



# Southwest Washington Gold Prospectors News

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SW Washington Gold Prospectors

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## September Raffle Winners — by Kameron Mitchell

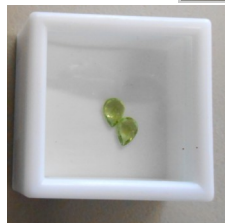
Bob Novak was this month's big winner. He won the gold nugget pictured below. Richard Stewart won the citrines pictured below. First time attendee, Corina Williamson was drawn for the nifty microscope, also pictured below.



Bob Novak



Richard  
Stewart



Corina Williamson



Microscope

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## Retorts - Letters to the Editor

To All Club Members:

Well..... the sale of our house fell through, so we are still here. HOWEVER, this will be our last meeting, last newsletter written by us, and the last month support of the website will be made by us.

So what this means is, one or two of you must take over the responsibilities of these appointed offices.

Also, the treasurer's office will be vacated. The bank account has been closed and a check for the balance in the account has been set aside for the new treasurer. I believe that a temporary appointment to this position is in the offing.

We expect that this club will continue getting bigger and better in the future. Happy (gold) trails to you, until we meet again.

Kameron & Rosalie Mitchell



Adios Compadres

## Around the Campfire — Stories

### Prospecting: A Side By Side Perspective - By Kameron Mitchell

Often times we take our friends on prospecting trips, camping outings, or vacations with one thought in our mind and our friends go along with us with another thought in their minds. This is a story that shows those, at times polar opposites, side by side. You may read one column first, then the second, or jump back and forth between the columns. It's your choice. (Previously published in the "Gold Prospectors Magazine".) © 2002

#### Prospector

I was hoping this year to do my first prospecting trip to California where the gold is big and plentiful, or so I've been lead to believe. Most of the largest pieces of gold that I had found to this point in Washington and Oregon could be described, with a good deal of imagination, as small flakes. The majority of the gold was fine. Some folks I showed my poke to believe it wasn't actually gold. Maybe it wasn't!

I had discovered that prospecting by myself has its benefits such as going when and where I want and having only myself to be responsible for. But oftentimes, it would have been nice to be able to share the experiences ... and the work! I had gone hiking with an ex-Navy buddy of mine when he came north a year earlier. While we climbed a couple of mountains, we talked about prospecting. I briefly mentioned his accompanying me sometime on a prospecting trip. He seemed to be amenable to the idea, so I contacted him via email. I guess he thought it would be fun and agreed to go with me.

For about 6 months we emailed plans back and forth. I like to have lists of the items I need to take with me on a trip such as my tools, camping equipment, and food. I'm concerned about having the equipment I need but the food isn't too important to me: a jar of peanut butter, a jar of jam, a loaf of bread, some cookies, and I'm set. My friend, on the other hand, has to have gourmet dinners! Planning our menu became an ordeal I hadn't expected. I let him do the cooking and planning of the meals.

Since I wanted to go to northern California, I expected him to drive up from LA and meet me somewhere. But he decided to fly to Portland and we would drive down from there. We decided to use my camping equipment and get most of the supplies up here so he wouldn't have to carry all of that stuff on the plane. Well, we spent about 2 hours shopping and we finally got all the food. Although he arrived before noon, it was getting into the early afternoon by the time we finished shopping. We decided to begin the drive early the next morning to arrive during the day so camp set up would not be so difficult.

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#### Prospector's Friend

I was achingly looking forward to another vacation, perhaps another camping/hiking trip. I have climbed most of the higher points in SoCal, which are nice climbs, but nothing compared to the mountains I climbed in the Northwest. I showed pictures of the spectacular views from the trails and summits of those mountains to friends. They thought climbing mountains is crazy. Maybe it is!

It is very peaceful camping and hiking by oneself only being responsible for yourself, going where you want, and so on. Sometimes, it would have been nice to have had help carrying all the supplies and camping equipment, and setting up camp like when I went climbing in the Northwest with my ex-Navy buddy. We talked about prospecting for gold sometime. I admitted I wouldn't mind striking it rich. He must have remembered because he sent me an email asking me to prospect with him. He went climbing with me so I guess it's only fair to try prospecting with him. I decided I'd go with him.

Our trip was to take place in six months which gave us plenty of time to plan it all out. We determined the list of camping equipment we would need to take and he determined the prospecting equipment. Thank God I would provide the menu. I don't know how we would have survived on what he normally eats. We also decided it would be better if I were to do the cooking. I really enjoy cooking. However, my skill was going to go to waste as it was obvious he would eat anything! I decided I would do all the cooking.

Due to how much gas my truck uses, it was cheaper and more convenient to buy the \$400 round-trip tickets to Portland. We then could travel together to northern California from there. Since I was flying, I didn't want to take all my gear and the food with me so we were going to use his gear mostly and buy the food up there. He didn't have any brand named equipment except for a 20-year-old Coleman stove, but I supposed they would work. We had a good time shopping for the food and decided to take off in the early morning so we wouldn't have to set up camp in the dark.

(Continued on page 3., column 2.)

## Prospecting: A Side By Side Perspective (continued from page 2)

## Prospector

Our drive was fairly uneventful on a beautiful, sunny, Northwest day. I had my air conditioner “rolled down” and enjoyed the fresh air. I had to turn off my music because he was always talking and I couldn’t hear it.

We arrived near the area and started looking for somewhere to camp. We were able to find a fairly nice spot right on the claim. We got the camp set up and I was ready to start prospecting.

I decided to just use my sluice box for a while to see how the area was. I found out that the creek was really cold when I slipped and went in about waist deep. I set up the sluice and set off to get something to put through it. I was moving some rocks around and was startled by a couple of scorpions scuttling away. I decided I had better get some gloves on before continuing. I worked for the better part of an hour obtaining what I hoped was some good material. I showed my partner how to place the sand and gravel into the box. I saw some flakes and excitedly went to get some more material. I shortly realized he didn’t much like sitting on the rock I set up for him (hemorrhoids you know) so I got him a chair to sit in. I’d never seen anyone feed a sluice box sitting in front of it in a chair. I think he expended more effort playing with the chair than he did feeding the gravel. It was a sight to see!

When dinnertime came, he went up to start cooking. I figured I had a couple more hours’ work to do, so continued on processing aggregate. By the 5th five-gallon bucket of the day, the riffles were starting to fill up so I did a clean up. I panned out a bit of the concentrates to see how we were doing and was pleased to find a dozen or so colors and one flake that was the biggest piece I had ever found (which isn’t saying much.) But I was happy enough to dance a jig, and did so, until I nearly fell in again. I hollered up the bank to let my friend know something was up. I panned down the rest of the material to get rid of most of the light material. I had just finished when he call me to dinner. All in all, it was a pretty good day.

The first thing I wanted to do before eating was to show him the fruits of our labors: the big flake. He didn’t appear to be too impressed by it. I guess he was hoping for a nugget or an ounce of gold dust or something. Well, aren’t we all? We sat down to eat and I realized that best gold a guy could possibly find isn’t in the river. It’s a beautiful day, a great meal, and a thoughtful friend to share them with.

(Continued on page 4, column 1.)

## Prospector’s Friend

We had a nice drive on a hot day. He had his bloody country music going for a while, but turned it off after a while since he couldn’t hear it for the wind noise. I never asked, but always wondered, why he didn’t use his air conditioner.

The campsite we finally chose was bumpy and not very level but he seemed to think it was a great spot. It was near the creek so that was a plus. He was in such a hurry to start, so we set up camp quickly.

While I was trying to level up a place to start cooking, he ran off to the creek. He returned shortly soaking wet to get some gloves. A scorpion nearly stung him. Why he went back there I’ll never understand. I had the camp table and “kitchen” all set when he called me to help him with “sluicing” some material. I could hardly understand all his jargon but got the gist of what he was saying. As he was showing me what to do, he got excited when he saw some “flakes” in the front of the thing. I didn’t see them but he swore they were there. What a boring job it is to be feeding a sluice box. I don’t see what he sees in this activity. And it’s hard work sitting on a rock shoveling this stuff into this thing in the hot sun. I surely appreciated his bringing me a lawn chair to sit on while I fed the sluice. I eventually got it comfy. He must have been having fun because he was smiling every time he looked up.

It was getting near dinner. I got off my rear to start cooking. I happily left the prospecting to my friend. We were going to have veal parmesiana a la Marsala and I was looking forward to it. I prepared the vegetables, got my special sauce simmering, prepared the breadcrumbs, cheeses, and all that that entails. Things were starting to come together when I heard this shout from the creek. I was afraid he finally got stung or a rock fell on him or something, so I quickly ran down the trail to look. All I saw was this old guy bent over a green pan swirling water around. He was all right after all, physically, at any rate. I certainly wasn’t sure about his mental state, though. I ambled back to finish the dinner and then called him up to eat.

I had this wonderful spread all set out for us, hot and ready to eat, but he had to show me this speck of gold he found first. I couldn’t believe he was excited over such a tiny piece of gold after working so hard all afternoon. To each his own I guess. We sat down to eat and I thought “Now this is better than finding a flake: a beautiful day, a good meal, and a grateful friend to share it with.”

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

## Prospecting: A Side By Side Perspective (continued from page 3)

## Prospector

I decided that the prospects were good enough to get out the dredge and set it up. We hauled out the hoses, framework, engine, et al early the next morning and we began to put together the dredge. It sure is easier to do all this with a friend. He agreed to be the tender and didn't want to have anything to do with being under water. I trained him in the fundamentals and got to work.

As is usual, it didn't take long to get a plug but he cleared it quickly. By the next plug, I came up to find him gone so I unplugged it wondering where he went. Later I looked up and he had returned; things were going smoothly. Suction was getting a mite peevish, so I came up to notice the larger rocks were starting to pile up on the grizzly. He was sitting in the lawn chair reading a book with ear plugs in his ears. I finally got his attention and was able to get him to understand my gestures to clear the riffles. I felt sorry for him because it didn't take a rocket scientist to see that he really wasn't into this prospecting stuff.

When the engine ran out of gas, it was just about time for lunch. Another beautiful day; the sun felt so good. We had a good meal of sandwiches, fresh veggies, and dried fruit. Then it was time to refuel and get back to the water. So far, no big pickers were noticeable in the header box.

I continued dredging for the next few hours and we got into a pretty good rhythm that kept the dredge clear and the jams short lived. When the dredge ran out of fuel again, I looked under the grizzly. I noticed a few small flakes, but nothing substantial. Even though it wasn't too late in the afternoon yet, I could see the pained expression on my friend's face and decided to knock off for the day. I figured we could go for a short hike before dinner.

It was really nice walking down the tree-shaded road. I noticed the blackberries were ripe and started eating some. My friend had never eaten any blackberries so I gave him some to try. He liked them so much, we picked and ate for about half an hour. We decided to come back the next day with pots so we could have some for following days.

Our days and nights for the rest of our stay pretty much continued in a like manner. On the last day of dredging, I decided I would have to start cleaning up our material for the split. I showed my friend how to clean up the dredge's sluice, classify, and then pan the material. We found no big pickers but did pan out a couple of good-sized flakes and a lot of fines.

(Continued on page 5, column 1.)

## Prospector's Friend

We got up early the next morning and he decided to dredge. That junk is heavy and bulky. Now I know how the prospectors' burros feel! He instructed me in all the nuances of dredging. So much effort; I can't believe he does this by himself. I certainly wasn't going to freeze my toosh off by getting in the water. I could see the lesser of the two evils was topside so I agreed to be what he called a "tender".

After about ten seconds, I was bored to tears and going deaf from the engine noise. The machine seemed to be doing what it should and jams seemed to clear themselves, so I decided to go up to camp for a good book and some ear plugs. I was just getting interested in the book when he pops out of the water pumping his hand up and down like he wanted me to honk an air horn along with some other hand signals. Guessing he wasn't flipping me off, it dawned on me what they really meant and I cleared a jam and raked the rocks out. As I sat back down, I began to realize that this job isn't what I thought it would be. I hoped my attitude wouldn't ruin this trip for him.

Finally the racket stopped and it looked like he was going to come out to eat. I prepared us a nutritious luncheon and was glad to get at it. Unfortunately, the respite was too short lived as he waded back in, took a peek at the gravel, filled the tank, and started up the noisemaker once again.

He kept going after it all afternoon. Moving huge rocks, throwing smaller ones around, and so on. He kept me hopping too: clearing and raking, raking and clearing. I didn't have time to read a single page of my book. And then silence reigned again. He looked once more at the machine but didn't say anything. Disappointed, I guessed. I was pleasantly surprised he wanted to quit for the day and go for a hike instead. I certainly wasn't complaining, mind you.

We walked down the road a ways when my friend stopped to pick some berries to eat. He offered some to me. I was a bit skeptical but tried them. They were so good that they have become my favorite berries. I figured I could make some surprises: a cobbler or other goodies for us. I wanted to come back daily for more.

The last day of dredging was completed and he began to show me what to do for the "split". As with the other cleanups, he did most of the grunt work afraid I'd dump all the gravel back into the river, I suppose, but we did share the panning. Panning wasn't too bad but it was a whole lot more difficult than it looked like. He was going to give me half of (Continued on page 5, column 2.)

## Concentrates — Meeting Minutes Highlights

### Business Meeting 9/8/13 (unofficial minutes)

Since the required number of officers were not present, September's meeting was unofficial. President Al stated, however, that the meeting could be counted toward your three events for membership purposes.

## The Trading Post



**Metal Detectors  
Authorized Dealer**

**Myron Hastings**

**21016 Ne 68th St.  
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360-892-3471**



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**For all your prospecting needs.  
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Portland, OR 97236  
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800-542-4653**



**Bob Mote**  
**7905 SW Elmwood St.  
Tigard, OR 97223  
503-936-1443**

## Promising Prospects — Outings & Events

### Upcoming Meetings:

September 8, 2013    October 13, 2013  
November 10, 2013    December 8, 2013

### Upcoming Outings and Events:

Dec 8 - Christmas party

### **SWWGP OUTINGS**

No notice of future outings has been given us by the publishing deadline. Look ahead to the Christmas party, always a member favorite.

Check us out online at [www.swwgoldprospectors.org](http://www.swwgoldprospectors.org)

### Prospecting: A Side By Side Perspective (continued from page 4)

#### Prospector

I gave him the largest piece and started to separate out half of the rest. He said he didn't want any but I gave him the biggest flake anyway. He looked at it and started laughing. "It's the smallest \$400 gold piece I've ever seen!" He figured that is what it cost him to "buy" this flake.

Nothing eventful occurred on the trip home but before putting him on his plane I was curious to find out just what his true thoughts were of our little outing. He said he enjoyed the camping and the camaraderie. He added he learned something from prospecting with me:

"Everyone should go prospecting. . . . ONCE!"

#### Prospector's Friend

all the gold we found, but I didn't care much about that. He insisted I take the largest piece and put it in a small glass bottle for me. Remembering the cost of my flights, I had to laugh. I wondered who else in the world would have paid \$400 for a gold piece this small?

We had a pleasant if somewhat subdued trip home, each tired and content with his own thoughts. I could tell he had something on his mind though and he finally asked me what I thought of prospecting. I thought about it for a moment, remembering the backbreaking work, cuts, and bruises and replied:

"Everyone should go prospecting.. . . ONCE!"



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To:

### Southwest Washington Gold Prospectors

Meets 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday every month at 1:00 pm  
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**Join us !**

All interested parties are invited to attend one of our monthly meetings. There will be opportunities to learn about prospecting laws, methods, and equipment as well as some hands-on practice. There also are outings to enjoy the pleasures of the out of doors and prospecting for gold. Become a member of one of the newest chapters of the Gold Prospectors Association of America. There are no membership fees and GPAA membership is not required to join in the fun.