

FRANK MILBERT

Interview One

Interviewed by:

Sam Schragar

Oral History Project

Latah County Museum Society

I. Index

II. Transcript

I. Index

FRANK MILBERT

Gold Hill; b. 1907

gold miner

2.5 hours

minute page

Side A

- 00 1 Park Shattuck. His mining on Swamp Creek near Elk River about 1892. He leaves the area to prospect in Alaska, making \$ 30,000; but the ~~Grubs~~ also make \$30,000 on his former Swamp Creek claim. He drifts West. Listening to Park's stories.
- 15 6 The Gold Creek gold rush. On their way to the Pierce strike in 1860, a party was forced to winter at Moscow, and discovered Gold Hill that spring. About six years later they returned to prospect the area. 2000 people followed, nearly depopulating Lewiston, and the rush was on. Early mining. Mining was done continuously on the creek. Mining deeper ground with sluice gate. District law set by miners' meetings. Yield of the creek. Miners' shelters were often dug into the hills; subsisting.

Side B

- 00 13 Miners force a crooked miner to leave.
- 05 14 The settlement on Gold Creek. Original name was Mineral Hill - then divided into Gold Hill and Blackfeet Mining Districts. District laws could not be more lenient than Mining Law of 1872. Working the creek for gold. How sharpers manipulated mining claims.
- 15 18 The trail junction near Potlatch for Walla Walla and Lewiston. The freight station on the Joe Miller homestead in the 1870's supplied miners, who came in to pick up goods shipped from Walla Walla.
- 21 20 How Park Shattuck kept his case of eggs fresh all winter. Keeping lemons. Saving wet flour; mixing batter in the flour sack. Park's exceptional knowledge and abilities as a miner. Uncertainty of making money mining. Park invested in stocks. His attitude towards visitors, and desire to be alone. He died at 92 after two years in the county home. (continued)

minute	page	
Side C		
00	24	Park could no longer take care of himself on the claim. He homesteaded in Shattuck Meadows. Homesteading popular for miners.
06	27	Homesteading to sell out to lumber companies. Mr. Milbert has surface rights on his claims. Railroads trade land back to government for good timber.
13	29	Carricos mined on Gold Hill after the first rush. They employed Chinese labor to dig ditches. Chinese tongs - all members were equal. Chinese worked very difficult ground.
22	32	In Silver City, Idaho, Mr. Milbert heard of tourists stealing Chinese bones.
Side D		
04	35	The murder of Chinese on Gold Creek. Hougen heard the story from the sole Chinese survivor at a hospital in Colfax. A local outfit offered to kill any Chinaman for \$20.
12	37	His Silver City acquaintance told of the troubles of being a coroner, hauling a frozen corpse.
16	38	The Chinese left buried gold on Gold Creek. Dislike of Chinese. Reported poisoning of Chinese on Strychnine Creek. Stories of killing of Chinese in central Idaho.
22	40	Carrico mining on Gold Creek. Blinding of Adam Carrico in 1906 by a shotgun blast; different versions. After that, their production of gold (which was the largest in the county) fell tremendously. Squabbling over their gold. Father sits with a shotgun to guard his garden from being washed out by the mining. Adam's wife would bring out the hidden gold occasionally; but in her old age she went crazy and wouldn't tell where it was hidden, according to Adam.

minute	page	
Side E		
00	45	Mining for Carricos was very profitable once towns came in. Prosperity of farmers growing dried peas.
03	45	The Lost Wheelbarrow Mine. Caspar abandons mine, wrongly thinking he has killed his partner, and returns twenty years later to find it again. Hougen saw him searching for the mine.
13	49	The "rediscovered" Lost Wheelbarrow Mine on Gold Hill in the late thirties. Stock sold nationally and locally. An old miner told Mr. Milbert he had dug the mine twelve years before. Farmers were taken in by the fraud. "Arkies" and others worked on the mine in return for stock. Miners liked promoters because they increased interest in the mines.

with Sam Schrager

June 18, 1975

II. Transcript

FRANK MILBERT

This is the first interview with Frank Milbert in his home at Potlatch Junction, (Idaho) on June 18, 1975. The person about whom the first part of this interview concerns is Park Shattuck.

INTERVIEWER: SAM SCHRAGER.

FRANK MILBERT: He said he first went in there, he come in there, come down the Mullan Road and he cut off and come through, I guess it'd be St. Maries ^{that area} now, there was nothing in there then, instead of taking the ordinary road to Walla Walla. See the Mullan Road would a led to Walla Walla, and coming back. And he said they were a long time getting down this way. But he and his partner (too much noise) Cal Haskins, I think he ^{said his name was} and they worked their way up to Elk River and they said that there was an old fellow living there that had a kind of a roadhouse, or just a camp, you know. And after they got settled in there, why they mined on that, then they went and bought equipment and had it packed in there. And he said among other things he packed in there was a mower to mow hay for the horses; see they had horses with them. And they had dug a flume-- or rather a ditch and got the water up on the ridge and then built a flume and got some four inch canvas hose and a nozzle and they had this all working-- that wasn't just in the first season, you know, but as they went along. And I have one picture of the outfit when they were working. He said that one of the fellows that packed some of the stuff in ^{had} brought a camera along, he was kind of a camera bug, I guess of that day. He brought this camera along and he took pictures of the outfit. And, of course, he finally got a picture later of it.

And he said that they were doing pretty fair on there, but he'd come out to get supplies or something to Elk River and he heard that they were mining in Alaska, you know. He knew they were mining in Alaska, but

he heard of the rush and a bunch had come back with a lot of gold. He said these Grove brothers ^{they} had talked about buying this claim of 'em, and they had just left it, you know, hanging in the air, the deal, and he told--- I'd have to hunt the name of the old feller up-- that had that roadhouse--

SS: Oh, that was Trumble.

FM: Trumble. He told Old Man Trumble that, to tell Haskins when he came in, he was coming in to pick up the stuff for the rest of the-- with the horses to pack it out, and he told him to tell him that he was to meet him at Pier Nine in Seattle, he was ^{they were} going to Alaska. Of course they had talked about this probably before. And he said they left ^{Swamp} Creek and went to Alaska and they was up there two years and when he come back, he come back with about thirty thousand dollars apiece, they did. Course, he said, his partner didn't come back with him-- he found out that these fellows down there ^{Swamp} on Creek had taken out about thirty thousand dollars out of this claim. And he said, "I went through all that fuss," he said, "all that misery to get that," and he said, ^{Here} "I could have stayed right here and dug it out ourselves." Now he was quite an adventurer, all his life he'd been that way, an adventurer.

SS: When he came in on the Swamp Creek, were there other people in there?

FM: There were others in there, already. But there would have been very few of them yet, you understand. Very few people living in there. This here Trumble's place, as I understood it from 'em, was a-- they would-- oh, he just went up in there to get away from everything, I guess, more than anything else, and he kinda catered to, oh, people'd come up there, you know, later, I guess it was fishing, but most at first it was just adventurers, wanted to see - hunt gold and whatnot. He was up here on gold Creek from 1925 til about '56, wasn't it? We figured out ^{LAVIA?} It was about '56 that we took Park out of here.

FM: It was about '54, Frank, because--

FM: Yeah, that's right. He died in '56.

SS: Shattuck was in here that long?

FM: Oh, yeah. But he'd come into the country here somewhere around 1892 to '95, I don't know exactly, I never did pin him down exact on it.

SS: Seems as though he'd put in a life time in this country, off and on.

FM: Pretty much. However, he was born and raised in Boston, Massachusetts. And he said he was a kid fourteen, and his brother, his older brother, George, and George raised a family up here on Deep Creek, that is, he lived on Deep Creek. They came together. George was with him whenever he came West. Or rather, when they came from Boston. He said his grandmother raised him and she wouldn't let him go if it hadn't been that George was going, he was about seventeen, Park was fourteen. They were going to drive cattle from Texas to the railheads, you know. See them cattle buyers in them days take their own, hire their own, drovers or cowboys to drive them cattle up. Abilene, Kansas is where he mainly talked about driving the cattle. I have a picture of 'em, he and his brother in cowboy outfits when they were doing that trail drive.

SS: How did he ever wind up mining in Idaho, I wonder?

FM: Well, see, from the cowpunching, why, he just drifted West, he said, and he went to Montana. And it was in the day when there were so many of them English ranchers. And he worked for some of them for a while. And he got interested in mining, up in Montana. And that's how he drifted from-- well, he did quite a little mining in Montana. He apparently was like most of these ARGONAUTS, I guess ^{you} called 'em. He always thought that there was something better on the other side of the hill. Near as I can make out. As long as he could, you know, he had to see if there was something somewhere else that was a little better. That's what he did in Swamp Creek,

he did the same in Alaska. He was down two years from Alaska and he went back for six more. He was down in 1900, he come back, and then he wasn't here two years, ^{he} got married in that time, 'course he was wealthy with thirty thousand dollars then. But he didn't have as much history of the old Gold Creek as the fellows that were on there before. ^{him Parrow} and Hogan gave me more history of Gold Creek there, the regional-- they were-- I don't know where Hogan was-- he was Swedish, I believe.

SS: Who? Hogan?

FM: Oh, German or Swede, something like that.

SS: Oh, wait, I want to ask you a little more about this Shattuck. I'm wondering about this business in Alaska. He must have told you quite a bit about Alaska, too.

FM: Oh, it'd fill a book, what he told me about Alaska. See, I used to visit him a lot. Let's see, I would run dogs up here on the hill in the winter. I always had hounds them days. Naturally, there was nobody lived by himself there on Gold Creek, you know. And there was nobody to-- after we'd run the morning cats, you know bobcats, if you didn't pick up a track by noon, you might as well forget it, the snow would be off or something. You know you always depended on the first skid of snow to find the fresh tracks. And we dropped down there, you know and talk all afternoon sometimes way on into the evening. And I'd always get him wound up to tell us stories of Alaska or follow along one that I'd heard part of. And it would take quite a lot to put that all together; stories of Alaska. He told me about going in and how they went in and across that miserable pass that they got over there. And ^{then} build a raft or a boat to way on into the Yukon, ^{is where he arrived there} then to Dawson. ^{and when he got-} to Dawson he, well he worked horses, is what he did. He run a scraper he and his partner. That's when they came from Swamp Creek, you know. He worked horses there until-- they said they would hold auctions and sell

claims up there then. And when one of these auctions come on-- there was an auction every week-- why, they'd bought a claim. There was five of 'em got together, they didn't have money enough between the two of them, but there was five of them got together and bought this claim. And I have the date of the creek and all that it was on, and it was one of them off El Dorado Creek, one of the side streams. And they worked that all winter, they had to thaw it, thaw the ground ^{as they did} and they worked it all winter and they come out, or they took out about a hundred and thirty thousand dollars that winter and then they worked it in the spring. They bought this claim at the auction, as I say, and then they worked it that winter, then they worked it the next one and then ^{Lo} got the idea to sell the thing. In two years he was out of there and he said that he had about thirty thousand dollars for his trouble of going up there.

SS: Did he say he was in a bad situation up there, or did it just seem to be much more difficult than it would be down here?

GG: That's what he said. Wasn't it was so seriously dangerous, other than he said traveling on the river when they're going in. 'Course, he said after he once got in there there was steam boats out, and even the second time he went up he didn't go across that Chilkoot Trail or Chilkoot Pass. You know they'd go into Skagway and ^{go} over a pass, and he'd tell how the Mounteds--
^{They had to have,}
 I think it was eleven hundred pounds of stuff before they'd let him go in there, their own that they took with them. 'Course they found this all out, a lot of it, what was required when they got to Seattle, see, and picked it up there before they went up. Because up there you couldn't-- he said that Skagway was the biggest camp you ever saw, scattered all over the place, he said. Stuff, ^{bundles} and bags and boxes of stuff and all wet and what not, scattered in every direction. He also had pictures of Alaska. I have pictures of the Alaska-- the mine they had up there as well

as one of the bunch of the five of them that owned the mine, and the cabin they stayed in.

SS: Was that the place to go if you wanted to try to make a big strike in those days?

FM: That's what they were after. That was the last big frontier strike, you know, for gold. That's the last gold rush that was in the country, ever. I'm talking of a true gold rush. You see, if you start at-- just like Gold Creek was discovered already in 1861. Now I'm going back to what Hogan told me about it.

SS: What did he tell you about that? How did he say that--?

FM: Well, he claimed that there was a bunch of them-- that Pierce, you know, had started the rush down there at Walla Walla and went on up to Orofino, he went up the Clearwater. And he said there was a bunch of eight of them got in there some late and heard about this and they'd come up from California, this bunch had, and they heard about the Indians disagreeing about them coming on the Reservation, so they wound north and got above the Reservation, which put them up here right where Moscow is today. And he said there was a big, heavy snow, it was late in December and a heavy snow come on. It must have been near around Christmastime, and said that it had snowed about two and a half feet on the level, and they holed up, or camped in a draw, I don't know which one it would be, but there was water there and timber on it, and said there was bunch grass stuck out of the snow, it was that deep, and good feed for the horses, so they just stayed there until the storm was over, then they tried to head on towards Orofino, and they found the snow the farther they climbed up, the ~~st~~eeper or the more snow they had. And they just couldn't make it. So they come back to this place that they had stopped when the storm was on because the feed was good for the horses and they wintered there. They didn't try to make it out, they couldn't get out, in other words. And because of this good feed for the

horses, they called it Horse Heaven, that place. I've heard other people said that they called Moscow Hog Heaven first, but it was Horse Heaven, ^{is} what he claimed. And they said when the spring thaw-- when it started to melt, you know in the spring-- why they started trying again, but ten-twelve feet of snow was too much to go over there, so they run around here wherever they could get. And that's when they located these creeks, and later, about six or seven years later, after they had-- they didn't stay and mine 'em-- after they had went to Orofino, followed down to Boise Basin and the gold rushes in Idaho there and on to the Owyhees and this *Hoteling* was one of the fellows, I don't know the name of any other, and he didn't, but he said there was two of them decided out of the original eight, that they ought to come back here and try that little creek that they had tried up here. They'd found gold on 'em al right, so they slipped through Lewiston, they thought without creating too much attraction, and they come up here and they said that there was several hundred people must have followed them, and by the time they got located up here there was two thousand people up there. ^{on the creek} There was noways near room for anybody, but there was that many had come out, and he said it almost evacuated Lewiston following--

SS: These guys?

FM: Yes. This was about-- well it was in the late 1860's.

SS: What year had they first been here, would you say?

FM: '61, 1861

SS: Would it be in the winter of '60 and the spring of '61?

FM: That's right. See that's when Pierce left that down there at Walla Walla-- You know he was barging into the Indians' Reservation, he had no business in there either. The fact is you can find lately that the United States Government paid them Indians for them taking that gold out of there. I've got the date of the trial and everything else. In recent years here, in the last twenty, let's say, the Bureau of Mines had the data, I bought it

off them.

SS: So in '61 these fellows didn't do anything more than just look at the creek?

FM: That's right. They discovered it. They didn't mine it. Then, of course, when they got up here, why, all these other ones, why, right now they were going to have a regular gold mining rush, you see.

SS: Is that the kind of town Lewiston was? It was just waiting for---

FM: It was a regular tent town, is all it was, you know, ready to go. They said sharpers and gamblers and everybody else followed, that was standard practice then, ^{days.} But naturally, they got up there, there wasn't anything going and there was no room in that place for that many people, you know. 'Course, they'd soon make something. But the thing was, there was not a lot of ground there. It was ^{small} streams. And they ^{right away} got their own mining laws made out, because, you see, each district could make it's own law. And he said that the first there was about a hundred and twenty men that stay-
ed. ^{finally} And of the hundred and twenty there was less than that many claims, and they were only fifty feet long up the creek.

SS: Which creek is it now?

FM: Gold Creek. I was talking of Gold Creek. ^{Hotelling} is one of the side branches. Actually ^{Hotelling} has only been, let's say a little mine, because it is to bouldery and hard to mine, that nobody-- I had one claim on it, but it's awful hard to work, on account of the big granite boulders in it. The Chinamen worked it at the bottom, and that's the main working that's been done on it. I did some work up there on it.

SS: Fifty feet---?

FM: Fifty foot claim up the creek. That was the first rule, and of course, later, why, whenever-- see they ~~would run~~ along, the old timers, wouldn't mine any deep ground, they would mine only the-- such two foot, three foot

deep stuff, where they could-- well, you can readily consider -- they had to make pretty going, pretty good money. They claimed everything cost an awful lot here. Flour was a dollar a pound and everything else in proportion. And that held for quite a ways later. That held until pretty much until the railroad went into Palouse down there. See everything had to be packed or freighted from Walla Walla up here. And even *Carrico* claimed he paid a dollar an hour for labor, see they had them ditches dug up there. But he couldn't afford -- or *they* didn't put a hydraulic set-up in until the railroad come into Palouse, and that was about, oh, 1888 or '90. 'Course *Carrico's* come in here-- they come in at the end of the gold rush, and as soon as the rushers left, why they picked up all the ground in there that they wanted, that is. Their earliest claims that I could find dated to about 1878.

SS: Well, what would the history be of that Gold Creek rush, as far as the duration-- what happened there. It started in '60--

FM: About '68 or '69, somewhere in there.

SS: How long do you think they had this----?

FM: It's been mined ever since.

SS: Well, no, but I mean the intensive mining at the very beginning, how long?

FM: It only lasted one season or two, the fact is it only lasted one season, the intensive--- whenever ~~there~~ little short claims were in. But, there would always be some that would sell out or move out or give up in disgust, see, and someone would take that piece in with it and they ^{kept} continuous going, and it's produced it's produced it's main amount of gold possibly when the *Carrico* mined it. I think it's mineral record shows that they took out about two hundred ounces of or two hundred and fifty ounces a year of gold.

Carrico did. 'Course that was after they got to mining with the hydraulic and ~~slough~~ gate. At first it was sloughs gate because, well- the cost of freighting the stuff in there, see, where they could build a ~~slough~~ gate

out of wood, which was plentiful ^{on the creek} and ditches, they could dig, you see, and get water and they could handle considerably deeper ground. That was always the argument, ^{was} deep ground, you know. ~~The~~ gold was probably just as rich in the deep ground or richer than it was in some of the shallow ground, but it was harder to get to. It isn't unusual to find twelve, sixteen and even twenty-two foot ground up there that I've ~~worked~~. It takes heavy machinery to work twenty-two foot ground, that's for sure. And then, there's some ground even that was-- stalled me, because that was too level, too flat, it don't drain, it's dredge ground.

SS: But the first-- they're just using the placers--

FM: They used a pick and shovel and water, whatever they could get. And I guess they said the water was so thick that it wouldn't hardly run after they got to the bottom end of the claims, because everybody used it, you know, muddied it up.

SS: What kind of laws would they set up--

FM: Well, they would hold a miners' meeting, everybody in there, and according to them fellers, ^{what} they told me, ^{was} they would state the-- how much ground they were going to have and they didn't dare walk away from the claim, you know, for a long time because someone else could get it if they didn't work it, you know for so many days. And they would-- how many claims you could own. The fellow that discovered, that would have been this Hotelling and his partner, they each got one claim beside the one that they had located at first. And they said a lot of the other ones, several other ones there had a lot of bigger claim, or that is, full sized claims, which is about fifteen hundred feet, you know up the stream; the full sized claim is. But when they held the meeting they could distribute it out to let more persons have it. However, the stream was pretty rich for a small stream. The record shows-- now this is what they told me-- I didn't check it myself-- but in two miles of mining they took out better than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

And others say a million. Others say half a million. Well I don't know which is correct but they claim there was over a quarter of a million went out in less than two miles, that the gold rushers took out. Since that there's been probably as much more taken out. And I don't doubt that's correct, because while it's less area that's covered, more intensively, that is, they worked it better, they claimed they had to get an ounce a day, only get about twenty dollars^{or} ^{or} they couldn't afford to work it then due to the cost of food and tools and whatever you'd need to work it with.

SS: Did these guys, most of them build little shacks on the-- right there.

FM: Yeah. Dig a hole in the side of the hill and then put a kind of a lean-to in the front of it.

LM: And tents.

FM: Well, some, but if they stayed over winter they dug a hole or-- when I first come on there, there was quite a few, and there's still one that I know that's half buried in the ^{thing} -- you can see some of it. The cabin. They'd take a cabin, see, and set it back in there and in the back end of the cabin they'd have the fireplace, you see, and it would be usually mud and rocks laid up.

SS: They'd build right into the hill.

FM: Build right into the hill. Well, you see, it's easy to keep it warm, you could keep stuff all winter without it freezing back in there even if you didn't have a fire if it's buried far enough. There's one or two of the cabins I can show you yet, that show they're buried in the hill. I have pictures of quite a few of the old cabins.

SS: How big would one of their cabins be?

FM: Welllll-- ten by twelve is a pretty good sized one. I have seen much bigger ones in there but they was-- but them that they'd dig in the thing, I ~~seen~~ was just pretty small. Six by eight, and that's pretty little, or maybe just a pile of brush in the back corner that they slept on or something. I have even seen them that they didn't have any fireplace of any kind, a door and then it showed that they would build a fire right in front of the door

And the roof would overhang that generally a little to cover it. There was nothing permanent about staying there. They wanted to get rich and leave. That was standard practice, you know. They didn't figure on staying too long.

SS: What kind of belongings do you think most of these guys would have with 'em? Would they have virtually nothing besides their grub and frying pan?

FM: That's the truth. Tools that they worked with.

LM: They used a gold pan to cook in or anything else they wanted to do. (Chuckles)

FM: A few of them would have horses; some of them would have horses, you know, be on horseback. But lots of them didn't, they were on foot. What they could carry on their back, is what they had. You were the better type if you had a horse and a packhorse with you, you know. Well, you could readily see a horse was a liability, to say the least, you had to see that he had feed. In the summer it was all right but the winter he can't always pick a living, like them fellers down ^{here} at Horse Heaven, you know. You take up here and you can't leave a horse out over winter or anything. Now you can down in the brakes and down in the canyons and down in there, easily, but up here the snow'll get too deep, especially in the mountains. They wouldn't have anything to eat.

SS: Who enforced the law in the mining district? Did all the miners--

FM: All the miners did. I have seen some little part of that myself. There was one old fellow come up there, this is when Shattuck was mining there, and he had been in there as a kid when the CARRILLOS, and even when the Chinese were mining in there, see. And he kind of felt like he was a privileged character, ^(end of side A) a gold mine wherever he wanted to, see. So he come up to where Shattuck was and asked him about--- talked to him, anyhow, and said, "How about letting him dig?" Oh, Shattuck left him dig in ^{one end of} another ^{in the} place, and he was ^{digging} there and when Shattuck would go to lunch, he was cleaning up his

spring wash off, see, and of course he was just using -- he was using a ~~shovel~~ and a rocker between the two, they wouldn't have too much water in the summer, you know to clean up with and the rocker you can work with-- you can bail a can full every so often, you can make it run. But, anyway, he'd slip in there and highgrade Park's diggings, you know. And Park had left him stay in one of the old buildings up there next to him. He couldn't keep quiet, not tell one of the other guys how he would slip in and play a trick on Park, and, you know, highgrade his diggings .

SS: When you say highgrade, what do you mean?

FM: I mean steal it. Take it--- They always called it highgrading, the miners do because-- whenever they were working in a tunnel or anything, why that was common practice, why if you got a nice piece, why you flipped it in your pocket, that was high-grade, see. So, we used to get up there on Friday night, if I remember it was Friday. They had Death Valley Days on the radio and Park had the only radio on the Creek, see, the only person that had a radio, and it was a big battery affair that covered the half the table-- and we'd listen to this Death Valley Days and after Death Valley Days was over, why, it was kind of an open miners' meeting. There would be about half a dozen or maybe eight guys there, eight fellows, And at this one particular meeting, why this here-- he wasn't there, that fellow that had highgraded Park's box-- one of them said, "Say, don't you think we ought to do something about,"-- I won't name him because that hurts, you know, ^{this hurts} "about Albert.?" we'll say. Well, highgrading Park's diggings ^{from} whenever he'd go to lunch, go into lunch-- why he'd go up there and do it. So they decided that they would run him off the Creek. So they told him that he had one chance to get out of there or they would say ^{that} he'd wished he had. So, they didn't stand for any monkey business. They were all honest essentially, I never found a one of them that wasn't, except for a renegade, like that one

and he didn't stay there very long. To say he was a good miner, I don't know, I'm talking to Al, I don't know whether he was a good miner or not. He apparently was lucky enough to get some gold all the time, but he didn't care how he got it.

SS: I've been reading lately about the Plummer Gang down out of Lewiston. You know Henry Plummer and the kind of stuff that they pulled in the '60's during the early strikes.

FM: No, there was no outstanding characters up here, let's say, like, Plummers or----

SS: Cherokee Bob--

FM: Or Klondike Kate, or any of them, you know, outstanding characters. But I guess there was some pretty good sized little communities. I guess at the head of Gold Creek there was as many as eighty or a hundred people lived up there. You couldn't hardly believe it to see the little meadow that they lived in. That's opened today of it. Sure, I guess maybe they opened it up farther, but there isn't much room to-- straight up the hills, you see. So I hardly think-- it's just a small meadow.

SS: Did you say a hundred people besides the ones that had the claims on the Creek, too?

FM: Well, of course, this was more or less after that, you know, when they get together, why, they have a place to stay, the ones on the claims, you understand. They may not a had -- this is a lot when the Chinamen were in there, is what they tell me. I can show you one picture of-- I guess it dates about 1924, which is-- shows one of the cabins that they said was the post office. AT the time, the mail would come in to , at that time^{it} would come in to about Princeton, see, and then it was taken up there and it was put in this particular one cabin, you understand, and dished out. It was no official post office, but Princeton was. See that would been in the time when it came in by train to Palouse and then was carried by stage^{up} here, but then it would

be dished out up there in this particular one.

SS: Called Gold Creek? Is that what they called the place?

FM: There never was an official name for it, you understand, but it was-- that's Gold Creek, Gold Hill, been ever since it was discovered. Well, really to be honest about it, that isn't true that it was just Gold Hill; they called it Mineral Hill at first. It was more known as Mineral Hill them days. But now it's Gold Hill, later years it's Gold Hill. But at first they called it Mineral Hill. Because I see the old Carrico mining claims on Mineral Hill, which indicates that it was called Mineral Hill ^{yet} back in the 1890's and so on. But later it was divided into -- on the east side and the west side of the hill-- was Gold Hill Mining District and the Blackfoot Mining District, and it was on the other side. That would have been Jerome Creek and over in there and the upper-- you understand, these were the law, or the mining districts-- each one had their own rules. And then there was the Hoodoo District up here in the upper Palouse, which would connect right with it. Once you're on Jerome Creek-- where Jerome Creek comes out, you know where Grizzly Camp is up here, well, that's the Hoodoos from there up.

SS: Was there pretty much of a set code that they would use wherever they had mines?

FM: ^{Yes} See-- you could not from an angle-- they made, let's say, the local laws, like we have our county laws, see, for the district. But they could not make any law that was more lenient than the 1872 Mining Law: U.S. Mining Law. That held everywhere, in other words, you couldn't make a claim of thirty acres or forty acres. Every claim had to be no more than twenty acres. It could be much less if they decided to, but it couldn't be more. And the assessment work had to be so much, and nothing could be less than the original U.S. Mining Law of 1872, which holds today yet.

SS: Well, fifty foot-- that's not very much there.

FM: See, that gives everybody a better chance to scratch-- ^{set to} You work fifty feet, _^

by hand, the width of the creek and you got a pretty good job too on your hands. You wouldn't do that in a few hours, either. Where the ground'd be two-three feet deep, why, you'd be quite a while at it, because it's-- sure, you'd have -- your channel would be your best spot, but you'd have your benches and everything to work off and there'd be a lot of good ground on the thing. The creek has fine gold and nuggets both, you know. It was pretty fair mining, ^{ground} and of course, as I say, them early fellows, that's what they tell me, I wasn't there, I couldn't prove that, but they claim they only had - allowed them fifty feet at first, when the gold rushers were there. But you'll find it's true in a lot of other districts, that they didn't allow 'em to have very much. You see, there would always be some sharper get in there and he would catch someone that had a full sized claim, ^{he got it} and offer 'em say two thousand or three thousand dollars for it, and then he'd get this all lined up so that he would-- it'd only be fifty foot ones and he would start and peddle them out, and he'd make big money. There was all kind in them gold rushers. It wasn't just a case of all miners. There was all kind of sharpers in on it too, see. I don't know whether that happened here but ^{why} according to other places, and they would do that.

SS: He'd buy it first?

FM: Well, someone would locate ^{you understand} locate it under the standard claim law, see, when they'd discover it, or when they'd first start to work it. Then the bunch'd come in there, "Well, we ought to have something to work too." And pretty soon, "Well, let's get all together and have a meeting." And when they held a meeting they decided what was going to happen in this district, see. Well, here's one's got a-- he's got two claims, full length claims, and here's some guy, some sharper, you know, some con man, no doubt. And he'd say, "Well, I'll give you a thousand dollars apiece for them claims." But he already had him all excited to the idea to get 'em

cut down to a hundred feet, or something like that, see. Well, this guy he might not want to sell but it'd be better to take two thousand dollars for his two claims than it would be to have them taken off of him and give him just the same as the rest of 'em, see, fifty feet or a hundred feet or whatever it was. And in this way, he would end up with at least a bigger poke than he would by holding out.

SS: Take a creek like Gold Creek. Would gold be distributed in anything like an ~~even~~ way? Let's say, would fifty foot piece and the next fifty foot piece and the next one and the next one and the next one, would----?

RM: Usually there'd be one spot on it'd be pretty good in fifty feet. Gold runs in a stream bed like that, and particularly in Gold Creek, I'd say, because I've mined enough on it to know. It'd run in reefs, and I'd say a reef is a little harder rock at one place, that the bedrock's a little harder, and that'll resist the erosion of the water on it, see, and as the flow went down there on that reef that resisted, it was just like a riffle, it holds the gold there. And I wouldn't claim that there was one every fifty feet. It would come pretty close to that.

SS: Would a guy have a pretty good idea, would he have a chance to find out before he had to claim his fifty feet? Would it just be a matter of luck if he got it or not?

FM: Oh, well, there'd be some gold on it regardless, but he may not have a-- hit one of those reefs where it was more concentrated. No, I don't think there's anywhere that you could dig along a creek for let's say ten feet and not find some gold if you know how to look for it. Oh, sure, I know a lot of people run all over it and never find a dollar, but don't mean that there isn't any gold there.

SS: This town-- what do you suppose there was there?

FM: It was merely a gathering to, let's say, of people, to faciliate (facilitate)

getting supplies to 'em, dropping 'em off at one place. You realize that when fellows are working, they didn't only stick with them claims, they dug prospect holes all over that hill, and I mean all over it, anywhere you'd go, there was prospect holes. You understand, they were looking for ledges as well and hard rock projects, see. Well, if a guy would order something, you know, and the freighter was bringing it in he could take it in there and dump it off somewhere and that was a lot better than to try to find the guy home, and there would usually be someone, I judge someone, up there who would take the stuff in and they would pay for it, or whatever was involved in it.

Right here, where that house is, you can see up there on the hill, Old Lady Jones lived there when I first came here to this country in '45 to live here. 'Course, I'd been in here before that but I rented that service station, she used to tell us by the hour when they homesteaded. Her dad homesteaded this area right in here when they were mining up there, and I'd say right after the rush it would have been, or right at that time, because from the rush on it was continuous. Homesteaded in 1872. And she said that this was the junction between the Walla Walla Trail and the one that led down to Lewiston, the one to Walla Walla, the freight trail. The fact is, the road was right through here somewhere. And she said there's a spring over on the far side over here, it's buried now with this highway, but I know where the water runs out just the same, and she said they camped in there. They could always look out and see someone camping down there, even in the winter. They'd be standing around the fire or something, and they were either Indians or Chinamen or just travelers or gold miners or somebody, and later there was loggers and whatnot on the thing whenever the sawmill got to Palouse.

LN: Well, they'd stop there and water their horses, too.

FM: Yeah, well, it was just a junction, you know in the trail. And they said that the freighters would leave stuff in a -- kind of a log warehouse or depot they had up here for these miners up there and people around the country because if they took it on up to the -- Princeton, or to the-- or up into the mines themselves they'd charge them an awful lot more for it, and they would come down here anyway and buy, well, cured meat and vegetables, that's mainly what they raised, they did raise wheat, too. And they would take it down here farther down on the river to the gristmill and have it ground and bring it back up here and sell it. Well, from what they told me, paying a dollar a pound they'd come along pretty good, I wouldn't doubt. She didn't say they got that for it but the ones that I know was telling the truth about it, they said that the Carricos claimed that they paid a dollar a pound for flour, freighted in there. 'Course, they probably only got fifty cents for it out here, or maybe less than that.

SS: Well, there were people that took care of--

FM: Well, Mrs. Jones is her name, but Joe Miller was the guy that homesteaded, that was her dad. There was five sisters of 'em.

SS: So he had a pretty good freighting business of it himself then.

FM: He didn't freight. He farmed, or let's say, gardened I think and the freighter would stop here and leave that stuff, see--And they would come here, and she said that that her dad would trade 'em for gold or furs or even for-- even if they would work for him for a while, he'd trade 'em supplies. And they would come in here and they'd get a stake that way and off they'd go, they'd get enough supplies and off they'd go mining again, see.

SS: So he had a store.

FM: He didn't have a store. He didn't operate a store. One of the first stores was at Princeton, I guess. But the first store that the miners told me about

up there was at Starners, up on Deep Creek, which is farther up here, up in the Acora (sp?) district, area, which is possibly five, six miles up there. They could drop over from Gold Creek to that Starner store closer than they could get to this one-- to this place or to Princeton, by just going across Prospect Peak, or Prospect Ridge, they could get ^{drop} ~~over~~ into Deep Creek, see. No, the Starners operated-- they called him Judge Starner, he was a justice of the peace, I guess.

SS: But, I was trying to figure, it wasn't a store at this place here.

FM: No, it wasn't. It was just a depot or something.

SS: But these guys up at the mining district, how did they get the word to Walla Walla for the supplies that they wanted delivered up here?

FM: Generally it was leave an order for it, see, and then leave it here, or leave it-- or give it to the freighter when he was in. Definitely, suppose like they wanted ^{or} fifteen ~~gallon~~ of kerosene to carry them over the winter, and they needed kerosene, and it had to be freighted in-- and he left that order in the fall-- this was not unusual when we operated this store here-- Old Park Shattuck would order a case of eggs-- you can't hardly imagine a man alone ordering a case of eggs, but he'd order a case of eggs in the fall and I--

LM: And a case of canned milk?

FM: Oh, yeah, 'course, canned milk anyone could keep that, but fresh eggs are a different story. He would also order five dozen of each, take them up there and keep them. And, of course, potatoes and cabbage and you name it, but--. And the eggs, I often asked him, I'd go up there in March or April and he'd still be using out of the eggs, and I'd say, "How do you keep them fresh?" "Oh," he said, "of late I've tried dipping 'em in paraffin." He'd put-- not paraffin, mineral oil, and he'd put them in the case and he said, "All you need to do, you don't even have to do that," he said, "but every week, turn the case upside down. Keep 'em packed in the case."

FM: He said in Alaska, in the old days, they were awfully expensive up there, he said, but they would usually put them in with feed, oats, or something like that, horse feed, he said, and that way they couldn't move and then they could turn them over and turn them back in a closed container. He said so long as the yolk didn't get down and touch the shell, and that'd take more'n a week, why they wouldn't spoil. And I have-- I'd get up there once in a while and we'd have a meal together, and that was common to make a couple of eggs, fry a couple of eggs, and you couldn't find anything wrong with them. And I know he'd buy them in November, when he'd take 'em in there. But I also asked him how he could keep them lemons that long, and stuff, you know, "Oh," he said, "I just put them in them jars." And he had crockery or glass jars, and he said, "If I note that they are sweating any," he said, "take 'em all out and dry 'em off and put 'em back in again," he said, "they'll keep." He usually had a big glass jar he kept them in, a bowl about that big with a glass lid on it. If that would sweat he'd take 'em out, he said, if he sort of noticed it was sweaty.

SS: Sounds like he really knew the tricks of the trade, and how to get through the winter.

FM: Of course, he'd learned-- another thing, a man that'd went to Alaska, he knew something about taking care of it. Why, up there in Alaska he said, that when he took his flour in there it got wet, which was kinda normal, but it didn't really hurt it. And, I said, "Oh, no." And he said, "Oh, no, you just take and open the sack and break the crust on the top, but it ain't wet all the way through, just a crust," he said, "that'll seal it-self." And he said, "You never bother cracking that," he said, "we used that crust before we got over," he said, "it got scarce enough that they used the crust." "Well," he said, "you'd take that and break it away from the sack," he said, "it wasn't as good as the rest." And he said, "You

didn't need a pan, or anything to mix it in," he said, "you just rolled the sack back open and put a little water in and mixed your stuff right in the top of the sack, and took it out." So that always give ~~an~~ account for why they didn't need too much when they were packing something on their back or on a horse, they didn't need-- he never used a pan to put anything in like that. He'd just go back in the sack and pour the amount of water, or egg, or whatever you mix with it right in there on top of it and mix it up and take it out of there and fry it. Generally was fried in hog fat, you know.

SS: Did he do pretty well when he came back on Gold Creek, Park?

FM: Ah, the records, and I had access to all of them, his sales and everything after he died showed that he was living on any ~~wilkes~~ ^{where} from two hundred fifty to five hundred dollars a year, which was pretty good for them fellows. It isn't a lot but you understand they had no firewood or fuel, no rent, no-- the only thing they had was their food, you understand, and maybe they'd have to buy a box of dynamite to help 'em a little bit moving the boulders and soforth, and batteries, maybe, for his radio. But he always dressed well. Never went up there on Sunday that he wasn't dressed up. I don't mean that he had a Sunday suit on, like the city man, but he would always have a different change of clean clothes on. And I don't recall of him doing like the most of them; doing his washing on Sunday. He had, let's say, most people that talked to him thought he had a college education, but he didn't. He hardly finished grade school, but he read quite a little, and to talk to him you'd a swore he had a-- he was quite educated.

SS: Was it rare for a guy to be like him, to stick with it for so long?

FM: It wasn't rare to find a guy that'd stick with it, but it was rare to find one of his ability. Miners were generally fellows, ^{with} let's say, just average [^]

mechanical abilities, business ability, see, where one that had a little better, let's say, had a little better education or a little better business ability and mechanical ability wouldn't ^{be with it,} -- you know, drop off to something that was more lucrative. Because, mining in itself was-- would call for quite a bit of skill, but the pay wasn't too certain, see. There is considerable amount of questionable gambling done there, I don't mean that you're not going to get anything, but you're not gonna be certain that you're gonna get rich from it. The fact is, mining more likely put the little fellow on the rocks than'll ever make ~~him~~ money. And that was the reason for hunting for the better one over the hill, maybe it would make him rich. It is possible to do it, but it ain't very likely. But even today there's still some good ground, some good places around. The price of gold is such today that you hit a good pocket, you could make yourself rich, alright.

SS: I wonder if a guy like Shattuck, who had made it big in Alaska at one time and then settled back to just getting by for his latter years--

FM: It's in the man's blood to look for gold. It isn't a case of how big you'd make it. You see, you gage yourself to the fact that you're gonna strike it rich sometime in mining, ^{you just} // never change. You'll always stay with that-- you'll always have faith in that thing. And that was the case there. He not only-- it wasn't only that he gambled in mining, he bought stock and whatnot. I can get out all kinds of proof that he bought stock. Whenever he come back ^{with} that money that's the first thing he did, was buy stock in this thing and that thing and something else. He was totally a gambler, ^{let's call it,} ^{stock in} He bought stock in aviation, in oil, in what else was it now that he bought? [?]

SS: The isolation? That's something that these guys-- that was just a part of 'em?

FM: Yes. People annoyed him. Only in the fact that they'd come up and see him, he enjoyed that. Even come up on a Sunday and picnic, and a lot of people

around here knew him, ^{for} the reason they'd go up there, you know, and take a something to eat along, you, and get the old man out there and they'd have kind of a picnic, you know. They'd enjoy it and he enjoyed that. But don't come in the house; he didn't ask them in, ^{as a rule} and he always kept it as neat as all get-out. Oh, he'd ask 'em in maybe for a moment, but this would be something ~~where~~ they could have it out in the meadow in front of the place. But he didn't-- if someone come up there like, and wanted to prospect or anything, he didn't ask you to go in and stay with him. He would give you one of the outer sheds that you could take care of yourself in. He liked to be alone. And he was alone til he was ninety up there. For several years I made it a pretty strict rule to see him, peek in on him pretty often when he was up there. And the latter part of it, why, Curly Darrow would go up there about every other day or so and ^{look,} see that he was OK, until we found that he couldn't handle himself at all and he spent two years down here in the county home was all. But the man was ninety-two when he died, and he was and he had a good memory and all, right up to the-- less than two weeks before he died I took him up to the mine, right to the cabin, and he said, "Now, you're gonna come down and get me and bring me up here." And I said, "Park, you gotta get a release from down there." I did this moreorless to get out of it. I seen his head drop, and it was about a week later that he died.

SS: He wanted to get back in there til the end.

FM: He wanted to go up there to live. And he said, "I can-- I don't need down there. All them people around there." ^(END OF SIDE B) But there was about six fellows in that room with him, and he cried about that all the while he was there. He was sure that he could get along fine up there. Well, he could. I did my best. He had a friend that liked to stay out like that, he lived over here in Garfield, and I got him and asked him if I could get Park up there for a month or two, out of the home, they wouldn't care. I said, "If you will

go up and stay with him. But," I said, "he cannot stay by himself." He wasn't capable of taking care of himself. He was capable of walking and all this and that, but his sense of smell and whatnot was off and his eyesight was awful poor, see, and you just couldn't leave a man like that out there alone. And he couldn't see to keep the place clean and he couldn't smell whether something was decayed or something and he would eat stuff that was too, you know, meat that was putrid or something like that. Well, that just don't work, you know. Make himself sick. I well remember I did some assessment work up there on one of the claims, and it was along about this time of the year, and it'd been real warm then turned off like this, wet and cloudy, I had taken him in early in the week, some beefsteak, and this was along toward the end of the week and he was sick and I said, "What's wrong with you? Park." Well, he didn't know, sick to his stomach and this and that, morning when I went in there and evening when I come out he said he was feeling better. He'd had trouble with his stomach all that night he told me, so in the evening when I come out, why he was feeling better. He was sitting there in the chair and I said, "Would you care for something to eat?" Yeah, yeah, he thought he would. I said, "Well, what would you like?" He thought a while and he said, "Make me some of that beefsteak." I knew right then that that didn't sound right to me, it had been too warm for that beefsteak to be good Saturday after I'd brought it in Monday and no refrigeration. I went out and got it, he kept it in a box out on the porch, and I knew right away that he wouldn't eat that. So, I pulled it down and he was standing there at the door and I said, "Park, you can't eat that, that's spoiled." "Here", I said, "smell it." "Oh," he said, "I can't smell anything wrong with it." I had the answer right then why he was sick. I got Winthrop, who's his nephew up here, called him on the phone, and told him, I said, "We got to do something about it." And I told him the incident I

just related. So he said, "OK". And I said you tell him that you will take him down to Moscow and get him a new set of glasses. He'd been complaining that he couldn't see as good as he should. So he come up and picked him up and took him down to the county home. Boy, I'm telling you he was no friend of his, he wasn't much of a friend before, this nephew, but he certainly wasn't after that. And I got out of being an enemy. (Chuckles) ^{SS} That's right. ^{FM} Yeah. And that was the one reason-- I tried to get him up there every summer, you know, if I could have found someone that would have stayed with him. But I couldn't find anyone that would stay with him.

SS: Do you know how Shattuck Butte and Shattuck Meadows got named after him?

FM: Well, he had homesteaded up on that meadow, yeah. And the butte, of course, was named on account: Shattuck Butte, Shattuck Creek and Shattuck Meadow.

Well, there's a meadow at the base somewhere he had homesteaded. I think if you check the record-- he told me he had homesteaded up there. He'd homesteaded other places, too, you know. But he didn't stay too long. You know homesteading was vogue at one time with them fellows as well as gold mining and everything else. And Gold Hill had quite a few places that were homesteaded on it. You see before the Forest Service came in, which is-- there was another branch of government that took care of the forests, you know. That was in Teddy Roosevelt's time. And before that they had a homesteading-- that you could go out here and lay off even a piece of timber and a lot of these lumber companies got big buying them timber tracts off of these homesteaders. Go out here and homestead a piece-- the requirements wasn't very much, you know, six months residence on it, or something like that. And that was standard, nobody could kick you off, understand otherwise you were just a squatter if you didn't file for a homestead. And it wasn't too strict. I think you was supposed to clear five acres or

something like that. Why, you could go get a meadow or something, that already was cleared, and so that was no problem and live there in a cabin, build a cabin on it. I think you had to build a residence of some kind.

SS: I heard that after the lumber company came in. Between about 19-- Oh, after 1900, 1905 and all and they started paying people to locate on a homestead, prove it up, then sell it to the company, the timber company.

FM: Hogan used to tell me that there was all kinds of Swede and Norwegians and whatnot that he knew full well they didn't have any right. You understand you're supposed to be a U. S. citizen. He said they couldn't even talk English, ^{or ANYTHING} he was pretty sure. And they come in and homesteaded them tracts and the lumber company bought them off. ^{'em} 'Course, they proved up in just a short time and then the lumber company bought them ^{off}. The public took quite a roughing on it. But then part of the public got it so-- . It's a little like the railroads, you can go up through there and you'll find, well through Idaho here generally and find a lot of land that's owned by the railroads. Northern Pacific and so forth. Especially the Northern Pacific. Well, I talked with a lawyer for the Forest Service one time and he wanted a right-of-way. See, I have surface rights on the claims ^{which is rather unusual} I've got, I had them before that law come through and I proved up on 'em. ^{That} They were more valuable for mineral than for the timber and whatnot. And possibly the only reason I'm mining on 'em today is simply because I proved up that they had mineral on 'em, and they are under quite a lot of restriction in this environmental protection and so forth, see. But it gives the Forest Service the right to-- or the fact is, they have to check your operation and all this. I don't wonder at the rule. But, these railroads getting in here, they-- this lawyer told me that they ~~were~~ the Badlands over here in North Dakota-- when they wanted to make that a park, you know, the Badlands National Park, I think it is, why they would trade acre for acre there for good timber land over

in here. They'd send their men, the railroad would ^{around} to appraise the timber. I know this for a fact, because I run into one one time when I was prospecting up here on Gold Hill, in fact, there was two young fellows together, and I said, "What are you two fellers--" I thought they were from the college down here. It wasn't unusual once in a while to find a couple of these fellows studying geology from the college up there. You know, making a field trip or something. No, they were with the railroad, just looking the timber over, see, and they said, "Don't worry, we don't want it, it ain't good enough for us." ^{That's what they told me.} 'Course, it was in a place where it had been an old burn and there wasn't very much big timber in there, as nice timber as it is today. But, you could go all through Idaho and find ^{where} Northern Pacific Railroad owned big blocks of it. And this lawyer told me, lawyer for the Forest Service, see, and at the time he was negotiating a right-of-way with me across one of the mining claims. When I ^{have} surface rights, they even have to get a right-of-way there to put a road on it, the Forest Service does. And, of course, I gave 'em a right-of-way. I don't feel that because I got mineral rights on the thing, I don't hold 'em for the surface rights totally, but I do hold the surface rights so that I can do merely as I please on 'em, that is, I can mine 'em the way I want to. But if someone wants to get logs out or something like that, that hurts the community if you block them, so I never did that. I always left 'em have it for free. The fact is, he told me he was willing to give me six hundred dollars for a right-of-way, and I said, "No," I said, "it's the people's land, it isn't mine, they ^{gave} me the right to work ^{it}," I said, "I don't see why I should stop them from making a living off it, or hauling logs across it." So he told me then that the railroads got this land-- few people ^{really} think that, they thought they got every other mile on each side of the track, for ten miles deep. And they found that there was so many homesteaders and whatnot had got on these portions of the land that the government told them that they

should get-- pick land in other areas where it was open to replace, and wouldn't allow them to run the homesteaders off, til they got land acre for acre somewhere else. And that's why they picked all the good timber land that they could find. So they owned a lot of it, and as I say, homesteaders was pretty popular and the lumber companies bought a lot of it, and if you go around here you'll find a lumber company owns an awful lot of the land in this state.

SS: Well, you to take up the Gold Hill-- what happened there in history in the mining district after the rush, the first rush-- didn't last very long, and sort of settled down and people mined in larger---

FM: Yeah, but you understand, after the first rush it got to some more determined miners, let's say, in the later--- I can give you only the history of the main family that got in there, that was the Carricos. And everybody knew them, that is, all the men that I knew, knew the Carricos. They didn't know the first ones that come in there, but they knew what the Carricos told 'em about them, see, and they come in, the Carricos did, with the first gold rushers, or the tail end of it, see.

SS: About?

FM: Must have been around '68 or '70, somewhere in there. I don't know exactly, but about, because, as I say, they showed the first recorded claims, that I could find, was '78. But, you understand that this was a territory then. And they had to go to Lewiston, so you can readily guess how many times they go to Lewiston to worry about it, as long as he had a shotgun and could run somebody off of it. They were their own law to a great extent, you see. And they held the whole area up there. The Chinese followed the gold rushers and followed them in, and they would put the Chinese to work-- they would plow out, you know, to make ditches to bring water, they were trying to get the water together, see, and the more water you git at the head of the creek, why, the better you could work it; the faster

you could work it. And, of course, the Chinamen, they would hire them and he said they paid a dollar an hour for labor. And they had as many as eighty men working on it. And the way they would deal with them, they would give them a piece of land or a piece of this ground after they got the water up there to work, if-- . They said at times, I don't know who moved the idea but some of them wouldn't -- they'd get the ditch done and they'd ~~chase~~ 'em out of there. One of them would order them to dig the ditch, or hire 'em to dig the ditch and the other'd come up and run 'em off whenever they were starting to mine on their ground. There were three brothers of them Carricos and the Old Man that come in there, so-- . And they raised their families and everything up there. The younger one was-- Adam's boy was Walter. There's some of them still around Moscow, the Carricos, from the ^{regional (?)} original family.

SS: Do you know how they worked, how they could talk to the Chinese? Would the Chinese have one boss man, or something like that?

FM: Yes, generally. They had what they called a Tong among them. See, there would be a gang of them would go together and vow or agree to see that the other ones' carcass got back to China, when he died. That's what a Tong was, merely a fellowship or an agreement whereby they would see that they would be buried in sacred ground.

SS: They would have one man who would--

FM: Each one of them had their own-- and he would usually know enough to do the dealing for the rest of them. Generally there'd be dozen or so together, and they would make a deal with whatever it was-- the leader of the bunch. Apparently in the Tong they would-- they had more or less an equal status, a kind of a socialist deal. Not necessarily that they'd change jobs every day, but there was a tale and I think you probably read it in that GOLDEN STRYCHNINE, if you've read that, that they told about them up there. Every night, or every time they would put the gold away, two of them would

go together, hide it, and then they would trade that one every time they'd change, or every week, I don't know just what, but anyhow they'd change, and ⁱⁿ that way one couldn't take it without the other one knowing where it was. He couldn't take off, see. So-- the angle is, the one that took care of the business or less of the whole bunch of them, but they were all, you know, more or less equal otherwise.

SS: What about the stories about the determination of the Chinese to get out and work the gold land harder than the whites did? Is there truth in that, that the Chinese did that?

FM: That they did what?

SS: Did they work much harder to get gold?

FM: They were industrious, to say the least, but they would work ground that the other fellow wouldn't work. This is evidence ^{up there} on Hoteling Creek, they went in on Hoteling Creek, and the other miners wouldn't monkey with it, even though it was good, it was all big boulders. It was hard to work. You understand big boulders, hand work, is the most tedious and back breaking job you can think of. And they said they had a great, long bar that they used, seven-eight feet long. They'd pry the boulder around and lift it up a little, you know, and work around, then work under it and finally dig a hole beside it and tip it over and get it out of the way enough so that they could keep on going. You could go up today and see that that was done there. Great big, open spaces between them boulders, that is, I don't say big, but open spaces between 'em where there is no water or ^{no} stuff filled in today yet around 'em. And they said there was one other miner that worked there later, an old fellow from Palouse, they called him Sow Belly Jack, because he lived on salt pork and beans altogether, ^{pret meat} he used to work in there, too, after-- that's after that bunch got killed, or chased out of there. He worked in there, some. He said he worked a winter or two,

a year or two.

SS: Did they stay for long? The Chinese when they could work on the creeks?

FM: Yeah. They were up there for quite a spell. Quite a few years. Said that Carrico ^{wad} eighty of them at one time working in there. They were working on mining on a share basis, '80's. That's when this town had quite a few at the head of the-- up there at Gold Creek. The town was, if it was a town, if you wanted to call it that; the settlement was on East Fork of Gold Creek.

SS: Were they working with the idea being that they would make money to go back to China?

FM: That's it exactly. That was their total-- they never worked as if this was a permanent place to--. You see, any respectable Chinaman would have to be buried in sacred ground. And, furthermore, if he had a little gold, or a little money, he'd be wealthy back there, where he wasn't here. Just nobody here, but back there he was wealthy if he had even a small amount of money. That started already down in California, you know, in the gold rush down there. That was the reason the white miners didn't like 'em was because they would work ground that was very unproductive just for a little gold, and yet they could-- well they lived frugally, you know, they had little or nothing ^{to live on, a} little grain or something like that. ^{LM:} One freighter said that one of the most unusual shipments he had was the bones of seven Chinamen in one box that was to be shipped back to China.

SS: I've heard that it was really bad if their queues ^{were} off, because that was part of the idea; you lost status back in China if they didn't have those queues.

FM: Well, some years ago, this was about '47, I made a run down to Silver City down here in Owyhee, Southern Idaho, and it was a ghost town even then, during the war they pretty well stripped it out, mines and stuff, the copper out of it, you know, and there was still two old fellers living in there. And they were like these old fellows up here, you know, the ones I knew,

and I got in there on a Sunday afternoon and they'd had an ad in the Nampa paper about this wonderful ghost town, Silver City, see, and this was a real nice November day and there was a lot of people out in there, went out to see this Silver City. And they were just tearing it apart, breaking in here. Well, I got in about along in the afternoon and this old fellow was running around, I didn't know him, and he come running up to me and he said, "Will you help me?" And I said, "What do you want?" And he said, "Go over there and keep them from breaking into that church over there." And there was a little church up on a knoll, so I went over and shoed these people out and come back and stood around there a while, and after a while, why, looked the place over, and after a while, I see the old man running here and there and elsewhere, you know, people trying to pull the boards off windows and things like that, you know. So finally I see him coming down through the ^{middle of the} town there and he said, "You going through?" And I said, "No I come in, I wanted to look at the mines, get a little data ^{on 'em}." I said, "I'll stay overnight, I'll stay a couple days probably." "Well," he said, "you gonna stay a while, where you gonna camp?" And I said, "Oh, I just bunk in the car. I'll just stay in the car." He said, ^{That won't do ya any good.} "Come on over to the house and stay with me." So he told me the whole history of that town. He was born and raised in it. And among the things was, he was talking about these here raiders, I guess he called 'em, that was raiding this ghost town at the time. He said, "You know there was a bunch ^{was out} here about two months ago," and, he said, "they dug up some of them Chinamen's graves," he said, ^{them Chinamen,} "of course, ^{they} all expected to be back to China", he said, "they didn't a get there, that's certain," he said, "but--" And they'd dug 'em up and took the skulls out from a couple of 'em. He said, "We put a little ad in the paper," this is him and the other fellow that was in there, Willie Hawes was his name, and this here, the fellow that I met in there first was John Greet, and he said they'd put a little ad in the newspaper,

in the Nampa paper, and they said there, if the party who had took them skulls would come back and put them back again, they wouldn't report them. He said it worked, they put 'em back.

SS: What is the story about, you heard, about the Chinaman getting killed?

FM: Well didn't you see it in that---

SS: Yeah, but it wasn't just the same way as it was when you told it to me, seems like you told a lot more detail.

FM: Well, I told more detail than that story did, but----- (END of Side C) (end of cassette)

FM: -----run them Chinamen off, see. And they had eighty and they said they were high grading the boxes, not divvying up square with them square, see. Well, this isn't too hard to do if you know the trick, see. If you know mining. You get in there in the first riffle or two and you get the most of the gold and if you're in there and get some of the bigger nuggets out you're gonna get a bigger share. They did that among themselves, the Carricos did, it wasn't unusual cheatⁿ on each other, see. But they run them all off; give 'em a couple of hours to get out of there and that bunch went down to the Hoteling Creek. They were out of his area, see, he didn't have any say-so down there, and apparently the ground was open, and they mined down there for a year or so. Said ten months, is what Hogan did. Hogan told me that he was in St. Ignacius Hospital over there in Colfax in 1918, during the First World War with a hernia operation and he said this old clean-up man, the Chinaman in the hospital and him got kind of chummy, got to talking about things, talking about mine, he said, "Where at?" "Gold Creek". "Oh". Joe said, then they loosened up and he told him that they went down there to mine, there was thirteen of 'em in the one Tong, and they^{had} mined there for about ten months and they had a cabin, I know where the ground today where it set, and I saw it, it had burned down, that's all I ever saw was the design of the cabin, where it had burned down. At least the ground burned red, you know where the logs, where you had a big fire, on

just like it. And Alden told me that was the old China camp, is what was said. Well, Hogan said, "Yeah," he said, "whenever--" That always provoked the guys that were mining in there, not Hogan, he was mining in there, too-- but some of them and they were gonna get rid of them, gonna get them out of there. So, he wasn't in there at the time, Hogan wasn't. But, you understand, I mean at the time this happened, he was in there later. But he had got this information from this Chinaman when he was in the hospital, see. Well, they hadn't listened to the orders to get out, and he asked the freighter to bring him in some kerosene, extra, and he waited until the bunch of them were in bed and this one that was the cleanup man, apparently had to get up and run out to the bathroom - at night and he hears them around the cabin, and he just stood and waited, and finally someone lit a-- lit this kerosene and the whole thing was on fire at once, pretty much, and any one of 'em'd come out the door they shot him. He said he didn't know who did it because it was night and so forth, but he had a pretty good idea.

SS: What did he do then? The Chinaman?

FM: He just headed back out here to Deep Creek, to Starners and got out of there. He said that there was no way would he ever go back in there when they'd do that thing to a Chinaman. The Chinaman wasn't necessarily for gain, you know. They never tried to fight the white man to amount to anything. They might pull a trick on him but they wouldn't fight him.

SS: Doesn't seem like a winning proposition if the people were not sympathetic.

FM: They weren't, they weren't. Mrs. Jones tells me-- told me, that there was a family around here that for twenty bucks would go out and kill anyone of them-- for twenty dollars. They said that after they chased 'em out from up at the mine, they come down here and mined and they would pick patches of ground around here, they knew pretty much about it, and garden. By that time, you understand, there were settlers around here, and furthermore,

there was still quite a few people up there, ^{mining,} see. And there was need for garden stuff in here, see. And they said them Chinamens could grow a dandy garden anywhere. They even grew gardens up in the-- on Gold Creek. But when they chased them out of there, they come down here and they so disliked 'em around here, this one outfit particularly, I won't name 'em at all, would for twenty bucks would go out and get 'em out of your hair, if that was what was bothering you.

SS: Well, didn't this Chinaman say he wanted to sometime try to find the money that he'd been bilked---?

FM: No, he said, so long as that outfit was in there that shot them, why, he wouldn't go back. He was just afraid to go back. But he said that all the gold they'd mined was up there, because he didn't know where it was, see, that's the way they did-- they traded off hiding it, and he didn't know where it was.

SS: So, he would have had to search, too.

FM: He would have had to search and he said he didn't know where it was.

SS: How many do you guess had been up there with them that had been killed?

FM: A dozen. He said there was a dozen of 'em. But you realize that a dozen of them with a thing-- and if you'd catch 'em, and get enough fire ^{on 'em}, you'd smother half of them to death before they'd get out, you know. They were sleeping. You get enough smoke and stuff in the place, they'd never get out. A man sleeping, you know, is not too hard to get him overcome with smoke. He couldn't see where he was going or anything, you know, the smoke'd burn his eyes, blind him, you know. No, I could see where it could be done. It would be a dastardly trick, but it could be done, alright.

SS: That's cold-blooded murder.

FM: Yeah. Well, and after they'd gone-- there was no law here to amount to anything then. That's for sure. The law didn't care anyhow about a Chinaman.

They were indifferent, let's say, to the death of a Chinaman. That's what Old Greg told me down there. The law never went to any extremes ~~to hunt~~ ~~the murderer~~ of a Chinaman. He told me that he was county coroner down there for one term, and he said they never bothered with the Chinamen.

SS: In Owyhee County?

FM: Yeah, I spent a couple of days with the old fellow. He set there and tell me about being coroner. Why, he only ran for that job once, that was enough. He said, you get some awful ones, he said, see, fellows get killed in the mines or a horse'd kick him or something, you know, or get killed hauling freight in, or something. Or logging, they did an awful lot of taking timber off, you know, to supply firewood for the boilers and their stoves and their homes, you know. But, he said-- I asked him also whether they had very much, you know, gunplay. "No," he said, "there wasn't too much of that." Oh, he said one time he had to investigate a murder of one of these here-- in one of the gambling dens. He said there was a lot of them. There was eight houses of prostitution and as many gambling dens in there then. And someone had murdered one of them there, one of the prostitutes. Said it was a pretty bloody affair, they'd used a knife on 'em. But he said the worst one was-- someone reported that a miner had committed suicide down by Triangle. Well, Triangle's a way down below Silver City in the most barren place you could think of. They said that he had a cabin down there and was mining on a little creek of some kind. Anyhow, he said he didn't know very much about what he was doing down there. He said he was a prospector, and he said he got a fellow to go with him and took horses and they went down there, it took 'em a day or two to get down to where this fellow was, and there he said he was hanging-- had hung himself to the rafter of the cabin, to the ridgepole of the cabin. Well he said that it was pretty cold and snowy and he said the cabin was cold so they built a fire in the stove -- it wasn't a stove-- a fireplace and started warming

it up a little. And they debated between 'em whether to take the corpse out, take it down and take it outside, and they decided, no, you take it outside, they had to bow it over a horse to take it back, you know; tie the guy over a horse to take it back to town. It would thaw out during the night, it was froze stiff, the corpse was, it would thaw out a little overnight. He said, you know, we slept in that cabin just as sound with that corpse hanging in there as if it wasn't. He said the next morning they took it out and tied him on the horse, brought him in to-- he said I was gone five days on that trip. I never run for that job again.

SS: These Chinamen that were on Hoteling Creek, that they were killed, right?

FM: It's near Hoteling Creek. They didn't live right on Hoteling Creek. They lived up Gold Creek just a little ways. I would say, from where they worked it was less than a quarter of a mile. Probably three-four hundred yards.

SS: I suppose that they had been there for a year working, and all they had made was there, then some people must figure that there may be really a lot of money buried there.

FM: There is, there is bound to be some loot buried around up there, but where is it at? I have no less than two or three where this gold is buried stories and possibly more gold ledges, rich ones, lost up there.

SS: By the way, are there any other times that you heard of that the Chinese were murdered up in the hills?

FM: Not in there. That's the only incident that I know of them being murdered, ~~in there,~~ that is, that ever got out. There is no question but what some of them just plain disappeared without anybody-- There was no record of them being in the country lots of times, you know. So who knows?

SS: And the Hoodoos, too. No--

FM: Yeah, you saw that one in Strychnine, the Hoodoos. That was said to be so, that they dumped strychnine in the creek, you know, and poisoned 'em.

SS: Did you hear that in the old days?

FM: Yes, I heard the story. It isn't someone's figment of imagination, because they claimed they done that to 'em. You understand there was a lot of hatred of them Chinamen around for some reason. It's kind of-- well, let's say, it kinda seemed to be a vogue to be along with everybody else and not like them, even though they were ^{Maybe} pretty good fellows, they were outcasts as far as ^{the} society was concerned.

SS: Well, what did you hear about the strychnine story?

FM: Just about the story the same as is written in there. They had went up there after the rest had been out and dug a ditch, see, to get more water and these here couple of fellows that thought maybe they were doing pretty good, decided that'd be a way to get out and find out, so they poisoned 'em. See, they used the water out of the ditch, well, that ain't unusual. A miner didn't pay any attention to the water, you know, he took it for granted that it was fit to drink.

SS: Well, did it take much to strychnine the water?

FM: Yes, it took considerable. Well, strychnine is pretty poisonous-- when you're talking of a flowing stream-- No, I would guess that a lot of the-- that was mainly someone bragging about trying to get rid of them that way, more than it was, let's say, did actually-- he might have done that, but whether they killed 'em doing that is a question mark. But you could take, there's a lot of places down in here where it's well known that they hung them and everything else. Dixie, down at Dixie, there's one they call the hangin' tree, where they hung the Chinamen on, and so forth. I've seen the thing, which they claim it to be, I don't know. Mistreating the Chinamen seemed to be the fashion ⁱⁿ them days. That's about all you could call it-- they were an inoffensive type of person generally, you know. A few of them, I guess, could be, there's an incident that they -- one or so

got a little vicious down here at Orofino or something at one time, but there's no-- never did I hear of any up in here. That Orofino one was that they put some powder in a stick of firewood or something and someone got-- I don't know ~~if~~ he even got hurt with it but, they went out and hung later, five or eight of them or something for it. They were taking them down-- I guess one of them did kill someone, or murder someone, and they were taking 'em down to Lewiston and someone caught them on the road and hung the whole bunch of them. But that was the general attitude at the time towards them. I don't believe that they were that offensive. Anyway, there's probably a lot more white men around that needed hanging than they did. Especially when Plummer's outfit was around. They have quite a record.

SS: Well, what did the Carricos do as far as their mining operation on Gold Creek? They were in there for a long time?

FM: Yeah. They started with sluice gates and when the railroad come in they got them a hydraulic and they had the water all there together and they hydraulic mined. And the records show-- and Old Adam claimed that they never sold the nuggets off their gold, they only sold the fine gold, and it showed the year that he lost his eyesight, he was the one that had the mechanical skill and stuff of the three of them, the year he lost his eyesight that record just fluked-- two hundred ounces it went ~~up~~ down. It picked up a little after that, but never went up to that again. They said that the Carricos, the other two; there was Adam, Elmer and Ed. Ed was next to Adam, Adam was the oldest. Park told me that he was in there-- when he come back from Alaska in 1900, and they were hydraulicing, he said, right out from the cabin there where he was at, at the time. And he said that they'd run it all night, you know, just a kerosene lantern or something, but in the morning they'd have to sweep the bedrock off of the hydraulic

and then they'd get out and pick the nuggets off of it. Well, this is standard practice, you know, because that way you're sure to get them, they don't have to run 'em down in the box and you get 'em that much sooner. He said the whole bunch of them would show up in the morning, you know, the women and all, and he said they tried to discourage the rest of-- the women and so forth from picking them, but he said that one of the women found a nugget and off she went you know, with the nugget just a yelling and he said the one on the hydraulic even tried to turn it on her to catch her, but she got away, he said. ^{The rest of 'em didn't.} But, he said that he went on up in the upper corner, and you can still see today the corner he was telling me about, and he said the Old Man had taken a chair up there and was sitting there with a shotgun and he talked to 'em a bit, and he said he was just keeping the boys from washing out his garden spot. He had a garden spot in this corner, see, and they were working this hydraulic in there, and he had the shotgun sitting in a chair there to keep 'em from washing that out.

SS: His garden, really?

FM: His garden. Now this is the Dad of these three boys. So I don't know just when he died, but he died somewhere shortly after that, somewhere between then and 1906, that was 1900.

SS: When did Adam get blinded?

FM: 1906.

SS: What's the story? On how that happened.

FM: Well, there was several statements about it. I wasn't involved myself in it, but one man said that he said that he told him, that he was hunting birds and tripped over a log and the shotgun went off accidentally. That don't stick very tight with me because if a shotgun goes off close to your face, it wouldn't blind you, it'd blow your head off. And another one said

that he, some way he was running somebody off the creek there and stumped the gun down in front of him and the blast from it blinded him, went off. And the other one told the tale that he took-- or in the morning he was running this hydraulic all night and in the morning he was out there picking the box, see, the upper riffles of the thing, and they had warned him not to do that, 'cause it was community property, you understand, he was in too, and whenever he called his name out, and one of the brothers did, and called his name out to him, and when he looked up he shot at him at about thirty yards and blinded him. He said that the water was out of the one eye, so he was-- it wasn't a blast in front of his face that did it, because that won't blow your eyes out, you know, a shotgun isn't that big of a blast. If it went off in front of your face it might throw powder in it and blind you temporarily, and maybe even totally, but you wouldn't knock the water out of the eye. ^{that's} been a shot hit it you know. And he ^{had} always hoped that he'd get eyesight in the other one, but they said he never did. That's pretty much a rule that ^{you don't} if you lose the water out of one eye you'll never see out of the other one again. He had did quite a little doctoring trying to get it after that, but never did. Then they said the rest of them was as akward as all get out, they couldn't do anything after that. He was both the brains for it and the mechanic of the outfit. They ~~were~~ quite mechanical. They had a cyanide mill and they worked hardrock as well and they did it necessarily before Adam was blind because they said Ed went ^{to} mining and he did an awful mess of it, he put a hole up there above the Reservoir ^{gich down} about two hundred feet. And he had a steam-- or a horse ~~wind~~ ^{the} to drive hoist, you know. And he had a steam engine to run the compressor, but he used a horse to lift the ore out of the thing. They called it a horse ~~wind~~ . But that was all afterwards. And they said that all the men told me, that whenever they-- after they-- Adam lost his eyesight that they just didn't get anywhere with the

mining. ~~the~~ only way I got to prove whether that's true is reading the record and it shows in this county, see that was the county record of the area, showed that it dropped right off in 1906.

SS: But Adam Carrico stayed in here and kept at it.

FM: Til 1925. He lived there yet til 1925. That was in the days before there was any old age assistance or anything, too. So he wasn't entirely broke. And they said he spent a lot of money trying to get his eyesight back, too. And he finally landed in a Poor Farm, it's true, but whenever he died they found he still had fifteen hundred dollars or so in a bank account in Spokane, so he wasn't totally ---- ~~out then~~. And he claimed that all the nugget gold was somewhere up there that he'd found, but he didn't know where it was. That Josie had buried it, and he ^{just} couldn't see and didn't know where to look for it. He didn't know where she'd buried it even. And she was 'buggy'; she landed in Orofino.

SS: Did anybody that you knew up there remember having seen any of the gold nuggets he talked about having?

FM: Yeah. Curly ~~Dunbar~~ ^{did}, told me that he and his dad were together.

SS: Was that the story on that that he brought it out and let 'em see it?

FM: Uh-huh. Yeah, well, they were visiting and he got her to get the nuggets and show it to 'em. Said the old man ~~root~~ his finger around in-- Adam ~~would~~ ^{would} root his finger around until he'd find ^{the} big one and then he'd show 'em that big one. "That's the biggest one we ever got." Ten ounces in it. They got it on East Fork he said. This was two hundred, over two hundred dollars, well, it was twenty dollars an ounce then, twenty sixty-four.

SS: He didn't see where she went to get the gold or anything like that?

FM: No. He said that the Old Man told them, him and his dad were together, to sit in a certain place in the cabin and if they would move, he'd say, "Now you just wait, Josie'll be back pretty soon shortly." He said he could hear good enough, ^{but he didn't move,} but if they moved in the least he'd say, "Just wait."

That was the agreement, he said, "If you sit over there and then Josie will get 'em and show 'em to you." Josie was his wife, you know. she ended up, I guess as pretty childish. And that's what he said that he couldn't get Josie to find 'em. And he made that statement after he'd been in the home at - End of Reel #1 (End of Side D)

SS: I wonder why he just kept it there that long; cash it in, keep it up there.

FM: Well, you can readily see ~~how it~~ happened. When he was blind, she took care of it, see. And then when she got childish, he said that it was stated-- I don't know who said it, but someone told me that, she would take kinda, you know, flighty spells, and he said that she could just grab ahold of them there-- her hands on the brace on the roof, you know not the rafters, but the ~~tie~~ bars, and just walk along holding on one hand after the other, just hang on, swing herself along. He seen her doing it. I think it was Darrow told me that.

SS: What I mean, his wife-- he waited, didn't try to cash his gold in when he was a younger man and could still--

FM: He had plenty, apparently until later. He didn't have to do anything with the nuggets, see. No, they were efficient miners. He was, Adam was. And you understand them days if you had two hundred ounces in a year that you took out between three of you, you had a pretty good wad of money compared with what it costs to live up in a place like that. See, they said that the price of things was high until the railroad come in. Well, that was 1890, we'll say, or '88, I think was when they first come in there. Well, all the good years of their mining, stuff had went down again. That's the same as this Lost Wheelbarrow mine, you know, whenever-- that fellow, ~~that~~ Moore that started that Lost Wheelbarrow story, knew that this country was booming here at the time. And that was when the Depression was on, that's

whenever the President said that prosperity was just around the corner, you know, Hoover, I think, claimed that one. But, it was around the corner here. They found out they could grow them there dry peas in this country, and they were getting six cents a pound for 'em, and raising eighteen hundred or two thousand pounds to the acre, when you could buy these cats and machines for a tenth of what you can pay for 'em today. And Moore, that's the guy that promoted the thing and this Striker he lived down there for a year and a half in Palouse, or a year, at least before they ever found that. And he lived in a little trailer house, a home made one, and then all at once they found that Lost Wheelbarrow Mine up there. They sold stock to everybody around the country. They not only sold it, they traded it for anything and everything. There was, oh, cats and light plants and whatnot went up there.

SS: Was the story pretty well known about ~~the~~ ^{guy's found it?} Lost Wheelbarrow mine when these

FM: Yeah, reasonably well, Wasn't too well known, but I would claim this, I'd heard it before-- in a vague way, let's say. Hogan told me that he had run into this Casper looking for it one time when he was prospecting over in the Moscow Mountain . And he knew the tale of it, that is, he knew-- he would tell you that much-- why, he said, "When they started up here," he said "Well, that ^{Here is} ~~A~~ over on Moscow Mountain." He claimed that Casper told him that it was either-- he couldn't detect any more where it was, it was at the head of ~~Cameria~~ or Mack Creek, one of the two of them. I've never seen them. They both have gold on 'em; both ~~Cameria~~ and Mack Creek.

SS: Casper told him that same story that he thought he'd killed his partner and so he left?

FM: Yeah, yeah. Yeah, and then he chucked out of there and went over to the coast, see, and got down to San Francisco and lost it all. What he'd got, he'd got about twenty thousand dollars for it, for the concentrate or what they'd collected together. And he felt that whenever-- when he woke up he was at sea, after that binge. And he didn't mind that at all, he kind

of liked it there and he stayed with that for years, because he felt he was safe. But one time they'd landed in Portland and he found-- said that he'd run into this partner of his, over there in Portland. Said he quizzed him and he didn't know-- couldn't remember a thing, had amnesia, ^{from it} I suppose from this blow on the head. And that's when he decided to come back and see if he could locate it. It was twenty years later.

SS: What was the idea? Was Casper's story, -- had he planned it, or had he just gotten into a fight-- just into an argument trying to do his friend in? Or did they just blow up?

FM: Never had too much detail on it, other than they'd quarreled, was what he said, what Hogan told me, that he told him, that they had quarreled over, I judge, the division of the gold. He said that his partner hadn't put out anything or had ~~it~~ let's say, had no finance to start the thing. He had grub-staked him or something, or he had lived off him, is what he said. They quarreled about the division of it, so you'll have to use your imagination what the argument was about.

SS: Well, did they use a wheelbarrow to mark it, or did he just stick a wheelbarrow in the-- was there just one left around there? I've heard both ways.

FM: No, they used a wheelbarrow, but that was standard practice, see, use a wheelbarrow to haul the stuff out from a mine, if it was just a prospect mine, especially. Unless it was just, you know, a prospect tunnel, why, a wheelbarrow-- all you needed was a wheel, the rest of it was growing right around there, you know, if you wanted to do it that way. It was said-- to be honest about it, Hogan never mentioned it--

SS: Wheelbarrow?

FM: The whole thing, yeah. The only mention of the wheelbarrow was, that he when he hit him he left him draped over the wheelbarrow at the mouth of the tunnel. And he didn't blast it shut or anything else, he just took the loot and off he went. He looked at him and decided he was dead and that

was it. Off he went.

SS: So Casper came back-- was it in the '20's?

FM: Oh, no. No, about 1900.

SS: Oh, that early!

FM: It was 1880 when he and his partner found it. No, about 1900 is when he got back. And Joe said it was around, oh after 1900, he was prospecting one time-- he said he was in his cabin several times. He had a cabin over there that he lived in.

SS: Where was that? Would that have been on ^{Clumberland} or--?

FM: No, he said the cabin was on this side, but he didn't put it up, it was one someone else had, it was on this side of the mountain. Wasn't too far, half mile or a mile he can go over and drop down on the head of that. Somewhere high up on the ridge.

SS: He spent a lot of time, many years ^{looking?}

FM: Must have because, -- I gather it was about 1910 or '12 when he first knew about it-- eight or ten years, yeah.

SS: It's funny, it seems like he paid quite a price for almost killing a buddy.

FM: There's other people-- there was a Meaghan down there, and there's still some Meaghans around Troy- there's one of them that befriended him and so forth-- it might be some of it could be got from him.

SS: Billy Meaghan, he's dead.

FM: Hogan's dead, too, a long time, see. The men that would have known him, not too many around, I'm sure-- and he didn't know a lot of men. But he was a friend to one of the Meaghans ^{befriended him.} I don't know what his name was, it probably was Billy.

SS: So then, the doctor-- was this guy a doctor who--?

FM: Trikler, yeah, was a doctor. He was a chiropractor or something down here in Palouse. But all that stuff you could get right out of that Palouse Republic, at least some of it. He claimed the doctor found it. That's what

the story was. And--All I know is, I had a placer outfit, I was working on Gold Creek and they'd come down there-- it was always Moore that I'd see, I had seen Trikler around a few times. But he'd have somebody with him, and they'd stand and watch me and all the machines running I couldn't hear what they were saying; they'd stand and watch me and then pretty soon off they'd go. But, Trikler stopped one time and invited us up to kind of a-- wasn't that a Fourth of July Celebration they had up there? Watermelon and whatnot. There was a whole mob of them up there then, *people*. And they had a whole mess of people that lived up there. They had twelve or fifteen cabins.

LM: They had a school in there.

FM: Yeah. They started a school in there.

SS: What were these people doing? Were they working in the mine? All these people?

FM: Oh, they were a bunch of Oakies, and they worked for stock, you know. Oakies, Arkies, mainly.

SS: Worked for what?

FM: Stock in the thing. And he'd supply 'em with something to eat, you know. And they'd do the digging and so forth. Dave Malsed was going to college then and in between, he worked all one summer up there, and he gave me more information on the inside of the camp than anybody else.

SS: Is he still around here?

FM: Oh, yes. He wouldn't tell you a thing anyway, you couldn't get anything out of him. He'd tell it to me, but I doubt if he'd tell you anything. I've got most of his stuff on it. But there was an awful lot of it we knew definitely because it was right there. I'd watch the cars going up there and everything else, you know. People from St. Louis stopped one time and wanted to know what I thought about it. And I said, "I don't know anything about it. I've been up to it and looked at it. I didn't see anything that looked

very rich up there." "But," I said, "if you keep digging, you might find something." So along come an old fellow one day, and we were mining along there, and the water-- it was late in the summer-- and the water was pretty low and he said, "What about this Lost Wheelbarrow Mine?" Curley Darrow and I were working together. "Well," he says, Darrow said, "I don't know," he said, "they got quite a hole they're digging in up there, and so forth. But they found an old wheelbarrow in the mouth of it." "Where's it at?" "Well," Curley said, "up there on-- 'tween East Gold Hill and Prospect, about half way. Prospect Peak." "Well," he said, "think I'll go up and take a look at it." And he had walked in ^{by over} _{3/4} I don't know where, I don't know where he got his last ride, but somewhere from ^{on way} out there. And, I said, "Well, that's quite a ways up there from here, yet." It was about two and a half or three miles up the hill, you know, ^{alone} and then it was two miles down the creek. "You wait til the water's run out here," we hadn't started yet when he come in. It was in the afternoon. We could run a while in the morning, then we'd run a while in the afternoon, you see, while we'd collect the water. And I said, "You wait until I run the water out, why, I'll take you up in the car." So, he and Curley and I went up and the old feller didn't say very much, when he was looking at the thing. He didn't say anything ^{in fact} until we started back down. And, he said, "I hope they have luck with that," he said, "because I dug that hole twelve years ago." ^{I started it.} He said, "I left that wheelbarrow in there!" (Chuckles) I got his name, I can't think of his name now. Do you remember it?

That's the only time I ever saw him, but other people around here knew him. John Thompson down here had a trunk of his. He said he was a candy maker down here at Palouse originally this---

FM: Quackenbush was his name.

FM: No. No. I'll get it, just a moment here.

LM: Old Thompson used to talk about a Quackenbush.

VERY NOISY---

SS: That's really nice. He used to get his mail put in there.

LM: Yes, Uh-huh, ^{used to} use it for a letter holder.

SS: Gosh, it really is nice.

LM: Frank had it resilvered for me. I was trying to take -- they sprayed it with something to keep the silver from tarnishing, and I was trying to take it off. It was kinda hard to get off. Frank had it resilvered for me in 1960, and we had it done at the Aladdin Shop up in Spokane. And the man offered us seventy-five dollars the way it was before it was resilvered. I said, no, it had sentimental value. I wanted to keep it.

NOISY---

FM: Real neat old man, nothing sloppy about Park, ever. I got to have me order in here--^{I don't know if I can find anything.} Oh, I have it some in order but-- maybe this is it. I had a receipt-- that isn't it either. I had a receipt for a mortgage that this John Thompson gave me, that this old feller had. And he said he was mining down in the Seven Devils country then, ~~and~~ he'd come up from down there. There was quite a lot of them around at the time. Them old fellows still back in these holes digging, making a living somehow for themselves. You take all them miners up there and they weren't making over a couple of hundred dollars a year, mining, and they still stuck to it.

SS: We're not going to get through today and I'll come back and maybe between this time and next time you'll have the names. It's not important to get it now. Sometime you can get it to me. I'm thinking that business starting in the late '20's-- this Lost Wheelbarrow Mine was discovered by-- you said it was the same time--

FM: No. No. That was what? '39? '38- '39.

Mrs. MILBERT: They had been selling stock ^{on it for} a couple of years before we---

FM: Oh, yeah. Well it was '38 or '39. But it was '40 and '41 when they started

to work in here. Oh, they had been selling stock before that but-- but, gee whiz, he'd trade it for any and everything, you know. He traded for stock in other mines, too, whatnot. And that Moore was-- he was just pretty clever, I'm telling you. He was a real promoter.

SS: What's the deal? Weren't there people around here-- you came about then-- but I would imagine that the old time miners who were here wouldn't have been taken in by that.

FM: They weren't, there wasn't a miner-- the farmers was the ones that come in. I know, I had some stock certificates.

MRS. M: Even farmers that lived close to up there, never thought there was any gold taken out. Like Old Brown, he never thought that there was any gold taken out of there.

FM: Not Brown. That wasn't Brown that was--

MRS. M: Browning.

FM: Browning.

SS: But did most of the stock go locally? To local people?

FM: Lot of it did.

MRS. M: Treklen was on TV, on We The People and it was broadcast all over the nation.

FM: Yeah. He went back there and got on We The People--

MRS. M: That's how Moore got into trouble with selling stock through the mail.

FM: Yeah.

SS: So this really went nation wide, huh?

FM: Yeah. It went by the name of the Fitzen Mining Company, I think. I know that's the name of it. Fitzen. And it was signed by B. M. Taylor, the thing. I have a photocopy of one of the things in there.

SS: Who's Taylor?

FM: B. M. Taylor, was president of the corporation. It was two and a half cents

a share for the thing and he sold two million, or six million something like that. I marked it down somewhere. It shows here that ~~Dave~~^{Dave said} he earned sixty thousand shares of it.

SS: Dave?

FM: Dave ~~Malsed~~ He got six dollars a day and board, and he earned sixty thousand shares of it. And we found another fellow here the other day that he had traded - some of them shares to; he said he traded all but about a thousand shares to a man by the name of Sheek . but he traded some we found out to Bud Thompson down here and Bud said he'd get 'em out the next he got in the box and give 'em to me, show me ^{'em}. You know, I've found other guys that had 'em but they didn't know where they were, and they didn't know anything about 'em, see. They were ashamed, you know, they didn't like being known as having been 'took', ~~let's~~ say. But it's about two years ago, maybe three that someone-- some attorneys closing out an estate, I could get the thing out in there, and wrote to the Lost Wheelbarrow Mine, Potlatch, Idaho, and of course I ended up getting the letter, the mailman didn't know who to give it to, he said I knew more about it than the rest of 'em did. So I opened it and looked it over. And they were trying to close this estate and they had some stock in this Lost Wheelbarrow Mine and ^{they} wanted to know if it was-- how good it was. 'Course, I told 'em it was defunct since 1941, so it wasn't worth anything at all. The stock wasn't. But there was a lot of promoters on Gold Creek the same as everywhere else. That was just one of 'em. The Lost Wheelbarrow Mine. Bockmeier was quite a promoter, that was up there for years. I would even claim that Dort Gillam was a promoter. He wasn't a promoter maybe as much as Bockmeier and some of them, he's still living on ~~his~~. But here a couple of years ago, along come a woman and asked me ~~if~~ I knew where such and such a Gold Bug claim was. And I said, "Yeah, I know about where it is. I could easily find it." And she said-- and I said, "What do you want to know for?"

"Well," she had worked for this man for many years and as a gift he had given her this claim that he had bought off Gillam. She was retiring now and I said, "Well, what do you want it for?" And she said she wanted to build a cabin, a place to recreate on or enjoy, you know. And I said, "No mining claim-- that isn't the purpose of a mining claim," I said, "for that reason I ain't even gonna bother hunting it up."

SS: She had the Gold Bug claim?

FM: And the name of that was, one of his Gold Bug-- he named 'em pretty near all Gold Bug II, or B or A or something. But he apparently sold mining claims too, to make a go of it.

SS: That sounds like a whole different-- just an entirely different breed and motivation and everything than the old time miners that had been there.

FM: No, the old-time miners were all-- they loved a promoter, because he would make the-- get the mining going, see. A promoter was a very essential affair in the-- he could convince people that they ought to put money in a mine. You understand the old-time miner could do a little by hand, and he could maybe make a living, but if he found anything that was worth a dime he didn't have any money to promote or to make it into a mine. They all had dreams of a big mine, we all have ourselves, of making something useful out of it-- out of our little start, see. And that was what they had, they had a little start there. I well remember when I first came on Gold Creek, I was welcome in every one of their places, and I got every story and everything that they had to tell about the place, because I had machinery and they knew that I was looking for placer ground to work the machinery on. Well, see,-- and that was the way I first got a start. I went in on one of the fellow's ground and he and I worked together there for shares on it, see. Well, you see with machinery you can handle so much more, so anybody that was a promoter, why, would go up here and tell someone to come on down and there was lots of good ground to work. That was promoting it, see.

So they always welcomed a promoter. Probably the best promoter was Old Fennell on the other side of the hill. Jesse Fennell. he was the sharpest one out of the whole bunch. He probably come out the best. Here's another lost mine that Old Parko was wanting me to go look for. That's his own writing, own drawing and everything there.

SS: These guys on the--

FM: That's one that he was looking for in Montana. That happened in '64. That was before his time even over in there. See, he was in there in the '80's.

SS: This is Park Shattuck's own writing?

FM: Oh, yeah, definitely.

SS: Where did he get the information from to draw this up, you know?

FM: He was with-- someone had a map, and he was with the party looking for it. But that's the original- what the original party claimed it.

F & R Drilling Company, Ardmore, Oklahoma. Mr. J. B. Shattuck. That should be J. P. Shattuck, ^{but its} J. B.. B. R. Ranch Royalty, 1927; twenty shares. Eighty dollars. H. C. Dickey ^{interest, 5 wells, deal sold 29 dollars.} There's a whole mess of dividends he's got there. I see it ends up with sixty-seven dollars.

SS: Did they catch up with these guys on this Lost Wheelbarrow Mine?

FM: There never was never was anything there about the Lost Wheelbarrow Mine, but, they got more eventually. He had slipped off to Canada and they got him eventually, I guess. Defrauding through the mail, or something. There's

his record of a bunch of stocks that he
 (#0236 B, side 1, 113.1-E) blank from 605 to end)