

Nugget News

October-November

2010

PROMOTING SMALL SCALE MINING & RECREATIONAL GOLD PROSPECTING

Official Newsletter of the
NorthWest Gold Prospectors Association



President's Message

By "GoldFever Bob" Lowe

Well, here we are at the end of another mining season wondering where the summer went. After a very wet spring causing a late start, it's a wonder we got any good prospecting done.

Not sure who found the largest nugget this year but I saw a couple of beauties. Never did get the weight of them but Neoma Ward found a nice big one while exposing herself to Sourdough Jack.

On a more serious note, there will be a few changes next year concerning access to Eagle City Park. As most of you know, the Park is privately owned and is enjoyed by its members and their guests. All Park members know they are responsible for their guests and their actions while visiting the Park. We advise our guests of the rules of the Park to help insure the Park is enjoyed by all. Park members have invested considerable time and money in their membership over the years and up to a couple of weeks ago, didn't have a need to worry about their investment. That is until sometime

(Continued on page 9) President's Message

Food & Personal Hygiene Drive

This year we are again collecting **non-perishable food and personal hygiene items to donate to the Morning Star Boys Ranch.** Last year the socks and underwear were greatly appreciated as was the food. These are teenage boys and most of you know how much a teenager can eat.

We are also taking donations for the **Women's Shelter.** Items such as **clothes and personal hygiene products are in great demand.**

Bring your donations and get a ticket for each item you bring. Tickets will be drawn for prizes at the Holiday Potluck on Saturday, December 11.

Breakfast Meetings

Saturday morning breakfast meetings have started. We meet at the newly remodeled cafeteria at Kootenai Medical Center @ 8AM each Saturday morning for coffee and/or breakfast. Guys at one (or two) tables and the gals at another. Park in the north parking lot and enter thru the north door. The cafeteria is about 100 feet in and to your right. We are sitting way in the back. Come in and help us solve the worlds problems. Bring your wife. The food is cheap and the coffee is good.



One Man's Gold by Enos Christman

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, Cal., November 20, 1850.

My Dear Ellen:--Your kind letter of September 8th reached me by the last mail. Often when in a melancholy mood of mind have I sat down and perused your letters over and over again, and they have nerved me up and driven all such feelings away. If I had not one like you to correspond with, one in whom I can confide and trust, I scarcely know what I should do. Next

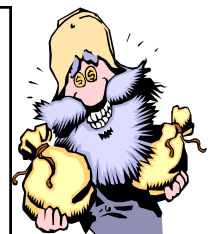
(Continued on page 3) One Man's Gold



The **Northwest Gold Prospectors Association** meets at 7:00pm on the 2nd Wednesday of each month at the Idaho National Guard Armory at 5555 E Seltice Way in Post Falls.

Our outings are held the weekend following the meeting date from May thru October.

November thru March members are invited to meet each Saturday morning at 8:00AM at Kootenai Medical Center in Coeur d'Alene to solve the world's problems. Please join us.



Letters to the Editor & Other fun "Stuff"

By "GoldFever Bob" Lowe



Monarch of the Forest

Autumn was in the air, early that fateful morning as the temperature was a cool 27°. Daylight started casting a golden glow across the valley revealing frost covered

fauna in a field beyond the creek. I could see my breath as I started down the winding trail to answer the call of nature.

The dogs were running ahead of me, stopping every time they came upon the scent of some animal who crossed the trail the night before. As I got closer, I could barely see the outline of the open air outhouse through the trees ahead. A proverbial throne, a store-bought toilet seat mounted to a frame over a hole so far into the woods, that you would get your exercise each time you visit it. A throne so grand, it was fit for a king, where a king could sit in the open and ponder his kingly duties while gazing about his kingdom.

My pace quickened as the call of nature beckoned me in earnest. As I rounded the last bend in the trail, the dogs went in hot pursuit of a grouse they flushed. I was busy getting my pants undone and ready to drop the last few steps, so I would not be wasting time when I got to the throne.

As I settled in, the feeling of contentment flooded over me. I had safely made it! No accidents. I sat there pondering the day ahead and watching the sun rise over the mountain bringing light to the forest darkness. The coolness of the morning air caused my nose to run. I sniffled a couple of times and decided to blow my nose.

I reached down and pulled the plastic lid off the three pound coffee can containing my precious toilet paper. Not your cheap ordinary

(Continued on page 6) **Monarch**

Sack Lunch

I put my carry-on in the luggage compartment and sat down in my assigned seat. It was going to be a long flight I'm glad I have a good book to read. Perhaps I will get a short nap,' I thought.

Just before take-off, a line of soldiers came down the aisle and filled all the vacant seats, totally surrounding me. I decided to start a conversation. 'Where are you headed?' I asked the soldier seated next to me. 'Chicago - to Great Lakes Base. We'll be there for two weeks for special training, and then we're being deployed to Iraq'

After flying for about an hour, an announcement was made that sack lunches were available for five dollars. It would be several hours before we reached Chicago, and I quickly decided a lunch would help pass the time. As I reached for my wallet, I overheard soldier ask his buddy if he planned to buy lunch. 'No, that seems like a lot of money for just a sack lunch. Probably wouldn't be worth

five bucks. I'll wait till we get to Chicago. His friend agreed.

I looked around at the other soldiers. None were buying lunch. I walked to the back of the plane and handed the flight attendant a fifty dollar bill. 'Take a lunch to all those soldiers.' She grabbed my arms and squeezed tightly. Her eyes wet with tears, she thanked me. 'My son was a soldier in Iraq; it's almost like you are doing it for him.'

Picking up ten sacks, she headed up the aisle to where the soldiers were seated. She stopped at my seat and asked, 'Which do you like best - beef or chicken?' 'Chicken,' I replied, wondering why she asked. She turned and went to the front of the plane, returning a minute later with a dinner plate from first class. 'This is your thanks.'

After we finished eating,

I went again to the back of the plane, heading for the rest room. A man stopped me. 'I saw what you did. I want to be part of it. Here, take this.' He handed me twenty-five dollars. Soon after I returned to my seat, I saw the

(Continued on page 7) **Sack Lunch**

Nugget News

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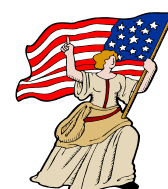
Advertising
Ads (up to 5 lines or 35 words) are free to members and \$5 for non-members or longer ads. Display ads are \$30/full page, \$20/half page, \$15/quarter page and \$5 for business card size. Ads will run for 2 consecutive issues. We can design your display ads at an additional cost. **All ads & stories are due by the 15th. of the month preceding the publication month.**

Wise Words from AA7AF:

I'd rather be a failure at something I love, than a success at something I hate.

Quote from the Past

Why pay money to have your family tree traced; go into politics and your opponents will do it for you. ~Author Unknown



Check out the following Web Sites

www.youtube.com
www.evtv1.com
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to the pleasure of reading a letter from you in this far-off region is that of gazing upon your likeness.

I am perfectly well satisfied that you love for no sinister motives, at least not for wealth, for you always knew I was poor, and I know full well that your greeting would be the same did I return without a dime, as if laden with the riches of Croesus. That I am anxious to return, you cannot doubt. My motto is, "Fear not, but trust in Providence" that I shall be enabled not to be absent much longer.

We now have a post office at this place and as I expect to remain here during the winter, you may hereafter direct my letters to Sonora, California. They will be brought by mail instead of by express.

I wish you a happy Christmas. And now, my dear Ellen, I must close, with my prayers for your happiness and our speedy meeting, and in the meantime, I will subscribe myself,

Ever your loving

E. CHRISTMAN.

Pebbles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, January 19, 1851, Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock.

My Dear Old Friend:--Some six West Chester boys have returned within a few days. The most of these are much worse off than they were before they started and are now in rather bad health. James Dixon is dead. They are all sick of California. I would not urge you to return--your own judgment will tell you when that is best. But I am thoroughly satisfied that a trip to California is but an adventure, and not of much benefit in a pecuniary sense.

That you continue to preserve your health and will be able to return with your constitution unimpaired is what I devoutly wish. Do not sacrifice your

Grubstakin', Swappin' & Peddlin'

Stop at the **Sprag Pole Sports Bar & Museum** for Great Food & Good Times. Lloyd Roath & Crew, 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")

H & H 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.

Bowen's Hideout is located at 1917 E. Sprague, Spokane, WA. Dick Turner carries Fishers, White's, Garret, Troy, Tesoro & Minelab metal detectors. He has a full line of Keene Dredges, Gold Wheels, Prospecting Equipment and Books. Phone (509)534-4004 or (509)230-3896 or email: bowens@bowenhideout.com

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. Many great pictures to look at.

Prospector Pins (\$4.00) 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 \$65 Call 208-699-8128.

BIG SKY METAL DETECTORS in Ronan, MT For all your metal detecting and prospecting needs. Call 406-676-0063 or E-mail jabin@ronan.net. If I don't have it I can get it. And remember **NO SALES TAX**

health to pay Mr. Evans. I hope you will be able to return his money as this would not make you feel dependent upon any one. I do sincerely hope ere another year rolls around you will be home among your friends.

The business of the *Village Record* office is very good, and is still increasing. The editor's eyebrows are as heavy as ever, though frosted. Quantity and fierceness remain unchanged. Sometimes I am editor, compositor, devil and collector. By continuing in the *Record* office I may eventually get an interest in it, though of this I am indifferent.

I have more to do now than ever. Thomas Poulson is willing to do anything he is told, but takes his own time to do it. The boys in the office call him "Porkey" on account of getting so fat and snoring so loud when asleep. He also has great difficulty in having his coats made. His legs are so short that the tail will drag on the ground. He says he considers himself one of Delaware's best.

William Baker is a boy to my taste and liking. He is spirited, bold and frank. He says he loves Miss Hodgson as ardently as ever, and she loves him, too, but the pleasures of their love are something like the fruits of the Dead Sea, more to be looked upon than enjoyed.

Your humble servant still retains the cognomen of "Dad" though as yet he is not daddy of anything. I am not prepared to get married and I must stay away from the ladies.

We have had another terrible murder committed in this community. It occurred at Rocky Hill, and was committed on the person of a young lady, a teacher of a public school. The person suspected of the deed is a young man now in prison awaiting a trial. The young lady was deliberately shot down in daylight in front of the school

(Continued on page 4) **One Man's Gold**

(Continued from page 3) *One Man's Gold*

house.

I spent last Friday evening at Apples' and I also saw Ellen in the street last night. I design paying her a short visit this afternoon.

We receive the *Sonora Herald*. It is a pretty good paper for the place and opportunities. Do you get the *Record*?

I am enjoying prime health and getting fat. I also have whiskers. How are you? Have you a beard?

With the warm regards of your old and tried friend,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman Monday evening, January 13th, 1851.

My Dear Enos:--Your last letter speaks of prolonging your stay another year. That was not cheering news. However, I shall still keep hoping that it may be sooner than I expect. I know that time passes rapidly away and I know that you must feel that it will be greatly to your advantage to remain, so I must not complain, for if you continue satisfied, that is worth more than all the gold in California. I am glad you got enough of mining so soon, for a comfortable place to sleep is far preferable to the damp ground.

It seems to me that every letter that I receive from you increases my love and makes me feel that the happiest day I ever knew will be when we meet again. You have asked me to advise you, dear Enos, about returning home. You know I would be overjoyed to see you. At the same time, after having gone so far as you have, and suffering the hardships you did to get there, I cer-

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tainly would give it a fair trial. I think if you will act according to your own judgment, dear Enos, all will come out right.

I have glad news to tell you. Theodore has arrived safely home. He left San Francisco the 28th of September. He went from there to Chagres. When he arrived at Chagres, he was taken with the brain fever six hours after he landed, and lay there eight days with it. The doctor charged him two dollars and the woman where he boarded charged him two dollars for a cup of tea. He felt weak and had no appetite. He then took the Pacific and went to Havana where he took passage on the *Ohio*, which landed him at Norfolk. When aboard the *Ohio*, it came nearly being lost in a dreadful gale. The water rose eight feet in the vessel and put out the fires. The passengers were obliged to work the pumps for two days and nights. When Theodore could work the pumps no longer, he lay down on deck in the water and caught a heavy cold. The vessel, instead of going to New York, had to put in at Norfolk. When he reached Philadelphia, which was the 29th of December, he went right to sister's. She at once went out and bought him a suit of comfortable clothes and sent for the doctor. He had a bad chill before the doctor came. The doctor examined him and said his liver and throat were affected. He forbid him talking, and put him on a low diet. Theodore brought nearly three hundred dollars in gold dust. That is all he has to show for two years' lost time. His accounts of the

(Continued on page 5) *One Man's Gold*

Gold is \$1410.20 an ounce! This time last year it was \$1104.30 an ounce !

To get your copy of the Nugget News early via email, please send an email to bob@goldfeverminingsupply.com with "Newsletter" in the subject box.

Seen on a bumper sticker:

Have you bitch slapped an environmentalist today?

Outings

Our outings are held the Saturday after the second Wednesday of the month from May thru October at Eagle City Park (unless otherwise noted). 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. Look for red pump house with a prospector on wall. GPS is 47°38'51"N & 115°54'37"W

Note that Eagle City Park is privately owned and operated and is for the exclusive use of Eagle City Park Members and their guests. It is open to all NWGPA members free of charge during the outings.

You are welcome to come and prospect at other times as long as prior arrangements are made and the Daily Lease Fee of \$10 per family is paid. You must follow all the rules as posted and park outside the cables and off the roads.

(Continued from page 4) One Man's Gold

living and hardships at the mines are distressing yet laughable to hear. He seems to be perfectly satisfied with Chester County.

Mr. Dixon died on the 5th of September. Theodore nursed him until he died, and gave him as decent a burial as any person could have given him out there. Mrs. Dixon does not seem to mind her husband's death at all. She is still flying around.

My dear Enos, when you start home take the quickest route, for I shall be so worried from the time you start until you arrive home.

Bayard Taylor was soon left a widower after he came home from his tour. He married a Miss Agnew of Hennessey and now she is dead and buried. She was very ill when she was married.

I took that gold dust you sent me to the jeweler and had a little more put into it and had a very pretty plain ring made of it. I kept the gold dust in a bottle for it was loose and I would soon have lost it, otherwise. I prize your daguerreotype and that ring more than anything I have in my possession.

I remain yours most sincerely and devoutly,

E. A.

***Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, Cal.,
Tuesday evening, March 6, 1851***

My Own Dearest Ellen:--Your highly prized letter of January 13th reached me last evening in fifty-one days after it was written, having made the quickest passage of any I have received since residing in the mining district. I have been very fortunate in receiving letters, but many have not. If the friends of many could only know what sadness their neglect creates, they would surely write often.

It affords me extreme pleasure to dwell on the many kind expressions of encouragement, love and hope. You must have been in a very pleasant mood when it was written for it has a happy effect on me.

Last night, while in the fairy land of dreams, I thought that I had come near West Chester, but how I got there I knew not, and the first person I met and recognized was your own dear self. After an embrace and a kiss, we took a stroll and rambled through many fairy fields and meadows bedecked all over with beautiful flowers. We then reached a meandering rivulet, where we stopped a moment to refresh ourselves with a drink of its cooling waters, then we passed on over many gentle hills and through a beautiful grove of ancient and lofty pines and sycamores. Here we stopped and loitered, first to view this and then to admire that. The weather was warm and sultry, and at

length we found ourselves winding our way through a beautiful garden planted with most beautiful and sweet-scented flowers and shrubbery. Here was a beautiful arbor, the sun entirely excluded by the thick foliage of vines and shrubbery. No one was present. A little way off we heard the sweet and soothing notes of a band of music. Being weary, here we seated ourselves and rested and talked till the shades of evening set in, as only two lovers can talk. Time flew on wings of lightning, and I was conducting you down Gay Street, near your father's, whispering sweet words, when I was suddenly interrupted, and awaking, found myself snugly wrapped up in blankets, upon the floor. Such was my dream and a happy one it was, too, except the termination.

As you suggest, I must give the country a fair trial. I can do this by staying here another year and yet return within the three year period first laid down for my absence. You perhaps think I am deferring my return longer than I should, but you know it is necessity and not choice. Besides we are both young and I hope we may be better prepared than now for domestic peace and tranquillity and the varied duties of husband and wife. Of one thing I am certain, at least. I shall be better prepared to settle down permanently than I ever have been heretofore. At home there is little chance for a mechanic without capital to rise very fast. I must therefore, if possible, make something to begin with before I return.

I am still at work at my business and hope to sell out in time to be home at New Year's. Dr. Gunn's family have arrived in this place. They came by way of Cape Horn, and were out a long while. I now have more comfortable quarters.

You remark that Mrs. Dixon is flirting around, apparently not regarding the death of her husband much. Such a sentence strikes deeply into the heart of every adventurer here in California. It excites his suspicions. Every one has left friends, in a far happier land than this, whom he loved and respected and was loved and respected by them in return. Many have left that comfortable land to endure all kinds of hardships here, for the very purpose of bettering the condition of those at home, to return and bless them with the fruits of their labors here. And then to learn that those wives, sweethearts, relatives and friends have forgotten them, proved recreant and false to them, is too bad. It is enough to set many crazy. I know that some of my friends could never use me so.

You say you have had a ring made out of the dust I sent you together with some other which you added. I am sorry I did not send you enough to complete it. Your letters, your likeness and your ring are the most precious treasures I possess. I never see them without thinking of her who gave them.

It is growing late and so, dear Ellen, good night, and may happy dreams and sweet slumber bless your soft pillow.

Your affectionate E. CHRISTMAN.

to be continued.....

(Continued from page 2) *Monarch*

single ply, slick sided TP, but the good 2 ply, embossed for softness TP, the kind used by Kings around the world. I reached inside and grabbed the roll of TP and unraveled a foot or so to blow my nose. I was lost in thought, when I laid the roll down at my feet and started blowing my nose. And that's when it happened.....

From out of nowhere, our youngest dog, back from chasing the grouse, streaked by, grabbed the roll of TP at my feet and headed 20 to 30 feet into the woods. The feeling of contentment I had gave way to disbelief as I watched helplessly as the little sh# promptly started shredding the TP.

It wasn't like at home when you get ready to do the paperwork at the end of the job and there is a one or two torn, glue covered squares stuck to a cardboard tube. You think to yourself, "Why didn't I look before I sat down." But most of the time help is just a yell away. "Hon, can you get me another roll of TP." Or if you are home alone, you can always resort to the "butt clinched, pants around the ankle shuffle" to the cabinet to get some more.

I was overwhelmed by many emotions, from hopelessness to anger, self-blaming to humor and ending up thinking no one will believe this. I found myself pleading with the dog to "bring it here". This, to a dog who barely comes when you call her by name to dinner. I even called to the older dog and pleaded with her too, but to no avail. So close, yet so far. I considered the "butt clinched, pants around the ankle shuffle" but quickly dismissed the notion when I realized how embarrassed I'd be if I were to be found unconscious and bruised from falling after getting hung up on the tangled undergrowth.

I sat there weighing my alternatives until my legs started going numb. I was thinking, I would trade my outdoor kingdom for a roll of TP. In fact, it didn't have to be a new roll, just enough to get me out of this predicament. That's when I noticed the box of baby wipes I'd left there the day before. How lucky can a person get? I reached for the box and brought it to my lap, opened the lid and reached in.....Did I tell you how cold it was that morning? Yep, you guessed it. I had no idea baby wipes could freeze, but I'm here to tell you they freeze. They were not as hard as a rock, but hard enough to make you work to peel one off without tearing it.

Now, I don't want you to think I wanted to compound matters worse without warming them up a little before I used it. But, remember, my legs are numb and I was thinking of the mess I was going to have to clean up as my dog was living life to the fullest ripping, shredding, tearing and chewing up my roll of TP.

I held my breath as I put the partly frozen baby wipe to work. I took notice as the coldness brought me to my toes. I had an instant ice cream headache where I never imagined. Preparation-H could not shrink hemorrhoids that fast. A weaker person would have passed out, but I endured and overcame. I was able to finish my business, pick up the shredded TP from what seemed like an acre of ground in the woods and tried to scold a dog who was happily playing tag with me.

A weaker person also would not tell on themselves like this. But, Monarchs of the Forest have a duty to protect the dignity of the weaker ones by passing on lessons learned the hard way. So, the lesson today is threefold. First, be sure enough TP is within arms reach before you sit down.. Second, while doing your business, protect your TP at all costs and third, remember, baby wipes can and will freeze.

I reprinted this old story to give a little background before I relate the latest lesson, I learned the hard way:

It all began like most mornings at camp, except we had a couple of grandkids staying with us and Mary got up before me to start the

coffee and a hardy breakfast of pancakes and eggs.

I got up, slipped on my shirt and pants and sit down with a fresh cup of coffee. All of a sudden the call of nature hit me from out of nowhere. You know the kind. The "ooh my God, I gotta go & go NOW" kind. I jumped up, yelled at Mary to hand me a jacket and out the door I flew, hoping I would make it to my throne in the woods in time.

About a third of the way there, I was really moving & thinking I'll make it in plenty of time. Then out of nowhere I'm hit with a cramp, you know the kind, the ones that cause you to bend over while clutching your butt cheeks.

Half way there my pace slowed down to a shuffle as one hand was pressing on the cramp and the other was helping to hold my butt cheeks together. It was here I began to realize I was glad I didn't put on clean underwear that morning.

I finally arrived at my throne, shuffling along on my tiptoes while every muscle in my body was shaking trying to hold my butt cheeks together. I was hoping to get my pants down and get positioned close enough to the toilet before my butt cheeks relaxed. You all know very well that timing is critical in this situation. I didn't relish the thought of having to clean up what was fast becoming an accident of global proportions.

While uttering "ooh my God" over & over, I lifted the lid to the toilet and while still on my tiptoes and holding my breath, I spun around, grabbed my pants and realized I still had my jacket on and I couldn't get the suspenders off my shoulders. Cramps became headaches as I fumbled with the buttons and removed my jacket, throwing it to the side. I, again, grabbed my pants and this time, pushed them down with such force I almost fell over backwards. I caught myself, stood up and tried to push my pants down again. And, again, I fell backwards against my throne.

Panic overcame me, as I none to soon realized what was going on. Earlier, when Mary gave me my jacket, I had her hook up my suspenders in the back as they became unsnapped when I sat down with my coffee and they got caught on a blanket the grandkids had on the sofa where they slept the night before. She not only got them hooked to my pants, she also got my shirt snapped in there too. **Accidentally**, she says.

As I was saying, panic overcame me as my butt cheeks were losing the battle with the call of nature. With one more heroic effort I finally got my pants pulled down. As I felt the toilet seat kiss my butt cheeks I was swept away in ecstasy as nature abruptly called.

The lessons learned here are: Don't trust anyone with snapping your suspenders in the back. Do not wear anything on the outside of your suspenders, especially not buttoned or zipped up. And finally, start an exercise routine to strengthen your butt cheeks. The End

An Ad You Don't See Anymore!



(Continued from page 2) *Sack Lunch*

Flight Captain coming down the aisle, looking at the aisle numbers as he walked, I hoped he was not looking for me, but noticed he was looking at the numbers only on my side of the plane. When he got to my row he stopped, smiled, held out his hand, and said, 'I want to shake your hand.'

Quickly unfastening my seatbelt I stood and took the Captain's hand. With a booming voice he said, 'I was a soldier and I was a military pilot.'

Once, someone bought me a lunch. It was an act of kindness I never forgot.' I was embarrassed when applause was heard from all of the passengers.

Later I walked to the front of the plane so I could stretch my legs. A man who was seated about six rows in front of me reached out his hand, wanting to shake mine. He left another twenty-five dollars in my palm.

When we landed in Chicago I gathered my belongings and started to deplane. Waiting just inside the airplane door was a man who stopped me, put something in my shirt pocket, turned, and walked away without saying a word. Another twenty-five dollars!

Upon entering the terminal, I saw the soldiers gathering for their trip to the base. I walked over to them and handed them seventy-five dollars. 'It will take you some time to reach the base. It will be about time for a sandwich.'

(Continued on page 9) *Sack Lunch*

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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Hospitality \$4.95
Panning gravel \$18.00
Patches \$-
NWGPA badge \$-
NWGPA hat/visor \$-
Magnets \$-
Shirts \$-

Total Receipts \$184.54

Disbursements

Post Office \$-
Idaho State Military \$140.00
Progressive Printing \$-
Gary Coe \$150.00 Oct
Michael D's breakfast \$63.25 Panning demo for scouts

Total Disbursements \$353.25

Balance in checking \$6,475.95

Mary Lowe 08-November-10

Spirit Creek Catering Company

Michelle Kelly
208-659-6355

Tom Russell
208-819-6419

PO Box 1088 * Spirit Lake, Idaho 83869
spiritcreekcatering@gmail.com

Pickles' Mining Supply

42 N Kelly Drive
Cusick, WA 99119
(509) 442-3196

For Sale—2006 Polaris Sportsman 450

- 455cc engine
- All wheel drive
- 11" ground clearance
- Bomb-proof suspension
- 1200+ lbs receiver hitch
- Dual tail & backup lights
- Gobs of built-in storage

"Tweety-bird" is like new with only 300 miles and she's priced about \$1,800 below comparable new.

Price \$5,200

Call Frank Fey @ 509-922-8392

It seems that according to my wife, what I don't do is always more important than what I do do.

Prospecting Partners

Bob Reavis @ 208-623-6233
Dale Rounsville @ 509-995-9082

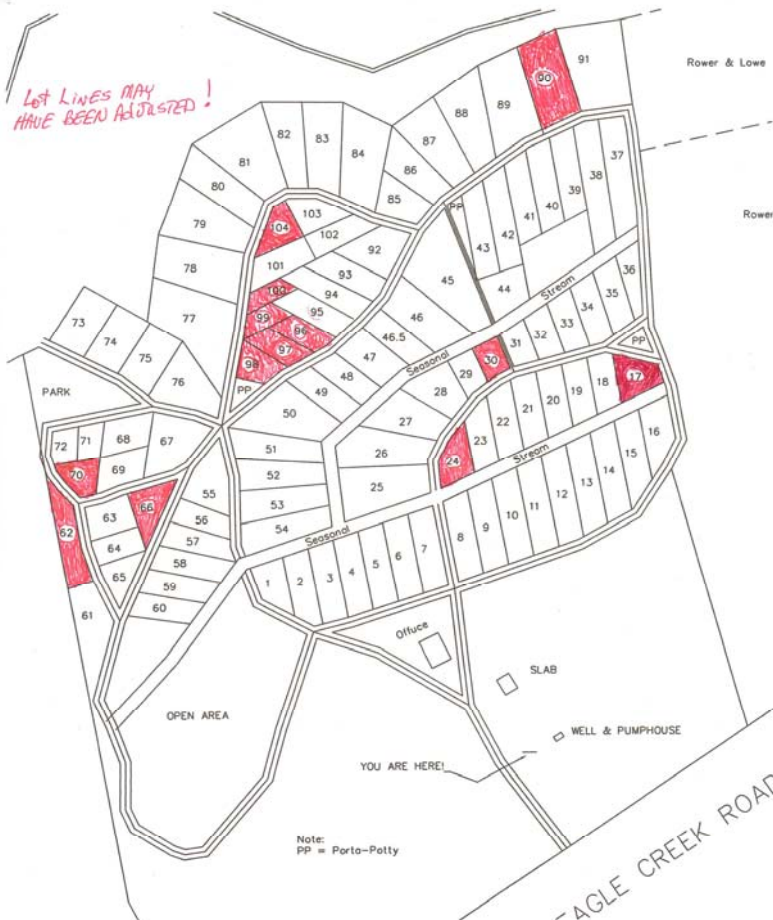
There are a few prospectors who would like to go prospecting, but for one reason or another needs or would like a partner to accompany them. If you are interested in being a partner or would like to find a partner, let me know and I will include you in our new Prospecting Partners column in the Nugget News.

Items Taken From Eagle City Park

Desert Fox Spiral Panning Machine
1000 Watt Craftsman Generator (black/gray)
2" x 48" Sucker Tube
1800 Watt Honda Generator (red)
Red 2.5 gallon plastic gas can w/yellow flex spout & black cap

Eagle City Mining Company is offering a \$100 dollar reward for information leading to the return of these items and the public beating of the person(s) responsible before turning them over to the Sheriff.

White's new Pulse Scan TDI is in stock. Priced at \$1598.00 and I will include a 7.5" coil with it. It will also accept Minelab GPX coils. You can see it at <http://pulsescantdi.com/intro.htm> and read comments at <http://tdi.invisionplus.net/index.php?mforum=tdi&showforum=3>. Available at Big Sky Metal Detectors 406-253-1678 NO SALES TAX



EAGLE CITY PARK MEMBERSHIPS FOR SALE

Eagle City Park memberships for sale. Please contact the members below for their price and terms.

Lot #	Member	Phone #
17	Greg & Lenora Meshew	208-687-1928
24	Glen & Karen Nirk	503-707-9393
30	Ken Weimer	208-755-7850
62	George Parks	208-773-2781
66	Mark & Lisa Wenig	208-687-2072
70	Richard & Geraldine Davis	208-661-2783
90	SOLD	
96	Kenny & Wendy Gabriel	208-755-6438
97	Kenny & Wendy Gabriel	208-755-6438
98	Kenny & Wendy Gabriel	208-755-6438
99	Kenny & Wendy Gabriel	208-755-6438
100	Kenny & Wendy Gabriel	208-755-6438
104	SOLD	

For details about the Park, its rules or questions in general, please contact Bob or Mary Lowe or Don or Irene Rower or PeeWee. We would be glad to show you around and point out the lots included in the memberships being offered. Please call 208-699-8128 during the week or 208-682-4661 on the week-ends if you plan to come up to the Park to look around without the member present.

8 thru 13 & 15 are now available.
Call Bob @ 208-699-8128.

(Continued from page 1) *President's Message*

from the week prior to and a week after the last outing (10/16/10), two generators, a gas can, a sucker tube and a Desert Fox panning machine was taken from Park members.

At this point we do not have a clue who, for sure how or if all the items were taken at the same time, but we are still working on it.

Many of our Park members do not know or recognize all the guests that utilize the Park and that is a cause of concern. To them, they see a stranger and in this case a suspect.

Members of the NWGPA are guests of the Lowes and Rowers while at the Park. In order to protect the investment of Eagle City Park members, to dispel any suspicion directed towards any guests or members of NWGPA and to insure a GREAT time is enjoyed by all, the following will take effect immediately.

All guests, before entering Eagle City Park, must sign in with Name, Phone # and License Plate # and if a NWGPA member, your membership #. You will each be given an arm band or other identifying item to show you have been signed in and advised of the rules. No one will be allowed inside the Park without signing in, unless they are a Park Member and/or their immediate family (spouse and children 18 years and younger). Vehicle access will also be limited and controlled differently than in the past. Details will follow as they become refined.

It saddens me to even think we need to make any changes after a 15 year trouble-free run. The world is a changing and looks like we need to change with it or lose out to the bad guys.

Remember to bring your non-perishable food and personal hygiene items to donate to the Morning Star Boys Ranch and Women Shelter. See center of page 1 for details.

(Continued from page 7) *Sack Lunch*

God Bless You.'

Ten young men left that flight feeling the love and respect of their fellow travelers. As I walked briskly to my car, I whispered a prayer for their safe return. These soldiers were giving their all for our country. I could only give them a couple of meals. It seemed so little...

A veteran is someone who, at one point in his/her life wrote a blank check made payable to 'The United States of America ' for an amount of 'up to and including his/her life.'

That is Honor, and there are way too many people in this country who no longer understand it.'

By the way..to all the vets who may be reading this....



THANK YOU!

October Raffle

Item	Donated By	Won By
pick up tool	Bob/Pat Beck	Maria Reamy
candle	Bob/Pat Beck	Joel Pomarico
candle	Don/Irene Rower	Florence Estes
jam	Don/Irene Rower	Robert Athens
pot holder	Don/Irene Rower	Lisa Wenig
dish	Don/Irene Rower	Bill Jones
candy	Glen/Maria Reamy	Jamie Star
multi tester	Lee/Lani Hopkins	Linda Shupp
screwdriver	Bill Jones	Carmen Combs
heart box	Bill Jones	Larry Hansen
coasters	Bill Jones	Ron Curtis
kisses	Bob/Mary Lowe	Les White
survival kit	Linda Shupp	Iris Schmidt
“gold” soap	Glen/Maria Reamy	Larry Hansen

Please bring an item for our door prize and raffle. The money we make on our raffles helps offset some of our expenses and makes the meeting livelier.

One good thing about small cars is that you can fit twice as many into a traffic jam

FINALLY – A great alternative to body scanners at airports . . .

The Israelis are developing an airport security device that eliminates the privacy concerns that come with full-body scanners at the airports.

It's a booth you can step into that will not X-ray you, but will detonate any explosive device you may have on you. They see this as a win-win for everyone, with no crap about racial profiling. It also would eliminate the costs of long and expensive trials. Justice would be swift. Case closed!

You're in the airport terminal and you hear a muffled explosion. Shortly thereafter an announcement comes over the PA system . . .

"Attention standby passengers
– we now have a seat available on flight number XXXX. Shalom"



New Motto for the IRS
We've Got What It Takes
To Take What You've Got

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

Recipe(s) of the Month

BREAKFAST CASSEROLE

6 to 8 slices of bread
1 pound sausage
½ cup shredded Swiss cheese
½ cup shredded cheddar cheese
½ cup sliced mushrooms
¾ cup half and half
1 1/4 cup milk
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
5 eggs, slightly beaten
season with salt and pepper

Grease a 9X13 inch pan. Place bread in pan; set aside. Cook and drain sausage and sprinkle over bread. Add cheeses and mushrooms. Combine cream, milk, Worcestershire, mustard, and eggs; stir until mixed and pour over casserole. Refrigerate over night and bake the next morning at 350 degrees 35-40 minutes. (You may add onion to sausage and use all milk in place of half and half.)

Honcoop Highbanker For Sale

Small Sluice on top
Excellent condition \$800
Call Mike @ 509-535-1032

The Wisdom of Eagle City Ed

**If government is the answer, then it
must have been a stupid question.**

Support Your Club

**NWGPA has t-shirts, hats, badges and bags of
panning gravel with real gold.**

Spokane Prospecting Supply

11205 E Empire, Spokane Valley, WA 99206

Tuesday-Friday 9:30 / 5pm Weekends by appointment

- Highbankers & Gold Dredges (Proline, D&K, Keene)
 - Metal Detectors (White's, Garrett & Fisher)
 - Sluice boxes, gold pans and more

509-981-0852
Swanson11205@yahoo.com

John Swanson
Owner

Nugget News



NorthWest Gold Prospectors Assn.
PO Box 790
Rathdrum, Idaho 83858



Dean Yongue will be the guest speaker for the November Meeting. His program will be about his work on the old Star-Phoenix Mine in the Silver Valley.