

East Fork Cal.

June, 30<sup>th</sup> 1885

My dear Mother:-

Though I had expected a letter from you this week I have so far been disappointed. This week has been one of considerable worry and annoyance to me. Just about a week ago I started in to work the mine. The mine itself begins on the side of a mountain about six hundred feet from the bottom. At that point a tunnel had been run in one hundred feet and the ledge of quartz struck, but as a mill will have to be built at the bottom it was decided to start a new tunnel lower down so that the ore could be run directly from the mine to the mill. Unfortunately the ledge does not show itself

below the present tunnel. In order to find out where it is on the hill side I have been compelled to do a good deal of what is called in mining parlance, dead work. Of course if I can find the ledge soon it will make no difference but in case I am not successful the work will have to be done at some other spot. I have started a tunnel but have not gotten into the hill side more than fifteen feet and am not in far enough yet to find anything. As the company is at a large expense I am exceedingly anxious to be taking out ore. It dwells on my mind all the time, even at night I dream of it. I am in hopes every day of being successful and then I shall feel very much relieved. I have a good deal of responsibility on me and I feel it too.

The expenses of the company amounts to hundreds of dollars a month which I pay out and I want to see them make something.

The other day I sent my cook to Weaverville on some business and during his absence I had to bake bread. Though I never made bread until I came out here, every body tells me that I am a success as a cook. Don't it make you laugh to think of my being a cook. It is very little of it I do I can assure you for I despise it. I was chuckling the other day that <sup>if</sup> I was a woman I rather be an old maid than marry any man in the world and be compelled to do his cooking. I never realized what hard work cooking was until I tried it. I bought a splendid cooking stove several days ago and feel quite proud of it.

We have had some splendid weather lately though this place is right among the mountains and at a considerable elevation. I only have one serious objection to the country and that is that it is full of poison oak and though it is midwinter I have a great deal of difficulty in keeping free from it. Though I would like to live in San Francisco I am pretty well accustomed to the absence of excitement. I hope by this time you have gotten the money. It has been a long time on the road. Do you get my letters regularly? I have written about once a week.

Love to all

Your affectionate son  
O. S. Wilcox



Mrs. Mary E. Wilson  
Gerardstown  
Berkeley Co,  
West Virginia

