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## Committees

### Claims

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Joe Garcia  
Don Hammer  
Wes Jeffers  
Gary Wolf  
Diane & Don Smith  
Will Winslow

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Fred & Cindy Fellabaum  
Joe & Shirley Garcia  
Don Hammer  
Wes Jeffers  
Janie Miller  
Gary & Trudy Schrader  
Diane Smith  
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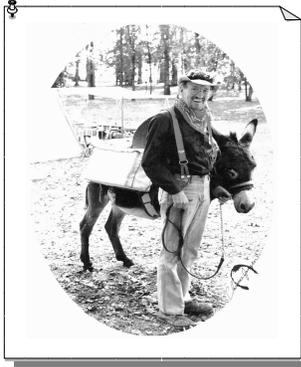
Diane Smith  
Wes Jeffers

## Website

Don Hammer  
Cliff Winston  
Paul Messersmith

## Newsletter Editor

Mary Atkinson  
Trudy Schrader  
503-859-3132  
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# WILLAMETTE VALLEY MINERS

Oct 2005

## President's Report

### Next meeting

October 20, 2005  
7:00 pm

Sept is over and fall is here. We had a great fall outing at miner's meadow. 12 families got there Friday and 1 more came to camp on Saturday. Two more joined us for the Pot luck and afternoon of visiting. The weather was great, cool crisp nights and mornings and warm sunshine late morning and afternoons. Some of the group even got brave enough to do some mining and from what I saw they found good color. Don H. brought some horse shoes up and he & Louie F. won a tight game from Darrell S. and Gary S.

We had great fires both Friday and Saturday evenings thanks to Will and his chainsaw. He supplied us with lots of wood so we could keep warm as we sat around and told tall tales in the evening.

Don H. once again cooked the turkey, which disappeared in a hurry (we just many need 2 birds next time) Thanks Don, it was great! We had lots of super good food to go along with the turkey, thanks to everyone that brought something.

The Dave Heafy Family became new members at the outing so we welcome them.

I think this was a very good outing and the cost was only \$8.00 per camper for the two nights. That was a real bargain.

Remember we need people to be officers; nominations are this meeting with elections in November.

## Outings/Events

### **Oct Meeting – Nomination for new officers**

**Oct 22 – Metal Detecting with Cliff at Cascade Gateway Park (HY 22 to Turner Road, it is between Turner Rd and I 5) – Cliff Winston – 503-581-3395**

**Nov 5 –WVM#1 – Steve Landis – 503-364-0968**

### **Nov Meeting – Election of new officers**

The club Christmas Party is coming up fast. We will need to know how many people are planning on coming so we know how big a ham we need. Please let an Events/Outings committee member know if you are coming. For the new people, we have a Christmas party Dec 10 in the afternoon. It is a potluck with the club buying the meat. There is a gift exchange (\$5.00 + or -) for those who want to participate. Bingo, slide show of club outings for the year and other fun stuff. There is no club meeting in Dec., just the party.

**If you have changed your email/phone number or address please let us knows.**

**gldlooker@msn.com**

## Meeting Minutes

July 21, 2005

Ken Haines, Secretary

Acting President, Gary Schrader, called to order the monthly meeting of The Willamette Valley Miners, at its regular time of 7:00 p.m., on the customary third Thursday of the month. The meeting was held as usual, at the Marion County Fire Hall, 300 Cordon Road N.E. in Salem, Oregon, in the rear downstairs southern most meeting room. There were approximately 42 of the 162 members attending.

The minutes from the August 18<sup>th</sup>, 2005 general meeting were accepted, as written in the monthly newsletter.

Also accepted was the monthly Treasurers report, as read by Marge Manuma.

Under the topic of old business, Gary Schrader brought to the clubs attention that the check issued to Jim Foley's National Land Rights League by The Willamette Valley Miners was being returned. Almost as fast as the miners voted to support Foley's legal battle against the newly imposed dredging permits for miners, he decided to pull out, because he felt his financial base was not large enough to sustain an adequate challenge in the courts.

On the same topic, Gary said that he thought he would speak to Tom Quintal, the clubs Government Affairs Representative, to explore whether the Eastern Oregon Miners Association might be working on a legal challenge. Stay tuned, more to come at the next Willamette Valley Miners Meeting on Thursday, October 20<sup>th</sup>, 2005.

There was a brief discussion regarding the disposition of the returned funds, which were from member pledges.

Will Winslow asked if the funds might be set aside as a legal defense fund for the club.

Mary Atkinson followed with a question of whether to set the funds aside, in the case that a miner from our club would be cited under the new rules and precipitate a legal battle.

Another question arose, should the designated battle funds be spent to fight a challenge stemming from a perceived violation of a specific miner and the new dredge permit, or might it be better put to use as a preemptive challenge fund, as originally intended.

It was understood that if a miner does in fact purchase the new dredge permit, that in so doing, that miner has signed off on the new regulations and has agreed to abide by them.

Gary Wolf made the suggestion that the miners might wait until the next legislative session and introduce a bill that would counter the present regulation.

After the discussion, President Gary Schrader, decided to set aside the funds until the club came to a decision on how to proceed.

Under committee business and reports, Don Hammer spoke for the Events and Outings Committee. He suggested that the committee was proposing adding additional annual outings. He asked the club if \$200.00 could be set aside to reserve camping sites for a Sharps Creek annual outing. A motion was passed to appropriate the \$200.00 to use at the additional club outings, to secure camp sites for the membership.

Larry Coons reported that the Claims Committee had all the required paperwork filed with the appropriate counties on all the club claims.

Don Hammer said that he has made updates in the member's area of the club web site. As time permits, he will continue to update and repair any missing links in the club website.

New Business reminder, the annual nominations for officers are coming up quickly as the year end approaches. All members interested in contributing to the success of the miners club, by serving as an officer or committee leader should speak to President, Gary Schrader.

During the break, Wes Jeffers sold raffle tickets for the evenings drawings, one of which was for the monthly Gold Nugget. Each month the Miners hold multiple fundraiser raffles to help finance the clubs monthly newsletters and other projects. Annual memberships have also been kept at the affordable \$15.00 level for families partly due to the member participation at the raffle table. Please remember to bring in items for the table raffles so that we can keep these raffles interesting and above all, maintain a successful organization, dedicated to the small scale miners.

Here are some ideas that might interest those at the table raffles. In the past some have donated past issues of mining magazines. Others have donated mining books, maps, ore samples, gold pans, used

rock hammers and other hand tools. Carpenter aprons for the detectors to store their finds while detecting. The rock hounds in the group always seem to show up with some nice specimens to share, and occasionally thunder eggs, holly blue, and fools gold find their way into the raffles. Miners moss, classifiers, 5-gallon buckets, shovels, magnifying glasses, loops, and rubber gloves all seem to be snapped right up whenever they appear on the raffle table. And any type of mining apparatus or gear is always a hit. So, help out as you can and we can all benefit through a strong and fun club.

Following the break, several gave brief reports on their mining experiences during the past month. It was good to hear that no issues arose at the new Dad's Creek Club Claims following the clubs communications with the previous owners that let their claim expire.

There were, however, several members, who expressed a desire for the club to better identify and mark the clubs claims.

As a paid member of the Willamette Valley Miners, each member is entitled to a claims packet that will direct them to the clubs claims. Members are encouraged to prospect and explore all the club claims. If you have paid your dues and not yet received your claims packet, call Gary or Trudy Schrader 503 859 3132.

Don and Dave Cross shared that they had worked Walker and Martin Creeks and found several nice nuggets in their sluice along with plenty of fines.

Jerry Garner was prospecting his favorite Quartzville Creek and commented that the water was so low that he would have had to roll the big nuggets aside just to set up a sluice box. I heard it rumored that Jerry was looking to purchase a blue ox to carry out his gold.

Meeting adjourned, Happy prospecting.

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## **No Government Affairs news this month**

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**Thanks to Larry Coon for his very nice donation of money to the club.**

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**We lost our treasurer once more,** Marge and Ken are moving to Eastern Oregon this month so we need someone to take over the treasure office. If you were thinking about running for that office next month this would be good training!

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**A few years ago the club held a writing contest, and I thought I would print the story's that were in the contest when there was room in the news letter.**

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### **HARD TIMES**

Gary L. Schrader

In the late 70's and early 80's the economy in Oregon was very depressed. Jobs were nearly non-existent in the construction trades. Jake Johnson was a 25 year old construction worker, who in 1983, had been laid off for 10 weeks after a short part-time repair job. Known by his friends as "JJ", he had been married for two years. Money problems had caused a terrible rift in his marriage and his wife had just filed for divorce. With \$30 in his pocket, one gym bag full of clothes, his carpenter's belt, and a few hand tools, he pointed his old, beat-up Ford truck west toward Interstate 5 from Gresham. JJ thought he could find work in California, but knew he would have to sleep in the truck for a while because of his financial situation. He wasn't overly concerned about this since it was early spring, but knew there would be some cool nights ahead.

JJ hoped the old Ford would hold together for the trip. It hadn't been running good, but with money so scarce, no repairs were possible. All he could do was cross his fingers and drive carefully. His biggest problem was going to be buying gas.

With luck he would make it to California, but he would need to work odd jobs to have money for gas and to continue. Food, on the other hand, was not an option. He would be fasting until he found his first job.

It started to get dark as JJ was passing through Eugene. He thought of how good a hamburger would taste. He knew he had to forget that idea! A glass of water would have to suffice. There was plenty of water on the windshield. The rain had been coming down for the last hour. Everyone knows that's what it does in Oregon during the winter and early spring.

JJ's eyes were strained with the hours of driving, combined with the rain and constant slap of the windshield wipers. All of these things made it really hard for him to stay awake and because he felt he had to get south as soon as possible, he kept on driving.

About 20 miles out of Eugene JJ looked in the rearview mirror and saw red and blue lights flashing.

“Man, what next?” he thought as he pulled over. The officer had stopped him for a burned-out taillight.

After JJ told him his sad story, the officer told him not to worry, he wasn't going to write a ticket, but he should replace the bulb at the next gas stop. He informed him that some of the churches in the area might help him with a meal and a bed. He also said that some county jails could offer the same, just for a night. As he drove off JJ thought, “Wow, at last something good for a change.”

Traffic was light and no one noticed when JJ drove straight when the road curved. He missed the guardrail and the big trees, but went right over the embankment, down a steep slope of rock and brush and into a deep canyon. Near the bottom, the truck slammed into two large boulders and wedged itself tightly between them. JJ was bounced around the cab and thrown hard into the steering wheel, and knocked unconscious.

When he came to, it was very dark and his chest hurt him terribly. His right knee was badly wrenched and he was cut and bruised in many places. He may have slept or lost consciousness again, but awoke as it was getting light. He released the seat belt and tried to get out, but the doors were wedged tightly against the big boulders. The only way out would be to break out the front windshield or back window.

He chose to kick out the windshield with his good leg. It was difficult for him to get into a good position, but managed. Crawling out onto the hood was no picnic for him either.

After he got out, JJ assessed the situation and discovered that his truck was a total loss. He had a bag of clothes, his tools, a blanket, which had been draped over the seat, a small blue plastic tarp and a Bic lighter that someone had thrown into the glove box. Not much to go on, that was for sure.

Looking up, JJ knew he couldn't possibly make it up the canyon to the road the same way he came down. Not even if he had two good legs. He would have to work his way down the canyon to a connecting drainage, then work his way back to the highway.

He started limping slowly and painfully along the bottom of the canyon. He came upon a small, flowing stream where he bent down next to a deep pool for a drink. The water tasted great to him. While he drank his fill of water, he noticed a flash. There was at least one fish in that pool! He thought that if he could find a straight stick he could use it for a spear and might

spear himself a meal. Luckily, the canyon had plenty of driftwood and it was only a short time before JJ had fashioned a spear. Back at the pool, he put one end of the spear into the water to minimize the deflection and so he wouldn't break the surface. He knew he would have a long wait unless he could come up with some way to entice the fish to him. He thought perhaps his knife blade could serve as a flashy lure. Pushing his knife blade into another stick, he twisted it back and forth in the water. Glinting and flashing in the pool, it worked perfectly. It took JJ about two hours, but he was able to spear two small trout, which were about six inches long. He was happy to have food, even if it might have to be sushi. He packed the fish into a T-shirt in his gym bag and headed on.

JJ kept working his way downstream and finally in late afternoon, came upon a branch canyon he thought might lead him out. He followed the new stream in this branch until it started to get dark. JJ found some driftwood where it appeared to have piled up during some really high water. He found some dry wood underneath the pile and carved some thin shavings with his jack knife. He made a nest out of the shavings and lit the nest with his lighter.

His first try at a fire was a success. He soon had a roaring fire with plenty of firewood to burn. JJ unpacked his catch and cooked it over the fire. He felt fortunate to be warm, dry, and fed, but knew he was in for a long night. He hurt all over. His knee throbbed, but he knew there was nothing he could do about it, besides try to ignore the pain, get some sleep and push on the next day. He woke three times during the night to build up the fire. He piled plenty of wood onto the fire each time he woke. It was drizzling again at dawn. He checked that the fire was out and headed upstream again. He passed more branch canyons, but they all lead to the right. JJ was sure he wanted one that headed left. By this time, he wasn't sure which direction the winding canyon might be taking him. JJ stumbled on. At last he came to drainage heading to the left. It appeared pretty steep, but JJ thought it was passable. About an hour into this new branch, night caught up to him again. Looking around, he noticed a cavern-like opening under a cut bank that looked dry. He also noticed there was wood nearby.

He had eaten both of his speared trout the previous night. JJ had not taken time to catch any more fish, so went without food. Fortunately the fire was a big comfort. It took awhile, but he gathered enough wood for the night. He curled up and slept fitfully. When he

awoke in the morning, it was pouring rain. Happy that he was under shelter, he built up the fire and decided to wait out the deluge. Killing time, he was idly poking at the bank at the back of his shelter with a piece of firewood when he noticed a dull glow. He worked a lump out of the dirt and turning it over in his hand, he knew immediately what it was – GOLD! Upon investigating, he found that there were several pieces lying below the bank. JJ discovered that the cross section of the bank was an ancient riverbed.

In approximately an hour, he had picked up a handful of nuggets. He wrapped them in his handkerchief and placed them in his pocket. JJ's energy was renewed as he planned on how he would get back to the road, get into town, get supplied and find his way back to "his" goldmine. JJ decided that California could wait, he was going to be rich!

When he headed out, he marked a large "X" into a boulder with a smaller stone. Satisfied he would be able to recognize it again, he set off up the gulch, climbing upward until he came to a ridge-top. No sign of any roads. He started downhill again, heading for the next ridge because it looked like it went in the general direction he thought was southeast. The going was hard and steep, but his knee was doing better with the exercise. Nearing the bottom, he could see another stream. He thought about those two trout he speared two days before. His hunger was driving him as he stopped by a small pool to watch for movement. He heard a rustle in the underbrush. As he watched, a possum emerged and was foraging for food. JJ picked up a large stone, cocked his arm back and threw it at the possum. His aim was right on the mark. The possum fell over and laid still. Not taking his eyes off it, he went over to it and finished it off with a large stone. He had heard that possum was good to eat and wasted no time in finding out.

He scrounged up some wood and started another fire. He skinned, gutted and skewered the possum on a green stick he found and began roasting his dinner. While his dinner was cooking, he gathered more wood and fashioned a shelter from boughs.

He devoured the possum and wished there was more. He thought it could have used some salt, but was happy to have a full belly again. It was raining lightly again in the morning and it looked like an "all-dayer". He needed to move on. Soaked and cold, he made his way up ridges and over waterways for three days. The days were long, as he was not able to find food or get fires going at night because of the rain.

On the fourth day, he was standing on the top of a steep ridge when he noticed a clear cut. He knew if he could get to the clear cut, there would be a logging road that he could follow. Taking his bearings, he worked his way down, crossed a creek and began climbing. He hit the clear cut almost directly below a log landing, but it was very steep. Getting weaker, it took him a long time to reach the road and when he reached it he really needed a rest.

The road was a welcomed sight to him, especially since it only went in one direction, which meant there was no guessing which way to go. JJ's luck was short-lived though, because within 15 minutes the road came to a "T". The road was better traveled, but there were no signs and no way of knowing which way was out.

He chose to go left and began walking. He passed by four roads, but was sure they were all spurs to more landings as all were less traveled. Once more it was getting dark. He spotted a slash pile and was able to set it on fire. At least he would be warm and dried out. But no food. Maybe tomorrow he would get to a main road and get a ride.

The next day the road split. Neither looked promising, so he chose the left. It went over the ridge to a landing. Retracing his steps, he then went to the right. It also stopped at a landing. What lousy luck! He didn't think he could make it that far back and have enough strength for the rest of the trip out. He was exhausted, beaten and disheartened. He sat down on a stump and gazed over the clear cut thinking, "This may be the end."

Suddenly he heard a motor. Maybe a plane? No, it sounded more like a car or truck. His heart racing, he hurried back up the road to where the road split. The noise was louder, coming nearer and nearer. Around the corner came a van. He was saved!!! The van was from a tree planting crew who were working in the area. They had seen the smoldering slash pile and came to investigate. Seeing the tracks from one person had caused them to come searching to the end of the road.

Five men made room for him and shared what was left of their lunches. They couldn't believe he had come so far. They said Interstate 5 was miles away, even as the crow flies. About an hour-and-a-half later, he was at the doctor's office in Grants Pass. JJ didn't want anyone to know about the gold, but he needed to pay the doctor and get supplies for the return trip into

his placer discovery. He gave the doctor \$10 with a promise to pay more later.

There was a mining shop in town that bought his gold without questions and sold him a small pick and a gold pan. His next stop was a sport shop to buy a backpack, sleeping bag, a mess kit and some rope.

JJ was badly in need of rest and nourishment. He found a motel with an attached café and spent time recuperating. Four days later he felt able to tackle the return trip, packed up his supplies and purchased food for the journey.

Not knowing how far up the road he would have to hike before he found his old truck, he didn't try to get a ride. He almost missed where he had driven off the road. It was steep enough that he was unable to see the truck when he went by. The tracks really weren't noticeable either.

JJ tied off the rope and started down the canyon. Wow, was he lucky to be alive! This was steep! He found the battered truck. It was a good thing he had returned so soon because he didn't seem to recognize everything. Still he pushed on down the canyon to the first branch then up to the first left intersection. Finally he saw the big "X" on the boulder. What a relief that was! After setting up a somewhat permanent camp under the undercut bank, he went to work on the old stream bed digging out and panning the gold.

After four days, his pile of gold was impressive. In a week his food would be gone and he would have to go back out. This time with plenty of money.

He was asleep and never knew when the cave-in obliterated all traces of him and the old stream bed. The boulder with the "X" was all that remained to mark JJ's grave.

Oregon has yet another lost soul and lost mine. Maybe one-day heavy rain will uncover it again.

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## Hints for new camper users or even old ones.

### Dump Station Tips

Here are some tips to follow when emptying your RV's holding tanks.

Don't dump the black-water tank until it is at least two-thirds full. Don't leave the black-water tank valve open when hooked up at a campsite. This will cause

liquids to drain, leaving solid waste behind to harden on the bottom of the tank.

Use a heavy-duty sewer hose about 6 to 8 feet long to make handling easier.

Carry an extra garden hose for rinsing in case the dump station doesn't have one. Store this in an area where it won't come into contact with your drinking water hose.

Never use your fresh water hose for rinsing sewer hoses or the dump station area.

Wear protective rubber gloves and avoid touching the outside of the gloves.

If others are waiting to use the dump station, skip the tank flushing and hose rinsing steps. Pull away from the dump station and then add some water and chemicals to the holding tanks.

Never put anything other than the contents of your holding tanks into the dump station.

Leave the dump station area cleaner than you found it.

### Dump Station Abuse

For years RVers have been pulling into Interstate rest areas and other areas with free dump stations to empty their holding tanks. But because of abuse, many states are removing dump stations from their rest areas and campground owners and others view their dump stations as an expensive maintenance headache. Dump station abuse amounts to folks leaving a mess or putting things into the dump drain that just don't belong there. Remember, somebody has to clean up the mess or clean out the drain. Dump station abuse causes aggravation, creates a health hazard, and costs money. You can do your part to ensure RVers will continue to have free and clean dump stations by following the simple tips mentioned above.

[www.rvdumps.com](http://www.rvdumps.com) Is a good site to go to if you have a computer. It does not list all the dump sites but if you know of ones not listed you can add them.



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## Classifieds

### For Sale

Mining Timbers and Wedges, douglas fir or white oak sawn to your specifications. contact Ken Haines RB Lumber - toll free 866-791-9986

### For Sale

60 acre Cow Creek gold claim with good road access to water. \$750.00 Sell or Trade  
Tom Quintal 503- 371-9747

### I Buy

Gold nuggets and fines no amount is too small.  
email: [kenh@peak.org](mailto:kenh@peak.org)  
Ph: 541-791-9986 Fx: 541-791-9987

### For Sale

Gold Wheel (complete) \$180.00 OBO  
Ray Tesch 503-788-8428

### For Sale

Dry Washer w/vacuum, crevassing, bucket, hose, tools - Mac Powered \$150.00  
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Contact Ken: Ph 541-791-9986  
Fx 541-791-9987 Email: [gscep@peak.org](mailto:gscep@peak.org)

## Gold Prospecting Tip

Tie a few feet of fishing line to some small lead weights and affix balloons to the line... set it loose down the river and watch where the weights settle - that's a good place to start your hunt for gold.

Anything you want in the newsletter please get to

Trudy Schrader – 503-859-3132

[gldlooker@msn.com](mailto:gldlooker@msn.com),

No Later than the 1<sup>st</sup> of the month.

# Willamette Valley Miners

PO Box 13044  
Salem OR 97309-1044

We Meet at 7:00 pm at  
Marion County Fire Hall  
300 Cordon Rd NE  
Salem OR

