

I  
SAW THE  
GOLD

By Florence L. (Bunnie Waer) Whitted

SCARCE

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## Introduction

In introduction to the articles on the following pages, I would like to state clearly that they are all very real facts and not fiction.

The newspaper articles are all taken from local papers. I have the original clippings from the papers.

I hope someone finds the gold mine during my lifetime. And when it is found I hope that it will be known as the PAT BAILEY MINE.

# I SAW THE GOLD

There are many people still interested in the treasure that lies in the earth, I am sure. But there are very few of the younger generation that can remember the rich gold strikes in this state. They think only of the Alaska country. In the following I am giving true accounts of the Oregon mines, and I am sure there are still more to be discovered.

Many times I have heard old timers tell of mines being discovered in several areas in Douglas County. But their locations were always lost before they could be filed on or really being established as an authenticated fact. Most of these were in remote areas and the miner was not able to find his way back to his find. Some of the old timers swore to the truth of one rumor. This rumor told of an old Indian that would leave his cabin for less than a half hour and return with several good size nuggets. This was in the Tyee area. Mention was not made as to the quality of these nuggets. None seem to know what ever happened to the old Indian. Many people looked for the mine in the area of that cabin but the gold was never found.

The vicinity of Coffee Creek, near Days Creek, was supposed to have held another mine. This was very rich, as the story was told. As far as I know, this was never opened or filed upon.

Around the turn of the Century, and a few years before, there were some very rich ore discoveries made in the Josephine County vicinity. This turned the miners main interest to that area, leaving Douglas County areas to wait for a better time.

Grants Pass had been my home until 1914. My father had owned a mine on Williams Creek, known then as the old Doney Pocket. Many were the discussions of mining that I heard over those years. My oldest brother went to work in the mines when he was fifteen years old, working for a time in the Hall & Dickson mine on Williams Creek.

The old Josephine County Bank on 6th St. in Grants Pass had a display in their window, at that time, a large jar of Gold Nuggets. The display did not seem to cause much comment, but I was really fascinated.

In the following, I am giving a review of the discoveries that were made in Josephine County during those years. The articles were published in the Grants Pass Courier, which was the leading Newspaper of the County and which I believe is still being published. Issue dates are as noted with each article.

#### **MINING IN JOSEPHINE COUNTY**

1890 (Hull & Beck)  
(Louse Creek)

"Mining discoveries will never cease in Josephine County. The latest sensation is the discovery of a Gold ledge of inestimable wealth at the head of Louse Creek. By Messrs Hull and Beck, who have been prospecting for the ledge for the past two or three years.

They arrived in town Thursday loaded down with beautiful nuggets, which they deposited in the First National Bank."

#### **1892 (Tin Mine)**

"Two prospectors who had spent the last year in this County, are reported to have struck a rich tin deposit about 35 miles from Grants Pass.

The deposit is reported to be very extensive, after being tested the product was reported to be first class quality tin.

These gentlemen are miners who have prospected in Nevada, Mexico and other mining districts."

#### **1894 (W. J. WIMER)**

**(Waldo, Oregon)**

"W. J. Wimer of the Deep Gravel mine at Waldo came to Grants Pass Tuesday with 190 ounces of Gold, the result of a test of seven days and nine nights with a two inch nozzle and 180 feet pressure. There have been several clean-ups this season. All of which gave splendid results."

#### **August 14, 1902 (Victor Jr. Mining Co.)**

**(Greenback Mine)**

"The Victor Junior Mining Company has changed its name to the Green Back Mining Company and has Incorporated under the laws of Arizona instead of Colorado. The head office will be in New York instead of Denver. A new 20 stamp mill is being built at the foot of Greenback mountain, some distance below the present mill. The entire plant of the mine will be doubled as will the force of men at work."

A Cyanide plant will also be among the new features installed.

When all of the new improvements being made are completed, the Greenback will be the leading quartz mine of the state, west of the Cascades."

**July 1904 (Briggs Mine)  
(Thompson Creek)**

"The most wonderful gold discovery ever reported in Oregon, was made a week ago Sunday by Ray Briggs, by pure accident, this boy who is eighteen years old, was hunting on a mountain near Thompson Creek, and stumbled onto a ledge of almost pure gold cropping out of the surface.

The find was of such magnitude that the boy, miner that he is, could not realize that he had made a record breaking strike.

He carefully gathered up a double handful of the best specimens and secured a chunk of the quartz about the size of a candlebox, which he took home to his father's placer mine. The quartz was quickly crushed in a hand mortar and it yielded \$800.00.

The next morning found the Briggs families, David Briggs and two sons, George Briggs and Charles Howard and son, at the place of the find, and three claims were staked out. Then they began active mining with a hand mortar and in two hours they had secured \$2,000. By nightfall rich quartz was out \$25,000 and an additional \$7,000 had been stacked up in piles. By Thursday night they had mortared out \$25,000 and an additional \$7,000 had been taken out on Saturday.

The gold was found in decomposed quartz. In some instances the gold being in layers of an inch or more in thickness, and standing on edge, with a layer of quartz sprinkled with gold chunks along side.

Already prospectors are scanning the hills and a stampede is expected."

**1914, July (J. M. DePuy)**

"J. M. DePuy, after a ten year search for the Old Spot ledge at last has been rewarded by discovering what he believes is the original ledge from which centuries ago, Old Spot was broken off and rolled down the mountain side. Some thirty years ago this and other boulders were found which yielded hundreds of dollars to their discoverers and placer miners are supposed to have taken out from \$60,000 to \$90,000 from the Hamlin Gulch, near where the boulders were found. The Hidden Treasure Mine located by DePuy and others on the north side of Mt. Baldy range. Three and a half miles from Grants Pass, has had considerable development work. The ore yielding fair values. But the recent strike is an extension of the Hidden Treasure Mine."

By CHARLES V. STANTON

Through several sources we have heard of a family seeking gold in the Umpqua National forest.

We can't vouch for the truth of the strange tale, as it comes to us from various persons and in fragmentary form.

The story, as told to us, is that a man of more than 80 years of age has been making occasional trips into the Umpqua forest, returning to his home in Lane county with a liberal supply of gold nuggets. Members of his family have been trying to learn the location of his gold mine, but he refuses to tell. He has never filed a location claim. Relatives fear the secret will die when he passes on, although he reportedly has promised to divulge location of the gold when his "time comes."

But, fearing that he might die suddenly without revealing his secret, one of his daughters has instituted a hunt for the gold. With her family she has been spending several weeks searching forest roads, trails and camps for some clue to the route her father took on a recent trip from which he returned in a near state of collapse. Reportedly, the only information she has is that the gold is in the Umpqua forest and within a 60-mile radius of Roseburg.

Carl C. Hill, Days Creek, recently named chairman of the Oregon Game commission, has made extensive study of Umpqua Indians and stories surrounding them.

He tells us that when early settlers first came into the Glide district, they found the natives in possession of many gold nuggets. The Indians brought in much gold for use in trading with the whites. Early residents sought in vain for the source of this gold and tried by threat, bribery and cajolery to obtain information from the Indians.

One settler, according to the tale, nearly succeeded.

He had ministered to an ailing papoose and the Indian mother, in gratitude, wanted to pay him with nuggets. Taking advantage of her emotion, the man tried to obtain from her the Indian secret. After much pleading, she agreed to guide him to the source of the gold.

They started over the forest trails and reached a point near Honey creek. The squaw had shown increasing reluctance and finally refused to go farther.

She would be killed if he revealed the source of the gold, she said. No amount of persuasion could induce her to go farther.

Later in 1914 I was married and left the area. The following year my folks also left the area.

There has been very little interest or publicity of lost mines in Douglas County in the last few years.

My fascination for the gold and the thoughts of mining lay dormant for a good many years.

Rumor or fact, be as it may, I have satisfaction that one lost mine exists.

During the second World War, my husband and I operated a farm, truck garden and raising hay. We hired about twelve people during the summer. Most of them were families from Oklahoma whom had never seen raw gold. One year we were building a packing shed and a cantaloupe grader. We needed someone that could do carpenter work. There was an elderly man, then in his late seventies, that had lived in the area a good many years before. He was a good handy man, able to do any job needed and in addition he was a carpenter by trade. Originally he had come from West Virginia. His wife had died when their five children were young. He raised the three girls and two boys, even made dresses for the girls. Now he took odd jobs and worked when he could find any kind of a job.

By the late twenties his children were all grown and only one boy was still at home. He and this son went prospecting. Finally the son decided to go his own way. During the great depression of the late twenties, the old man went to the Rogue River to prospect, near Medford. Unable to find enough gold to live on, he moved on to Douglas County area to search the North Umpqua river area.

There had been some old placer mines on Steamboat Creek. After giving some time to several creeks he finally decided Steamboat Creek was the most likely. He found a few pieces of color and followed them up the stream a long way. That is exceedingly rough and steep country, and at that time there were no roads into the area.



During his traveling in the area, he made the acquaintance of the Pery Wright family, who were early settlers in that area. He visited with them often, he loved to visit with the old timers of that era. He would walk many miles to spend an afternoon visiting, he never learned to drive a car.

After knowing him you found that he was always ready to give a helping hand to anyone needing aid. He was the most honest and conscientious man I have ever known and I came to think of him almost like a father.

When he came to live and work at our farm, he had been living at the John Spencer home in Roseburg. He had a small trailer and parked it back of our house. He was very considerate of me and did many things we did not expect of him. I cooked for some of the hands, kept house, drove tractor, packed tomatoes and saw to it that the produce was picked, packed, ready to load when my husband came home with the truck. The families we had hired were all good workers and we were like a big family. The old fellow seemed to enjoy life with us, I guess it made him feel needed.

Saying that he was generally helpful to me isn't quite enough to say in his behalf. Cleaning and raking around the packing shed was another big job that would befall me, had he not stepped in and did it himself. We used a wood stove and he never allowed the wood box to become empty. Doing so many, many things to lighten my tasks, we were working together a great deal of the time.

Since he liked to visit so much, he talked as we worked together. He told me things about his family and his life before he came to us. He began to talk about his mine, little things first, then confidential things which he said he had

never told anyone before. In the middle of August, 1945 he said he wanted to take about three days off. When he returned he was very tired but brimming with enthusiasm. Later he said he had been to a mine he had found a couple of years before. It had to be reached by trail, a walk, or rather a climb, of about thirty-five miles each way. This was extremely rough and steep country, as I found out later when I made the trip. Being a very thin man and having no fat on his body from which he could draw strength, he had to carry a blanket and enough food with him on these trips to sustain him for at least thirty-six hours. One of his daughters lived in Oakridge and another in West Fir. When he went into the forest on these trips he would go in one way and come out the other, thus being able to visit each of the daughters. Besides, as he told me, this would throw off anyone attempting to follow him.

Shortly after his return, he showed us what he had brought back from the mine. Pure gold nuggets from the size of a pea to that of a marble. He had about \$700.00 worth. When the rest of the workers, whom had never seen raw gold, were shown his findings, they could talk of nothing else.

Roseburg became well aware of the find and it was a current topic of conversation. People began to follow him around asking questions. He packed a few of the nuggets in his pocket and freely showed them when asked. Later he began to feel uneasy and decided some people were just too curious. He changed his tactics. He pretended that he did not know what they were talking about, when they tried to question him.

Many times I warned him that someone might become so eager that they would try to force him to tell them how to get to the mine. But he would only laugh and say that he could lose any man that would try to walk in there with him.

Once, I asked him why he did not take a pack mule in with him. He said the trail was so crossed with logs that a mule could not make it. There was no other way around because the hills were so steep.

He talked to me more than anyone else about the mine, I am sure. The reason being, that I had always respected him and always told him anything he wanted to know, I never once questioned him about his mine. Since both my father and oldest brother were interested in mining, we did have a lot in common and he realized this. We did have a great deal in common to talk about.

The next summer he decided he would try and make two trips in to the mine. He could not make the first trip in until after the snow had melted, since the mine was at about 5,000 feet elevation, and the snows were packed down in the canyon. The snow did melt and he made his first trip

The second trip he made that year was after Labor Day and winter had again set in. He was caught in a snow storm and had experienced a very hard time getting out again. But altogether the two trips had resulted in about \$1,800 worth of gold and he was satisfied with this.

In 1946 he moved his trailer from our place to West Fir. The next trip in was another good trip. Then by accident, he knocked some mass off of a cliff and the rock was filled with gold. He filled his pockets with quite a bit and started out but soon found that it was too heavy for him so he cached some of it along the trail. He said this was in a decomposed quartz and when he showed it to me, I had never seen rock so rich in gold.

In all of his trips he had accumulated quite a lot of gold. Once a year he made a trip to the mint and cashed in what he expected to need to live on the following year.

One of the things the old fellow loved most was to travel. He had read quite a lot and he wanted to see the places he had read about. One summer he made a trip to Alaska. Then there was a trip back to West Virginia. As I recall, he still had relatives living there at the time. He also made a trip to New York City. He wanted to see the Empire State Building. To be able to make these trips meant very much to the old man because at this age he had about given up hope of ever being able to see these things of which he had read. Until now he had never had more than enough money to just live, much less leisure time.

Helping someone that could not help themselves, gave him great pleasure it seemed. Once, I remember he told me he bought a horse and saddle for a fourteen year old girl whose Mother was a Widow and could not afford to buy for the girl.

By this time he had accumulated quite a bit of gold besides that which he had cashed in, so he put it in pint mayonnaise jars and buried it not far from his cabin. Also about now some of his family was beginning to be anxious for fear the old man would die. Each one wanted to be sure they got their share of the gold he had hidden. He saw some one digging, trying to find the buried jars.

He wrote to me, at this time, asking if I would go to our Lawyer and ask if the government would prosecute him for having raw gold. His family had told him the law was such.

Even if he had it in a Safety Deposit box. We asked our Lawyer and found that as long as the gold was not processed and was still in the natural stage, he could have as much as he chose to have. We drove up to pass along the information. He was holding seven pint jars of nuggets. He rented a Safety Deposit Box and placed the gold in safekeeping.

The following year, he moved to Medford where he rented a small apartment, near a little park in the downtown area. His love of visiting with people kept him in the park most all of his leisure time. He met a lot of people, and sad to say, some of them were not of the best kind.

With his advancing years and the toll age takes, his legs began bothering him. He did not feel able to make the long hikes into the hills. Among the people he had met, was a man who owned a helicopter. This man agreed to fly him in to the mine and he said he could walk out. We asked him if he wasn't afraid the man would watch which way he went. He assured us that the copter would have to land about three miles from the mine and that he would go into the woods and wait until it was gone before he proceeded to the site. As I now recall, he made three trips under this arrangement.

Many were the hard luck stories told to him. It would be hard to guess how many people or how much money or gold he passed along as a result of his love of people and his trust in his fellow man.

Once or twice a year he would come by Bus to Dillard to visit us. From Dillard he would go to Springfield to visit a son, then on to Oakridge to visit a daughter.

Another of his vain attempts to help someone was when a man he had met in Medford told of his family of six and of their dire straits. How if they could just get on a good ranch, things would be better, problems solved, etc. The old man believed the sad story of the younger man. He cashed in \$50,000 of his gold, purchased a ranch near Susanville, Calif., completely stocked. After a year had passed the old fellow decided to check on his young family and pay them a visit. We did not find out all the details but it was enough to make the old fellow sick at heart to think anyone could be such a crook. The hay that had been put up and stacked was gone, part of the cattle was gone. Whatever else was wrong was enough to make the old man immediately sell the ranch. He later told me that he took that money and bought each of his children a \$10,000 savings bond. He did not say where he had placed the Bonds. We assumed that he had given them to the children.

Once he told me that he did not file on the claim because he had seen gold rush times and knew how it would effect people. That country being so rough, many people would die on the trail. In winter the snow was so deep in the canyons no one could live staying there thru the snows. If they tried too late, to get out they would die on the trails. Even if they attempted to get in too early, they would endanger their lives. Again we asked him if he was not afraid of being followed in. He assured us that he always left before daylight and always came out by a different trail. We tried to impress upon him the possibility of someone actually torturing him and forcing him to take them to the mine. He said they might kill him but he would never tell.

Then in 1952 the old fellow seemed to have dropped from sight. We tried everything we could think of. We wrote

his family, asked the State Police to help locate him, but no one could find a trace of him. We finally began to think that possibly he had gone into the mine and thru an accident or possibly due to his advancing years, had lost his way and simply was unable to make it out again.

Another year passed. One day he came to our house. He was in a state of almost nervous collapse and his vision was almost gone. It was obvious that something terrible had happened. Knowing how he would hate to have to admit that he had been robbed and that we had been right in our fears for him, we asked no questions. Later he said that he had a gas stove in his little apartment and that the oven had exploded, almost blinding him. But nothing appeared to have been burned in his apartment and his hands showed no sign of burns, not even his face.

He never went in to the mine again.

Shortly after this he moved to Lane County and went on Welfare.

Shortly before he died he told me that he had gone into the woods with his son to try to show him where the mine was but his eyes were so bad that he could not see the landmarks.

In my heart I feel that this was not true. The area has high pinnacles and creeks by which he could have located the site had he really wanted his son to know or find where the gold is. Having had a trip into the area later, I am even more certain of this. There were no logging areas into the area then, nothing had been disturbed.

After being unsuccessful in locating the mine when they went into the woods, the son said the old man made a map and put a pin hole in the paper at the exact location of the mine. However in the course of conversation an argument developed and the old man walked to the stove and burned the map.

As far as I know that is the only time the old fellow had attempted to make a map or any document pertaining to the location of his mine.

In 1958 the old man died at the age of 90. He had never fully recovered from his experience, whatever it was, in Medford.

In thinking back over those years, many things come back to my mind and each take a different possible meaning.

About a year after his disappearance an article appeared in the paper about some men having been arrested for smuggling gold into San Francisco. One was a Mr. William J. Thomson from Medford. The others were from San Francisco.

These men told Tom Hansen, secret service agent, that they could supply him with three more bars, which would be worth \$112,000 at legal prices at that time.

About this same time in 1954, a Portland man, Wilbur M. Wells, Stephen Crippen and Woodrow Atwood, the last two from Medford, were indicted for illegal possession of gold bullion. This was July 24, 1954. One man was acquitted and one placed on probation for six months. There was no mention of where they obtained the gold or who the actual owner of the two bars was, valued at \$46,000.

I have these clippings from the papers on these incidents and I feel strongly that this was the old man's gold.

The gold from his mine was pure gold. It looked like it had been melted. Some was nearly round, some was very thin pieces and looked like it had been splattered out on a hard surface. One pocket piece he had always carried with him was about 1 1/2" long and 3/4" wide and 1/4" thick. It looked as if it had been broken off a longer piece. His theory was that the volcanic action had forced the melted gold up thru a chimney type opening in the rock and had then broken off. The entire country in that area is volcanic formations, with much decomposed quartz.

When the old fellow died, we went to his Funeral in Albany. This was in 1958. While we were there his youngest son asked if we knew what he had done with the Bonds he told them he had purchased. This was the first time we had known that they had not been given to each of the children at the time he had purchased them. He said the family had tried to locate some trace of the Bonds without success.

Knowing him as well as we did, there is no doubt in our minds, but that someone did get his gold and his money. He was far too proud to have ever asked for Welfare assistance if there was any possible way for him to do otherwise.

In the summer of 1957 my brother and my nephew and myself decided we would try and find the mine. None of us had ever been in the area before. In the back of our minds, I think we would have liked to be able to somehow assure the old man that no one had found his mine so far. Especially the persons, if there were some, that did what was done to him.

So following the information I had we drove up the Middle Fork of the Willamette River to Campers Flat. It was late so we slept there on the ground. The next morning we left the Creek and started out, each with a pack on our back. First thing, we had to cross the river on a foot log. The river was quite wide and fairly deep. We traveled up Coal Creek. The terrain was very steep and we soon lost the trail, going too far east to reach where we thought we should be. After discussion it was decided this was not the right place. We were at the fork of the creek and since we were very tired we decided this was a good place to spend this night. Early next morning we started to retrace our steps at least for a part of the way. This was downhill, so we made pretty good time. We were nearly to the river again and it was ten o'clock already. We knew we had to get to the top and down the other side. Following the Old Indian Creek trail we found it to be better marked and a direct route.

Several places along the trail I found could only be followed by being on hands and knees, pulling at roots or rocks to help boost oneself up and along. This trail followed along the apex of the ridge, being very narrow in places. One wrong step to either side and you would take an hour to get back up to the trail. With all the water in that area we never thought that there would not be a single place along the trail to get a drink. Our packs being about all we could manage we had not brought water. It was still five miles to the top. By noon we were half way to the top. This was in the middle of August, we had a peanut butter sandwich and some cheese for lunch, which was no solution to our thirst. The trail was not so steep now and the boys had given me the lighter things in my pack. As we continued along the trail the foliage seemed to look greener than we had seen in the area we had just passed. The boys stopped to rest

for a moment and I went along a little farther. A clump of bush seemed to be setting in a damp spot so finding a stick I began to dig. Waiting a few minutes the small trickle of water that appeared, cleared and filling a small can that I had brought along, I tasted the water. By now any water would have tasted good, but this was good water. Leaving my pack there, I dipped another can of water and started back along the trail to where the boys were. We were almost on the top and the trail was not bad now. Just as I arrived back to the place where the boys were, my brother sat down on a log for a bit of rest and immediately a swarm of Yellow-Jackets came out from under the log. That was the fastest move of the whole trip.

Making it to the top we found some old wooden signs which informed us that we were now on the Calapooya trail. Following this trail we went on to Bristol Prairie. Here we found the old Ranger's Cabin, which the old man had told me about. There was a good spring there. We had not obtained a permit to build a fire but we did bring a little alcohol stove and was able to heat water for instant coffee. Again we had peanut butter sandwiches and cheese but this time we also allowed ourselves to have a candy bar each.

Early next morning found us starting to look for the very head of Bend Creek. We stumbled onto Lane County markers. The old man had described to me that the stream runs over a flat surface, which contains pot holes filled with small rocks, then flows along and disappears a short distance below into a pile of big rocks. Fighting our way down the canyon below a big cliff we found a stream which was at the foot of a big volcanic mountain. The canyon was very steep and filled with heavy undergrowth of vine maple and the biggest and tallest Fir trees I have ever seen. Where we came to the Creek was

about 20 feet above the water and too steep for me to maneuver. My nephew volunteered to go down and see what he could find. There wasn't much time left as it was now noon. When he returned we all decided that we would make another trip in later, now that we had a better idea of how the country was and just what we would need.

We ate the last of our food and started the return trip, up to the trail and about seven miles back to Camper's Flat and the Jeep.

It was dark before we got to the river which made it hard to follow the trail. When we finally found the foot log crossing the Willamette I was so weary I took no chances, I crawled across that log. If I had fallen into the water I could never have swam out again. It was 10 o'clock when we reached the Jeep. There were a few things to eat in the Jeep.

We drove down to Oakridge and rented rooms for the night. My toes were sore as I was only wearing tennis shoes. But I had so many sore and bruised places I did not realize just what condition my feet were in. After a good hot bath I examined my big toes more carefully and to my horror, they each seemed to explode as they expelled the bloody ooze from under the bruised nails. Walking downhill my feet had pushed all the weight against those big toes and it was a bit too much for them. Needless to say I lost both nails, and it took a full year before they grew back.

We didn't exactly accomplish much as we had hoped to but we learned a lot about that area, the lay of the land and what to expect on our next trip.

When I arrived home I did a lot of thinking and remembering different things, I purchased a map and studied it. All the Creeks and Rivers. Now that I have seen the country

I have a better idea of the locations he had mentioned. The prairies and Bull Dog Mountain. Also I recall that he said the mine was just inside Lane County.

In the meantime I was beset with domestic troubles and had given up hope of ever being able to go into the area again.

Then in 1964 I remarried. My husband took an interest in the project so we decided to try again.

By this time there were logging roads that we could use and drive to the top of the Cascade divide, which made a much easier trip, this taking us within four or five miles of Bristol Prairie, and not such a hard climb. The task of climbing down into the Canyon on the other side was still to be accomplished. In mid August we each took a pack and enough provisions for two days, and started out. We were both working so could only have a limited time. The first day we explored the top of the bald volcanic mountain to see if there was a stream coming out of the water on top and running down the other side. There were large lava rocks and decomposed quartz all around us. The old man had told me it was not a place where anyone would look for a mine. Anyway the top of this mountain was not the place. So we went on to Bristol Prairie. It was late and very hot so we decided to stay over night there. When I was there before we found that there was a good spring and it had been boxed in a few years before. To get the water it had to be dipped from the box. Being very thirsty we opened the box prepared to dip a good cool drink. In the box was a dead snake and a dead mouse. We had no way to clean out the box so we went ahead and had our dry sandwiches instead. Later we were so thirsty we closed our eyes and drank a little of the water anyway.

That night was a very uncomfortable night. It was very cold and the mosquitos were the largest ones I believe I have ever seen. Very early the next morning we had dry sandwiches again and we sipped the water.

Now we were traveling down the canyon, it was very slow traveling. There were many trees down, some probably from the Columbus Day storm, which had been a couple of years before. The vine maple was too tall to climb over and too low to crawl under. The ground was damp and cold as the snow had not been melted away too long ago. By one o'clock we had come upon a small stream and were able to get a drink. We decided that was the best water we had ever had. We found a small lake with signs where Elk had been wallowing. Later we came upon the herd, they had bedded down under the tall trees. When they saw us the old Bull Elk got to his feet, he was only about 100 feet away. He was a monster and such a set of horns! His rump was just round when he walked away, he was a well fed fellow. There was no place for us to run and the trees were too big to climb, so we just stood still. He stopped and looked at us and as he did we counted seventeen cows and calves get up from the ground and walk into the brush. After they were well in the brush, he followed. I am quite sure they had never seen a woman before and probably not many men.

Continuing on down the canyon we came to the place where I had stopped six years before.

This was a place directly under a huge cliff which seemed to have broken off of the bald mountain. The mountain we had explored on our way in. A stream was coming out from beneath the cliff. When I was there before, the upper side, which we were on now, was about twenty feet above the

creek. Now the whole area had sunk about ten feet straight down for about 100 feet back from the creek to a couple of hundred feet along the creek. This was not a slide, but a straight drop-off. Trees ten to twenty inches in diameter, which had dropped down, some were broken off. This altered the appearance of the place to some extent. I really think there had been an underground cavern and that the heavy snows and equally heavy rains of the season before, had collapsed the surface.

We spent the night there and the next day did what exploring we could do, without digging tools.

Further down the Creek upon a lava flow of about 1/2 acre in area. As the hot lava had poured from the earth it cooled in layers from 1/4" to 1" in thickness. I brought a small piece of this rock home with me.

But at that time it did not occur to me that the thin pieces of gold that appeared to have splattered, which the old man had, might have come from between just such layers of lava. The pocket piece, which I described before, may have come from this same out-cropping or it's core.

By now it was getting late and we had to get out and back to Roseburg before night.

Needless to say we were hopeful of finding an easier way in and out of this area. After taking our bearings we headed for what we hoped to be a shorter way out. We were right and this way proved to be shorter and less steep. Back home again we started making our plans for next year and another trip in.

Knowing that it would be almost a miracle, if anyone found the mine, I started thinking about the disturbance of the earth's crust. It could be sometime exposed and again covered the next year.

The next summer we made another trip into the area, by the shorter way, this time. Also my brother and his wife went along this time. The weather was very hot and we had driven from Roseburg so we were ready to spend the night and rest by the time we were down the canyon a ways. This was after the 1964 flood and there were many large boulders that had been washed from the mountain sides into the creek. We spent some time exploring the creek but before we had time to follow down to the lava flow that I had found the year before, a thunder storm started blowing in. We decided this was no place to be in a lightning storm so out we came again.

During this time my husband and I had purchased some acreage and was busy building our new home. Besides it seemed that if we waited a little longer the logging roads would be built closer to where we wanted to go.

We may have been right, too, because now there is a rumor of a surveyor finding a gold nugget in the area. No other details however.

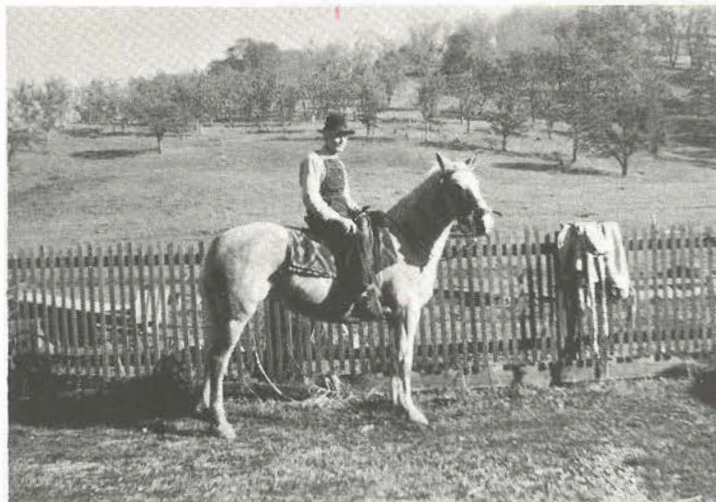
Another trip is planned for this next summer. Already we have driven up toward the area, to see what roads had been put through. It was snowing so hard we were unable to see very much. We had waited too late in the fall to make the trip. Winter comes earlier than one would think in the higher elevations.



Studying the map, I have decided where I think the actual location is. For my own satisfaction, I hope someone does find the mine during my lifetime.

Now that the price of gold is going up, I am sure more people will be getting interested in mining.

I realize I will not be able to make another trip into this area. For the sake of the old man, I sincerely hope someone will find the mine and develop it. And when it is found I hope that it will be known as the PAT BAILEY MINE.



Pat Bailey and Palomino Mare he bought and broke to ride.



The packing crew with load of Cantaloupes ready to go. With me in the back row from left to right are Dick Drake, Adel Drake, Pat Ronk, Johnson, Erral Stevens, Howard Whitted. The little boy is Delno Drake. In the front row are Pat Bailey, Shannon Drake, D. Coon and Bing Bingham.

# In Remembrance

In Memory of

PATRICK ASBERRY BAILEY

1868---1958

Services at the  
Fisher Funeral Home  
September 16, 1958 10:00 A. M.

Officiating  
Rev. W. L. Aldrich

Music by  
Mrs. Alfred Johnston ♦ Mrs. Erman Johnston  
Mrs. Lillian Phillips, Organist

Vocal Selections  
"What a Friend We Have in Jesus"  
"Ivory Palaces"

Commitment  
Haines, Oregon

