

# Nugget News

February

2018

Official Newsletter of the  
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



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

## Mark your calendars NOW! 19th Annual Gold & Treasure Show

March 17th & 18th, 2018

In the Jacklin Building (#25) at the Kootenai County Fairgrounds

Learn all about Small Scale mining, Gold Prospecting & the exciting hobby of recreational gold panning. See the latest in small scale mining equipment and metal detectors. Try your luck at our hands on panning booth. Learn how & where to prospect for gold or look for treasure. Visit our gold display and talk to our members about their experiences. Fun for the WHOLE family.

Thars Gold in Them Thar Hills....

(We now accept debit & credit cards.)

## Attention All DIY Prospectors!

You have less than a month to finish those modified / homemade mining equipment projects before the contest. If you haven't started, you need to get into gear. I'm sure you have a piece of equipment that you would like to tweak in order to work better or handle differently. Maybe you can build a better wash plant, dredge, suction nozzle, sluice box, riffles, crash box, ATV trailer, power sluice, clean-up apparatus, you name it.....

This is your chance to put your ideas to the test and possibly win one of 3 cash prizes. \$75 to 1st place, \$50 for second place and \$25 for third place.

All entries are judged by the 19th Annual Gold & Treasure Show Attendees on March 17th & 18th.

## February Refreshment List

Greg Mertens, Diane McCarroll, Jan See

We need more volunteers. Would like to have at least 3 people per month. Sign up at the meeting.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER

West and south it seemed level, and low, dark and barren buttes rose from the plain, but never high enough to carry snow, even at this season of the year. I pointed out to them the route we were to follow, noting the prominent points, and it could be traced for fully one hundred and twenty-five miles from the point on which we stood. This plain, with its barren ranges and buttes is now known as the Mojave Desert. This part of the view they seemed to study over, as if to fix every point and water hole upon their memory. We turned to go to camp, but no one looked back on the country we had come over since we first made out the distant snow peak, now so near us, on November 4th 1849. The only butte in this direction that carried snow was the one where we captured the Indian and where the squashes were found.

The range next east of us across the low valley was barren to look upon as a naked, single rock. There were peaks of various heights and colors, yellow, blue fiery red and nearly black. It looked as if it might sometime have been the center of a mammoth furnace. I believe this range is known as the Coffin's Mountains. It would be difficult to find earth enough in the whole of it to cover a coffin.

Just as we were ready to leave and return to camp we took off our hats, and then over-

(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) are at Eagle City Park 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



## So, Ya Wanna Be A Prospector.... Part 5

By Virginia Hanks (aka Rockhunter)

I got started on the way out of town. I always did like the drive over Lookout pass. I decided to stop at the top for a break. Walked around a bit then sat down on a bench for a short while to enjoy the morning sun and the fresh air. I wasn't in that big a hurry. All at once a big beautiful, German Shepard dog came running up to me dragging a leash. She stopped in front of me and put her paw upon my knee. I reached out and petted her and said, "What a beautiful lady you are., Where did you come from." I looked up about that time and saw a young woman looking for the dog. She spotted her over by me and came running. She said, "There you are you bad dog," as she shook her finger at her. She said, "I hope she isn't bothering you, I stopped to get a rock out of my shoe and the next thing she was gone." I laughed and patted the dog some more. I said, "She is a beautiful lady, what is her name?" "That's it." "she said. "Lady". I petted Lady again and asked if she was on vacation. She replied, "No, she lived in Spokane with her Father and they were going to Billings, MT. to spend a few weeks with her Mother, before she started college." She wanted to be a nurse. She asked if I was on vacation to which I said, "not really, I'm on my way to a new job." "Doing what", she asked? "Well truth be known, I'm going to be a prospector." "Wow", "That sounds interesting, oops, there's Dad waving to me, gotta go.. Come on now Lady," she said as she ran away. "cute kid," I said to myself. Back on the road again, I slid a disc into the player and was singing along with the Confederate Railroad. , who needed a little time out for bad behaviour. I finally got to the right exit, went into the tiny town and saw the sign showing the way to Blue Mountain. 5 miles it read. The road left town and went up a short hill then out onto a broad valley. Looks like all ranch land. Road ran along side a creek for a ways then up another rise. Way up the valley I could see the mountains. Darned if they didn't look a bit blur. Must be from all the blue spruce trees growing there. Down out of the side valleys were long broad mounds of glacial debris. Around a short bend, there it was. The big town of Blue Mountain. Population 753. Looked like about 6 or 7 businesses. I passed a building with 2 old gas pumps, a mercantile, post office combined. I saw a barber shop, beauty shop, gift shop combo as well. A cafe crowded in there between it and a parking lot. Most of these buildings were up on high foundations, and most were on the same side of the street. Had an old fashioned covered boardwalk along in front of them. I spotted the Blue Mountain Mining Company building. I parked, climbed

(Continued on page 5) Prospector

## Meeting Minutes January 10, 2018

The meeting was called to order by President Wayne McCarroll at 7:06 PM and Wayne led the group in the Pledge of Allegiance.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by Secretary Mary Lowe and were moved and seconded as corrected noting one correction by Steve Wright as to the name previously recorded as MMAC where it should have read CDA Mining District. That correction has been made in the December minutes.

The treasurer's report was read by Treasurer Diane McCarroll and was moved and seconded to approve as read.

Wayne welcomed 53 members and 1 visitor.

The meeting program was The White Pass Train Ride, a combination of bus and train ride, where guests were able to view both sides of the river with more informative stops.

Under Old Business the Christmas Potluck brought the year of 2017 to a close for the club with 49 people in attendance. Thanks to Diane for all her hard work to make it fun and lively event for all to enjoy.

There were no new candidates signing up 10 business days prior to tonight's vote so two members' terms will continue through 2019, Greg Mertens and Wayne McCarroll. And, two through 2020, Bryan McKeegan and Mark Cook.

Since Diane's term has expired, Bob Beck volunteered his services and it was first and seconded and by a unanimous vote, he will fill that position on the board.

Mark presented a brief gold show update reminding everyone of the date scheduled for this 19th gold show to be held March 17 and 18. Booths are available at \$75 for a 10 x 10 booth and currently we have 33 booths paid for and more in RSVP's. A sign up sheet for volunteers will be passed tonight and also in February and March for help in many different areas to assist Mark in making

## Nugget News

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25th of the month preceding the  
publication month.

this show a success. He is still looking for anyone who can provide a brief seminar on either day of the show or both, as of this time, we only have one who has volunteered for a seminar. Remember to work on your equipment display to enter the contest during the show. Advertising and promotion is a priority to get the word out with fliers, bulletins, Facebook, etc. and he is exploring all avenues. It helps our vendors and the club to make it a successful event. Mark welcomes any suggestions or input you can provide.

We need two members to act on the nominating committee. Their job will be to approach members in good standing and to get volunteers by the March meeting for the following positions to be voted on in April. President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Sergeant of Arms.

Under Legislative and Regulatory Updates

Dave McCracken is stated that the Solicitor General's brief to the U.S. Supreme Court was written by an Obama Administration holdover, Assistant Solicitor General, Lane N. McFadden. This is the same person who briefed the California Supreme Court that states should have the authority to impose regulations upon mining on the Federal Lands that can be so burdensome; the regulations can be designed to kill mining altogether. To that end, the PLP and CDA mining District have the Rinehart case at the top of their list, but the PLP is scheduled to participate in upcoming negotiations with the Idaho Department of Water Resources over suction gold dredging regulations in Idaho. PLP's position has long been that the EPA does not have legal authority over suction gold dredging because there is no addition of a pollutant.

PLP president, Ron Kliever, has sent a long letter to President Trump and Attorney General Sessions, to make them aware of some rather disturbing recent actions of the Solicitor General.

(Continued on page 9) Minutes

looking the scene of so much trial, suffering and death spoke the thought uppermost saying:—"Good bye Death Valley!" then faced away and made our steps toward camp. Even after this in speaking of this long and narrow valley over which we had crossed into its nearly central part, and on the edge of which the lone camp was made, for so many days, it was called Death Valley.

Out of Death Valley we surely were. To Rogers and I, the case seemed hopeful, for we had confidence in the road and believed all would have power to weather difficulties, but the poor women—it is hard to say what complaints and sorrows were not theirs. They seemed to think they stood at death's door, and would about as soon enter, as to take up a farther march over the black, desolate mountains and dry plains before them, which they considered only a dreary vestibule to the dark door after all. They even had an idea that the road was longer than we told them, and they never could live to march so far over the sandy, rocky roads. The first day nearly satisfied them that it was no use to try, Rogers and I counted up the camps we ought to reach each day and in this way could pretty near convince them of time that would be consumed in the trip. We encouraged them in every way we could; told them we had better get along a little every day and make ourselves a little nearer the promised land, and the very exercise would soon make them stronger and able to make a full day's march.

John and I told them we felt in much better spirits now than we did when we set out alone, and now that nothing but the arrows of an Indian could stop us. We said to them. "We are not going to leave you two ladies out here to die for there is not a sign of a grave to put you in,—and it was a pretty tough place to think of making one. We told them of the beautiful flowery hillsides over the other side and begged them to go over there to die, as it would be so much better and easier to perform the last sad rites there instead of here on the top of the dismal mountain. It seemed quite like a grim joke, but it produced a reaction that turned the tide of thoughts and brought more courage. We only laid out the march for this day as far as the falls and after a little prepared to move. The cattle seemed to have quit their foolishness, and they were loaded without trouble. The children fitted into the pockets better than usual, and the mothers with full canteens strapped across their shoulders picked out soft places on which to place their poor blistered feet at every step. They walked as if they were troubled with corns on every toe and on their heels into the bargain, and each foot was so badly affected, that they did not know on which one to limp. But still they moved, and we were once more on our way westward. They often stopped to rest, and Arcane waited for them with Old Crump, while they breathed and complained awhile and then passed on again.

The route was first along the foot of the high

## 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 \$20 to \$75 Call 208-699-8128.

**The Snake Pit (Enaville Resort)**, under new management in Kingston serves the best "Smoked Prime Rib" in the Northwest. They have a full menu with fast, courteous service.

peak, over bare rocks and we soon turned south somewhat so as to enter the canyon leading down to the falls. The bottom of this was thick with broken rock, and the oxen limped and picked out soft places about as bad as the women did. A pair of moccasins would not last long in such rocks and we hoped to get out of them very soon. Rogers and I hurried along, assisting Arcane and his party as much as we could, while Bennett staid behind and assisted the women as much as possible, taking their arms, and by this means they also reached camp an hour behind the rest.

A kettle of hot steaming soup, and blankets all spread out on which to rest, was the work Rogers and I had done to prepare for them, and they sank down on the beds completely exhausted. The children cried some but were soon pacified and were contented to lie still. A good supper of hot soup made them feel much better all around.

The first thing Bennett and Arcane did was to look round and see the situation at the falls, and see if the obstacle was enough to stop our progress, or if we must turn back and look for a better way. They were in some doubt about it, but concluded to try and get the animals over rather than to take the time to seek another pass, which might take a week of time. We men all went down to the foot of the fall, and threw out all the large rocks, then piled up all the sand we could scrape together with the shovel, till we had quite a pile of material that would tend to break a fall. We arranged everything possible for a forced passage in the morning, and the animals found a few willows to browse and a few bunches of grass here and there, which gave them a little food, while the spring supplied them with enough water to keep them from suffering with thirst.

Early in the morning we took our soup hastily and with ropes lowered our luggage over the small precipice, then the children, and finally all the ropes were combined to make a single strong one about thirty feet long. They urged one of the oxen up to the edge of the falls, put the rope around his horns, and threw down the end to me, whom they had stationed below. I was told to pull hard when he started so that he might not light on his head and break his neck. We felt this was a desperate undertaking, and we fully expected to lose some of our animals, but our case was critical and we must take some chances. Bennett stood on one side of the ox, and Arcane on the other, while big Rogers was placed in the rear to give a regular Tennessee boost when the word was given. "Now for it," said Bennett, and as I braced out on the rope those above gave a push and the ox came over, sprawling, but landed safely, cut only a little by some angular stones in the sand pile. "Good enough," said some one and I threw the rope back for another ox. "We'll get 'em all over safely" said Arcane, "if Lewis down there, will keep them from getting their necks broken." Lewis pulled hard every time, and not a neck was broken. The sand pile was renewed every time and made as high and soft as possible, and very soon all our animals were below the falls. The little mule gave a jump when they pushed her and lighted squarely on her feet all right. With the exception of one or two slight cuts, which bled some, the oxen were all right and we began loading them at once. Bennett and Arcane assisted their

(Continued on page 4) *Autobiography*

(Continued from page 3) *Autobiography*

wives down along the little narrow ledge which we used in getting up, keeping their faces toward the rocky wall, and feeling carefully for every footstep.

Thus they worked along and landed safely by the time we had the animals ready for a march. We had passed without disaster, the obstacle we most feared, and started down the rough canyon, hope revived, and we felt we should get through. After winding around among the great boulders for a little while we came to the two horses we had left behind, both dead and near together. We pointed to the carcasses, and told them those were the horses we brought for the women to ride, and that is the way they were cheated out of their passage. The bodies of the animals had not been touched by bird or beast. The canyon was too deep and dark for either wolves or buzzards to enter, and nothing alive had been seen by us in the shape of wild game of any sort. Firearms were useless here except for defense against Indians, and we expected no real trouble from them.

From what we could see, it was my opinion that no general rain ever fell in that region. There was some evidence that water had at times flowed down them freely after cloud bursts, or some sudden tempest, but the gravel was so little worn that it gave no evidence of much of a stream. We hurried on as rapidly as possible so as to get into the Jayhawker's beaten trail which would be a little easier to follow. When we reached the lowest part of the valley we had to turn south to get around a little, slow running stream of salt water, that moved north and emptied into a Salt Lake. No source of the stream could be seen from this point, but when we reached a point where we could cross, we had a smooth, hard clay bed to march over. It seemed to have been, some day, a bed of mortar, but now baked hard, and the hoofs of the oxen dented into it no more than half an inch. On our left hand was a perpendicular cliff, along which we traveled for quite a little way. The range of mountains now before us to cross was black, nothing but rocks, and extremely barren, having no water in it that we knew of, so when we reached the summit we camped, tied all our animals to rocks, where they lay down and did not rise till morning. The women were so tired they were over two hours late, and we had the fire built, the soup cooked, and the beds made. As we did not stop at noon all were very hungry, and ate with a relish. The poor animals had to go without either grass or water. When Old Crump and the party came, in the men were carrying the babies, and their wives were clinging to their arms, scarcely able to stand. When they

(Continued on page 6) *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.

**Sorry this edition of the Nugget News is late. My computer decided it needed to be replaced at the wrong time. Two weeks later with a new computer, I'm finally getting it out.**

**Gold is \$1,330.00 ounce! This time last year it was \$1,233.10 an ounce!**

**To get your copy of the Nugget News early via email, please send an email to: [bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com](mailto: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 \$10 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 \$10 per family per day, \$20 per family per weekend (Friday thru Sunday), \$65 per family per week and \$250 per family per month.

Please call 208-699-8128 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

# Don't Lower the Bar

**Dear Mr. Berko:**

California wants to lower the minimum score needed to pass the bar exam. Passing scores on the ACT and the SAT have been lowered. Dayton, Ohio, lowered its requirements for the police exam. Colleges give courses online. States let applicants take physician licensing exams in Spanish. Banks make auto and home loans to people with 550 credit scores. States have lowered requirements to become teachers. I could go on for pages. What do you think? — JS, Charlotte, N.C.

**Dear JS:**

Thanks for your very long letter. The following is a summary of a recent article by Chris Sperry, a prominent baseball consultant.

In 1996, one of the most storied high school and college baseball coaches, John Scolinos, spoke to a convention of more than 4,000 baseball coaches in Nashville, Tennessee. Scolinos, who had retired from coaching in 1991, shuffled to the stage and received a standing ovation. He wore a string around his neck, from which hung a full-size home plate.

Scolinos spoke for 25 minutes before referring to his home plate necklace. He was mindful of the snickering among some of the coaches and then reproachfully said, "You're probably all wondering why I'm wearing home plate on my neck." He continued, "I may be old, but I'm not crazy. The reason I stand before you today is to share with you baseball people ... what I've learned about home plate in my 78 years."

Then he asked: "Do you know how wide home plate is in Little League?" After a pause, someone said, "17 inches."

Scolinos then asked, "How about in Babe Ruth's day?" There was a long pause, and another reluctant coach said, "17 inches." "Right," said Scolinos.

"Now, how many high school coaches do we have in the room?" Hundreds of hands went up.

"How wide is home plate in high school baseball?" "Seventeen inches," they exclaimed in unison.

"And you college coaches, how wide is home plate in college?" "Seventeen inches!"

"Any minor league coaches here? How wide is home plate in pro ball?" "Seventeen inches!"

"Right!" Scolinos said.

And then he asked about the major leagues, confirming that it's 17 inches there, too.

"And what do they do with a big-league pitcher who can't throw the ball over 17 inches?"

After a pause, he answered himself: "They send him to Pocatello!" The coaches laughed.

"What they **don't** do is ... say, 'Ah, that's OK, Jimmy. You can't hit a 17-inch target? ... We'll make it 20 inches so you have a better chance of hitting it. If you can't hit that, let us know so we can make it wider still, say 25 inches.'"

He continued: "Coaches, what do we do when our best player shows up late to practice? When our team rules forbid facial hair and a guy shows up unshaven? ... Do we hold him accountable? Or do we change the rules to fit him? Do we widen home plate?"

The laughter faded as Scolinos' message became clear.

Scolinos made a drawing of a house on the home plate around his neck with a marker. "This is the problem in our homes today, with our marriages, with the way we parent our kids, with our discipline. We don't teach accountability to our kids, and there is no consequence for failing to meet standards. We widen the plate."

Then he drew an American flag on top of the house. "This is the problem in our schools today. The quality of our education is going downhill fast, and teachers have been stripped of the tools they need to be successful. ... We are allowing others to widen home plate."

Scolinos concluded: "If I am lucky, you will remember one thing from this old coach today. It is this: If we fail to hold ourselves to a higher standard, a standard of what we know to be right, if we fail to hold our spouses and our children to the same standards, if we are unwilling or unable to provide a consequence when they do not meet the standard and if our schools and churches and our government fail to hold themselves accountable to those they serve, there is but one thing to look forward to."

He held home plate in front of his chest and presented its black backside. "Dark days ahead."

This is what our country has become, and it's wrong. Go out there and fix it. Don't widen the plate.

John Scolinos passed away in 2009 at the age of 91.

*(Continued from page 2) Prospector*

the 3 steps to the boardwalk and went to the door. A screen door mind you. Guess they don't have air conditioning. Went inside and was greeted with a, "Hi there Sonny. Just in time. Just got here a while ago myself." He was sitting there by a table over in an alcove, with two other people. "Come on in and meet Darcie and Stan Edwards. They run this place." "Hello there Sonny, pleased to meet you", said Stan. "Glad to meet you too. but names Joe," I said as I smiled at Jeb. Darcie said, glad you could come ..Err Joe. Jeb here has been telling us all about you." "He tell you I'm gold?". "Matter of fact he did mention it," Darcie said as she smiled at Jeb. After introductions were over, I looked at Jeb and Said, "Blue Mountain Mining company is a sand and gravel business?" "Ah, no Sonny. It is owned by the mining company but is a separate business, I'll tell you all about it later."

A burly guy burst in the back door, another screen door as well. "Howdy folks!" he exclaimed.

"Load me up again there Darcie., looks like I will be hauling all day.." "what about the other guys Keith," she asked? "They will be hauling ballast from the blast pit today." Darcie entered some info on the computer. The printer buzzed and clicked and Darcie handed him some papers. "So long folks" he said as he went out the back door . I must have looked as puzzled as I felt, because she said, "there is a huge parking lot out back for trucks. She no more than got back to the table than another dude popped in. Darcie went to the computer and said, "What can I do for you today Jim?" "Well Darlin, you can give me ten bags of your black sand and two bags of your pea size crushed white quartz." Printer hummed and spit out a paper she handed him. "See ya later Darlin" then he was out the door.

"Black sand," I said. "what on earth would anyone want with black

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**THE REAL HISTORY OF THE GOLD RUSH**  
(OLD WILD WEST DOCUMENTARY)

<https://youtu.be/rqKacXetFgw>

*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!*

*(Continued from page 4) Autobiography*

reached the beds they fell at full length on them, saying their feet and limbs ached like the tooth ache. It seemed to be best for them to rest a little before eating. Mrs. Bennett said that the only consolation was that the road was getting shorter every day, but were it not for the children she would sooner die than follow the trail any farther. Their soup was carried to them in the bed, and they were covered up as they lay, and slept till morning. This day's walk was the hardest one yet, and probably the longest one of the whole journey, but there was no other place where we could find a place large enough to make a camp and free enough of rocks so that a bed could be made.

Rogers and I had the kettle boiling early, and put in the last of the meat, and nearly all that was left of the flour. At the next camp an ox must be killed. Just as it was fairly light I went about 200 yards south where the dead body of Mr. Fish lay, just as he died more than a month before. The body had not been disturbed and looked quite natural. He was from Oskaloosa, Iowa.

The folks arose very reluctantly this morning, and appeared with swollen eyes and uncombed hair, for there was no means of making a toilet, without a drop of water, except what we had used in getting breakfast. We set the soup kettle near the foot of the bed so the women could feed the children and themselves. Now as we loaded the oxen, it was agreed that Rogers and I should go ahead with all but Old Crump, and get in camp as soon as possible, and they were to follow on as best they could. There was a little water left in the canteens of Bennett and Arcane, to be given only to the children, who would cry when thirsty, the very thing to make them feel the worst. We were to kill an ox when we reached camp, and as each of the men had an equal number on the start each was to furnish one alternately and no disputing about whose were better or stronger, in any emergency.

Our road now led down the western slope of the mountain, and loose, hard, broken rocks were harder on the feet of our animals than coming up, and our own moccasins were wearing through. The cattle needed shoes as well as we. Any one who has never tried it can imagine how hard it is to walk with tender feet over broken rock. It was very slow getting along at the best, and the oxen stumbled dreadfully in trying to protect their sore feet. At the foot of the

*(Continued on page 9) Autobiography*

January 10, 2018

**RAFFLE**

Number of Members Attended:	54
Number of Guests Attended:	1
Income: Raffle:	\$194.00
50/50 = \$62 Payout - \$31	31.00
Gold Show Presale Raffle	<u>27.00</u>
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$252.00</b>

**DOOR PRIZE**

- ITEM**  
 Cooking Fork  
 Huckleberry Jam  
 5 in 1 Survival Tool  
 Rocket Knife  
 Cinch Rope  
 Cinch Rope  
 Ratchet Tie Downs

**DONATED BY**

- NWGPA  
 Skip & Ken Lindahl  
 Skip & Ken Lindahl  
 Skip & Ken Lindahl  
 Mike Fisher  
 Mike Fisher  
 Mike Fisher

**RAFFLE**

- ITEM**  
 Gold Grabber  
 Pick  
 Flex Sink  
 Swivel Seat  
 Flex Bucket  
 4 Funnel Set  
 Gold Pan with Scenery  
 Red with Gold Pendant  
 Blue with Gold Pendant  
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 Hand Riveter  
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 Richard Jones  
 Richard Jones  
 Joe & BJ Schecklar  
 Joe & BJ Schecklar  
 Darin Faires  
 Russ Brown  
 Bob & Pat Beck  
 Bob & Pat Beck

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR DONATIONS - Diane McCarroll,**

**Treasurer's Report  
January 2018**

<b>Balance forwarded December, 2017</b>	<b>\$</b>	<b>13,116.81</b>
<b>Income</b>		
Membership (\$65 + \$140)	\$	205.00
Interest (Paid on 12/31/17)	\$	.45
Gold Show (Booths) (\$647 + \$407 + \$167)	\$	1,220.00
Club Sales	\$	2.00
Raffles		
50/50 = \$31		
Gold Show Pre-sale = \$27		
Raffle = \$194	\$	252.00
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>\$</b>	<b>1,680.45</b>
<b>Disbursements</b>		
Prizes for Raffle		
Black Sheep = \$174.61		
Eagle City Mining = \$167.13	\$	341.74
Progressive Printing		
Newsletter = \$208.22		
Gold Show Flyers = \$13.78	\$	222.00
DeerTrack Designs (Gold Show Refund for booth)	\$	75.00
Rathdrum Senior Center (January Meeting)	\$	65.00
Huckleberry Press - Ad for Gold Show)	\$	32.00
Office Supplies \$16.86: 4 Rolls Tickets = \$35.37	\$	52.23
Mark Cook for Gold Show Supplies	\$	<u>57.43</u>
<b>Total Disbursements</b>	<b>\$</b>	<b>845.40</b>
<b>Balance in checking as of January 31, 2018</b>	<b>\$</b>	<b>13,951.86</b>
Diane McCarroll, Treasurer		

**Wanted:**

Gold Claim close to Noxon, Mt. Have up to \$2,500 to spend.  
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## Jinger's Gold-Con Fluid Tube

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*(Continued from page 5) Prospector*

sand?" Darcie said, " He uses it to make pure black mortar you can't get with regular sand, even with black dye. That will turn a dark grey." She had to answer the phone and Jeb , Stan and I talked about my being a prospector. Darcie went out the back door and a while later she came in with a big tray, covered with a big checkered cloth. Pulled it off to reveal plates with huge roast beef sandwiches made with home made bread and a pile of thin sliced roast beef that smelled heavenly. I almost drooled. I think my stomach thought my throat had been cut, I felt that hungry, smelling those sandwiches. Darcie said, ' I know I should have asked you what you wanted to eat but never knew a man who didn't like roast beef.' " Oh! this is fantastic. I didn't realize how hungry I was until I smelled them." I looked over at Jeb wondering how he would manage this. He reached in a pocket and pulled out some false teeth and clamped them in his mouth. "don't look at me like that, that pocket is just for teeth." And he went clack, clack. There were cups of horseradish sauce and a chef sauce Darcie said was spicy, but the horseradish sauce was hot. I lifted the top slice of bread and drizzled on some horseradish sauce. The beef was so juicy I could hear my arteries clogging up. Man this is the best sandwich I'd had in a long time. and Darcie wasn't kidding when she said the sauce was hot. I wondered if smoke was coming out of my ears. But it was so good. There was a plate of french fries and I used my fork to snare a few.

A bit later, I said, " did you know he carries a rodent in his pocket?" Darcie laughed and said< "You met Chester then I take it?" "Yeah! Quit unexpectedly I must say." I told her how and then Jeb told them about Tabitha the shriek and we all had a good laugh. Darcie pulled out another dish with paper plated turned upside down on it. Off came the plates to reveal a fresh peach pie she cut into four pieces and placed on plates and gave us each one. Pie and more coffee and I was ready to burst. Jeb rose and went into a door across the room. Stan said, "So you are going to be a prospector huh?" "Yeah! That is the plan." "Well you won't find a better partner, Joe." Jeb came out and had a tooth pick in his mouth, minus the teeth. " You might wan't to take a trip back there before we get the show on the road." He was right, I did. Jeb and I said our thank you's and we all shook hands. Stan said, " Good luck there prospector" as we went out the door.

To be continued.....

## Pickles' Mining Supply

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is bigger than yours!**

## Club Officers

2017

### President:

Wayne McCarroll  
208-262-6837

mccarroll2297@roadrunner.com

### Vice President:

Bryan McKeehan  
509-999-8710

doorguybryan@hotmail.com

### Secretary:

Mary Lowe  
208-651-8318

mary@goldfeverminingsupply.com

### Treasurer:

Diane McCarroll  
208-262-6477

mccarroll2297@roadrunner.com

### Sergeant of Arms:

Darin Faires  
509-481-0968

darinfaires@msn.com

### Directors:

Bob Beck (1yr Jan 2019)  
714-401-0139

nuggethunter2000@aol.com

Bryan McKeehan (3yr Jan 2020)  
509-999-8710

doorguybryan@hotmail.com

Greg Mertens (2yr Jan 2019)  
208-641-7777

jafcotrenchlessyahoo.com

Mark Cook (3yr Jan 2020)  
208-755-8853

mark2697301@gmail.com

Wayne McCarroll (2 yr Jan 2019)  
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:** Mark Cook

**Activities:**

**Nomination:**

**Law and Regulations:** Wayne McCarroll

**Legislation Liaison:**

**Internet Website:** Bill Izzard

**Programs:**

**Financial Audit:**

## 2018 / 2019 Club Calendar

### 2018

Mar 10-11	NWMPGA Gold Show (Kalispell)
Mar 14	Meeting
<b>Mar 17-18</b>	<b>NWMPGA Gold Show</b>
Apr 11	Meeting (Dues are Due)
Apr 14-15	NCWMPGA Gold Show (Cashmere)
May 5-6	GPAA Gold Show (Boise)
May 9	Meeting
May 12	Outing
Jun 1-4	Snake River Invitational (LDMA)
Jun 13	Meeting
Jun 16	Outing
Jul 11	Meeting
Jul 14	Outing
Aug 8	Meeting
Aug 11	Outing
<b>Sept 8</b>	<b>Eagle City Park Pig Roast Potluck</b>
Sept 12	Meeting
Sept 15	Outing
Oct 10	Meeting
<b>Oct 13</b>	<b>Outing—Chili Feed</b>
Nov 3	Saturday Morning Breakfast Starts
Nov 14	Meeting
Dec 12	Meeting
Dec ?	Christmas Potluck

### 2019

Jan 10	Meeting
Feb 14	Meeting

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

Please email

***bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com***

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

### 2018 Refreshment Volunteers

Jan:	Bill Pease, Mike & Dee Ferry, Liz Canady
Feb:	Greg Mertens, Diane McCarroll, Jan See
Mar:	Norm Sabens, Pat & Bob Beck, Julia McCormick
Apr:	Joe & BJ Scheckler,
May:	Karen & Forest Pulis, Mike & Dee Ferry
Jun:	Julia McCormick, Jone Nielsen, Bob Karlan
Jul:	
Aug:	Evelyn Clark
Sept:	Pat & Bob Beck, Julia McCormick
Oct:	Christopher Custer, Mary Lowe, Ed & Kandy Weese
Nov:	Russ Brown, Steve Burris & Mike & Dee Ferry
Dec:	

We need more volunteers.

Would like to have at least 3 people per month.

Sign up at the meeting.

**Thanks to all who have signed up!**

## Coeur d'Alene Mining District Association Minutes Sunday 17 January 2018

Thirteen attendees.

**Call To Order:** 12:00 A.M. (Chairman Steve Wright)

### Minutes of last meeting 15 October 2017

Motion to accept as read

Second

Carried

### Treasurers Report - \$293

Motion to accept

Second

Carried

### Discussion:

New deputy ranger in Smeltonville office. Steve Wright proposed we meet him cordially and introduce ourselves to establish rapport.

MMAC affiliation requires CdAMD Board Members to become Gold Members of MMAC and to sign NDA with MMAC.

Todd Ericson mentioned that there have been mixed reports on MMAC and that there are alternatives.

### Old Business:

Mission Statement

There were 5 proposed MSs submitted

MS Committee formed: Larry, Mike, Todd, John

MS Committee will present Mission Statement at next meeting.

Discussion of Recreation Advisory Committees. Two groups of concerned parties/citizens who make recommendations to BLM and F/S on proposed actions.

### Gold Show:

CdAMD will have a booth

One hundred five (\$105) dollars was collected to rent space at the Gold Show.

Mark Cook, coordinator of the GS spoke briefly about it.

Next meeting will be held February 18, 2018 in the Avista Auditorium at 120 S. Hill Street, Kellogg ID

### Proposed Agenda Items for the next meeting:

Membership – status (voting, associate, junior, etc.)

Dues

Bob Lowe has expressed his inability to adequately fulfill his duties as Secretary.

Call for volunteers; Maria Ericson stepped up.

Motion to accept

Second

Carried

Motion to adjourn 2:20 p. m.

Second

Carried

T. R. Thornton (acting Secretary) January 14, 2018

*(Continued from page 6) Autobiography*

mountain we had several miles of soft and sandy road. The sun shone very hot, and with no water we suffered fearfully.

A short way out in the sandy valley we pass again the grave of Mr. Isham, where he had been buried by his friends. He was from Rochester, N. Y. He was a cheerful, pleasant man, and during the forepart of the journey used his fiddle at the evening camps to increase the merriment of his jolly companions. In those days we got no rain, see no living animals of any kind except those of our train, see not a bird nor insect, see nothing green except a very stunted sage, and some dwarf bushes. We now know that the winter of 1849—50 was one of the wettest ever seen in California, but for some reason or other none of the wet clouds ever came to this portion of the State to deposit the most scattering drops of moisture.

Quite a long way from the expected camp the oxen snuffed the moisture, and began to hurry towards it with increased speed. A little while before it did not seem as if they had ambition enough left to make a quick move, but as we approached the water those which had no packs fairly trotted in their haste to get a drink. This stream was a very small one, seeping out from a great pile of rocks, and maintaining itself till it reached the sands, where it disappeared completely. A few tufts of grass grew along the banks, otherwise everything surrounding was desolate in the extreme.

As soon as we could get the harness off the oxen, we went to look for our little buried sack of wheat, which we were compelled to leave and hide on our way out. We had hidden it so completely, that it took us quite a little while to strike its bed but after scratching with our hands awhile, we hit the spot, and found it untouched. Although the sand in which it was buried seemed quite dry, yet the grain had absorbed so much moisture from it, that the sack was nearly bursting. It was emptied on a blanket, and proved to be still sound and sweet.

**To be continued.....**

*(Continued from page 2) Minutes*

On December 1st, the EPA announced they are declining to create duplicative regulations and additional financial responsibility requirements for hard-rock miners.

This all began when environmental groups sued the EPA in 2009, claiming the “Comprehensive Environmental Response, Compensation, and Liability Act”, also referred to as the Superfund Law, was insufficient, and sought to substantially increase financial and regulatory burdens on hard-rock mining operations.

Under the previous administration, the EPA appeared ready to impose an additional layer of regulations and financial burdens on Hard-Rock Miners, but in ruling by the U.S. Court of Appeals in D.C. in early 2016 only required the EPA to decide whether or not a new rule was necessary by December 1, 2017, and the current administration has determined no new rule is needed.

Judge Ochoa has dragged his political feet long enough that the legal points being argued for by the mining community, as Judge Ochoa put it, are now mute.

While he was stalling to make a decision, California passed Senate Bill 637. So after all of these rules and regs. They will decide they need more environmental analysis – Crazy!

A break was held after the the program was presented.

With no further business, the raffles were held and the meeting adjourned at 8:55.

Mary Lowe  
Secretary

### **The Coeur d’Alenes Gold Rush and Its Lasting Legacy**

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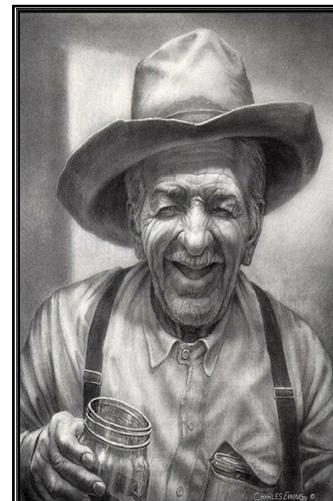
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\$47.70 including tax.**

### **2018 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!*

*A bad attitude is like a flat tire,  
You can't go anywhere until  
you change it!*



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

# Recipe(s) of the Month

## Power Bites

### Ingredients

1 ½ cups	rolled oats
¾ cup	mashed banana
½ cup	roughly chopped walnuts
¼ cup	dark chocolate chips
¼ cup	chopped Craisins
¼ cup	peanut butter
2 tbls	chia seeds (optional)
	Pinch of salt

### Directions

In a large bowl, stir all the ingredients. Form packed table-spoonfuls into balls. Bake on a parchment-lined baking sheet for 15 minutes at 350°. Let cool. Makes about 25 energy bites.

**These are GREAT!**

# The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**Say what you will about women, but I think being able to turn one sentence into a six hour argument takes talent!**

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please feel free to forward  
it to everyone in your  
address book.

Dues are due in April!  
You can pay your dues at the  
Gold Show. We now take  
debit & credit cards.

Jim Ebisch—Msc Geology (NI 43-101 QP)  
15101 S Cheney-Spokane Rd  
Cheney, WA 99004  
509-235-4955  
jimcrackcore@yahoo.com  
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February 2018  
**Nugget News**