

# Nugget News

APRIL

2018

Official Newsletter of the  
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



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## Treasurer's Report March 2018

<b>Balance forwarded February 28, 2018</b>	\$	<b>11,372.86</b>
<b>Income</b>		
Start-Up Cash (Reimbursed)	\$	1,485.00
Membership	\$	2,750.01
Interest (Paid on 2/28/18)		.38
Mark Cook Crediting account to check out credit card set-up	\$	.98
Gold Show (Booths)	\$	1,852.00
Gold Show (Door)	\$	5,614.00
Club Sales (Monthly meeting) = \$40		
(Gold Show) = \$183; \$99; \$6) = \$288		328.00
Raffle Monthly = \$145		
50/50 = \$24.50		
Gold Show Pre-sale = \$67		
Gold Show = \$812; \$968	\$	<u>2,016.50</u>
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>\$</b>	<b>14,046.37</b>
<b>Disbursements</b>		
Progressive Printing (Gold Show 500 Baby Flyers) = \$31.80		
Progressive Printing NWGPA 250 Applications (2 sides) = \$31.80		

(Continued on page 6) Treasurer's Report

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER

As the sun showed its face over the great sea of mountains away to the east of Death Valley, and it seemed to rise very early for winter season we packed up and started west on the big trail. Rogers and I took the oxen and mule and went on, leaving the others to accompany Old Crump and his little charges. Arcane had found it best to carry Charley on his back, as it relieved the burning sensation, caused by the eruption on his skin, which was aggravated by the close quarters of the pockets. Thus leaving the pockets unbalanced, Bennett had to carry his baby also. This made it harder for them, but every one tried to be just as accommodating as they could and each one would put himself to trouble to accommodate or relieve others.

Rogers and I made camp when we reached the proper place which was some distance from the mountain, on a perfectly level plain where there was no water, no grass, nothing but sage brush would grow on the dry and worthless soil. We let the oxen go and eat as much of this as they chose, which was very little and only enough to keep them from absolute starvation. The great trail had a branch near here

(Continued on page 3) Autobiography

## Notice

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

Email: [info@nwgoldprospectors.org](mailto:info@nwgoldprospectors.org)

Website:  
[www.nwgoldprospectors.org](http://www.nwgoldprospectors.org)

## April Refreshment List

Joe & BJ Scheckler;  
Wayne & Diane McCarroll;  
Mike & Nadene Ferry

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



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 7

By Virginia Hanks (aka Rockhunter)

I could hardly believe my eyes. Here was a beautiful open glacier bowl. The lake had drained til only a small pond remained on the far side of the valley. The old

lake bottom was now a meadow with an A frame cabin, a big house, several large metal buildings, a wind turbine turning slowly in the breeze coming up the canyon. There were solar panels on all the buildings as well. There was also a BIG propane tank. This place was well self contained.

The road split here. The forest service road continued around the hill and wound its way all around the glacial bowl, weaving in and out of the different canyons on its way clear over to the small lake on the other side. There was a bench above the lake and the mountain side was not as steep here. I could see where the forest service had made a small clear cut area above it in one of the far canyons above the lake. It was an awesome sight.

We dropped down a well graveled lane toward the house and parked in a graveled area in front of one of the metal buildings. I got out and stretched, and all at once a red bullet blew out of a big dog house by the building. Ears flopping and tongue hanging, a beautiful Irish setter danced all around Jeb. He petted her and then she bounded over to me and pushed her head under my hand. I petted her as well. Jeb said, "this is Samantha, or Sammy for short. She is only two years old and full of pep.

She was still dancing around when two big black monsters came charging towards us. If they hadn't been barking I would have thought they were bears. They had burst out of the A-frame cabin, followed by a giant of a man. Jeb said, "the beasts are Pete and Repeat., they belong to Big there."

The giant came up and grabbed my hand with two hands that were as big as baseball mitts, and pumped it up and down a dozen times. He said, "you must be Sonny, Jeb has told me all about you. I'm Lester Bigelow. everyone calls me Big. I figured you guys ate lunch in town so I decided to take a nap .So glad you want to be our new partner. I was a pretty active partner till I found out I have cancer, so we decide to get you to help us. I can't do the prospecting much any more but I will still be the chief cook and bottle washer around here. Come, lets get your gear and get you established." We grabbed up a bunch of my stuff and went in a side door, to a mud room. Washer and dryer and hooks on the wall with coats hanging above a bench with boots and slippers under it. This opened up into a very large room that was a kitchen, dining room, living room combo. Very tastefully furnished. with large comfortable looking furniture. Jeb had fol-

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## Annual Trip 2018

As some of you know, Mary and I are on our annual vacation as I write this.

Right now we are in Denver visiting our son Michael and his wife Kelly. We showed up the day after they spent a few days with Kelly's parents. In fact, we didn't give them time to regroup between visits.

This has been the maiden trip with our new (to us) Lance cab-over camper. You'd think we have never camped before. In other words, we got off with a rocky start.

First off, we were vendors at two gold shows, one in Kalispell and then ours the next weekend. We planned to go on our trip at the end of January, but year-end company book work & taxes took longer than thought. Plus the gold shows were earlier this year than normal. So we opted to go right after our show and return before our meeting on April 11th and ahead of the Cashmere show on the 14th & 15th of April. So, we only had about two and a half weeks to make our trip.

Right after our gold show, we had to get the camper loaded. But first, I had to unload panning tub and other stuff out of the back of the pickup. I enlisted the help of my grandson, Alex and a friend of his to get the canopy off the truck. Then off to my in-laws, where we stored the camper.

I then realized (remembered) that the doors on the shed slid open and did not swing open. All winter we plowed the snow up around the sides of the shed. That, along with the snow that slid off the roof prevented the doors from sliding open (about 6ft deep and frozen). I had to go back home and get a weed burner and propane tank and melt about a 6 inch wide groove in the snow bank to slide the doors into.

After that was finished we got the camper loaded OK (only the second time I did it) and took it home. Now mind you, we purchased it last fall and put it away for the winter thinking all was working as the seller insured us. Since we were in a hurry to get out of town, not much was checked out before hand.

Mary loaded the camper with clothes and food, and I plugged in the camper to get the refrigerator cold, then loaded water and propane. I also, hooked up a

## Nugget News

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All ads & stories are due by the  
25th of the month preceding the  
publication month.

small cargo trailer to bring a lot of stuff we did not need and none of the stuff we did need.

After the dogs got groomed on Wednesday, we headed out early Thursday amid pouring rain and nasty weather heading to Portland to visit a long time friend of ours.

We stayed at a truck stop in Troutdale and found I couldn't sit at the table. The upper shelf when down (we needed it down for storage) did not give me headroom (about 3 inches too low).

Also found the refrigerator did not work on propane. So, off to Walmart, again to get another ice chest (we have several at

home). Also, we needed to get keys made to get into the compartments and a couple of keys for the camper door. Of course, R/V places and Camping World could not make the keys so we had to find a regular locksmith to get them made. Somewhere along the way, we heard some grinding sounds as we turned corners. Later when we stopped for something, I realized at some point, I failed to fold up the camper steps and when turning, the trailer jack bent the hell out of them. Prior to that, I always needed to park a little jack-knifed to make room for the steps to fold out. Now they were bent way out of the way.

We headed to Vancouver to attend the GPAA gold show. While there, we went for the umpteenth time to a Walmart to get things we forgot or didn't know we needed. I also made a stop at a Harbor Freight to pick up a 5 foot crowbar and a couple of 3lb hammers to fix the steps.

The GPAA gold show was interesting. We had more vendors at our show, but they took up more room as they had many different clubs booths and lots of panning tubs. In fact, GPAA had at least a dozen panning tubs in the middle of the exhibit hall. We saw a couple of our vendors there also. We made the rounds and headed south on I-5.

The weather started to get better as we went along. We stopped for the night at the Seven Feathers Casino and R/V Resort. What a place, first-class all the way! Upon check in, I was told if I got a "Players Club Card" we could get many discounts on our stay, fuel, meals, etc. We got settled in and took the free shuttle to the casino. Just call and give them your site number and they will come

(Continued on page 5) Trip

## Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

that turned north, and went up a ravine that would seem to reach the snow in a little while. This was believed to be impassable at this time of year. This route is known as Walker's Pass, leading over a comparatively low ridge, and coming out the south fork of the Kern River.

We made our camp here because it was as long a march as the women could make, and, for a dry one, was as good a location as we could find. The cool breeze came down from the snow to the north of us, not so very many miles away, and after a little it became uncomfortably cold. We gathered greasewood bushes and piled them up to make a wind-break for our heads. The oxen, even, would come and stand around the fire, seeming greatly to enjoy the warm smoke, which came from burning the greasewood brush, which by the way, burns about the best of any green wood. When we were ready to lie down we tied the animals to bunches of brush, and they lay contentedly till morning.

To the north of us, a few miles away we could see some standing, columns of rock, much reminding one of the great stone chimney of the boiler house at Stanford Jr., University; not quite so trim and regular in exterior appearance, but something in that order. We reckon the only students in the vicinity would be lizards.

When the women arrived in camp they were very tired, but encouraged themselves that they were much nearer the promised land than they were in the morning. Mrs. Bennett said she was very careful never to take a step backward, and to make every forward one count as much as possible. "That's a good resolution, Sally," said Mr. Bennett. "Stick to it and we will come out by and bye."

From near this camp we have a low range of mountains to cross, a sort of spur or offshoot of the great snow mountain that reaches out twenty miles or more to the southeast and its extremity divides away into what seems from our point of view a level plain. We had attained quite an elevation without realizing it, so gradual had been the ascent, and our course was now down a steep hillside and into a deep canyon. In its very bottom we found a small stream of water only a few yards long, and then it sank into the sands. Not a spear of grass grew there, and if any had grown it had been eaten by the cattle which had gone before. This was the same place, where Rogers and I had overtaken the advance portion of the Jayhawkers when we were on our outward trip in search of relief, and where some of the

**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.

older men were so discouraged that they gave us their home addresses in Illinois so that we could notify their friends of their precarious situation, and if they were never otherwise heard from they could be pretty sure they had perished from thirst and starvation when almost at their journey's end.

The scenes of this camp on that occasion made so strong an impression on my memory that I can never forget it. There were poor dependent fellows without a morsel to eat except such bits of poor meat as they could beg from those who were fortunate enough to own oxen. Their tearful pleadings would soften a heart of stone. We shared with some of them even when we did not know the little store upon our backs would last us through. Our oxen here had water to drink, but nothing more. It might be a little more comfortable to drink and starve, than both choke and starve, but these are no very pleasant prospects in either one.

Both ourselves and the oxen were getting barefoot and our feet very tender. The hill we had just come down was very rough and rocky and our progress very slow, every step made in a selected spot. We could not stop here to kill an ox and let the remainder of them starve, but must push on to where the living ones could get a little food. We fastened the oxen and the mule to keep them from wandering, and slept as best we could. The women and children looked worse than for some time, and could not help complaining. One of the women held up her foot and the sole was bare and blistered. She said they ached like toothache. The women had left their combs in the wagons, and their hair was getting seriously tangled. Their dresses were getting worn off pretty nearly to their knees, and showed the contact with the ground that sometimes could not be avoided. They were in a sad condition so far as toilet and raiment were concerned. Life was in the balance, however, and instead of talking over sad things, we talked of the time when we would reach the little babbling brook where Rogers and I took such long draughts of clear, sweet water and the waiter at our dinner gave us the choice of *Crow*, *Hawk* or *Quail*, and where we took a little of all three.

In the morning we were off again down the canyon, limping some as we trod its coarse gravelly bed with our tender feet and stiffened joints, but getting limbered up a little after a bit, and enduring it pretty well. We set out to try to reach the bunch of willows out on the level plain, where the cattle could get some water and grass, but night overtook us at the mouth of the canyon, and we were forced to go into camp. This canyon is now called Red Canyon. This was on an elevated plain, with a lake

(Continued on page 4) Autobiography

(Continued from page 3) *Autobiography*

near by, but as we had been so often deceived by going to the lake for water, and finding them salt in every instance, or poison on account of strong alkali, we did not take the trouble to go and try this one.

Near us was some coarse grass and wet ground where we found water enough for our moderate use, and the oxen, by perseverance, could get something to eat and drink. After supper we were out of meat and we would have to kill an ox to get some food for breakfast. In the night a storm came on, much to our surprise, for we had seen none since the night on the mountain east of Death Valley more than two months before. We tried to fix up a shelter to protect the children and ourselves, but were not very successful. We tried to use our guns for tent poles, but could not keep them in place. We laid down as close as pigs in cold weather, and covered up as best we could, but did not keep dry, and morning found us wet to the skin, cold and shivering. We gathered big sage brush for a fire in the morning, and the tracks of our nearly bare feet could be plainly seen in the snow which lay like a blanket awhile over the ground, about two inches deep. Some lay in bed and we warmed blankets before the fire and put over them to keep them comfortable till the sun should rise and warm the air. We selected an ox and brought him up before the fire where I shot him, and soon there was meat roasting over the fire and blood cooking in the camp kettle. We had nothing to season the blood pudding with but salt, and it was not very good, but answered to sustain life. We ate a hasty meal, then packed our animals and started for the willow patch about four miles away. The snow was about gone.

I stayed in camp to keep it till they could get through to the willows and some one to come back with the mule to carry forward the portion of meat that could not be taken at first. We intended to dry it at the willows, and then we could carry

(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.

**We have talked about a Yard Sale at Eagle City Park during an outing. How about we plan one during the June Outing? Good time to sell or trade whatever, including prospecting / mining STUFF!**

**Gold is \$1,347.30 ounce! This time last year it was \$1,255.00 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

*(Continued from page 2) Trip*

pick you up and drop you off 24/7. When we got to the casino, we walked around a little and looked at the gift shops (very nice place).

We found where we could get the Players Club Card and after we waited in line for awhile, found out we needed our "government issued ID". Both of us left our drivers licenses at the camper. Since we don't gamble anyway and may only visit once a year, we decided to forego the card. Being hungry, off to the buffet we went. I handed the gal my Visa to pay for dinner and guess what, she also required a "government issued ID" even as I had my picture on the back of the credit card. After a little slight of hand to fool whoever was watching on the camera, she let us in. We ate and headed back to camp.

The next morning, I headed out to walk to the showers. Mary handed me a bag she packed with my change of clothes. About half way to the showers, she called me on the phone and told me to come back to get the soap she forgot to send with me. After I got the soap I went on to the showers. Very nice shower. Private and heated. Stripped down, I opened the bag to get the non-existent wash cloth and towel. I decided I didn't want to get re-dressed and walk back to camp, so I used my clean handkerchief as a wash cloth and drip-dried with the help of some clothes. Believe me, polyester blend material is NOT absorbent. Upon return, Mary was gone (she went to take her shower) and when she returned, she said she wondered what door I was in. I said she should have gently knocked and whispered, "Hon, are you in there?" at each door. I wonder what kind of response she would have gotten.

A couple of nights later, we found ourselves at Goldfield, NV. We passed thru there last year and wanted to stop and look around. We didn't have time then and decided next time we would spend some time there. It is a very old gold mining town, in fact the largest town in Nevada at one time. We camped at the new visitor center parking lot, which was not opening until April 28th., which by the way will be the Grand Opening. The next morning it was VERY, VERY cold with about a 35 mph wind. We ate breakfast and got going. We'll look around town another time.

We stopped in to have dinner with Dave & Joan Day in Laughlin, NV. Had a great visit and upon leaving to get to Kingman that night, we found a parking ticket on our windshield. Apparently, we needed a permit to park a camper in a casino parking lot while having dinner. Even though, I told them I knew a retired New York State Patrolman and an ex-justice of the peace, they didn't seem to care as it was just a warning ticket.

Now mind you, we purchased the camper to avoid motel costs while traveling. Also, we hoped to be able to just stop where ever we wanted along the way. Well, we found we need a break from the camper to take a good hot shower from time to time. We did this in Kingman, AZ.

Next day, off to visit my mom and brother in Wilhoit, AZ. We spent a couple of days in the Bradshaw Mountains at the headwaters of the Hassayampa River. What an area! Had a great visit with mom and Phillip. Poked around with a metal detector. Didn't find anything of value, but found a place I want to return to. The dogs had a blast. No leashes to hold them back. Lots of stuff to explore. (see pictures at end)

Said goodbye and headed to New River to see "Craze(y)" Craig Zeller and Becky. Had pizza and a couple of beers. Had a great visit and camped at their place. Realized at breakfast the next morning, I didn't have my credit cards (I keep them in my shirt pocket). Drove back to Craig's and searched around. Mary found one, near where I was sitting, playing with our three dogs and their three dogs. I finally found the other one that fell into a crack in the door of a sea container near where I was setting. Then off toward Flagstaff.

On the way to Flagstaff, we wanted to re-visit Jerome, AZ., this time to visit the shops and stores. We went from the bottom up and when we got to town, it was so packed with people, we finally got turned around and headed back down the hill thinking maybe another day when we weren't pulling a cargo trailer. What a zoo. People, cars, motorcycles and bicycles all over the place.

*(Continued on page 8) Trip*

*(Continued from page 2) Prospector*

lowed us in with some bags he set on the kitchen counter. We picked up my stuff, because Big said he would show me where I would bunk. All at once the dogs started chuffing, and looking towards the open door. There sat a big Siamese cat with a baby rabbit in its mouth. Big looked at the cat, and said, 'Maximilian, I told you to leave that rabbit alone. Now put it down.' The cat just looked at him and Big stomped his foot. The cat put the rabbit down on the floor but did not let it go. He just made a high pitched growl.. Big stomped his foot again, then the cat let it go, and it scampered out the door. He then sat there and washed his face while the dogs raced around and went after the rabbit. The dogs came bouncing back in the house and one of the beasts about bowled me over. All at once, Big stomped his foot, slapped his chest, and yelled, "Ten Hut". Holy cow, I couldn't believe my eyes. The dogs stopped in their tracks and sat at attention. He then said, 'places'. The dogs all went to a certain spot.. Big looked at the cat who stopped washing and just stared at Big who stomped his foot again. The cat opened and closed his mouth a few times, looked to me like he was saying, "yeah! yeah!, yeah!" Then he went in the living room and jumped up on the back of a couch. Big looked around then said, "at ease, then they all laid down "That's much better now, things were beginning to get a little out of hand here." Big smiled at me, and said, I was in the Marines, and old habits die hard. Come on and lets get you settled." We started down a hall along side the kitchen when Jeb called, "You guys get acquainted, while I take a nap." then he disappeared through a doorway at the rear of the living room. Big and I continued on down the hall where there was a nice big bedroom. Had a bed that was made up. I dropped my bedroll and Big said, "you won't need that, Jeb don't do laundry, but I do. Let's get the rest of your stuff in here Sonny, so you can get it organized." I said, "the name is Joe," Big got this weird look on his face, so I just said, "Oh hell! Just call me Sonny." We went ahead and carried the rest of my stuff in the bedroom, while Big was telling me how Jeb picked him up in Wallace when he was there visiting his Sister. Jeb spends the winters in Wallace when it's too cold and snows too deep to prospect. "Jeb said I looked like gold and asked me to be a working partner. I was at loose ends about then so I said, sure, I'll be a prospector if you think I can. " That was a couple of years ago.'

'Jeb found an outfit that could process the tailing's from the old mine and recover the gold. They cut the hill back and recovered all the mine walls they could find, so now there isn't a shaft any more but a large pit., but they got enough gold for Jeb to finish up the place like he wanted it. We have set up a working area just below where the creek drains out of the lake. Been recovering some nice gold from a high bar area. That's where you will be working with Jeb. He is really itching to get back down in that old hole he worked in when he first came up here. You can bet he will too as soon as the dragline gets all the big boulders out of there. I doubt if it will be this year though, but there is plenty to do at the place we are now. When you are done with your stuff, come on out to the kitchen and keep me company while I start supper.."

I got my stuff all stowed away and did a bit of exploring. There was a small bathroom off the bedroom and I put all my personal stuff away. There was a big book case with lots of videos and a small tv set. A good size desk where I set up my computer, then I went looking for Big. He was busy making chicken pot pie for supper. Smelled darn good. Big said, "I hope you can cook because when I'm gone to Spokane for treatments, you will have to do it if you want a decent meal. Jeb's idea of a 3 course meal is a cold can of pork and beans, a loaf of bread, and pot of coffee." Well I figured I was ok there because I did know how to cook somewhat, and told Big so. Later, Jeb woke from his nap and we had supper, sat around the fire-place drinking coffee and talking till I was almost out on my feet. We went off to bed.

*(Continued on page 7) Prospector*

***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!***

## RAFFLE March 14, 2018

*(Continued from page 4) Autobiography*

it along as daily food over the wide plain we had yet to cross. Having carried the meat forward, we made a rack of willows and dried it over the fire, making up a lot of moccasins for the bare-footed ones while we waited. We were over most of the rocky road, we calculated that our shoemaking would last us through. This was a very pleasant camp. The tired ones were taking a rest. No one needed it more than our women and children, who were tired nearly out. They were in much better condition to endure their daily hardships than when they started out, and a little rest would make them feel quite fresh again. They understood that this was almost on the western edge of this desert country and this gave them good hope and courage.

This wonderful spot in the level plain, with a spring of pure water making an oasis of green willows and grass has been previously spoken of as:—"A spring of good water, and a little willow patch in a level desert away from any hill." In all our wanderings we had never seen the like before. No mountaineer would ever think of looking here for water, much less ever dream of finding a lone spring away out in the desert, several miles from the mountain's base. Where the range we just came through leaves the mother mountain stands a peak, seemingly alone, and built up of many colored rocks, in belts, and the whole looks as if tipped with steel.

Arcane's boy Charley still suffered from his bogus measles or whatever else his disorder might be, and Bennett's little Martha grew more quiet and improved considerably in health, though still unable to walk, and still abdominally corpulent. The other two children George and Melissa seemed to bear up well and loved to get off and walk in places where the trail was smooth and level. Bennett, Arcane and Old Crump usually traveled with the same party as the women, and as each of them had a small canteen to carry water, they could attend to

*(Continued on page 9) Autobiography*

Number of Members Attended:	47
Number of Guests Attended:	4
Income: Club Raffle:	\$ 145.00
50/50: = \$49.00 Payout=	\$ 24.50
Gold Show Presale Raffle	<u>\$ 67.00</u>
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$ 236.50</b>

### DOOR PRIZE ITEM

Reusable Cupcake  
Dry Erase Board  
2 Snappy Grips  
Raspberry & Cherry Freezer Jam  
Flashlight  
Gold Pendant  
Bag of Candy Kisses

### DONATED BY

Diane McCarroll  
Wayne & Diane McCarroll  
NWGPA  
Wayne & Diane McCarroll  
Norm Sabens  
Joe & BJ Scheckler  
Bryan McKeehan

### RAFFLE ITEM

Scoop  
Bucket Swivel Seat  
14" Super Pan  
Jobe 1/8" Classifier  
Flex Ware Sink 2.0  
Raspberry & Cherry Freezer jam  
Gold Pendant  
Folding Scissors  
Cutting Tool w LED Light  
6x8 Tarp  
Knee Pads  
Head Lamp  
Impact Screwdriver Set  
34 Pc Precision Screwdriver  
32 Pc Screwdriver Set  
Bag Reeses Cups  
Pan to dry up concentrate  
Indian Head Necklace  
5 Dental Picks

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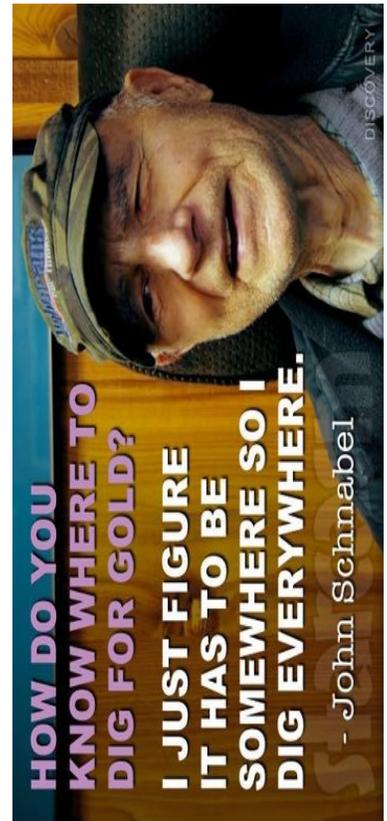
**THANK YOU FOR YOUR DONATIONS - Diane McCarroll,**

*(Continued from page 1) Treasurer's Report*

Progressive Printing NWGPA 300 Membership Cards (2 sides) =	\$42.40
Progressive Printing (Gold Show 500 Gold Facts Flyers) =	\$53.00
Progressive Printing Newsletters =	\$346.33
Top O' Deep (2 gold nuggets @ 2.1 grms ea for raffle =	\$200
Top O' Deep Fine gold for gold cups =	\$500
Nickel's Worth (2/23/18 to 3/9/18) Gold Show	1,171.80
Rathdrum Senior Center (March Meeting)	65.00
Mark Cook (Reimbursed for Club Phone)	31.80
Gold Show Raffle	500.00
Start-Up Cash for Gold Show (\$1,720 + \$265) incl. \$500 raffle prize	1,985.00
Supplies for Gold Show (Gold Paint & Caution Tape)	9.67
Kootenai County Fairgrounds (Final cost chairs, tables, electrical, garbage)	963.84
Cash back from membership (overpaid \$10)	10.00
Adjustment	27.52
Bank Credit Card Fee	35.99
Check Order & Deposit Slips (\$30.23 & \$58.15)	<u>88.38</u>
<b>Total Disbursements</b>	<b>\$ 6,094.33</b>
<b>Balance in checking as of March 31, 2018</b>	<b>\$ 19,324.90</b>

Diane McCarroll, Treasurer

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



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*(Continued from page 5) Prospector*

The next morning I was awakened by a whiskered face looking me in the eye. Max was sitting on my chest and mewling at me to get up. I drug myself out and looked outside. Hell, it was still dark out there. I started to go back to bed when Big said, "I sent Max in to get you up, hope you don't mind. Breakfast is ready, and you will want to eat before we go down to the working area.." Oh crap I thought, You wanted to be a prospector, huh?

By the time we were done with breakfast, and what seemed like a dozen cups of coffee, we got on an ATV and headed off toward the lake.

They had a long tom set up and Jeb showed me what needed to be done. We would trade places ever so often to relieve the monotony. I had to fork the bigger rocks out of the race so the riffles could do their work, as well as keep the tailing's from piling up too deep at the end of the long tom. All the while Jeb was shoveling gravel onto a grizzly and then transferring the gravel under it to the head of the sluice. I was beginning to find I had muscles I didn't know I had, and they began to gripe. We traded off jobs. I was beginning to really work up a sweat while Jeb looked a fresh as when he started. He handed me some gloves. Said I would get blisters if I didn't use them. Darn, I didn't think of the and looked at the faint blisters that had already started on my left hand. Rats! That was stupid of me.

I shoveled and shoveled, and still I saw that Jeb was standing waiting for more gravel. My back was about to break and I was feeling I was going to faint, but damned if an old man of 85 could do this then by damn so could I. An hour or so later we switched off again. I think my legs are rubber, they don't want to move. I scabbled down to the race and took up the fork again. I figured I'll get thru this if it kills me.

About an hour or so later Jeb called a halt. Said, "It's beginning to get hot here about this time of day and we quit for the day. Time for  
*(Continued on page 8) Prospector*

## April Meeting Program

Josh Sadler, US Forest Service Minerals Administrator and Kevin Knesek, US Forest Service Geologist will speak about some broad forest service topics, followed by discussion and questions. Hope you can come.

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## Club Officers

2017

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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:

Diane McCarroll  
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mccarroll2297@roadrunner.com

### Sergeant of Arms:

Darin Faires  
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Bryan McKeehan (3yr Jan 2020)  
509-999-8710  
doorguybryan@hotmail.com  
Greg Mertens (2yr Jan 2019)  
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jafcotrenchless@yahoo.com  
Mark Cook (3yr Jan 2020)  
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Wayne McCarroll (2 yr Jan 2019)  
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### 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

Apr 11	Meeting (Dues are Due)
Apr 14-15	NCWGPA 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— Possible Yard Sale
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.**

**When my old boss asked me if I was on drugs, I told him that we both knew he didn't pay me enough to have a drug problem!**

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

### 2018 Refreshment Volunteers

April:	Joe & BJ Scheckler; Wayne & Diane McCarroll; Mike & Nadene Ferry
May:	Karen & Forest Pulis; B Pease; Mike & Nadene Ferry
June:	Julia McCormick; John Nielsen; Bob Karlan
July:	Marjorie Clark; Julia McCormack
August:	Evelyn Clark; Marjorie Clark
September:	Pat & Bob Beck; Julia McCormick
October:	Christopher Culter; Mary Lowe; Earl & Kandy Weese
November:	Russ Brown; Steve Burris; Mike & Nadene Ferry
December:	

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!**

*(Continued from page 7) Prospector*

lunch and a nap, don't you think. We can come back after the sun goes behind the hill and do the clean-up.?" I was too pooped to even answer him. I was sure glad we had the ATV, because I could hardly move. I got cleaned up for lunch that Big had ready. He had made sandwiches out of elk roast with roast dripping juice for dipping. Sliced tomatoes, and huckleberry pie for desert. I was moving very slow, and Jeb went off to take a nap. All that hard work had hardly fazed him. Big said, " Hurts like hell huh? " Now that's an understatement if I do say I groaned." " Well Big smiled, strip to the skivvies and lay down here on this sheet. I'll fix you right up." Oh great I thought, looks like he will finish me off for good. That's what I get for wanting to be a prospector. Big had a bottle of some foul smelling liquid, he knelt down beside me, poured some into one of those huge hands and then began to stroke the back of my legs from the ankles to the back of my butt. Did the same thing to my arms and back. always pushing gently toward my heart. Told me to flip then did the front side the same way. He then told me to wrap the sheet around me and go sit in one of the fake leather recliners, lean back and let the stuff do it's work. The stuff in the bottle must have been liquid fire because I felt I was going to burn up. Big said, to wait a couple of hours the I could take a shower. I did as he said the the next thing I woke up to the smell of meat cooking opened the sheet and looked. Nope it wasn't me. Big said, " the heat should be gone now so you can shower." Well I'll be darned. I was a bit stiff, but the real aches were gone. I was surprised as all get out. I expected to be a basket case for sure. The cure was a bit scary but it was worth it. I headed for the shower. After supper, all three of us went down to the diggings to do the clean up. Love those Rhino ATV's. I leaned against the side of the Rhino while Jeb and Big took out the riffles and put the carpet in a tub of water. They bounced it up and down swished it around and around then took it out and put it back in the race. Put the riffles back, ready for another day. Then Jeb dumped most of the water from the tub then put the gravel into a super sluice. They refilled the tub and handed me the gold pan. Wow! I felt like a king for sure. They almost trusted me to pan this out without losing the gold. That I could do. If I did it with the old metal gold pan, surely I could do it with this pan. I panned it down to a lot of black sand. Jeb said to tip the pan almost on it's side and work it back and forth in the water. Had me shake it all back in the pan and do it over again. Damn, this was a whole lot easier that with the old metal pan. I finally got most of the black sand out and Jeb said to see what we got. I did, and then the gold showed up all along the top of the pan. Not bad for a day's work they said. I'll have to take their word for it. Well they both said, " how does it feel to be a prospector, Sonny?" " Hey! Feels great", I said.

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

*(Continued from page 5) Trip*

Leaving Flagstaff the next day, I chose a back route (Hwy 160 & 285) thru Indian country & Fairplay (Hoffman's Gold Rush area) for the scenery. Mary slept thru a lot of it. We stopped in Fairplay to stretch our legs and let the dogs out. Wind was howling and colder than heck. Took a couple of pictures and got back on the road again.

So far we have had a range of temperature from of a low of 8° to a high of 88° all in a span of about 24 hours.

We got to Denver on Monday and will heading home soon.



(Continued from page 6) *Autobiography*

the wants of the children and keep them from worrying and getting sick from fretfulness. They often carried the two younger ones on their backs to relieve and rest them from their cramped position on the ox.

Arcane used to say he expected the boys—meaning Rogers and I—would try to surprise the party by letting them get very near the house before they knew how near they were. “Be patient Mr. Arcane,” said we, we can tell you just how many camps there must be before we reach it, and we won’t fool you or surprise you in any way. “Well,” said he. “I was almost in hopes you would, for I like to be disappointed in that way.” “What do you think the folks will say when we tell them that our little mule packed most of the meat of an ox four miles from one camp to another?” “What will they say when we tell them that the oxen were so poor that there was no marrow in the great thigh bones?” Instead of marrow there was a thick dark liquid something like molasses in consistency, but streaked with different colors which made it look very unwholesome. Arcane said the whole story was so incredible, that he never should fight anyone, even if he should tell him he lied when he related the strange sad truth. He said he had no doubt many a one would doubt their story, it was so much beyond what people had ever seen or heard of before, and they might be accused of very strong romancing in the matter.

To be continued.....

## 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 = 100% Pure Gold  
18K = 75% Pure Gold  
14K = 58% Pure Gold  
10K = 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

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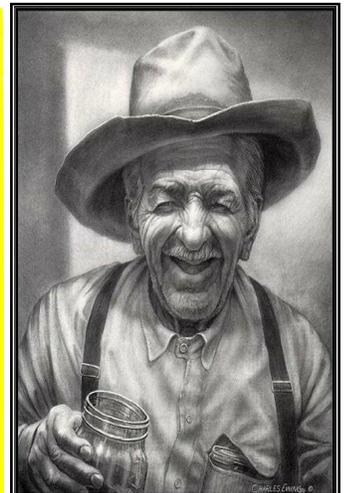
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## 2018 Refreshment Sign-Up

*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!*



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Speak kindly.  
Leave the rest to God.**

# Recipe(s) of the Month

## RAVIOLI LASAGNA

*24 ounce jar of your favorite pasta sauce  
2 pounds of your favorite frozen raviolis  
2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese  
1/2 cup freshly grated Parmigiano-Reggiano*

Preheat oven to 400°F.

Grease a 9 X 13 baking dish.

Pour in enough pasta sauce to cover the bottom.

Add 1/3 of the raviolis in an even layer, and top with more sauce and cheese.

Repeat the layers two more times, ending with the remaining mozzarella.

Top with the Parmigiano-Reggiano and cover with foil.

Place in the oven and bake for 45 minutes.

Remove the foil and allow to cook uncovered 15 minutes more, until the cheese is bubbly and golden brown.

Remove from oven, let stand for 10 minutes. Serve warm.

# The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**I don't like to call it revenge....I'd rather call it returning the favor!**

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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)  
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