

# Gold Searchers of Southern Nevada Highgrader



## Gold Searchers of Southern Nevada Officers and Standing Committees...

<b>President</b> – <i>Carl Richwine</i>	<b>Vice President</b> – <i>Ian Thaler</i>
<b>Treasury</b> – <i>Dara Thaler</i>	<b>Secretary</b> - <i>Dolores Gee</i>
<b>Membership</b> – <i>Marcia Richwine</i>	<b>Audit Committee</b> – <i>Fred Zajac</i>
<b>Claims Committee</b> – <i>Carl Richwine</i>	<b>Education Committee</b> – <i>Fred Zajac</i>
<b>Librarian / Historian</b> – <i>Dennis Johnson</i>	<b>Merchandise Committee</b> – <i>Jeff Harper</i>
<b>Newsletter Committee</b> – <i>Nicolas Johnson</i>	<b>Outing Committee</b> – <i>Morris Seguin</i>

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### NOTICE

- **Newsletter Editor** is looking for any articles to put in the High-grader!
- January 6th, 2010. General Meeting! Be there 6:30 PM Sharp!!
- Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!
- Happy Holidays!!!

## !!RAFFLE WINNERS CORNER!!

**Kitty Door Prize (Gold Nugget 3.2 Grams) -**

*Jean Davis*

**Kitty Door Prize (Calcite & Aragonite) -**

*Fred Zajac*

**50/50 Winner (\$56.00) -**

*Jeff Harper*

Folding Army Shovel.....	Karen Jakl
Spade Shovel.....	Steve Christianson
Umbrella.....	Doug Parker
Straw Hat.....	Cheree Sears
12" Pan w/Vials.....	Gary Emery
8" Pan w/Vials.....	John Roberts
Classifier.....	Charlotte Foley
Cup w/Magnifier.....	Morris Seguin
Cup w/Batteries and Map.....	Janet Schelling
Cup w/Gold and Map.....	Janet Schelling
Cup w/Gloves, Flashlight and Map.....	John Roberts
Cup w/Donated Gold from Desert Outfitters.....	Morris Seguin
Sluice Mat.....	Julio Barea
Walking Stick Donated from Desert Outfitters.....	Charlotte Foley
Gold Magnet.....	Jeff Harper
Windshield Sun Screen.....	Dolores Gee
Knee Pads.....	John Gee
Outdoorsman Kit.....	Doug Parker
Package of Candles.....	Casey Thaler
Bola Neck-piece.....	Joyce Johnson
Compact Tool.....	John Gee
Hand-Knitted Neck Scarf.....	Bonnie Evelyn

Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season and a Great New Year to ALL!!

From Your 2009 Executive Committee and Board Members!!

## Board Meeting Minutes Dated October 21st, 2009.

The GSSN board met on Thursday, Nov. 19th, 2009 in Boulder City, NV. Attending were: Nic & Joyce Johnson, Marcia & Carl Richwine, Jeff Harper, Morris Seguin, Jake Jakl, Fred Zajac, Dara Thaler, and Dolores Gee. The meeting was called to order by President Nic Johnson at 6pm. The group discussed e-mailing other GSSN officers and chairmen by creation of a safe, professional method of communicating as described by Nic and discussed by the group. Fred made a motion to table this agenda item to a future meeting & Morris seconded the motion. Vote was unanimously in favor.

Next membership was discussed relative to actual beginning and ending dates as well as changing the newsletter in regard to revisions to wording in the "Hold Harmless" section and eliminating the listing of Elected Officers. Dara made a motion to keep the "Hold Harmless" wording the same but to eliminate the listing of officers. Morris seconded this motion. After a brief discussion, the vote was unanimously in favor of the motion and it was so carried. Joyce Johnson requested reimbursement for gas relative to the Dolan Springs claim clean-up and Dolores Gee made the motion to reimburse Joyce Johnson, which was seconded by Carl Richwine. There was a brief discussion and the vote was in favor of approving this motion and it was so carried.

Nic asked about publishing the GSSN bylaws on our website which the group discussed it was decided not to do this and Nic scratched the suggestion. Next the quarter door prize Kitty

was discussed. Nic made a motion to have the door prize consist of quarters only (eliminating the \$5 dollar door prize) and he made the motion to that effect. Morris seconded the motion and a brief discussion, the vote was unanimously in favor of the motion, and it was so carried. Next Carl said he would have his phone number listed on the GSSN application when he takes over the presidency and proceed to give a brief report and overview on GSSN's inventory of assets (including each officer's list of items received upon taking office).

Dara gave a brief treasurer's report and noted that the Nov. raffle brought in \$280 (rather than the \$260 previously reported). At this time the group took a brief break and the meeting reconvened at 7:40PM. Fred said that the Audit Committee (of which he is Chairman) will meet at his home on December 14, 2009. He then made a motion to suspend the December board meeting which was seconded by Dara. There was no discussion and the vote was unanimously in favor of cancelling that meeting. Then the group discussed selling merchandise. Jeff Harper (Merchandise Committee Chairman) reported on pricing for T-shirts, caps and stickers and Fred made a motion to sell T-shirts for \$10 but after discussion Carl amended the motion to reflect a sales price of \$11 price. Jeff and his committee was get together to plan further and report back on what they arrange. The topic of bringing in items for embossing (such as one's own sweatshirt, jacket, etc.) was brought up and Morris made a motion to charge \$7 for that service, and Dara seconded that motion. After a brief discussion, the vote was unani-

mously in favor of the motion.

Finally there was a brief discussion of GSSN's volunteer work at the Griffiths school, and Fred (The Education Committee Chairman) thanked volunteers for their help. He then made a motion to adjourn the meeting which Nic seconded everyone was in favor and the meeting adjourned at 8:25 PM.

Dolores Gee  
Gold Searchers of Southern  
Nevada, Inc.  
November 19th, 2009.



## E. W. Griffith Elementary School Panning Demonstrations & More..



Marcia R., Randy H., Fred Z., and Carl R.  
Demonstrating Panning to Students.



Fred Z. and Carl R. Demonstrating a small puffer  
and giving it a good work out!



Nancy H. Panning with students!



Fred Z., Nancy H., Carl R., and Randy H. with  
more Panning Demo's.



A Big Thank you to all who helped with the E. W.  
Griffith Elementary School Nevada Day Celebration

Bill Durbin was also there to show and tell about  
Mines and Safety.



## Mohave Prospector Winner from November Raffle!!

### ***MPA Raffle Winner***

My apologies for not putting this in the last newsletter. I had become busy. We the club raffled off a one-year membership for the Mohave Prospectors Association with the previous month (November) to buy tickets for this exceptional prize!!

The WINNER for the MPA one-year membership is

**JOHN ROBERTS!**

The old timer stopped shoveling and let the rapidly running water of the stream separate the gravels in his sluice.

Now that he had stopped digging for a moment, Hawks looked around the canyon, and as they always did, his eyes fixed on a large bar in the middle of the creek. It was a new bar that had been formed during the heavy flooding the spring he had lost his first cabin. He'd been wanting to check it out, but up till now the water had been too high. "There's some good gold out there, I know it," Hawks told his sluice box. Making up his mind, he picked his shovel and bucket and started looking for the best place to cross the creek to the bar.

Climbing up a large boulder in the stream, he pushed a tree stuck against the bank toward where he wanted it downstream. The tree plowed through a pile of rocks and branches he'd hoped would stop it as if it didn't exist. "Stop.... Wait....stop!" Hawks yelled at the tree. Almost on cue, one end of the tree rammed into the bar and the other end swung around and came to rest against a large rock near the creek bank.

### **Christmas Nugget By James Klein.**

Hawks looked up at the sky and said, "Thank you, Lord." After catching his breath he was able to work his way along the tree trunk to a shallow place where he could walk upon the bank. As he stood dripping wet, looking at what was a perfect bridge to the bar, he was speechless. Marveling at his luck, he turned and headed back to his cabin.

"Yo, Hawks!" someone called. It was Bill Day, who with his wife Sarah, and son Rance, worked the claim downstream from Hawks – real nice people, and some of the very few Hawks enjoyed seeing.

The old miner had almost reached his cabin when he was stopped. Hawks was a good-sized man, and with his wet clothes clinging to him, and his wet hair and beard, he looked quite a sight.

"Doing your laundry and taking your yearly bath at the same time, I see," Bill kidded him.

"Very funny," Hawks growled.

"Here's your tobacco from the store," Bill said. Then, looking at the dripping Hawks, added "I'll put it on the porch."

"Thanks, Bill" Hawks said, and headed for the cabin.

Hawks went into the cabin, calling it a day.

Once out on the bar the next morning, it seemed as if he was being drawn – almost pushed, to one particular spot. It was not the most likely place, but for some reason he felt he had to dig there. He had only removed a few shovels full of gravel when a bright glint of metal caught his eye.

He stuck his shovel back in the hole. As he dumped it in the bucket he saw the flash of metal again. What he

could see was yellow – the yellow that only gold can be. "It can't be, it's too big," he said to himself, but excitement was already building inside him. Even with black sand covering it, Hawks could see it was the largest gold nugget he'd ever seen outside a museum.

"YES, YES, YES....OH, MY LORD...OH BOY, OH BOY, OH BOY!" Hawks hollered and sang as he danced around the bar. After celebrating, he washed it off and held it up so the sun reflected off it. The nugget was almost as big as a beer can, but flatter. "I think I'll call it the 'Beer Can Nugget'" he told the rocks.

Almost as soon as he said that, a darkness seemed to come over him. "Somebody may be watching," he said under his breathe. He thrust the nugget into his pocket and squatted down on the bar. He began examining the rocks under his feet, and picked up several to hold as he had held the nugget. Then he looked around for any sign of someone spying on him. Seeing nothing, he listened. Hearing nothing, he stood up and stretched and tried to act casual. He picked up his shovel, crossed the creek, and strolled back to his cabin.

He went right to his rifle in the corner. After making sure it was loaded he went to the window to see if he'd been followed. He propped a chair up against the door, and, hiding the nugget under the bed, he sat on the bed with his rifle on his lap. "They'll know the nugget's under the bed," he said, and brought the nugget to the table. "I'll bury it where no one will look."

## Christmas Nugget Continued

He told himself.

Back outside he fetched his shovel and picked a remote area hidden by high brush and trees. When he felt it was safe, he dug a hole and buried the nugget, covering the ground with leaves and twigs to hide any sign of his activities. Night was already closing in and he was hungry.

Once inside he went straight to the window facing the area where he'd buried the nugget.

"Dad gum it, I can't see it clear," he swore.

"Dang, dang, dang," he grumbled. His hunger was getting the best of him. "I guess it will be alright," he told himself. He took down a can of beans and got out some bread. Cutting the bread he suddenly stopped, listening. Certain he had heard something, he grabbed his rifle and raced out the door. All was quiet. Still, he looked around and listened for the slightest sound. Satisfied the nugget was safe, he returned to the cabin. He poured the beans out onto a plate, not taking time to heat them. As he started to eat he again thought he heard something. He jumped up from the table and was off again. Two more times while he was eating and he decided to move the nugget once more.

This time he chose a fallen tree trunk to hide it in. The tree trunk could be seen from the front door of the cabin and was not too far away. He'd jammed the nugget as far up as he could. Then he stuffed leaves and dirt in the hole. Returning to the cabin he took off his boots and lay down on the bed. Most of the time he fell asleep almost as soon as his head hit the pillow, but tonight he lay with his eyes open, listening to every sound.

"What's that?" he shouted,

and leaped out of bed after only a few minutes. Gun in hand, he raced out the door once again. When his bare feet hit the sharp, rough gravel he was so shocked that he pulled the trigger on his cocked rifle. The explosion was magnified by the canyon walls and bounced off the rocks. Once he regained his composure and could see that nothing was wrong at the tree, he went back inside.

"Oh, no" he moaned, "My coffee pot!" The bullet had gone through the open window and hit his coffee pot, putting a huge hole in it.

Hawks brought the nugget back into the cabin. He spent the night on the bed, his back against the wall, holding the gun and the nugget on his lap. He dozed, snapping awake with every sound. In the morning he set out for the store. All the way there, he worried he was being watched or followed. He heaved a sigh of relief when the store came into view.

"At last I can put this dang nugget where it'll be safe," Hawks told himself. "Be with you in a minute, Hawks," Charlie greeted him.

Hawks grunted in reply and went to a far corner of the store "Whatta you acting so weird about, Hawks?" Charlie asked him. Then, getting a look at him, added "My god, you look terrible – didn't you get any sleep last night?"

Hawks grabbed him by the arm and whispered "Let's go into the back room," he said, and started for the rear door, pulling Charlie along with him.

Once inside the back room Hawks shut the door and checked out every corner of the room. Then pulled out the cloth-wrapped nugget. "Look," the miner said as he unwrapped his prize.

"Wow, I never saw a nugget that big, up close before," the store owner said in amazement.

"Quick, put it in your safe!" Hawks told him. The safe wasn't really a safe like you'd see in a bank, but a heavy wooden cabinet with a big padlock, where miners left their gold for Charlie to cash in.

Charlie backed up and said "No way, I ain't keeping that thing in my safe."

"What...why, not – what's wrong with it?"

"Nothing is wrong with it, it's just too valuable, and I don't want to be responsible for it. Why, it must be worth a couple of thousand dollars!"

"I know it is, that's why I want to keep it here," Hawks told him.

"Well, you can't keep it here, but I will take you into town and you can cash it in," Charlie said.

"I don't want to cash it in – it's my big one I've been looking for all these years," Hawks said of his trophy.

"You're not going to keep it here?" Hawks asked again.

"Hawks, I don't want some crazy person breaking in here and tearing things because he heard there's a bug nugget here," Charlie told him.

When Hawks got back to the cabin, he took up some floor boards from under the bed. Then placed the nugget in a hole. Covering the hole, he replaced the boards before sliding the bed back in position.

For the next few days he worked the gravels closest to the cabin. He even left the door open when in the outhouse so the cabin was never out of sight. The gravels there were the poorest on his claim and his gold production went way down.

Weighing out his meager return for his effort several days later

## Christmas Nugget Continued

he'd just told himself "If this keeps up I'll go broke," when there was a knock at the door. In his hurry to grab his gun he tipped over his chair and jolted the table, spilling his gold.

"GO AWAY!" he yelled at the door. "Hey, Hawks, you O.K.?" a voice said. "Who's out there? I don't want to see anybody!" "It's me – Bill, and my boy Rance," Bill said, "You alright?" Hawks went to the door and peeked out. "Your alone?" he asked, then added, "Anybody follow you?" "I don't think so," Bill said, turning to look behind him, "What's wrong?" "Nothing, just a little jumpy, I guess."

"What are you doing tomorrow?" Bill asked.

"Tomorrow?"

"Christmas."

"Tomorrow's Christmas?"

Hawks asked.

"Yes – we wondered what you were doing," Bill said.

"I don't know," a somewhat confused Hawks said.

"A bunch of real nice people from the church in town brought us a turkey and all the trimmings and Sarah and I would like you to come down for dinner tomorrow."

"Me, too," little Rance added Bill again said, "We'd sure like you to come, Hawks."

"Oh...gosh, I don't know, I don't have anything to bring," Hawks said.

"You don't have to bring anything, we have everything," Bill said.

"I don't..." The old miner was cut off by a plea from the boy. "Please, Mr. Hawks, Please."

"Well, alright, but I sure would like to bring something," Hawks said.

"Just bring yourself, that's plenty enough," Bill said, "See you tomorrow!"

The next day Hawks put on his

best outfit, combed his hair, and went visiting. He couldn't remember ever having a better dinner than this one. He ate till he was stuffed, and then some. It seemed that whenever he'd get an empty place on his plate, Sarah would put more food on it.

"Sarah, if you don't stop, Bill will have to push me home in that old wheelbarrow of yours," Hawks kidded her.

After dinner they sat around outside, talking and laughing. "I don't think I've ever had a better Christmas," Hawks told the young couple as he prepared to head home.

"I only have one thing to give you," Hawks added.

"Hey, You don't have to give us anything. You're our friend, and your just being here was present enough," Bill told him.

As they were talking, the old miner reached into his pocket and pulled out an object wrapped in plain brown paper and tied with a piece of string. He handed the package to Rance.

"Go ahead and open it – it's all for you," Hawks told them.

"What in the world?" Sarah said.

The boy removed the string and unwrapped the gift. The bright shiny golden nugget looked even larger in the tiny hands.

"Oh, My God, Hawks, where did you find it?" Bill's voice broke as he asked the question.

"On that big bar in the middle of the creek," Hawks told him.

"We can't take this," Bill said.

"No, we can't," Sarah echoed.

"Why not?" Rance chimed in.

"Yeah, why not?" It's my

nugget, and if I want to give it to you, I can." The old miner said.

"It's worth too much," Bill said.

"Heck, I got all I need, and I can always go dig it up another one if I want to." They all laughed at that.

"You folks need the money worse than I do and besides that, just having it around has been driving me crazy."

"Boy, if you're sure, we can use the money, alright," Bill said, "Some warm winter clothes for you two," he added, putting his arms around Sarah and Rance.

"That new wheelbarrow and lumber for a bigger sluice for you," Sarah told Bill.

"Can I have a toy?" Rance asked.

"You sure can, pardner" Bill said, picking up the boy and hugging him.

Sarah threw her arms around Hawks and kissed him on the cheek. "Merry Christmas, Hawks," she said, with tears streaming down her face.

"Merry Christmas to all of you," Hawks said and added "I've got to get back before it gets too dark," and turned and started walking up to his claim.

The old miner had only gone a few yards when Bill called out "What did you name the nugget?" Hawks stopped and turned around.

"The Be.....," he stopped in mid-sentence, "I call it the Christmas Nugget."

He was far enough away that they didn't see the tears in his eyes.

"This was some Christmas," he said to the rocks.

*Gold and Treasure Hunter magazine, Dated December 1996, "The Christmas Nugget" By James Klein.*

Application To : Gold Searchers of Southern Nevada, Inc.

P.O. Box 96732

Las Vegas NV, 89193 – 6732

Supporting Website:

Www.goldsearcher.com

**Please Print Clearly**

Last Name \_\_\_\_\_ First \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle \_\_\_\_\_ Lic# \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I understand that as a member of the Gold Searchers of Southern Nevada Inc., I can run for office and Participate in the voting on all major policies and officer elections. I will also be able to attend all meetings and use the club claims, subject to the club By-laws. I can also use club equipment by appointment and check out books and video's from out extensive library.

**HOLD HARMLESS AGREEMENT**

I / we, the undersigned, ( hereafter referred to as participant ) assume all risk and/or hazards associated with participant's involvement in the Gold Searchers of Southern Nevada Inc., a prospecting club. Participants agree to indemnify and **HOLD HARMLESS** all club officers, sponsors, and/or other third, fourth, etc., parties involved in club activities. Participants realize that metal detecting, gold prospecting, and associated activities can be dangerous. The terrain can be hazardous and there may be wild or domesticated animals and snakes present. Some locations may have open shafts, pits, and tunnels. Participants assume animals and snakes present. Participants assume all responsibility by signing below.

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_ DATED \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_

**CLUBS ONLY FUNCTION IF MEMBERS VOLUNTEER**

I/we will volunteer to assist in the areas checked. Please check at least one area.

**COMMITTEES**

- Audit Committee       Claims Committee       Education Committee       Librarian/Historian
- Merchandise Committee       Newsletter Committee       Outing Committee       Webmaster Committee

As of January 7, 2009 Dues are payable on the first of the month of your anniversary date. New members \$45.00 and to Renew is \$30.00.

Check # \_\_\_\_\_ Cash \_\_\_\_\_ By \_\_\_\_\_  
 Receipt \_\_\_\_\_ From \_\_\_\_\_ To \_\_\_\_\_  
 Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Card Sent \_\_\_\_\_ Claims Book Sent \_\_\_\_\_

**DEDICATED TO THE PURSUIT OF GOLD!**

Gold Searchers of Southern Nevada  
A Non-Profit Corporation  
P.O. Box 96732  
Las Vegas, NV. 89193

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## Postmaster: Dated Material

**Current Resident Or Home Owner**

Put Bottom of label on this Line here. \_\_\_\_\_.

We print a membership application in each newsletter that must be used for all applications of New or Renewals. **We must have this information in its completed form to comply with our Bylaws.** Thank your for assisting your club with procedure!

**Next General Meeting, 6:30 P.M.**

**January 6th, 2010.**

**425 East Van Wagenen Street  
Henderson, NV. 89002-9111**

Do a little prospecting at our Website!

**!!Supporting Website!!  
[www.goldsearcher.com](http://www.goldsearcher.com)**

Membership is the life-blood of this Organization. Your renewal date is reflected on the address label, upper right. All of our programs cost this organization money. Your membership dues make it all possible. Membership numbers are important when contacting National Organizations, The Press, and Elected Representatives.