

The Rocker Box

Bob Baldwin– President

Howdy Club Members,

Busy, busy, busy. We did the County Fair. We signed up new member and made some bucks. But it didn't come easy. It's a hard seven days. I do appreciate and thank all that gave their time, money and efforts to get this done. It's actually a good time when you're not over worked and it's not 100 degrees. The winners of the prospecting package are anxious to join in. Mike and Barb Gibbs, of Myrtle Point, even have a trommel. That is rather cool. Hopefully, we get to see it in action. The winner of the Gold vial was Marci Murray of Bandon. Congratulations to the both of them.

We went and looked at two claims in the Applegate area SW of Medford. Neither was the great claim of our dreams, so we are still looking. We will get what we want. It will just take more searching and some good luck.

The morning after the meeting, we still need about 10 people to travel to the Squawfish and help get the assessment work done on the claim. Hope you can help.

Sixes outing is August 22 & 23. Don't miss it. Hamburgers and hot dogs provided by the club. Bring your favorite dish to share.

The metal detecting in October, isn't looking good. It's only two months out and nothing has been done. I would rather cancel it if we're not going to make a good effort. So come on committee, let's see some planning and progress on this. It's later than you think.

Gotta go, three more weeks of regular dredge season. Lots going on. Come to the meeting.

Your Prez,

Bob Baldwin

Keeper of Records

Jan Dilley

North Bend Prospectors, Inc

Minutes for meeting of July 10, 2009

The meeting was called to order by President Bob Baldwin at 7:15 p m.

Attendance was recorded at 38, including 2 guests. Theo Stanley and Secretary Cecila Lattin were absent. Minutes were recorded by Jan Dilley.

June minutes were passed over since the Nugget had not been published as of date.

The Treasurer's report was given by Renee Baldwin.

Old Business:

__ County Fair (July 28 - Aug 1)

President Bob announced that we will have 70 passes to be used for the workers in our booth. Recapping, he said we would not use the large pond we are considering bringing Nugget, and that we have a painting to raffle besides a gold nugget. He reminded us to sign up and provided a notebook to do so. Board to meet in a week to 10 days to finalize fair plans and prep rocks for the spinning wheel.

__ Barbeque

It was duly noted that we have acquired a fine piece of equipment that we will enjoy as the club as well as the possibility of use in community service.

__ New claims

Reminder from the President that the claim account is still jingling for new acquisitions and to be on the lookout.

__ Dole Bar

Dick Collins provided us with camp over permits at \$15 per week. Rights of use vague in

publications and Stephen Pickering reported that there were rumblings of closing the area due to big holes left by users. Discussion concluded that some of our people would try to remedy the violations and also to continue our clean up of lead and mercury

__Cranberry Festival

President Bob reminded us of our free corner booth and the possibility of set up in the parking lot was suggested.

__DOGAMI update by Gaylen Black indicates that all the target data has been sorted and compiled. Gaylen is looking for help to scan the material in the next two weeks.

New Business:

__Petition to Gov. Schwarzenegger

Desi Rains brought an armful of orange postcards that he had us sign and return to him so he could do a bulk mailing for effect. He said that this is a nationwide campaign since California legislation has often broken barriers and spilled over to other states. In a nutshell, we want to get in early, before it hits our fan (Oregon legislature) and voice our opposition to CA House Bill 670 which proposes to place a moratorium on all dredging indefinitely, until the case for dredging is settled.

Meeting was adjourned at 8:00 p m.

Winners of the drawings were:

Door Prize- pieces	Londo Chambress	Door Prize- nugget	Jim Taylor
50/50 \$19.00	Miles Summerville		
Black Sand Separator	Ron Hayward		

Respectfully submitted.

Jan Dilley, Acting Secretary

All Suction Dredging Stopped in California

Gov. Schwarzenegger has signed into law CA HB 670. Effectively immediately all dredging in all waterways of California is illegal.

Dredges are super cheap in California today.

Suppose you were an idiot.

And suppose you were a member of Congress....

But then I repeat myself.

-Mark Twain

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Editor of the "NUGGET" is Theo Stanley and may be contacted at P.O. Box 307, Bandon, OR 97411 or at theojaybird@aol.com. Comments and articles are welcomed. Thank you!

The Lost Mine of Nugget Tom

In 1871 "Nugget Tom" had a small gold claim in Star Gulch near the headwaters of the Sixes River in Curry County. For a long time he had been wondering if there wasn't a ledge up above him that all his placer gold had come from. If there was, and he could find it, he would be a rich man. Nugget Tom was

getting a little old for tough mountain climbing and this was one of the wildest and steepest areas in the Oregon Mountains.

Nevertheless, late in the fall of 1871, Tom packed his gold pan, pick, shovel and enough food for several days made his way up Star Mountain. It was a long and tedious job, hammering and picking at each favorable looking outcropping. Evening found him high on a lonely mountainside, where he made a dry camp.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, but Nugget Tom was uneasy and something didn't feel quite right. He wasn't tired, he had slept well as he always did in the mountains. He had an uneasy feeling that someone or something was watching him. Doggedly he kept at his task of hammering and pecking along, but he often caught himself whirling to look back. Carefully he scanned the bushes. Not a thing was insight and old Tom laughed at his fears. Finally, high on a ledge, he hammered off a piece of quartz which fairly took his breath away. It was rich with free gold. Hurriedly he knocked off sample after sample which he stowed in his backpack.

Casting quick furtive glances behind, with his pack hanging heavily on his back, he started for his cabin far below. Coming to a sheer cliff some thirty feet below, he sat down to rest. He had momentarily forgotten his fear of something watching him, but as he sat overlooking the gulch below, disaster struck from behind.

The next day a search party found Tom broken up at the foot of the cliff but still alive. They carried him home to his cabin and patched him up. One of the party noticed a lump in Tom's jacket, took it out and saw as rich a piece of gold quartz as he had ever seen.

Tom, unconscious, could tell them nothing, so two of the boys went back to the cliff. There they picked up Tom's gold pan pick and shovel. His backpack had broken open and rich specimens strewn down the mountainside. These they recovered and headed back to camp, hoping to get some information from Tom so they could stake a claim.

Many days later when Nugget Tom regained consciousness, he would not talk. For many weeks during his recovery, he tried to piece together the mystery of what had hurled him over the cliff. He knew he didn't just fall. He knew he had been pushed over that ledge by someone or something.

The next spring, Tom again headed for the fabulous ledge, determined to be more alert this time. Quietly he sneaked away from his cabin with his pack, pick, pan and a gun which he intended to use if necessary. Now, six months later, he had no feeling of being watched, but the hard fall had done something to his mind. It had been six months since his fall and this time he did not have the uneasy feeling as before. He could not find the ledge again.

For four more years Tom searched for the ledge, becoming more and more feeble. He was nearly eighty old and finally gave up the disheartening hunt and left the country.

In the spring of 1899, nearly twenty years later, two prospectors by the names of Robbins and Benson decided to put forth a concentrated effort to find Nugget Tom's lost gold ledge. Outfitting for a long stay in the mountains, they started to the head of Star Gulch with a determination few prospectors have.

They studied the mountain for any indications and finally found a small trace that led them up a little stream bed to the source of the stream, a little spring that went dry in the summer, but was now running freely. On a ledge above the spring they struck gold, but close examination showed it was not the ledge of Nugget Tom. But it was rich, so they worked and carried crushed to be panned down by the stream.

At noon, they knocked off for lunch and fried their bacon and bannocks over a little fire and rejoiced over their accomplishments. After lunch they went back to work. Benson got the uneasy feeling that someone was watching him and he whirled and looked behind him. He froze in his tracks. He tried to pull his gun but to stop the thing from throwing all their gear over the ledge. It was neither man nor beast, the men said afterwards. It was big and powerful and it stood erect. There was yellow fuzz over its body. They started to shoot as it bounded out of sight, but none of their bullets seemed to take effect, and the wild man disappeared.

They named their claim the "The Wild Man" and sold it soon after. But no one ever came to work it,

even though there was rich rock showed plainly. The mine was abandoned probably because of the wild man episode which was made all the more fearful because of a series of unexplained deaths which took place in the middle '70s, a year or so after Nugget Tom had left the country. .

Four men were already buried on Huckleberry Knoll overlooking Bear Pen Flats. Their names were Johnson, McLean, Madigan and Jenson.

The demise of these four men occurred over a period of time and whether they were murdered or died of natural causes was never determined. Circumstances and clues, however, indicated that they were the victims of one of the mysterious wild men.

There was a legend among the Indians about a lost tribe of Indian devils that inhabited the area. The Indians called them Swalahists and said to live in the upper reaches of Sixes River. They were so bad that no Indians would go into that country for fear that they would be killed by them.

The Swalahists were described by the miners that saw them as standing well over six and a half feet tall and weighting in at two hundred to two hundred sixty pounds. They had massive jaws, powerful shoulders and torsos and their bodies were covered with a short coat of yellowish hair. Their teeth were catlike, their eyes bulged and were black and seemed to burn into a man. They could run and jump with all the swiftness of a deer.

It is possible that one of these dreaded Indian devils pushed Tom off of the ledge. Tom was never positive and never saw was shoved him. Robbins and Benson however, never forgot the thing they saw and shot at. There description was very concise.

A man named "Doc" Elgin encountered an unbelievable creature as he was heading from his camp to get some water. As he approached the stream he couldn't believe his eyes. There, standing at the water's edge was a creature the likes of which he had never encountered. The thing bounded away immediately, but it left some tracks in the soft ground around the water. Doc measured the tracks. They were sixteen inches long and a full eight inches across.

The wild man stories have probably helped to keep many miners from the area, but wild man or not, Nugget Tom's rich quartz ledge still lies broken, in plain sight for the man willing to take his chances with the wild men or Swalahists of Star Mountain.

All you have to do is head up Sixes River until you come to the South Fork. Follow the south fork through Hell's Gate and past Butcher Creek and Bear Pen Flat. There you'll find Star Gulch. Start looking.

Bob's Buried Gold Treasure On the Sixes River

"I have something to say, you might think I'm weird, all the friends I use to hang out with did.

I use to bury things of value, mostly money in cans, hoping someday someone would find it like a treasure. When I would go to Eastern Oregon to hunt I always had a posthole digger with me. I never buried more than five dollars in mixed coins. I can not remember everyplace I buried money anymore. I have a lot of it spread around.

Anyways, I have dug on the Sixes River since 1964. I have a special way of locating gold and believe me I have found my share on the Sixes River.

I got to thinking one day when I found so much gold in this one area. I will bury a fair amount and make a map to its location. I planned out a good spot, I didn't make it easy to find, it was a good handful of gold.

You can not find it with a metal detector, it is at least four feet deep. It is in a plastic bag and in a coffee can. I buried it at least twenty years ago.

I tried giving away the map by putting it in a metal little box of breath mints. At our NBP Xmas party, I put it in the men's room where you wash your hands. Maybe men don't wash their hands. It was there for two hours, then I took it out. I gave it to one of our club members in the parking lot when I was

leaving.

I was planning on digging it up this summer. Since someone asked me to let you people know about my map. I will leave it there.

I'd draw a map to a nice nugget I seen between some rocks on the south fork, but I can not get up there anymore to make it hard to find without making a map, since I couldn't figure out a way to get it out, I got some dry cement and draped it over the nugget. The dampness in the ground took care of the cement hardening up. So if you find that cement spot between the big rocks, you will have a nice nugget in cement. I told people over the past five years about that nugget, I just didn't say what rocks, just the south fork.

I can not talk good due to poor health and I'm almost deff. I can only hear 30%. So I'm not much help, you people will have to find it all on your own." The Treasure Man

(Editors Note: this letter was sent to me by a current NBP member. I have omitted his name to add to the mystery.)

2009 Dredge Season by Theo Stanley

A group of prospectors quietly planned a trip to the So. Umpqua for almost a year. They thought they had found a bonanza on the final day of dredge season last year. Desi Rains maneuvers the "Queen Mary" down stream.

Below Bob Adams fires up his "Big Yellar" five inch. He was going for the big pockets. When he wasn't getting an ounce a day, he decided to go back to work.

Who stole my sluice box? Opening day wasn't to great for Theo Stanley. After building a new sluice box, having the motor completely gone over and the pump checked out, he was dead in the water when the seal went out on his pump.

After giving everyone a scare and spending a few days in the hospital, Bob Baldwin came back. It's hard to keep a prospector down. Above Theo helps Bob by firing up his dredge and tending for him while he is underwater (below) looking for his glory hole.

Our photographer, Joe Holdmann keep saying that this dredging was a lot of work. Detecting for those nuggets was a lot easier. I'm not sure about the work bit because Joe went to sleep while underwater with nozzle of the "Queen Mary

Below Desi gives Joe a break on the nozzle of the "Queen Mary".

Dry camping on the river was a lot of fun, ha ha. There was not a semi level spot to sleep on. The first night I set up my tent and kept rolling down hill. After that I just slept in the open until one night about 1 am the lighting, thunder and rain woke me up. Daylight at 1 am is not good. Even without much gold it was a good trip. Great group of prospectors, Thanks.

In general, the art of government consists of taking as much money as possible from one party of the citizens to give to the other.

-Voltaire (1764)

Elk River Takings

Attorney James Buchal put out this email for other mining associations to think about regarding Oregon Scenic Water claim issues.

Here is another miner with a possible takings case on the Elk River regarding his mining claim on Oregon Scenic Waters.

Jerry Deloch has the same problem with claims on the Middle Fork of the John Day River.

Not sure how many mining associations in Oregon are interested in supporting litigation cost, but it is something to think about.

Subject: Court of Appeals/Scenic Designation

Date: Wed, 8 Jul 2009 10:16:23 -0700

From: jbuchal@mbllp.com

To: guymmining@hotmail.com; twohardts@eoni.com

Attached is the enviro's response to the new Supreme Court case, which sort of tries to change the subject rather than address the case.

On another matter, I received a call today from a miner down on the Elk River (S. Coast Oregon) who is suffering the same problem some of your members on the John Day are suffering: claims by the State of Oregon that a scenic designation destroys federal mining rights.

It seems to me that there are a number of people suffering from this who have complained to me in the last couple of years, but no single person appears to have had the resources to take on the issue. We may be at a point where there are enough miners with this problem to make it worthwhile pursuing legal action because they could all split the cost.

Specifically, we would argue that either (1) the scenic designation cannot be enforced due to federal mining law or (2) the State has takings liability.

The Elk River miner, Jay Wright, is interested in talking to you or others with his problem, and I would invite you to call him or do what you can to put him in touch with similarly-situated miners. He does not have e-mail, but his telephone number is 541-551-3140.

I do not know what other Oregon mining clubs have members with this problem, but if you are aware of others, perhaps they should know as well.

If you think health care is expensive now,
wait until you see what it costs when it's free!

-P.J. O'Rourke