



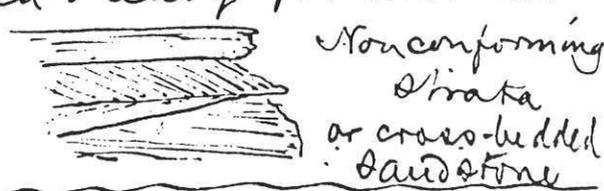
The
Natural
Bridges
of
White
Canyon:
A Diary
of H.L.A.
Culmer,
1905

BY CHARLIE R. STEEN

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H. L. A. Culmer and a page from his diary. Utah State Historical Society files.

come down with a ~~cray-~~⁶choidal fracture. These, ~~recess~~^{if soft}, are disposed of by sand blast of the winds, or by water erosion, while the ceiling is being ~~air~~^{air} stacked ready for another fall.



The wind usually keeps the back chamber well cleared and gives a chance for the soft stratum to desiccate. Nearly all of the

WE ARE PRONE to believe that conservation of natural resources is a product of our own generation and frequently forget that what we do today is built on good solid foundations laid by our predecessors. During the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early years of this one several great forward steps in conservation were made in this country: Yellowstone National Park was established in 1872, Yosemite National Park in 1890, the United States Forest Service in 1905, and the National Park Service in 1916. The Act for the Preservation of American Antiquities became law in 1906, and two westerners, Byron Cummings of the University of Utah and Edgar Lee Hewitt of the University of New Mexico, were probably the most active proponents of the bill. Individually, they also were instrumental in the creation of a dozen or more of the great national monuments in the Southwest.

With the wave of enthusiasm for preserving both natural and historic features of the country there went a growing concern to attract tourists. The lone traveler — hunter, artist, or recorder of places and events — was long a part of the western scene. With easier and faster methods of travel the trickle of tourists became an ever increasing stream, and sporadic efforts were made to open up the wilder sections of the West and to make their features known to the general public.

The diary published here was written during a trip into southeastern Utah in 1905. The large triangular section of land between the Colorado and San Juan rivers was, at that time, poorly known. Prospectors and cowboys were the only ones familiar with the area, and it is doubtful that any one man knew more than a small portion of the mesas and canyons which comprise it. For ten years stories concerning the scenic wonders of the land had come out of the San Juan country, but little definite information was available.

Cass Hite, the Glen Canyon prospector, is said to have seen the White Canyon bridges in 1883 and J. A. Scorup in 1895, but the first account made available to the country at large was in Dyar's publication of the notes kept by Horace J. Long who was led to the bridges by James Scorup in 1903.¹

Dyar's account excited Colonel Edwin F. Holmes of Salt Lake City. Holmes was a financier, a member of the Salt Lake Commercial Club,

¹ W. W. Dyar, "The Colossal Bridges of Utah: A Recent Discovery of Natural Wonders," *Century Magazine*, 68 (August 1904), 505-11; C. Gregory Crampton, *Standing Up Country: The Canyon Lands of Utah and Arizona* (New York, 1964), 152. Dyar's article was summarized in "Colossal Natural Bridges of Utah," *National Geographic Magazine*, 15 (September 1904), 367-69.

and a booster of Utah's scenic beauties.² To publicize the bridges, Holmes proposed an expedition — which he would outfit — to make accurate measurements, photographs, and descriptions. Holmes urged the project on H.L.A. Culmer, a fellow member of the Commercial Club and a painter whose renderings of Utah scenery Holmes greatly admired. Culmer agreed to head the expedition, with the Commercial Club as official sponsor.³

Henry Lavender Adolphus Culmer, known to his friends as "Harry" Culmer, was born in the small town of Davington, Kent, England, on March 25, 1854. He immigrated to Utah with his family in 1867 and subsequently engaged in a number of businesses in Salt Lake City. He became publisher of the *Salt Lake Daily Times* in 1877, published an early directory of Salt Lake City and surrounding counties (1879-80), and, with a brother, furnished the stone for the City and County Building in Salt Lake City. He was best known, however, as an artist — a painter of western landscapes — and served in 1899 as the first president of the Utah Art Institute, predecessor of the Utah State Institute of Fine Arts. Culmer died in Salt Lake City on February 10, 1914.⁴

Two other men joined the basic party assembled in Salt Lake City. One of them was S. T. Whitaker, an Ogden architect, commercial exhibit designer, and amateur photographer, who had been director general for the commission which planned Utah's entries in the 1904 world's fair in St. Louis.⁵ In June 1901, Whitaker had accompanied Culmer on a similar

² Edwin Francis Holmes, a native of New York state and a Civil War veteran, built a successful lumber business with headquarters in Detroit, operated mills in Michigan, a fleet of vessels on the Great Lakes, and timber yards in Cleveland. About 1893, he became interested in mining and bought shares in Park City's Anchor mine. He went into semi-retirement in 1897, married Utah's "Silver Queen," Mrs. Susanna Bransford Emery, widow of Silver King mining millionaire Albion B. Emery, and moved to Salt Lake City. In 1901 the Holmeses bought Amelia's Palace, a home built in 1877 for Brigham Young's wife Amelia Folsom, and lavishly redecorated it. Paintings of H. L. A. Culmer were among those hung in the home's gallery of art. Holmes served two terms as president of Salt Lake's infant Commercial Club (1903-4), worked to improve the city water supply, and was known for his forestry and irrigation studies. He applied the latest irrigating ideas on vast orchards and grain, potato, and hay farms in southeastern Idaho. Holmes was a world traveler (reporting, for example, his trip to China and Siberia in Utah periodicals in 1903) and a member of the National Geographic Society which publicized the White Canyon expedition of 1903. See "New President of Commercial Club Has Closely Studied Public Problems," *Salt Lake Herald*, January 18, 1903; "Silver Queen of Utah Would Conquer Washington," *New York Herald*, February 2, 1902; and other clippings in Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes, comp., "Silver Queen's Scrapbook, 1902-1904," Utah State Historical Society Library.

³ H. L. A. Culmer, "The Great Stone Bridges of San Juan County, Utah," *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 14, 1905.

⁴ Biographical information on Culmer is from clippings and other materials in Henry L. A. Culmer, Scrapbook, photocopy at the Utah State Historical Society.

⁵ Samuel T. Whitaker was a practicing architect who — except for two years (1914-15) as Ogden manager for the Utah Light and Railway Company — maintained an office and residence in Ogden until his death about 1921. For a short time around 1903 he opened a Salt Lake City office in the Whitingham Block, 54-56 West First South. As Utah director general

expedition into relatively unknown canyon country to sketch and photograph the Grand Canyon and the Arizona Strip between the Colorado River and the Utah border. The third party member was twenty-one-year-old Carleton W. Holmes, son of Colonel Holmes. No record of the trip by either of the latter two men is known, and it seems likely that the journal published here was the only one kept during the journey.

At Bluff the expedition personnel was augmented by four more men. Al Scorup who had run cattle in the White Canyon area for fourteen years was the guide and field leader.⁶ Serving as packers were George W. Perkins and Freeman A. Nielson; Franklin J. Adams was cook for the outfit.⁷

The men intended to be gone for six weeks. After the visit to the natural bridges they planned to explore Dark Canyon or to cross the San Juan to visit Monument Valley. Exceptionally heavy snows during the preceding winter, however, had isolated Dark Canyon and had caused such heavy run-off in all streams of the region that, as told by Culmer in his record for April 24, they decided that to attempt to cross the San Juan would be foolhardy; so, they cut the journey short.

The *Deseret Evening News* for April 1, 1905, gave the party a good send-off. In addition to naming the men and describing their objectives the *News* also listed the equipment carried by the party. The expedition

(1903-4) for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, he designed and supervised construction of the Utah building and Utah's booths in mining and agricultural exhibition halls and supervised the gathering of exhibits. Whitaker's previous work with expositions qualified him for the task. See State of Utah, Louisiana Purchase Exposition Commission, *Report of the State Board of Louisiana Purchase Exposition Commission for the State of Utah, 1903-1904* (Salt Lake City, 1905), 5. (The report is bound as number 32 in *Public Documents, State of Utah, 1903-1904.*); R. L. Polk & Co., *Salt Lake City Directory, 1903* (Salt Lake City, 1903), 967, 1013; Polk's *Ogden City Directory, 1903-1904* (Salt Lake City, 1903), 521; and entries for Whitaker in the Ogden directories for 1905-22.

⁶ John Albert Scorup (1872-1959), brother of James Scorup who was guide for the Long party, built a ranching empire in San Juan County. Scorup is described at some length in a chapter entitled "Mormon Cowboy" in *One Man's West* by David S. Lavender (2nd ed., Garden City, New York, 1956), 180-203; and in an article by Neal Lambert, "Al Scorup: Cattleman of the Canyons," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 32 (Summer 1964), 301-20. A photograph of the Scorup brothers accompanying the Lambert article (p. 305) is dated April 1905 and may well have been taken by Whitaker (or perhaps Charles Goodman; see below, fn 25).

⁷ The four members of the support team, all young cattlemen from Bluff, were lifetime acquaintances and business associates or linked by interfamily marriages. George W. Perkins (b. 1879) was a rancher in Bluff until 1916 and then in Blanding and was a San Juan County commissioner in 1919. In 1903, he married Mary A. Bayles, niece of Al Scorup's wife, Emma. That same year, George's sister Margaret married Freeman August Nielson (b.1880), a cattleman who operated a small general store in Bluff founded by his father, Jens Nielson (Culmer spells the name Nielsen). The expedition's cook, Franklin Jacob Adams (b.1872) must have learned the culinary art from his father, William, a baker who ran a public house in Bluff. Franklin's brother, John E. Adams, a rancher and hotel keeper, was married in 1888 to Freeman Nielson's sister, Margaret C., and was a partner in the Nielson Cash Store. Franklin Adams and Al Scorup had been friends since meeting in 1891, and Frank became a foreman and, later, partner with Scorup. J. Cecil Alter, *Utah: The Storied Domain . . .* (3 vols., Chicago and New York, 1932), 3:219-20, 242, 510-11, 631-33; Lambert, "Al Scorup," 304, 308, 315.

had surveyor's instruments for measuring purposes (these were not specified), an aneroid barometer for determining elevations, and an odometer borrowed from "a government agency" (this was broken in a canyon near Monticello). Also taken were "some of the best photographic devices ever brought to Utah, one being the telescopic or long distance camera costing \$1500, a property of Mr. Whitaker, an expert in the work of handling it; also a panoramic camera with a capacity for taking three sides of a section in one great sweep." Rock climbing equipment included 500 feet of rope, a rope ladder, and a body harness for each member of the party. The men also had miner's tents and waterproofed sleeping bags with blanket liners.⁸

Those familiar with southeastern Utah will recognize the names of most of the geographic features mentioned in the diary. US Highway 163 from Crescent Junction to Monticello pretty well follows the course of the old wagon road from Thompsons Springs to Monticello. From the latter town to Bluff the wagon road lay east of the present road. Mustang Springs, where the party camped on April 7, is about eight miles east of Blanding. On the return they swung northeast from Bluff to cross Montezuma Creek well above its confluence with the San Juan; and Major's Ranch, on the McElmo, must have been about where Ismay's store is at present.

Some of the place names mentioned by Culmer failed to last. Several canyons west of Elk Ridge answer the description of Unknown Canyon but the name did not stick, and it is not known which of the gorges so excited them. The Grand Opera House is also a name which failed to last.

Although some local residents still call the bridges by their old names, the National Park Service and the Board of Geographic Names have decreed impersonal, Indian-type names for them. Here are the current names of the bridges, with the 1905 names in parentheses, and the dimensions of each in feet as determined by recent measurements:⁹

⁸ The list of equipment and the quotation are from an article, "Exploration of the Wilds of Southeastern Utah," *Deseret Evening News*, April 1, 1905, pp. 24-25.

⁹ For the measurements taken on the 1905 expedition, see Culmer's entries for April 14 (Edwin Bridge), 15 (Caroline), and 16 (Augusta). Cass Hite is said to have named the bridges President (Sipapu), Congressman (Owachomo), and Senator (Kachina). The National Park Service explains its renaming of the bridges as follows: Owachomo, meaning "rock mound," from the large, rounded rock mound near one end of the mesa; Kachina, from prehistoric pictographs resembling Hopi masked dancers, or kachinas, on one of the bridge abutments; and Sipapu, suggesting the hole through which the Hopis believe their ancestors emerged from a lower, dark world into the present sunlit one. See Cornelia Adams Perkins et al., *Saga of San Juan* ([Monticello?], 1957), 290-92; and U.S., Department of the Interior, National Park Service, *Natural Bridges National Monument, Utah* (revised, Washington, D.C., 1969), a pamphlet.

	Height	Span	Width	Thickness
Sipapu (Augusta)	220	268	31	53
Kachina (Caroline)	210	206	44	93
Owachomo (Edwin/Little)	106	180	27	9

Two years after the trip described here Byron Cummings of the University of Utah visited the bridges.¹⁰ His trip seems also to have been instigated by Colonel Holmes, and the two men appear to have worked together to have the Natural Bridges National Monument designated by presidential proclamation in 1908.

The Culmer diary was used during the winter of 1936-37 as a radio script in a series of broadcasts by a Salt Lake City dentist, J. A. Broadus. The late Zeke Johnson of Blanding and Salt Lake City obtained a type-script copy of the diary at that time, and it was first published as a special report in a supplement to the *Southwestern Monuments Monthly Report*.¹¹

Culmer's diary is still in the possession of his family and is reproduced here with their kind permission.

Punctuation and spelling are retained as close to the original as could be ascertained. In determining Culmer's use of capital letters, some arbitrary decisions have been necessary because of the similarity between upper and lower case letters, especially the letters "a," "c," "m," "n," and "s." Culmer did some later editing of his own diary. It was not possible to differentiate between the changes made in the field and those made during Culmer's later editing, so all have been treated alike. Words or phrases he crossed out have been indicated with parentheses: (here [crossed out]). Interlineations, substitutions for crossed out portions, and additions are enclosed in {} brackets: {of this place}.

THE DIARY

[Apr. 1]	S.L to Thompson		
[Apr. 2]	Thomp to Moab	35	35
[Apr. 4]	Moab to Jacobs Well	22	} 71
[Apr. 5]	Jacobs to Hatch	12	
[Apr. 6]	Hatch to Dry Valley	12	
[Apr. 6]	Dry Valley to Monticello	25	

¹⁰ Byron Cummings, "The Great Natural Bridges of Utah," *National Geographic Magazine*, 21 (February 1910), 157-66. See also Cummings, *The Great Natural Bridges of Utah*, Bulletin of the University of Utah, vol. 3, no. 3, pt. 1 (Salt Lake City, 1910).

¹¹ Charlie R. Steen, ed., "Personal Diary of H. A. Culmer," in the *Supplement* for June 1937, mimeographed (Coolidge, Arizona, 1937), 385-406. Johnson led Culmer on a return trip to the bridges in 1938. A photocopy of that diary is on file at the Utah State Historical Society along with copies of newspaper reports and articles on the 1905 expedition.

[Apr. 7]	Mont to Mustang	25	}	51
[Apr. 8]	Mustang to Bluff	26		
[Apr. 12]	Bluff to Freeman Cave	25	}	193
[Apr. 13]	F Cave to Little Bridge	25		
[Apr. 14]	Little B to Caroline	6		
[Apr. 14-18]	Excursions	40		
[Apr. 19]	Caroline to Trail Cave	20		
[Apr. 20-21]	Collins to Horse " & Excursions	28		
[Apr. 22]	Horse to George's Cave	24		
[Apr. 23]	George to Bluff	25		
[Apr. 25]	Bluff to Bluff	16		
[Apr. 26]	" to Major	45		
[Apr. 27]	Major to N. Hall by Horse 425 [429]	18		
[Apr. 27]	Hall to Cortez			
[Apr. 28]	Cortez to Dolores	16		
[Apr. 28]	[Dolores to Telluride]			
[Apr. 29]	[Telluride to Grand Junction]			
[Apr. 30]	[Grand Junction to Salt Lake City]			

April 1=1905.

Left S. Lake 8.50 AM. Arr. Thompson's Springs 4.20 PM. Found no news of team promised by J. A. Scorup, but H. A. Ballard ¹² {of this place} in response to previous wire arranged to have team and wagon start at 6.30 tomorrow A.M. for Moab, 35 miles south. Thompson's Springs are 6 miles north {of here,} water piped to R.R. and 1/2 doz houses supplied. 2 story little hotel store.

Ballard {says he} has seen one of the big bridges in White Canyon. Canyon runs on 2 levels [sketch of canyon cross-section] and water is under arch.

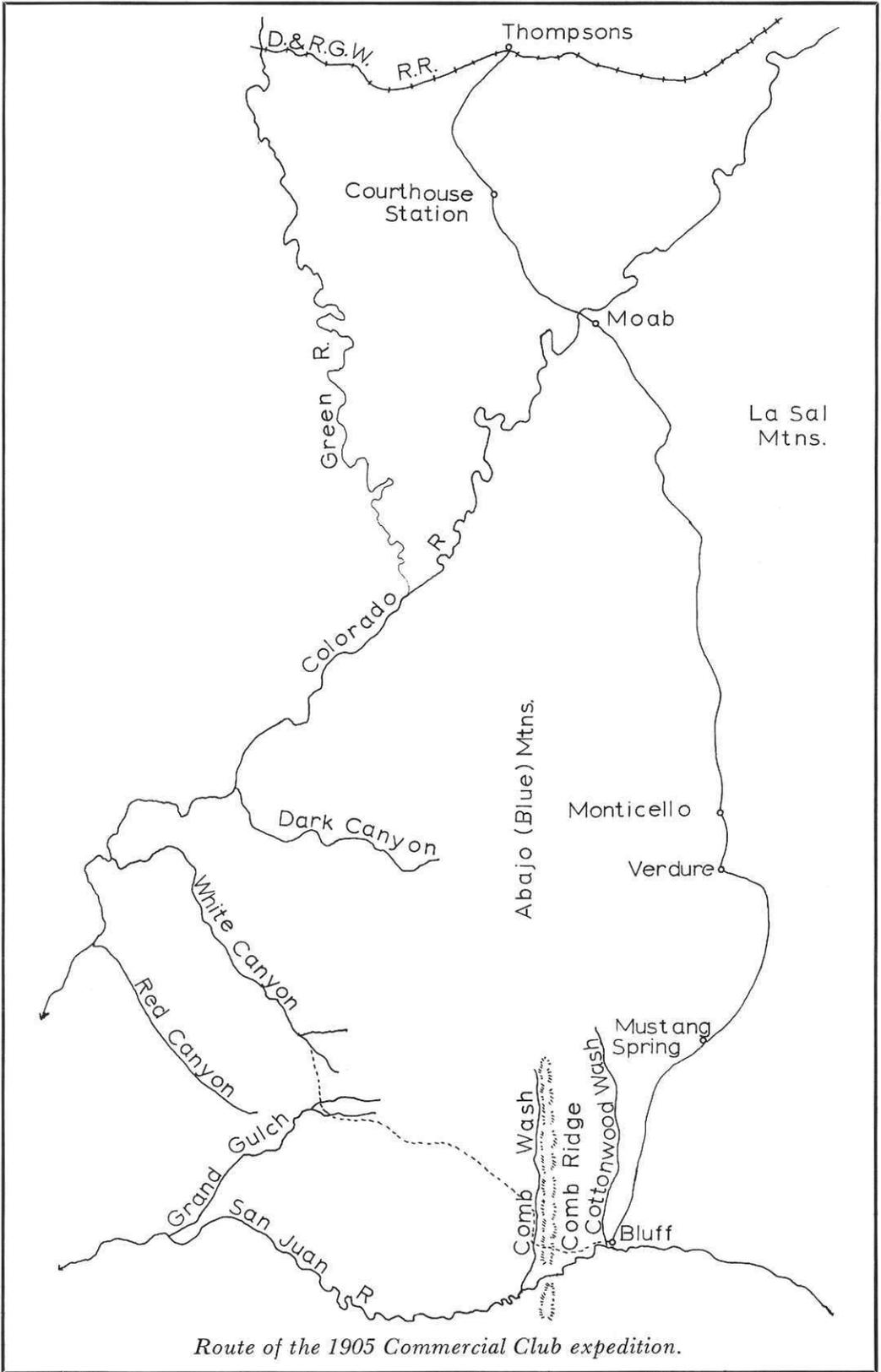
Next big canyon S. of White is Red Canyon, next N. is Dark Canyon which runs into Colo near Cataract {Canyon of the Colorado River,} Next is Indian Canyon. Cooper of Cooper Miller [*sic*] & Co ¹³ has just sold out Cattle herd that he has kept in Dark Canyon for 10 years.

To the S.E. 50 miles away we see the La Sal Mtns in snow and clouds.

Water here good after treatm[en]t but of sheepy flavor. Hotel kept by man named Fike[.] No snow in sight east of the Wasatch, though it snowed heavily in S.L. City a day or two before we left[.]

¹² R. L. Polk & Co.'s *Utah State Gazetteer and Business Directory 1912-1913* (Salt Lake City, 1912), lists an H. G. Ballard as a farmer in Thompson's (p. 424) and an H. S. Ballard & Co., a dealer in general merchandise, coal, and grain (p. 340). Culmer's "H. A. Ballard" was undoubtedly associated with the merchantile company.

¹³ Culmer probably means Cooper Martin & Co., which operated a general store in Moab. It was managed by Vincent P. Martin, who became cashier of the First National Bank of Moab when it was organized in 1916. David M. Cooper of Moab, a vice president of the bank, managed drugstore for the conglomerate, which also ran cattle. Other partners were William F. Keller, treasurer; David L. Goudelock, and Harry G. Green. See Fawn McConkie Tanner, *A History of Moab, Utah* (Moab, 1937), 55; and Polk, *Utah Gazetteer, 1912-1913*, 144. Daniel A. Keeler, Bountiful, also helped the editors identify this firm.



Route of the 1905 Commercial Club expedition.

Apr 2. Morning cloudy, threatening. All expect rain except barometer and me. Start 7 am with light load having sent 360 lbs forward by stage. Air soon proves delicious and balmy, the travelling good and all are in fine spirits. To the East 5 miles away some handsome rock forms worth taking if we had time. Are to noon at a seep in a creek bed, at station called Court House, from design of big isolated rocks. As we approach we get glimpse up a distant side canyon of some obolisks or monuments that seem remarkable and we leave wagon, taking camera, at noon, saying will visit obolisks and reach Court House at 1. Walk briskly for an hour. Monuments still distant. We first estimated them 50 feet high and 1½ miles away. They prove to be over 400 feet high and 4 miles from where we saw them. Are of maroon and dark red sandstone — 3 of them — close together but quite detached by ½ mile from surrounding buttes, beautiful pedestal of nearly 80 feet. From one view two of them show heads of Egyptian profiles. Are most impressive — standing alone in the great surrounding temples. {*Insert note page 7.}

**Later Note.* Within the following year I painted an important picture of this scene, naming it "Mystery of the Desert". Inspired by the picture W. M. Gotwaldt wrote the following poem: Insert poem.¹⁴

Cut across country and down another gulch and over the hills to Court House Station reaching there shortly after 3. Poor meal, fair water.¹⁵ Started 3.30 for Moab. Off to the East and North other strange rock forms and arches or bridges. 15 miles or more to the N.E. a tremendous monolith, apparently down on Grand River. A lively tilt down a sandy wash, roads just right for speed and the Grand River Valley and Moab are in sight, a most beautiful panorama. A gorge where the river enters from the left, thence westward[.] It {makes its} passage across the green and fertile valley (and [crossed out]) {into} another deep red gorge where it plunges to escape. Beyond the verdurous valley are broken red sandstone steppes, and above them magnificent snow cloaked peaks 13089 feet high. The barometer shows altitude at Moab to be (4000 [crossed out] {3850})ft. There are few scenes in America to equal this one, and we hope to sketch here tomorrow. We Cross the river on wire rope ferry and 3 miles more to town. Stop at fairly good hotel. Meet Cooper Martin & Co. who say they hear that Scorup is headed for us, but if he does not come we can be pulled out anyway on Tuesday. Vote this to have been a most enjoyable day and beautiful cloud pageantry. Tonight clear and sweet. Stars never so bright. No moon but Venus is brilliant for evening star.

¹⁴ Culmer wrote the "*Later Note*" in a space following his entry for April 2, on page 7 of the MS diary. No space was available to copy the poem into the diary; if he inserted it on a separate sheet, it has been lost. It could not be located from other sources. "Mystery of the Desert," completed in 1906, hung for several years in the gallery of Colonel Holmes. In 1964, the painting was given to the Utah State Historical Society by the Culmer family. It is on display at the Society Mansion.

¹⁵ The men were lured from the road by Court House Towers in the northern portion of the present Arches National Monument. The foundations of the old Court House Station are yet to be seen northeast of the highway and south of the bridge which crosses Court House Wash.



Blanding became the outfitting spot for pack trips into Natural Bridges and was Zeke Johnson's headquarters. Widtsoe Family Collection, Utah State Historical Society.

Cooper Martin fail to secure an outfit. We apply to other store, Hammond ¹⁶ who say they will do it on time. — Will they?

Apr 3. Bright & Balmy[.] No news from Scorup. Engage another outfit to take us out tomorrow morning to meet him — teamster named [Tom] Foy ¹⁷ from Hammonds outfit.

Dr. J. W. Williams ¹⁸ took us across the Grand today to sketch (I made 1 [crossed out]) and photograph (Whit made 10 5x7 & 1-12x24. Mostly of [crossed out]) the La Sals that today gleam like white spirits above the red reefs. Dr. Williams is well informed, bright, genial[.] The "News" of Apr 1 arrived today and added to the previous newspaper accounts, the page and a half in the News with our portraits puts the town agog as much as if we were celebrities, and I must say most people go out of their way to serve us on more than (or rather less than)

¹⁶ This general merchandise and agricultural implement store was known by varied titles during the 1910s and 1920s. According to entries in Polk's *Utah Gazetteer*, the firm was known as Hammond & Sons Co. in 1912; as Hammond Co., with C. A. Hammond as manager in 1920 and with West E. Hammond as manager two years later; by 1924, it was the Moab Light & Power Market, with W. D. Hammond, manager; and by 1927, it was Hammond Bros., managed by W. D. and West Hammond. See *Gazetteers* for 1912-13, p. 144; 1920-21, p. 110; 1922-23, p. 127; 1924-25, p. 113; and 1927-28, p. 102.

¹⁷ Thomas Foy was the oldest son of William B. and Lucinda Foy who settled first in Monticello (1889) and later in Moab where they ran cattle. Perkins et al., *Saga of San Juan*, 308-9.

¹⁸ "Doc" Williams, ardent and vocal conservationist, moved to Moab during the 1890s when he was about forty years old. He was the person most responsible for the establishment of Arches National Monument, this in addition to curing the ill and delivering the babies of the Moab area for many years. He died at Moab on August 3, 1956, ten days after his 103d birthday. He was frail but active until a year before his death. He was well-loved in the community.

reasonable terms. Many trees are green with leaf and yet they say this is a backward season. It is a fine fruit town, but Dr. Williams (here [crossed out]) says the people get Moab fever after the first year. It is so easy to make a bare living and so hard to get rich here. The symptom of Moab fever is chronic laziness.

April 4. A start with 4 horse outfit and driver (Tom Foy) who is also cook. Time 8.30 having had to complete a number of matters. Weather clear and beautiful, air delicious invigorating, temperature just right. Went up Pack Creek, again heading to the glorious La Sals until we are within 12 miles of the base of Mt Peale when we noon at Poverty Hill. Make small sketch. (Whitaker takes $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen photos with various lenses [crossed out]) Was a dry noon, we having brought our water in canteens. Started at 3.10 reached Kane's Spring 4 miles at 5.30 and continued on to Jacobs Wells 4 miles reaching at 7.30. The afternoon among huge sandstone cliffs, with rocky and sandy road — wonderful descent into Kane Wash with the gleaming Peale dominating the head of the canyon. This was after crossing Blue ridge, altitude 5230. On ascending from Kane Wash we wound around the edge of Mule Shoe Wash to Jacobs Wells. Here we can no longer see the La Sals, but on Blue ridge we caught a glimpse of the Blue Mountains far away. It seemed as if our destination was nearly in sight, though we know that we have hundreds of miles of rough travel ahead. We camp on a rocky promontory with half a gale blowing, but all are hearty and good natured and enjoy our supper by the big cedar fire. The altitude is 5050[.] No news of Scorup and though we have pressed on it seems that we may not make Gordons (6 miles this side of Monticello) by tomorrow night. Feed is scarce all along the line as the country is sheep-cursed.

Apr 5 Started early from Jacobs Wells or as some name the camping place "Shirt-tail point". Thrilling picture of getting water[.] Was uncomfortably cold in the night, frost this morning. After going a few miles the La Sals again swing in sight as near and almost as beautiful as ever. The Blues are closer. Mt. Abajo here called the Shay Mountains to the S.W. quite handsome. Soon we come to Looking Glass rock where we make some fine subjects. About here the lonely carrier of the U S Mail passed us, a quaint figure on a weird cayuse (We took here [crossed out]) He said that Scorups team was waiting for us at Hatch's Wash where we would noon. We found Irum Perkins¹⁹ here and exchanged loads and sent Foy back to Moab.

We made a long traverse of Dry Valley {in the afternoon} and thought we would camp at the Tanks, but it was so sheep cursed that we moved on to the open desert where we camp at 8 pm[.] Weather warmer, clear & fine. Dry Camp. But for lack of water this would be one of the finest valleys in Utah but the thirsty soil drinks up the rain and the grass that is disposed to grow freely is stamped out by the sheep.

Altitude 6130.

¹⁹ Hyrum Perkins (b. 1851), father of George W. Perkins, who joined the expedition at Bluff. Hyrum and Rachel Corry Perkins were members of the Hole-in-the-Rock colonizing mission and had a son Hyrum C. (b. 1885). David E. Miller, *Hole-in-the-Rock: An Epic in the Colonization of the Great American West* (Salt Lake City, 1959), 145; and Alter, *Storied Domain*, 3:219-20.

Apr 6. Going at 6.45 AM and up on Peters Hill ridge by 10 oclock, crossing at an elevation of 6980, but kept (up [crossed out]) {on} climbing to Gordon's ranch²⁰ where we nooned at altitude of 7160, the Blues close by with snow to their base.

Lone Cone, Telluride {Colo} to left, Rico to right, ranged along in [on?] the Colo. line, Ute {Mtn} nearly to the South. Orson Dalton here nearly 7 years. This is noted old ranch, cabin being built in 1883. Some wild stories told of it: An Irishman, a bum and nuisance hit up the ranch one night when the keg was full and they said (for once [crossed out]) they wanted him to have enough red eye for once, so they threw him and poured the whisky down his throat as they sat on him and in an hour or two he was dead. They fixed up a box for him and it was too short, then debated whether they should cut off his legs or make another box. All drunk; made another {box} and squeezed him in and took him to Monticello where they told the populace that he was too long for the box (and [crossed out]) but he was all there and if (when [crossed out]) they opened up they would find his legs — one (of [crossed out]) {on} each side of him. Gordon himself has been known to shoot up the town and has made the boys dance to a tune while he shot at their toes.

Here we got Dalton to ride a couple of pitching horses while we tried to snap them. It was too quick work in all probability for any camera[.] The cabin is full of holes from guns. Gordon in one fray stood off 3 men in the East cabin, beat two of them till they ran and was on the other beating him over the head with a sixshooter when help came. Meantime Gordon had 9 wounds, one thro the lungs. The men he had discharged and they came back, found his six on the window sill — took out the cartridges and put the gun back, then turned loose. {*Insert from next page}

* Got doctor from Denver who gave him one week to live. He replied "G——d—— you I ll be riding the range when you are dead." 2 years later the doctor died[.]

Gordon & Dalton went to Moab last winter and stuck a fellow up with feathers &c[?].²¹ (and [crossed out]) The town thought the Gordon outfit was loose and the marshal was not to be found — they just had a good time[.]

Gordon had \$800⁰⁰ worth of fun in "Monticell(o [crossed out])" last spring shooting through a man's hat. The man turned out to be Dalton's uncle, though Dalton was not there. They were fighting at close range and Gordon's gun was taken away from him in the scuffle, as he was not the only nervy man in "Monticell"[.]

²⁰ W. E. "Latigo" Gordon, a foreman for the Carlisle outfit, resided in a cabin sometimes known as the "double cabins" six miles north of Monticello. Gordon later helped organize the Moab State Bank (1915) and served as a director. Lambert, "Al Scorup," 274, and Tanner, *History of Moab*, 55.

²¹ This is not clear. Several persons familiar with the language of the old West have been asked the meaning of the phrase "to stick a person up with feathers." None had a definite answer; although two suggested that the man was tarred and feathered. This seems importable because Gordon and Dalton apparently were just out for an evening of good clean fun — at some else's expense.

Gordon's place is the old Carlisle station and probably {the} Carlisles have an interest in it yet.²² They came here from Scotland 3 brothers — 20 years ago and became the ranch Kings of this part.

Some years ago — in the good times, — a bunch of cowboys came and shot up the school house {at Monticello.} Someone had tied up a bottle to the school-bell in the rude tower and this challenged the marksmen — then they shot thro the windows into the ceiling and the poor Kids thought their end was at hand, until the boys rode away yelling like Apaches[.]

In the Gordon Cabins, Dalton said there must have been a million shots fired. Certainly the logs are well peppered, and we were shown a post where 3 bullets went thro from a Winchester after they had wounded Gordon. Gordon has no fingers on his right hand. They were *pulled out* by getting them in a twist or loop of the rope when making a exhibition here of cow throwing. He calls [changed from called] a district or space of country "I have never been over that scope of country." He is good looking — intelligent and except when charged with red eye very kind and peacable. We met him on the road. He was on his way to a ram herd in Rattlesnake Valley and could not go back, but he said we could walk right in and take away the ranch and Dalton would be there and tell him to give us everything. I had a present for Gordon in the shape of a qt demijohn of whisky from Cooper of Moab and a letter of introduction stating that the bearer carried a small bottle of red eye, and he hoped we would hit it a few and he would give us some stories as to his experiences and some examples of his wit.

Hoped to reach Verdure and see Scorup tonight, but it was sunset and growing cold when we reached "Montecell" and Verdure 7 miles of bad road away. We went to Benj{amin} Perkins' ²³ home, which is the most comfortable semi-hotel we have so far met and go to bed early, tired and well. New moon tonight. The La Sals still loom to the N. many miles away.

Monticello altitude 7250 ft. Today we injured our odometer, putting it out of commission in a canyon by riding on a jutting rock that just fitted the job. It was through no carelessness, but it was a hard country we were coming through.

Another Gordon ranch story. Had a new cook — a cowboy came in late after the others were through. Cook served up liver. Cowboy tired and cross. "Who the hell ever saw liver served up in a cow camp? Take it away and bring me some meat."

Cook draws gun. "Proceed to eat that liver and proceed quick. Eat it all up. Now tell these gentlemen that you like liver — that you are stuck on liver[.]"

²² For the story of the Carlisle brothers, see Don D. Walker, "The Carlisles: Cattle Barons of the Upper Basin," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 32 (Summer 1964), 268-84.

²³ Benjamin Perkins, a younger brother of Hyrum Perkins (senior), played an important role as a captain of ten in the Hole-in-the-Rock expedition. He moved to Monticello in 1902 and there engaged in farming, freighting, and road work. He was well known for his snappy Welsh jigs and love of dancing; he served as San Juan County's first assessor. The Perkins Hotel, under the management of Sarah Perkins, was still serving traveler's needs as late as 1912. Benjamin Perkins died in 1926. Miller, *Hole-in-the-Rock*, 81, 101, 103-5, 182, 200; Polk, *Utah Gazetteer, 1912-1913*, 146; Perkins et al., *Saga of San Juan*, 324-25.

Slept tonight at Benj Perkins in a bed. A Welsh family clean and comfortable home. His brother ²⁴ has been our teamster for several days and is a quaint old customer. The other night Carl remarked last thing, "I wonder if I shall be troubled by tarantulas or rats (snakes [crossed out]) or any small varmints?" Never mind", said he "they wont bother strangers."

Apr (6 [crossed out]) 7 Camp tonight at Mustang Springs, 25 miles from Monticello & 26 from Bluff. (Alt. [crossed out]) It is warmer tonight and we are among the cedars on the south slope of the Blues. This afternoon at an Alt of 7250 we looked to the S.E and saw into Colo{rado,} New Mex{ico} and Arizona. To the S. the sandy Desert Land strange forms in the Navajo reservation — a wierd [*sic*] and desolate stretch — and we were thankful we were not bending in that direction. In the West to our right and not so very far away was the Elk Ridge; and the Orejas del Oso (Bears Ears) sticking above the level, marks the head of White Canyon[.] They were only about 25 miles away, but the snow was too deep for us to go that way and we have to go around 100 miles yet. {A gap in Elk Ridge marks the head of Dark Canyon.}

At Verdure — Bob Hobb's place — 8 miles S. of Monticello, we met Bob and Scorup. The latter rode with us a few miles and we had our first opportunity to plan the essential part of our adventure, and it certainly looks more formidable than ever. We can already see the necessity of hiring four men to go with us and 16 horses at a minimum[.] On the other hand it seems imperative to limit our trip from Bluff & return to 12 days. Still the things we are promised to see are so splendid that it will probably be an exciting and glorious jaunt — full of hard work but fine results. We have to give up the idea of going into Dark Canyon as that requires passing over Elk Ridge and the snow there is too deep; but in compensation we can get down into Grand Gulch, a canyon 100 miles long and full of wonders and of great depth{. It is} said to surpass Dark Canyon, and yet we have never before heard of it, and some well informed people who claim to know the country, deny its existence. In fact it is only in the last few days that we have heard of Dark Canyon, which runs to the North from Elk Ridge.

Mustang Springs must be pretty when the leaves are out. The water lies in a dark grotto and only flows a few rods down the gorge. Shading the spring is a magnificent old cottonwood that we would like to see in leaf.

The country all around is still sheep cursed and we long for the canyons to the West, where the cattlemen have kept out the sheep. We know more about the Bridges and they will be fine. Scorup had to go away to the White Mesa but will reach Bluff tomorrow night ahead of us.

Apr (7 [crossed out]) 8 Reached Bluff this evening. Scorup kindly sent out a light rig to bring us in from a few miles up the road. Traveled today through Cedar Woods or over rolling sage brush land of fine quality. From Dry Valley nearly to Bluff, a distance of 75 miles, there has been abundance of good farming land that only requires a water supply to make it productive; or else the work of the Experiment Stations in the direction of dry farming will be the only

²⁴ "Trum," i.e., Hyrum Perkins (senior). See fn 19.

way to utilize it except for grazing land. Even as it is the grass would grow freely over large areas but for the sheep. Today we saw far into the Navajo Country, and the forms that seemed faint yesterday show bolder today, and through the glass seem to be extraordinary in character, especially those in Monument Valley with their forms something [sketch of the Mittens] like these. and the monuments about 500 ft high, apparently.

It is doubtful whether we can get away Monday morning. Tomorrow is Sunday and but little can be done in preparation.

We have been so slow coming that we have about decided to go home by way of Dolores, Colo. a point on the Rio Grande that we can reach with light conveyance in two days.

About noon we crossed a muddy stream named Recapture Creek.

We are now in the midst of the so called Cliff Dwellers ruins. {Frank} Adams, who goes with us to White Canyon and Grand Gulch, says he has explored many of them and thinks there were three successive races, the cave dwellers, cliff dwellers and mound builders. We shall see whether his theory appears to be tenable[.]

We sleep at Scorups and eat at Mrs Allen's. This old lady has been here some 23 years and has many a tale to tell.²⁵

Apr 9. Sunday. Little doing to-day. It is now decided that we must use 4 men and 20 head of horses, for which we must pay for 12 days \$384⁰⁰ and furnish food for the men. This will give us 7 days travel and 5 days stopping in White Canyon and Grand Gulch. We cannot leave tomorrow morning, but must wait until Tuesday, as horses have to be shod and the men have to be gathered up. The resources of the little town are taxed to provide for us. There are some handsome residences here — built of buff stone in coursed Ashlar and with hard oil finished wood work interiors and neatly painted wood work outside. I had a bath today in a nearly modern bath tub and all has to be brought 90 miles from the nearest railway point Dolores.

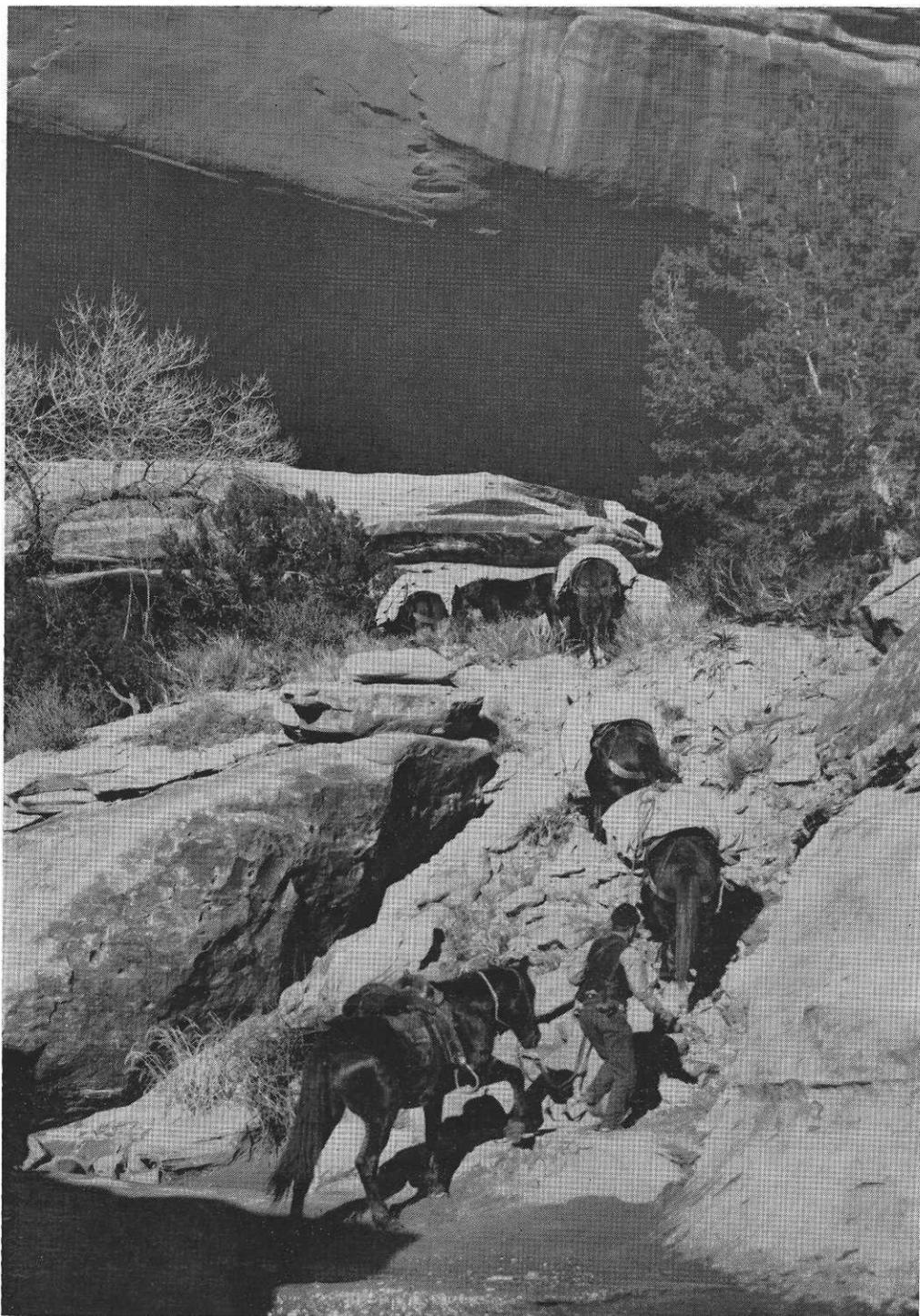
The peach trees are in full bloom. It has been showery today — the first rainfall since we started. Last Tuesday I said it would rain here on Sunday and not before.

Altitude here 4700 ft[.]

Apr 10—Making preparations to start tomorrow morning — rained a good deal today.

Apr 11—A lost day. It rained all last night and nearly all day today. This evening barometer is rising. So much rain is remarkable here at this season, but the stock men and farmers are rejoicing. We hear fairy stories of the wonders of Monument Park on the Navajo Grant which could be reached by a 5 days trip from here.

²⁵ Culmer's description best fits Jane Fleming Fergensen Shaw Allan, wife of John Allan. Born in 1845 of Scottish descent, Mrs. Allan has been described as a friendly, helpful woman who was "always hospitable and known for her housekeeping and good cooking." The Allans moved to Bluff from nearby Fort Montezuma following the flood of 1884. Perkins et al., *Saga of San Juan*, 294.



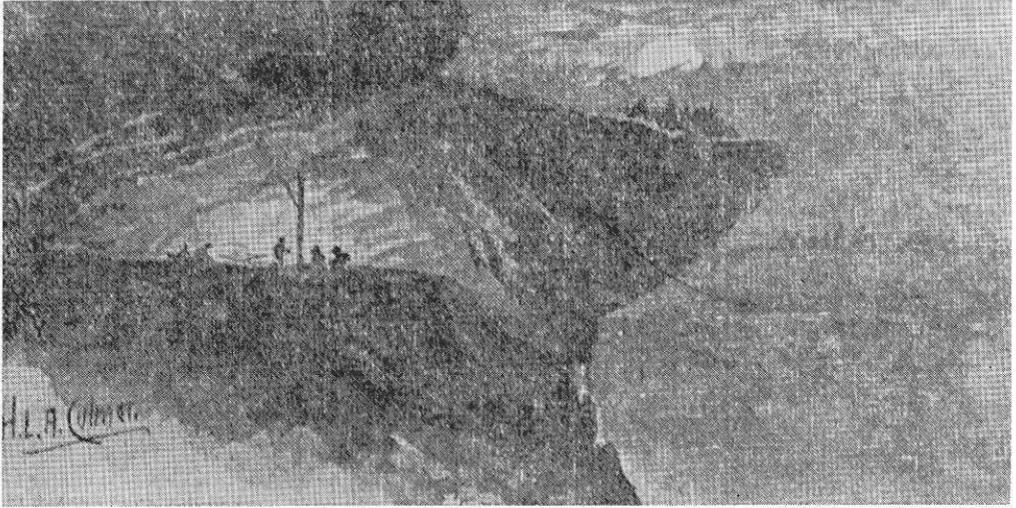
A Zeke Johnson pack train scrambles over the rocks on the way to Natural Bridges. Johnson ran a guide service into the monument for many years. Utah State Historical Society photograph, gift of Charles Kelly.

Apr 12. We “plunged” and had 25 miles of life in the mountains with a pack train, Starting (at [crossed out]) {not before} 9.30 owing to the labor of saddling and packing 20 animals, we certainly made a startling effect as we passed thro the town of Bluff and most of the populace turned out to see us depart.

I never enjoyed myself better than today. It was cloudy and threatening but did not rain until about 4 pm. A local photographer named Goodman — a very skilful man — took the cavalcade on our departure and again as we splashed thro the swollen waters of Cottonwood Creek.²⁶ The first adventure was 6 miles further in crossing Butler Wash. I took {photos of} the party coming down the trail — then stopped to renew my films. By the time I came to the wash, the others were all a cross [*sic*], but my handsome horse, (Misnamed Dobbin), dashed down into the quicksand and rushing torrent and up the impossible rocks with a speed that took my breath away. I had an audience that was scarcely over the excitement of crossing and I guess they concluded that I was no tenderfoot the way Dobbin carried me through. The next adventure was 2 miles later crossing Navajo Pass. This is over Comb Ridge into Comb Wash. This ridge is about 500 feet high and runs N & S. 30 miles with only this place to cross it, and it is one of the dizziest things on earth, — Narrow, steep and rocky, But at the foot is Navajo Spring, a cold, clear, sweet and never failing supply that is famous for its excellence. Here we took lunch. Then up Comb Wash, fording a fierce stream a number of times, then up rocky steeps to the cedar mesas above. We were at a high altitude, and the view in every direction was superb; rocky canyons, breaks and cliffs, the Blues to the North East, the Elks to the N.W. where we were heading, and swooping swirling thunderclouds everywhere. Then the rain overtook us and every rock and cliff glistened in the rainshine. Among the sand and cedars, in a land where the sheep have never browsed, for none have been permitted to pass Navajo trail. Grass and flowers and an abundance of sweet water at this season.

Then as evening approached we entered Cascade Gorge with a hundred merry waterfalls swelling the stream, and around among the pines and cedars by a dizzy trail to a huge cave discovered by the cow boys a year or two ago. They asked us to name it and we called it Cascade Cave[.] The day was not without mishaps. Among other things, 2 of the 3 mules gave out right after lunch and they lay in the sand by the river as forlorn a sight as one might wish to see. But they dissimulated. As their loads were released, one of them turned loose with his business end and sent some of our food over into the Navajo Reservation, A fine shot at a can of Bents Crackers filled the air with dust and sent the larger pieces out into Monument Park 20 miles away. So they say.

²⁶ Charles Goodman seems also to have been a correspondent for the *Deseret Evening News*. On April 22 the *News* ran a front page story of the departure of the expedition from Bluff with a picture of the party crossing Cottonwood Wash. The article was signed with the initial “G.” Illustrated articles describing the entire trip were published in the *News*, May 1, 1905, and the *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 1 and 14, 1905.



Freeman's Cave, called Cascade Cave in the April 12 diary entry, from a Culmer watercolor reproduced by the Salt Lake Tribune in its May 14, 1905, account of the Commercial Club expedition.

The altitude at Cascade Cave is 5950 ft and the distance yet to go to Little Bridge is about 25 miles. Our trail yesterday was so direct that it shortened the distance by many miles over the usual trail.

Cascade Cave is fully 350 feet from the front springs {of arch,} 100 ft from floor rim to back, and 100 feet from floor to top of roof. At the farthest recesses are 2 springs of delicious cold pure water that never fail in the dryest season. Evidences of cave dwellers have almost been obliterated but are still plain, the rocks squared up and "bonded" just as a modern mason would do. But the floor is solid rock and probably nothing is buried here. To night, the bonfire lights up a portion of the cavern, but the rest is buried in the blue depths of a smoky haze. Outside, the moon is breaking through indigo clouds, and the whole scene is wierd. Tales of robbers retreats, and pictures of old time gatherings of ancient tribes in this important cave come to the mind and fill the night with strange dreams.

Mar [sic] 13. At the Little Bridge! Arrived at 5.30 {pm} with no mishaps. Most of the way has been over woods of pinion pine and cedar, with little grass, and with evidence that the snow had but recently melted away. To the East was Elk Ridge, above which the flat topped Bears Ears towered a thousand feet and {were} covered with snow. We crossed Cedar Ridge and could see far down across the San Juan, and for the first time saw Navajo Mtn, lonely and desolate near the junction of the San Juan and Colo. {rivers} to the S.W. All between was cedar, cedar, cedar, and they say that hardly anything will grow among them perhaps owing to the pungent odor, which we know in cedar (to [crossed out] {oil to be} a vermifuge. (and [crossed out])

A few men have fenced or barred the few passes along the trail and keep here as many cattle as the range will feed. They use it as a breeding place, selling

their yearlings for about \$16⁰⁰ and could only get 4⁰⁰ more for 2 year olds. They are bought by Colorado feeders, and usually the cattle men do well, but winter before last nearly ruined the range and the cattle men too. It rained a little on the first of September and not again until the 21st of March — nearly 7 months.

We nooned today at Kane Gulch, where we hoped to find two large jugs that had been dug out and hidden 6 years ago. But someone had found the hiding place for they were missing.

A good ten miles through pathless woods and rocky breaks and we saw the Little Bridge about a mile (distance [crossed out]) {away.} It spans a gulch from the north that feeds Armstrong Creek, a branch of White Canyon and where another stream comes in from the south. We take a few photographs, but I am too tired to sketch or measure and we will leave that for tomorrow. We are camped right under it, and the impression I have is that it is wonderfully lofty, graceful in style and very symmetrical.

Apr 14. "Brite & fare." Up at 5.15 to see the sunrise on Little Bridge. Got a good start for a sketch before breakfast, though I had to cross the gulch with a good climb and come back at the breakfast yell. By rising early, I got a good sketch, (we [crossed out]) made a number of photographs and pulled out for White Canyon after lunch, leaving at 11.45. It had been decided before leaving that Little Bridge was no proper name for this magnificent example of Natures handiwork, so before leaving we christened it the *Edwin* Bridge, after Col. Edwin F. Holmes, ex Pres. of the Commercial Club and the man who first advocated the expedition. We recorded in good New Era black paint

The Edwin Bridge

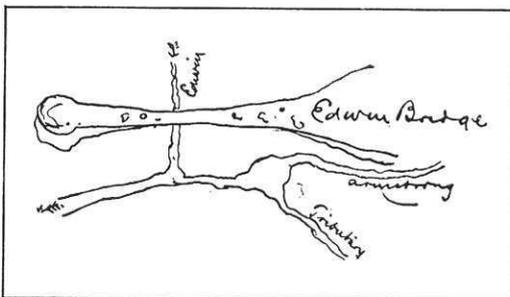
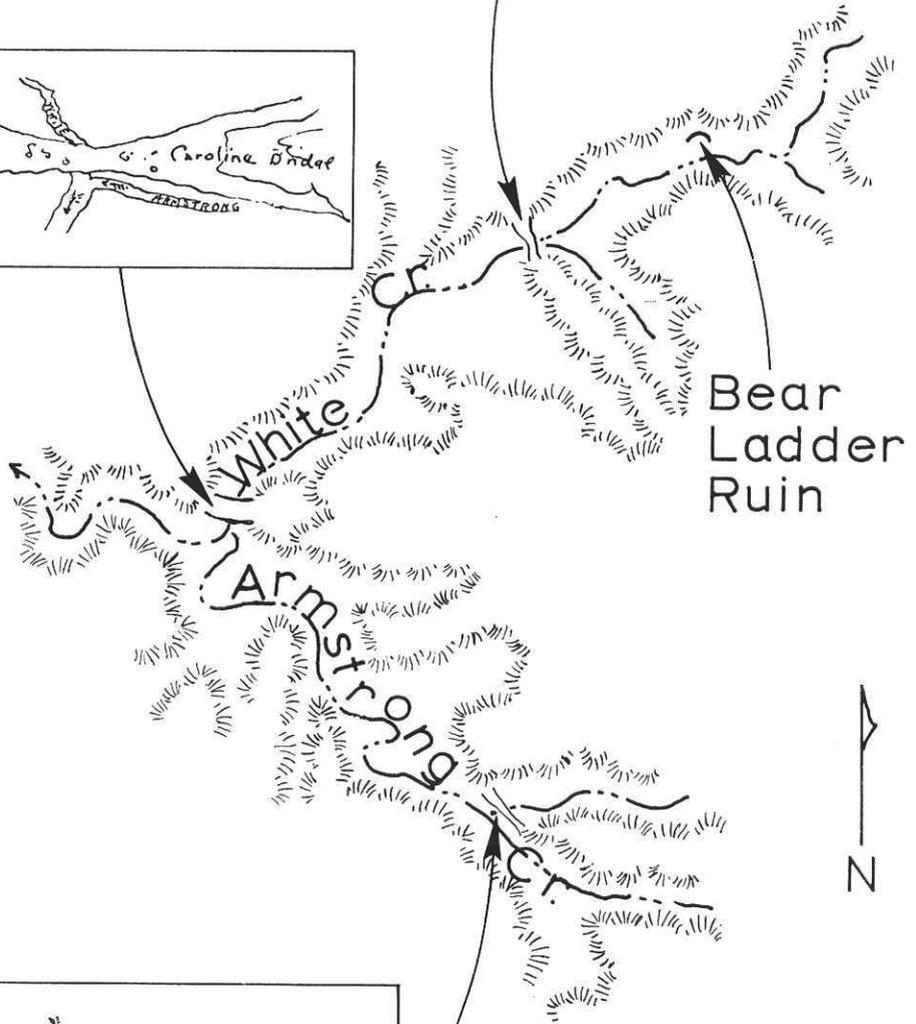
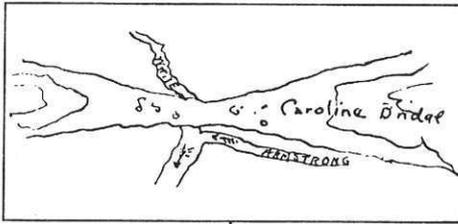
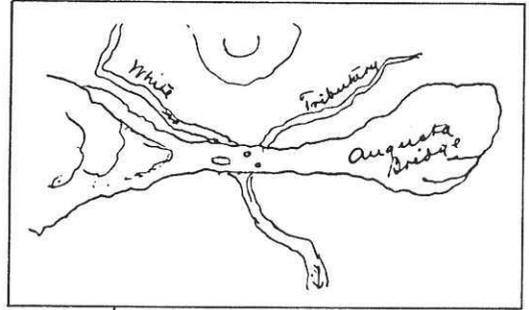
Span	205 feet
Height	111 "
Thickness	10 "
Breadth	30 "
Altitude	6350 "

H L A Culmer
S T Whitaker
C W Holmes

Commercial Club Exploration Ex pedition. Apr 14, 1905
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I took a photograph while these measurements were being made, and C W Holmes[,] Freeman Nielson and Al. Scrorup [*sic*] were on the top. I was making my sketch at the time. The camp had been against the base of the bridge, The stream that runs under the bridge joins the Armstrong just as it emerges. The canyon from which it comes had no name so we called it Edwin Gulch. Opposite are the remnants of some so called cave dwellers, which we explored, but though difficult of access it had already been looted, and only a few broken pieces of pottery were found. The structures and conditions further confirmed my belief that they were tombs, not homes of a forgotten race.

Map showing location of the three bridges in White Canyon with drawings of the bridges taken from Culmer's diary.



A mile on our way we saw picture painting on the rocks which were in so awkward a position that it is not likely our photographs are successful. They seemed to me to be an epitaph, and nearby were ruins of structures that seemed to belong to the signs. These too, were much despoiled. A couple of miles farther and a well preserved structure was seen and our guide thought this had never been molested, as it was so inaccessible. We therefore proceeded to scale the lofty cliffs and in about an hour we were there. It was closed up and in perfect preservation, but contained very little. I found a bone awl and an arrow head. While the others dug into an adjoining structure and found corn cobs, wheat stalks (said to be very rare {in fact altogether new}) squash rind, rushes woven and some strong string made they say from the fibre of the oose.²⁷ We crawled into the narrow opening and believe we were the first whites to enter the room. Why it was deserted is a mystery.

We are now camped in a pleasant spot near Caroline Bridge, having descended a frightful trail, which we can see from camp. We shall remain here part of tomorrow before going to Augusta bridge.

On the way {today} we had a great mishap. The old mule named William Livingston, had left the trail at the rear of the outfit, got into a deep water hole in Armstrong Creek and was discovered lying on his side, with the pack under water. That is, he was struggling and floundering and finally got rid of his load and struck for shore. (and [crossed out]) {He} was not caught until he had made two good miles up the canyon. His was the choicest load of the lot having the big camera box and nearly all our plates, or two telescopes with all my films, clothing etc and finally our two grips, having all our little gimcracks. That is why our camp tonight looks like a laundry and this book is stained and generally disreputable. It was an anxious moment as we unpacked, and even now we do not know whether our films are ruined or not.

Apr 15 — 05. Dried all our stuff this morning in the bright sunlight, then I spent some hours in the difficult task of making a sketch of the Caroline Bridge; but was somewhat distracted by the cries of the rest of the party in their discoveries of the relics and hieroglyphics in the surrounding caves. The Caroline Bridge was named by Long in [] after the (wife [crossed out]) {mother} of his guide, James Scorup, brother to our present guide.

Our cook, Franklin Adams, who has had a lot of experience in digging out cave and cliff dwellings, went to the place we explored yesterday and returned with a big bowl or water jar [sketch] and a digging or planting stick [sketch] some examples of the woven willow sticks used for coffin [sketch] making and the shucks that we thought was wheat, but which he says is only the head of wheat grass.

At the hieroglyphics or picture (painting) scratching or peckings was written the names of W. C. McLoyd and C. C. Graham {winter of} 1892-3[.] McLoyd is considered to be the first white man to explore White Canyon and he gathered

²⁷ What is oose? There is no mistaking the word as it appears in the diary; it is clearly written. Further on in the diary Culmer describes some cords made of yucca. It seems most likely that oose was a short-lived colloquial name for a plant — possibly yucca, juniper, or cliff rose.



Culmer's oil painting of Caroline Bridge now hangs in the Utah State Supreme Court chambers, State Capitol. Photograph courtesy of Utah State Institute of Fine Arts.

a number of relics, making a collection that was exhibited in Durango and afterwards sold it to Eastern parties for over \$5000⁰⁰. Last evening Carl Holmes climbed to the top of Caroline Bridge {alone} and stuck {on a tree} two (white [crossed out]) {red} flags made from a handkerchief. He tried it again this morning for the purpose of measuring but there was a slight frost and the rocks were too slippery. It is said that no one has climbed this bridge before.

The ancient dwellers at the bridge have left the imprint of their hands in good red pigment on the wall, as though they intended the imprints to form a frieze. It is usually a fine quality of Tuscan red, but others are of a rich golden ochre. {*Insert Page 57}

*We later saw these handprints in such number and arrangement as to suggest a census of the inhabitants. What a chance for Pudon head Wilson!

This afternoon Carl Holmes and Freeman Nielsen again reached the top of the bridge and let down a rope for measurements. The thickness of the bridge is 60 feet, the height from stream to top is 182 feet, the width is 60 ft at narrowest part, the span is 350 feet. {Altitude 6000 ft.} Frank Adams and George Perkins attempted the ascent, but failed. I did not fail.

I think Ruskin lamented that in all his examination of cliffs in the Alps he was unable to find one that was really perpendicular — they all fell short of the vertical, having a slight slope backward at the top: He should come here and lament no more for there are scores and scores of them (that at [crossed

out]) hundreds of feet in height (and [crossed out]) overhanging from 10 to 60 and 70 degrees. Caves unnumbered. They are pleasant places, {— many of them —} sheltered, ferny and ample; cool, echoing lofty and often affording fine views up or down huge canyons. From them the approach of friend or enemy could be easily marked. Frequently, a cool spring drips from the ceiling [*sic*], especially at the time of the year we are here, and probably throughout the winter. From the brink, huge clambering pines, wind their way from the cool and damp to the outer sunshine, and these pines are tenacious of life and engage in a life and death struggle with the cedars. We have seen many instances where the pinion pine has survived, throttling its victim like the Laocoon, and there it was {living vigorously} with its serpent strangle hold (living [crossed out]) around a dead but never decaying cedar. One of the best examples of this we saw on the very top of Edwin Bridge and I have always been sorry we did not have the camera with us to preserve the memory.

Apr 16 — 05. A notable day. I saw and sketched the great Augusta bridge, though a week could be spent in painting it from various points of view. It is a most magnificent and shapely structure, and though its height, beneath the arch, is not so great as Long states, it is still one of the biggest things in Nature. Measurements showed it to be 83 feet thick, the height from stream to top 265 feet, span 320 ft feet [*sic*]. The width of the causeway is 35 ft. {Altitude 6050 ft at base[.]} It has been deemed inaccessible, but again Carl reached the top in company of {George Perkins &} F. A. Nielsen and they were probably the first men to set foot there. Later in the day, I went across with Frank Adams. The afternoon was spent in climbing high places in search of Moqui? or Aztec? ruins and relics. By the aid of ropes and ladders, we got to ledges that no white man had scaled, but found little to reward our labors. Whitaker and I each drew out a stone ax or hammer, unusually well preserved with handles complete. When we returned to camp at the Caroline, we were all thoroughly tired. I think I have hit on the reason for the many caves that abound in this region the same causes producing the bridges. The canyons are all eroded through a series of sandstone strata. Between the ledges, the mass is often 50 to 200 feet in thickness, and made up of beds from a few inches to 30 and 40 feet in thickness. These beds are frequently *non-conforming* and of unequal compactness. In some the cementing element is almost wholly lacking and they crumble away like brown sugar. In others the cement is lacking in the laminations and where they are undermined they fall in great flakes altho sometimes the chunks come down with a conchoidal fracture. These pieces, if soft, are disposed of by sand blast of the winds, or by water erosion, while the ceiling is being air slacked ready for another fall. [Two sketches identified by Culmer as “Non-conforming strata or cross-bedded sandstone” and “Cave Making”.]

The wind usually keeps the back chamber well cleared and gives a chance for the soft stratum to desiccate. Nearly all of the cave houses are in such places and the clay from the soft stratum has been manipulated with burnt lime or some other medium so as to make it very enduring. Nearly all of the houses are braced at the front by poles sunk into ceiling [*sic*] and floor [sketch].

The causes of the caves are partly the causes of the bridges. The 3 big ones are at the junction of streams [sketches of bridges].

The Bridge ledge is hard and covered with water pockets, full of water when we saw them, This ledge is level strata or beds. Below the beds are (unconformable [crossed out]) {cross-bedded} in every way and of varying hardness. In each case, at the original base of the spring of the arch is this {soluble} clay bed, and it is evident that the streams attacking on each side [of] the wall that separated them, {one or the other} finally found a way through this clay seam, and the rest was merely erosion and successive fallings of the cielings [*sic*]. The bridges will become higher all the time from these causes.²⁸

Apr 17. We climbed again the dangerous steps at Augusta Bridge, which we have named in derision the Scorup Trail and from the high mesa above (went [crossed out]) {tramped} eastward 4 miles over rocky ledges and cedar ridges and across small canyons, to the canyon we have named "Unknown" [.]²⁹ No white man has ever before been into it. {Scorup has tried to get down it from the head in vain[.]} A day or two ago, Whitaker & Scorup tried to get up it from the mouth, and now we tried to get in it from the top, but would certainly have failed but for our equipment of rope ladders and scaling lines. The descent was made more eagerly because of the extensive ruins that were plainly seen close by on the other wall. Unknown Canyon does not appear on the maps but it is one of the deepest, wildest and most tortuous gorges in this part of the country.

Altho, these dwellings had not been previously molested they afforded little reward for our labor. Sandals were in curious abundance, and some fragments of especially well decorated pottery. These and some cordage were all we got.

Scorup and I returned ahead of the party and managed to get down cliffs that had only previously been scaled by use of ropes and ladders. We are getting to know our feet better and fearlessly go in places that a few days ago would have taken the color from our cheeks.

It was sunset when we returned, footsore and weary. Whitaker and Adams had spent the (day [crossed out]) morning in a village further up in White and had more trophies to show than we. From their descriptions, there is so much to be learned there that we will visit it tomorrow.

Unknown Canyon runs its course winding along the foot on the south side of the West Elk ridge, the latter not appearing on any of the maps. Its length is about 15 miles to follow its windings but not more than half that in a straight direction. Our walk across country took us nearly to its head.

Apr 18. Beautiful morning cool and sparkling. The canyon narrows quickly above the Augusta Bridge and in about 2 miles, after passing huge caves, or coves,

²⁸ Culmer's discussion of cave and bridge formation in the area is essentially correct. Since his time a number of other studies have been made and more detailed descriptions of the processes written. The most readily available is in Herbert E. Gregory, *The San Juan Country, A Geographic and Geologic Reconnaissance of Southeastern Utah*, U. S. Geological Survey, Professional Paper 188 (Washington, D.C., 1938), 103-4.

²⁹ They must have walked *westward* because four miles in an easterly direction from the Augusta Bridge would have put them just about at the trail from Bluff to the bridges.

one of which was 600 ft. in length by 150 front to back, we came to a cave settlement of great interest.³⁰ It was in two parts, the lower being but little above the trail and consisting of a dozen or so houses, so fashioned that it is difficult to decide their uses, whether for sleeping rooms or receptacles for the dead. Few of them are lofty enough to sit upright in, while some are so shallow that one's (feet [crossed out]) {toes} would touch the ceiling [*sic*] in the only way he could lie down if he were 5 ft long [sketch].³¹

It was suggested that perhaps these smaller ones were for children. There were much larger circular apartments, cemented inside, but so arranged with flues, alcoves &c. that they must have been kilns for either baking or finishing pottery. Many fragments of well decorated pottery lie everywhere. but McLoyd had looted the place years ago. The interior of one of these round apartment[s] was well covered with scratched sketches of the designs most frequently found on the pottery, as though the artist had sketched out the designs for less inventive artisans to follow. There was room in this one chamber for a dozen workers, and except that rats had partially filled the place it was pretty much as it must have been [when] abandoned many centuries ago. Above this,—and only to be reached by an ancient ladder 60 feet in length, and then by some hazardous climbing, partly on steps hewn in the rock, partly by wooden stairs of cedar, cemented in the walls,—was a fortress, well arranged, and supplied with portholes.³² Many chambers ranged along the wall of the cave and other kilns were there — a cistern and a font to catch the water of a spring that once flowed in this upper gallery. If these small rooms were occupied by living people, which continues to be doubtful in my mind, there were accommodations in the lower village and in the stronghold above for at least 200 people. A clue that indicates their living occupancy is the polished or worn condition of the sills of the apertures, but if they were caches, as the one described on page 49 [the small storage structures near Caroline Bridge — whence the oose fibers came] certainly seemed to be (It had thongs hanging from the rafters to hang meat upon and there were as many as the room would hold [sketch]) or if they were individual storehouses, or warehouses, for food or valuable pottery made by the people below, it can be understood why the place would be fortified against banded marauders. With the water supply indicated, the place could be made to hold

³⁰ The Bear Ladder Ruin. This site has some remarkably well-preserved roofs on houses and kivas and some unusual petroglyphs — pottery designs scratched onto the smoke-blackened wall of a kiva.

³¹ It seems strange that men who had been poking around in ruins for several days did not recognize unexcavated rooms.

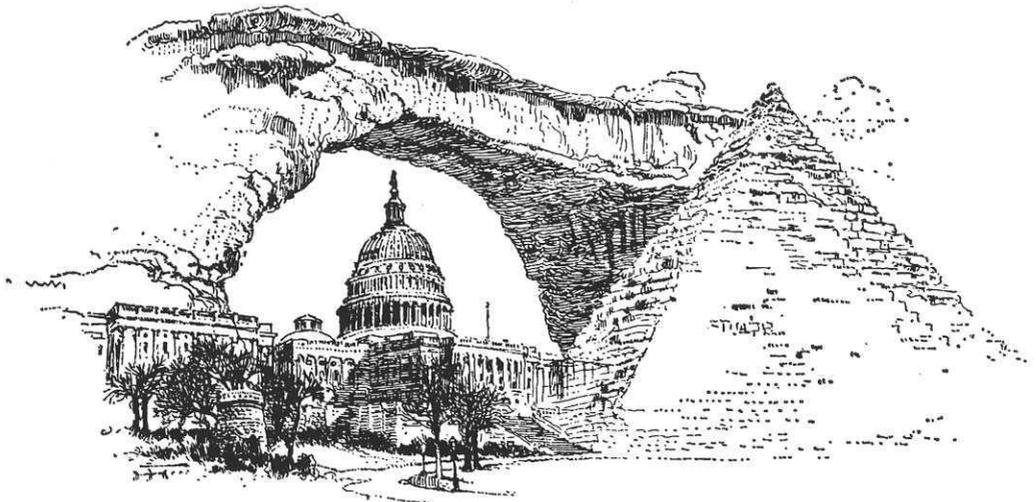
³² Two forty-foot douglas fir poles which probably were cut in the thirteenth century leaned against the cliff. The pre-Columbian builders of this ladder probably lashed rungs to the poles with heavy yucca cords but no trace of the rungs remained at the beginning of this century. Cowboys nailed thin juniper poles to the uprights, and these were renailed from time to time. In the early 1960s this menace to life and limb was removed, and it is now no longer possible to climb to the upper level of Bear Ladder Ruin. The Laboratory of Tree Ring Research at the University of Arizona made borings of the poles to try to get dates for the ladder. The latest growth ring on one of the poles was laid down in AD 1137, but an unknown number of rings had been eroded from the pole, and the construction date could not be determined. Bryant Bannister et al., *Tree Ring Dates from Utah S-W. Southern Utah Area* (Tucson, 1969); Charlie R. Steen, "Archeological Investigations at Natural Bridges National Monument," *Southwestern Monuments Monthly Report* (May 1937), mimeographed (Coolidge, Arizona, 1937), 329-337.

out for a long time. The cliffs and caves hereabout are of hugest proportions and with but a narrow winding passage for the stream beneath. In a month or two this stream and all the others in the vicinity will have dried up, and one not knowing of the secret water pockets might wander to his death by thirst; but now many of the cliffs are ashine with running water and every side canyon furnishes a little rill. A couple of weeks ago, the entire canyon bottom and all those of the tributaries were filled with torrents from 10 to 20 feet deep that have washed out trails and left rags [rugs?] of weeds and cedar bark clinging to high boughs under which we now ride. Many of the places formerly rode are filled with deep water holes where the horses lose their feet (and we our heads) while quicksands abound that sometimes set us floundering, and the horses either struggle with us to firm land or we roll off {to lighten his weight} and get there the best way we can. With such torrents as appear to have recently rushed through these gorges, we can understand how erosion is going on, and how the landscape is being swept down into the Colorado river.

The nights are flooded with brilliant moonlight, the moon being now almost at the full[.]

Apr 19. Moved camp to day 20 miles to Collins Canyon, occupying a cave³³ at an altitude of 5450 ft. This canyon is sometimes called Trail Canyon, as it [is] (one of the few ways [crossed out]) {the one} way of getting down into Grand Gulch, the bottom of which is only about a mile distant.

³³ A photograph of Collins Cave, littered with the bedrolls and supplies of an unidentified cowboy, appeared as an illustration in Lambert, "Al Scorup," 307.



Drawing which appeared in both Century Magazine and National Geographic Magazine in 1904 dramatizes the size of Augusta Bridge by comparing it with the Great Pyramid and the national Capitol. Culmer's oil painting of this bridge hangs in State Planning Office, State Capitol.

This has been a day of trouble with our animals, the several days' rest having made them full of the old nick. A sorrell [*sic*] that had been named after {a certain} Senator [space left for name] on a{ccount} of his mild and retiring (manner [crossed out]) {disposition} ran amuck among the rest and shed his pack. He caught sight of a dozing mule on the brink of the river bank and deliberately bunted him over with his pack into our swimming pool. He then proceeded to kick up the camp seriatim and seven men for a while failed to catch him.

The next mishap was that we heard a wild rumor that the camera mule, (that was [crossed out]) bringing up the rear and being led, had fallen over the precipice[.] An hour later he joined us, little the worse for wear, but he had a frightful slide to the brink of a cliff and would have gone over but for the two men's help.

While we were waiting for them to come up, the sorrell [*sic*] again became festive. He had borne most of the food supplies and the long climbing rope 250 feet in length was coiled on his pack. With a few well arranged pitches he soon got these in a fine mix up. The air was full of flying missiles. While the coffee can was in the sky, he smashed two potatoes against it with a well directed blow; but before he was completely undressed the line became entangled in the branches of a cedar and he proceeded to do business with it. He made a ring around the tree and nearly included several horses and men in his round up. They had to step lively to prevent being bound to the tree. He himself miraculously escaped from the tangle and bounded for the same mule who was now with Whitaker (who had not dismounted) gazing into the depths of the abysses below. But muley was not going to be shoved again. One double slug in the breast and then a couple of rapid fire shots in the ribs turned the sorrel and probably saved Whitakers [*sic*] life. The circus continued, but finally ended happily with peace restored and we were on our way again. Up on the mesa a furious wind was howling driving the sand in our faces. As soon as we got clear from the cedars and reached the Scorup winter range, the wind was so fierce that we looked like a party of Bedouins traversing the desert. I tried to Kodak the pack, but my horse was so restive that I could not even get a snap. The cook rode up to hold my bridle. He is an expert horseman, but we got badly mixed up and he (got [crossed out]) {was} thrown, with a broken bridle and stirrup in hand. His horse careered over the plain and it took us a long time to catch him. I am not quite certain what happened to me. I managed to keep my saddle, Kodak in hand, open for use, but whether I made a snap shot or not only the developer can tell. {*Later Note.* By some miracle I had taken a good picture.}

Tonight James Scorup paid us a visit from his camp near by, and I learned a lot more about the surrounding canyons, their names and courses. The government map is evidently a work of the imagination.

It has been a day of swirling clouds and snow flurries and threatens rain tonight. But we are under cover and don't care.

Apr 20. Early morning we all went down break neck trails into Grand Gorge. Bad as the way is, it is (one of the few ways [crossed out]) {the only

means} of getting into this strange canyon, and in order for us to get out on the east side we must go ten miles up the (canyon [crossed out]) stream. It is called a stream, but most of the time the water is invisible, and only quicksands fill the river bed. At the foot of Trail Canyon, we sent the pack 5 miles up Grand Gulch to camp, while we went as far down the gorge to examine the scenery. It was certainly very wild and strange. The cliffs uprose higher than any we had yet seen on the trip — 500, 800, 1000 ft sheer, and the canyon so tortuous that we sometimes traveled half a mile to make 100 feet of direct distance. Strange shapes and grotesque faces varied the forms and huge cottonwood trees, hoary with age, twisted and bent in dragon writhings to add to the effect. But we had descended many hundreds of feet and for the first time this (season [crossed out]) {year} we saw the cottonwoods and maples in their bright spring green. The season had developed here while we were up on the higher lands[.] But the day was sweet and cool, the tempests had subsided, linnets sang sweetly in the old trees, and the glow from the salmon hued cliffs warmed the landscape and made every turn in our course either interesting or beautiful. Our voices echoed and the footfalls of the horses resounded in the narrow passes.

We have been in many canyons but Grand Gulch seems to have character of its own. It is rarely more than 200 feet wide at the bottom, sometimes only 15 feet and it winds [sketch] like a wounded worm; but the feature that was repeated again and again in the few miles we explored was a line of overhanging cliff from 300 to 600 feet in length, washed at the base by the stream and lined at a few feet distant by splendid old cottonwoods through which [sketch] the sunlight gleamed in fine contrast with the shadowy cliff. The latter was always on the (North [crossed out]) South side of the creek and the trees bordered the stream on the North. Each of these made a fine subject for a painting, and it was an artist's morning never to be forgotten.

Returning to Trail Canyon, we continued up Grand Gulch to Castle Pasture where camp had already been made and dinner awaited us. Altitude at camp {nearly} same as Collins Cave 5350 feet.

Scorup assures us that in all probability no man has been in the Grand Gulch, below Trail for 5 years, or since some parties were there hunting Moqui? relics and very few ever enter the part where we are now camped. The canyon continues in the same character nearly 40 miles to the San Juan river where it grows even wilder, and the stream leaps some 300 feet into that river. No one goes down its lower stretches. Ruins of ancient people are around us now on every side, but they are unimportant repetitions of others we have seen.

Where the canyon narrows to less than 30 feet, the evidences of torrent work are tremendous. At one place, where it is only 5 feet wide, the water has been backed up to 50 feet in depth and the fury must have been terrific at flood times as the huge trunks of trees piled up show.

If these wild galleries are wierd in the daytime, (what [crossed out]) how do they seem at night! Tonight the moon rose late, and in the early part of the night, I made my way in the silence through deep and dismal passages, where the starlight scarcely penetrated, but where {many of} the shelves were the desolated abiding places of a long forgotten people. The echoing corridors responded to a

(whisper, [crossed out]) {finger-snap,} and the cracking of a twig brought forth a rustling whisper from (the [crossed out]) depths that were deeper than the eye could penetrate. Soon a faint, warm and ghostly glow seemed lighting hidden places, (and [crossed out]) {for} high overhead the moonbeams had reached the rocky crests and seemed to render the spires and domes transparent. As the moon light (touched [crossed out]) {reached} them in succession, their outlines, that had been hard against the sky, disappeared, and they seemed to be melting away in a faint rosy gray mist. The nearby crags were firm and plain enough, part in the light and the rest in shadow; and now fingers of silver light stole through the trees, or gave a trembling touch (to [crossed out]) on some uprearing cliff, playing with the mystery of these dusky galleries[.]

Apr 21. We camped tonight in a cave in Horse Creek {Gorge,} and were glad to get under cover as it is windy and rain is threatening. Today we rode many miles up Grand Gulch amid bewildering arrangements of crags and gorges, the lines growing heavier as we ascend, until they are cyclopean, titanic rather than fantastic. Cliffs with holes through them, cap rocks like tam-o-shanters, rim rocks far overhanging, cave seams with Moqui houses not all in ruins — and with seeing so many I begin to see darkly thro the mystery — rich bits of bottom land that must be extremely fertile, sage brush rich and luxurious 10 feet high and splendid in bluish green contrast to the pink and orange rocks and gleaming sands. Maples and tremendous cottonwoods make imposing features of the landscape. We were again assured by Mr. Scorup that no one had been up this canyon.

Returning to Horse Canyon we made pictures of the interior of the splendid “Grand Opera House” and going afoot up the frightful passes of this canyon, found the pack animals and the rest of the party awaiting us near the head, (and [crossed out]) {where we} went into camp, tired but thoroughly satisfied with the day.

Apr 22. Rode 27 miles today, again crossing the Cedar Ridge and camp in St. George’s Cave just below the rim that looks down on Dead Bull Flat. We made an 8 o’clock start, but it rained while we were eating breakfast. So there was no flying sand among the cedars, tho the wind was blowing fiercely. Soon after ten it commenced again to rain and continued all day and far into the night[.] Yet we enjoyed the ride, being high up among the flying clouds. The land is blessed with unusual rains this spring and responds with grassy slopes and flowering meads, to the great satisfaction of the cattle men, whose herds are flourishing. Frank Adams gave some exhibitions of cattle roping. We nooned under the cedars in the rain but are all provided with waterproof clothing, and to night in this greatest cave of all, sleep snugly while the rain falls in torrents outside. At the extreme back of this cave is a never failing spring of purest water[.]

Today, Scorup trusted the lead to George Perkins, whose cattle roam through “Cigareet” and he lost his way in fifteen minutes. We were only $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the trail, yet found ourselves at the brink of an awful canyon cut up in gorges of the wildest description[.] Sunshine was bursting thro the rain and

mists were driving among the temples and broken crags for miles and miles. Scorup promptly rescued us by leading us to the trail with unerring instinct; but the sight we had seen well repaid for the adventure. This is our last night out on this jaunt, but in the wierd [*sic*] charm of this cave our interest is as vivid as ever.

Apr 23. Left St. George's Cave at 8 am and rode out on a point that overlooks R{h}oad Canyon and Comb Wash. We were on a high outjutting point and saw a world at our feet and in the distance. Not far away to the South, in "Barton's land," were pinnacles and monuments; but far across the San Juan, some 30 miles away, were the spires of Monument Park that we are so anxious to visit. To the East of them, the Chuckaluck Mtns,³⁴ snow covered, and the Comb reefs stretching across our path from as far as we could see — reaching from the Elk Mtns clear into Arizona. We rode gaily homeward, having only 25 miles to make. The stream in Comb Wash was higher, which gave ominous suggestions as to the San Juan. I have not yet fallen from my horse, but it is not the fault of the rest of the crew, who love to see Dobbin prance in his high spirited way. While we were crossing the river, one of them fired a Winchester 3 times and I thought Dobbin would jump over the Comb reef; but we stayed together and it was George {Perkins} who nearly bit the sand. I had the advantage however, of suspecting what was intended, and was watching the gun out of the corner of my eye.

We lunched again at Navajo Springs where we met an old Navajo named Jim Joe, who is one of the brightest Indians in the country and has settled at the foot of the Comb and off the reservation. He was intending to herd his sheep near the spring, but the party told him he could not. He said he had a paper from Washington saying he might, and promised to bring it to town and show us tomorrow.

I dreaded Butler wash, remembering my flying exploit on the way out; but was relieved to find the stream had changed its course and it was not necessary to make the leap off a high rock into the water. The crossing was bad enough, however. I learn today for the first time, that on the way out the party all dismounted at this rock and were petrified to see me {come along and} take the whole thing on horseback. They did not know I couldn't help it and that Dobbin was the real hero.

We came into town in lively marching order, everybody feeling well and a large proportion of the townspeople watching the parade. It was Sunday and the well dressed folks made us appear like a lot of tramps.

Monday Apr 24. This we had set apart as a day to rest and look into the question of crossing the river for a 4 days trip to Monument Park. We spent most of the morning by the river bank watching the Indians in their daring performances on the water. The San Juan was furious, and rushing its muddy volume laden with big drift wood at the rate of 8 or 10 miles an hour, yet we saw a couple of Navajos put off from our side and make the passage across in a

³⁴ The Carrizo Mountains.

wretched flat bottomed dingy [*sic*] that leaked. They had paddles, roughly made and clumsy rowlocks yet they landed safely about half a mile below. They then towed the boat up the opposite bank for a long distance and took in some passengers, with bundles of wool. Then across to a sandy island in mid stream. Back again for another load until they had of squaws and bucks eleven persons. The bucks waded and pushed and towed until the edge of the deep water, when all got in and let the rushing current carry them in a eddy to our side, they paddling for life and making the crossing successfully. They can all swim like fish and have no fear of the water, while they understand the currents and how to manage them perfectly. If we cross, it must be this way and I think we will not trust ourselves to the ordeal, but it is not necessary for either of us to back out, for everybody agrees that it would be a physical impossibility to get our horses and packs across. No one will undertake it, and (as [crossed out]) the chances of drowning several valuable animals are so great that we decide to cut out the trip. The afternoon is spent in trading off saddles, guns and other things for Navajo blankets and we prepare to start bright and early for Dolores, Colo. where we take train for Utah.

Tuesday Apr 25. As we pulled out this morning, Mrs. Jones ("Aunt Mary")³⁵ who runs the Coop store asked "When shall we see you here again?" "Probably this evening," I replied. And sure enough here we are. We were out 8 miles this morning, when the river proved to have overflowed to such an extent that we had to turn back. It was past noon when we reached here and to take another road at that time of day was out of the question, as we had no facilities for camping out and must make 45 miles to the first house. So we resolve to start earlier tomorrow and take the mountain road via Recapture Creek, tho whether we shall run into fresh difficulties is still unknown.

Tonight we were invited to address the community at the meeting house, and I spoke for a hour on art as my duty was as a member of the Board of the Utah Art Institute. It seemed like carrying the subject far afield, but the principles are universal and apply here as well as anywhere.

Wed. Apr 26. Left Bluff at 5.30 in light outfit, the most of our baggage having gone forward yesterday afternoon in a heavy wagon. Nooned on the prairies a mile or two from Montezuma Creek and at night reached Majors place, a sort of Mexican adobe home, where beds were supplied, and altho things were of the crudest, the hearty welcome made all pleasant. Mrs Perkins & Mrs Wood had already arrived and prepared our meals. The ranch is in McElmo canyon and ruins of the ancient dwellers are everywhere.

In Bluff, the last day we were there, we met two worn and half sick men whose story told to what remote and untrodden fields we had wandered. They

³⁵ Mary Nielson Jones (b. 1858), a daughter of Jens and Elsie Nielson (and thus a half-sister to the expedition's teamster, Freeman A. Nielson), was the wife of Bluff cattleman Kumen I. Jones. The couple arrived with the Hole-in-the-Rock group in 1880. "Aunt Mary" was nurse and midwife to local settlers and Indians until her death in 1933. The store in Bluff was known as the San Juan Co-op Co. Another Mary Jones, Mrs. Frederick I. (Mary Mackelprang) Jones, lived in Bluff between 1882 and 1887. She helped run the Monticello Co-op after moving to that settlement in 1888. Perkins et al., *Saga of San Juan*, 313-15.

were Jas McEwen and [] Tolmy³⁶ who had been to the settlements in Rabbit Valley to buy cattle for Colorado. They live at Cortez. They thought they would return by a direct course crossing the Colo. river at Hole in the Rock, a few miles south of Hite. Both were experienced men in this western rock country and McEwen had crossed the San Juan region before, but they got lost in the maze of rim rock and box canyons and for fourteen days wandered among them unable to find their way Westward.³⁷ The wet weather gave them plenty of water but for four days and a half they were without food until they ran across James Scorup in Grand Gulch and found the trail we had left. And the way James came to be there was that we had made a big smoke and cedar fire to attract his attention as had been previously arranged with Al, our object being to get some fresh meat, and this was to be the signal for him to bring an animal over from the winter range. He came and stayed with us all night and being so far from his usual camp and the spring round up at hand, he decided to go down the Grand Gulch for any stray cattle that might be there. It was the first time he had been down the canyon for a year and no one else had been down in the meantime, so the meeting of these men was well nigh a miracle. (and [crossed out]) McEwen looks upon Jas Scorup as being his deliverer and says he can have anything of his he wants as long as he lives. This dramatic incident impresses us the more that we were camped within a few miles in security and plenty, hardly able to realize that we were in an unknown land, yet our presence there led indirectly to the rescue of these hapless wanderers who confess that they were nearly [at] the end when help came. And but for the very exceptional rains they would have perished sooner for want of water.

Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant have there been such rains — never have the hills been so green. Passed Ruin Canyon³⁸ today.

Thurs. Apr 27. One of our horses died in the night, perhaps over worked yesterday on the heavy roads. We drive 18 miles to N. Hall's place {at foot of Ute Mtn 9660 ft} where we take luncheon at a thrifty farm. Large fields, green and glowing. Peach orchards abloom. Father & Mother, 2 sons & 3 daughters at work in the fields, stop to prepare meal and entertain us. Cliff dwellings among the rim rocks with steps cut in rocks to ascend. Are still in McElmo Canyon.

In afternoon drive to Cortez, {alt 6600} a trading town of 2 or 3 hundred {people.} Strong contrast to Bluff, there being saloons & gambling — no shade trees[.]

Friday Apr 28. Drove in morning by stage 16 miles from Cortez to Dolores, where we reach the narrow guage [*sic*] Rio Grande Southern R.R. There we found passes awaiting us for Thompson's. The heavy storms in the mtns had made all trains late and we were a couple of hours behind time at starting. Then the trip up the Dolores river to Rico, a former prosperous mining town but now

³⁶ Apparently Culmer could not remember Tolmy's first name although he left a space for it.

³⁷ He must have meant *eastward*.

³⁸ On the Utah-Colorado line. One of the units of Hovenweep National Monument, the Square Tower Group, is at the head of this canyon.

most of the houses are empty. The splendid San Miguel peaks, the highest being Mt Wilson 14309 were crossed at the Lizard where the pass was 10500 ft and we dropped rapidly to Vance Junction, 8,400, only to start up again on the Telluride branch, reaching the latter town at sunset Alt 9150 ft. Here we have to stop all night at a good hotel, the New Sheridan Pop. 2500. {The} Mines {are} of permanent character {being} low values {in} gold. Milling mostly, but a big giant hydraulic plant {is} in operation on placer mining. The fortunes of Rico seem to be on the rise owing to its being a zinc camp and the great demand arising for zinc is greater than the supply[.]

Sat. Apr 29. Left Telluride at 9.15 am. Swung around among the great Uncompahgre Peaks into Happy Valley where the long range of high peaks that surround Ouray and Telluride make a splendid panorama. The unusual quantity of recently fallen snow and the very clear day combine to make them impressive. Stopping for a few moments at Ridgway went on to Montrose for noon. Waited there a couple of hours and went down to Gunnison river valley to Grand Junction at 6.15. Here we had to stay until 2 a.m. though if the train had been on time would have left at 12.15. Went to {theatre to} see White Whittlesey in Soldiers of Fortune.

Sunday Apr 30. Arrived home 12 20 train 2 hours late.

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