



# The Prospector

Portland Gold Prospectors, Inc.

GPAA Portland, Oregon Chapter



**February, 2018**

## Presidents Blog February 2018

Hello, everyone! As the new President of the Portland Chapter of the GPAA, I want to thank everyone for the great Potluck we had during the January meeting. We had a great turnout! Thank you to everyone who worked to get everything organized and to all of you who were able to attend.

I want everyone to know that it is our members who keep our chapter strong - by attending meetings and outings and by volunteering to assist in putting outings and other projects together.

If anyone has any ideas about how to increase our membership or other ideas on how to keep our chapter viable, please talk with me at the March meeting.

I am sorry that I won't be at the February meeting, but I look forward seeing everyone in March. I am in Arizona, where I hope to do a little prospecting.

Please remember the Gold Show is coming up in March.

Thank you and Happy Prospecting!

Mike Lewis

President  
Portland Gold Prospectors, Inc.



**2018 Portland Gold Prospectors  
Board of Directors**

**President**

Mike Lewis  
gmlewis238@msn.com

**Vice President**

William Bench 503-708-4997  
swbench@comcast.net

**Secretary**

Yolanda Kragerud  
YKragerud@yahoo.com

**Treasurer**

Bev Parker 503-666-4301  
bevpark@comcast.net

**Claims**

Jerry Johns 503-686-9422  
jerryjohns@gmail.com

**Board Members at Large  
2017-2018:**

Charles Foster 503-630-7669  
fostercr@rconnects.com  
Robert Burns 503-680-8885  
rdburns77@hotmail.com  
Vern Freitas 209-535-5683  
vernonjfreitas@gmail.com  
Jim Schmidt  
jschmidt118@q.com

**Board Members at Large  
2018-2019:**

Richard Ruth 503-663-9087  
richard.ruth5@comcast.net  
Elaine Ruth 503-663-9087  
richard.ruth5@comcast.net  
Ken Burns 503-631-3071  
Kenhellenburns@gmail.com  
Ken Burns 503-631-3071  
Kenhellenburns@gmail.com

**Honorary Board Member  
(Super Volunteers):**

Larry Sharp 971-269-8220  
Steve Lewin  
goldpan123@yahoo.com

**Library**

**POSITION OPEN**

**Hospitality**

Elaine Ruth 503-663-9087  
richard.ruth5@comcast.net

**Newsletter**

Tim Snyder 503-481-1133  
WrshpMzshn@gmail.com

**Webmaster**

Aaron Jurgens 360-402-0771  
aaron@ajcreative.net

## Chapter Minutes – January 2018

**Start time:** 1:30pm

**Members in attendance:** 56

The outgoing president led the group in *The Pledge of Allegiance*

The minutes were from the Previous meeting was posted in the newsletter. A motion was made to approve the minutes as written and 2nd. The motion was approved

**Treasurer's Report:** The treasurer read the report. A motion was made to approve it as read. It was seconded and approved.

**Correspondences:** None

New Membership cards were handed out during the meeting

The outgoing President provided the chapter with an update on the upcoming Gold and Treasure Show. The show will be March 24th and 25th with set up being on the 23rd.

Tickets were for sale at ½ the entry price.

A sign-up sheet was passed around the meeting hall for volunteer sign up and shirt sizes.

The outgoing President brought up the new Secretary and new President and welcomed them to the role. Both the outgoing Secretary and President were released to return to the general attendance.

The Incoming President gave a speech on what he would like to accomplish in the upcoming year and then released the audience to start the potluck

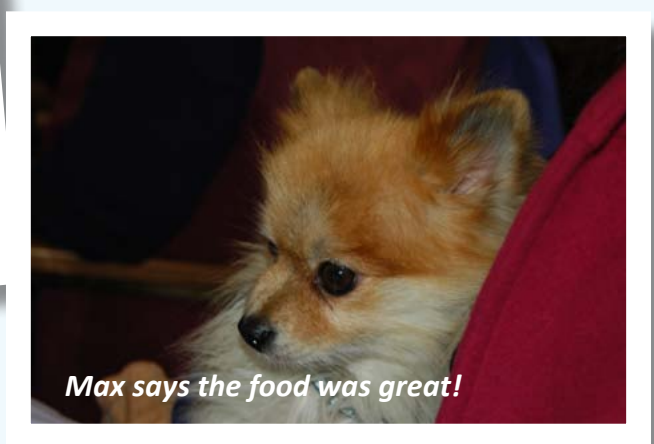
After the Potluck, the outgoing President recognized the volunteers for the year. A handful of the most active volunteers were presented with gold nuggets as recognitions for their service during the year.

Door prizes were given away and the meeting was concluded at 3:15pm.

Raffle started at 3:15pm and meeting closed at 3:30pm.







Max says the food was great!







# The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill

*By Robert W. Service*

I took a contract to bury the body of blasphemous Bill MacKie,  
Whenever, wherever or whatsoever the manner of death he die —  
Whether he die in the light o' day or under the peak-faced moon;  
In cabin or dance-hall, camp or dive, mucklucks or patent shoon;  
On velvet tundra or virgin peak, by glacier, drift or draw;  
In muskeg hollow or canyon gloom, by avalanche, fang or claw;  
By battle, murder or sudden wealth, by pestilence, hooch or lead —  
I swore on the Book I would follow and look till I found my tombless dead.

For Bill was a dainty kind of cuss, and his mind was mighty sot  
On a dinky patch with flowers and grass in a civilized boneyard lot.  
And where he died or how he died, it didn't matter a damn  
So long as he had a grave with frills and a tombstone "epigram."  
So I promised him, and he paid the price in good cheechako coin  
(Which the same I blowed in that very night down in the Tenderloin).  
Then I painted a three-foot slab of pine: "Here lies poor Bill MacKie,"  
And I hung it up on my cabin wall and I waited for Bill to die.

Years passed away, and at last one day came a squaw with a story strange,  
Of a long-deserted line of traps 'way back of the Bighorn range,  
Of a little hut by the great divide, and a white man stiff and still,  
Lying there by his lonesome self, and I figured it must be Bill.  
So I thought of the contract I'd made with him, and I took down from the shelf  
The swell black box with the silver plate he'd picked out for hisself;  
And I packed it full of grub and "hooch," and I slung it on the sleigh;  
Then I harnessed up my team of dogs and was off at dawn of day.

You know what it's like in the Yukon wild when it's sixty-nine below;  
When the ice-worms wriggle their purple heads through the crust of the pale blue snow;  
When the pine-trees crack like little guns in the silence of the wood,  
And the icicles hang down like tusks under the parka hood;  
When the stove-pipe smoke breaks sudden off, and the sky is weirdly lit,  
And the careless feel of a bit of steel burns like a red-hot spit;  
When the mercury is a frozen ball, and the frost-fiend stalks to kill —  
Well, it was just like that that day when I set out to look for Bill.

Oh, the awful hush that seemed to crush me down on every hand,  
As I blundered blind with a trail to find through that blank and bitter land;  
Half dazed, half crazed in the winter wild, with its grim heartbreaking woes,  
And the ruthless strife for a grip on life that only the sourdough knows!  
North by the compass, North I pressed; river and peak and plain  
Passed like a dream I slept to lose and I waked to dream again.

River and plain and mighty peak — and who could stand unawed?  
As their summits blazed, he could stand undazed at the foot of the throne of God.  
North, aye, North, through a land accursed, shunned by the scouring brutes,  
And all I heard was my own harsh word and the whine of the malamutes,  
Till at last I came to a cabin squat, built in the side of a hill,  
And I burst in the door, and there on the floor, frozen to death, lay Bill.

Ice, white ice, like a winding-sheet, sheathing each smoke-grimed wall;  
Ice on the stove-pipe, ice on the bed, ice gleaming over all;  
Sparkling ice on the dead man's chest, glittering ice in his hair,  
Ice on his fingers, ice in his heart, ice in his glassy stare;  
Hard as a log and trussed like a frog, with his arms and legs outspread.  
I gazed at the coffin I'd brought for him, and I gazed at the gruesome dead,  
And at last I spoke: "Bill liked his joke; but still, goldarn his eyes,  
A man had ought to consider his mates in the way he goes and dies."

Have you ever stood in an Arctic hut in the shadow of the Pole,  
With a little coffin six by three and a grief you can't control?  
Have you ever sat by a frozen corpse that looks at you with a grin,  
And that seems to say: "You may try all day, but you'll never jam me in"?  
I'm not a man of the quitting kind, but I never felt so blue  
As I sat there gazing at that stiff and studying what I'd do.  
Then I rose and I kicked off the husky dogs that were nosing round about,  
And I lit a roaring fire in the stove, and I started to thaw Bill out.

Well, I thawed and thawed for thirteen days, but it didn't seem no good;  
His arms and legs stuck out like pegs, as if they was made of wood.  
Till at last I said: "It ain't no use — he's froze too hard to thaw;  
He's obstinate, and he won't lie straight, so I guess I got to — saw."  
So I sawed off poor Bill's arms and legs, and I laid him snug and straight  
In the little coffin he picked hisself, with the dinky silver plate,  
And I came nigh near to shedding a tear as I nailed him safely down;  
Then I stowed him away in my Yukon sleigh, and I started back to town.

So I buried him as the contract was in a narrow grave and deep,  
And there he's waiting the Great Clean-up, when the Judgment sluice-heads sweep;  
And I smoke my pipe and I meditate in the light of the Midnight Sun,  
And sometimes I wonder if they was, the awful things I done.  
And as I sit and the parson talks, expounding of the Law,  
I often think of poor old Bill — and how hard he was to saw.



## Thanks to our 2017 Gold Show sponsors



## And don't forget our members' businesses:

