area. Would be interested in lease, purchase or even pay per day of use arrangement.

Also open to purchase of real estate with mineral rights.

Bruce King 208 691 4516

Bruceking.lakewood@gmail.com

Notice

Eagle City Park is privately owned and operated and is for the exclusive use of Eagle City Park Members and their guests and is open to all NWGPA members the weekend after the second Thursday of the month from May thru September, free of charge for DAY USE. Overnight camping during outing weekend is \$30 per family for the whole weekend (Friday thru Sunday).

Potluck picnic is at 5pm on the Saturdays of outing weekends.

You are welcome to come and prospect and / or camp at other times. The fees are \$10 per family per hour, \$30 per family per day, \$40 per family per night, \$50 per family per weekend (Friday thru Sunday) or any three days during the week, \$150 per family per week and \$400 per family per month.

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

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**

pounded up together, in holes worked in rocks, having a long, round stone for a pestle. The flour, if it may be so called, is put into a place scooped out of the sand, and wet with water and formed into a kind of paste, frequently mixed with the pulp of clover, or with wild berries, and then dried in the sun, or baked in hot ashes.

Were it not for their abominable filth in preparing it, this kind of bread would be very palatable. In addition to their acorn bread, they gather several kinds of grass seeds, one of which resembles mustard seed in its outward appearance, but on being pounded, is converted into a coarse, white flour, agreeable to the taste. Fish, birds and insects are also used, being baked on hot stones covered with earth; and their fastidiousness does not prompt them to take the entrails out. Everything which can be eaten is saved. I have frequently seen them eat handfuls of fresh clover. I was one day sauntering along through the village, when I discovered a new dish, which appeared to be some kind of nut, nicely browned. I took one in my fingers, and was about conveying it to my mouth, when I recognized it as the chrysalis of a caterpillar. I dropped it with some signs of disgust, when an Indian exclaimed, "*To-pe, to-pe,*" and to convince me that it was good, he ate a handful before my face. I replied that it might be good for an Indian, but it was not for an "Americano."

Their habits are filthy—frequently in the extreme. I have seen them eating the vermin which they picked from each other's heads, and from their blankets. Although they bathe frequently, they lay for hours in the dirt, basking in the sun, covered with dust. They generally wear their hair short, and their mode of cutting it is somewhat primitive. They either burn it off with ignited sticks, or turn it over a piece of wood and *saw it off with a clam shell!*

They manufacture but few articles, and in these they exhibit considerable ingenuity. Their baskets, made of willows, are perfectly water-tight, and are of the different sizes that may be required. Their bows are of cedar, about thirty inches long, covered on the outer side with deer sinew, and will throw an arrow with amazing force. The arrows are a species of reed, pointed with flint, or volcanic glass, and are made in two parts. When it enters the body, the short piece, containing the point, is left in the wound, from which it is impossible to extract it, thus leaving it to fester and rankle till it produces death. Their spears are pointed with bone, with which they are very expert in striking salmon. A line is attached to the spear, and after striking the fish they gradually draw him in as he becomes exhausted by his struggles. Their houses in form resemble pits made for burning charcoal. An excavation is made in the ground, a frame work is set up, tied together with raw hide; this is covered with small pieces of wood and brush, and then covered with earth a foot or more deep. A hole is left at the top by which smoke escapes. The door is simply a hole, about two feet square, into which they crawl on their hands and knees. A net work of small poles and willows is made overhead, which serves them for beds. Some of these houses are quite capacious—and are cool in summer and warm in winter, but dark, dingy with smoke, and abounding with vermin.

The form of marriage among the Oleepas resembles, in some respects, that of the Tartars. When a young man has fixed his affections on a girl, he makes a proposal to the

parents, and with their consent, which is easily obtained, she goes out and hides. The lover then sets out in search, and if he finds her twice out of three times, she is his without farther ceremony. But if he fails he is on probation for about three weeks, when he is allowed to make another trial, when, if he does not succeed, the matter is final. The simple result is, that if the girl likes him, she hides where she is easily found, but if she disapproves of the match, a dozen Indians cannot find her.

Their government is patriarchal. There is a civil chief, who has control of the affairs in the village in time of peace, and a war chief, who takes command of war parties. To these the Indians yield obedience, as a son to his father, and the authority exercised is more that of love than of terror. I never saw their commands disputed, not their authority unduly exercised; and it was more like one large family of dutiful sons and daughters, having but one general interest in common, than that of many families, with conflicting tastes and interests.

Unless they have been brought into contact with the whites, where articles of dress can be procured, the Indians of California wear no clothes. The men go entirely naked; but the women, with intuitive modesty, wear a small, narrow, grass apron, which extends from the waist to the knees, leaving their bodies and limbs partially exposed. Still they adopt the American dress when they can get it, and in or near the settlements it is a common thing to see the men and women with simply a shirt on. Some, who have had better luck, are arrayed in pantaloons, with or without the shirt; and sometimes a coat, or vest, without either shirt, pants, or hat—making a more grotesque appearance than in their native nakedness.

They are most inveterate gamblers, and frequently play away every article of value they possess; but beads are their staple gambling currency. They have two or three games; one of which is with small sticks, held in the hand, which being suddenly opened, some roll on the fingers, when the opposite player guesses at a glance their number. If he guesses right, he wins, if wrong, pays the forfeit. Another is with two small pieces of bone, one of which is hollow. These they roll in a handful of grass, and tossing them in the air several times, accompanied with a monotonous chant, they suddenly pull the ball of grass in two with the hands, and the antagonist guesses which hand the hollow bone is in. They have small sticks for counters, and as they win, or loose, a stick is passed from one to the other, till the close of the game, when he who has the most sticks is the winner. They will sometimes play all day long, stopping only to eat. I gave the chief a shirt and pantaloons, with which he was delighted. About an hour after, I saw him strutting about entirely naked, and asking him where his clothes were, he replied, with perfect coolness—"Oh, another man got'em. I lost'em gambling;" and my shirt and pants were actually worn by three different Indians the same day!

CHAPTER XXI

The Indians of California are regarded as being treacherous, revengeful, and dishonest. This may be so to a certain extent, when judged by the customs and laws of civilization; but it should be qualified by the fact that they are governed by their own sense of propriety and justice, and are probably less likely to break the laws which they recognize as right, than are the whites to break theirs. Living in a state of nature, surrounded continually by enemies, emphatically the children of Esau—"their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them"—they are taught from necessity to be watchful and wary, and to look upon all men as enemies whom they do not know to be friends. Being in a state of perpetual warfare, they hold it to be a virtue to steal from those

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with whom they are not in alliance, and to avenge an insult upon those whom they do not regard as friends. They do not steal from their own people, and during my residence with the Oleepas, I never saw a quarrel; and I firmly believe that nine-tenths of the troubles between the whites and Indians, can be traced to imprudence in the former, in the first instance. Thus revengeful feelings are instigated, and being unable to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty, it being their custom to visit the insult of an individual upon his tribe, they take vengeance on the first white man they meet, as they do on the first Indian of a hostile tribe. Looking, too, on the whites as encroachers upon their territory, and as doubtful friends—their cupidity tempted by an unusual display of articles useful to them—they look upon it as a merit to steal; and they are sometimes forced to take cattle, mules and provisions, to eat, when a poor season limits their own supplies.

Renegade whites and Mexicans, in whom they have confidence, are not wanting to stir them up to acts of hostility; and this has been one fruitful source of their wars with the whites. It cannot be denied that there are evil-disposed Indians as well as white men; for human propensities are alike in all ages and climes; but the dogma of visiting vengeance upon the innocent as well as the guilty, widens instead of heals the breach. In their wild state they are, from the force of circumstances and education, suspicious, and like wild beasts, they must be tamed and enlightened, before they can fully understand *our* laws, and our notions of right and wrong.

I was completely in their power, and might have been killed or robbed at any moment; but while I was with them I am not aware that I lost the worth of a dollar, although I had five thousand dollars' worth of goods with me at one time. Yet they would steal from passers-by. I sometimes had occasion to be gone all day from home, but leaving my house and goods in the care of the chief, or some of the old men, I invariably found everything safe on my return. My confidence was never abused. I never abused theirs. I was uniform in my conduct with them, never but once making a promise I did not perform. In that instance it was unavoidable, and was explained to their satisfaction. If I was leaving my store, although a hundred Indians were in, every one followed me out, unless I told some one to stay, when *all* would remain.

The indiscretion of some of the whites was strongly exemplified in the spring of 1850, on the middle fork of Feather River. It had become common to charge every theft of cattle on the Indians. A party of miners missed several head of oxen, and a cry was raised that the Indians had stolen them. Fifteen men were started out, well armed, swearing vengeance. Proceeding to a rancheria, about twelve miles higher in the mountains, they found a few bones, which they considered proof positive of the guilt of the inhabitants. They immediately surrounded the huts, when the Indians came out, and seeing their hostile attitude, without understanding the cause, and impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, attempted to fly. A deadly discharge of firearms was made, and fourteen Indians fell dead. After demolishing the houses, the brave whites set out on their return, with the glory of having taken signal and successful vengeance on the mountain robbers. When they had nearly reached home, their sense of justice was a little shaken, by seeing every ox which they had supposed stolen, quietly feeding in a somewhat isolated gorge, whither they had strayed in search of grass. Had the Indians, under similar circumstances, killed fourteen whites, an exterminating warfare would have ensued.

Captain Yates related an anecdote, which is a further illustration of the want of discretion often shown by the Americans. An Indian visited a miner's camp, and begged for something to eat. The miners told him to chop some wood, and they would give him some bread. He accordingly took their axe, commenced work near the brink of a creek. The axe being loose, worked off the heave, and flew into a deep hole, which, owing to high water, could not then be gotten out. Fearing that the miners would charge him with theft, he ran away. On discovering their loss, the men swore vengeance against the Indian, and having armed themselves, they were proceeding towards the rancheria, when, being met by Yates, it was with much difficulty that they were persuaded by him to desist, assuring them that if the Indian had stolen it, he could recover it. He sent for the chief, and a true statement of the case was elicited. When the water had subsided, the captain took the Indian to the spot, and making him dive into the hole, the axe was brought up. Thus, by a little forbearance and common sense, a cruel wrong was avoided. They are impulsive because they have not been taught reflection.

At the first settlement of Grass Valley, in Nevada county, a general war was at one time apprehended, from a difficulty which resulted in the murder, by the Indians, of an innocent and good man. Two brothers, named Holt, had erected a sawmill, four or five miles from where the town now stands. Their uniform kindness and justice had secured the Indians' friendship, and they all lived on amicable terms. Not far off lived a heedless and dissolute miner, who one day took a squaw into his cabin, where he kept her two or three days, to gratify his lustful passion. This incensed the Indians so much that they determined to take revenge, and not being able to find the perpetrator of the outrage, with characteristic sense of right, they determined to take vengeance on any of the white man's tribe they could find. The elder Holt was one morning busily at work in his mill, while his brother was out a short distance, when a number of Indians advanced with their usual friendly demeanor. They suddenly commenced an assault on poor Holt, who fell under their murderous weapons. He could barely cry out to his brother before he fell, to save himself. His brother, seeing the attack, fled, receiving two arrows, but succeeded in making his escape to the cabin of Judge Walsh, at Grass Valley, and gave the alarm. Walsh had one man with him, and at night was joined by three miners, who had been out prospecting. This little band prepared themselves in the best manner they could, resolving to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They watched all night, momentarily expecting an attack; but Indian vengeance was appeased, and they did not appear. The miners in the neighborhood were aroused, and stood upon the defensive; but a talk was held, and the affair happily compromised. Thus the indiscretion of one man had nearly caused the death of many. Reversing the picture: Had the outrage been perpetrated by an Indian on a white woman, her kindred would quite as likely have taken revenge on the whole tribe, by killing or driving them off.

Soon after I got my plat surveyed, a gentleman named Gray became my neighbor, and built a house adjoining mine. He was of a pleasant, jovial disposition, but at times, when depressed, could not maintain his equanimity of temper; and though he frolicked and laughed occasionally with the Indians, and they, on the whole, liked him, yet when he was vexed, he did not hesitate to repulse them with some rude-



Some tools of a Prospector!

Refreshment List for October

Jim Petersen

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!

(Continued from page 2)) Letters to the Editor



What we found!

Club Officers

2024

President:
Rotating
By Board of Directors

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

Secretary:

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

Sergeant of Arms:

Club Merchandise:
Bob Grammer
208-755-1919

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Claims & Gold Show Chairman:
Mark Cook

Activities: Open

Nomination: Open

Law and Regulations: Wayne McCarroll

Legislation Liaison:

Internet Website: Bill Izzard

Programs: Open

Financial Audit: Open

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

Field Guide to Recreational Prospecting in Montana

55 detailed maps
local advice
regulations
89 pages
\$16.95

Gold Panners' Guide to Idaho

by *Tom Bohmker*
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Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895

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Recipe of the Month

Yummy Breakfast

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 stick butter, melted
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- Cinnamon sugar for topping (about 2 tablespoons sugar mixed with 1 teaspoon cinnamon)

INSTRUCTIONS:

Preheat your oven to 350°F. Pour the melted butter into a 9-inch round baking pan or pie dish. In a bowl, whisk together the sugar, flour, milk, baking powder, and vanilla until smooth. Pour the batter directly over the melted butter—don't stir it. Generously sprinkle cinnamon sugar all over the top. Bake for 35–40 minutes, until the top is golden and the edges are set with a slight jiggle in the center. Let it cool for just a few minutes, then serve it warm. The butter rises up around the batter as it bakes and creates this incredible caramelized crust on the bottom. The center stays soft and custardy. It's somewhere between a cake, a cobbler, and a cinnamon roll—but easier than all three. Serve it with coffee in the morning or with vanilla ice cream at night. Either way, someone's definitely asking you to make it again.

(Continued from page 6) *Life on the Plains*

ness. Of course, although some Indians liked him, others did not. One day I had gone to Marysville, leaving my store in his care. He had imprudently given some of the Indians liquor, and when they became excited, they wanted more, which he refused, and drove them off. I did not return till the second day, after nightfall. On my way up, I met Captain Yates, who told me there was trouble in my village, and that the Indians were much incensed at Gray, and he feared it would not end well. It was nine o'clock in the evening when I rode up to my store, and had scarcely got off my horse, when a large number turned out as usual to welcome me; and while one took the bridle, another took off the saddle, and a third led my horse to grass, and a fourth brought me fresh water. But Gray was not to be seen, and on inquiry, the Indians could not tell me where he was. Striking a light, I stepped into his store, and as I went in, I saw an Indian dodging out of the back door in a rather equivocal manner. Soon I heard the gurgling sound of running liquor, and on looking about, I discovered that the plug was pulled out of his brandy cask, and a pail was standing under, which was nearly half full. Comprehending the matter at once, I poured the liquor back, put in the tap, and broke it off—telling the chief that he had a bad Indian, and that he must be accountable if anything was lost, after which I quietly went to bed and slept soundly till morning.

To be continued.....

2026 Club Calendar

October 8th	Meeting
November 12th	Meeting - Start Annual Food Drive
December 10th	Meeting
December 13th	Christmas Potluck

2027 Club Calendar

January 14th	Meeting
February 11th	Meeting
March 6th-7th	28th Annual NWGPA Gold & Treasure Show
March 11th	Meeting
April 8th	Meeting
May 13th	Meeting
May 15th	First Outing & Claims Tour
June 10th	Meeting
June 12th	Outing
July 8th	Meeting
July 10th	Outing
July 29th—Aug 13th	Nome Trip
Aug 12th	Meeting
Aug 14th	Outing
September 9th	Meeting
September 11th	Last Outing & Pig Roast @ Eagle City Park
September 25th	Chili Feed & Eagle City Park closes for season
October 14th	Meeting
November 11th	Meeting
December 9th	Meeting
December 12th	Christmas Potluck (Tentative)

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

Wanted!

*Old leather belts,
any condition!*

Bob Lowe

**Call 208-699-8128 or bring to
meetings or Eagle City Park.**

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

**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.**

Reminders

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

Looking for volunteers who would like to participate in the operation of the NWGPA to contact one of the current board members. We could sure use some fresh ideas and leadership help. There are couple of us who have been participating since the Club began 2 years ago. Please step up and volunteer! The Club needs you!

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

Speaking of volunteers, please check out the following link:
https://www.clubexpress.com/dldocs/Building_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 sub-
mitted.**

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

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

We have a NEW Club Officer. (Director)

Randy Mullins has volunteered to be a NWGPA **Club Director**, and will also be the "Activities/Outings" Committee Chair. Randy is the club member that worked the Club Booth at the Cashmere Show in 2026 with Bill Izzard, FYI.

I think that Randy will be a great asset to the Club as we move forward into 2027 and the future.

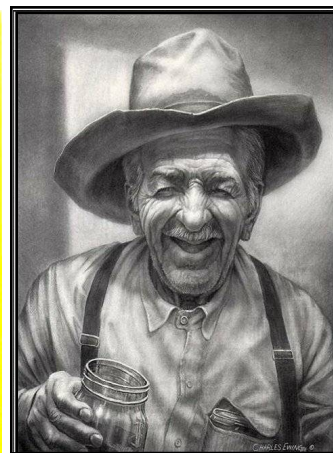
I know there are some formalities to be done, and perhaps a phasing in and out of one Director Seat, but we can discuss and work out details at our next Board Meeting, or whatever procedure we need to do, to implement. (TBD) But for now, we have a NEW Club Director.

Randy's phone number is: [509-638-4110](tel:509-638-4110).

Laughing is the best medicine.
But if you're laughing for no reason
you may need medicine.



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**Be careful with your words. Once they are said,
they can only be forgiven, not forgotten!**

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dtbenjaminscustoms@gmail.com
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The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**Never mistake
knowledge for wisdom.**

**One helps you make a
living; the other helps
you make a life.**

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