



## Northwest Montana Gold Prospectors Club

P.O. Box 3242

Columbia Falls, MT 59912

<http://www.NWMTGoldprospectors.com>

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Secretary	Jill Taber	406-892-3722
Treasurer	Sandi Randle	406-212-7415
sergeant at arms:	Ric Lance	406-892-1810
	Bob Liston	406-752-8239

If you know of a club member who is ill or needs help,  
Prayer or encouragement, call our "Sunshine Lady"  
Vicki Walborn 406-756-3711

### **"CODE OF ETHICS"**

**Any Violation reflects on all of us!**

1. Know and obey the laws, rules and regulations pertaining to mining.
2. Respect private property and mining claims of others. Get Permission First!
3. Conduct your mining activity in a manner that will cause minimal disturbance to others.
4. Plan your operation prior to proceeding to ensure minimal environmental impact and erosion.
5. Restore the area to its original or better condition when finished with your operation.
6. NEVER disrupt or damage wildlife breeding sites, even if it's legal to do so.
7. Remove all trash and debris found in and around all streams, rivers, and campsites.
8. Keep your equipment maintained and in peak operating condition.
9. Use extreme caution when using petroleum products around waterways.
10. MINE SAFELY! No amount of gold is worth your life or the life of others.

### **CLUB MEETINGS**

**April 10**

**2010**

**1:00 P.M.**

**MEETING ROOM  
IN COLUMBIA  
FALLS**

**235 Nucleus**

**Moving Image building**

# 99ER'S NUGGET NEWS

Northwest Montana Gold Prospectors Club

March , 2010

Editor: Mary Lance

Quote of the Month: The income tax has made more liars out of the American people than golf has. Even when you make a tax form out on the level, you don't know when it is through, if you are a crook or a martyr.

Will Rogers

## IN THIS ISSUE:

### Next meeting:

**April 10, 2010**

**Meeting room in Columbia Falls**

**Greetings from the Editor**

**Gold Prices**

**March minutes**

**Advertisements**

**-Personals:**

Mail from Members

## GOLD PRICES:

AS OF : April 4, 2010

Gold \$1137.31

Silver \$ 17.55

## OUR WEBSITE:

[NWMTGoldprospectors.com](http://NWMTGoldprospectors.com)

**Please send newsletter information to:**

Ric and Mary Lance

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-Way C. Falls, Mt. 59912

**phone: 406-892-1810 cell:**

**406-253-9335**

Hi friends, Yes, I did come home from the cruise. It was wonderful. I peeled like a snake when I got home. I would recommend a cruise for anyone, but take your honey with you. Ric didn't get to go, and if I go another time, he will be with me. I went to Cozumel, Mexico with my daughter and her family.

I apologize for not putting an address in the newsletter for the meeting room. I have corrected that omission in this one. I had a prospective member call and say he couldn't find it.

Just a tidbit of information, the people getting the newsletter by email will get the full version. If you read it on the website, the pictures may be made smaller. Those receiving it by mail, I put too much in it last month. We can only send so many pages, and I didn't know this. One story was cut from the paper copy.

I bragged about you guys too soon. This month I didn't receive a single recipe. How many of you are trying these recipes? Let me know any comments you might have about some of them.

Penny continues to recover from her last round of surgery. She is home and learning a whole new lifestyle. Keep her in your prayers. It isn't going to be easy to adapt to all the changes in her life.

The newsletter is later than I hoped to have it out. I have been working on income taxes and my days got away from me. I am certainly happy when I get the last form done for the year.

This month's story is going to be in two parts, one this month and one next month. Be sure to save this newsletter in case you forget the story line to finish it next month. If you lose yours, go to the website and catch up.

Until next month,

Mary



## N.W. M.G.P. minutes for March 13, 2010

Herb called the meeting to order @ 1:15  
The minutes were read and approved.  
The treasurers report was read and approved.  
There were 30 people present

### OLD BUSINESS:

Bob Listin is still trying to get the Forest Service to come and talk to us. The date Bob has now is for the April meeting. Don Roe wanted to know if we got the check and savings account taken care of. Sandy has been too busy, but she did get the signature card for the Whitefish Credit Union. We still have the box out for any one who would like to donate to help with the gold show prizes. Herb let us know that there are a few new people for the show. The ATV dealers are still up in the air. Herb had a few fliers for people to start handing out. Clarence will check with Multiple Use when he gets back about the use of their insurance. Braxton wanted to know if we had enough tables sold to pick the building we wanted. Herb told us not yet. Bill Moeller wanted to know if we would be able to camp there at the fair ground. Herb told us he would let us know. We will be able to start set up on Friday and the show will go until Sunday. We will need to clean up after the show. We have two seminars and are looking for one to two more. Herb and Sandy will look into one of the mines.

### New Business:

Herb let us know that here was an article about some new laws that they are trying to get passed that would change the way they are listing streams. Along the lines of it is a National Stream and it is off limits.

Ron drove all the way to the public panning area. He was also able to get up to the claim. It is all frozen still but you can get there. Just as a reminder the gate closes on the 1st of April and is closed till the 16th of May.

Please make copies of your raffle tickets and sell them if you can.

I let the club know that we are out of the brown hats and have a few of the gray shirts left. We also have no more mugs. We all agreed that we need to get them ordered so we have them for the Show. I will call Shelia Keller whom we ordered from the last time.

We talked about the dredging at the club outings. Bill asked how many people we would need. Ron let us know about 6. We can rotate people through out the day. Ron also let us know we should try to get some hip waders for everyone to use.

Jon let us know that Penny is doing well. They also became great grand parents. Congratulations to all the Van Dorts.

Herb show us a bottle that had crushed ore, baking soda, hydrogen peroxide and water. What this does is makes the fine gold rise to the top of the water and when the air is gone the gold will fall to the bottom. It was really cool to watch.

Jon asked if we wanted him to bring his equipment for the show. Herb told him yes and also told us that we are welcome to bring anything to show the public. There was no other new business and the meeting was adjourned.

**REMEMBER AT EVERY WINTER MEETING THERE WILL BE A NUGGET RAFFLED WITH THE REGULAR RAFFLE AND YOU HAVE TO BE THERE TO WIN IT!!!!!!! THERE IS ALWAYS A SILVER ROUND AND A BAG OF TOP O' DEEP DIRT FROM THE CLUB.**

**Norm Coverdale won the nugget this month.  
Wayne Burns won the Top O' Deep, and also a new member  
Larry Wilke won the Silver Round.**

**Thank you to all that bring the raffle things and those who buy the tickets.**

**WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS!!!!!!**

**RONALD BATES, ST. IGNATIUS**

**FRANK MYERS, LIBBY**

Washington didn't use his right to free speech to defeat the British, He shot them.

**Life is too short to wake up with regrets.  
Love the people who treat you right.  
Forget about the ones who don't.  
Believe everything happens for a reason.  
If you get a second chance, grab it with both hands.  
If it changes your life, let it.  
Nobody said life would be easy.  
They just promised it would be worth it.**

**Friends are like balloons.  
Once you let them go, you can't get them back.  
So I'm going to tie you to my heart so I never lose you.**

<p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>City _____ State _____</p> <p>Phone _____</p>	<p><b>RAFFLE TICKET</b></p> <p><b>Northwest Montana Gold Prospector Club</b> <b>\$1.00 each or 6 For \$5.00</b></p> <p><b>PRIZES 1/4OZ Gold Nugget, 10oz Silver Bar,</b> <b>Metal Detector.</b></p>
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## **The Luck of Roaring Camp by Brett Harte**

There was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp,--"Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministrations of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen also that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced AB INITIO. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp--a city of refuge--was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blonde hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay,--seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;" even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire rose a sharp, querulous cry,--a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder; but in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame, forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and EX OFFICIO complacency,-- "gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so unconsciously set an

example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in comments were audible,--criticisms addressed perhaps rather to Stumpy in the character of showman; "Is that him?" "Mighty small specimen;" "Has n't more 'n got the color;" "Ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung-shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for 5 pounds; and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The damned little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the damned little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the newcomer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood-tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Halfway down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene!" replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause--an embarrassing one--Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it,--the damned little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprang up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog,--a distance of forty miles,--where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp, as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that

no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety,--the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"--the mammal before alluded to--could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got,--lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills,--damn the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills,--that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating,--he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted ass's milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "The Kid," "Stumpy's Boy," "The Coyote" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "The damned little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the Church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly eyeing the faces around him," but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't goin' to understand. And ef there's goin' to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been otherwise uttered than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

