

# The Prospector

Portland Gold Prospectors, Inc.

GPA Portland, Oregon Chapter



January, 2025

## President's Corner January 2025

Dear Portland Gold Prospectors,

Hello Everyone,

We're already on our way into the new year. The New Year always gives time for reflection on the year that has passed, and optimism and forward-looking for the year ahead. This is a time for goals and planning the upcoming year. I am always hopeful for more and better prospecting trips each year.

This year is looking like it will be even better yet! I look forward to meeting new members and new acquaintances who we will add to our ranks as club members. Our attendance has been high and seems to be growing as our club continues to welcome new members and new prospectors.

New board members have been elected and will give the club a new and different approach moving forward. We have a calendar full of activities and outings. Will this be the year you learn or try something new? Club outings will be a perfect opportunity for this. I can already hear the now-frozen TY Roy beckoning us.

As always, I want to remind everyone to prioritize safety and respect for our outdoors while doing prospecting activities. Please ensure you're equipped with the right gear, stay aware of your surroundings, and leave each site better than you found it. And fill your holes!

I look forward to the club strengthening and growing as the year goes on. Please remember that the club is only run by volunteers, and there are many opportunities for any and all club members to get involved in planning or helping during meetings or outings.

2025 is looking great! I'm really looking forward to it!

Warm regards,

*Dan Rouse*

President, PGPI  
971 708 8699

## The Bedroom Goldmine Bar

The Bedroom Goldmine was established in 1884 as a bakery then becoming a mercantile. Then in 1967, the proprietors of the store, Chris and Lucille Christopherson decided to explore the ground, sinking the gold mine shaft in the bedroom of the old living quarters of the store. While also turning the store in to a Tavern, Chris would mine the shaft while Lucille would tend the bar. What may be the largest and richest GOLD NUGGET ever found in the entire Coeur d'Alene mining district was discovered by Chris in his mine which was in the bedroom of his store/tavern thus now known as The Bedroom Goldmine Bar in Murray Idaho.

He found the eight-ounce nugget while drilling in his gold mine located 32 feet beneath the Christopherson's store and tavern. Chris mined the shaft until age got the better of him. He then turned the establishment over to his niece, Leila Grebil. Her husband Frank and their sons would mine the shaft while she tended bar, this went on until the flood of 1996. The bar flooded destroying the mine timbers making it too dangerous to work the mine. Leila continued to run the bar until 2007, when health issues made it impossible for her to continue working. She then sold the bar to Barry & Tammie Gleason who saw some potential in the old run-down bar. Barry went on to give the old bar a much-needed face lift while leaving all the walls intact. He refurbished the old bar and added a restaurant, in the process restoring it to what it is today. The bar changed hands a couple more times, but ultimately landed in the hands of current owners Chris Littlejohn and Tammie Gleason, who was also a former owner.



**2024 Portland Gold Prospectors  
Board of Directors**

**President:**

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Jim Erwin Ken Didier

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**Portland Gold Prospectors, Inc.  
Secretary's Report December 15, 2024**

Sunnyside Grange  
13130 SE Sunnyside Rd.  
Clackamas, Oregon 97086

**Meeting** was called to order at 1:30 P.M. by President John Mink who also led the Pledge of Allegiance.

**Attendees** - 52 attendees and 2 guests were present.

Meeting Minutes - A motion was made and seconded to accept the Secretary's Report of the previous month as written and published in the December newsletter.

**Treasury Report** - A motion was made and seconded to accept the Treasury Report read by Jessyca for the month of December.

**New Year's Party** - Dan Rouse will be having a New Year's party at his shop which is Prospector's Treasure Trove on January 1st from 10:30 until 5:00 P.M. Stop in anytime during the day to check out all his great merchandise and mingle with people. He will be providing some food also.

**Holiday Party** - We will be having our annual holiday party at next month's meeting in January. Sign up on our list to let us know what food dish that you will be bringing. It will be a short meeting and then the festivities will begin.

**3 Month Raffle** - We had the drawing for our 3 month raffle and I'm pleased to announce the lucky winners. Mark Kirk was the lucky winner of the Gold Hog. Lorilee Cronn was the lucky winner of the Metal Detecting Kit. Ted Robinson was the lucky winner of the Gold Hog Hopper Box. Mike Jeffries was the lucky winner of the Gold N Sand. Jerry Handegard was the lucky winner of the Metal Detecting Kit.

**Door Prize** - Carol Robinson was the winner of a Coffee Mug.

**2025 Events** - We discussed upcoming events and outings for next year. There were a bunch of good ideas and it looks like we are going to have a fun eventful year in 2025!

**Election Results** - The ballots have been counted and the results are in Dan Rouse will be our new President and Jeff Cronn will be our new Treasurer. The 4 new 2 year Board Members are Rocky Tester, Ken Didier, Jessyca Harman and John Ashcroft.

The meeting was **adjourned** at 2:30 P.M.

Respectfully submitted by Yolande Kragerud, Secretary.



**A large gold nugget from the Kuskokwim Mountains of central Alaska.  
6.6 x 2.0 x 1.1 cm. Weight 77 grams**

Rob Lavinsky, iRocks.com - CC-BY-SA-3.0 [CC BY-SA 3.0 (<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0>)]

# Portland Gold Prospectors, Inc. Board Meeting December 15, 2024

Sunnyside Grange  
13130 SE Sunnyside Rd.

Clackamas, Oregon 97086

The **meeting** was called to order at 2:55 P.M.

**Raffle Table Volunteers** - Since Joe Weber has moved out of the country and we aren't sure if Gene is still available to run the raffle table we decided we needed a couple of people so Rocky Tester and Sam Garcia volunteered to help with this. Charlie who works with Gene is going to touch base with him and find out if he is also still going to be available to help out.

**Quarter Drop** - Our Quarter Drop is now changed to our Dollar Drop. We will be selling Sacajawea dollar coins and people will use them instead of quarters. We won't be giving out a gold nugget anymore either. You will get a \$5 raffle ticket if you pick the corn kernel and then will have a chance at getting a prize in the \$5 raffle.

**Plinko** - We are going to start having a Plinko game in the near future where you can win a ticket for our \$5 or \$10 raffle.

**Club Membership List** - Some board members are still currently working on our club membership list and then all board members will get it.

**Missing Pinpointer** - Apparently we had 3 pinpointers and we gave away 2 of them but the 3rd one is missing. Hopefully it is in our club stuff somewhere and it can be found.

**\$10 3 month Raffle** - We need to check our inventory and see what items that we still have in the club's possession and maybe just do one expensive item for the \$10 3 month raffle.

**Gold Bags** - Currently Ken still has 12 \$30 gold bags for sale. We made a motion to change our gold bags back to \$20 with less gold in them but we will continue to sell the \$30 ones until they are gone.

**Board Meeting Minutes** - We made a motion that from now on the board meeting minutes will be available to all club members. I will be sending them to Tim so that he can include them in the monthly newsletter.

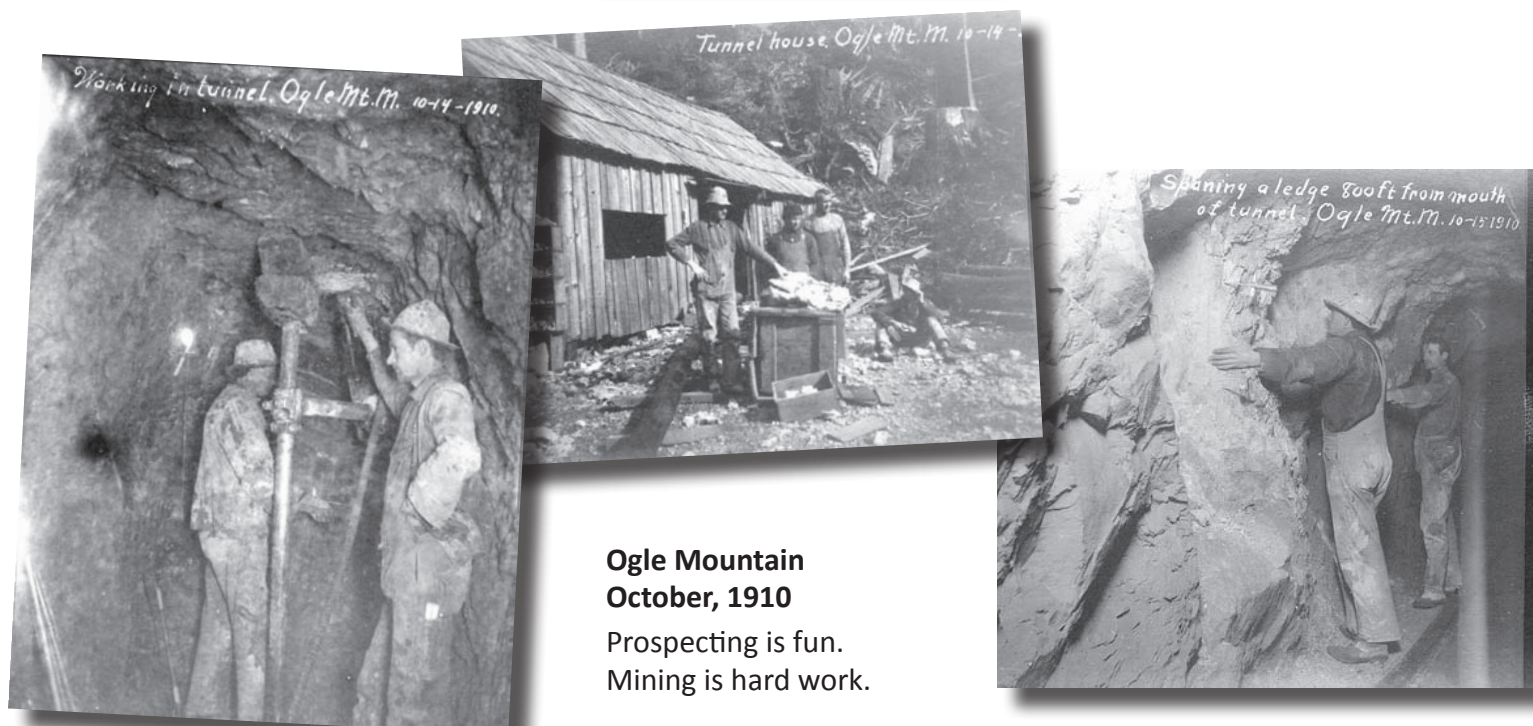
**Names on TyRoy Claims** - Dan Rouse our incoming President is concerned about people's names on our club's TyRoy claims. He wants someone to take on this project of contacting Gretchen and see about getting Mike's name and other's off of it if needed. Jessyca is going to contact Gretchen and get the ball rolling on this matter.

**Home Depot Gift Card** - The club has a \$46.71 Home Depot gift card that we will use in our raffle in the near future.

**By-Laws** - We decided that the club's by-laws should be available to everyone in the club.

The meeting was **adjourned** at 3:55 P.M.

Submitted by Yolande Kragerud, Secretary.



SISKIYOU MOUNTAINS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY; 1853:

# Quest for Cabin Gold Vault Led to Madness and Death

By Finn J.D. John

May 1, 2020

## Part One: The Prospectors.

THE “LOST CABIN GOLD MINE” is a certifiable Western trope. If every ounce of legendary gold buried in an old log cabin became real and hit the banks at the same time, it would probably crash the international markets.

They make for fantastic stories, though. And often the gold isn't the only thing being hidden. Plus, of course, the fact that they might – just might – be real adds a distinctive spice to them.

One of the most interesting and colorful Lost Cabin Gold Mine stories is the one that supposedly took place in the hills south of Jacksonville in 1853. In this case, it's not a mine that's been lost – it's a vault: a small stone-lined crypt stuffed with millions of dollars' worth of freshly dug gold, and guarded by whatever remains of the skeletons of two long-dead men.

We have this story courtesy of poet-journalist-raconteur Sam Simpson, who was basically the Stewart Holbrook of the 1800s. As would be expected from Sam (or Stewart, for that matter!) it's hardly factually reliable ... but it is a humdinger of a tale.

OUR STORY KICKS OFF in the spring of 1853, when brothers James and Henry Wilson arrived in Jacksonville to work the nearby diggings.

At that time, Jacksonville had just been founded on the Rich Gulch strike two years before. But Rich Gulch, though worthy of its name, had been pretty shallow, and by the time the Wilson boys arrived things were already petering out. More rich strikes were coming, but that was in the future; for the time being, most of the miners were just trying to get in around the edges of what had already been dug, and they weren't finding much.

James and Henry had no interest in toiling in the dirt all day for a few dollars. They decided to strike out into the wilderness and try to find another Rich Gulch.

Problem was, in 1853 the Rogue Indians considered trespassing on their lands an act of war. Prospecting was absolutely unsafe, and there had just been a party wiped out near Table Rock, north of town. Most folks in Jacksonville were not keen on straying too far outside city limits until things had settled down a bit.



California Street in Jacksonville as it appeared in the mid-1880s. The town probably looked not much different in 1868 when Sam Simpson and Ted Harper came through on the trail of the Wilson brothers' stash of gold. (Image: Oregon Historical Society)

James and Henry didn't care, and they were able to assemble a small team of miners who felt the same way. So when they headed out to do their prospecting, they had some safety in numbers.

But, as it turned out, not quite enough.

They soon ran into a war party, which, of course, promptly attacked. They fended it off, but one of the miners was killed.

After that, the miners called a council and voted to head back to Jacksonville and wait for the war to end.

Henry and James Wilson, though, decided to take their chances, alone. They waved goodbye to their erstwhile comrades and struck out into the mountains.

This parting of the ways happened beside a mineral spring at the base of a tall rock formation that looked like an hourglass. So, noting this rock as a landmark to remember their path by, the brothers set out for a range of mountains visible in the distance – probably the Siskiyou.

Once into these mountains, or rather the higher foothills of them, the brothers stumbled across a narrow valley, walled in on both sides by steep and rugged cliffs, with a little creek running through it. The valley's defensive potential was obvious, and it had some nice little meadowlands for the horses to graze on; so the boys decided to let the animals rest a few days while they built a little log cabin there. Doubtless they planned to use it as a hub for the next round of prospecting expeditions.

The next day, though, while drinking from the little creek, Henry discovered that it was loaded with gold.

Scooping up a handful of gravel, he found that it was literally peppered with nuggets. They wouldn't need a gold pan to work these diggings, he realized – they could just wade in the creek and pick the nuggets out with their fingers.

WELL, IT'S NOT HARD to imagine what the brothers spent the rest of that day doing. Or the next day either. Soon they had a huge pile of gold heaped up on the floor of their little cabin.

Well, that had been pleasant. They were now both rich men. The challenge would be living long enough to enjoy it; the brothers were very nervous about the Indians. They knew the Indian agents and the Army were doing what they could to settle things down; but they also knew that "pacifying" the Rogues would take a while. While they figured they were fairly safe in their secret hidden valley, they didn't have enough supplies to spend the winter there. If a cease-fire hadn't been negotiated (or forcibly imposed on the tribes) by the end of the summer, they'd have to take their chances, and the journey home would be very risky. And it's a lot harder to run for your life, if it comes to that, if you're carrying hundreds of pounds of gold in your saddlebags.

So as the leaves of the trees started to turn colors, signaling the approach of fall, the boys dug a large hole in the middle of their log-cabin floor, and lined it with close-fitting rocks. They wrapped up their gold in raw, untanned deerskins and basically filled up the vault with it.

They covered the vault with a couple of large flat rocks so that it would be easier to probe for, pushed the dirt back over it, and started getting ready for the trip back to town. Soon they were on their way – Henry in front, James bringing up the rear, each leading two horses.

They didn't get far. They weren't even out of sight of the cabin when a volley of shots rang out, and Henry dropped in his tracks. The horses reared and screamed, and a band of Shasta Indians burst into the clearing.

James promptly shot one of them with his black-powder rifle, dropped it, and pulled his Colt Navy revolver. The Indians, seeing this and belatedly realizing that they were charging a still-armed foe with empty rifles, turned and scrambled back to cover. James took advantage of the break to leap onto the one remaining unwounded horse and take off, past Henry's still and obviously dead body, galloping for the mouth of the valley and for home.

THE TRIP WAS A HARD ONE, as James had very few supplies and was armed with only a revolver. By the time he finally stumbled into a settlement in northern California he was in a terrible state of health. He took a stagecoach to San Francisco for medical treatment, but nothing seemed to help.

Perhaps sensing the end, he started writing letters to his cousin, Ted Harper of Chicago, telling him the whole story of the cabin and the Indians and the death of his brother. As soon as he got well, he wrote, he would be going back and getting his gold; but if he didn't make it, he wanted Ted to know where it was.

But he hadn't quite gotten round to telling Ted exactly how to reach the cabin when, in the fall of 1859, death came for him.

TED HARPER, WHEN HE was notified of James Wilson's death, headed west to settle his cousin's affairs. When he arrived, he found that James had apparently been in the act of writing that final letter, with detailed directions to reach the cabin, at the very moment Death had reached out his bony hand to claim him:

"Dear Cousin: I had hoped to see you before this, but the end has come sooner than I expected. ... I think it is nearly over. I must write what I intended to have spoken, and endeavor to give you such directions as will enable you to find the cabin, for you must find it. ... The first part of your course is plain enough: Start from Jacksonville and keep the California road for –"

At that precise point (as seems to be the case with most stories that include treasure maps or discovery directions) the text broke off with a smudge of ink, as if the writer had collapsed onto the page.

And so ends Act One of our little drama. Act Two wouldn't take place until about 15 years later, when cousin Ted enlisted the help of one of Oregon's most famous pioneer poets to help him find the cabin and retrieve the treasure.

## Part Two: The Poet.

By 1899, when Samuel L. Simpson's drinking problem finally got around to killing him, he was essentially Oregon's poet laureate — the Stewart Holbrook of the 1800s.

But thirty years earlier, he was just another fresh-faced lawyer, just out of Willamette University's law school. He'd moved to Portland to open his practice, and now he was sitting at his desk in his brand-new office in Portland, sipping a glass of rye and waiting for his first client to walk in the door.

No one did. There were just too many lawyers in Portland in 1868. Fresh out of law school, with no social connections, Sam just didn't have a chance.

But finally the door did open, and somebody stepped inside.

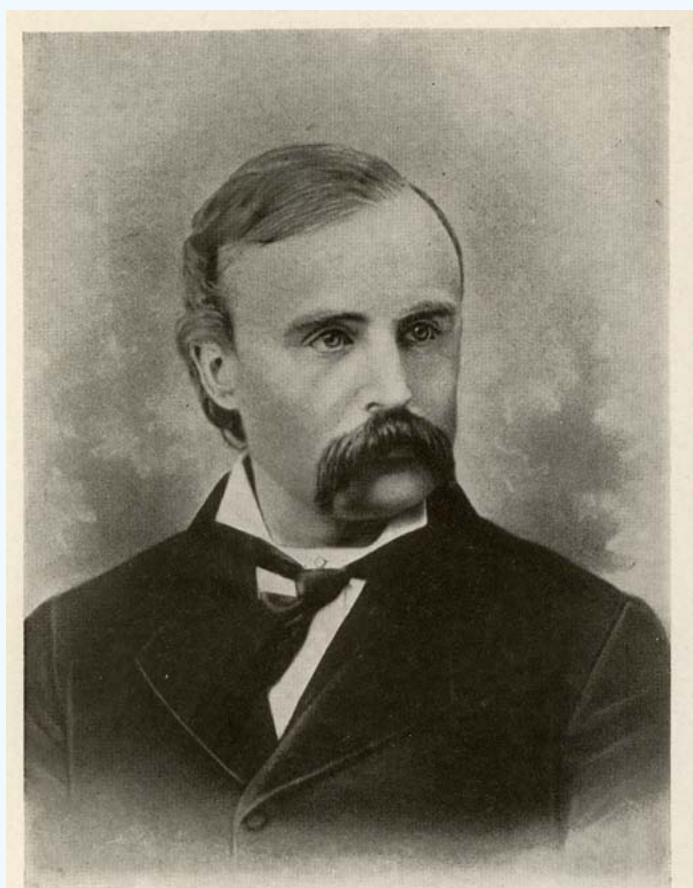
It wasn't a client, though. It was one of the other residents in the boardinghouse he was staying in, a greenhorn from Chicago named Ted Harper. And Harper had a proposition: He wanted Sam to close up his law

office and come to Southern Oregon with him. They would spend the summer hunting for a certain ruined cabin with an immense hoard of gold buried inside, deep in the wilderness south of Jacksonville, in a hidden valley boxed in by steep cliffs.

Only problem was, Harper didn't know exactly where the valley was. It was possible that they'd search all summer and get nothing for their pains.

But Harper did have a letter giving partial directions to the cabin, which his cousin — who'd built the cabin and buried the gold — had dropped dead in the middle of writing.

Simpson agreed to the scheme. He was brand new in the law business, had no clients and very few prospects; a summer in the woods, a possible fortune — sure, why not?



*Sam. L. Simpson.*

Sam Simpson as he appeared on the frontispiece of *The Gold-Gated West: Songs and Poems*, a posthumous collection of Simpson's work published in 1910. (Image: Oregon Historical Society)

SAM SIMPSON SHARES the story of the ensuing quest in his article in *The Native Son*, a Portland magazine, published in 1900 several months after his death. In it, he recounts that the two of them traveled to Jacksonville, and met almost immediately with an encouraging success. They found an old trail cutting

off from the California road, lined with tree branches cleared with an ax; Indians would not have bothered, but a big party of prospectors leading half a dozen pack horses certainly would have. In fact, it was probably what led the Indians to them — if a habitually drunk lawyer-poet and a grass-green dude from Chicago could spot the trail when it was 15 years old, surely a party of Shasta warriors wouldn't have had a whole lot of trouble following it when it was fresh.

Be that as it might, Simpson and Harper now followed the path to its end, where they found — to their surprise and delight — the mineral spring and landmark rock mentioned in Harper's cousin James's letters.

They rested their horses there for two days, then set out again.

But this time success was not to be so easily had. For weeks the two of them rode through the wild and rugged foothills, seeking that secret valley they'd read about in the letters of cousin James — but never finding it.

Simpson started experiencing a sort of disorientation as his dreams became indistinguishable from his daytime activities, riding endlessly through a trackless wilderness looking for a ruined cabin with its buried treasure trove.

Then one night, after they had made camp and Harper had fallen asleep exhausted, Simpson writes that he was visited by the ghost of a miner — tall, muscular, bearded, in a gray flannel shirt, with a ghostly Colt Model 1851 strapped to his ghostly side. The miner gazed sorrowfully into his eyes without saying anything.

Then Simpson woke up. It had all been a dream! ... or had it? (Cue the suspenseful music: Dun-dun-dunnnn!) Because now, when Simpson cast his eyes for the hundredth time on the broken-off final letter penned by his partner's cousin, there was new writing on it! Someone had taken a ghostly pencil and drawn what looked like two mountain ridges meeting at right angles, with a miner's pick just below!

"Who had done this, and what could it mean?" Simpson wrote. "Was it the idle and unmeaning tracery of my own unconscious hand, or was it the effort of some superior power to direct us in our search for the Lost Cabin?"

In doubt of his own reason, Simpson said nothing to Harper. But two days later, when the two of them climbed a peak to survey the surrounding country, he saw the two mountain ridges that the ghost had sketched! And, just below, where the miner's pick had appeared ....

Now very excited, Simpson told Harper all about his dream and the ghostly vandalism that had been mysteriously perpetrated upon his cousin's last letter; and the two of them enthusiastically descended from

the peak and made a beeline for the spot.

“On – on we went in a dream of wonder and future wealth, and nothing impeded our progress now, until at last we entered a narrow valley walled in by precipitous mountains and bordered on each side by a beautiful stream,” the poet writes. “We knew we were upon sacred ground; and along the shadowy fringe of the forest, where the fretted waters sang a barbaric tune, we rode, silent as spectres. A resistless magnetism drew us on, and not a word was spoken.”

A poet indeed!

Near the top of the little valley, the two searchers found the blackened ruins of their personal El Dorado:

“We turned a projecting angle of the wood, and a square, black object half buried in a tangle of weeds, was before us. ... We had found the Lost Cabin! – nothing now but an empty pen of scorched and blackened logs.”

With, he adds, a skeleton inside. Apparently after killing Henry Wilson and scaring off James, the Indians had dragged Henry’s corpse back into the cabin and set it afire; but the logs, cut just a couple months before, had been too green to burn.

The two Argonauts stepped past the slumping skeleton and grinning skull into the enclosure and started probing the floor in search of their golden fleece. The floor was hard packed, and Simpson drove his pick into it again and again. Finally the point connected with solid rock. It was the vault!

At that moment, a shot rang out behind him, and a terrible cry. Ted Harper had accidentally shot himself. He now lay there on the floor next to the bones of Henry Wilson – fresher than his cousin, but every bit as dead.

It was all too much for the sensitive poetic soul of Sam Simpson, who promptly fainted.

“Then it was night, a long, starless and dreamless night of clouded intellect and slumbering soul. When the cunning forces of Nature had repaired the fragile structure and the dawn of reason came, they were telling the story of a stage-driver on the Oregon and California route, who, many months before, had captured a nude and sun-bronzed wild-man – gibbering like a monkey, but harmless as a babe – near the boundary line, and sent him north to Portland.”

### **Part Three: The Bottle.**

AND NOW WE COME to the last act in our play: What are we to make of this crazy yarn of ghosts and lost gold?

Certainly anyone who would take it at face value is likely to already have put money down on some beachfront property in Arizona. But, in the true spirit of lost-gold

stories, author Ruby El Hult has found quite a bit of circumstantial evidence to suggest that this expedition did happen – or, at least, that Simpson and Harper left together on some sort of prospecting trip in 1868. Or at least that Simpson did. Maybe.

If, that is, we stipulate the existence of both the cabin and James’s letters – there’s no source for either one other than Simpson’s article.

As Hult confirms, the dates line up; Simpson closed his law office in Portland in April 1868, and, other than the fact that he wrote his most famous poem (“Beautiful Willamette”) shortly thereafter, he’s not on record as doing anything else that summer.

But as Hult notes, there are a couple other factors that have to be considered.

First, there’s the fact that Simpson was a poet and a storyteller. And remember, he didn’t write this story till much later. After his failed attempt to get started as a lawyer, he went into journalism, writing for newspapers in Corvallis, Eugene, Salem, Portland, and Astoria. By the time he put pen to paper to tell this lost-cabin story (presumably in or just before 1899, since it was published after his death) his poems and stories of “colorful” Oregon characters were widely published and admired. And he was just as likely to add spicy little fictional details to his stories (you know, to make them more “colorful”) as Stewart Holbrook ever was. How much of the Lost Cabin story is spicy little fictional details, one wonders? Most of it? All of it?

Second, there’s the fact that he was an alcoholic. This, as Hult notes, suggests an explanation for why he claims Harper just randomly showed up in his law office to entrust him, a complete stranger, with a very valuable secret. But, if the two of them had done some carousing together, it becomes very likely indeed that a story like this would have been shared over a pint or two of rye.

And if the two of them were party buddies, other things become possible as well. Simpson’s description of dissociation while the two of them were riding through the wilderness, for example, in which he was never quite sure if he was awake or dreaming. Or the visit from the ghostly miner.

“Those who believe in ghosts will have no trouble here,” Hult writes dryly, “but I for one wonder how much liquor Harper and Simpson had with them.”

Plenty, of course. No alcoholic ever leaves home without a generous supply or plans for replenishing it as needed.

Chances are pretty good that the two of them spent that whole summer in a drunken stupor, just trying not to fall off their horses. They may have found the cabin, or maybe they didn’t. At some point, either Harper shot himself by accident, or Simpson shot him, or maybe he

fell and hit his head. Who really knew what happened? The only witness was a gibbering madman found frolicking mindlessly around the stagecoach road the following week.

In fact, it's even possible that Harper didn't die at all – that he double-crossed Simpson, grabbed all the gold for himself, and disappeared. Maybe what Simpson remembered as a gunshot was the sound of Harper's rifle butt crashing into the base of his skull. Maybe Harper took advantage of Simpson's preoccupation with probing the cabin floor to clobber him – not quite succeeding in killing him, but badly rattling his marbles – and then dug up the gold himself and used Simpson's horse to pack out the gold.

So once again, in answer to the question of whether

this lost treasure trove is still out there, or if it ever even existed in the first place, we have the usual answer:

Almost certainly not.

But if your back-woods travels ever bring you to a pretty little secret valley in the Siskiyou, with grassy fields and forest and a little laughing brook running through it, hemmed in all around by forbidding mountain cliffs ... you might consider spending a few days poking around in the bottomlands, just in case.

*(Sources: Treasure Hunting Northwest, a book by Ruby El Hult published in 1971 by Binfords & Mort; "The Lost Cabin," an article by Sam L. Simpson published in the September 1900 issue of The Native Son; "Samuel L. Simpson (1845-1899)," an article by Ulrich H. Hardt published Nov. 7, 2019, on The Oregon Encyclopedia, oregonencyclopedia.org)*

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## Ogle Mountain Mine

Ogle Creek was named for Bob Ogle, a Molalla prospector who found gold along the creek in 1862. An Oregon City Mining Company employee had found placer gold along the upper Molalla in 1860. Over the next 40 years, many others filed mining claims in the Molalla watershed. The biggest claimant, the Ogle Mountain Mining Company, operated the Ogle Mountain Mine between 1903 and 1915. Limited mining continued here until 1953, when Weyerhaeuser bought the land for timber. *(Reprinted from Wikipedia)*

Near the head of Ogle Creek, which is a tributary of the Molalla River in the far Southeast corner of the county, just north of the Marion County line is the location of the Ogle Mountain Mine and Mill. This was located in the North Santiam district of Marion County and

had a total production of around 5,000 ounces of free milling gold. *(Reprinted from OregonGold.net)*

So in 1903 there were groups of people who believed that the ore found in the Molalla River area was profitable. This led to the organization of the miners into corporations. Four companies were formed in the area: The East Portland Mining Company, a consolidation of placer claims along the South Fork of the Molalla River; the Molalla Central Mining company, a consolidation of lode claims along the Table Rock Fork of the Molalla River; The Clackamas Mining and Milling Company, a consolidation of claims on the east side of Ogle Mountain; and the most ambitious of the companies, The Ogle Mountain Mining Company, a consolidation of claims along Ogle Creek. *(Reprinted from The Prospector December 2013)*

*Modern wall mural, downtown Oregon City at 10th and Main - from Google Street View.*



The new **Washington Gold and Fish** pamphlet is now available. You must have it with you whenever you prospect in the state of Washington.

Download a copy to print here: <https://wdfw.wa.gov/licenses/environmental/hpa/types/prospecting>



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