

INTERVIEW:

ARTHUR L. CHAFFIN

December 24, 1966

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

INTERVIEWEE: Arthur L. Chaffin

INTERVIEWER: P. T. Reilly

DATE: 24 December 1966

PLACE: North Hollywood, California

PTR: This is Christmas Eve morning, 1966, and Arth and Della Chaffin have come to visit us, and we're sitting around the living room talking. Arth, how about telling me one of the stories of your experiences at Camp Stone?

ALC: Well, Camp Stone, that goes back a long time. I was down at Camp Stone in about 1902-3. That's where the Stanton dredge was built. It was named after one of the men that first helped promote that, put quite a lot of money into it. It was forty-five miles below Hite on the Colorado River. It was situated on the west bank. The Stanton people had built a dredge there and worked it and tried it out, ran out of money, went broke. Then a fellow by the name of Frank Bennett bought it at an auction sale. Then he interested some people in Denver that was in with him. Then he had some property up in the Henry Mountains. Bennett then formed the Bromide Company, and he hired me to go down to be watchman on the dredge. After I had

L. M. Chaffin, Greenriver, Utah.

Went to prospecting on the Colorado river in 1892 with Ed. Meskin. There was a post office at Hite in 1895.

During his work on the Colorado river he says he took out \$20,000 worth of gold, more or less.

started there, then we went together and put in a trading post, a stock of goods and stuff. We got our goods from. . .

PTR: That's you and Frank Bennett?

ALC: Yes, Frank Bennett.

PTR: You were partners?

ALC: We was partners in the trading post. We used to get our supplies from Denver. They'd come in by wagon and come across through, between the Henry Mountains and down to Camp Stone and the landing where we would unload was a mile and a half down the river from where they'd built the dredge. In fact, all of the dredge was hauled into there. Then Stanton used to boat it up the river a mile and a half onto this bar where you couldn't get onto, only by boat. He wanted it private, so nobody else would come in, couldn't drive in to it. Then after it went broke and I started to be watchman. . .

PTR: Well, Stanton went broke in 1900.

ALC: About 1900, when it went broke. I think, as I remember, it was about 1902-3 that I was there. I was there for a little over a year. Then after I started to run the trading post, I got an Indian by the name of Nick, Little Nick, to interpret.

PTR: He was a Ute, you said?

ALC: Yes, I think he was a Ute. I really believe he was a mixture.

PTR: Probably a half breed.

ALC: Probably a half breed.

PTR: Did he come from over around Blanding?

ALC: He came from over around Blanding.

PTR: Probably one of old Posey's Indians.

ALC: Well, he belonged to that same bunch old Posey was in, there. The dredge had had a boarding house there and they had a dining room in the back. There was two buildings; one was the kitchen, then the dining room where the men came in to eat. It had a big fireplace on one side, and then there was a door that led off into the kitchen. And where the door, there was a west end from the door and I put my counter across from that door over to the wall. Then I had my stock of goods in the back. To avoid maybe getting picked up with a lariat like sometimes the Indians used, I put a screen wire across, it was up about eighteen inches above the counter so they could work under it.

PTR: Oh, you only had eighteen inches open?

ALC: About eighteen inches.

PTR: Oh, I see. I thought you had about three feet.

ALC: No, not quite, not that much. I'd think about eighteen inches so if they wanted to throw a rope, they couldn't throw a lariat back there.

PTR: Now these little lariats were about ten feet long and made of rawhide, weren't they?

ALC: Yes.

PTR: And the Indians concealed them under their blankets?

ALC: Wrapped them around anywheres, used them as they wanted to, I guess. Oh, they probably had to lead horses with besides, and they had other purposes, because I don't think they ever used them for that purpose very much. But there was a case of them using them that way, so . . .

PTR: They killed quite a few traders in the eastern part of the reservation by that method.

ALC: Well, I'd understood that they did. I'd been told by old-timers to be careful of that part.

PTR: Did you ever carry a gun while you were trading?

ALC: Well, those days, you pretty near always carried a gun.

PTR: What did you have, a six-shooter?

ALC: All of us pretty much carried a six-shooter belted to you when you was around where the Indians was. I usually done that. In fact, back that time, a lot of people, I guess, packed them just to feel them on their hip. I don't suppose any of them would ever use them, or anything.

PTR: [Laughter]

ALC: This day, it was in the morning before sunup, I heard somebody [hoots]. The Indians, by the way, lived over to the lake, off in there, and they'd come. . .

PTR: In Lake Canyon.

ALC: Lake Canyon. There was a lake there at that time, and there was quite a few of them lived there while Hoskinini and his bunch lived over in the Navajo country, over by Navajo Mountain.

PTR: South of the San Juan.

ALC: Yes. They had a place that they raised corn and stuff in there. Navajo John and his tribe lived there at the lake, and some of the Utes lived there, too. Well, they come across. . .

PTR: Now, was this in the fall of the year?

ALC: Well, no, it was pretty much in the mid-summer. We had started the trading post earlier in the year and this was along in pretty much the mid-summer when this occurred. This morning we heard the holler and we hadn't got up, but we got up right away and dressed, looked over across, we could see the bar where they'd come on the other side across the river. So we had two boats, and we both, there was a bunch, eleven of them, as I remember. We took the two boats and went over and got part of them, got most of them, brought them over and then it was a custom that I had there and started to give the Indians a little coffee, a little bacon, some flour and stuff, and some molasses or honey so they could cook them a breakfast. There was a grove of oak there close to the cook house, and they'd go off in there, and had skillets and bake ovens, frying pans and some spoons and forks, cups and stuff, had lots of dishes and things from the old dredge, the boarding house. I gave them some stuff and they went and the squaws went back with them. There was two squaws, or three, and I believe about eight or nine bucks. And Hoskinini and one of his boys and it was Hoskinini's squaw, they went back to cook breakfast. Hoskinini came in with the fellows and they started to trade.

The way you do to trade, or the way I done to trade with them, they'd come in with their blankets, throw them down on the counter, the one they wanted to sell, one at a time always. You'd look it over, you'd weigh it, and you'd lay amounts of silver what you'd give them for it. They'd look it over and usually try to get a little more, maybe start out at four bits more for the blanket, keep coming down, maybe a nickel, and if you wouldn't, I had the custom not to Jew with them, put down what I was going to pay them and let them take it or leave it. That way I saved a lot of time. If you'd start to Jew with one, why he'd Jew with you maybe for a half an hour over a dime. And so I didn't do that. I'd weigh it, if they didn't pick it up, I shove them back the blanket and come on with another one. I usually had no trouble. I was paying a little more for their blankets; I would give them a little better price than they could get over at Tuba City.

PTR: Did you buy them by the pound?

ALC: By the pound.

PTR: How much a pound?

ALC: Oh, it depends on the grade of the blanket. But a dollar a pound was a good price, from fifty cents to a dollar.

PTR: From fifty cents to a dollar a pound. A loose weave one would

. . .

ALC: Wouldn't get the money as a tight, nice tight-weaved one.

PTR: It didn't make any difference what size the blanket was, whether it was a saddle blanket or a big blanket?

ALC: Saddle blanket or a big one. Sometimes, you'd go a little higher on the big blanket because they're quite a bit harder to make, in work. Usually of a little better quality; they'd put in more time on them.

PTR: Color didn't influence you any?

ALC: Well, it would depend on the design and the color, and so on, see, as to what you'd pay, but it didn't vary a great deal. You'd get a blanket and you'd know one that would sell better, so you'd offer them a little more money than you would if it wouldn't, if it didn't look like that.

Well, this morning we had been trading. . .

PTR: Let me ask you one thing. Who did you sell the blankets to?

ALC: We'd ship them to Denver.

PTR: To a supply house?

ALC: Yes, we had a supply house in Denver that would handle them. We'd take them out--of course, you'd naturally sell some along the road in the different places--but the main part would go back to Denver.

PTR: Didn't the Mormon cowboys use them for saddle blankets quite a bit?

ALC: Yes, we sold some to them. Of course, they didn't come down in there, to the dredge, much. We didn't have much company in there. It was isolated pretty well. Once in a while you'd see a cowman, but not very much while I was there. Now and then there'd be somebody, a prospector, come in, or some of the others, but there wasn't many fellows along the river. That is, after the dredge made the failure and quit working and so on, they cleared out. The first neighbor that I had from there was Cass Hite, thirty miles up the river.

PTR: Now this was at Ticaboo.

ALC: This was at Ticaboo; Cass was at Ticaboo. Then Fred Gibbons and Johnny Hite was up at Hite. That's where they were. There wasn't nobody else much along the river. Very few people. Lon Turner came down there and come in at Hall's Crossing, then he had to go across the river over to Burro Bar and he got a

gasoline engine there and put them across there. He brought his burros and got the outfit across the river. I went down to his place to see him. He'd come in to the dredge and told me he was coming back at a certain time to do this work, and when he should be there, so I went down the river in my boat, down as far as Bullfrog and left the boat at the head of Bullfrog Rapid and then I walked around to Hall's Crossing. Going down, I killed a goose, took that down, and Lon and I cooked it, and had it for supper late that night.

PTR: That night when you were eating the goose is when he told you about the party at Lee's Ferry?

ALC: Yes, he told me about a party that had took off to Lee's Ferry and about his bet with Jack Sumner on the Hanier. The next day I came back up with him as far as the forks of where I took off to go to Bullfrog and he went on back home.

PTR: That was up in the Henrys?

ALC: That was up in the Henrys.

PTR: Where was Sumner then? Was he around Eagle?

ALC: Sumner was up there working for the Bromide people at that time, and Bennett and John Perkey, and quite a bunch of the Bromide Company, they was in there. Then shortly after that--I forgot

who it was that come down to release me--oh, Billy Hay come down to release me at the dredge. I'd sent word out to Frank that I wanted to leave and come out, so then I went out and went up to Bromide to see Frank and then I went from there up into Wayne County and up into Oregon that winter.

Now, going back to Hoskinini, there at the dredge. . .

PTR: You got them all well fed for breakfast that morning.

ALC: Well, we traded, and they kept coming. There was quite a bunch, and they traded and traded until they got all my silver. I only had about a hundred dollars in silver. When they had got all of that, I said to them, "You have to buy some stuff so I have money to trade with you some more." They laughed; that tickled them--they got all my money. About that time one of the squaws come and said breakfast was ready, so they went to eat. Well, they had a Navajo with them who was an interpreter, to interpret for them. Little Mike had been in the kitchen, we hadn't had our breakfast. I had told him to go in and build a fire and get ready so we could get our breakfast.

PTR: You and Mike were there alone?

ALC: Yes, we were there all alone. So we could get our breakfast ready. Well, he went in to. . . they'd all left but this interpreter. The interpreter, the Navajo, he was there, and

Mike had gone in to build a fire and he didn't have any, the matches in there was wet and he told me about the matches being wet and they wouldn't strike. I had a big trunk in this kitchen that I kept our supplies in and stuff, but I could lock it, had it locked. Always kept it locked. It was a great big old thing. He said he couldn't, so I got the key and went over and unlocked it so he could get a match. I said there now I walked back in. You had to come out of the kitchen door and then through the end of the counter, and then back in where the groceries and stuff was.

Mike went over, and I was watching this Indian and talking to him, the Navajo, and he reached down in this box to get matches. I had a bottle in there, a Hanier bottle. That was the brand of whiskey that most of them drank there, all along the river. It would come into Hite; they'd buy it in a big barrel packed in stuff. They'd get, oh, I don't know, probably ten gallons in the barrel in quart bottles. He picked up this here Hanier bottle, and looked at me and said, "Me have a drink?" And I said, "Yes, go ahead," and he picked it up like he was drinking and acted like he was drinking, and then he set it back down. The Navajo, he started to go over there, he wanted some of it, and I said, "Oh, no, no, no wino for Navajo," and I walked in and shut the trunk down and locked it. I didn't think any more. He talked, and so on, back to Mike, didn't say any more to me. Pretty soon, he left and went out.

He went out and was gone quite a little while, and then finally there was five of them come back in where I was and they talked a little bit, and so on. I couldn't understand what they was talking; they talked to Mike. I could see, though, that they were a little upset by their action, and so on. I said to Mike, "What do they want?" He said, "Well, they want us to put them across the river. They want to go over and see about their horses." So I said, "All right, Mike, you take them." He took a couple of them. They got in the boat and went over and were gone quite a while. These other three, they hung around in the house and then they went back out to where they'd been eating and come back and pretty soon, why this Mike came back with just the one Indian. The other one had stayed over there, one Navajo, one had stayed over there. He came back, and I was back behind the counter and I had my six-shooter on, sitting back there, had a desk there and beside the desk I had a repeating shotgun that I kept there.

I was watching. I couldn't figure it out, hardly. But it might come, from where the front of the store was, you could see right down to the boat. He came in and landed at a sand bar, sandy beach there, and as he landed, he rode up to the beach, and the Indian, he got out on the bow and jumped off with the rope, to catch it. Well, he wasn't used to getting off, and as he lunged, the boat went backwards on him, and he fell down on the sandbar and as he fell down, I noticed a little rope, a little lariat. He picked it up right quick and put it under his

shirt. So then I began to get kind of scared. I began to think what maybe they was up to. I stayed back, and he came back and these other Indians would come in, and the others come in, and they come in and started talking and walking around in there, talking. This here interpreter was in there.

Mike in the meantime had gone out and gone down behind the back of the building. I had a screen across that on the outside. Mike was back of that screen, had his old rifle and was pretending he was cleaning it. I couldn't understand what they talked about. I said to Mike, "What's the matter with them? You tell them if they want to trade, all right, come on and trade. If they don't, we'll put them across the river, and they can go." Mike says, "They say, 'No, no trade with you; you're no good. No wino, no wino.'" I says, "What's the matter, that I've no wino?" "Well, he says, they say you give Indian whiskey, but no Navajo one. They mad." I says, "Whiskey." I'd forgot all about the joke I thought I was playing. [Laughter]

[inaudible] that wasn't whiskey. Well, they say, "That's what I tell them, no whiskey." They say, "All right, you open box," this Navajo says, "You open box; he want to see." I says, "Sure, I'll open it." So I started out around, to go around the end of the counter, and I had to go around it to get into the kitchen where the box was. As I come around the counter, they was standing back by the fireplace, like they started over towards me, two or three of them, and that Navajo especially,

and so I just stepped back, back of the counter, and I says,
"Now you tell them to go back over there to the fireplace and
stay there, and I'll go in and unlock the box, and after I come
back behind the counter, they can go in and look, but none of
them to come close to me. If they do, they may get hurt."

So Mike, he told them, and they looked kind of funny, and so
they stood there and I went in and unlocked the box and didn't
open it or anything, just took the padlock out and then I come
back around behind the counter. I said, "All right now." So
they went in, and that Navajo, he just ran right in first. He
opened the box and he seen that bottle setting there and he
grabbed it and he put it up. He never tasted it; he swallowed
quite a few swallows because it damned near choked him.

[Laughter] Poor devil, it strangled him and he began to spit
and so on. He sat the bottle down and batted his eyes. The
other Indians came over and smelled it and then they did laugh.

[Laughter] Boy, they all started to laugh and point their
finger at him. The joke was on him. Then it was all right.

Hoskinini was in there by that time; he was in there and seen
that, then he started in.

Della Chaffin: There was vinegar in the bottle.

ALC: Then he started in, wanted some, said he was sick, wanted a
little whiskey and he had, said, "That much bottle." He stacked

me up, first five, ten, fifteen, up to I believe about twenty dollars of one dollars, silver dollars he'd give for that. Then he started to pull it, for less, for a little bit, finally offered me, oh, five or ten dollars for "just a little bit" in the bottle. [Stagey voice] "Meee sick!" He says, "Me heap sick here. That good wino, wino." But I didn't have no whiskey, so I didn't trade. But Hoskinini and I got to be great friends at that time.

Della Chaffin: How old was he?

ALC: At that time, at the time, he was a hundred and five years old at the time that I went there. The old man was proud and he stood, he was close to six feet, I'd say. He was quite a tall, slim Indian. He probably wasn't that tall, but as I remember it he was quite tall, and he'd get out on that porch and look across and look around and he'd just stand as straight and walk as straight. . .

PTR: Was his hair gray?

ALC: I wouldn't say. I don't think so. I don't remember whether it was or not. I wouldn't say that it was or it wasn't gray.

PTR: How did you know that he was a hundred and five?

ALC: Well, that was what was told to me through the Indians. They

claimed that was his age at that time. They went and he told, and later, well, that was later on. . .

PTR: Well, this was really the Hoskinini Begay. He was the son of the original Hoskinini, wasn't he?

ALC: No, this. . . Begay. Yes, he was the son. . .

PTR: This wasn't Hoskinini Begay? This was the old man?

ALC: This was the old man. He was the only chief, the only Indian chief that never did surrender to a white man. See, in the time of the war, the last war that the Indians had with, he didn't surrender. He quit fighting and moved his little bunch. . .

PTR: Over around Navajo Mountain.

ALC: On Navajo Mountain. He remained there the rest of his life. At the time I had taken him across, that they had met, that was at a later time than this other. . . this happened before that, this incident I just told you about. The other Indians there, that was right at the time, or right after the time that Posey had got in that trouble over to Bluff there. They had got him arrested. The Navajos, that was the time they told the Utes, the Utes had just come back, and they told them about that and about Posey being arrested and they were very angry about it. Of course, at that time they had some of the late model 30-30

rifles and so on, and they wanted to go release him and wanted to get help of the Navajos to help them, go and release him and take him away from the officers and turn him loose. They didn't think it was right. Then was when Hoskinini had a campfire and they was all around and he made a talk. He got up there and he talked, I guess for an hour. . .

PTR: This was at Navajo Mountain? Or at Camp Stone?

ALC: At Camp Stone, at the lower landing, a mile and a half below where the trading post was, where they ferried the stuff in; that's where you'd put them across.

PTR: Now this was probably in 1902?

ALC: No, this would be in 1903.

PTR: Oh, this was before you pulled the trick with the whiskey, with the vinegar?

ALC: No, it was after.

PTR: Oh, after that.

ALC: It was after that. It was before I went down to see Lon Turner. It was before there. I'm not too clear just how that, but it was . . . sometime before Lon come down we went, because

when I went down and seen Lon Turner was the last, just a little while before I left there.

He talked, and he told, he started in and he went way back and he really knew what he was talking. He didn't stutter like I do. He just started in on that story and he just went so smooth and he told away back to his great-grandfather and told of how they'd been treated, that is, and told them, "Every time we'd go to fight with them, there was so many," he explained this, so many people would go to fight, they got whipped and they pushed back and then finally put onto reservations and so on. Some of the Indians said, "Well, now we've got these good guns." And he explained, "Yes, but they've got more of them."

Della Chaffin: The white man.

ALC: The white man. "They're just like pissants," he said, "There's so many, they're just like pissant beds." You get in there and you stir the pissants up and they all go crazy and they all come and just keep fighting until they die. He explained that to them. It was wonderful; if I could have had this thing and took a recording of that, it would be worth a fortune.

PTR: Yeah, it sure would. How long was that before old Hoskinini died, then?

ALC: Well, I understood. . . Kelly, in one of his books, gives that

he died in 1909. About four years before he died.

PTR: No, it would be more than that; this was 1903.

ALC: Oh, yes. He was a hundred and five in 1903, and he lived to be a hundred and nine.

PTR: So he died in 1911.

ALC: Uh huh.

PTR: Well now, wasn't Hoskinini a great friend of Cass Hite's?

ALC: Yes. Hoskinini was a great friend of Hite's, of Cass's, and Cass was a great friend of Hoskinini. He had met Hoskinini over on the Navajo reservation.

PTR: When Cass was on the San Juan.

ALC: Yes, when he'd come in on the San Juan to look for the silver mine. He'd met him there, and Hoskinini had befriended him in there on that. Hoskinini used to come to Cass's, oh, maybe about once a year before that, and he had seen Cass once, I don't remember for sure, whether he did while I was in there. I think that he came once more, I've understood, to see Cass after I left there before he died, that he'd made one more trip, and had seen Cass at Ticaboo. But I'm not too sure; that's kind of hearsay.

PTR: Do you think that Hoskinini actually told Cass that he could find gold on the Colorado?

ALC: Well, that's a question there. I never heard Cass speak of it in that way, that Hoskinini directed him to the Colorado River for gold.

PTR: Cass was hunting the Mitchell-Merrick mine, wasn't he?

ALC: Yes. That's what he went in there for, and was hunting it. Then it got to be pretty hot for him and he left there and come to the Colorado River.

PTR: You mean on the reservation.

ALC: On the reservation with the Indians. They didn't want that prospecting on the reservation. Hoskinini had advised him to get out of there, as I understood it. He left there, and Hoskinini used to come down to see him.

PTR: That time the Indians came opposite Camp Stone, was that an old pathway the Indians used to get to the Henrys?

ALC: Well, I think they had no doubt used that to cross there. Well, they couldn't have, either, because you couldn't get out at the lower landing where they came in until they built that road.

But they may have come down and crossed there by Hall's Creek, and went across. I think that was their pathway.

PTR: Do you think they would have gone up Bullfrog, maybe?

ALC: Well, they could have went up Bullfrog, but that's not as good a place to cross. It's not as natural a place. It would be too close where they had to take off on the east side to get across to the west side, see?

PTR: Why would Hoskinini come that far north, over that difficult country, to cross there near Camp Stone?

ALC: It's not where they're coming in and come to the lake, see? That's the nearest place to the river there. That made them nearest from the lake and from where they was at.

PTR: You meant the little lake up in Lake Canyon?

ALC: Yes. Red Lake, we used to call it.

PTR: Oh, you called it Red Lake?

ALC: That's what it was called in them days, Red Lake. While there's another Red Lake over in, closer to Tuba City.

PTR: Well, wasn't that also called Lake Pagahrit, or something?

ALC: That might have been the Indian name for it. That lake was made by drifting sand. The wind had brought. . .

PTR: It was a natural dam across it, huh?

ALC: It was a natural dam. Not too long before that I started running that trading post there, Navajo John and a bunch of them had moved in there and they'd taken a ditch out of the lake through this natural sand dam and brought it around and under on the opposite side and then took it down to some level ground there. What happened after I had left there, they had a heavy rain that come into the lake and brought quite a stream and it come through this cut he'd cut and then instead of following around the ditch and down to the land on natural gravity, it broke the ditch and poured right off into Lake Canyon. Then it cut back till it cut it out.

PTR: What year did that wash out, about?

ALC: It washed out after I left there. When I was back in about '15, I understood that it had washed out. So it must have washed out between 1903 and 1915, along in there. I didn't know it for sure, but later, in 1920, when I went down there and placer mined, it was definitely washed out then.

PTR: After you left Camp Stone, you say Billy Hay replaced you, or he came down to get you?

ALC: No, he came down and watched. . .

PTR: And watched the store.

ALC: Yes.

PTR: Didn't Newby take over that job?

ALC: Billy stayed there in it just a short time, maybe thirty days, till they moved in to make that test. They moved in and made the test there, operated the dredge again, these Breckinridge fellows. Then they pulled out, and left a fellow name of Long. That was one of the. . .

PTR: That the fellow that Long Canyon was named for?

ALC: Probably. He's the one that wrote the first articles about the bridges up in White Canyon.

PTR: Oh. After Cass Hite told him they were there?

ALC: Long never had met. . . yes, he had, he'd met Cass Hite.

PTR: I thought Long was the fellow that tested the gold. . .

ALC: Yes. He was the one. You asked me about Johnny Newby as a watchman. After they made that test run, then they left Long in there. I think Johnny came in and worked for them, maybe, while they was making that test run in that. Then Johnny and Long stayed there. They didn't seem to save the gold, experimenting on the method to save the gold. They stayed there.

PTR: Breckenridge was the fellow that took over the dredge after Stanton went bankrupt?

ALC: Well, Frank Bennett bought it, see? It sold in Salt Lake at auction. A fellow named Tom Wimmer, I think it was, bought it at the sale, then Bennett bought it from him. Then he sold it to these Breckenridge fellows. Then they came in. . .

PTR: Where were they from? Back East?

ALC: No, they was from around Breckenridge, Colorado.

PTR: Probably an old family there?

ALC: They had a dredge. . . no, they was different ones that was interested in it. They had a dredge in there, and they came down there to try that out. They took care of the dredge there. In the meantime, Cass was working up at Ticaboo, and Newby used to go back and forth for their mail, horseback, from

down at the dredge, up cross country. One of them would go for the other every week or two and get their mail and then come back and they'd stop at Cass's. You'd take off at the dredge, then you had to go out over the top and come back around and come down Ticaboo Canyon to Ticaboo, was the shortest way to get in, and then go from there up.

PTR: Where would he go? To Richfield?

ALC: No, to Hite.

PTR: Did he go up Ticaboo Canyon?

ALC: You take out from the dredge and you'd go out over the top.

PTR: Oh, over Ticaboo Mesa.

ALC: Over Ticaboo Mesa and come into Ticaboo and come down Ticaboo and then go up. Now you could, there was another route that you could go. You can go from Ticaboo, from Cass's, down the river and then you could go down to Smith Fork and go up Smith Fork and then over and cross Hansen Creek and go down to the dredge, kind of like on the old dredge road. But it was a little shorter, instead of going down in to Smith Fork, to keep around the head of Smith Fork and go over Ticaboo Mesa and hit Ticaboo and go down Ticaboo to Cass's. That was their natural traveling, see?

Long came out that way and Cass gave him this gold to take back to Denver. He took it back to Denver and sold it. Cass had a very good, he had the pair of gold scales that Bert Seabolt and them. . . Cass, see, was the watchman for Good Hope Company, down at Good Hope. Then he started this little ranch and he looked after that there while he was doing that. He had these scales and he had weighed this gold and he knew exactly what it weighed. So he gave it to Long to take and sell for him and Long sold it and sent him, I think that he had sent the money in by mail. I think that Cass had got the money and I think it was when Newby came up--this was after Long had left, see, and Newby came up to get the mail. Then, I think, was when Cass told him that his friend Long had shortchanged him on the money. Newby started to stick up for Long, "Mr. Long wouldn't do anything, that he was mistaken on the weight of your gold, on the amount of your gold--you didn't have as much as you thought you did, see?" There's where Cass was positive, because he had weighed it. Cass explained, "It may not have been worth as much as I thought it was, but I know what the weight was, and the weight of the returns is so many ounces that had been sent, and there's less amount in the weight." So the old man knew that he had been shortchanged on the weight. It had never been that amount of weight sold to the mint. That's where the argument started, from there.

PTR: Newby had a six-shooter on, didn't he?

ALC: Oh, yes. He had his six-shooter, and Cass told him, he says, "Your friend (he called him a son of a bitch), he shortchanged me on that." Newby started to take it up, and Cass said he wouldn't do that. Newby said, "I don't want to argue," or something, "but I'm not afraid of you." And Cass says, "That's a challenge!" His gun was on the wall. He says, "I can get my gun and kill you before you can draw."

PTR: You were there? You were hearing this?

ALC: I had just come up. We was living there, and I heard that. But it seems to me like, I'm not sure, I had been to Hite and come back to there or Newby had been to Hite and come back and I was coming up, I don't know which way, but we happened to meet there at Cass's at that same time. Newby would go around, see, why I wouldn't meet him on the trail between there and where I'd take off at the mouth of Hansen. From Hansen Creek, you'd come up the river to get to Hite, because there was a trail from there up. But from the dredge, you had to go out on top and come around, or else come down Smith Fork as I have just said, or else go up and down Ticaboo Mesa.

PTR: What did Newby say then, after Cass set out the challenge?

ALC: "That's a challenge." Newby said, "I don't want any trouble; I don't want any trouble." They tried to quit, and Newby then

picked up and started to leave. He was going to go, and Cass said, "No, dinner's just ready. Come on and let's eat. Come on and eat." Newby came in and we ate lunch, all three of us, with much sad. . . I talked a little, tried to. . .

PTR: Break the ice.

ALC: Break the ice, talk, and when they got through and Newby got up to go, Cass told him, "Now I never have let a man leave my place hungry, but from now on, there's a trail that goes by here. . ."

PTR: So he had furnished lunch for him, and just keep on the trail and not stop any more?

ALC: That's right. There was a trail that meant. . .

PTR: That trail went by at the mouth of Ticaboo?

ALC: Yes. There's a trail up and down the river, and it goes up and down and there's a trail that comes down Ticaboo Canyon, and it goes down, and this was the ranch.

PTR: Of course, Cass's house would have been a good mile from the trail by the river.

ALC: Yes, just about a mile from there, but the one that comes down the canyon goes pretty close.

PTR: There were those sand dunes on the opposite side of Ticaboo, all those dunes over there with the ravines with the green trees in them?

ALC: Yes.

PTR: I guess there was quite a bit of water over there, wasn't there? On the opposite side, on the east side of the river.

ALC: Well, there's several springs there, but not too much water. There's some nice big springs, there's springs, but no creeks on the east side. That was the country in there that I had located for uranium during the uranium boom. I had all of that stuff along in there located, from Red Canyon clear down to the Rincon. Joe Mabey, my son-in-law, and I had five hundred uranium claims in there.

PTR: What formation did you locate them in?

ALC: The Shinarump. Right there at Red Canyon the Shinarump formation is pitching southeast, and right at the head, by the time you get to the head of Ticaboo Number 2, that's the second one down, it's went under, and it continues on down, under clear down through that. . .

Della Chaffin: That's back up to Happy Jack.

PTR: Yeah, Happy Jack's over there near. . .

ALC: On the east.

PTR: On the east side.

ALC: And it goes up above Hite, there at Hite on the east side of the ferry, it was right up on that red ledge up in under there, and then it continues around clear up to the Happy Jack.

END OF SIDE ONE

PTR: Well, Arth, let's talk about Cass Hite a little bit. When did you first meet Cass?

ALC: The first time I met Cass was in 1901. In 1901, I came down to Hite to look for a job. It was at the time that Frank Bennett was coming in from Denver. He had bought the Olympia Bar placer claim down about thirty miles below Hite, and was coming in there with equipment to make a boat and go down there and placer mine. I came in with my horse and met him in Hanksville. I had known him before that. I had known Frank Bennett, he was down to the California Bar and was operating down there when we used to be, when my father died, when we was operating the old Chaffin Bar, what I call now the Homestead. I was just, at that time, a young fellow, a boy.

PTR: You were about seventeen years old.

ALC: Seventeen, eighteen years old. I told him what I wanted; I wanted a job, and he said, "Sure, why don't you come on down. I can use you." He had these freight outfits and things and we camped out at the old Burr Ranch, out eighteen miles from Hanksville, the first night. No, the first night we camped at Bitter Springs. We got past Burr's Ranch, and camped there and turned our horses loose, turned everything loose there on the grass. In them days, there was pretty good grass across the country. It hadn't been killed out with sheep like it has of recent years. The next morning, I got up, I and Harry Giles got up. Harry had four horses and got up to go find the horses. We started out, and we walked clear into Hanksville, back about twenty miles, before we. . .

PTR: Were you trailing them?

ALC: We was trailing them on their tracks. They'd took across country, and we followed them across the Burr Desert and got into Hanksville and got them and got back that night in time to stay another night. [Laughter]

PTR: You didn't make much progress that day.

ALC: No, we didn't. The next day, we went on and headed on to the

river. Then he went ahead, he had bought a little engine in Denver to have a power boat.

PTR: This is Cass?

ALC: Yes. He'd brought the lumber and stuff in . . .

Della Chaffin: No, this is Bennett.

PTR: Oh, Bennett.

ALC: Bennett had bought the lumber for the company. He was the manager of the Moki Mining Company. He bought the lumber and stuff and we started in to build a boat. He brought a fellow from Denver that was supposed to be, had come from Buffalo, New York, and he was supposed to be a boatbuilder and navigator, and one thing and another. We went ahead to build the boat, and we finally got the boat built and went down the river to the Olympia Bar. When we got to Hite, Cass had come back. He'd not been back on the river. This was after the trial. He'd had the trial and been to the penitentiary, and this was his next trip back to there. He was located down at Ticaboo.

PTR: He was pardoned, then, about 1901?

ALC: I think he came back about 1901, and this, I think, was about a year after he'd come back, that we was in there. Good Hope, at

that time, was working. There was several men working down at Good Hope the year before that. But Good Hope had been closed down for a while. There wasn't anybody working at Good Hope, and he was watching. He was the watchman there. But he had started his Ticaboo garden, this is, up on the mountain, taking the water out, had a little orchard, some trees planted, and one thing and another.

Well, we got this boat made, Bennett, and I was working now for the Moki Mining Company. We moved down to the Olympia Bar and started to put in a plant there. He'd brought in a gas engine for his boat. It was a two-cylinder setup. It had been used in Denver on an automobile, and you used a hot spark for ignition. Hot tube, for ignition, for igniting it. We got it made and put a stern wheel on the back of it. They called in the Lucy B. We went down the river all right, but the damned thing wouldn't keep running. It would run a while, and then the mixture, it fed the gas into a pipe, just into the pipe, and then the suction would pull it through the pipe for the mixture of the gas. It wasn't very good. We spent more time trying to get it to run than anything else.

PTR: It was propeller driven?

ALC: No, a stern wheel.

PTR: Oh, a stern wheel.

ALC: Stern wheel driven, on the back. It had a sprocket chain from the engine over to the stern wheel that pulled it.

PTR: How long a boat was it, about?

ALC: It was twenty-five feet.

PTR: Gee, pretty good sized.

ALC: Yes, twenty-five feet long and seven feet wide.

PTR: That was the Lucy B.

ALC: That was the Lucy B. We took that down and took a load down and then I stayed down at the bar. He had, I think there was about five or six of us. My brother George was working, too, and Billy Hay was working. And then the rest of the fellows was from Denver, he'd brought in. There was a carpenter he'd brought in from Denver and Joe Hire, he was supposed to be a boatman, or all-around fellow, and a miner. He was supposed to be a rock miner and had had this experience with boating, so he helped on the building the boat, and then Bennett was going to start up the Bromide Mine, and he was supposed to go up to the Bromide Mine and work up there in the mine, in the Henry Mountains at the Bromide. He'd worked for John Perkey. John Perkey was the president of the Bromide Mining Company they were

starting up there. Bennett was to get this placer mine down at Olympia Bar going first and then later, in the summer--this was early spring--they was to go up and start the Bromide Mine there. We worked in there and had to put in a long chute there up on the high hills, I guess it was 150 feet higher than the river, and scrape the gravel into a chute and screen it and then shoot the screenings down. . .

PTR: Did they think the high bars had better values than the low bars?

ALC: Well, this one did. It was bigger bodies; the upper part was bigger bodies. Of course, when you get down on the low ground, the river, then you have the water setup, and usually they carried more stripping than the high bars. There was more clear from stripping, see. Up on this high bar, it had been worked some, and it had some good three to five dollar dirt on it up there. We put this chute in, and it shot down and went gradual down to where they had a twenty horsepower gas engine to pump the water up and back for the sluice boxes and catch this screened gravel and run it down the sluice boxes to catch the gold. They brought in an expert man that had been up in, on Snake River, and was supposed to be an expert to catch the gold, He had cowhides and bullhides, as he called it, and this, that, and another, and had a long string of boxes he put in, put in a lot of time in getting it fixed up, and so on. He had to freight the lumber in from Wayne County to make the boxes, and then we had to boat it down to there.

We got the thing all put up and got started to working, worked a while, and didn't make too good a saving on the gold. We was losing a lot of the gold. Along come a right heavy wind, hard wind. Of course it had cost more to do this to get it up to where they start to work than they expected, because you always underestimate. They didn't have too much money left, and it was getting along towards fall. The Bromide setup hadn't got started yet; it hadn't got going. Then along come a heavy wind, and this chute, was about two hundred feet high and it was a little better than two hundred feet long, to carry this down to the head of the sluice boxes, and some places along there, we had high benches to hold the chute up in line. It tipped the whole thing over, busted it all to pieces. It had only worked, not too long, worked maybe a week or two, placering, and that happened. That meant it had busted the lumber, a lot of it, all to pieces. They was already broke and back on their payroll, and so then they shut down. Most of the other fellows went out. He sent this Joe Hire and I up to the Henry Mountains to do the assessment work in the Middle Mountain on the Baby Ruth of some of the claims they had there to get that work done up.

During that time, we made trips up to Hite. We got the boat and got down there. Billy Hay, my brother George, and Bennett went back up to get more supplies up at Hite, and took the boat to run up the river. Well, the damned thing, they spent a week down there on the trip going up there back trying to get the

motor to run. This fellow, name of Montgomery, was supposed to be the gas engineer on it, he's the one who was going to put in the engine to pump the water, and so on. But suddenly they abandoned it; they give up running it up and got on up and started hauling the stuff back and forth without any power. That was Bennett's big hobby, to get a boat that would go up and down the river. Of course, he was greatly disappointed because it wouldn't pull. Then they brought it back and dumped it, took the engine out, and left it there at the Olympia on it, and we went on and done the other work and got it working. Then later the wind blowed it over, the other stuff I mentioned a little before.

Then Joe Hire and I, we went up there and done the assessment and come back. By that time, they'd decided to close down for that fall. They wouldn't get anything done in the Henry Mountains, any more than just their assessment work. Bennett went out, and his nephew, Bennett had a nephew with him, Charlie Herrick, him and I stayed there and we was to take care of the watchmen, be the watchmen and they let us do some placering on the dump that was there. They hadn't paid us for quite a few months, the last month or two, on the work that we'd done there when they went out. I was broke, practically broke. He was going to send the money right back to us, that they owed us, but when he got back there, they didn't have the money in the treasury and he couldn't get it, so we stuck there for a month or two expecting to get some money and we didn't get it.

Charlie and I had an argument, so I got up and left, left him there, and I went up to Cass's. Then's when I helped Cass; we built a ditch, finished his ditch to get it down to the bar. I built him a little reservoir so's to store that water at nights and when he wasn't washing. It was better than a mile from the reservoir around to where we washed the gold. That was down through a gravel country and it ate up a lot of water. You had to turn a big stream and you had to hold it up for a big enough reservoir . . .

PTR: Did Ticaboo Creek run all year round?

ALC: Yes, right at the ranch, it ran always, year round. In the wintertime, in cold weather, it reached down below the ranch quite a little ways, but in the summer it wouldn't run clear to the river. Sometimes in the winter, it would run clear to the river, but in the summer it wouldn't. So we stored it up there just a little south of Ticaboo, heading toward the river, on the right hand side of the river. There was a little reservoir that I built with his team, scraped it out there and made a dam. Then we would take the . . .

PTR: So that's when you first got really acquainted with Cass Hite?

ALC: That's where I first got acquainted with Hite.

PTR: This was 1901?

ALC: That was 1901, there. I had met him, of course, when we first started working for Bennett, when they come in there, he was in there, and he came up and met us. But I stayed there for several months with Cass. When we got it started, got the ditch made and got the reservoir made and started to placering, in the meantime, it began to get along toward spring. We took out quite a little gold, enough to pay me for what help that I had charged him. I didn't charge him too much on it. Then he began to need his water for the ranch. So he decided not to placer. A. P. Adams, who owned Red Canyon at that time, he was over there, and the old man wanted me to come over there and help him. So I decided to go over there. I went over and helped Adams. When I first came in with Bennett, Col. Hite was up at Hite. That was before Johnny and Fred Gibbons took over. He was running the post office. Frank Gillham was there, and there was quite a few of the old timers in there. At that time was before Bennett had bought the dredge. The dredge had closed down. Wilson, J. B. Wilson was one of the watchmen there and two other fellows. Their names don't come to me right now. Before I went up to Cass's, I made a trip down the river to the dredge and stayed there just before I went up above to Cass's and stayed there over a day. I knew J. B. Wilson. He used to placer mine up on North Wash. He had come from Green River when he was telegraph operator, over to North Wash and placer mined in there. When Stanton come in, he worked for Stanton. He was a panner. He'd hired him from North Wash to come and do the

panning when he made the tests, him and Stone, on the river to get their tests, on the drilling to get the report on the river, to get the money to build the dredge. He was the one that done that panning for Stanton when they was drilling there.

PTR: He was the same fellow who was the telegraph operator at Green River when Cass shot Kohler?

ALC: Yes, when Cass shot Kohler. He was the man. At one time, where I had first met him, he was placer mining up at North Wash. My father brought supplies in for him, and I don't know whether there was anybody else connected too, but I remember he brought the supplies in to North Wash for Wilson. I came with him when he done that. That was several years before my father died. That's where I had first met Wilson. Then the next time I met him was when I tell you, he was down to the dredge there. When Bennett was operating up at the Olympia, the dredge was still, it was about the time they was making that test; they was operating there at the dredge at that time. I came down there once with Bennett when they was operating and saw Wilson again there. I don't think Stanton, as I recall, was there at the time, but they'd been, was building it, or something. They was operating there.

PTR: Stanton wasn't there too much after 1901.

ALC: No. Well, I don't think Stanton. . .

PTR: Did you ever see Stanton on the river?

ALC: Yes, I seen Stanton once on the river. I was pretty good with a boat, and I made several trips with Bennett when we was operating at the Olympia, down to the dredge. I think we made two different trips down there and back with the boat at that time. One time they was building, and Stanton was there when they was building the boat. I can remember Stanton was up, he had his office and things, and everything was, of course, high class for Stanton and there was a boarding house down. . .

PTR: This was at Camp Stone?

ALC: Yes, that was at Camp Stone, where the chimneys were. During that was when Cass, of course when I was with Cass, he told me the whole story of the whole scene, and all how it happened and everything. Then I discussed it with Wilson once.

PTR: Wilson was a good friend of Cass's too, wasn't he?

ALC: Well, I think so; I think they was friendly. I don't know whether they had any connections or anything outside of just cordially meeting, and so on. I wouldn't know. Wilson's opinion of Cass was good, and Cass's opinion of Wilson was good, but just how well they was acquainted, I don't. . .

PTR: What kind of stock was Cass selling in Denver?

ALC: It was the Good Hope Mining Company. Kohler had formed this company and he had sold stock there, and he had Denver friends.

PTR: Well, Kohler had his claims up at the North Wash.

ALC: Up at North Wash. He come in later than what Cass had, and Cass had formed his company first and he'd sold quite a bit of stock. Well then, Kohler had come in and he formed this and called it the Good Hope something, and added one more something else, so it sounded very much the same, and he was selling his stock and some of Cass's friends was buying it at a less price than Cass was, buying it thinking that. . .

PTR: . . . it was Cass's stock.

ALC: . . . it was Cass's stock. When Cass heard about it, why Cass went back to--some of his friends wrote him--he went back to Denver and when he found out what was going on there, he told the public what Kohler was doing: he had that property at North Wash and didn't have anybody of that amount, and gave Kohler quite a black eye.

PTR: How did Kohler know that Cass had done that, checked up on him?

ALC: I think he put it in the paper; I think it come out in the paper

what Kohler was doing. That's the way I've got it, and then no doubt some of Kohler's friends in Denver had probably wrote him. Kohler was in Green River. His bunch had gone to Green River and got that word and they was staying there in Green River.

PTR: Was Kohler a cowboy?

ALC: I wouldn't say what Kohler was, now.

PTR: Was he a Mormon?

ALC: Yes, I think he was a Mormon. I think he was sort of a local setup, Kohler and his bunch. So when they'd heard it, they was after Cass. They was laying, staying there in Green River waiting for Cass to come back, and said that they would kill him on his return on the train. Some of Cass's friends, when he got the word, was down at Good Hope, or down at the river at the time, and he'd rode out there on horseback. These boys was there, and they heard. . .

PTR: I thought Cass was getting off the train?

ALC: I haven't got to that part. When Cass was coming back, they was laying for him to come back into Green River, and these fellows met him at the train, his friends, and told him, "Now Cass, Kohler and that bunch is here and they're celebrating and

they're saying what they're going to do to you because of that article," as I've got it. Remember, this was in the paper, anyway, word they'd got of what he'd said. He said, "Well." They said, "We've got a horse here." They knew when he was coming. They said, "For you to go, and you'd better go back to the river until they sober up and it goes by, or there's going to be trouble."

PTR: Were they drunk?

ALC: They was drinking, is the way I understand, remember it. Cass said, "Oh, I'll go over and see him. So where are they?" They said, "We'll go with you if you're going to go." "No," he said, "I don't want you boys to go with me. If we go over there, three or four, it'll look like we're looking for trouble. I'll go over there and talk to them." So Cass went over there. . .

Della Chaffin: To the hotel?

ALC: Over at the hotel, at the Gammage Hotel.

PTR: Did Cass have his gun on?

ALC: He had his gun. He always carried his gun, of course. He went over there, walked over there, he says, "I walked over there, and Kohler's sitting out in the front. They'd seen us coming, seen me coming across from the railroad. Kohler is sitting over

there in one of the chairs with his Winchester laying across his, like that. I walked up and Mrs. Gammage come out and, 'How do, Mr. Hite. Take a chair or something.' So I sat down, and when I sat down I kinda sat down. . . these old bar that has an arm around. I just sat down with one cheek. . ."

PTR: Hanging off the chair.

ALC: Hanging off the chair.

PTR: So his gun would be hanging down.

ALC: And he says, "I looked right over at Kohler. I looked, and he wasn't very far away, and I says, 'Mr. Kohler, what's all of this here talk I hear, this going on around here?' He says, 'I'll show you.' He come up like that, and as he come up, I just sidetracked, and I just give a jump and shot him." And then there was another one there that he took a whack at.

PTR: Did Kohler fire before Cass did?

ALC: Yes, Kohler fired, but. . .

PTR: He missed him.

ALC: He missed him, because he jumped. He fired at where he was, but by the time he pulled the trigger, Cass was to the side and shot

him. There was another fellow there that had a gun.

PTR: One of Kohler's friends?

ALC: One of Kohler's friends. There was three of them there, and he shot the other fellow. One fellow started around the corner of the house, and he says, "That's the only thing I ever done, I shot the son of a bitch in the ass, [Laughter] that I was sorry of."

PTR: Then did they arrest him right away?

ALC: I don't remember just how the arrest was made, whether they got him right then, or. . .

PTR: Did Kohler die immediately?

ALC: I think Kohler died immediately. Anyway, he didn't live very long. He died and then they arrested him and took him to court and railroaded him through. Then later, after they had sentenced him and so on, his brother come back from the East and they got. . . that part is not too clear to me.

PTR: They tried to railroad his brother, too?

ALC: No, railroaded Cass. His brother come back and then he got a new trial or something and got him released.

PTR: Well, I think the governor pardoned him.

ALC: Yes. He got pardoned.

PTR: He didn't have another trial, though.

ALC: No. He got a pardon and was turned loose. He was in the pen about a year or something, wasn't he, before he was pardoned?

PTR: I thought it was longer than that. Maybe three or four.

ALC: Maybe so.

PTR: I think he got TB in the pen.

ALC: Got TB or something and then he was pardoned out.

Susie Reilly: Did he ever recover from the TB?

PTR: No. Probably what killed him, I think.

Della Chaffin: He went back down to Ticaboo to live.

ALC: It was quite a while before he came back to the river, I think, after he was pardoned. . .

PTR: So where did he spend his time? Where did Cass stay if he didn't come right back to the river?

ALC: I think he got his pardon, and he came back in about 1900. Now let's see, when was he sentenced? Do you . . .?

PTR: The shooting took place in 1891.

ALC: Well, there's a period of quite a few . . . he must have been around Salt Lake or someplace. I don't know where he did live in that . . . See, there's a period of eight or nine years that he was away from the river, because he'd just come back to the river, I think, in about 1900, somewhere along there.

PTR: Cass told you himself that that was the way it happened, huh?.

ALC: Yes, he told me, and Wilson told me the same story. Well, Wilson didn't, but he said Cass was justified and that he should have never went to trial, he should never have went to the pen.

PTR: Did Cass's friends who tried to get him to ride out of town, did they witness the affair?

ALC: No, I don't think they had got there. I think they were still over. . .

PTR: So Cass really didn't have any witnesses on his side, did he?

ALC: No. When he went over there, he didn't have any witnesses. Two of these fellows there that had the horses. . .

PTR: That was a mistake he made.

ALC: Yeah.

PTR: He should have had some witnesses for him. They couldn't have railroaded him.

ALC: Yeah. He went over there by himself, and so it was all their own story and nobody could. . .

PTR: Did he have a jury trial?

ALC: I rather think he did. I'm not sure, but I think he probably had a jury trial.

Della Chaffin: I heard that he did.

ALC: Yes. And it was a bunch of Mormons, of course. And this other fellow was a good church member. Lon Turner and Kimball, I've heard them discuss this, you can't make me think that he went over there hunting trouble and shot them fellows down in cold blood. They had to make a move before Cass Hite, on account of what they had seen happen over on the San Juan, that he was not

scared of anybody and he was not after cold blood.

PTR: Kimball was the one who saw him shoot the gun out of the fellow's hand on the San Juan, wasn't he?

ALC: Kimball and Turner.

PTR: Both of them?

ALC: Both of them was there, yes. They couldn't think that Cass . . . Cass was very clever with a gun.

Della Chaffin: Tell about what kind of a gun he had.

ALC: He used a .45 gun, and he carried it with a seven-inch barrel, like a big long scabbard, like it was seven inches, and he had it cut off, the barrel cut off. It was only about an inch of a barrel. He always shot from, all he had to do was just flip it, never had to draw it. Just flip, shot right from the hip.

PTR: So his gun only had about an inch of barrel?

ALC: Only about an inch of barrel. But the scabbard. . .

PTR: It was a full-length scabbard?

ALC: Yes. So anybody having trouble with him would expect him to

have to take the time to draw, draw it clear out, before. . .
He'd just flip it, just flip it like that.

PTR: Probably didn't even have a front sight on it.

ALC: No sights, no. No sights. He didn't sight, never brought it up
like this. He done all of his shooting from the hip.

PTR: I imagine that gun wouldn't be too accurate if there was any
distance involved.

ALC: Well, it wouldn't be too, but it would be accurate enough. . .

PTR: At close range.

ALC: At close range, to pick up a man.

PTR: How far do you think he was when he shot Kohler? How far away?

ALC: Well, I wouldn't imagine he was over thirty or forty feet.
Sitting around in front of a hotel.

PTR: You wouldn't think it would be that far.

ALC: He might have been kinda at one end. He could take that gun,
and you could throw a can out there and he would hit it with
that, right from [his hip]. When I knew him, he had this 30-30

rifle, and he could take that rifle and you could drop a can out, and he could keep it rolling.

PTR: He was just a good shot.

ALC: He was a good shot. Very keen, very keen fellow. Very quick. Where he was about sixty years old when I knew him. He was still . . .

PTR: Still in good shape.

ALC: Pretty good shape. Not too good. He'd had that. . .

PTR: TB

ALC: Yeah. But he had come back and got to be, up there at Ticaboo, he'd got his health back in pretty good shape. He could do quite a bit of work. Not too much.

PTR: How far above his cabin in Ticaboo. . . did that stream come all the way down from the Henrys?

ALC: No. No, it was a dry wash. The main part of it came up about less than half a mile above the cabin.

PTR: Oh, is that so? A spring, then, huh?

ALC: Yeah. A spring come right out from under the ledge there.

PTR: How far up from the cabin did the trail come down? Into the canyon, I mean.

ALC: Where you'd come down, when Newby and them would go across Ticaboo Mesa, they'd come into the canyon, the best trail to come into the canyon is up, I'd say about five or six miles. But there was another trail that you could come in closer and it was maybe two miles up. But that was a pretty tough one to get in, to come down. That was a bad trail.

PTR: Could you bring stock over it?

ALC: Oh, there was a few stock could go over it. They could come down it better than they could go up it. But it was bad. Where mostly stock and stuff would come in was this upper place, and it was about five or six miles above there. That was a pretty good trail. While it wasn't worked on much, there'd been a few rocks throwed, and so on. That other place, the lower one, had been a little rock wall put up to get around one place there, to get down. But it took a pretty good horse, pretty sure-footed, to go up and down it.

PTR: Did Cass always hold his Ticaboo claim there by a mining claim, or did he file on it?

ALC: He filed on it as Ticaboo Mining Claim. Ticaboo Placer.

PTR: He never filed to homestead it?

ALC: No. He was the first one to locate the Pioneer that I got.
After he died, he gave it to Bert Seabolt, and then I got it of
Bert Seabolt, and I had it.

PTR: The Pioneer was patented, wasn't it?

ALC: Yes, it had been patented by, what was that fellow's name,
Mother?

Della Chaffin: I don't remember.

PTR: It wasn't Klondike Reeves, was it?

ALC: No. It was his widow that I went to to try to get the stock
when I was cleaning up that Good Hope property. She lived there
on. . . up there by the Golden Gate.

Della Chaffin: I don't remember what her name was.

ALC: Well, he had bought it of Cass in there, after he'd bought it,
and then he owned it for a long while, then Bert Seabolt got it
from him, and he gave Bert a quit claim deed to it. I done some
work for Bert Seabolt and helped him, and then I got it from

Bert. After I went to Hite in '34 and started to get ready for placering, I never recorded mine, and the main reason was that money was damned short in those days, and then I'd come to find out that Bert hadn't recorded his from this other fellow who was the record owner of it. So there was no need of me recording mine. I never did. And then, when I found out that, I let it run for four years and then I bought it of the county through a tax deed. Then I had paid the taxes on it for twenty years or more, around that, and that give me a good title. The government didn't question my title. Of course, in the state of Utah, if you have paid taxes for seven years on a piece of real estate and nobody has contested it, it gives you about the same thing as acquiring the title, as far as title is concerned. Nobody can come back in later for any reasons and question the title.

PTR: There are no Hites alive today, are there?

ALC: Well, there's Hites, but none of the original family.

PTR: No. I mean, I didn't know any of them ever got married.

ALC: None of them ever got married.

PTR: Cass never married.

ALC: No. Johnny married, but had no children.

PTR: How about Ben?

ALC: Ben had, actually, a boy. I think he had a boy. But I never knew any of. . . I'm pretty sure that Ben had a boy or two.

PTR: Where did he settle down?

ALC: They was from back in Missouri. I think that's where the Hites come from. I think he stayed there.

PTR: Did you spend much time with Cass there at Ticaboo, then?

ALC: I was there with Cass for maybe two or three months when we was building the ditch and getting ready and doing. . .

PTR: You were staying with him there and working on the ditch when he had that affair with Newby, then?

ALC: Yes. No, I was staying down. . . that was later on that that happened. I was staying down at the, I think Bennett and I at the time was down at the Homestead, and I had come up after the mail when that happened. Just stopped in there.

PTR: Well, if old Cass could knock an ounce or two of gold out every month or so, that would give him enough to make beans.

ALC: That's where he got his support to buy the necessary things. He raised a lot of stuff on the ranch, of course.

PTR: Where did he do most of his mining? Down close to the river?

ALC: Yes. Down right next to the, on the bank of the river, on "the bank of Ticaboo." He had had the Pioneer. He knew of the Pioneer. It had some good ground on it, and he had talked about mining it, but it was on down the river a half mile through that gravel, and we couldn't get the water there. The place up above where he worked was closer and handier. I don't think it was as good a ground as it was down at the Pioneer.

PTR: Did the old-timers figure the gold originally came from the Henry Mountains?

ALC: Not many of them. Most of it had come from Colorado, down Grand River. There's very much the same character of gold clear up the Grand River, up through there. I think some gold would come down Green River, and some would come down the Henry Mountains. But I think most of it, myself, come down Grand River. I think that was the main source.

PTR: Did you say that you trapped beaver there at Hite when you came back there in the '30s?

ALC: No, I didn't do much trapping then. The times that I done quite

a little trapping for a month or two was the winter that Della and I was there when they'd got ready to make that trip down, spent three weeks. I trapped there, got that ready and then I trapped waiting for spring to come. I trapped beaver in there just to pass the time.

PTR: Were the furs pretty prime?

ALC: They was pretty good hides. But beaver was off; I didn't make no money, but I had quite a lot of fun.

PTR: What would a beaver skin run?

ALC: Ten to fifteen dollars.

PTR: Sure different from the old days. I guess Galloway used to get a lot of them around there.

ALC: Yes, he used to catch a lot of them.

PTR: I wonder what's happening to the beaver now that the lake's coming up. Do you suppose they're retreating up the little tributaries?

ALC: Up the streams. Poor things; they're having a tough time of it.

PTR: Yeah, I guess they are.

ALC: Threw them out of their homes. Now there at North Wash, or there at the mouth of Smith Fork, there's a place, there was a lot of beaver there, and they've pulled back up towards the edge of Smith Fork. Now do you remember where those hieroglyphics were?

PTR: Yeah.

ALC: At Smith Fork? Well, around that way, you remember, there was some slagging rock, ledges fell off. They've got in under those rocks, and you could see where some of them had lived along in under there. When I was down doing that backhoe work and we was over there, I seen where they'd been, and different places along the side of the river where there wasn't no dirt to dig or anything, their holes, why they just got in under the rocks. They'd get up in the top of the trees and cut the trees off to get something to eat.

PTR: Boy, there's sure a lot of good petroglyphs covered up by that damned lake.

ALC: Oh, there certainly are. A lot of them.

PTR: I guess that big rock right in back of Cass's cabin is all covered now?

ALC: It's covered, yeah. Yes, it's covered quite a little bit. Yes, it's a different story down there.

PTR: You never did recall the first name of the old man Dehlin who is buried there alongside of Cass, did you?

ALC: Dehlin? No, I haven't.

PTR: Frank was the one I wrote to.

Della Chaffin: Pearl has got his name. Pearl Baker. She got it from Jess, I think. Jess is living in Hanksville now.

PTR: Jess Dehlin?

ALC: Yes.

PTR: Oh, he's the other brother.

ALC: Yes. He's the older brother. He lives in Hanksville. A letter at Hanksville would get Jess. If you wanted to get some information, I'd think if you'd write to Jess and send a stamped envelope. . .

PTR: He might answer?

ALC: I think that he maybe would. He's crippled up. He can't write very good.

PTR: Arthritis, huh?

ALC: Arthritis pretty bad. I think if you could ask the questions and then just put in a name so he could add in, or if he couldn't, he'd probably get somebody for him.

PTR: He's at Hanksville?

ALC: Yeah, Hanksville would get him. He has a big trailer, and he's living there.