

Interviewee: Devar Shumway

Interviewer: Gary Shumway, Kathy Huppe, Jerry Robinson, Madge Shumway

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Topic: Mining in Cottonwood

GS: This is an interview of Devar Shumway by Gary Shumway, Kathy Huppe, Jerry Robinson and Madge Shumway, who is in the background washing dishes. The date is January 5, 2001. I was just thinking, Devar, that the first interview I had with you was in 1964. I was realizing how many years have passed since that first interview, and we have been interviewing ever since, and have never run out of things to talk about. In fact, the topics we will talk about today are a whole new departure from anything we have talked about previously in any real detail.

The focus of our interview today is your experiences relating to Cottonwood, or to the Cottonwood Canyon drainage in any respect. I haven't given you any idea what we will be talking about, so you are shooting from the hip as you answer the questions I ask. To begin, would you recall the first time you ever saw Cottonwood Canyon, what the circumstances were, and what you can recall about this?

DS: Well, as far as I can remember, I spent time down at the mouth of Cottonwood, at Bluff, as a little boy. However, I am sure that the thing you are talking about are details pertaining to the discovery of the carnotite ore, containing uranium and vanadium, there in Cottonwood. I was around, but not in Cottonwood Canyon, at the time that Tom Jones provided Dad, and I think it was Uncle Harris with some information and a piece of carnotite ore. Dad had worked in some mines in Dry Valley, the Windfall and the Waterfall groups of mines, and the Dime and the Red Match and a few others that were probably owned by one of the large companies. I don't know if this was before Denny Viles, and the Vanadium Corporation of America owned those claims or not. It may well have been. Anyway, when Benito Sanchez, the sheepherder for Tom Jones, found this ore there in Cottonwood, he thought it was gold, because it was yellow. When Tom Jones showed it to Dad, who was his neighbor, Dad told him that it was carnotite, not gold, and that it contained vanadium and uranium. When Dad found that it came from over here in Cottonwood, he knew that this was not a known deposit, even though there were many deposits over the border in Colorado, and around Moab, and in Dry Valley. So he decided that he wanted to go look for it, which he did, but he didn't find it, so he got some more information from Tom Jones or Benito Sanchez, then he and Uncle Harris went back, and they were successful in finding a number of outcroppings in the area where Sanchez had first found it. Then they branched out from there and found it down the canyon and up the canyon, and over in Butler, and these discoveries instigated others even clear over in Montezuma Creek. They just followed the formation, wherever they found it, and soon they were as far away as Montezuma Creek. At the same time, some of the Daltons had heard about this in Cottonwood, and they started staking claims. There was a time there when some brisk staking went on throughout this area. Anyway, that was the first time that I went in there.

Howard Balsley heard that there were discoveries out there, and he sent some men down from Moab to stake some claims there in Cottonwood. We always understood which claims were Balsley's and which belonged to the Shumways, but when the Shumways sold their claims, Balsley kept his. The Shumways went down and prospected, mined a few samples, took down a few samples to Balsley, and finally we found some high-grade ore at the Lonesome claim, over near Butler Wash. It was several years later before we actually began mining that area. In fact, I'm not sure, but I think it was after Cottonwood was sold to Frank Garbutt.

As kids, many of us would go to the mines with our dads while they were working. I think it was about 1929 when they first found it. Burdette, Merwin and I were out there while they were staking the original claims.

GS: You were out there while they were staking the original claims?

DS: Yes. It was like most any other area. Once you found one claim, others would be discovered. It certainly wasn't the heart of it, or the best of it, as is usually the case, but it was the start of it. The same thing when you go to find diamonds or anything else. For example, when Lark and I were looking at areas of Red Canyon, we'd find smaller pieces of hematite ore and the largest piece was generally around seven pounds. One day I told Lark I was going to find the mother lode of this stuff, and he probably thought I didn't know what I was talking about, but I kept going upstream and upstream and followed it right to the source of it. It comes out of the Chinle formation. I don't think anyone really knew it was there, or even gave a damn where it came from. Actually though, you could take a pickup truck and gather pieces as large as twenty-five pounds. It's just a hematite, a different type of iron ore that doesn't work on a magnet, but it does have lots of iron in it and these nodules are very heavy.

In regards to Cottonwood, the group of men spent a great deal of time prospecting the area before they felt satisfied that they had gotten everything of value. It turns out though, when the boom hit, they had missed a great deal of it. The drill rigs found most of it. So anyway, yes I was there early on in 1929, or whatever year it was when they were just staking it. I was about nine years old.

GS: For some reason, I've always thought it was in March of 1931 when the area was discovered. But, we can check on that.

DS: Yes. Go to the courthouse and you can find that out very easily.

GS: Do you remember the time, or do you remember Dad telling you anything about going out and finding these deposits? Were you aware that he was interested in this? Do you remember seeing Tom Jones and Benito Sanchez coming across the road with a sample?

DS: No. I don't remember any of that, but I do know that they were interested in it because Dad mentioned that it was the same kind of ore he was mining on the Dime and surrounding areas. I don't think they were as interested in this carnotite as they were when they found flashes of gold up in Duzet Canyon. Gold is always a little more exciting than uranium.

GS: It was for Dad always.

DS: The old forerunners of Union Carbide and VCA had more or less tied up the world market of vanadium. Some companies went down to South America and I remember Denny Viles spent a lot of time down there. Steel manufacturing certainly benefited by incorporating vanadium into the steel. Chrome vanadium steel is still used to make the best wrenches. There was some excitement around here, finding vanadium, because they figured they could sell it to the big companies. I think by that time, Denny Viles was involved. I've got the record containing the negotiations between the Shumways and Vanadium Corporation of America that Bob Anderson gave me. Lots of people wanted this record, but at the time I was the V.C.A.'s top miner, and he gave it to me. Towards the end of the relationship, almost anything that was drilled out was given to Shumway and Dade. Anyway, for one reason or another, Bob Anderson treated me very well. He once told me that in his opinion, I knew more about geology and the Carnotite Mineral Belt than any of his professional geologists.

GS: You touched on the fact that you and Merwin and Burdett went out there with your dads. While they looked for carnotite blossoms, you looked for arrowheads. I have a vivid memory of going with Dad right up the bottom of the creek, and him instructing me to look for little spring blossoms, which was actually uranium leaching out on the wall. That would let him know there was a deposit back in there. Can you remember doing that with Dad? Can you remember prospecting in Cottonwood? Do you remember eating beans and bread sandwiches?

DS: I worked at the first mill, working both the mine and at the mill, while it was constructed. After about one year I left and came over east of Blanding to do some prospecting. I found the best mine in area. Yes, no question, I learned prospecting from Dad, and went with him enough times until I figured I could go and find mines of my own. The first time or two I tried it I wasn't successful, but I'd go back and learn a little more from Dad, and eventually became successful at it. I'd say out of my generation I was one of the most successful prospectors in the country. Later on, everything had been staked and I had to use the same knowledge and information, such as drill reports, production records, etc. as others to figure out whether a mine was a good one or not. I was accused a number of times of being able to see at least six inches to a foot inside the wall and know what the next round was going to pull. I'd have to say it all began in Cottonwood with Dad.

GS: Do you have any memory of a specific occasion when you were with Dad when he found an outcrop?

DS: Well, I was with him in one place I can remember. We'd gone from the bottom of Cottonwood over the hill into another little draw. There was a whole bunch of "trash," as we called it, in the formation. He made the statement that it hadn't turned to ore yet, but right in the area there was bound to be an orebody of some kind. I remember where, and can probably go to the very spot, but I don't think it ever did go into production. Lots of times he'd be discussing things or commenting on things up there on the rim near Cottonwood. Nobody had done any drilling, but you could go up over the hill near Spring Creek, and back down and discover there was a whole bunch of low grade. Dad said that would make up into something someday. I remembered his words for many years, any place there was low grade, there's bound to be some high grade close by. I remember talking about that over near Calamity 17 to the mine foreman, Bill Blamy, for Union Carbide. There was a drill hole that had 15 feet or so of low grade ore, and I said "Bill why don't you give me a line on that and let me run over and take a look at that." He said, "You Cottonwood miners don't know what you are talking about. You think that because there's some low grade ore there's going to be high grade nearby." Most of his miners at

that time had come over from Leadville as “Hardrock” miners, and he was just giving us a bad time suggesting that we knew something the other miners didn’t know. Bill just let it go. So I went ahead and drifted over there and found a bunch of high grade. He paid me for it even though he hadn’t authorized it.

GS: So you mixed the low grade with the high grade and that would make the low grade run, too.

DS: Yes. Anyway after that wherever there was some low grade, he’d give me a special deal that would pay the expenses to go into it and look for some high grade. It made a believer out of him. These were important lessons, because like I said, this was just a trash pile, where I remember going with Dad when I was young.

GS: This location was over the hill to the west?

DS: To the north and west. This is an instance when Dad and the guys were talking, saying they couldn’t find any vanadium or uranium but it was in the formation so there should be some nearby.

GS: Would this have been far enough out that you were on the Ute lands?

DS: No. There aren’t any formations, I don’t think, in Whiskers. The formation is all gone.

GS: Did you stake the claim when you found that there? Do you remember Dad doing that?

DS: I don’t know for sure. I think he did, I really believe they did stake the claim. Do you remember where the Dixie claim was, down to the south and west? They staked a claim in there that they named after your big sister. That was quite a lot later.

GS: Were you there then?

DS: No. I worked it; I worked the Dixie claim.

GS: How about the Lonesome?

DS: I never did work the Lonesome. I was there a time or two and was there before they started. You could see some good yellow. They found it in two or three other places down there but the Lonesome, I think, was the only one that ever paid off.

GS: You saw that high grade tree before it was ever dug out?

DS: No, not really. It would have looked much better by the time they got inside three feet or so. I wasn’t there when they were working and shoveling out the old yellow stuff. Dad went down there and spent considerable time while I was going to school. His only companion was that dog, old Puffy. He mined a whole bunch of that and it resulted in only about two pickup loads, maybe four or five tons but it ran over 20 percent in uranium. It was just pure yellow high grade. I forget what it ran in vanadium, probably it wasn’t much higher in vanadium than it was in uranium.

GS: Well if it was 20 percent in vanadium, that's pretty high.

DS: Yes. I think it did run a little higher in vanadium. But I don't know if it weighted out or not. One of the high grade spots I mined over in Calamity Mesa, a big tree butt, was probably just about as good as this mine he worked on over here. We were mining it, and our top pay was for fifty hundredths of one percent. I put in the last round, the day we hit that tree butt, and I spent nearly all day drilling about 70 holes trying to get the full extent of it shot down in one pile. It was just before Christmas and we were mucking it out. See, we were getting paid for fifty hundredths, that was the top pay Union Carbide was giving us so we would mine low grade along with high grade. Well, we didn't have time to mine a bunch of low grade to go with it, and we had probably 100 tons, so I told the truck drivers to go by this old mine. It had been high graded and I knew the muck dump would run about 20 hundredths. I hadn't been specifically told not to ship any of those muck piles, but I don't think it would have been authorized. This was the Atomic Energy Commission withdrawal, and occasionally we had to work almost in a state of ignorance if we were going to ship anything from a muck dump. So, I told the drivers to put one bucket full, which was about a one yard bucket or a one ton bucket, on the truck and to load the rest of the truck with the muck dump. Well, after the Christmas holidays, we went back up and the muck dump was gone and so was the pile of high grade. It turned out just about right. The stuff was running about 4 percent in uranium and was mixed with the 20 hundredths making the batch about 50 hundredths. So we had about 2000 tons of 50 hundredths ore. Had we gone the other way we would have only been paid for 50 hundredths on the 100 tons of high grade, if we'd shipped it like it was.

GS: That would have been about 100 tons total, instead of 2,000 tons.

DS: Yes. It would have been 100 tons what we got paid 50 hundredths for.

GS: So you actually got paid for 2,000 tons.

DS: During the Christmas holidays, Lark, my buddy who lives just next door now, and I each made a little over \$10,000 net and that was back when \$10,000 was good money. That would have been in the early 50's when we were on Calamity doing that. Anyway, yes I learned as I went along and it paid off. I'd say I learned many of these things from Dad. Dad really didn't know nearly as much about mining as I did by the time we finished. You learn as you go so I needed to be around people, miners, who were smarter than Dad. I had to be around miners who were smarter than I was cause what little I'd learned, I'd learned from Dad. I always figured one of my successes in life was to hire people who knew more than I did and could accomplish more. I did the same thing with Al Virgil at the rock yard. When I went into the rock business, I didn't know very much. In fact the one thing I knew about rocks was that I didn't like them very much because in my experience as a miner, I had to get rid of them before I could do any uranium mining. When I found out that rocks are valuable, to build homes and so forth, I had to learn a great deal from Al.

GS: Are any of your quarries on the drainage to Cottonwood?

DS: Yes. Well, on up a ways from Comb Reef, well I guess all of them would drain into the head of Butler. Butler is just barely the other side of Cottonwood.

GS: Butler runs into Comb Reef.

DS: The three Brown claims up on South Elk Ridge are right on the rim of the north fork of Whiskers which runs down, and Whiskers comes through the Comb Reef in another place off Elk Ridge and they run together and then directly into Cottonwood. The Brown claims are probably the three best rock claims I have left.

GS: Were these claims staked by Uncle Lee?

DS: Uncle Lee and Uncle Harris. I looked in the Courthouse the other day and found information on Uncle Harris and Aunt Esther. I found the Quit Claim Deed showing the claims were sold to Uncle Lee and Aunt Mabel. The environmentalists, the government so to speak, is doing one thing after another trying to get all these claims back. What could they possibly care whether Uncle Harris and Aunt Esther actually sold to Uncle Lee and Aunt Mabel? The government wasn't going to let these claims be valid if I couldn't gather the appropriate paper work. Either I had to get the documentation from the Courthouse, or else I had to clear it from any ancestors or relatives of Harris and Esther. I'd have to prove it and show that the claim then belonged to Lee and Mabel, then show that Lee and Mabel sold it to me. Actually I paid for it, but it went into Dan Shumway's name. When Dan quit, he gave it back to me. So I had to follow this trail all the way through and show it to the people up in Salt Lake City. These people are actually kind of mine inspectors. They have to inspect the quarries for a fee of about \$100 a year. That's what they get from the miners. Certainly they are paid a lot of money out of tax revenue, too. This was just another step I had to take to get the claims back.

When I quit mining, when I sold out, I had about 550 claims in my control over in Colorado, Utah and so forth. I have about 20 rock claims left. They came up with this thing you had to pay \$100 a year if you have more than 10 claims. For 550 claims, that added up to \$55,000 a year just to hold the claims and many of them would have gone to pasture anyway. Many of them hadn't been drilled, and there's no question in my mind that 90 percent of the ore that was in the Colorado Plateau when that first boom hit is still right in place. They have mined only 10 percent of the ore. As far as the Shirley Basin up in Wyoming is concerned, and I don't know very much about the Grants, New Mexico area, there's undoubtedly lots more ore down there. As far as the Arizona strip over here, and all of those "pipes," they have only mined about four out of 300. All of them have been precipitated, and there is a great deal of uranium to be discovered and there's no question they haven't found all the pipes. Some are evident, and you can see them from an airplane or helicopter. They located those, but there are many more that weren't visible from the air.

GS: So there is still lots of uranium left.

DS: Even at Pipes Springs, just west of Fredonia, that thing will have a lot of uranium. It's precipitated into the walls. Anywhere there is any host rock, that's a trash pile like I was talking about earlier. If there had ever been any...

GS: Hydrothermal solutions?

DS: Yes, but also a streambed or something. There must have been a streambed to place that trash there, possibly dinosaur bone or most anything. Even dinosaur bone can now be found with a Geiger counter, and it's

a lot easier than it used to be. They are digging up bones, those who still have guts enough to go and get it, and they are finding it with Geiger counters.

GS: In other words, there is always mineralization in them?

DS: Yes. Of course when they find an area that runs pretty well, they don't know if they are digging up a petrified log or whether they are digging up a dinosaur bone or a little trash pile. Just like with a metal detector, all it tells you is that it's metal. You have to dig down and find out if it's worth keeping or not.

GS: Speaking of dinosaurs, did you ever find any fossils, of any kind, in Cottonwood when you were mining in there? Do you find fern leaves or dinosaur bones?

DS: The one that stands out in my mind was in La Sal creek. One time we were shooting large faces of blue/black ore, really pretty ore, and I took a slab or two off and I found a fossil of a long fish. You could see ribs, his head, and lots of details. It was a very large fish, probably 20 feet long.

GS: Was there any possibility of slabbing that off?

DS: We slabbed it off as fast as we could, because if word of such a discovery got around, a paleontologist or someone like that, would shut the mine down. So when we'd hit anything like that, we'd ship it as quickly as possible.

GS: I vaguely remember a fish or two out in Cottonwood.

DS: Oh, there would have been marine life in that country. At that time there were lots of bones and such. In fact, you probably remember, they named the one hill Dinosaur Hill. The bones later turned out to be worth about \$2.00 to \$40.00 per pound. We just walked over them and left them. They really weren't of any value to us. One time Dad and I found this one particular dinosaur bone, and I told you about it and you asked Dad about it. Remember, he showed you where it was and you got some Brigham Young University students down to see it. I know the channel, the old brushy basin channel that runs across that area, has produced lots of bones. If I was allowed it, I could go down there with front-end loaders and dig up lots of dinosaur bones, and maybe some other good things. We aren't going to be allowed to do that until the second coming.

GS: Was Dinosaur Hill named because there were dinosaur bones on it, or did it look like a dinosaur?

DS: They called it that because they were finding so much dinosaur bone, but they were actually still mining uranium in that area. If they'd had Geiger counters, they would have found it was radioactive.

GS: It's something we'll want to go look at.

KH: Can you point it out on a map?

GS: Yes. And we'll go out and see Dinosaur Hill, too. There are a lot of interesting things related to that. As we are going through this, everything you are talking about is pertinent and relevant, but let me see if I can focus a little more and try to stay on top of the first experiences and keep building.

Apparently you first went out to Cottonwood because your dad, along with Merwin and Burdette's dad, were interested in the mining but as boys, you didn't really stay around your dads. If I understood you correctly, you were looking for arrowheads.

DS: Arrowheads were much more interesting to us. They were worth a nickel each at Parley Redd's store and we could get a candy bar with the money. We used to try and go to Recapture every weekend and find enough arrowheads so we could have enough candy bars for the week. On school days, a candy bar generally represented our lunch, because we were too busy playing marbles, or some other game, to take time out to come home for a lunch of peaches and bread.

GS: Do you remember finding an arrowhead out in Cottonwood with Merwin and Burdette?

DS: Oh yes. We found lots of them, but in those days arrowheads were on every ruin. On just about every ruin we'd all find at least one arrowhead.

GS: So in regards to arrowheads, we're learning that there was an economical motivation. But I disagree a little, remembering you really enjoyed finding them, and were sincerely fascinated and interested by them. The economic payoff was just a bonus. Please share your red arrowhead story and let's remember some special places in Cottonwood.

DS: Occasionally we'd find a really nice arrowhead that would result in a dime. Parley Redd would even extend credit for five candy bars for an arrowhead he thought was worth a quarter. One time I got 50 cents for an exceptionally beautiful arrowhead, and then regretted I'd sold it to Parley Redd. For about a week we went back and forth, him wanting to keep it and me wanting it back.

GS: Tell me where you found it and exactly what kind of an arrowhead it was.

DS: It was an ordinary, everyday arrowhead. I did find one later, and Jeannie Redd has it now, that was spectacular. Anyway, I felt this arrowhead was the one that killed the man. Actually it was a spearhead that appeared to be stuck in the person's back. When I dug up the skeleton I couldn't actually prove anything one way or another. The whole spear could have been buried with him. Anyway, it was a really nice arrowhead.

GS: How big was this red arrowhead you are talking about?

DS: Probably close to four inches long.

GS: Was it the kind with a head and notches in it?

DS: It was the type you could have tied onto a long stick making a spear.

GS: Was there anything especially attractive about? Was it fluted nicely? What was it that made Parley Redd give you ten candy bars instead of one?

DS: Partly because it was a really pretty red one. In most areas arrowheads were made from obsidian, but around here very seldom did you find obsidian. Admittedly this area was peopled with excellent potters that made great pottery, but they didn't make very good arrowheads. Through Texas you'll find lots of big knives and things that have been duplicated. It's often hard to tell authentic artifacts from exactly duplicated items and this has nearly destroyed the market for the real thing. In other areas, I think the arrowheads were actually much better.

Speaking of pottery, I'd have to say that a thousand to two thousand years ago, they made better pottery than that made today. The pottery from this region was created using the Porphyry off the Blue Mountains that ran downstream to Recapture, Montezuma Creek or any of the other canyons, or from wherever it came from. Pottery is just a small percentage clay.

GS: So they would crumble up the Porphyry?

DS: Yes. They would use crushed Porphyry, or crushed Quartz. You have to mix another substance with the clay, or it will crumble once it has been fired. These other substances have enough silica in them to make the pottery just about as hard as glass.

GS: And they understood this very well. They knew how to make very good pottery.

DS: Yes. They had been working and learning for many years. They understood the firing process and everything working together. It did vary from area to area though. I could go from one area to another and tell you where the best potters lived. You can see three samples over there on my shelf. I know of about four other pieces from this area. Other people from around here dug them up, and the same potter probably made all of them. In fact, most likely they were discovered in the Four Acre ruin. Maybe some old grandmother that was making pottery, or maybe a man. I don't know who it was, and whether the person was a man or a woman. It could have been made by one person, and fired by another.

GS: The arrowheads you were finding on the surface of the ground are really part of the history of Cottonwood Canyon. What ruin do you remember finding an arrowhead on when you and Merwin and Burdette went out to Cottonwood as kids?

DS: When you are driving from 95 now, we hit most all of those ruins that were down in the bottom, and up towards Spring Creek. We didn't, at that time, get up into Whiskers. I'm sure we could have found pockets full of arrowheads. There were occasions, even much later on, when I could have found plenty of arrowheads in Whiskers. Especially when people were turning over some soil, as they did from time to time, I'd come across four or five beautiful arrowheads on almost every ruin.

GS: Right about this same time Dad had been out in Whiskers digging for Professors Kerr and Steward. While Dad was out at the mine, did he ever prospect part of the day and then go over to Whiskers Draw?

DS: They dug some of those ruins. I was with him when he was digging ruins in Horse Canyon, Recapture, Black Mesa, and others.

GS: And Black Mesa is part of the Cottonwood drainage, isn't it?

DS: Dad came with me lots of times after he quite digging to see what was going on. He'd get the fever and go ahead and dig one up and give it to me.

GS: So you think he dug some on Black Mesa? Isn't Black Mesa part of your study? (speaking to Kathy Huppe)

KP: It's down below the project area, but yes, it is.

GS: You remember him digging ruins on Black Mesa?

DS: Well, the only one I can really remember is down over the hill. When you used to go to the Lonesome claim, you'd drive down and go over Black Mesa. Originally that's the route they would go to prospect around the Lonesome. I don't know that there were any travelable roads early on. It was the closest way; otherwise you'd have to go up from Bluff. This time we'd gone over there and were walking down off the hill.

GS: You parked up on Black Mesa?

DS: Yes. We went over the rim, and found a little ruin there. We didn't have a shovel with us so Dad reached right down under the ledge with his pocketknife and pulled about five or six pots out. One of them was showing a little but apparently they had all just been pushed up under the ledge.

GS: So this was just a stop on the way to Lonesome?

DS: Yes. Heading down around that area for prospecting.

GS: Was it just you and Dad?

DS: Yes.

GS: Do you remember what happened to those pots?

DS: It seems that a man named Fredoll from Tremonton might have gotten them. He was digging with Dad a few other times. I remember Fredoll, who was quite an old fellow, really wanted the pots. I remember Dad being kind of old, too, but Fredoll was older. Fredoll promised to will the pots back to Dad. It may be that Dad died first, I really don't know for sure. Anyway, Dad never did get those pots back. I remember there were some beautiful pots that were discovered. For example a big olla and others. I never did see them again.

GS: Were they from the Cottonwood drainage?

DS: No. A good share of them were from Montezuma Creek, up around Wilford Frost's land.

GS: Do you think you could find the spot where you and Dad found those five or six pots? Could you find that ruin?

DS: I don't know for sure. There have been so many roads constructed. There is a road that goes down into Stevens Canyon, do you know where that is? Do you know where the missile base was? Just to the other side of that, there was a road that went down into Stevens Canyon and there was a channel in there, a Brushy Basin channel where lots of dinosaur bones were discovered. It's the same area where this rock with agate came from. The pots came from an area near there, but no, I don't think I could find the exact spot now. Things have changed so much on Black Mesa. It's just about like it was on Bug Point, and Squaw Point and Papoose Canyon and all of that country just on the other side of Montezuma Creek and into Colorado. Later on they came along and chained the trees. One time I found panels of petroglyphs that went for ¼ or ½ a mile. I went back three times specifically to try and find that panel again. It was in the area where I found these artifacts. I had to be looking at a different ruin though, because the petroglyph panel was gone or had been moved. They change the countryside every ten years; it just isn't the same. I'm sure those things are still there. With a little more time, I bet I could find them.

It's just like the petrified log that Lark has in front of his house. One day over in Bradford Canyon I was hunting and I saw a huge tree.

GS: About four feet around.

DS: Well, more than that. I'd say at least four feet in diameter. The log is right over here. I still believe that I found another similar one, but when I went back to where I originally discovered it, it was gone. I found another one but couldn't locate the log I returned to collect. I showed it to Al Virgil and then others. Lark decided he wanted it, so I went down and managed to find it again. Lark figured out a way to bring it home using his Bobcat. There is another log that is still in the ground; it's too big to move. Someday someone will probably get it, but Lark hasn't been able to obtain a permit from Ted McDougal at the BLM. We've tried to get a permit to dig that up but now they want about \$100.00 a ton. Ted gave Lark a permit to get the first log, but he wasn't supposed to leave any tracks or disturb the land. It was a little difficult to do the reclamation work afterwards.

GS: Were there any petrified trees, that weren't mineralized, that you took out of the Cottonwood drainage? You hauled out a number of high-grade trees as ore, how about petrified trees?

DS: No I don't remember taking very much petrified wood from Cottonwood, but we did haul quite a bit of petrified wood from Red Canyon. I have a collection of petrified wood from various places, but not much from Cottonwood. I really like the Petrified Forest in Arizona. That's very valuable stuff. Most of the wood around here doesn't polish nearly as well. I did find one good tree up in the La Sals that had full rings of different colors and the tree was only about a foot and a half in diameter. It was about ½ mile from my truck so I didn't bother taking any of it out of the forest. Red Yeager, who worked for Lark, saw a piece of it and wanted it. I showed him where it was so he could take a piece of it. Like most of us, he knew he wasn't supposed to take it all. About four days later, my son, Joe Shumway, came down from Wyoming. We went down into Coyote Wash

looking for dinosaur bones and decided to go back to that tree in the La Sals. Joe was a big husky kid and I figured I'd have him carry a piece or two out for me. Sure enough, it turns out that Red Yeager had his two sons help him take most all of it out of the forest. There really isn't very much of the petrified wood in this country. In fact, I don't think the wood in this country is nearly as good as what can be found in the Petrified Forest in Arizona. This young Bradford boy discovered some pretty nice wood before he died awhile back. He found some great logs in Indian Creek. The BLM took it away from him. It may actually be in the Blanding Dinosaur Museum. I think that's where it ended up. I don't think the BLM kept it. They didn't like his attitude for just helping himself. He wasn't the first to discover it, just the first with the ambition to take it.

When Roger Smith got the mill going again, Boyd Bradford asked me if I wanted to go back to work. I told him it would be the stupidest thing that he could do. He went out to the joker mine that I discovered and worked it and tried to make it. I guess he spent the last of his money. He didn't heed my good advice not to stir things up. In fact he wanted to work on the Black Cap and the Blue Cap that I'd worked in La Sal Creek. I told him there wasn't any chance of finding anything worth the investment. Economically speaking, he needed to consider the price for burnables, the price for labor and everything else. Even on the best mines and the best ore bodies I ever mined, he couldn't make it a profitable venture today.

GS: When you say he, who are you referring to?

DS: Bradford.

GS: Cleo Bradford's son?

DS: Yes. Boyd Bradford.

GS: Let's see if we can get back on track. I have a hundred different questions regarding this, but one of them is regarding the upper drainage. Can you tell me anything about a couple of claims called the High Hopes and the Pretty Girl?

DS: I know exactly where they are but they didn't amount to very much. There was very little uranium in them, just some vanadium. The High Hopes is on a high hill between Dry Wash and Allan Canyon. The best thing that ever happened up there was the deer shooting I told you about. I shot seven bucks for some men from California on the last day of hunting season. I went up past the Pretty Girl, to the end of the road and dropped down into Dry Wash. I spotted the Californians in their jeeps coming up Dry Wash. They shot two bucks before I met up with them. I perched on a rock and shot five more and then had them gutted and prepared for them to take home. The High Hopes is up on a hill, and if we couldn't have fulfilled their deer quota where we were, I knew we could go around into the pocket and find more deer.

GS: Both of those points are in the Cottonwood drainage.

DS: Yes. Both of them drain into Dry Wash. Dry Wash then drains into Cottonwood.

GS: Do you know who staked those claims, or anything about them? Do you know who tried to mine them?

DS: They would have been mined for a little bit, and staked by the Shumways. It would have been Lee, Harris, Seth or Dad.

GS: Have you been to High Hopes or Pretty Girl?

DS: Yes. I've been to both of them several times. They had a road one time that went up that horrible hill. I'm not sure they ever hauled a full load off that land. There wasn't very much formation on top of High Hopes hill. That's why it was called High Hopes because it was up so high. It wasn't because they had high hopes of finding much of anything, but because it was so high. There weren't many uranium blossoms on it to indicate very much ore.

KH: When they had to build a road like that, did they bring their equipment in and bulldoze the road?

DS: Yes.

KH: So they would do it themselves?

DS: Generally, they would hire people to create the roads.

KH: And there were people who built roads as their occupation?

DS: Yes. I was thinking of the time we built the road up to Fry Point. Mr. Ozro Hunt came with his bulldozer, and Dad and Uncle Lee were there throughout the process. Burdette and I came along and drilled most of it. It was uphill and each time you go up, you come to another ledge and so forth. We spent about two weeks putting that road in and then they shipped a little ore down to the mouth of White Canyon to the small mill that Denny Viles had there. Of course, that's under water now. The concentrates from that area went to Durango, and the rest went into the river. I had a reporter from the *Desert News* visit with me and she wondered if there was potentially any cleanup in the area. I'm sure the environmentalists want to burst the damn and drain the beautiful canyon. I told her there was absolutely nothing there in that regard. I would have lied about it anyway if I'd known what they had in mind. What little tailings remained from the small amount of mining was dispersed as I mentioned. The concentrates went to Durango and the rest went into the river before the damn was built.

GS: Let's talk in a minute about the roads and how you got into places. First though, let's finish our talk on the High Hopes and Pretty Girl. Do you remember the road that was built across that area, and who built the roads? I think they were built before they had bulldozers.

DS: Do you remember the time you went up there and I think you bounced a bullet from one place to another?

GS: I do remember. I shot a deer.

DS: Well that was the road going down to the Pretty Girl. It was the forest line. The forest was to the north and the BLM was to the south and you were just to the north of the fence and you shot a little buck. Right

down that road, which went down that line, well the Pretty Girl was just inside the forest. The forest did a zigzag that didn't take in Dry Wash and High Hopes. The High Hopes would have been BLM land, or possibly Ute land. The road that goes up there takes off from Cottonwood, right about where Allan Canyon comes in. Remember where the old school was? You go up the hill and continue past another hill until you reach an area filled with Mokie ruins. It's about five acres that we called the Massada Ruin. There was only one place to get up there, and it was comparable to where the Jews hid from the Romans. You drive past that area, up Dry Wash, continuing on up the ridge till you reach the High Hopes mine.

GS: There was quite a bit of vanadium in the area, but fairly low grade, as I recall.

DS: That's true, and I don't think they ever shipped a load of ore from that area.

GS: Did the Shumways build that road to the Pretty Girl, or did the Forest Service or the CCC boys build that road?

DS: The CCC built the fence, so they probably constructed the road as well. I'm pretty sure the Shumways, or someone they leased to, built the road up to the High Hopes, but I don't think they would have built the road to the Pretty Girl.

GS: Was it a bulldozed road, or blasted out?

DS: No, it was bulldozed. Too much rock was moved. It wasn't done by hand.

GS: You don't know who was hired to do that, do you? It was done earlier.

DS: No. It opened up some great deer hunting. You could always go up into that region and find a big buck or two. I can remember being up in the area on one occasion and watching some Californians shooting endlessly. They were missing by such large margins, and I was afraid they might kill another person on the other side of the hill, so I just went ahead and shot the deer. That's one spot I can remember where the visitors from California weren't very good shots.

GS: That's really quite high up on the hill, but it does relate to the Cottonwood drainage. Let's focus now on the southern part. Kathy, unless you can think of another question from the very early years, before they started mining, we'll move on. Devar, tell us about the first time you started mining in Cottonwood. You actually started mining before the Kimmerles, didn't you?

DS: Well, we had mined a little. Leland Shumway had mined a tree out of the Balsley claim. There were one or two fellows from Moab that had done some mining. I believe Uncle Lee and Uncle Harris had already started mining in the Big Hole prior to Kimmerles. This is where Eugene Blickenstaff and John Kimmerle and I started when they came to town. Dad was busy at the time, and introduced them to me. It was my job to show them the countryside. They had a little trailer and some groceries. We camped out for a while and started mining in the mouth of Spring Creek just about where the skylight went in. We piled up some ore in that location. They returned to California and returned shortly with Howard Kimmerle and a few others, I think

Mary Kimmerle, the old man, Howard Sr. and his wife. They brought me a girlfriend back with them. Mary Kimmerle had been a cheerleader in California and knew how to wave a baton and I was on the basketball team. The whole family came to this area at that time.

GS: Had Gene Blickenstaff been here even before Mary's father arrived?

DS: He was here with John Kimmerle first. We were out there for a while, and then they decided they'd like to go hunting. I took them above town in the Starvation Country and they shot a small buck. We took the deer to our mining camp, and mined a little while, but it didn't amount to very much, and it wasn't for a very long period of time. It was the first mining that produced the first ore that went through the first mill. They must have figured there was some potential, and that's why they went back and got the family. They were sent out as scouts to see what they bought in this country. I don't know if the old man or even Frank Garbutt came out here prior to that time. In fact, I don't ever remember Frank Garbutt coming to this area. He did put a few thousand dollars into the project, and I'm not sure how much the little mill cost him. I'm sure it didn't give him a dime. In my opinion, it was only a 16-ton mill. There were four of us mining about four tons a day and running it through the mill. I could mine my four tons in about four hours. Then they would let me empty a leach tank that would earn an additional four dollars. So, that meant I was earning .50 an hour. All you had to do in those days was mine four tons of ore and it was considered a day's work. So I was actually earning one dollar per ton for mining. Later, I decided to go on my own. I figured it just made sense. If I could sell ore for \$20.00 per ton, and mine it for one dollar a ton, then I would be in business for myself, and I did soon thereafter. The last job I had working for someone else was working on the ore that fed the first mill. It burned down, or maybe it was shut down and they burned it to collect insurance money. I don't really know exactly what happened to it. The mill was rebuilt, and Blanding Mines may have built it. I'm not positive about that either. I was on my own at that time, and was mining in Bradford Canyon.

GS: Actually you did the first mining for Garbutt and the Kimmerles?

DS: Uncle Lee and Uncle Harris may have had some piles gathered that were run through the mill. John Kimmerle, Gene Blickenstaff and myself were the ones who started when they came from California. I showed them some places to start mining, and they chose the exact spots. We stripped a few areas, and mined the ore, and stripped a little more and mined it. They began using little mine cars instead of wheelbarrows. Instead of rails, they used two by 2"x4" wood planks to run the old Mexican mine cars in and out of the mine.

GS: Like the one you have right here?

DS: No actually, that is a cart car. It's an upgraded version of the Mexican one. The kind they had didn't feature a trip dump; you actually had to shovel the last bit out of the car. It didn't trip to dump; you just dumped the whole car.

GS: You didn't have to turn the entire car and wheel upside down to get the ore out, did you?

DS: No. It had a lip out in front that went to the bottom of the wheel level and it would dump most of the ore out.

GS: Where did they get their equipment?

DS: I don't know. Maybe from California. I'm not sure why they didn't bring some mine rails, and the other tools for laying down the rails. I hadn't been exposed to such a breed of miners. Our technique had consisted of wheelbarrows and shovels. Single jacks were new to us. We'd never had compressor driven jackhammers.

GS: Did you and Gene and John have a compressor when you started?

DS: No. Absolutely not.

GS: You were single jacking?

DS: Yes. I was showing them how to mine with a single jack. Even after the mill was built, we still mined with a single jack. When we were each mining four tons of ore per day, we were doing it with a single jack.

KH: So even after the mill opened, you were using single jacks? A lot of the Big Hole was mined that way?

DS: Yes. We were mining with old fashioned mine cars without mine rail. I really don't know where the mine cars came from.

This is tape number two of an interview with Devar Shumway. It was recorded on January 5, 2001 in the home of Devar Shumway in Blanding Utah. Gary Shumway conducted the interview, along with Kathy Huppe and Jerry Robinson.

GS: We were talking about your getting started in mining. Uncle Harris and Uncle Lee probably worked just across the creek, and had claimed what they referred to as the East Bank claim, which eventually became known as the Big Hole. They probably started that sometime prior to you getting started.

DS: I think it was started, but I don't remember for sure that they had sold that when they did the others. Perhaps there was a negotiation that went on after the \$2,000 was paid for the other claims I mentioned. I don't think the Big Hole was included in that earlier sale. I think that Uncle Lee and Uncle Harris controlled it, but more or less turned it over to Kimmerle and Garbutt. Whether they received additional royalty or compensation for that, I'm just not sure. Even if it was twice what they sold the other claims for, it was still a steal. The people who bought it sure got their money's worth.

GS: Yes. It was gorgeous blue and black ore, and there was a full face of it.

DS: It did have its share of problems, though, and later on better ore was mined that was found with drill rigs on other claims in the area. At the time I left Cottonwood, and went into Calamity Mesa to mine for Union Carbide, I had real good ore out of the North Stinking Hole. Leon Black would muck it out, and hauled it out with a horse and cart, using Old Maude. I had quite a lot of good ore and it just kept producing, but I wanted to get out of this area, and into Colorado, because I thought there was more opportunity over there. It turned

out that there was more opportunity there, but in hindsight I see I could have remained in the Blanding area, mined the Radium King and made a whole lot more money than I did in a hundred mines over in Colorado. I went through one ore body after another that were good ore bodies, and I kept thinking I'm just one more good ore body away from retiring. Then my wife, Madge, would have another child, and I'd have to find two more good ore bodies. This continued for years, and I never did find the ore body that I could retire on. I did find some really good ones, however, Temple Mountain for example.

To get back to the subject of Cottonwood, I was working off and on for a number of years. Starting from the time I returned from my church mission until the United States Navy drafted me, I worked and shipped ore to Metals Reserve, and by doing this I was involved in the *Balsley et al* class action lawsuit shortly after Madge and I were married. That eventually resulted in an \$11,000 payment and that was a windfall of money at the time. The experience of mining in Cottonwood helped me get out of the Navy because it was proved that the ore had uranium in it. I mined some of the uranium that built the atom bomb that eventually helped me leave the Navy. If it weren't for the atomic bomb, we might have been fighting the Japanese for another ten years, or something. Much of the ore shipped to the Metals Reserve was from Cottonwood. Dad and Uncle Claude Powell were mining on some other claims straight across and a little south from where the original mill was. I don't remember the names of the claims because I never worked them.

GS: Was it right next to Chandler's claim?

DS: Chandler never actually owned a claim; he just worked on Balsley's.

GS: I always thought he owned a claim there, because we called that one tunnel "Chandler's Hole."

DS: Yes, we did, but it was actually part of Balsley's claims.

GS: Were Uncle Claude and Dad working north of Balsley's claims?

DS: No, that would have been east of Balsley's. Cottonwood makes a bend, and comes down around like this (gestures). The first mill was right here not very far away from the later mill, where there are still parts of the cement foundation remaining. The claims where Dad and Uncle Claude were working were straight south on that ledge where the creek comes down around that bend and washes right up against that ledge. I don't remember the name of the claims, but that is where they were.

GS: Hadn't you been out there mining even before you mined with Gene Blickenstaff and Kimmerle? Hadn't you and Merwin and Burdette been out there before with a churn drill on Ridge One?

DS: No, that was after I returned from my mission. We were on what they called the Hangover down there at Ridge One. Uncle Seth had sold the Hangover and Glenn Johnson and Gib Shumway were producing lots of ore from that area. I think there was always a little jealousy in Uncle Seth's family, where Merwin and Burdette felt bad about all the ore Glenn and Gib were making, and we staked a claim right next to it, and found a few little high grade trees, and mined quite a little bit of ore from right there at the Hangover.

GS: Did you stake the claim?

DS: No, Uncle Seth just turned it over to Merwin, Burdette and me. We worked on some little inclines that didn't amount to very much. We didn't have a hoist or anything like that. One of us would pull the wheelbarrow and another would push it to bring it up out of the little incline. The ore bodies down each incline didn't really amount to very much. We'd find a spot with a churn drill and mine out a small branch, or whatever made the ore in that spot. This was just the petering edge of the larger ore body on Ridge One.

GS: Was this a piece of land that Uncle Seth still owned? He didn't sell it with the Hangover?

DS: Actually, Uncle Seth sold the Hangover but didn't establish protection claims anywhere around it. The Hangover contained a little ore on the rim and as they drilled, and mined into the ledge, the further they got in, the thicker and higher grade it got. Gib Shumway and Glenn Johnson had purchased it for probably about \$200.00 and it turned out to contain a full face of ore. It was low-grade uranium but excellent vanadium.

GS: When you say they, you are referring to Gib and Glenn?

DS: Yes.

GS: Did Uncle Seth stake the Ridge One claim after money was being made on the Hangover?

DS: That was staked years later, I think just as the war was starting. It was probably just about the same time Metals Reserves started. The Metals Reserves program was operating when I returned from my mission. I mined from that period of time, then went into the Navy and then came right back to the South Stinking Hole or one of the others, and continued mining in Cottonwood, then in Colorado and up around Temple Mountain or somewhere until 1971 or so.

GS: You mined with Kimmerle for a while, then decided to prospect in Bradford Canyon. What prompted you to go to Bradford Canyon?

DS: My mother, the businesswoman that she was, encouraged me to go on my own. She figured that if I could make money mining for other people, I should be able to make more working for myself. So, we became partners, more or less, and I think she had something to do with purchasing that first car that I had. Considering I was making just \$8.00 per day, I didn't have enough saved to buy a 1934 Chevrolet. Mom was supposed to give Dad and Uncle Seth \$300 for the claims out in Bradford Canyon. I hadn't seen the claims, but I loaded up my hand steel and my single jack and my wheelbarrow and bedroll. As I looked over the claims, I came across the Joker mine. I'm not sure how Dad and his brothers missed it. He hadn't sold it because it hadn't been located yet. That became a part of the partnership Mom and I had.

GS: Did you actually stake a physical claim on the Joker mine?

DS: Yes, I did stake and record the Joker mine.

GS: You were about 20 years old at that time, and had attended Utah State University for a while, hadn't you?

DS: Yes.

GS: Had you decided not to go to school any more?

DS: I decided to go on a church mission, and during the summer I was successfully mining out in Bradford Canyon waiting for a mission call. The ore was looking good, and I was enjoying this work very much. When fall arrived, I still hadn't received a mission call, and before I knew it I was snowed in there where I was mining. The car was buried, so I couldn't get out, but fortunately I had plenty of groceries, a good gun and there were lots of deer around, so I just stayed right there and worked through Christmas and on into January. Eventually, Fendoll Sitton plowed a road in, probably sometime in the latter part of January. My stay was about 45 days. My house was a small cave, and I used sacks of ore piled at the entrance, along with an opened up burlap bag hanging down as kind of a door, so that snow wouldn't blow in.

There were about five men at the mouth of Bradford Canyon, where it ran into Montezuma Creek, who were working for Fendoll Sitton. They had jack hammers and a compressor, and they kind of marveled that I had enough better mine than they did that I could make more ore, using just a single jack, than all of them could make with jack hammers and a compressor. They must have told Sitton about it, and he had the bulldozer plow the road for me. I got my car out and went home and got my mission call. Shortly after that, Mother sold our mine holdings. We were partners so she got half interest in everything we had purchased from Uncle Seth and this that I had found. She sold the claims, and I received enough from my half to pay my expenses for a two-year mission, and actually had enough left over for Madge and I to move into this little Bates house. It was a tiny three-room house with cold running water, but no hot water. I built onto the house, and did some plumbing work, installing an inside toilet. For \$200.00 I purchased the house that belonged to Blanding Mines, and was out in Cottonwood. Jess Johnson hauled it in for me for another \$200.00. Actually, for the four-room house that we moved in from out there, and attached to the three-room house we had, the land and home cost a sum total of \$1,000.00. That is quite a difference from my home I have here today.

GS: So this actually came from Blanding Mines? It was part of Cottonwood history, then.

DS: Yes. The house had four rooms, and I think it even had some insulation in it. It had been used to house miners or mill workers or somebody else.

GS: Where exactly was it in Cottonwood? Where was the house located?

DS: It was kind of related to the last mill. It seems to me it was kind of on top of where they worked the Big Hole. There are areas around that location that were flat enough for living quarters and it was far enough back that it didn't cave in. Some of the Big Hole caved clear to the surface. Anyway, there were about four of these houses out in Cottonwood. I bought one, and someone else purchased the rest of them.

GS: Do you remember who bought the others?

DS: No, I don't.

GS: Who did you pay for the house?

DS: I'm not even sure if I ever did. (Laughter) It would probably have been Marvin Lyman. That was so long ago. I don't remember the negotiations. I just remember they were for sale for \$200.00 each. The one I chose, Jesse Johnson told me he'd move it for me. Some of the bends in Brushy Basin prevented him from moving it that way; the house was too large to go around the bends. His trucks and trailers couldn't negotiate the turns, so he had to go back down Cottonwood and up across from Black Mesa and haul it in that way.

GS: He went down Cottonwood and got up on Black Mesa and came around that way?

DS: Yes. It was before Highway 95 was constructed.

GS: He took it off the foundation and had to do all the work getting it off its base and so forth?

DS: Yes. It wasn't that much work to jack it up and back under it with his truck. I'm sure he did it with jacks and backed his trailer under it.

GS: Did you see the house before it was moved?

DS: Yes. I went out and looked at it. In fact, I had my choice between it and two or three others.

GS: Had you ever been out there mining when there were people living in the house?

DS: No. I was on my mission at that time.

GS: You had never seen it being used.

DS: No, but it was still in the same place; they hadn't been moved. For example, this house that we have built here sits on four-foot wide footers and has a bedrock foundation, but those were just sitting on blocks. Air would go under it in the summer time. It didn't have any running water or anything like that.

GS: You don't know of anyone who ever lived in the house? In all your time, can you remember families ever living in Cottonwood?

DS: No. I don't know of families living in Cottonwood. Any time the mill was running, I was either on my mission or in the service.

GS: Do you remember ever hearing about families living there? The reason I'm asking this is because family occupation there is something of interest to Kathy and I don't remember any families that were involved in that operation. Most of the time, when I went with Dad, I remember us leaving Blanding, going out to Cottonwood, then returning in the evening. I can't imagine why we would not just stay out there more of the time.

DS: Blanding Mines had somebody living out there, or they wouldn't have built these houses.

GS: That's right. They had to have been there for some purpose. I remember, one time, when I was very young, of Dad being out in Cottonwood in a tent with walled up sides. Do you remember that? He was on the flat.

DS: Down under the Cottonwood trees.

GS: Yes, not directly under a tree but by the trees. He stayed there.

DS: We used to sit on something and eat our lunch. I can remember the bird droppings while we were eating. I remember the tent, but I don't remember any families. I don't think Mom ever saw that operation.

GS: Yes. I remember one time she went out. Maybe I'll tell that story later, because it was an interesting story. I remember quite vividly her being at Cottonwood with Uncle Claude.

DS: Quite often people camped in Cottonwood. The men from Moab working on Balsley's claims camped out.

GS: That was Lou Couchman and Chandler. Chandler actually lived out in the area. He did have a little house. I remember him living there.

DS: I think he spent a winter or two in Cottonwood.

KH: Do you remember where? Will we see it when we visit the area?

GS: Devar, do you think you can remember where Chandler had his little house?

DS: There's no evidence of it, but I can show you where it was. We can still look up on the hill sides and see where the old timers were single jacking.

GS: Do you remember any women being at the mines? How about Thora Bradford?

DS: I was never out there at the time these houses were being lived in. I think those houses were built while I was in the Navy. I was mining at the Hangover for three months. We were there when Uncle Claude and the gang were working the mines I referred to earlier. There weren't any houses at that time.

GS: I wonder if the Metal Reserve built them? They were doing some drilling out there.

DS: I don't have any recollection of families living on the property. I can show you living places, and perhaps cellars, just east of where Dad and Uncle Claude were working. I'm thinking they may have even been from Colorado, maybe shipping ore to Durango.

GS: Was this after the war?

DS: Yes. I had moved to Colorado, and some of the people from Colorado came here, and were working Shinarump or Morrison mines and so forth. There is a possibility that some of the people working up on Shinarump mines, in Cottonwood, may have been living in the homes. I don't know why they wouldn't have lived closer to where they were mining. It may have been to be closer to town. I truly don't have any recollection of families moving from Blanding to live in Cottonwood. The ones living there may have had something to do with the mill. I think the mill hands may have lived there with families, but I was never around when the mill was operating. It was shut down just as I got out of the Navy. The military had successfully set off the bombs that ended the war, and uranium wasn't really needed any longer.

GS: The Metals Reserve ended in February of 1944. They knew they had enough by then.

DS: From then on, the Atomic Energy Commission was looking for more uranium because they felt it would be a large supplier for electricity.

GS: Well, that was a long time after the war was over.

DS: When I returned from the war, they more or less gave us a guarantee that we would be allowed to mine uranium as long as we wanted to. Shortly after that though, miners had uranium running out of their ears. The miners started cutting back. Before long the Atomic Energy Commission wasn't responsible for purchasing the uranium. It was turned over to private industry. Next, the atomic reactors went into action and industry thought they would need increased supplies of uranium. That was until the Three Mile Island incident occurred and virtually shut everything down. I think it was a case of lots more supply than demand. We had more ore reserved at the end of production than they ever had before. More than all the time they were mining it. I mentioned the Shirley Basin, and the pipes in the Arizona strip and ore was turning up everywhere. Of course the boom was practically over at that time, but there were still hopes for increased demand. Even one of my drill rigs went up into Wyoming and we found five millions dollars worth of ore without a whole lot of drilling. We were finding it for about .03 per pound for U308. Many thousands of tons was up there. I don't even remember the claim or most anything about it. I never saw the rig again. That's when I sold out to the Homestead Minerals. At that time there was still a little hope, but not much net profit.

KP: So you had your own drill rig? Was that in Colorado?

DS: We drilled a number of places with our own drill rigs.

GS: You never drilled in Cottonwood, did you?

DS: No. Union Carbide, VCA or most anyone, would drill any mines I wanted drilled, and then depending on how much ore was found, they decided whether they turned it over to me or mined it themselves.

GS: Union Mines' Metal Reserves did do some drilling out in Cottonwood during World War II. I'm almost positive. They had some really small BX cores. You could find the cores sitting around after the war.

DS: They were different than these **KLX**.

GS: The KLX ones are big enough you can go down the shaft.

DS: They drilled them down to make shafts on Temple Mountain. I worked a lot of those.

KH: There are some shafts in Cottonwood too. Do you know anything about those?

DS: No. I never made a shaft of any kind. There are a lot of inclines. Those shafts are purely ventilation shafts.

KH: Oh really?

DS: They never hoisted ore up an A frame. They always ran inclines. The shafts would have been ventilation shafts.

GS: We might find some. We might find it's different up on the ridge claims or Spring Water.

DS: I bet you don't find an A frame.

GS: I don't remember any A frames.

DS: There would have had to be an A frame over them if they were hoisting ore out of them. There never was one in the history of Cottonwood.

GS: Let's talk about Old Maude and mine horses. When was the first time you remember a mine horse being used in Cottonwood?

DS: Well, I'm pretty sure that Old Maude was the first one. There never were very many used in Cottonwood, but Lark Washburn used lots of them behind mules over in Club Mesa, pretty close to where the mill was at Uravan. He had a number of mules. I owned Old Maude at one time. I don't remember who I bought her from. It may have been Dad, or one of his brothers, or who it was that first invented the mine car. Lark and I used the mine cars behind horses over on the Rock and Cottonwood Claims in Montezuma Creek. Leon Black was running Old Maude, when we were mining in the North Stinking Hole. I traded my Cottonwood holdings to Calvin Black and Bud Neilson for the lease they had on the Sunflower Mine on Calamity Mesa. They got the best of the deal, but I made a representation for myself of cleaning up a mine that needed to be cleaned up. I was given Calamity 17, and I hit some good ore in Calamity 17. I went from there to 13 South and that was the one that had 100 tons of high grade ore in it. That's the last ore I ever mined with a horse and cart. One interesting thing about that, and this is an example of how I quite often judge men, Leon was mucking with Old Maude, and I was doing the drilling. And remember, there wasn't too much money being made from mining at that time. The ore would then be sent to the mill. I remember the last two weeks we worked there, I asked him if wanted to go in as partners, thinking he wouldn't have to do all that work for about \$12.00 a day. It went up so he was making \$1.50 an hour. I made him the offer. He said "No, I want my \$12.00 a day. No more and no less". At the end of the two weeks, he made his \$120.00 and I made

about \$12,000. He didn't want to take the risk. I have a saying if anyone wants to know how much they are worth, work for yourself. If you can't make it working for yourself, go get a government job.

GS: Tell us about Old Maude, from the beginning to the end. The first time you saw her until the last time.

DS: I had about as much respect for Old Maude as I did for Leon Black. She knew more about mining that Leon did. We'd hang a carbide light on her collar, and harness her up, and she'd remember where she was supposed to go from the night before. She would take the mine car back to the pile of ore, or if there was new ore, she'd stop in front of the pile for us to clean it up. Old Maude appeared to understand mining from the beginning to the end, and could back the mine car up right to where it was supposed to go. She could do almost everything except to trip it and dump. She couldn't load it or dump it, but she could go where she was supposed to and turn the cart around. She even knew whether it was loaded with muck or ore.

GS: Did she really? Do you really think she knew?

DS: Yes. I really do believe she knew. Perhaps she could tell by the smell.

GS: Maybe she could feel the radiation or something.

DS: It might be that you had to bring her out and put her in a different spot if it was waste. I didn't fool around very much with waste, it was nearly always put in the bin because it was high grade enough. Usually whatever fell was shipped.

GS: You'd be shooting a whole face out in Cottonwood?

DS: Everything I was slabbing out was generally in the old workings. This was partly looking for ore, but generally it was thick enough you didn't have to fool around too much. I'd shoot a round back, and put the whole thing in with it, and from there on I'd slab in sides and keep the one going ahead. If it was a full face, Old Maude would back under it. Generally we were mining full faces of ore.

KH: How far back in the mines would she go?

DS: She'd go all the way through.

KH: How far would that be, in the North Creek for example.

DS: At that time, North Creek didn't go all the way through. There were some places that were connected, and you could come in from one end, and go out the other. For example, Temple Mountain. They entered in and it continued on under the KLX holes and past the north end of the temple itself and on over into Migliacio's mines. You could go clear under that. It was honeycombed all in through there. If you had a good map, and light or could follow the ventilation holes you could go from one end to the other. Don't try it without a good light and a good map, because if you get back in there and run out of light, you might just stay there forever.

GS: You probably wouldn't last too long. You might hit a pocket of dead air and you'd be dead very quickly.

DS: As long as you stayed on the air course that I was talking about, you'd be all right. If you light a match, and it burns, the flame will blow a certain direction. You'll know the air is coming from the other direction and you're still heading north. Anyone who thinks they can tell direction underground, without knowledge of how to do so and a map, is plum foolish. You can go around one pillar and you don't remember how far around you are, and you could easily turn from east to west without knowing it.

GS: Were there any mines at the South or North Stinking hole, during this time period, that you could go from one mine to another under ground?

DS: At the Skylight you could go in one side and back out the south. There were little connections like that. South Stinking hole connected to parts of Spring Creek. It eventually went all the way through from the North Stinking hole. You could go down into inclines way on back in there and come out here heading straight east to Cottonwood creek.

GS: So there are miles of tunnels in there now?

DS: Yes. I've been through quite a bit looking for Jett. Jett is something the Anasazi used, and the Indians still use. It takes a really nice polish, and it's soft and easy to work with. It's excellent for rings, belts and most anything that is inlaid to silver. It looks like **obsidian** when it's polished.

GS: Or like a piece of coal.

DS: Yes. I've found it a number of times that it was dry, but it does weather terribly and quickly. It comes from the old trees that didn't mineralize. It didn't turn to coal, and it did turn to petrified, it turned to Jett. If we go far enough underground, I can probably find some to show you.

GS: Kathy, do you know what it looks like?

KH: I think I do. I thought it was a deposit.

DS: Well it can make deposits. The Anasazi probably didn't mine it as deposits, but I've seen deposits of it out in the shale. I imagine it came in the shale around Brushy Basin formation. Once it's been out in the open it flakes and begins to break in little pieces. You can treat it. Jewelers have a way of treating it so it will hang together without breaking up.

GS: Let's go back to the saga of Old Maude. You don't know where she came from. Where did she acquire her talents? You didn't teach her?

DS: It would have been someone who taught her while I was in the mission field. No, actually it was probably during the time I was in the Navy. I bought her after Lark and I had been mining the Whirlwind. She had served their needs and must have been trained by them. Lark and I had a couple other horses. I told you story

about the horse they put over the rim in Montezuma Creek. That's all been recorded. Lark returned from town with a load of hay early in the morning, and arrived at the mine just when one of the Jones boys forgot to put the block in place. When the horse backed up to dump the load, the block wasn't in place and the cart went over the rim and the horse followed head over heels. It kicked a few times, and died. The horse had fallen nearly 200 feet and was probably scared to death before it actually hit the ground. Lark jumped out of his truck to witness the whole thing, and turned to the guys and said "Which one of you sons of bitches is going to eat this hay"?

GS: I remember Maude. I remember when Dad owned Maude. Dad loved her. I never knew that Dad liked horses. In fact, I can't imagine anyone loving horses.

DS: In those days, horses were much more valuable than these things that run the Kentucky Derby and so forth. When we spent the two summers homesteading in Bulldog, our father had a couple of horses, and he seemed to think more of the horses than he did of his kids. He always liked animals and treated them very well. He loved and realized the value of his sheep dogs. We used the dogs to help run the sheep camps. A good sheep dog can be just as valuable as a good shepherd. They have to work together, as neither can do it all alone. Horses and dogs have their place, and it isn't sitting on the couch. In my opinion, the only reason to own a dog is to catch a cougar or something similar, otherwise what's the point. They are similar to human beings. I've known lots of people that under most standards are pretty good people, but I prefer people who are good for something, not just good.

GS: Do you think that Dad may have trained Maude to be a mine horse?

DS: There's a chance. Dad didn't build the mine cars that she pulled around.

GS: Did Charlie Sipes build the mine cars.

DS: Probably.

GS: One great recollection I have, of that period of time, was Dad bringing the mine car and Maude into town. I remember Charlie Sipes working on the mine car. I think it was before you returned from the Navy.

DS: I think I probably bought Maude from Dad. I would bet Dad and Uncle Claude were using Maude while I was in the Navy.

GS: I know Dad really loved Maude, and they had a corral for her.

DS: I always figured I might need Maude out there, so I never did sell her. I turned her loose and whenever I would check on her, she was around and waiting to go back to work. Unfortunately, I didn't have anything for her to do. I believe the mine car business ended right around that time and shuttle cars were introduced. I was using a car like the cart car in the mine at Sunrise. That's the mine that VCA bought back from Mr. Delany of Oklahoma. It had one fantastic ore body in it. Phil Powers was running it for Delany, and he had approximately 40 men working the mine and they were producing nearly 40 tons each day. Lark and Doug

Cleghorn wanted to buy it, but Delany wouldn't sell it to them. He said it could not be profitably mined by local people or by individuals; it needed to be worked by a big company. I think VCA had the first option to purchase it, and they did. Bob Anderson turned it over to Shumway and Dade. It was being operated by shuttle cars and because it was such a wet mine, it was very sloppy and the shuttle cars had a rough time. We installed mine rail. I told Bob if he'd give us twelve days of dead work, and I guess there were about ten of us, we'd convert it to car and track and get rid of the sloppy situation. We had 18 mine cars when we shot the back down and put rail in it and got it out of the muck and mud. The rails don't care if they have water on them, so it was much more efficient. One trammer would hook onto six loaded cars, bring it down and while they were being hoisted up the incline, and dumped, the trammer would hook onto six other cars and continue the cycle. The cycle was like this, six cars being loaded and another six being trammed and another six in transit one way or the other. Instead of using 40 men to mine 40 tons a day, we were mining 140 tons a day with 12 men and we worked the mine for years. It turned out to be a very profitable situation, and just about that time Bob Anderson decided I deserved that.

GS: So you never saw Maude again? You don't know what happened to her?

DS: I checked on her a time or two, and found she was still around, but there wasn't a market for horse and carts and I can't say I especially cared about the situation. I am fond of animals if there is a use for them, but I had no more use for a horse. I just went away and left her be.

GS: I remember a time, and let's see if you do. There was a pond in the bottom of Cottonwood, a nice big pond that Dad referred to as The Duck Pond. I recall lots of ducks being at the pond every morning. I was staying with Dad out in Cottonwood, and he'd take the 32/20, as he didn't have a shotgun, and shoot the ducks in the head. Then his dog Puffy, who was an exceptional dog, would eagerly jump in the pond and swim out and get the ducks.

DS: She was a little old dog, not much bigger than a duck. I once saw an eagle try and pick her up out of the back of a pickup truck and take Puffy back to his nest. I guess you weren't there at that time. We actually had to stop and retrieve her from the eagle.

KH: Did you eat the ducks?

GS: I don't remember ever eating them. My experience with wild ducks is they taste just a little bit like mud.

DS: It's just about like eating wild turkey.

GS: I'd describe the taste somewhere between a condor and a spotted owl.

DS: I don't have any recollection of a duck pond in Cottonwood.

GS: I know it was there. It was just about straight west of the mill. If you were standing where the grove of Cottonwood trees was, and Dad's tent you'd walk a little further west and a little north from there.

DS: The North Stinking Hole was just about straight west of there.

GS: When we get out there, and look around, maybe we'll see signs of it.

DS: I don't think you'll find any place where the water is running slow enough for a duck pond, unless they had it damned up.

GS: I think they did have it damned up.

DS: I guess they would have done that to prevent the water from running into The Big Hole.

GS: Yes. I remember them always struggling to keep water out of The Big Hole.

DS: They would only have done it from one rain to the next. Every flood that runs down Cottonwood would wash it out.

GS: I think that's what they did with the pond.

DS: There won't be any evidence of a duck pond ever having been in Cottonwood.

GS: And you don't remember it ever being there?

KH: What did they do for water at the mill? They must have needed water.

DS: They had plenty of water at the Big Hole, and in fact, water in Cottonwood all the time. After every shift we'd jump into the water, rinse off a little and call that our daily bath. There weren't any women around of course. This morning I got up about 5:30 A.M. and went down to shower and shave in the comfort of my home. Out there all we had were the streams. Cottonwood always had water.

GS: Would you use the streams in the winter, too?

DS: Who ever took baths in the winter?

KH: Would you work at the mill in the winter?

DS: No, I was going to school. The only time I worked out at the mine was during the summer.

GS: I remember lines of toad eggs.

DS: That would have been in a little area of water standing still. After a rain at Cottonwood, we'd be stuck for a few days. The roads would be flooded. Sometimes we'd be able to leave Cottonwood, but Brushy Basin would be impassible. There weren't any bridges at the time. You had to put up with the elements much more than you do today.

KH: The water wasn't really a problem. Did they have pumps in the Big Hole for pumping water out?

DS: I'm sure they did have. They didn't empty the leach tanks with water, and that would have been faster to back flush and empty them out. That's what they do now. They don't shovel them out now. When we worked at the first mill, we had to empty them with big scoop shovels and wheelbarrows.

GS: What would you do with the stuff once you'd emptied it?

DS: We would back it over a little ways and dump it. Not into Cottonwood, but the first flood would have caused it to run down towards Cottonwood. You won't find any mill tailings left out there. During the Metals Reserve time, there may have been a few that were high enough on the bank that they were salvaged for the uranium in it. There aren't any signs of the stuff today, needing reclamation work, like the mill at Monticello.

GS: That would have been great stuff to keep around. It was probably pretty high in uranium. You were only taking the vanadium out of it.

DS: That's all that particular mill did. They would take the black cake, well take the red cake out and then they had a fuser for the black cake.

KH: What's a fuser?

DS: It was a type of furnace that melted into black cake. Changed it. The red was just a powder.

GS: A red oxide.

DS: It was like lipstick and it needed to be melted into something manageable. It was fused from red cake to black cake.

KH: Was it a big furnace of some sort?

DS: I never saw it. I didn't have anything to do with that part of the process. I did see samples of black cake once it was fused, but there really wasn't very much produced by that mill. A sixteen-ton a day mill doesn't produce very much, probably about 100 pounds, that would be V₂O₅.

GS: But they did have a fuser with that first mill?

DS: Someone fused some of it out there. I saw fused vanadium at that mill.

GS: At that mill? Not in Colorado.

DS: Yes, at the first mill.

KH: Do you know if they had the same setup at the second mill they built?

DS: I never saw the second mill. The first one burned down when I wasn't watching. The second was built, and I don't know exactly where, but I heard it was in nearly the same spot as the first mill. I can't tell you anything about the second mill, and the third one was torn down soon after I got out of the Navy. They knocked most of the building down, leaving it pretty much as it is now, with the cement pieces left around. Wally Burnham was the mill caretaker, and I can remember Merwin, Burdette and myself going out there while Wally was in town. We picked up about 200 new sacks. They had a thin red stripe through them, and whatever they were supposed to put in them, they didn't so we got them. They were perfect for putting deer in, so we were all set for our next 100 deer.

GS: They were the big white seamless sacks, that you could put nearly 100 pounds of ore in?

DS: Yes, and you could put nearly that much deer meat in them as well. I never tried ore. The roof was still on the first mill, but it never fired up again once I returned from the Navy.

GS: It had closed down by the early part of 1944.

DS: They never really needed those sacks we stole. I've got to console my conscience.

GS: They went to a good use as I recall. I think I shared a few of them myself. So, you were down there mining the South Stinking Hole. You've come back from...

DS: I was mining the North Stinking Hole with Old Maude.

GS: Let's go back to the time you're returned home from your mission. What happened during the time you got home until you left for the Navy? Was that about a year?

DS: Actually it was only three months. I enjoyed being home and hated the thought they were going to put me back in jail or put me in the Navy. If I had it to do over again, I'd much rather spend time, maybe not at the Point of the Mountain prison, but spend the time in a county jail. I hated every minute in the Navy.

GS: Sounds like you were a true patriot.

DS: It was only patriotism that kept me doing what I felt might be good for the country I loved. In a jail, you have your own bunks, but in the Navy there were four layers of us sleeping in the destroyers. I never did like rolling around while I was sleeping and while I was trying to walk on a quarterdeck that wouldn't stand still and things like that. I'd always prefer to be on land looking for arrowheads. I didn't appreciate any part of the South Pacific. I didn't like the women, and I was afraid of the men on the South Sea Islands. Most of them had shields, and not many clothes on and maybe a spear, and I didn't know if they were going to have me for supper. It was that type of scenario throughout most all of the islands, up the New Guinea coast. If you got away from them, then you were right near the Japanese. I didn't like that country.

GS: Well, you had some experience between the end of your mission and leaving for the Navy. Tell us what you did for those three months. You returned home from your mission, and your buddies Merwin and Burdette came to visit and encouraged you to join their mining attempts to beat Gilbert and Glenn.

DS: I think we spent the full three months mining the Hangover. We had one incline after another that we'd work with a churn drill. We'd go down and mine that one out. The Hangover was right on the perimeter of the channel that went through here, and we mined whatever was left from Ridge One, whatever was hung over from the outskirts of that area. In nearly every case we had a little incline to work on. If we were mining it now, we'd take a loader and strip it. We'd get just barely underground and mine out a little spot. Maybe by that time we had pneumatic tires on our wheelbarrows. We'd have one guy pushing the handlebars and another pulling.

GS: Don't you have a photograph of this?

DS: I think I do someplace.

GS: That would let us know for sure whether the tires were pneumatic. My memory from long ago seems to remember that you had a picture with a human skull on top of the ore. What was that about?

DS: No, I never did that. Not on top of the ore. There was a time or two where I dug up remains and I'd set the skull on top instead of burying it again. I remember one time that I sat a skull down, and walked just a little ways off. I found an aluminum cap that the drillers put over a hole and it looks sort of like a miners or a construction workers hard hat. The hole would have been about this big around and the brim came out. As I said, I was still close to where I dug up the guy. I had my shovel and pots in my hand so I set them down and went back to the spot. The lower jaw of the skull was still connected, and his teeth were showing. I set this hat on his head and it fit perfectly. It was actually the little cap that the drillers use to keep water from running down their drill holes, and it had been lost or had served its purpose. That's one interesting story of a skull.

GS: I'm sure he appreciated that.

DS: We didn't really have time to dig up Mokies while we were producing ore.

GS: I will probably remember eventually the memory I was referring to, or perhaps it was my imagination.

DS: I could show you the very ruin, but I won't, as far as that goes, in this day and age.

GS: We better stop talking about ruins.

KH: That wasn't in Cottonwood, was it?

DS: No, it wasn't in Cottonwood.

GS: Kathy, is there anything else about those ruins you'd like to ask. You probably know where all those ruins are.

KH: No, I'm sure I don't know where all those ruins are. Devar probably does.

DS: There weren't very many of them on that property. One or two at Spring Creek. You know this is one thing about this country. They had to have three things. They had to have a good wood supply, and some kind of decent soil to grow some squash, corn and beans and they had to have water.

GS: So in Spring Creek they had all of these things.

DS: Yes, there were a couple of ruins there. You can look out on Elk Ridge and over on Grand Flat and other areas. If you can see green trees in the summer, then you should be able to find ruins somewhere around the tree. There may be one place where they had a tower to protect the water supply.

GS: Cottonwood had all three of those elements. It had a wood supply, it had good soil and it had water all around.

DS: The soil wasn't as good as it could have been. There was good soil in Whiskers, but Cottonwood not so much. Floods could have been a problem and also the fact that it was so narrow in areas where there were sagebrush flats. Up and down Cottonwood there have been a number of places that had enough soil, wood and water. Cottonwood always had enough water. There are enough springs up and down Cottonwood, that if it doesn't run year around water is always plentiful. There were ruins from Elk Ridge all the way to where it runs into the San Juan River. There were ruins up and down so many places; Cottonwood, Recapture, McElmo, Comb Wash, Montezuma Creek and most anywhere along the San Juan River. It seems that mountain right up there was probably just about their favorite choice. There's not much question but that the soil on White Mesa, Black Mesa, Mustang and Alkali was much better than any soil in the deep washes. It's too rocky and too sandy. The soil on top of the Dakota formation, these soils are nearly ten feet thick. Some of these places like up on Alkali, you can see why they lived there. The top soil is thick enough that the wind won't ever be able to blow the top soil away. If it does, it'll blow it back again.

GS: Spring Creek itself. Do you remember the spring that was up the one draw.

DS: It's bound to still be there.

GS: Do you remember what it looked like during the time you spent out there? There are a few things I can remember about it that were pretty interesting.

DS: There's a little ruin nearby. No, when the Mokies were using it, they would have had it cleaned out and their kids taught not to throw rocks in it. It won't look the same today as it did then. The springs never do. Take Elk Ridge for example, when you leave the springs that the cattle have watered in, and turn it back to the bear and deer, before long it's not much of a water hole any longer.

GS: I remember when we'd go up towards the spring, the water tasted so delicious. It was very sweet compared to the creek.

DS: The creek had pretty good water most of the time.

GS: It wasn't bad. But the spring water tasted better. I always thought, and maybe Dad convinced me, that it was especially good water coming from the spring. There were a couple of things I remember. First, almost directly across from the spring there was a long piece of steel in the rock. Probably a churn drill or something that was stuck, and it was there as far back as I can remember. And, the other thing was that the spring itself had been cemented in. They had a square cement box around it.

DS: That may have been done by the old shepherders.

GS: That's what I was wondering. Do you remember the cement around it?

DS: No. I don't know that I ever paid much attention to it. There was always plenty of water, and if we needed it in the summer we got it right out of the creek. Some of those holes, that had been sitting around for awhile, we didn't mind drinking right out of the mine itself. In fact, Dan and I always drank from the mine up at Glade Pit. There was plenty of it, we had to pump it everyday to keep the water out of the mine. The old pillars were too wet as it was, so we tried to keep it drained out as much as possible, but it still caved in.

GS: Glade Pit actually drains into Cottonwood, doesn't it.

DS: It might drain into north Cottonwood, but it actually drains into Indian Creek.

GS: Were you ever in upper Cottonwood, at the Ransom claims and that area?

DS: Well, that's the way we traveled when we worked in the Glade Pit. I was never around at the time the Ransoms were mining. I was in Colorado.

GS: You never prospected up in that area?

DS: No.

GS: Did you ever go up and look for Indian ruins?

DS: Well, I'll tell you one thing, when I got out of the service we had to drive up and across the Big Notch to get up to Mormon Pasture and Round Mountain. That was one time we got some good use out of Old Maude. We did still have her at that time. We used her for packing deer out, and she was just about as good at that as helping with mining operations. We traveled up in a two-ton truck with a cattle rack on it and Old Maude rode in the back in the cattle rack. On the way back we had 18 big bucks. They were hanging and laying all over the place in the back of the truck and there wasn't space for Maude. Instead of leading her back the long way,

I told them I'd lead her from Glade Pit down through Cottonwood. I had to cut the fence in one spot. There weren't any roads down to Cottonwood.

GS: Were there any trails?

DS: No, not even any trails. Maude and I found sort of a path. The guys came back and picked me up over by the Red Butte ruins near where the road crosses Cottonwood.

GS: You made it all the way down there?

DS: Yes. I led Maude down to that point. We were on the road continuing on when they picked me up. I don't remember if we let her loose to come on home, or had her ride with us. I had been up and down Cottonwood. There was another time when Dad and the guys were working up at the Big Notch, and I told Dad I was going to go over into Hammond Canyon. I asked him to pick me up at that same spot when they were returning home. I almost bit off more than I could chew because I didn't realize just how rugged that country really was.

GS: Yes. There are some very steep cliffs in there.

DS: I came down a few places that I knew I couldn't get back up. I knew I had to keep going but there were places I had a tough time maneuvering, but persistence paid off. I finally got down into the bottom of Hammond Canyon and from there on I could walk down to the mouth of Hammond Canyon where it runs into Cottonwood and it was free sailing from there.

GS: You didn't have to jump down off one cliff to another, or onto a tree top?

DS: Actually a time or two I had to hang by a root as far down as I could get and then drop the rest of the way. That was the place I knew I couldn't get back up again. Although I'm sure I could have found a way if I'd had to.

This is tape 3 of an interview with Devar Shumway on January 5, 2001 with Gary Shumway, Kathy Huppee and Jerry Robinson.

GS: Ok. We've been talking about you getting down from the cliff. People need to see Hammond Canyon to realize what you are referring to. This isn't a nice little path down through there; it's quite severe.

DS: I was really sure I could get down, and if it were impossible to get back up, I'd find another solution. I wasn't committing suicide or something like that. Even though it's very wild country, Dad didn't take my free agency away. I figured if he thought I was all right and I could make it, I was all right and could make it. I managed to make it back down to Cottonwood. He and Uncle Seth picked me up and hauled me back home. But there were moments I felt I might not live through the expedition.

GS: I think I know what your motivation was for getting in the canyon. We don't need to talk about that now, but did you see any formations in the area that you wanted to prospect?

DS: No, I was below the formations. I was just exploring new country, and felt I could find an arrowhead. I didn't have a shovel. The shovel wouldn't have made it. I would have left that along the way.

GS: You could have dropped it off the cliff. You came from Hammond Canyon, and most people can only fantasize about such incredible beauty. Did you see anything especially noteworthy on that day? Did you remember any ruins.

DS: There was an old fellow named Hammond, from the Hole-In-The Rock, who came and settled in the area. There were a few cabins that are still standing today. I think it was on that trip that I found a very old hatchet, an old ax really with a wide blade. The back end can be used as a hammer. I still have it. I put a different handle on it now, but it was probably something old Mr. Hammond lost. It was just along the side of a trail. I don't think there was ever a road from Hammond Canyon up to Elk Ridge. It could have cut back and hit over where the old Salt Road goes up to Dwarf. There is a possibility he went out that way because the road takes off and goes to the rim of Hammond Canyon. It may have gone down in, or he may have come up and hooked up with Salt Road. No he couldn't have possibly gone up to North Elk. I was coming down from North Elk and the other road comes from Hammond Canyon up to South Elk. There is a possibility there was a road.

GS: Jerry, you would love to do that. You've always loved finding old things like that. There were still cabins up there. You passed the cabins?

DS: They may have been cowboy cabins, or even Indians may have used them for running cattle. I don't think the Indians claimed the area, and I'm not sure whose range they might be on.

GS: Kathy, have you seen cabins up there?

KH: No, but there are some there. Wasn't there a spring up in Hammond Canyon?

DS: Yes, there are springs. There's live water and cattle through the summer. The Utes bought Perkins' Ranch. They have a large amount of water shares that they purchased from Eugene Shumway. They are in the cattle business, and if the government subsidizes them enough, they'll even show a profit. That land might be Ute property.

GS: Would it have been their property at the time of your adventure?

DS: Possibly.

KH: Do you remember whether there were Utes living in the Allan Canyon area when you were wandering through the area?

DS: From time to time, there would have been, until about 30 years ago.

GS: There always were when I was growing up.

DS: At one time they had a school up there. That was in the mouth of Dry Wash. It might have been in the mouth of Hammond Canyon that they had a number of buildings, and had water damned up so they could irrigate with it.

GS: I remember some apricot trees right in that area.

DS: Yes. I think it may have been on my adventure that I came across a little cave that the Utes still lived in part of the year. I looked back into the cave, and there were a whole bunch of baskets with sticky pine gum on the outside.

GS: Drinking baskets.

DS: There were about thirty of them. They didn't really use them for drinking any longer as they had water bags, but they would have made wonderful antiques. The quality wasn't nearly as good as the Anasazi baskets. I don't think my wife would let me bring one into the house. Maybe you've heard about the sticky gum baskets the Anasazi used so they would hold water. They would put really hot rocks in the baskets and cook a meal. They would put corn meal and rocks inside and make a cereal. I never tried any of it.

KH: You went back and looked for the baskets?

DS: Yes. I went back years later and they were gone. Maybe some one decided they would make good antiques, or the Utes might have come back and retrieved them.

GS: If I found a cave full of Ute drinking baskets, and I was carrying a stupid axe, I'd throw the ax away and haul the drinking baskets home.

DS: They weren't all that valuable. They were available from the Utes for 25 cents each. A stone ax wasn't really worth carrying, either. I can remember several ruins where I found stone axes while I was hunting, and I hid them in a nearby tree. Once they were worth something, I returned and retrieved them. Stone axes were like picking up pot shards: they had no great value.

GS: Did you ever go up Cottonwood again? Other than when you started mining at the Glade Pit?

DS: I imagine I went up there a few times. The road had been there for some time. I can remember going hunting in the area when the Ransoms were still working. The road was installed in from Allan Canyon on up after the time I led Maude down. I've forgotten some details because I was away for eighteen years over in Grand Junction, Colorado.

GS: Dad hadn't even found the Ransom claims at that time.

DS: When I led Maude down that time, the Look Claim or any of the others had not been found.

GS: You weren't riding Maude, you were leading her?.

DS: I was leading her because I hadn't been riding very much, and if you're a new rider, pretty soon you'd rather walk than ride. Some of the country was too rugged to be riding her. Maude actually followed me most of the time, I didn't have to physically lead her. We weren't going to leave one another.

GS: So you walked right down past the Avalanche, past the King Edwards and the King James. Were you ever tempted to prospect a little? You knew that was Shinarump formation, didn't you?

DS: No, not really. In fact, I don't think it is really true Shinarump.

GS: Maybe it's Moss Back, or Chinle D.

DS: There's another name for it that has to do with mountain, or ledge. They told me the true name for it. The true name for the materials at Glade Pit isn't Shinarump. It was kind of a replacement, it was in the Chinle. I know it wasn't true Shinarump or it wouldn't decay as it did. We lost a new bobcat, and set of mining equipment, and it had been grumbling for quite some time. I just felt we could trust it a little longer. On the last day, when Dan came out, I asked him if the Bobcat was far enough out so it wouldn't cave in. He said "Yes." The next morning when we returned, we found it had been parked about fifteen feet short of safety as hundreds of tons of rock had caved in on it. We lost the tractor, mining rails, hoses, drill steel, jackhammer, picks and other tools. All of it was buried. We thought about running a drift along and raising it up, but with the amount of rock on top of it, everything would have been smashed anyway. We didn't really need a flat bobcat.

GS: One thing we found at Avalanche Seven in Upper Cottonwood was a mudstone that was wicked stuff. There was very beautiful high-grade ore, but the back was a mudstone. It would come down with almost no warning. I remember being back against the face, and it groaned as occasionally happens, and I grabbed the

dynamite box we were using to load the face, and we ran out as quickly as possible. We were just twenty feet away, when nearly twenty tons of rock came smashing down.

DS: I remember an occasion involving one of my younger sons, Clark Shumway. Clark heard some rumblings and roars, and was certain his time had come, as he sprinted out of the mine. He was yelling that the mine was caving in. Dan yelled “Well did you get the wheelbarrow out?” It didn’t actually cave in for nearly a month. That experience scared Clark pretty bad. So anyway, back to my previous story, I knew that mine’s time had come. I hadn’t warned Dan, or even talked to him about it, I just asked if the Bobcat was far enough out of the mine. It was a \$15,000 piece of equipment.

KH: What mine was that?

DS: The Glade Pit. Those pillars in there just turned mushy. It reminds one of cottage cheese. It didn’t seem to have any more strength to hold up 200 feet of the world, than a batch of cottage cheese. I could tell by the sound of things that it’s time had come, but Dan just didn’t get the tractor out far enough.

JR: That was the end of mining that area?

DS: No. We still had one \$40,000 pillar that we knew we could still get, so we made enough money to purchase another Bobcat. We mined for probably another two or three months after that. I quit at that time, and left the rest of the mining to Dan. After we moved beyond that one, he said if I’d go with him, they would give me a mine at the CSR10. Bob Adams, who put the mill in, knew Shumway and Dade from over in Meeker Country. They were mining coal over in Meeker Country when Shumway and Dade were mining uranium at Uranium Peak, and Bob Adams tried to get us back together again to mine in this area. He couldn’t get any of us to get back together. Bob had died of lung cancer by that time, and John was probably just about to die of lung cancer. When he couldn’t get both of us, he tried to recruit us one at a time.

JA: I have been listening to you speaking throughout this interview, but it occurs to me that there are many things that myself, and others will not understand. I suggest that a glossary might be helpful.

DS: Yes, there are many terms we use, which both Gary and I understand, but others might not. Like, when I said the back caved in, it means the ceiling came down. The ribs are the parts that resembled cottage cheese. It’s almost like the dot com vocabulary. I don’t know the first thing about it, and hope I don’t live long enough to find out anything more than I do now. It’s certainly true that miners have a different jargon than pot hunters and other people.

JR: A tree of ore, for example, what does that mean?

KH: It’s actually a tree.

DS: It’s a tree that wasn’t sawed for lumber, or turned into petrified wood. The solutions came in and replaced the rotten portions and replaced it with uranium and vanadium and so forth.

GS: It will actually have limbs going out.

DS: Generally you can see the roots, and the butt of the tree, and branches.

GS: Sometimes there will even be a grouping of trees in a log-jam formation.

DS: We refer to them as trash piles. You hit one of these, with a good host rock and you've found an ore body. I saw an interesting log jam in South New Guinea. Several million coconuts appeared to have rolled into the wash, and something had blocked it off, creating a 200-foot wall of coconuts that was nearly one half mile long. Some were starting to sprout and grow. I figure someday that might be a great ore body. Of course, that will be several million years away.

GS: I hope you can remember one other thing. There was a bird that Merwin and Burdette called the "peter out bird". Does that ring a bell.

DS: I listened to those birds quite often, and if they are extinct, I'm not aware of it. We called it the peter bird or something like that. They start quite loud and dwindle down and fairly soon you can barely hear them. They petered out towards the end of their song.

GS: Like they ran out of air near the end of the song. They had a very distinct sound.

DS: I think mockingbirds would have learned to mock them a time or two.

GS: They weren't mocking birds; they were a wren of some kind.

DS: They were a little bit bigger than a rock wren, and I'm not sure they were all that great. I wasn't especially interested in their songs, it wasn't worth listening to, so I was glad when they petered out. I'm not sure of any reason why they'd be extinct now, I'd think you've been away from this country too long to hear them.

GS: Yes, this might be just my problem. For example, the prairie dogs don't bark like they used to.

DS: That's because you can't hear them anymore.

GS: Maybe the peter birds are singing, and you're right, I just can't hear them.

DS: I take young kids to see the prairie dogs and they'll tell me how they sound. I bought a hearing aid one time to see if I could hear rattlesnakes again, and I could. I can hear crickets with the hearing aids, but who in the hell cares about hearing rattlesnakes and crickets?

GS: I would love to hear crickets, and especially rattlesnakes. So you think there are still peter out birds in Cottonwood?

DS: I think they are probably all over San Juan County.

GS: Kathy, have you ever heard one sing? (He imitates the bird singing.) It gets slower and slower until they quit, it's so distinct.

KH: Now that I know what to listen for, I'll be on the lookout.

GS: Was there anything else in Cottonwood that might have been environmentally affected. Toad eggs for example.

DS: There are toads and toad eggs up and down Cottonwood. There are wild turkeys all over the place, and they weren't there in years past. Anything that got lost was replaced with better, and I don't worry about cougars and wolves becoming extinct. I hope we get rid of them, because I like deer and elk. A cougar will kill 140 head of deer each year, and eat what he can, leaving the rest for coyotes and birds. I don't care if the coyotes and birds get any of it. If they do, they should have to go and catch their own food instead of having the cougars do it for them. The cougars are efficient, and there's not a problem with them killing all the deer they need.

JA: In your adventures, did you run into wild life like that?

DS: I came very, very close to being killed by a black bear. I was stupid enough to shoot one in the ribs instead of the head. I was up on Calamity. I've told you this story before. Darwin Jones, John Hart, and the Morse boys were out hunting camp meat and I was down below on lower terrain. I was meandering through the oak brush and trees, and I heard a loud noise, and saw a black bear heading towards me from a southeast direction. I just saw glimpses of it from the sagebrush clearing where I was standing, and when the bear was fairly close I pointed my semi-automatic M1 rifle right at his ribs and it shot him right through the ribs. He was mad, and mean and he snarled and growled and headed right towards me at a blazing speed. I only had enough time to put a new shell in and fired it right between the ears and broke his neck. He dropped and rolled on my feet. I tried to dive into the bushes but was stuck partially under him, and I lost my gun. That was quite a scary experience, and I guess I was grateful his neck was broken and he couldn't retaliate. I finally pulled my feet loose and retrieved my gun and poked him in the ribs. He didn't stir, so I cut one paw off and brought it home to Madge.

GS: Did you ever see a cougar out in the wild?

DS: I'm not afraid of cougars as they are such cowards. They will run away if there is any possibility to do so. The bear, however, was furious, and had no intention of running away. Bears are completely different in nature than cougars. The cougars are even afraid of little dogs, but would not bother too much with coyotes. Cougars often eat coyotes. There was another time I can remember being frightened. I was calling a coyote from a ledge in a rock opening, and just in front of me a cougar jumped nearly on top of me. He was so close that his torso brushed my right ear and he scampered down the crack in the rock, and as he came out the other side I shot him. To have a wild animal jump right in your face, scares some people, and I'm one of them. I was looking off into the canyon and had no idea he was sitting right in front on me. He was scared of being

cornered, it wasn't that he thought there was something to eat, he didn't even take a snap at me as he scooted by me. There have been a couple of times when I'd call coyotes, and they would be right behind me. They can be very quiet, and if you aren't expecting them from behind, that too can be very surprising. On occasion, I'd shoot a few that were approaching in my front vision, and discover later that there were footprints in the snow showing they'd been very close in the rear of me. One fellow told me he'd been calling coyotes for quite a time on a rather warm day. He started to fall asleep, and before he knew it, a coyote was practically sitting on his lap. The coyote had come up from behind and startled him. Deer will quite often come in very close just as you start to fall asleep.

GS: Madge, it looks like you have prepared something for us; let's have some of your homemade lemon aid. Let me ask you one more question, and then Kathy will probably have some. I don't have a very clear picture of the road situation. How did you get out to Cottonwood. To begin with, when Dad went out to follow up on what Benito Sanchez had told him, how did they go.

DS: The first time, I believe the road went through Big Canyon and across Brushy Basin and up South Elk. But there weren't any roads that went south. There was a road before, but it may have been washed out. That would have been the same road they took my house out on.

GS: Down Black Mesa and that way?

DS: Yes. You could go either direction to get to Cottonwood. One way was to head down below the mill, and over across in that direction, or towards Brushy Basin. It's too far back for me to remember specifically what the situation was, and how they got down there each time.

GS: I had the impression that they walked from town that first day.

DS: That's possible. They might have done just that.

GS: They would have probably gone the northern route.

DS: Dad didn't own a car at that time, so he probably did walk. I don't know if they drove the second time, the next day. It was after the 2nd time that I went out, and they had Model A Fords to get them to the Chandler's cabin area. Under the cottonwood trees we discussed earlier, that is where we usually parked. We'd go from there to prospect, look for arrowheads, or search for other things. The road situation changed from time to time, and it's even changed again now.

GS: Do you think the northern road was built to shorten the distance?

DS: Yes. It was. I believe they built it to get to the oil well they drilled in Dark Canyon.

GS: So the oil well in Dark Canyon was a fairly big deal?

DS: Allan Black worked on that road, and I'm sure he could share some information on the subject. He can tell you the entire story of why they built that road. I think Zelma Black could share quite a bit too. She was living with her dad out in Allan Canyon. Zelma Acton can tell you more about the baskets, maybe even what happened to them. Her dad, and I can't remember his name, but he was one of the older sons of Ben Black, and Allan Black is his son, and Zelma Black Acton is his daughter. Zelma has pictures of the old Indians who lived out there, and she remembers it in great detail. Allan Black is the one who did a lot of the excavation work for the archeologists at the mill. He had a backhoe, but he wouldn't have had it at the time they built the road. I think he said he brought the first wagon from down there. He mentioned hauling things, and how much shorter it was with the road and in fact, almost a day shorter. He'd haul supplies to where they were drilling in Dark Canyon, and it was nearly a day shorter to come across from Cottonwood across Brushy Basin and across to Blanding. This was instead of going from Blanding over towards Black Mesa and up to Cottonwood. Allan can tell you almost everything there is to know, and especially about the road conditions, about this subject.

Tape 3 – Side 2

KH: I don't know where so many of these places are.

GS: Just being out there will probably lead to further questions on your part. This is yet another exciting chapter in the series of interviews with Devar Shumway. We've done several other interviews. The other day, he was telling me about Darwin Jones. Kathy, you didn't know him but he was a very special person. When Devar and Darwin were 12 years old, they spent a few weeks up in the mountains.

DS: What's that have to do with any reclamation work?

GS: Not a thing. I'm just explaining that's another chapter, and another adventure. I do have one question though. When you were out in Bradford Canyon, you said you had a wheelbarrow, a single jack, a piece of steel and plenty of groceries. You had a rifle so you could shoot deer. Please elaborate on "plenty of groceries". What did your supply consist of for a 45-day stay?

DS: I had a full sack of potatoes, two five gallon honey cans full of frozen milk. It stayed frozen most of the time, and I warmed up what I needed by my campfire. I can't remember how tasty it was, but it went nicely with my homemade germade cereal. I ate potatoes, onions and deer meat and probably a few other things.

KH: Did you have any fruit?

DS: I imagine I did. I didn't have any way to keep things from freezing. I may have had some canned things. I know I mostly ate germade cereal with sugar and milk in the morning, and jerky during the day. One of the most interesting things I remember is that I found a large Porphyry boulder. I made a make shift pot, the bottom half of a 15 gallon barrel, and about 3:00 P.M. each day I'd put this large rock in the hot water. Once it started to get dark, I would take the rock, put it in a bean sack, and put it in bed with me. I'd get in bed, put it under my knees and it would warm me up in both directions. That thing would cool down, and by about

3:00 A.M., I'd kick it out. My bed would stay warm enough to rest comfortably. The next morning, I'd start the process all over again, take the rock back to the barrel and warm it. I'm not sure how I would have survived without that rock to warm me up. There was snow on the ground, and even relatively warm days brought cold nights to that little cave. I just had a couple of quilts, and I imagine it was warmer in the cave than a number of other spots. There were also a few pet civet cats that would show up from time to time. Sometimes they crawl over my face. I didn't dare shoot, or scare them, because of the horrible smell it would have created.

GS: What made you think they were civet cats and not skunks?

DS: Well, I don't really know the difference. I just called them that. It wasn't usually light enough to tell the difference anyway. They do have some odor, even when they aren't spraying. You can tell a lot about friends just by their smell.

GS: That's a fine note to end on. You and I will talk more on another occasion. Let's go to Cottonwood tomorrow and you can enlighten us on the various locations.

DS: I don't know of much more to tell you that you don't already know.

[End of Interview]