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Colorado's Statehood Celebration, 1876

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Early in the year 1876, when it became known that the Territory of Colorado was to be admitted as a State, great preparations were afoot to commemorate the event.

The Fourth of July of this great Centennial Year dawned bright and fair on Colorado and the proud City of Denver. A more perfect day could hardly have been framed even under our cloudless skies. There was little sleep in Denver from that time forward, from Capitol Hill to the Platte and up and down that classic stream for miles. The streets were so crowded that it was with difficulty that one made his way through the lower part of the city. Everybody was happy; it was a double festival; they were enjoying the nation's Centennial and the Birthday of the Centennial State.

Promptly at the appointed hour, General Bearce and his staff began the arduous task of bringing order out of the confusion in the streets between Blake and Larimer. The mounted police cleared the space in front of the American House, which was then held by the head of the procession, Colorado Commandery No. 1, all mounted on jet black horses, save the officers, who rode on pure white ones, their rich uniforms and dark waving plumes making them conspicuous figures in the march. Gilman's full band stepped to the front like veterans. The Governor's Guards and Mitchell Greys came next. Following these came the Masons two by two and then the Pioneers, a little straggly as to step but honorable and honored, as men who deserve well of the country their feet first found and their hands first built. Then came a long line of Scandinavians and the German Turners following the Stars and Stripes and keeping step to the music.

Second Division. The Odd Fellows on milk-white horses with their royal purple uniforms glistening in the sun were grand to behold. The excellent brass band of Erie marched in their rear

*Mrs. Walter (*nee* Gussie Schinner) took part as a young girl in the Centennial Celebration at Denver in 1876. She wrote this account of the event for the Territorial Daughters of Colorado in April, 1916, and read it as part of the Colorado Day program at the new Municipal Building in Denver on August 1, 1934. She lives in Denver today.—Ed.

and the Odd Fellows on foot, a long line of fine looking men embracing many of our best citizens.

The car of France followed these, Liberty represented by Miss Neoma Haggerty, who sat under a canopy in the rear holding the young republic in her lap and was driven by a bewigged and powdered coachman. The whole float was decorated in red, white and blue bunting, four young maidens dressed in white wore red, white and blue sashes tied across their shoulders and each held a streamer hung from the canopy to each corner of the float. The girls were: Misses Adeline Charpiot, Frances Girardot, Gussie Schueler and Gussie Schinner.

Then came the grand car of the Union, consisting of two large transfer wagons lashed together and drawn by six white horses. They were lavishly decorated in the national colors. Under the canopy sat thirteen well known ladies: Mrs. Rushmore, representing Virginia, and dressed like Martha Washington; New Hampshire, Mrs. C. H. McLaughlin; Massachusetts, Mrs. E. W. Cobb; Connecticut, Mrs. J. S. Ames; Rhode Island, Mrs. Driscoll; New York, Mrs. Orson Brooks; New Jersey, Mrs. A. H. Miles; Pennsylvania, Mrs. Amos Steck; Delaware, Mrs. Alice Harrison; Maryland, Mrs. C. B. Clements; North Carolina, Mrs. Elizabeth Brinker; Georgia, Mrs. Larkin Bradford; South Carolina, Mrs. A. G. Rhoades.

Immediately behind these, on the rear car, sat the following young ladies, representing the thirty-eight states: Maine was represented by Anna Smith; New Hampshire, Lillian Arnold; Virginia, Flora McCune; Massachusetts, Fannie Small; Rhode Island, Hattie Arnold; Connecticut, Etta McClelland; New York, Ida Hanna; New Jersey, Minnie Lennon; Pennsylvania, Emma Searight; Delaware, Clara Clinton; Maryland, Zella More; Vermont, Lou Babcock; South Carolina, Puss Brown; Georgia, Inez Russell; Alabama, Maude Clark; Mississippi, Cora Witter; Louisiana, Clara Gilman; Florida, Lulu O'Brien; Texas, Addie O'Brien; Tennessee, Fannie Finn; Kentucky, Sallie Wells; Ohio, Fannie Fisher; Indiana, Jeanette Fisher; Illinois, Grace Seaton; Michigan, Ella McBeth; Missouri, Pauline Lennon; Iowa, Mary Peabody; Wisconsin, Belle Steck; Minnesota, Della Sherman; California, Anna Kaub; Kansas, Della Gillette; Nebraska, Bessie Gillette; Nevada, Sadie Ganiard; West Virginia, Jessie Cooper; Oregon, Blanch Arnault; Colorado, May Butler.

Miss Butler was born in Denver, Colorado, October 5, 1860. She is the daughter of J. M. and Jane Butler, then living on Larimer Street between 15th and 16th, where the Charpiot Hotel stood.

Then came the Irish-Americans in the train, for of all our adopted citizens the Irish are the readiest to peril their lives. Behind them came the Red Cross Champions, the only temperance society represented, who made a very creditable display. The Knights of Pythias with their red plumes waving over their black uniforms, the whole squadron carrying itself proudly, escorted a procession of carriages containing Governor Routt and staff, Mayor Buckingham and members of the City Council.

Now came the gallant firemen, the pride and glory of Denver, the finest volunteer department in the world. They all wore red shirts, blue pants, white belts and helmets. First came their chief, Julius Pearse, then the Hook and Ladder No. 1, Miss Emma Tritch riding on top under a tasty canopy, the Woodie Fisher Hose Company next with cart completely covered with flowers and a color bearer waving aloft a beautiful banner just before presented them by their lady friends. Then the wideawake James Archer, their blue and white uniforms a pleasing contrast to the prevailing red of the other companies; their hose cart was a mass of roses. Then those ideal boys of the Joe Bates, long of limb, stout of heart and manly in bearing, and then the last in the parade but not least when duty calls, came Hook No. 2 closing the line.

The next division was rather informal, being meant to include whoever happened to want to join the parade. Who does not remember a diminutive, wizen-faced colored man known as Liege, a sort of town crier, clad in a Prince Albert and battered stovepipe hat? He could be heard for blocks ringing a hand bell and calling out "los' chile." Then another familiar personage, long haired and bearded, John Drexter, driving a team of elk harnessed to a broken-down buckboard and on the rear of this vehicle was an aspen tree about five feet high, roots and all.

The splendid pageant moved along the principal streets downtown; down 14th Street to Waseola, up 15th to Stout. Some slight accidents occurred, the two most annoying of which were wrought by a gust of wind at Cherry Creek Bridge which gently lifted the canopies of the floats. The one covering the thirty-eight states was deposited in the sand below, the other hung in the trees, leaving the young ladies exposed to the blazing sun for the rest of their ride.

A picnic was held at Denver Park. It was late when the procession reached the park and an immense throng had already invaded the pleasant shade; children innumerable were in the height of their enjoyment when the regular exercises of the day began.

The program was as follows:

Prayer, Rev. T. E. Bliss. After that Mayor Buckingham read the Declaration of Independence. The Mannechor, Handel and

Hayden Societies sang America. O. J. Goldrick read his historical sketch of Denver. Rev. Ellis read an oration. Then the Star Spangled Banner was sung; L. N. Greenleaf read his Centennial Poem; Hail Columbia was sung by the whole audience with great spirit; then H. P. Bennett was introduced as toastmaster and announced the following toasts:

First—The Day We Celebrate, response George W. Miller.

Second—The Flag of Our Country, Music.

Third—Fathers of a Republic, Rev. T. E. Bliss.

Fourth—Medley of Airs—Our Foreign Born Patriots.

Fifth—Washington and Lincoln; response in silence, the crowd standing with uncovered heads.

Sixth—The President of the United States, Prof. T. N. Haskell.

Seventh—Music, the Marsellaise.

Eighth—Colorado the Centennial State, Hon. S. H. Elbert.

Ninth—The People, Rev. Ellis.

Tenth—The Press, each paper responding for itself.

Eleventh—The Law of the Land, E. C. Johnson.

Twelfth—Woman, Robert E. Foot.

Thirteenth—Peace and War, response by silence.

This concluded the regular program. The park was not wholly deserted until very late, as a dance in the evening drew many away from the festivities in the city. To the credit of all present, good order ruled throughout the day. Thousands upon thousands went out on Capitol Hill to witness the display of fireworks. The night was very cool and comfortable and it tempted everybody out of doors. The display consisted of a very few ordinary skyrockets and Roman candles. This ended the celebration.

John Hittson, Cattle King

EDGAR C. MCMECHEN*

Western fiction writers have made such promiscuous and unrestrained use of the term "cattle king" that many people today regard it as a hyperbole. True, if one applies the words to John W. Iliff, long reputed to have been the greatest individual cattleman of Colorado during the days of the open range, or to Col. Charles Goodnight, few will question the right of these famous cattlemen to the designation. Yet, if we may accept the word of several historians of fifty years ago, who wrote much anent the open range, John Hittson, on the headwaters of Bijou Creek, operated upon a grander scale than either of those mentioned.

*Mr. McMechen contributed an article on "Father Kehler, Pioneer Minister," to our issue of May, 1934.—Ed.

"Chief among the stock-raisers of this state is John Hittson," wrote one Colorado historian in 1880,[1] while another writer of the same period mentioned as the recognized cattle kings of that day O'Connor, King, Kennedy, Hittson and Chisholm in referring to the epic characters of the open range.[2]

To Denver residents of the seventies John Hittson was a familiar and colorful character, but time has drawn a veil over his activities, for he died nearly a half century ago. During the next decade his sons-in-law, W. H. H. Cranmer and Finis P. Ernest, played leading parts in the stock industry of the state and in the development of the Denver Union Stockyards. The Ernest & Cranmer building was built by them jointly.

John Hittson was born in Tennessee on October 11, 1831. When six years old his parents took him to Monroe County, Mississippi. Here he lived until 1851, when he moved to Texas and, in that year, married Miss Salena Frances Brown of Henderson. As late as 1861, according to one writer, he worked by the day on a Texas farm.[3] His spectacular rise as a cattleman began about this time, when he moved to the Brazos River in western Texas. Within a decade he had acquired several ranches, the home ranch having been located on the head of Battle Creek in Callahan County.[4] His grazing range, however, extended over Callahan, Runnells and Palo Pinto counties.

Western Texas, after the Civil War, swarmed with countless thousands of unbranded cattle, the owners having neglected the usual operations of cattle ranching during the war. The early cattlemen, in accordance with the law of the range, had only to place their brands upon these mavericks in order to build up gigantic herds, and John Hittson, within a few years, had placed the Three Circle on so many of the strays that he soon became one of the largest cattle owners in the Lone Star state.[5] This brand was large circles burned in the animal's hide, one on the shoulder, one on the side and one on the hip.

The enormous accessions to the Hittson herds is explained by M. L. Johnson, a cowboy who entered Hittson's employ in 1867 and years later wrote a pamphlet describing conditions as they existed in the sixties. There were few cattle ranches on the Brazos and competition was not so keen as in more heavily settled sections. Aside from his employer, Johnson says that the only cattlemen in

[1] *History of the City of Denver* (Baskin & Co., 1880), 456.
[2] James S. Brisbin, *The Beef Bonanza* (1881), 74-75.
[3] *Ibid.*, 75.
[4] M. L. Johnson, *Struggles with the Hostile Indians on the Frontier of Texas* (1923).
[5] Interview with George E. Cranmer, grandson of Hittson, Ms. in the Library of the State Historial Society of Colorado.

this country at the time were Jim Carter, John Hazelwood, and John and James Hart.[6]

The same writer tells of Hittson's first trip into New Mexico to supply beef to the United States government for feeding the 17,000 Navajo Indians that had been rounded up by the federal troops and were being held at Fort Sumner. The trip started in August, 1867, and the herd followed the old John Chisholm Trail via Fort Chadbourne to North Concho River; thence along the river to its source; thence due west across the Staked Plains to Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos. The Hittson herd was one day

Left to right: W. H. H. Cranmer, John Hittson and .....

behind that of John Chisholm, and Hittson overtook the latter where Black River empties into the Pecos. The Navajos had robbed Chisholm of 800 cattle, but Hittson and his men safely delivered their animals to the government. On the return trip the Kiowas surprised Hittson's camp two hundred miles from home and took from the men their wagon and team of oxen. This robbery rankled in Hittson's breast and, after reaching his ranch, he called for volunteers to return and secure the wagon. Chester Wentworth, Frank McLaura, James and John Hart, M. L. Johnson, Newet Kirksey and a negro named "Andy" joined Hittson in this dan-

[6]Johnson, *op. cit.*

gerous venture. Good fortune attended them, for the party found the wagon in January, 1868, and discovered the oxen nearby.[7]

D. H. Snyder of Georgetown, Texas, a prominent cattleman who acquired the John W. Iliff Ranch on the South Platte after the death of Iliff in 1878, is authority for the statement that the only cattlemen to use the old Chisholm Trail into New Mexico in the year 1868 were: John Chisum (Chisholm), John Hittson, Rube Gray and a brother-in-law (White), John and Tom Owens, Martin Cosner and the Snyders.[8] On this route the drovers were faced with the terrible drive of 90 miles from the Concho River over a waterless desert to Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos, made without a stop.

Soon after the pioneer cattlemen moved to the Brazos, those fierce raiders of the Texas Plains—the Comanches—began the depredations that were to extend over a decade or more. Enraged at the occupation of their buffalo range by millions of Texas longhorns, and seeing that beef offered an easily secured substitute for their own dwindling meat supply, both the Comanche and Kiowa tribes began a systematic robbery of the cattlemen. From demands for a few head of cattle as tribute for passing through their hunting grounds, the Indians passed to wholesale raids, for they soon learned that cattle could be used as a means of barter with the Mexicans across the state line. There followed numberless attacks upon trail herds, part of the attacking band driving off the herd while the remainder made savage assault upon the cowboys.

John Hittson had his share of these battles. The harassed cattlemen had no organization sufficiently strong to drive the Indians from the country. On one occasion, while riding near his ranch with several of his men, a band of Comanches made a sudden attack.[9] The white men spurred their horses toward a limestone uplift a hundred feet in height. In a cave, protected by an overhang of the rock wall, they entrenched themselves behind huge boulders and waged a twenty-four-hour battle. The Indians ascended the bluff and rolled rocks down upon the whites, but the overhang protected the men and the boulders bounced harmlessly down the slope. One of Hittson's slaves, a negro boy, was killed and Hittson himself rode home after the battle, soaked with blood from an arrow wound in his hip.

About this time (1870) John Hittson and his brother, Billy, began driving cattle to Colorado for sale on the Denver market. During the spring of the year mentioned, while a Hittson roundup was in progress, his men discovered the smoking remains of a

[7]*Ibid.*, 20-31.
[8]J. M. Hunter (Ed.), *The Trail Drivers of Texas*, II, 476.
[9]Interview with Cranmer, *op. cit.*

United States Army supply train near Fort Belknap. The charred body of a teamster was found. He had been tied upright to the wheel of one of the wagons and burned to death. It was for this atrocity that the famous Kiowa chieftains, Satanta and Big Tree, were sent to the federal penitentiary.

Coincident with the Indian depredations there developed an appalling rustler warfare. Cow thieves from New Mexico, in increasing numbers, raided into western Texas and ran off thousands of steers. Cattlemen on the Brazos considered themselves too weak for reprisal and dared not invade New Mexico to recover the stolen animals.

This condition led to one of the most spectacular and daring exploits of John Hittson's life, an act that was largely instrumental in breaking up the predatory thieving incursions from New Mexico, which had become intolerable.[10]

Armed with authority from the Governor of Texas, he organized a group of some fifty cowboys who were known to be expert gunmen. At a nominal cost he bought up the claims of neighboring cattle owners, crossed the state line with his army and began collecting the stolen animals. However, he displayed a finesse that stamped him as a man of unusual shrewdness. In all of eastern New Mexico at that time, the most powerful of the cattle barons was a Senor Romero, whose ranch was located in the neighborhood of Glorieta Pass. The Romeros were Spanish grandees and ruled the country with a hand of iron. Senor Romero also was not averse to buying herds of cattle with strange brands, without asking too many questions. Hittson was well aware of this situation and proceeded first to the Romero Ranch.

Instead of riding in with his armed cowboys at his back and demanding the stolen stock, John Hittson offered to buy such animals as had been run off by rustlers and purchased unwittingly by Senor Romero.[11] The Senor was a man of quick wit and, probably, a well-developed sense of humor. He looked with interest at the plentiful artillery and the determined faces of Hittson's escort, decided it best to release the stolen cattle with expressions of regret and satisfactory profits. Also, it is probable that a quiet agreement was made between himself and Hittson that the Senor would keep to himself the fact that he had been well paid for the animals taken away.

When Hittson moved down the valley driving the herd secured from Romero, his advance was viewed with astonishment and alarm. To resist the now determined demands of one who had taken stolen

[10]Joseph G. McCoy, *Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade of the Southwest* (1874), 345.
[11]Interview with Cranmer, *op. cit.*

cattle from the powerful Romero was not to be considered. Cattle with Texas brands were released hurriedly and with tactful Spanish expressions of regret for the lamentable mistake.

Within a few weeks Hittson had collected 18,000 head, which he drove north to Colorado and sold, as one authority says, for the benefit of the original owners.[12]

At this period John Hittson was one of the largest, if not the largest, cattle owners in Texas. Various estimates are given by early day authorities as to the number of cattle running on his ranches, these reaching the astonishing total of 100,000 head, according to one writer.[13] In 1873 he branded 8,000 calves. Soon after the close of the Civil War he was driving annually to Colorado 8,000 head, using the Pecos Trail. In 1872, wearying of the constant depredations of the Comanches, and aware that the cool, high climate of Colorado, and the knee-high gramma grass were ideal factors in fattening cattle for market, he bought the Six Springs Ranch on the Middle Bijou Creek near Deer Trail, Colorado.

This became his permanent home. In 1873 he placed 11,000 cattle on this ranch; the next year 20,000. General Brisben in his *Beef Bonanza* credits Hittson with having had 50,000 cattle in Palo Pinto County alone. He drove 10,000 cattle north each year, according to this authority, employed 300 saddle-horses and 50 herders. At the same time John Chisholm was credited with 30,000 head. In naming the great cattle kings of Texas at this period, General Brisben mentioned as the largest operators who were driving annually to the Plattes: Hittson, John Chisholm, Charles Goodnight and James Patterson, the first and last being credited with handling the largest drives.

Within a few years several other Texas cattlemen moved north to Bijou Creek and started a Texas center in the neighborhood. Each built commodious frame houses in the Southern style, with verandas, separate kitchens and other characteristics of the hot country from which they had migrated. Among these were Hittson's brother, William; his brother's former foreman, W. H. H. Cranmer; Finis P. Ernest and several others.

Incidental to the removal of his home to Colorado, M. L. Johnson, the Hittson cowboy referred to before in this article, tells a characteristic story typical of the Indian troubles which all western Texas cattlemen were then undergoing. "About July 1, 1872," says Johnson, "Hittson ordered his cowboys to round up his cattle in Runnels County, as a result of trouble with the Indians." Hittson and his son, Jesse, had then decided upon the move to Deer

[12]McCoy, *op. cit.*, 345.
[13]*Ibid.*

Trail. On July 10, 1872, 700 head had been driven to the pens at Picketville near the present site of Ballinger. Upon leaving the next day on the trail, seventy-five Comanches attacked the party.[14]

There were twelve white men when the fight started, but the cook deserted and escaped safely. The battle lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock in the evening on July 11. Ten or twelve Indians were killed but the white men, protected by their position, escaped injury. The Indians, however, took the cattle with them. Nearly forty years later, on the testimony of Johnson, whose whereabouts had not been known in the meantime, the heirs of John Hittson recovered as damages from the government for this loss $14,900 in the year 1909. The late Mrs. Martha Cranmer, the widow of W. H. H. Cranmer, used her share of this payment to take her children on their first trip to Europe.[15]

While a typical cattleman of the open range, John Hittson gave several instances of a progressive spirit seldom found among those who devoted their lives to the industry in its palmy days. On his Brazos ranch he had 200 slaves and his grandson, George E. Cranmer of Denver, is authority for the statement that while still residing in that country, he planted the first cotton raised on the Brazos and worked the fields with these negro hands.

After coming to Deer Trail he made another departure even more remarkable for a dyed-in-the-wool cattleman. One of the finest flocks of Merino sheep in the state was imported and placed upon his Bijou ranch.[16]

John Hittson died December 25, 1880, as the result of a runaway while driving a wagon near his ranch. In crossing the railroad tracks nearby, the wagon was overturned, and he was thrown out and killed when his head struck an iron rail. For some years his family had lived in Denver and, after Hittson's death, the Bijou ranch was sold. It is known now as the White ranch. Mrs. Hittson lived until December 9, 1890. Of their ten children, four survive: Mrs. Frances H. Brown of Denver, Mrs. Salena H. Ernest Moore of St. Louis, Mary H. Hayes and Jesse Hittson, both of Los Angeles, California.

[14]Johnson, *op. cit.*
[15]Interview with Cranmer.
[16]*History of the City of Denver* (Baskin & Co., 1880), 456.

Mountain Men—William Craig

LeRoy R. Hafen

During the heyday of the fur trade in the Rockies, William Craig lived the wild life of a trapper. Toward the end of that period he was part owner of Fort Davy Crockett in Brown's Hole of northwestern Colorado.

In many respects Craig was a typical Mountain Man. He fled into the West after having killed a man, trapped and hunted on expeditions that traveled from the Missouri to the Pacific and from Canada to Arizona, had narrow escapes from Indians and grizzlies, married an Indian woman, and after the last mountain rendezvous in 1840 moved to Oregon and settled down.

Of William Craig's early life we know but little. He was born in Green Brier County of the "Old Dominion," as he called his native state (Virginia), about 1799 or 1800. At the age of eighteen he quarreled with a man much older than himself and killed him in self-defense. Alarmed at this act, he went west to St. Louis. Here, in this emporium of the fur trade, he joined a party of French Canadian trappers bound for the upper Missouri. With bateaus they made the long, arduous journey to the vicinity of present Fort Benton, then moved south into the mountains. Craig left the Canadians, joined American trappers and became a full fledged Mountain Man.[1]

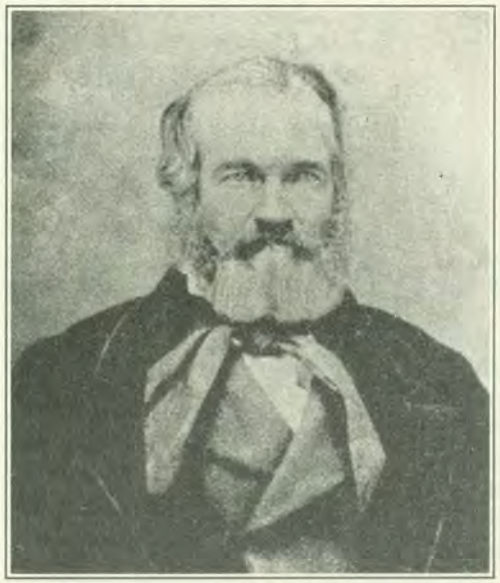
In the fall of 1829, while employed in William Sublette's trapper band, Craig became acquainted with a fellow Virginian, Joseph L. Meek. One day Craig, Meek and Nelson were traveling up a creek on foot to tend their traps, when they came suddenly upon a red bear. The three men ran for trees. Craig and Meek climbed a large pine, but Nelson took to one of two small trees that grew close together. The bear followed Nelson. With his back against one tree and his feet against the other the bear climbed almost to Nelson's perch, when the trees separated with the bear's weight and he fell to the ground. The bear tried a second time with the same result. With the third fall the beast gave up in disgust and ambled away.

"Then," says Meek, "Craig began to sing and I began to laugh; but Nelson took to swearing. 'Oh, yes, you can laugh and sing now,' says Nelson, 'but you war quiet enough when the bear was around.' 'Why, Nelson,' I answered, 'you wouldn't have us

[1]Thomas J. Beall, "Recollections of William Craig," in *Lewiston* (Idaho) *Tribune*, March 3, 1918. Mr. Beall met Craig in 1857 and was intimately associated with him during the twelve remaining years of Craig's life. Around campfires Beall listened to stories of the old trapper's life and adventures. The Virginia Historical Society kindly searched their records, but failed to find anything on the early life of the William Craig of whom we write.

noisy before that distinguished guest of yours.' But Nelson damned the wild beast; and Craig and I laughed, and said he didn't seem wild a bit.''[2]

Meek tells a story on Craig of an incident that happened during the winter of 1829-30. While the trappers were crossing the mountains between the Yellowstone and Bighorn rivers, game was scarce and provisions were nearly exhausted. Craig managed to catch a rabbit and "put it up to roast before the fire—a tempting looking morsel to starving mountaineers. Some of his associates determined to see how it tasted, and Craig was told that the Boosh-



COLONEL WILLIAM CRAIG
(Courtesy of Nellie B. Pipes, Oregon Historical Society)

ways wished to speak to him at their lodge. While he obeyed this supposed command, the rabbit was spirited away, never more to be seen by mortal man. When Craig returned to the camp fire, and beheld the place vacant where a rabbit so late was nicely roasting, his passion knew no bounds, and he declared his intention of cutting it out of the stomach that contained it. But as finding the identical stomach which contained it involved the cutting open of many that probably did not, in the search, he was fain to relinquish that mode of vengeance, together with his hopes of a supper.''[3]

[2]F. F. Victor, *The River of the West*, 71-2. (This is a biography of Meek.)
[3]*Ibid.*, 78.

In 1833, Craig with other independent trappers joined the Joe Walker expedition to California. The adventures of that trail-blazing journey we shall not recount here,[4] but a story pertaining to it, which Craig told to Mr. Beall is worth repeating:

"The waters of the Humboldt River are of a milky cast, not clear, so one afternoon while camped on the said stream and being the first to strip, I started for the swimming hole and was just about to plunge in when I got a hunch that things were not as they should be and I had better investigate before taking a dive. I did so and found the water was about a foot and a half deep and the mud four, this condition being in the eddy. So I waded to where there was a current and found the water a little more than waist deep, no mud and good smooth bottom. In looking towards the camp I espied Joe Walker coming and he was jumping like a buck deer, and when he arrived at the brink he says to me: 'How is it?' 'Joe,' I replied, 'It is just splendid.' With that he plunged head first into that four and a half feet of blue mud.

"Fearing trouble and not being interested in the subsequent proceedings, I made myself scarce by hiding in the brush on the opposite side and in so doing I ran into some rosebrier bushes and scratched myself some, but I was so full of laughter I did not mind that. I peeped through the bushes just in time to see him extricate himself from the mud. He then washed the mud off as well as he could, returned to the tepee, put on his clothes, shot his rifle off, cleaned it, then reloaded it and hollered at me and said: 'Now show yourself and I'll drop a piece of lead into you,' which I failed to do, as I did not want to be encumbered with any extra weight, especially at that time. I was compelled to remain in hiding nearly the whole afternoon. Before sundown I was told to come into camp and get my supper and leave, that I could not travel any further with that party.

"I was very glad of the permit for it was rather monotonous out there in the brush with nothing but a blanket around me and nobody to talk to and my pipe in camp. I soon dressed myself and then it was time to chew. Our company was divided into messes and each mess was provided with a dressed buffalo hide. It was spread on the ground and the grub placed upon it. When supper was announced we sat down. I sat opposite to Walker and in looking at him discovered some of that blue mud of the Humboldt on each side of his nose and just below his eyelids, and I could not help laughing. He addressed me in an abrupt manner and said: 'What the h—l are you laughing at?' I told him that gentlemen gen-

[4]See accounts of this important journey in W. F. Wagner (Ed.), *The Adventures of Zenas Leonard*, Washington Irving's *Bonneville*, Victor's *River of the West*, etc.

erally washed before eating. With that the others observed the mud and they too roared with laughter in which Walker joined, but he threatened if ever I played another such trick on him he would kill me as sure as my name was Craig.

"This place on the Humboldt River was ever afterward called by the mountain men 'Walker's Plunge,' or 'Hole.' "[5]

Craig characterized the Walker expedition as more of a horse-stealing than a fur-trapping expedition. He says that they got away with 500 to 600 head of horses, which they traded to the Indians on the way back to the Rocky Mountains.[6]

Among the Nez Perces Craig "trapped a squaw." Just when this occurred we are not certain,[7] but when he next appears in the scant records, his Nez Perce wife is duly attached to him.

At some time prior to the summer of 1839, Craig had formed a partnership with two other Mountain Men, Thompson and Sinclair, to conduct trade with Indians and trappers in Brown's Hole on Green River. In this sheltered valley in the extreme northwestern corner of present Colorado, they maintained a trading post known as Fort Davy Crockett.

In July, 1839, Craig left Sinclair in charge of the fort and set out with two companions to meet Thompson, who was bringing out their goods from St. Louis. At "Tumbleton Park," southwest of the head of the Yampa River, he met Thomas J. Farnham and his little party on their way to Oregon.[8] Thompson did not leave Independence, Missouri, until August 6, 1839, traveling with Vasquez and Sublette, and reached Fort Vasquez on the South Platte (one mile south of present Platteville) September 13th. Here Craig joined his partner and the two, with their squaws and children and accompanied by eight men, set out for Brown's Hole.[9]

Upon arriving at their fort on October 1st, they found many independent trappers and Indians there. Brown's Hole, because of its sheltered position, was a favorite winter resort. Kit Carson, Joe Walker, Joe Meek, Jim Baker, Robert Newell, Jack Robinson and many other less famous characters were there for the winter. The fort itself was a rather small and poor structure, but the trappers and Indians set up their own skin lodges and were comfortable. "The fort," wrote Farnham, "is a hollow square of one

[5]Beall, *op. cit.*

[6]*Ibid.*

[7]Beall says that in 1829 Craig, Meek and Newell went to the Nez Perce country to trap and while there got their Indian wives. Meek's story, however, would indicate a later date.

[8]T. J. Farnham, *Travels in the Great Western Prairies*, in Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, XXVIII, 229.

[9]"Journal of E. Willard Smith," in the *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, XIV, 253-4, 201. Smith accompanied the Vasquez and Sublette party to Fort Vasquez and then continued with Craig and Thompson. His diary is exceedingly valuable.

story log cabins, with roofs and floors of mud, constructed in the same manner as those of Fort William [Bent]."[10]

Wislizenus of St. Louis found the fort destitute of supplies when he visited it in the summer of 1839. He writes: "The fort itself is the worst thing of the kind that we have seen on our journey. It is a low one-story building, constructed of wood and clay with three connecting wings and no enclosure. Instead of cows the fort had only some goats. In short the whole establishment appeared somewhat poverty-stricken, for which reason it is also known to the trappers by the name of Fort Misery."[11]

But that was summer time, when most of the trappers were away. The winter scene was quite in contrast to this. Several hundred trappers and Indians camped in the valley during the season of 1839-40. And as might well be imagined, there was no lack of excitement. In addition to games, races and dances, there were hunting expeditions for game, a raid by hostile Sioux and a counter expedition by trappers.

The wily Sioux made away with one hundred and fifty horses from Brown's Hole on November 1. Failing to recover them, some of the more irresponsible of the trappers went over to Fort Hall and stole some horses from the Hudson's Bay Company. On their way back they stole some more from the friendly Snake Indians. Upon reaching Fort Crockett and finding their actions roundly condemned by the better element among the trappers, they took their stolen horses south to the mouth of the Uintah. This appears to have brought about the breakup of the Craig-Thompson-Sinclair partnership, for Thompson was leader of the band that stole the horses. Craig, Walker, Carson and others, fearing retaliation from the Snakes, organized a party and pursued the renegade trappers. They found them ensconced in an old fort at the mouth of the Uintah. They attacked the thieves, recovered the stolen animals and returned them to the friendly Indians.[12]

Following the breakup of the last rendezvous on Green River in the summer of 1840, and the announcement that the large trading companies would no longer bring out trade goods, the trappers found themselves without occupation. They began to scatter in all directions. Some trailed back to Missouri or other eastern states, some went to New Mexico, others to California, and some to Oregon. William Craig was among those who headed for the Oregon country. In company with Meek, Newell and other trapper companions, he was seeking a place to settle down.

Joel P. Walker (brother of Joseph R. Walker), who was taking his family to Oregon in 1840, says that at Green River he

[10]Farnham, *op. cit.* 252.

[11]F. A. Wislizenus, *A Journey to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1839*, 129.

[12]Smith, *op. cit.*, 266-67 and Victor, *op. cit.*, 259-60.

joined "a small party who were under the guidance of Bill Craig."[13] This was the Rev. Harvey Clark missionary party.[14]

At Fort Boise, Hudson's Bay Company post, the little caravan remained a few days to recruit their animals. Mr. Payette, the trader in charge of the fort, writes Meek's biographer, "offered Newell quarters in the fort, as leader of the party. To Meek and Craig, who were encamped outside, he sent a piece of sturgeon with his compliments, which our incipient Oregonians sent back again with *their* compliments. No Hudson's Bay distinctions of rank for them! No, indeed! The moment that an American commenced to think of himself as a settler on the most remote corner of American soil; that moment, as if by instinct, he began to defend and support his republicanism."[15]

Inasmuch as Craig's career in Oregon does not pertain to our present topic, we shall not detail the story here. A brief summary, however, may be of interest. He established a farm near Rev. Spalding's Lapwai Mission, where he exerted great influence over the Nez Perce Indians. Here he also gave help to the newly arrived Oregon emigrants of succeeding years.[16] Col. John Owen tells of stopping at the Craig ranch at various times during the 1850s to feast on melons, tomatoes, and green corn.[17]

The Nez Perces were Craig's friends throughout his life. They always spoke of him as William. Their friendship took tangible form in their treaty of 1855 with the United States Government.[18]

In the uprising of hostile Indians in 1855 and '56 Craig rendered valuable service and was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel by Governor Stevens.[19] He was then made Indian Agent for the Nez Perces.[20] Not only had he lived among them for sixteen years, but he had married a Nez Perce woman and had reared his family among them. William Craig died at his residence on the Lapwai in October, 1869.[21] Craig Mountain, not far away, perpetuates his memory.

[13]Joel P. Walker, "A Soldier Under Jackson in the Florida Wars; A Pioneer to Oregon," etc., Ms. in Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif.

[14]H. H. Bancroft, *History of Oregon*, I, 241.

[15]Victor, *op. cit.*, 279-80.

[16]Joel Palmer's Journal in Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, XXX, 222, 240.

[17]*Journals of John Owens*, I, 55, 73, 78, 137, 173. These data were called to my attention by Nellie B. Pipes of the Oregon Historical Society. Upon receiving some whiskey sent by Mr. Craig, Col. Owens apostrophizes: "May the snow of Many Winters Set lightly on his brow" (p. 173).

[18]The treaty provides as follows: "Art. 10. The Nez Perce Indians having expressed in council a desire that William Craig should continue to live with them, he having uniformly shown himself their friend, it is further agreed that the tract of land now occupied by him, and described in his notice to the register and receiver of the land office of the Territory of Washington, on the fourth day of June last, shall not be considered a part of the reservation provided for in this treaty, except that it shall be subject in common with the lands of the reservation to the operations of the intercourse act."—C. J. Kappler, *Indian Affairs; Laws and Treaties*, II, 705.

[19]G. W. Fuller, *The Inland Empire*, II, 237, 249, and H. H. Bancroft, *History of the Northwest Coast*, II, 459.

[20]Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1857.

[21]*Walla Walla Weekly Statesman*, Oct. 23, 1869. This item was kindly supplied by Nellie B. Pipes, Editor of the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*.

Poncha Springs Library*

JEROME K. WILCOX[1]

In a little village that now has but one hundred inhabitants is located what remains of the earliest library in Chaffee County and one of the earliest in Colorado.

In 1878, on land originally owned by the MacPhersons, but later purchased by James P. True, was laid out within the area of a square mile, the town of Poncha Springs. The village thrived and grew to a population of about 3,000 in the '80s. But a series of events reduced it to the tiny hamlet it is today. Perhaps one day it will be one of the "ghost cities" of the West.

In 1881 the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad opened negotiations to locate their shops in the then prosperous village. But Judson Bent and a Mr. Hurlbert, who between them owned half interest in the town (J. P. True owning the other half), refused to sell their land to the railroad, for they wished a "quiet town." The railroad then located its shops in the neighboring town of Salida and with them took the prosperity that might have been Poncha's. Finally, three disastrous fires, the first of which, in December, 1882, laid the greater portion of the town in ruin, added further to the misfortunes that befell Poncha.

Like most of the Western towns of the '80s, Poncha's population was divided between the rougher element, with their dance halls and saloons, and a group of cultured people, some of whom bought ranches there and made country homes of them. It was this latter element which was instrumental in founding the Poncha Springs Library in 1880. J. P. True (Jim True) donated the ground; A. J. Thomas gave the lumber for building, some of which came from Canon City, some from the foot of Methodist Mountain; and H. A. Jackson (owner of the Poncha Springs Hotel) donated whatever team work was necessary. Mrs. John R. Magruder, who came from Washington, D. C., obtained many books from her friends there for the library. Mrs. Henry Van Kleeck, Mrs. John B. Henderson of St. Louis, Missouri, and many others were much interested in the project. Several town people subscribed for periodicals for the library. Among those received were *Scribner's, Review of Reviews, Harper's Weekly, Denver Tribune, New York Graphic, Pueblo Chieftain, Poncha Herald* (a local newspaper), and *Living Age.* Mrs. Dan P. Cherry, a sister of J. P. True, was

*This account has been written from facts verbally supplied by Mrs. Frank Smith (Mary T. Jackson) of the Poncha Springs Hotel and from the *Catalogue and Rules of the Poncha Springs Library, Colorado* (San Francisco, A. L. Bancroft & Co., 1880, 24 pp.).

[1]Mr. Wilcox is Associate Reference Librarian of The John Crerar Library, Chicago. For several years past, especially during vacation periods, he has been gathering data on the history of Chaffee County, Colorado.—Ed.

its first librarian and Mrs. Mary T. Jackson Smith also acted as librarian.

In 1880, the year the library was opened, a catalogue of the collection was printed in San Francisco, California, by A. L. Bancroft & Co. Mr. Bancroft himself was a resident of the town. It contained 24 pages and over 400 titles. The books were grouped by large classes: I, History; II, Travels, Explorations, etc.; III, Biographies, Memoirs, etc.; IV, Ficton; V, Poetry and Drama; VI, Science and Art; VII, Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, etc.; VIII, Religions and Miscellaneous. The first class was numbered 1, 2, 3, etc.; the second class 200 to 315; the third class, 410 to 514; the

PONCHA SPRINGS LIBRARY, 1934

fourth class, 600 to 818; the fifth class, 905, etc. This would indicate fixed location of the books on the shelves.

According to the printed catalogue *(Catalogue and Rules of the Poncha Springs Library, Colorado)* the trustees of the library were Mrs. J. R. Magruder, Mrs. Cherry, R. T. Haines, J. Scott Boyd, and B. S. Loney, with Mrs. J. R. Magruder president, and Mrs. Cherry, secretary and treasurer. The library was open every evening from 7 until 10:30 p. m., on Saturdays, 3 to 5 p. m., and on Sunday, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. An initial deposit of $2 was made by each prospective borrower, in addition to a subscription of twenty-five cents per month for residents and fifty cents per month for non-residents, one book at a time being allowed per person. A book could be kept for two weeks with the privilege of renewing

for two weeks. A fine of ten cents per day was charged for overdue books.

The library functioned as such for from four to six years, and then, with the town, fell into the background. However, it escaped the disastrous fires and stands today with many of the books and periodicals still on the shelves. The building is now used by the village as the town hall.

Kit Carson's Camp Nichols in No Man's Land

ALBERT W. THOMPSON*

A few yards of well laid rock walls, which in one or two places are three feet high, mark the site of the earliest military cantonment erected in the extreme northwestern corner of present Oklahoma, in the region once known as "No Man's Land." This fortification, by the way, never fired a shot in its own defense, and its principal claim to fame rests in the fact that the redoubtable Kit Carson selected its site and superintended its construction. Here, in the summer of 1865, some 300 men, members of Companies C, L, and F, California and New Mexico Volunteers, performed a vast amount of work, which to this day testifies to their industry.

Camp Nichols was located some four or five miles east of the New Mexico-Oklahoma line. It is about sixteen miles south of Colorado's southern boundary and two miles beyond the Cimarron River. Its nearest railway town is Boise City, Oklahoma, twenty-five miles to the east. The postoffice of Mexhoma, on a well established highway, lies five miles south of the old defense. Camp Nichols is a mile north of the "Cimarron cutoff" of the old Santa Fe Trail, the great artery of commerce which stretched from Independence to Santa Fe. This road left the Arkansas River near present Dodge City, Kansas, and traversing a waterless waste for 60 miles, reached the Cimarron River. Then on and on it ran, in a southwesterly direction, picking up streams every twenty miles or so, until it finally reached its objective, Santa Fe. Over it for years lumbered the great, slow-moving caravans of the Santa Fe traders and, later, stage coaches made their hazardous weekly trips, among hostile Indians and vexed by the sudden storms of the plains.

In the spring of 1865 the Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Comanche Indians were attacking caravans along the old trail west of Fort Dodge and making their progress extremely hazardous if not impossible. The winter before, in 1864, Kit Carson with a handful

*Mr. Thompson, who lives in Denver, has previously contributed to our magazine.—Ed.

of troops had attacked these tribes in winter camp on the Canadian River near Adobe Walls, Texas, and burned one of their villages, an act which left an unpleasant taste on the palates of these marauders of the frontier. General Carlton at Santa Fe, in the summer of 1864, had written Kit Carson, then at Bosque, near Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where he was guarding the Navajos, "the Comanches have, within a few days, killed five Americans at Lower Cimarron Springs, and have run off cattle from a train of 5 wagons belonging to Mr. Allison of this city."

Conditions in 1865 had not improved. On May 4, 1865, Carlton had advised Carson, then at Fort Union, New Mexico, regarding the protection of the trail, and hoped he might "be able to have a talk with some of the chiefs of the Cheyennes, Kiowas and Comanches and impress them with the folly of continuing their bad course." To this Carson replied on May 6th. The text of his note is not at my command, but it probably suggested some forceful action on the part of the militia, for on May 7th the following order was issued:

"Department of New Mexico,
"Assistant Adjutant General's Office
"Santa Fe, N. M. May 7th. 1865.

"Colonel Cristopher Carson with Major Albert H. Pfeiffer and companies C and L of his regiment, and company F, First Cavalry California Volunteers will proceed from Ft. Union, New Mexico, starting on the 20th inst. to Cedar Bluffs or Cold Spring on the Cimarron route to the States where, at, or near one of these places, Colonel Carson will select and establish a camp. * * * The object of establishing this camp is to have troops at that dangerous part of the route in order to give protection to trains passing to and from the States. The details as to how this force can best effect its object is left entirely with Col. Carson.

"By command of Brig. Gen. Carlton
"Assistant Adj. Gen. Ben C. Cutler."

Acting on these instructions, Carson proceeded from Fort Union with troops delegated to this expedition, and selected a site on the rocky bluffs of a small stream which debouches into the Cimarron River and just off the great Santa Fe Trail. This location was about half way between the old crossing of the trail at the Currumpa and Cold Spring. It has always seemed to me that Carson might have made a better selection of site for his cantonment, at Cold Spring or even Cedar Springs, the latter near at hand. Little water was available at the place he chose and this was in a gorge or ravine just north of the site. But

Carson probably knew his business. Nothing obscured the view of the surrounding country from this high ground.

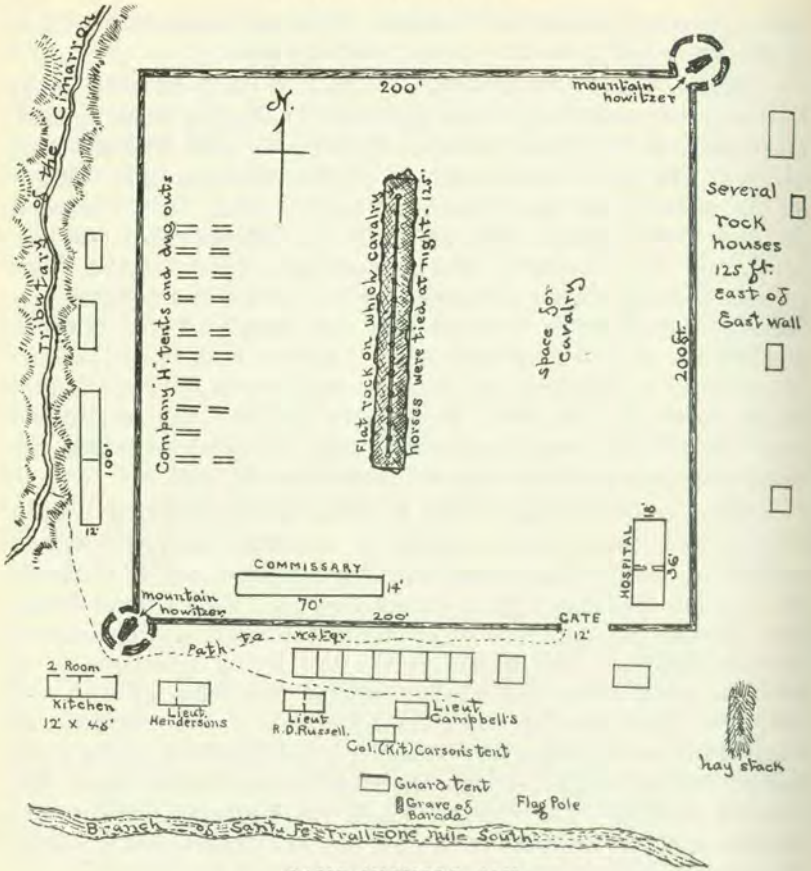
Carson probably reached the location of Camp Nichols, about half way between Fort Union and Fort Dodge, on June 1, 1865. On June 19th he writes to Santa Fe from "Camp Nichols, New Mexico" (he was five miles east of the New Mexico line). Work on the walls of the new camp had been started. This consisted of the fort itself, some 200 feet square, of officers' quarters, hospital, and commissariat. There must have been trained stone masons among Carson's troops, for no novice could have performed the character of work that was done at Camp Nichols. But the life of the camp was short. I have a note from the War Department at Washington which concludes with the remark that on or about May 31, 1865, the camp (Nichols) was established near Cedar Bluff and designated Camp Nichols; and that the camp was abandoned on or about September 22, 1865.

There is now living (1934) in Trinidad, Colorado, a woman of advanced years (she is nearing her ninetieth milepost) who as a bride of twenty years made with her husband, one of Carson's officers, her wedding trip to Camp Nichols. This former bride, Mrs. Marion Russell, wife of Lieutenant Russell, has a most retentive memory. She is one of the last living witnesses as to how the great scout, Kit Carson, looked and what he said and did. She says that he was ever solicitous of her welfare and warned her never to venture, even for a few hundred yards, from camp. Indians might, despite the watchful eye of the sentry, be lurking nearby. The Colonel knew the horrors incidental to Indian capture. Suppose we let her tell her experiences at Camp Nichols, as she recently told them to me:

"I was born in Illinois and was married at Fort Union, New Mexico, in February, 1865, to Lieut. R. D. Russell, a member of the regular army, though a Canadian by birth. My wedding journey, I might say, was made to Camp Nichols.

"In May, 1865, orders were given Kit Carson to march eastward along the Santa Fe Trail, which passed Fort Union, and establish a cantonment for the protection of the wagon trains and stages along the route to the end of the railways in Missouri and Kansas. I did not go to this new point of defense till about two weeks after the troops had been at work at Camp Nichols, as it was called, some 120 miles east of Fort Union. I was then 20 years of age.

"Kit Carson, who marched from Fort Union with his regulars and selected its site, would not let me make this initial journey in May, although I begged that I might accompany my hus-



CAMP NICHOLS, 1865
Drawn by Mrs. Marion Russell in 1928. Measurements confirmed by A. W. Thompson in 1932

band and others, and scoffed at the idea of danger. But the colonel was obdurate. Perhaps fifteen days after their arrival at Cedar Bluffs, he ordered Lieutenant Russell to proceed with wagons and an escort to Fort Union, and on his return I accompanied him to Fort Nichols.

"On our arrival, in June, 1865, we lived in army tents until our houses were completed. The latter were built of stone, half in the ground and half above, and had dirt roofs supported by logs. Timber for roofs and other purposes was cut at the head of one of the canyons, eleven miles west, and laboriously hauled to the new camp. The rooms were just on the outside of the fort, some twenty feet from the south wall.

"In these officers' quarters lived Maj. A. H. Pfeiffer, in command after Carson left, Capt. R. C. Kemp, Captain Strom (California company), Captain Hubbell, Capt. William Henderson and Lieuts. John Drenner, Campbell and Ortner. We had also ten Indian scouts and two squaws, and there were two laundresses, wives of Mexican soldiers of one of the companies, who washed for the infantry and cavalry, each soldier paying $1 a month for laundry work. Mrs. Henderson, wife of the officer, and I, with the above, were the only women in camp.

"The soldiers, some 300 in number, slept in tents and dugouts within the enclosure. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes were especially bad east along the trail, and every two weeks, as the wagon trains collected from the west at Nichols, an escort of our soldiers would accompany them to Fort Dodge or Fort Larned, and return with wagons westbound.

"Captain Strom of our California company was the first detailed to go east, and two weeks after my husband made the second trip to Fort Larned, on the Pawnee Fork, Kansas, where he joined Strom's company and together they made the return to Fort Nichols, thirty-two days being required for the journey. On this trip there were over 500 wagons, drawn by mules, horses and oxen, which stretched out great distances by day and corralled at night and, being heavily loaded, moved slowly. One of the caravans I recall was that of John and Andres Doll of Las Vegas, and another, Mr. Lunnings' of Albuquerque.

"It was an imposing sight indeed to watch the arrival of this great cavalcade of covered wagons, with their massive, clanking wheels and high bodies, to listen to the cries of the men, the cracking of whips by the drivers of the 'bull' teams, to follow the majordomo as, on horseback, he went up and down the line urging forward the tired animals, flanking which rode members of our cavalry, and then to see about sunset this moving mass as it halted and prepared for the darkness, soon to come on.

"Life at Camp Nichols often was monotonous. Our mail was irregular, arriving from Fort Union by express, and this was supplemented from occasional passing caravans westbound. Our house consisted of two stone rooms, dirt floor and roof, with blankets for doors, and white cloth over the window frame in place of glass. Our water was brought from the stream, some 600 feet away, in buckets, and a soldier of our company was assigned us as cook.

"The fare consisted of hardtack, bacon, beans, beef, flour, with sugar and coffee. We had no rice, dried fruit nor potatoes or fresh vegetables; neither had we stoves, and all cooking was done in Dutch ovens, usually in the fireplaces. Some time in the summer of 1865, Sutler W. H. Moore of Fort Union sent over

some 'delicacies' in the way of canned goods, and on their arrival my husband purchased $42 worth of these, most of which we consumed in two days. They consisted of peaches and other preserved fruit, No. 3 cans, oysters, and pickles in small bottles, and for these we paid $2 per can or jar, which, though costly, we reveled in after the daily fare of government rations.

"Beef was plentiful from our herd of cattle, driven from Fort Union and guarded day and night near the fort. The scouts killed deer frequently along the breaks north and east of us, and the squaws dressed the hides from these at the stream under the bank from the cantonment.

"The furniture was simple. Our bed was made from a log six feet long split in two and laid on the floor, then covered with boughs and blankets. A folding army table with no chairs completed the list.

"I distinctly recall Kit Carson, in actions, looks, and appearance. He was present only fifteen days at Camp Nichols after my arrival in June, 1865, and occupied an army tent just east of ours. He was exceedingly kind and courteous to me, a man short of stature, slow of speech and sparing in conversation, though ever solicitous of our comfort. He visited much with us, and I remember his crude English, 'whar' for where, and 'thar' for there. I do not recall that he superintended to any great extent the work of the soldiers, which seemed to go on with the regularity of clockwork.

"His tent was some fifty feet from ours, and generally had its sides rolled up. Within it Colonel Carson lay much of the time during the day on his rough bedstead, made of four short forked posts set in the ground with poles across, and scanned the neighboring elevations, looking for Indians which, however, never came.

"One night during a wind and rain storm his tent blew down, and he had to call the sergeant of the guards to come and get him out. The last time I saw him was as he, leading his horse, stopped at our tent, before our stone rooms were completed, the morning he set out for Fort Union, to bid me goodby and again warn me not to go out 'thar,' pointing off to the Santa Fe Trail, as the Indians might get me.

"I was the last person he addressed before he mounted and rode away. I was never to see him again. He and all the officers at Camp Nichols wore their uniforms most of the time, though occasionally they donned cloth blouses when scouting. Captain Strom was the most proper officer at Nichols, and I never recall seeing him with his uniform coat unbuttoned.

"And so the summer of 1865 passed quickly enough for us at the new cantonment, finishing walls and houses and performing military duty. My time was spent in short walks, watching the squaws as they busied themselves in and about the fort, or tanned deer hides at the stream, and with occasional short rides on horseback with Major Pfeiffer, who taught me how to mount and sit in the saddle. His wife had, a short time before this, been killed by the Indians at Fort Craig and he was shot in the hip with an arrow, which ever afterwards caused lameness and a great hatred of 'Injuns.'

"One story I must tell of Major Pfeiffer. At Nichols one of the soldiers had a pet crow. The bird would fly into houses and rooms and help himself at will. One day we found that it had visited Pfeiffer's quarters, nearly destroyed a shirt and, worst of all, upset a bottle of whiskey, the contents of which were lost. In relating this the major said, 'That crow! He tore my shirt that cost $7. That don't matter, but he also steal my whiskey.'

"Each morning the ten Indian scouts would quietly ride away to return at sunset. Two pickets were kept out during the day, one two miles west, and the other about the same distance east, mounted always on fast horses, and at night sentinels were posted near the camp. No Indians, however, ever ventured to attack us, though a few miles down the trail they continued their raids. The howitzers at Camp Nichols were fired on one occasion only, and that was July 4, 1865. The camp flagpole stood some 100 feet south of the gate and the flag from this flew daily to the breeze. Regularly at 9 p. m. the bugler sounded 'tattoo' and at 9:15 'taps.'

"This routine life lasted until the latter part of September and then orders came to us one day, after a good deal of stone work had been performed, to return to Fort Union. Our infantry and cavalry one morning got into regular formation, wagons were loaded with what we wished to take, and slowly we rode westward, in a few days to again reach Fort Union. We left at Camp Nichols a stack of hay and another on the prairie, which the men had cut during the summer, and on the flagpole a notice warning everybody against destroying the property. Thus closed my life, though by no means my vivid recollection of it, at this short-lived fort on the old trail."

Returning to Fort Union, Mrs. Russell's husband was ordered to Fort Bascom, on the Canadian River, New Mexico. There her first child was born, and there its remains lie buried. Later Lieutenant Russell was honorably discharged from the army and for years followed the vocation of rancher in New Mexico, and later near Stonewall, Colorado.

For years after its abandonment, Camp Nichols remained practically as it was left by its builders; then incoming settlers dismantled its walls. When I first stumbled upon it in the early '90s, its rock work had been practically unmolested and some of the beams of the houses were in place. A ditch on the outside of the main structure, about the north, west, and east sides was then, and still is, plainly traceable.

Camp Nichols fulfilled the mission for which it was established. Order was once more resumed along the old trail. Indian tribes discontinued their assaults upon Santa Fe caravans and mail coaches.

Colonel Meline, passing east from Fort Union in August, 1866, writes: "Since 1861 the trail has been almost abandoned on account of the Indians, and is now just being resumed * * * Maps have done little or nothing for it, and we find it difficult to locate ourselves day by day when we halt. * * * Our camp yesterday was among the ruins (new ruins of a structure, not old) of Fort Nichols, a cantonment erected by a few companies of California and New Mexico cavalry regiment two [one] years ago for the protection of this route.

"For a small force they effected a great deal, put up quarters, corrals, fieldwork, etc., of stones. The remains of the walls and a grave on the hill, covered with a monumental pile of heavy stones to protect it from the wolves and a massive cross of rock with the name of 'Barada, Private, First New Mexico Cavalry,' are all that survive their labors."

Carson, the soldiers and the Indians long ago departed, and perhaps there lives today but one person who resided at Camp Nichols—the woman who made the journey there as a bride.

Paradox Valley—An Historical Interpretation of Its Structure and Changes

LEE EMERSON DEETS*

On the western slope of the Colorado Rockies, in the rugged country where Colorado and Utah meet, south of the Uncompahgre Plateau, is an unusually isolated valley called Paradox. It was so named because the Dolores River cuts through its clifflike walls at right angles instead of flowing lengthwise through the valley.[1]

*Mr. Deets is Assistant Professor of Sociology at the University of South Dakota. During ten weeks in the summer of 1923 he did field work for the study in the Paradox Valley. His study was accepted as a Master's thesis in Sociology at Columbia University in 1924. In 1933 he again visited the region. This article is a revised and rewritten abstract of his thesis.—Ed.

[1]R. C. Coffin explains this geological phenomenon as a valley gouged from an anticline which extends forty miles, from the La Sal Mountains southeast, to a point south of Naturita.—"Radium, Uranium and Vanadium Deposits of Southwestern Colorado," *Colo. Geological Survey Bulletin* 16 (1921).

Bisected by the river, West Paradox is inhabited by about 200 people, and East Paradox, with no human habitant, is an enormous prairie dog town in a desert of sage brush, greasewood, cactus and sand. The valley is from two to five miles wide, twenty-five miles long, and is surrounded by rocky walls on three sides from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high. Paradox, with a store, hotel and school, and Bedrock, with a store and school, are the two trading centers in the valley. Placerville, shipping point for the territory, is seventy miles to the east on the narrow gauge Denver & Rio Grande Southern railway. Since the highway out of the valley to the west is exceedingly steep and rough, Paradox looks to the east for most of its contacts with the world outside.

This is primarily a history of white men and the structure of the community they formed in Paradox Valley. He who would learn of earlier history must listen to the geological voice of the "rimrocks" or excavate with the archaeologists in the Indian mounds whose wind-blown, loess-covered tops hold secrets of Pueblo culture over a thousand years old.[2] To the aesthetic mind the "rimrocks" speak in a voice of mystic beauty in the changing lights of dawn and sunset. The geologist looking up from the valley floor reads a history of the aeons in five chapters taking the form of red, pink, white and buff colored bands of rock. Reading from bottom to top, from oldest to most recent, they are in geological terminology the Carboniferous, Dolores, La Plata, McElmo and Dakota formations.[3] The Carboniferous or lowest and only occasionally visible formation is composed of luxuriant vegetation deposited when Colorado was emerging from a tropical sea. The Dolores formation, locallly known as the "red bed," is a low-lying, deep-red band varying from two hundred to four hundred feet in width. It was deposited in the Triassic period when the dinosaur is believed to have appeared as lord of the jungle. The La Plata, varying from pink to white, banding the valley in a wide strata of six hundred to eight hundred feet, was deposited when birds and flying reptiles were appearing on the scene of life. The McElmo is a pink to nearly white formation about four hundred feet in width consisting almost equally of sandstone and shale. Here geographical environment impinges most dramatically upon the life of the community, for deposited in its upper regions are vanadium and uranium containing radium. Topping the valley walls, eroded off in places, is the white and buff Dakota sandstone. Even it, topmost band of the "rimrocks," was laid before the

[2]G. & E. Woodbury, "The Archaeological Survey of Paradox Valley and Adjacent Territory in Western Montrose County, Colorado, 1931," in the *Colorado Magazine*, IX, 1-20.

[3]R. C. Coffin, *op. cit.*

appearance of man or any mammal. The story of life told by the valley walls is primarily of the rise, flourishing and decline of the great Mesozoic reptiles. Something of their weird, fantastic nature seems still to lurk in the shadows of the valley walls at twilight.

Until recently the life of preliterate man in Paradox Valley was wrapped in legendary mystery. For many years the Paradox people have believed that the region was once occupied by cliff dwellers. The Ute Indians, who resided in this territory until 1881, have a legend that the valley was once occupied by peaceful cliff dwellers who were massacred in a single day by an invading band of nomadic Indians from the north. This legend has been preserved in a poem entitled "Dolores," written by Alfred Castner King, a blind miner who lost his sight in an explosion while prospecting for gold.[4] Indian hieroglyphics may be seen on the canyon walls in La Sal Creek. The preserved body of an Indian regarded locally as a cliff dweller was kept in the valley many years before being sent to a museum in Denver. The actual existence of an Indian culture in Paradox Valley earlier than the Ute has been definitely established by the excavations of Dr. and Mrs. Woodbury in 1931.[5]

THE PIONEER PERIOD

Paradox Valley is a gem for research, especially in community structures. The influences of geographical environment are positive and clear cut. Its unusual isolation suggests the more controlled situation of the laboratory. Its community structure has developed in relatively greater isolation from the criss-crossing of social contacts which play upon the average community. Even modern inventions in the field of communication have affected it later and less. In 1933 no radios were in use and only a few automobiles. This isolation from social contacts without makes processes within stand out in sharper relief.

The social changes which have produced the manner of living in Paradox Valley have centered around three major formative processes or, more precisely, complexes of processes which correspond roughly to historic periods, the last two of which overlap. These are (1) the conquest of the frontier by the pioneers, (2) the irrigation boom, and (3) the era of radium mining prosperity and its decline. Each represents a series of community readjustments to the conditioning roles of frontier conditions, irrigation resources and mineral resources. Each brought its own characteristic influx of population and each fixed its own stamp upon the community and its people. Knowledge of these processes and periods sheds

[4]Alfred Castner King, *The Passing of the Storm* (1907).
[5]G. & E. Woodbury, *op. cit.*

light into the remotest aspects of the community life, whether it be the social status of a family, the attitudes of an individual or the nature of a custom or institution.

Perhaps the first recorded entrance of white men into the valley, unless Escalante or other Spanish explorers reached it, is that of A. C. Peale and his U. S. Geological Survey expedition in 1875. Their report was published the following year.[6] Old settlers claim that the first white man to enter the valley with intention to settle was Riley Watson, who came from the Blue Mountains of Utah in 1877.[7] He remained only two years because he found it too difficult to get supplies. Thomas Goshorn was the second settler and the first to remain, as well as the first to bring a family. He entered in the spring of 1879. The year 1879 may be considered as beginning the pioneer period. During the summer of that year several other ranchers settled in Paradox. Charles Montgomery settled near some large springs in a far western corner of the valley. He soon sold out to Gilbert Webb who, in turn, sold to Frank Steel. Steel took in a partner by the name of P. T. Stevens who looked the situation over in 1879 and brought his family in 1880. This partnership was the beginning of the Stevens-Steel Cattle Company which was later to play an important part in the development of irrigation in the valley.

In June, 1880, James Huff settled on the claim vacated by Riley Watson. In the autumn of 1880 Richard Netherly located at the mouth of Paradox Creek. The next newcomer was Charles Wheeler, a surveyor. The year 1881 saw a large new immigration with the coming of W. D. Hamilton and family, John Prentis, Mrs. Lucy Cooper, and S. T. Talbert and family. After this influx negotiations were completed to remove the Ute Indians. A treaty was signed, the Utes were moved to Utah in 1881, and the land was opened for pre-emption. Altogether fourteen or fifteen pioneers, some with and some without families, had entered the valley by this time. The relations with the Indians had been extremely friendly. There is only one record of conflict and that was between some cattlemen and the Utes over a question of stolen cattle. "A couple of casualties resulted." However, fights between cattlemen over brands were quite common.

Getting into the valley during this early period was a great problem, since no roads or trails were broken and no bridges built.

[6]*U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories*, 1875.
[7]For this and most of the following early history, unless otherwise stated, the writer is indebted to an early pioneer, Mrs. J. Q. Waggoner, for interviews given. Mrs. Waggoner, now deceased, kept a diary which is available in the valley. While the dates given here are believed to be accurate, there is possibility of error. Where checking of statements has been possible they have been found to be correct.

Daniel Nyswonger stated that he and his family, upon arriving from Nevada in 1883, unloaded and took apart their wagons at the valley rim and lowered the parts from ledge to ledge with ropes. Their live stock was driven into the valley another way. Senator Galloway and family entered the valley the same year under similar difficulties. Mrs. W. H. Ray, a Paradox pioneer now living in Nucla, writes of the Galloways: "I remember hearing Mrs. Galloway tell about letting their wagons down over steep inclines with ropes. The places I have seen, with the rope burns still on the trees in 1900. She also told of Mr. Leach's wagon turning upside down pinning Mrs. Leach and her baby under the wagon. After several hours' work they were rescued with no one hurt."[8] Some pioneers moved into the valley by use of block and tackle. The Galloways settled on the Dolores River near what is now Bedrock. Others entering with their families in or about 1883 were T. R. Swain, James Leach, and J. Q. Waggoner. It was also in 1883 that the valley people were much alarmed by an unsubstantiated report that the Ute Indians were about to attack.

By 1886 land around the perennial springs and most of the priorities for water rights had been taken. A Decretal Order of the District Court, Seventh Judicial District of Colorado, dated February 1, 1892, listed the following:

"Construction of Ditches as Stated in Dates of Decrees in District No. 61:[9] Goshorn, June 30, 1878; Talbert, Feb. 14, 1881; Netherly, Apr. 30, 1881; Stevens or Riley Watson, Mar. 31, 1882; Netherly No. 2, Apr. 30, 1883; Prentis, May 31, 1883; Hamilton, Oct. 5, 1883; W. D. Hamilton, Dec. 31, 1883; Galloway, May 10, 1884; Nyswonger, May 31, 1884; Goshorn No. 3, Nov. 30, 1884; Leach, Mar. 19, 1885; Valentine, Aug. 25, 1885; Robinson, Sept. 30, 1886."

It became apparent that further expansion of the cultivated area of the valley was contingent upon securing more water. This was done by diverting water from Deep Creek into the valley. In 1886 two groups contested for priority rights to Deep Creek waters. The contestants were the P. T. Stevens Cattle Company versus a group of ranchers, Tom Ray, Monte Leech, John Brown, and Cam Young. In the ditch construction race one group offered their ditch diggers all the whisky, tobacco and gloves they wanted and the other offered a dollar a day extra pay. The former group won. It was a short time after this that Cam Young was killed by a young man from Telluride. To balance scores other shootings

[8]Mrs. W. H. Ray, "Pioneer Days in Paradox and Naturita." Document in possession of the writer.

[9]From a letter written by C. G. Stokes, Irrigation District Engineer, Montrose, to W. O. Roberts, Water Commissioner of Paradox.

occurred. Because the men were buried with their boots on, the burial place at the time was designated "Boot Hill." Some valley residents have been heard to say, "This is such a healthy place we had to shoot some men to start a cemetery."

Mrs. Waggoner, community diarist, has recorded many interesting "firsts" in the valley. The first contract for bringing mail into the valley was made in 1879 with George Blake and William Callon. The mail was carried with pack animals from Ouray, Colorado, to La Sal, Utah, a distance of 175 miles. Five days were required for the trip.

The first child born in the valley was William, son of James Huff and wife, August, 1882. The first marriage was of Curtis Estes and Jennie Nyswonger, February 5, 1885, in the presence of E. C. Hamilton, justice of the peace. The first death was of Mrs. S. T. Talbert, July 27, 1882. Lumber for her coffin was whipsawed from a pine tree.

The first bridge over the Dolores River was built by W. R. Leonard in 1882. He dragged the lumber and iron over the snow from Montrose. The first sawmill was built in 1883 by Monte Hill at the foot of the rimrocks. Logs were secured from the forests above and rolled over the rims. Provisions were supplied by excursions to Montrose and by occasional itinerant traders. During the winter of 1883-1884 snow on the ranges was so deep it was impossible to get to Montrose until August and as a result much hardship was suffered through lack of provisions.

Formal religious activities in the valley began July 11, 1888, with a sermon preached by "Father Organ" of Colorado Springs. That same evening a child drowned in the Dolores River and the next day Father Organ held the first religiously officiated funeral. The next clergyman to appear in the valley was a Reverent Ellwell, who came at intervals of three or four weeks during a nine-months period. A Methodist minister from Norwood made monthly visits for a few months. No other clergy are reported until the coming of the valley's much loved "sky pilot," James Walker. Mr. Walker first came into the region as a prospector in "the Sinbad" (Sinbad Valley). He became minister at Redvale in 1910 and came into Paradox in 1911 to organize the first church. The services then, as now, were held in a school building. He later held services in both Paradox and Bedrock school buildings. He was obliged to give up his work in 1916 on account of health. The period of continued formal religious activity in the valley was thus 1911 to 1916. Services since have been intermittent, dependent upon infrequent calls of Nucla or Redvale Cognregational clergymen.

The first store was built in 1895 at Paradox by Thomas Swain.

It was operated until 1904. Its adobe walls still stand. The Bedrock store was built in 1898 by Milton Fraidie. It has changed ownership many times. The present Paradox store was built in 1913 and was purchased by its present owners, the Monroe family, in 1916.

The first school was taught by John Prentis, alias Roland Wilson. Valley tradition refers to him as an outlaw. The Paradox school building was constructed in 1898 with an addition in 1909. The first school building at Bedrock was erected in 1884. Its successor, the present adobe structure, was built in 1900.

In pioneer Paradox legal institutions were distinctly homemade. With transportation slow and roads extremely poor Paradox was almost beyond reach of the long arm of the law at Montrose, 140 miles away by road. So the pioneers developed their own "sage brush" court. Legal talent was lacking. It is reported that one defendant was acquitted on the grounds that the victim was a dangerous member of the community and needed to be done away with. Court procedure was frequently argued, one problem being whether defendant be permitted to hear his trial. It was deemed wise not to allow him to hear the testimony. While there are no written records, tradition has it that at least a dozen homicides occurred during the reign of the "sage brush court." In pioneer days many a man carried a flask of whisky on one hip and a "six-shooter" on the other. "Gun-packing" is now no longer common; the spirit of the frontier has toned down. Resident representatives of the law now are a justice of the peace, deputy coroner, deputy sheriff, and water commissioner, civil service appointee.

The pioneer period in Paradox Valley may be approximately dated from 1879 to about 1900. The rough topography and isolated nature of the valley selected a self-reliant, rugged, individualistic population. They formed the basic institutions which still exist. Their values became embodied in the fundamental mores of the community. Control has been largely in their hands. Those entering the community in the early part of the period particularly have been the patriarchs. They receive the honorary designation of "old-timers," the antithesis of "tenderfoot." In 1923 the writer observed that they were deferentially consulted in community affairs, but even then ranks were thinning and leadership was in transition. By 1933 the torch of leadership had almost wholly passed to a second group, those who came in on the crest of an irrigation boom.

THE IRRIGATION BOOM

Although the last two periods of Paradox history overlap, the social processes of interaction they represent are easily separable.

The second formative era in Paradox Valley is identified with an irrigation boom which may be dated from 1910, the year of first work on Buckeye reservoir, to 1917, when the irrigation company which was formed was taken over by its bondholders.

By 1900 practically all available water rights to water from springs and from Paradox Creek had been taken. Paradox Creek was already served by a reservoir and ditches designed to supply water from the La Sal Mountains. These had been constructed by the Stevens Cattle Company, who sold out in 1900 to Kinney and Kyle. Further extension of agriculture, the means of sustenance of the valley, was wholly dependent upon extension of the irrigation system. In 1907 an engineer by the name of McConnel, who had been working on the Gunnison Tunnel, came to Paradox and joined the Kinney and Kyle company. In 1909 he sold his interest to Paul Seeley, described in the valley as "a Harvard man." Seeley brought sufficient capital to back the necessary irrigation project. In 1910 a dam was built in Geyser Pass to divert water from Geyser Creek to the Paradox ditch. The dam washed out the same year. The next move was construction of a reservoir to conserve run-off water from the La Sal Mountains. In 1910 work was begun on Buckeye Reservoir, which is on a flat just above the valley to the west. The dam was constructed by use of a hydraulic sluice which washed dirt and rock from the mountainside into place. It was made impervious to seepage by hand-tamped clay. The dimensions of the dam were forty feet high by 200 feet long, although original plans called for a height of eighty feet, for which there was adequate reservoir space. The reservoir's capacity was 200,000 cubic feet, a capacity greater than needed for the amount of water actually diverted. In 1911 the dam and entire project were sold to the Paradox Valley Irrigation Land and Development Company, a company formed by Alonzo, F. J., and Edward Hartman, three brothers from Gunnison, Colorado. The last named was president of the company. The dam was completed and extensive work started for diversion of water from various mountain streams toward the reservoir. For three summers fifty to seventy-five men worked on the project. It is estimated that $200,000 of outside capital was invested. Altogether about 250 men were imported for labor. Among these were 100 Hungarians from Columbus, Ohio, under the direction of Dr. D. U. Moritz, who referred to himself as a colonizer. The colony constructed huge adobe apartment-like houses, one of which was completed and used. Walls of the buildings, sole remnants of the short-lived colony, are named "the Titanic" and "the Lusitania" by the valley people. Many of the local people regarded the colony

as an invasion of "foreigners." The colony broke up shortly after establishment.

Meanwhile, the news spread that an irrigation project was about to turn the fertile Paradox Valley into a Garden of Eden. A short generation since the incoming of the pioneers a new immigration flowed in, bringing a population distinctly different. They came, not with a grim determination to master an unconquered bit of frontier, but with high hopes of profiting from an irrigation bonanza. Boom psychology prevailed. Anticipating the future, the company spread its capital wide. It is said locally that it purchased over half of the tillable acreage of the valley. It constructed or purchased numerous buildings, including a hotel at Bedrock. Then reverses began. In July, 1915, the Bedrock hotel burned down. The world war brought a rise in costs of labor and material. Much construction remained to be done on the higher price level. Finding itself unable to continue, the company in 1917 passed into the hands of Wilson and Company of Denver. In 1923 it was still in their possession and with it nearly one-half of the tillable land of the valley. The collapse of the irrigation project caused a heavy migration out of the valley. To those of the second era who remained, the torch of community leadership was destined to pass. Thus again a selective process operated to determine the nature of Paradox population. The new group, less inured to hardships than the old, sought to bring valley life closer to standards they knew outside. The rapid rise of carnotite mining prosperity was making this possible.

THE ERA OF CARNOTITE MINING PROSPERITY

Although radium was not discovered in Paradox until 1898, carnotite, the soft yellow ore containing uranium, from which radium is secured, was attracting attention of Paradox pioneers as early as 1881. Puzzled prospectors wondered if it could contain gold. In 1881 the Talbert brothers sank a shaft into some yellow mineral when in search for gold and silver on Roc Creek. Doubtfully they staked a claim but allowed it to lapse. The lapsed claim became part of the Copper Prince mine from which many tons of carnotite have been extracted. In the spring of 1898 a sample of the unknown yellow mineral was sent by Gordon Kimball of Ouray to a French chemist, Charles Poulot, then in Denver.[10] Poulot found it to contain uranium. By 1912 carnotite mining was a definitely established industry.

Large reduction plants were established near coal mines between Paradox Valley and Naturita. The Standard Chemical Company, the Radium Company of Colorado, and the General Vanadium Company established camps. The carnotite boom turned Paradox Valley from an agricultural to a mining-conscious community. The failure of the irrigation project was partially forgotten in the quest for the soft yellow mineral. A third migration came to the valley, this time a horde of miners and prospectors, predominantly a rough-and-tumble crowd of single men, who took over Bedrock and made it their capital. Money also poured in. R. C. Coffin estimated that ore to the value of $1,100,000 was produced in the southwestern Colorado counties alone in 1919 and that the amount was slightly exceeded in 1920.[11] H. E. Bishop, a manager of the Radium Company of Colorado, estimated in 1923 that 90 per cent of the 150 grams of radium, costing approximately $20,000,000, put into consumption in the United States came from the carnotite region of southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah.[12] Later, R. B. Moore, in a survey for the American Chemical Society, estimated that a total of 160 grams of radium had been produced from that area.[13] Bishop further states that approximately $10,000,000 was invested in the industry by the ten companies operating in the region.

Paradox Valley was riding the crest of a wave of prosperity. Then, paradoxically enough, a series of events in the Belgian Kongo swept away the isolated valley's new-found source of wealth. In August, 1922, radium reduced in Belgium from carnotite mined in the Belgian Kongo was put on the market at a price far lower than the American industry could meet. This source of rich ore, though discovered in 1913, was kept secret until production was possible after the war.[14] Prices immediately fell. In 1923 only high-grade ore could be sold and that at a low price. Plants gradually closed down. An exodus of miners and prospectors began. A census taken by the writer showed that seventy-seven people left Paradox Valley from August, 1922, to August, 1923, a decrease from 337 to 260. In a few years all the population attracted by the carnotite mining industry had departed.

In the summer of 1923 the valley was found to be in a disturbed state of transition. Many miners were still doing the necessary work to hold their claims. Spirits were kept up by the frequently repeated reassurance, "Carnotite will come back." Bedrock was still a man's town. Fourteen of the twenty-three single men of the valley were still residing there. Twenty men at the

[10] Gordon Kimball, "Discovery of Carnotite," in the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, LXXVII, 956.

[11] *Colorado Geological Survey, Bulletin 16*, p. 196.

[12] H. E. Bishop, "The Present Situation in the Radium Industry," *Science*, March 23, 1923.

[13] R. B. Moore, quoted in the *Literary Digest*, March 13, 1926.

[14] H. E. Bishop, *op. cit.*

Cashin Mine made it their social headquarters. Only three women lived in the near vicinity. In 1933 Bedrock was strangely quiet. Claims had been deserted. The Yellow Bird, Monogram, Thunderbolt, and Jo Dandy camps were but memories. The prospectors, with their long-eared burros, were no longer in evidence. The population attracted by carnotite had been a restless crew. They had no interest in the community and were never assimilated by it. They attended the Paradox dances and occasionally gave a hand at summer haying, but otherwise participated little in the valley life. They were in the valley but not of it. Individualistic, restless, instilled with the spirit of the prospector's gambling chance, they added a colorful touch to the agricultural community. With their departure gregarious activities of the other young men quieted down. The practice of galloping through town with guns ablaze, using the schoolhouse door as a target, has become only a remembered tradition.

The mining era of Paradox would not be complete without reference to other mineral resources, most important of which are copper and silver. The Sunrise and the Morning Glory, on the north side of the valley, and the Cashin and the Cliffdweller, on La Sal Creek, are the best known of the mines. The Sunrise has produced twelve carloads of ore assaying six to ten ounces of silver per ton and better than 30 per cent copper. Cashin mine was discovered in 1896 and first actively worked in 1899. In 1905 the books of the La Sal Copper Mining Company recorded a production of 363,778 ounces of silver and 732,740 pounds of copper. This did not include shipments of native copper, one piece of which weighed 500 pounds.[15] Carload shipments have returned as high as 512 ounces of silver. The mine is now closed. Other mineral resources are gold and an uncommercialized pure grade of gypsum. Gold valued at $20,000 has been placered along the Dolores in the Paradox vicinity.

The year 1923 was one of transition. The community settled down to the routine agricultural life it has since known. In August of that year the population numbered 260, including twenty transients at the Cashin mine. All but two were native Americans. All of the population twenty-one years of age and under had been born west of the Mississippi River.[16] A total of 3,309 acres were under cultivation, 58 per cent of which was in alfalfa. The state

[15]W. H. Emmons, "The Cashin Mine," *U. S. Geological Survey Bulletin No. 285*, p. 956.

[16]A census in August, 1923, revealed that of the 240 living in the valley proper, 215 were living in 45 family groups. Of the 25 who were single, 23 were men, 14 of whom lived in Bedrock vicinity.

engineer has computed that with adequate water a total of 10,590 acres could be irrigated.[17]

The valley when revisited in the summer of 1933 showed few changes. The population had decreased to a number estimated at slightly over two hundred. The mining group at Bedrock and Cashin mine had gone. Mines were completely closed. The supply of irrigation water was less. A brief gust of oil drilling excitement had temporarily brought in some outside capital. The number of Mormon families had increased from three or four in 1923 to eight in 1933. In view of the decrease in total population of the community this meant a considerable increase in proportion of Mormons. The plane of living was decreased by the greater scarcity of water and the depressed prices of agricultural products, particularly live stock.

Speculation about the future of Paradox Valley has even more than the usual hazards. It seems probable that it will continue for some time to come in the agriculturally dominated stage it resumed in 1923. Some believe that carnotite will "come back." To the problem of competition with the Belgian Kongo is added the more recent discovery of abundant rich sources of radium in the Canadian arctic circle. Some hold hopes for the future of copper mining. A renewal of gold placering was unsuccessfully tried. Others anticipate a more successful attempt at development of the irrigation system. The road which is being pushed from Grand Junction through Gateway will have some social effects upon the valley. A more dramatic finale, though not much of a future for the community, would be the consummation of a plan to inundate the inhabited part of the valley and make of it a great reservoir.[18]

SOCIOLOGICAL SUMMARY

Unusual topography and physical isolation have controlled the nature of social contacts in Paradox Valley. The community has developed in relatively much greater isolation from the continuous maze of complex forces playing upon more typical community life. Isolation has had the effect not so much of removing the community from inter-dependence with outside society as of *selectively focusing the nature and effects of its contacts.* The na-

[17]*Twenty-first Biennial Report of the State Engineer of Colorado.* The following data regarding agriculure and irrigation have been secured from D. O. Roberts, Water Commissioner. The acreage of leading crops in 1923 in Paradox Valley and La Sal Creek was: alfalfa, 1,924; corn, 365; natural grass, 287, wheat, 168; oats, 163; orchard, 33; squash, 19; and potatoes, 7. The valley was receiving 11,000 acre feet of irrigation water. The average use per acre was 3.25 acre feet.

[18]*Sixteenth Annual Report of the Reclamation Service*, p. 147. See also a report of the House Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands, entitled, "Development of the Imperial Valley."

ture of its economic and social life was drastically changed by discovery of radium in the Belgian Kongo. Irrigation and carnotite booms were each attractive enough to bring part of the world to the community's door in spite of its physical isolation. Geographical factors continued selectively to restrict contacts not related to these attractions. Due to the selective role of geographic environment the community's inner processes of readjustment stand out in sharper relief. This gives the community somewhat the nature of a laboratory and the student of its history the nature of an analyst of its social structure.

The present social life of the community, with its institutions, associations, controls, and attitudes, are seen not as resulting from a steady process of change but as produced chiefly by three complexes of forces corresponding roughly to three periods of intense inter-activity or inter-stimulation and response. These are the pioneer period, the irrigation boom and the era of carnotite mining prosperity. Each period has a conditioning factor or related group of factors in the geographical environment and a corresponding type of immigration. The rugged isolated nature of the country selected a group of pioneers willing to cope with frontier conditions more difficult than usual. Irrigation resources drew a softer but more cultured group. Discovery of carnotite attracted the well-known mining type of population. The effects of each period may be seen in the present community life and knowledge of them makes it more intelligible. The study raises questions whether (a) the more typical community goes through an inner but usually concealed process of readjustment to outer factors; (b) community change is primarily a product of periods of intense inter-activity; (c) the pattern of community life might be more clearly seen by reference to these periods.