

Nugget News

May

2020

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

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



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\$20 for Single
\$25 for Couple
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NWGPA
PO Box 2307
Post Falls, ID 83877

Important Notice

Because of the Covid-19 scare, our monthly meetings have been cancelled until further notice. Also, we have lost our "second Wednesday of the month" meeting date at the Senior Center. Seems a church pastor went directly to the senior center's board of directors and got us kicked out of our time slot. We can have another date and time or move to another location. Our board of directors are pursuing both ideas. We will let you know what the outcome is in the weeks to follow.

Also, the annual claims tour will be postponed a month or two. Outings will still be on the weekend after the second Wednesday of the month starting June.

Eagle City Park will open to non-Park members on Memorial Day weekend.

Watch your email and Nugget News for information
on when we will resume the meetings.

Dues are Due!

Since we will not be having a meeting for a couple of months, if you are able, you can still pay your dues by mailing your check to:

NWGPA
PO Box 2307
Post Falls, ID 83877
(\$20 for Single, \$25 for Couple & \$30 for Family)

RATE CHANGES

As we all know, the cost of everything continues to go up. Eagle City Park will increase their camping fees for the first time in 24 years, starting this season.

Day use during an outing will still be free! If you plan to camp during the outing weekend, the cost will now be \$20 (Friday thru Sunday). The fees for non-outing visits are now \$20 per day, \$30 per weekend, \$75 per week and \$275 per month. These fees are for families (husband & wife or significant other w/ kids, grandkids, nieces and nephews 18 and under.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER

Alexander Combs Erkson was one of the pioneers of 1849, having left the state of Iowa in the month of May, when he assisted in organizing a company known as the "Badger Company" at Kanesville, the object being mutual assistance and protection. This company joined the Bennett party mentioned so prominently in this history, at the Missouri, and traveled with them or near them to the rendezvous near Salt Lake where the new company was organized for the southern trip taken by the Death Valley party, the Jayhawkers and others. As the experience of Mr. Erkson was in some respects different to that of the parties mentioned, he having taken a different route for a part of the way, it was thought best to embody it in this history. The following was dictated to the editor of this book, and as Mr. Erkson died before the written account could be revised by him, it is the best that can possibly be obtained.

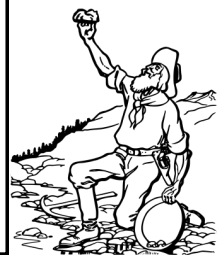
MR. ERKSON'S STATEMENT

"We arrived at the Mormon camp near Salt Lake, Salt Lake City, in the month of August. Several of us went to work getting out lumber for Brigham Young while we were waiting and resting. The Mormons all advised us not to undertake to go on by the northern route, and as the travelers gathered at this point they canvassed the situation. We used our teams when we were at

(Continued on page 3) Autobiography



The Northwest Gold Prospectors Association meets
at 7:00pm on the 2nd Wednesday of each month at the
Rathdrum Senior Center located at 8037 W Montana Street, Rathdrum, ID
Our regular outings (May thru October) **Postponed till further notice!** 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



In 1930, a shepherd came to Rupert, Idaho, with two Bull Durham tobacco sacks full of sand. He contacted a jeweler, advising him that he had found silver particles in a streak of odd-looking sand. He thought they might be valuable and asked if the jeweler would have an assay made for him.

The jeweler agreed that the metal did look valuable and that he would secure an assay for the shepherd. The jeweler had an assay made in Salt Lake City, with the sand proving rich, producing over an ounce of platinum from the sack of sand.

The shepherd was accidentally killed a few days later, before the jeweler had had time to learn the exact location of the deposit. All he knew was that the shepherd had been working in the hills south of Oakley, the general area where the deposit was found.

The jeweler searched for the deposit several times, and later took a friend into his confidence, and both of them made numerous searches. The friend was an attorney, but legal skill was useless in the field, and the two of them combined were unable to find the deposit. Several other friends were eventually enlisted in the search, causing the story to trickle out and become public knowledge several years ago.

Since this location is only about sixty years old, there should be old-timers in the area who can still remember the incident and give you the general area that the shepherd had been working in.

While tending a herd of sheep during the early 1880s, in the area of Squaw Meadows, north of McCall, Idaho, a Spanish shepherd would add to his rock collection by wandering through the surrounding hills.

On one of these hikes, he spotted some bright red rock in a wide ledge. He gathered a sackful of samples of the red rock and took it back to camp. Later, when it was time to return to winter range to the south, he discarded the rock samples. It did not occur to him that they might be valuable. That same fall, he left for his homeland in Spain and never returned to America.

The shepherders boss found the little pile of discarded rock samples at the abandoned camp the following spring. He broke open one of the samples and found wire gold running through it. He sent a letter to Spain, asking for instruction

on how to find the spot the samples came from, but the old shepherd wouldn't reveal the exact spot nor would he return to this country to show where it was located.

This location with directional symbols of an Indian treasure located about half-way between Kooskia and Kamiah, Idaho, on the banks of the Clearwater River, should be of interest to a large number of treasure hunters. The details were printed in the Kamiah, Idaho, newspaper Progress, in July 1904. The following statement was given to a group of friends by a man named Runkel, who had worked for years in deciphering the symbols.

For many years, numerous people have wondered what message, if any, the markings on the granite rocks within a mile of where we are now, Kamiah, meant. As you know, they are well over a hundred years old, as Mr. Harry Hayes, a Nez Perce Indian, tells me that when his father was a boy, these characters were very plain and the Indians did not know what they meant, or by whom they had been cut into the rocks.

I have given the matter thought for over two years, and have corresponded with friends and interested persons in different parts of the country who have past experience at deciphering such markings with help from the Smithsonian Institute and other institutions of higher learning. After studying all this correspondence, I believe, in my opinion, I have solved the riddle at least partially, as follows:

These characters on the rocks are sign language of the Toltec Indians, who formerly inhabited Mexico and were far advanced in civilization. Each character is a sentence of a story which tells of four Toltec men coming down the Clearwater in boats. Perceiving that they were nearing a settlement of strange Indians, they buried near these rocks a mans weight of yellow metal obtained in the mountains from whence they

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Editor: Bob Lowe

Address:
NorthWest Gold
Prospectors Association
PO Box 2307
Post Falls, Idaho 83877-2307

Email:
bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Phone:
208-699-8128

Web Page:
www.nwgoldprospectors.org

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25th of the month preceding the
publication month.

had come. Not knowing what reception they would receive at the nearby village of Nez Perce Indians, they cut these characters in the granite rock, that members of their tribe could recover the treasure in later years.

Now, unfortunately, the direction and distance from this rock to the buried treasure is lost, since the top of the rock was broken off by the railroad builders in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and it is very difficult to find the exact spot. It is also possible that they later had a chance to take up this treasure, but this is not likely, as the engravings on the rock would then have been destroyed by them.

To stop any doubts that this story could be true, during a 300-year period until 1820, Mexico was under the rule of the Spanish, and the Indian inhabitants fled to the most remote corners of the adjacent country to escape. It is therefore quite reasonable to believe that some of them should have followed the great mountain country northward until approaching winter would find them on the headwaters of the Clearwater, and so float downstream to Kamiah. The yellow metal in their possession could possibly be placer gold, with which they would have been quite familiar, before their flight from Mexico.

Although the markers have been partially destroyed, this would still be a good place to check out with a metal detector.

A journey southwest of Boise can bring you to the Kuna Caves, a place of hidden treasure. One such treasure is believed to have been successfully concealed by an operator working the road to hold up stages and ore carts moving from the Silver City area northeast to the Boise assay office.

The road running through a canyon with many curves was ideal

(Continued on page 5) Idaho Treasures

work for Brigham and assisted in building a dam across a cañon where he intended to build a woolen mill. I earned about a hundred dollars by my work, which was paid to me in ten-dollar pieces of a gold coin made by the Mormons. They were not like the U. S. coins. I remember one side 368 had an eye and the words—"Holiness to the Lord."

We entered into an agreement with Capt. Hunt, a Mormon, to pilot us through, and turned all our gold into that company, thus bringing none of the Mormon gold with us. We went on with the company as has been related in the foregoing pages, till we arrived at Mt. Misery, so named by us, when we took the back track, while Mr. Manley and the others went on as they have related. We had meetings by the light of a greenwood fire, and the matter was talked up in little knots of people, and then some one would get up and speak. One J. W. Brier, a preacher, was the principal blower. "You are going wrong!" said he, We should go west, and in six weeks we will be loaded with gold!"

Hunt got a little confused at a place called Beaver Meadows, or Mountain Meadows, and thought perhaps he could find a new road. Several men were sent out to look, and some of us in camp played ball for amusement while we were waiting. Hunt's men came back and said there were no prospects of a new road, and he said he knew the southern route and believed it would be safe to go that way.

He told us that we must decide the next day. When we came to the road where we were to separate he filed off on his road and the others filed off on their road and then came back with their whips in their hands. I had filed in after Hunt, and they tried to convince me that I was very wrong. A Mr. Norton of Adrian, Mich., promised Mrs. Erkson a horse to ride if she would go, and so I left Hunt and turned in on the other road, the hindmost wagon. This is going back a little with the history and bringing it up to Mt. Misery. On my way back from Mt. Misery I climbed up on a big rock and inscribed the date—Nov. 10, 1849.

In our journey we came to what is called 'The rim of the Basin,' and traveled along on that a distance till we came to the Santa Clara River and saw where the Indians had raised corn and melons. We followed on down that stream and found our teams gradually failing. Noting this we decided to overhaul our loads and reject a lot of things not strictly necessary to preserve life. I know I threw out a good many valuable and pretty things by the roadside. I remember six volumes of Rollin's Ancient History, nicely bound, with my name on the back, that were piled up and left. We followed along near the Santa Clara River till it emptied into the Virgin River. It was somewhere along here that we first saw some Yucca trees. The boys often set fire to them to see them burn.

The Virgin River was a small stream running on about the course we wanted to travel, and

Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

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

Cedar Village Campground & RV Park at Prichard, ID offers the best in "ROUGHING IT". A full service campground that is near some of the best dining and nightlife on the Coeur d'Alene River. Call 208-682-9404 for reservations. (They have showers at reasonable rates for those who are really "roughing it")

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!

we followed this course for thirty or forty miles. We found plenty of wood and water and mesquite. After awhile the river turned off to the left, while we wanted to keep to the right, so we parted company there. We heard of a river beyond which they called the 'Big Muddy' and we went up a little arroyo, then over a divide to some table land that led us down to the Big Muddy. We made our wagons as light as possible, taking off all the boards and stakes we could possibly get along without. Wm. Philipps and others were placed on short allowance. They had an idea that I had more provisions in my wagon than I ought to have, but I told them that it was clothing that we used to sleep on. I divided among them once or twice. When we reached the Muddy we stopped two or three days for there was plenty of feed. It was a narrow stream that seemed as if it must come from springs. It was narrow between banks, but ran pretty deep, and a streak of fog marked its course in the morning. We 370 understood it was not very far from where we left the Virgin River to the Colorado, some said not more than fourteen miles, and that the Colorado turned sharply to the south at that point. Mr. Rhynierson and wife had a child born to them on the Virgin River, and it was named Virginia.

It was a gloomy trip the whole time on the Muddy. I lost three or four head of cattle, all within a day and a night. Mrs. Erkson walked to lighten the load, and would pick all the bunches of grass she saw and put them on the wagon to feed the oxen when we stopped. I let them pass me and stopped and fed the cattle, and slept ourselves. It was said that we ran great risks from Indians, but we did not see any. I had at this time only two yoke of oxen left.

We overtook the party next morning at nine o'clock, having met some of them who were coming back after us. All were rejoiced that we had come on safely. Here I met Elisha Bennett and told him my story. He said he could sell me a yoke of oxen. He had a yoke in J. A. Philipps' team and was going to take them out. He said nothing in particular as to price. I said that I wanted to see Mr. Philipps and talk with him about the matter, for he had said Bennett should not have the cattle. I went over to see him and spoke to him about Bennett's cattle and he told me they had quarreled and I could have them, and so we made a bargain. I gave twenty dollars for the cattle, the last money I had, and as much provisions as he could carry on his back. They were making up a party to reach the settlements at the Williams ranch, and I made arrangements for them to send back provisions for us. About thirty started that way—young men and men with no families with them.

I got along very well with my new team after that. It was about forty miles from water to water, and I 371 think we camped three times. At one place we found that provisions had been left, with a notice that the material was for us, but the red-skins got the provisions. We struck a spring called—, a small spring of water, and a child of some of the party died there and was buried. We then went more nearly south to find the Mojave River, for we hoped to find water there. It was very scarce with us then, We had one pretty cold day, but generally fine weather, and to get along we traveled at night and a party struck the Mojave. Here there was some grass, and the mustard was beginning to start up and some elder bushes to put forth leaves. I

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(Continued from page 3) *Autobiography*

picked some of the mustard and chewed it to try to get back my natural taste. Here the party divided, a part going to the left to San Bernardino and the remainder to the right to Cucamonga. I was with the latter party and we got there before night.

Rhynierson said to one of the party—‘Charlie, you had better hurry on ahead and try to get some meat before the crowd comes up.’ Charlie went on ahead and we drove along at the regular gait which was not very fast about these times. We saw nothing of Charlie and so I went to the house to look for him and found him dead drunk on wine. He had not said a word to them about provisions. That wine wrecked us all. All had a little touch of scurvy, and it seemed to be just what we craved. I bought a big tumbler of it for two bits and carried it to my wife. She tasted it at first rather gingerly, then took a little larger sup of it, and then put it to her lips and never stopped drinking till the last drop was gone. I looked a little bit surprised and she looked at me and innocently asked—‘Why! Haven’t you had any?’ I was afraid she would be the next one to be dead drunk, but it never affected her in that way at all. We 372 bought a cow here to kill, and used the meat either fresh or dried, and then went on to the Williams, or Chino ranch. Col. Williams was glad to see us, and said we could have everything we wanted. We wanted to get wheat, for we had lived so long on meat that we craved such food. He told us about the journey before us and where we would find places to camp. Here we found one of the Gruwells. We camped here a week, meeting many emigrants who came by way of Santa Fe.

We went on from here to San Gabriel where we staid six weeks to rest and recuperate the cattle. In the good grass we found here they all became about as fat as ever in a little while. Here the party all broke up and no sort of an organization was kept up beyond here. Some went to Los Angeles, some went on north, trading off their cattle for horses, and some went directly to the coast. We went to the Mission of San Fernando where we got some oranges which were very good for us. There is a long, tedious hill there to get over. We made up ten wagons. By the time we reached the San Francisquito Ranch I had lost my cattle. I went down to this ranch and there met Mr. and Mrs. Arcane getting ready to go to San Pedro. We came north by way of Tejon pass and the Kern River, not far from quite a large lake, and reached the mines at last. I remember we killed a very

(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 \$1,684.80 an ounce! This time last year it was \$1,282.60 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.**

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”

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 Wednesday 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

fat bear and tried out the grease, and with this grease and some flour and dried apples Mrs. Erkson made some pretty good pies which the miners were glad to get at a dollar and even two dollars apiece."

Mr. Erkson followed mining for about a year and then went into other business until he came to Santa Clara Valley and began farming near Alviso. He has been a highly respected citizen and progressive man. He died in San Jose in the spring of 1893.

THE EXPERIENCE OF EDWARD COKER

Edward Coker was one of a party of twenty-one men who left their wagons, being impatient of the slow progress made by the ox train, and organized a pack train in which they were themselves the burden carriers. They discarded everything not absolutely necessary to sustain life, packed all their provisions into knapsacks, bravely shouldered them and started off on foot from the desert to reach California by the shortest way.

Among those whom Mr. Coker can recollect are Capt. Nat. Ward, Jim Woods, Jim Martin of Missouri, John D. Martin of Texas, "Old Francis," a French Canadian, Fred Carr, Negro "Joe" and some others from Coffeerville, Miss., with others from other states.

Mr. Coker related his experience to the Author somewhat as follows:— One other of the party was a colored man who joined us at the camp when we left the families, he being the only remaining member of a small party who had followed our wagon tracks after we had tried to proceed south. This party was made up of a Mr. Culverwell who had formerly been a writer in a Government office at Washington, D.C., a man named Fish claiming to be a relative of Hamilton Fish of New York, and another man whose name I never knew. He, poor fellow, arrived at our camp in a starving condition and died before our departure. The other two unfortunates ones died on the desert, and the colored man reported that he simply covered their remains with their blankets.

I well remember that last night in camp before we started with our knapsacks and left the families, for it was plain the women and children must go very slow, and we felt we could go over rougher and shorter roads on foot and get through sooner by going straight 374 across the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Our condition was certainly appalling. We were without water, all on the verge of starvation, and the three poor cattle which yet remained alive were objects of pity. It seemed almost a crime to kill the poor beasts, so little real food was there left on their skeleton frames. They had been so faithful and had plodded along when there seemed no hope for them. They might still serve to keep the party from starvation.

It was at this camp that Mr. Ischam died. The night before our departure he came wandering into camp and presented such an awful appearance, simply a living skeleton of a once grand and powerful man. He must have suffered untold agony as he struggled on to overtake the party, starving and alone, with the knowledge that two of his companions had perished miserably of starvation in that unknown wilderness of rocks and alkali.

To be continued.....

(Continued from page 2) Idaho Treasures

for these projects and the outlaw hiding behind a rock could shout, Stand and deliver! to the stage carrying a rich treasure box of silver and gold. The driver then threw down the chest, and the lone bandit, with his gun ready, would throw his lasso rope around the box, make it secure to his saddle, and start off at a gallop.

This one stage driver and the passengers knew that a



A few elk at Eagle City Park last weekend.



"No, you can't drain the spaghetti in it!"

number of horseback riders were to follow them into Boise, and they waited until these riders came into view. When the men got the news of the robbery they started after the bandit.

Knowing that he would have trouble holding the heavy box and pushing out his horse at the same time, the bandit tightened up his rope hitch and lowering the box to the ground, started to drag it behind him over the desert floor above the canyon and toward the Kuna Caves.

The pursuers easily followed the trail as spurts of dust made by the dragging box were easily spotted across the sage flat. But the outlaws horse was giving out and when the cruel spurs were driven into him for a final burst of speed that brought him to the cave entrance, he trembled and fell on his side.

The outlaw sprang clear of the dying animal and pulled out his knife and hacked through the rope and disappeared into the cave entrance. As he ducked out of sight, the mounted men dashed up. Realizing that the outlaw could shoot them down from inside the cave, they prudently decided to starve him out. When dawn came, they were still waiting.

Taking a vote, it was decided to enter the cave and cover the lead man with their guns. The cave was empty of both man and the gold. They finally concluded that the thief knew of some secret crack he could squeeze through, although they could never discover it themselves. However, they

(Continued on page 6) Idaho Treasures

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!

Eagle City Park Memberships for Sale

#94 & 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
 #34, 35 & 36 Larry Domingo (gray house across from ECP)
 #85, 86 & 87 Doug & Cathy Boseth (208-773-4701)

Treasurers Report April 2020

Income:

Balance Forward from March 31, 2020 **\$14,709.09**

Interest:	0.40
Credit from Check #2413	75.00
Deposit: Gold Show Booth Past Due:	75.00
Memberships:	585.00
Total income	\$735.40

Disbursements:

Gold Show Booth Refund:	75.00
CDA Press: Gold Show Advertising	405.00
Target Media: Gold Show Advertising	72.00
Kootenai County Fairgrounds:	961.00
Postage:	54.75
Total Disbursements	\$1,567.75

Balance Summary:

Starting Balance: April 1, 2020	\$14,709.09
Total April, 2020 Income:	\$735.40
Total April, 2020 Disbursements:	\$1,567.75
Ending Balance: April 30, 2020	\$13,876.74

Submitted by Mark Cook, Acting Treasurer

Earth scientists have determined that over the last 11,000 years, mean sea level has risen by about 500 feet. Dr W. Tad Pfeffer, a respected Earth scientist from the University of Colorado in Boulder, has determined that about 90% of that sea level change occurred from about 9,000 B.C. to about 4,000 B.C., long before "mean-spirited" Republicans began snatching toys from weeping children. Sea level change has also occurred countless times throughout Earth history prior to the arrival of *Homo Sapiens*. Similarly, a recent paleo-climate study was presented to the Canadian Senate by Dr. Ian Clark, an Earth Science professor from the University of Ottawa. He showed the science-deficient politicians that there was a very close correlation between solar energy output and global temperature. Energy from the sun is not constant. He also showed another graph which conclusively demonstrated that global warming precedes an atmospheric carbon dioxide increase by an average of about 800 years. That presentation can be seen by anyone, free of charge. It can be accessed by typing in Ian Clark on youtube.com

What could have caused the gross misconception regarding historic climate change that currently prevails? Why is there a pervasive hysteria about a natural event that has occurred continuously throughout Earth history? There are two possibilities. The first is the widespread scientific illiteracy spawned by the failed public education system. The second is the idol worship and resultant preposterous scientific credibility granted to semi-literate airhead entertainers by pop culture, providing entertainment idols with the same or greater credibility as competent scientists. The taxpayer will be saddled with the eventual cost of ignorance resulting from crony capitalism and trendy, crackpot "green technologies" that require government subsidies to survive. That is the way Government works. Check out Dr. Ian Clark's presentation on youtube.com. You will then be light years ahead of the Cleatusville High School *Alma Mater*. Climate change is a reality. Anthropogenic climate change is simply a novice misunderstanding. No shame in that!

James Ebisch
 15101 S. Cheney Spokane Rd.
 Cheney, WA. 99004
 509-235-4955

James Ebisch is a geologist who has spent the last 4 decades studying Earth Science. He has a BS Degree in Geology from the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh and a MSc Degree in Geology from Sul Ross State University, Alpine, Texas. He spends his spare time picking on climate-change dummies.

Climate Change Is Nothing New

One of the main jobs of Earth scientists is to unravel the history of the Earth. They have determined that climate change has been with us throughout Earth history. The Earth has undergone thousands of episodes of cooling and warming. In fact, for about 75% of Earth history, the Earth has had a warm and damp climate lacking polar icecaps. As Elmer Fudd might say, "those climate changes occurred long before wascally Wepublicans were drowsing stately sport utility vehicles".

The evidence for historic climate change comes primarily through the study of sedimentary rocks. The texture, composition, and isotopic character of the sedimentary rocks deposited throughout geologic time bear silent witness to the changing climate since different climatic regimes results in subtle differences in sedimentary rocks. Thousands of studies have been completed by earth scientists regarding Earth history. These various studies are published, and then reviewed by thousands of other Earth scientists. This process of peer review is one of the cornerstones of scientific methodology, whereby honest mistakes can be rectified and outright humbug can be discarded. That is the way Science works.

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

(Continued from page 5) *Idaho Treasures*

were all agreed that he could never have made it out with the chest. Many have searched, but it is still believed that the gold is hidden somewhere inside the cave.

Caves, historically, seem to attract people with something to hide. The Shoshone Ice Caves are no exception. At one time, in the 1800s, a band of robbers had consoli-

(Continued on page 8) *Idaho Treasures*

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work. Asking
\$4,000.00**

**Bob Lowe @
(208)699-8128**

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.

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**Mini Gold Grabber
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2020

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Wayne McCarroll

208-262-6837

mccarroll2297@roadrunner.com

Vice President:

Bryan McKeehan

509-999-8710

doorguybryan@hotmail.com

Secretary:

Mary Lowe

208-651-8318

mary@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Treasurer:

Mark Cook

208-755-8853

mark2697301@gmail.com

Sergeant of Arms:

Skip Lindahl

509-487-7831

kd7fye@gmail.com

Club Merchandise

Carla Miller (406) 314-0543

Jesse Barker (208) 797-2883

Directors:

Bob Lowe (1yr Jan 2020)

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

Bryan McKeehan (2yr Jan 2022)

509-999-8710

doorguybryan@hotmail.com

Communication and Newsletter:

Bob Lowe

208-699-8128

bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Membership:

Mary Lowe

208-651-8318

mary@goldfeverminingsupply.com

Claims & Gold Show Chairman:

Mark Cook

Activities:

Nomination:

Law and Regulations: Wayne McCarroll

Legislation Liaison:

Internet Website: Bill Izzard

Programs:

Financial Audit:

2020 Club Calendar

May 25	Eagle City Park Opens
Jun 10	Meeting (TBD)
Jun 13	Outing (TBD)
July 8	Meeting (TBD)
July 11	Outing (TBD)
Aug 12	Meeting
Aug 15	Outing
Sept 9	Meeting
Sept 12	Eagle City Park's Annual Pig Roast
Sept 12	Outing
Oct 14	Meeting
Oct 17	Chili Feed Outing
Oct 18	Eagle City Park closes for season
Nov 11	Meeting
Dec 9	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) Idaho Treasures

dated \$75,000 of their loot to leave the country. Unfortunately for them, they had become marked men and a local posse, with the sheriff, arranged a decoy in the form of a treasure wagon coming from the Lemhi diggings. Taking the bait, all of the outlaws were shot down except one man, and he skipped the country and never dared return. It is well known, among the old-timers, that the robbers hoard of \$75,000 was hidden in the Shoshone Ice Caves. As far as is known, it has never been found.

Another treasure is supposed to be hidden in a fissure of the weird and mysterious Shoshone Ice Caves. It consists of a hoard of gold bars taken from a freight wagon on its way from the north Lemhi mines. The robber, who had posed as a hired helper to earn his way from the mines to the town of Shoshone, then called Rattle Snake Gulch, killed the driver and cut the horses out of the traces.

As the heavy wagon rumbled down the incline, the three men in the back, who had thumbed a ride to town, were thrown to the wagon bed, and when they got up found they were looking down a shotgun barrel. The owner of the shotgun demanded that they throw out the treasure chest of ingots, and with a curse and a warning not to follow, fastened the chest into a canvas knapsack and climbed on his horse. The three men tumbled out of the wagon bed and hit out in exactly the opposite direction.

Later, the outlaw, who was being trailed by the sheriff, left for Montana. Shortly afterward, he was arrested for a crime there and given a long prison sentence. While serving it out he became ill, and realizing that he had not too long to live, called a friendly guard and told him where he had hidden the treasure in the Shoshone Ice Caves.

Many years passed before the guard, now an old and broken man, came to central Idaho with his map. When he reached the town of Shoshone he hired a rig and a town boy to drive him out to the caves be-

(Continued on page 9) Idaho Treasures

For Sale

Two inch Prospectors Plus dredge, 79 c.c. Predator engine, two inch pump and nine foot of hose, two four foot pontoons. All in excellent condition. 3 1/2 foot of riffles, 7inch x 10 inch crash box. \$800.00
Also - sluice.. 32 inch screen, 48 inches over-all. \$40.00

Call Bill @ 509-884-9343 OR Doug @ 509-669-0993

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

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

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by Tom Bohmker
80 detailed maps
useful information
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big nuggets
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www.goldpannersguide.com

Tom Bohmker (503)606-9895

(Continued from page 8) Idaho Treasures

cause, from the account given him by the prisoner, he was aware that the cache was far too heavy for him to move alone. Leaving the boy with the team some distance from the mouth of the cave, he began his search and shortly found the treasure. Without moving it, he rushed to the mouth of the cave to go down and summoned the boy and the team, but the excitement was too much for him and he died on the way. No one noticed, or saved, the crumpled map clutched in his hands. So the treasure is probably still there, the silver turning black

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

2019 Refreshment Sign-Up

Need at least 3 volunteers to bring refreshments to each months meeting. Please signup 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

under the passage of time.

Life was rather dull in the Lidy Hot Springs country of eastern Idaho until one day when some of the men on the front porch of the general store spied an elderly gent coming up the dusty road leading a tired old horse carrying a pack. After buying some groceries, and ignoring a few leading questions aimed at him by the local gentry, the traveler set out for the sand hills north of the springs. It was supposed he was going to prospect a rise spotted here and there with pine trees.

From then on, he spent most of the time digging, but, as far as the watchers were concerned, not doing himself much good. From time to time the lonely old man would come to the store, where at the end of the season, he asked for work, but odd jobs were not easy to come by during the lean times of the 1890s.

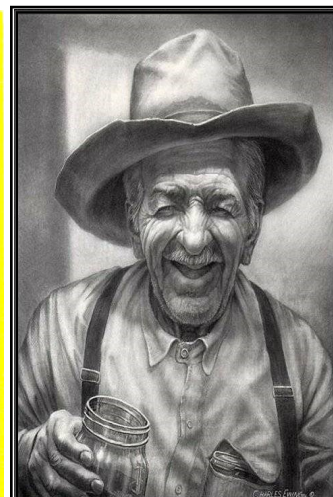
One late afternoon, he came to the store and asked some of the chair warmers if they had ever seen or heard of a big riven pine tree in the country where he had been digging. Most of the riven pines were old trees hit by lightning, and had died off or been killed by wind and weather. When the answer was yes he answered that he'd gone over the place with a fine-toothed comb, as the saying goes, but he could never find what he considered the tree he was looking for, nor had he dug up what his map told might be found there.

The men explained that a second lightning bolt had nearly wrecked the old tree and that someone had come along and hauled it away for fire wood. The old man shook his head sadly and went back to his camp. The next day he had left, never to return.

It was then that the pioneer recalled an outlaw hoard of several thousand dollars which had been hidden in the neighborhood of the river pine and never recovered. A lot of digging took place after that, but no reports of a discovery were ever turned in.

To be continued.....

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

Recipe(s) of the Month

Chocolate Peanut Butter Bars

2 cups quick-cooking oats
 1 3/4 cups firmly packed light brown sugar
 1 1/2 cups of all purpose flour
 1 tsp baking powder
 1/2 tsp baking soda
 1 cup butter
 1/2 cup chopped peanuts
 1 cup (6oz. Pkg) semi-sweet chocolate chips
 1 large egg, beaten
 1 (14oz.) can sweetened condensed milk
 1/2 cup creamy peanut butter

HEAT oven to 350°F. Combine oats, brown sugar, flour, baking powder and baking soda in a large bowl. Cut in butter with a pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture resembles fine crumbs. Stir in peanuts.

RESERVE 1 1/2 cups of the crumb mixture. Stir egg into remaining crumb mixture. Press into bottom of a 9X13 baking pan.

BAKE for 15 minutes.

STIR together sweetened condensed milk and peanut butter in a small bowl until well combined. Pour over partially baked crust.

Stir together reserved crumb mixture and chocolate chips. Sprinkle evenly over peanut butter layer.

Bake an additional 15 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

A perfect metaphor for my
 life would be like:
 “Someone trying to stand up
 in a hammock.

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Does swimming in debt
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