

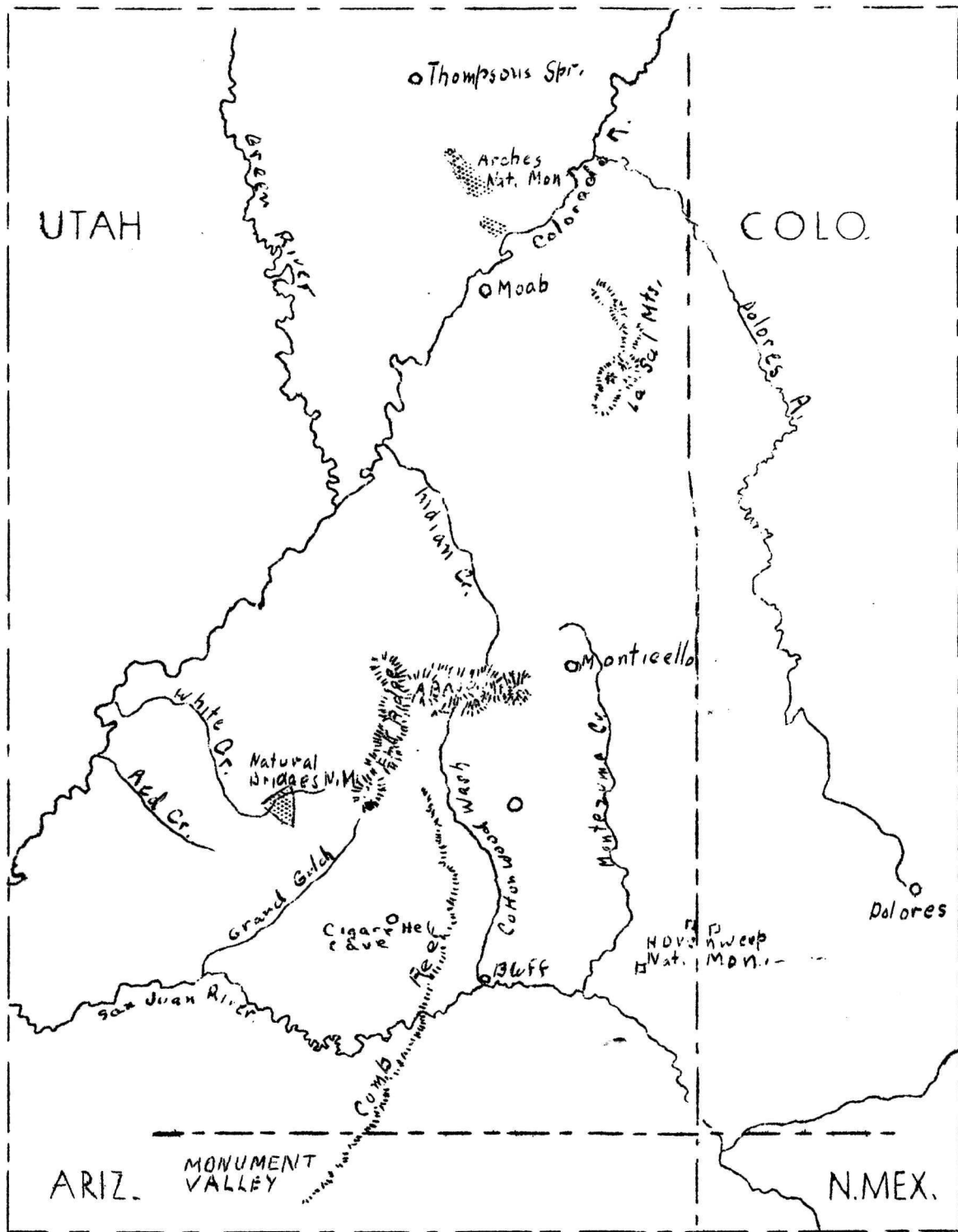
SOUTHWESTERN MONUMENTS
SPECIAL REPORT

NO. 18

PERSONAL DIARY OF
H. A. CULMER
1905



DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
NATIONAL PARK
SERVICE



SOUTHEASTERN UTAH

SCALE 30 Miles

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The diary which we are reproducing here was found last year in the effects of the late Mr. Culmer by his son. The small volume was given to Dr. J. E. Broaddus, a Salt Lake City dentist, who used the very interesting story of the trip to the Natural Bridges in a series of radio broadcasts. Custodian Zeke Johnson of Natural Bridges National Monument told me of the existence of the diary in April, 1937, and said that he believed that Dr. Broaddus would give the Park Service a copy of the document for this report. Our gratitude to Dr. Broaddus for his kindness in allowing the Culmer Diary to be run as a supplement to the Southwestern Monuments Report is hereby acknowledged.

During the thirty days consumed by the trip the expedition visited three areas which have subsequently been proclaimed national monuments. On the first day out of Thompson Springs the party was drawn from the road by the monoliths and arches of Arches National Monument. On their way to Dolores, Colorado, from Bluff, Utah, the mon passed through and spent a night in the present Hovenweep National Monument.

As the measurements of the bridges as given by Culmer do not jibe with more recently determined dimensions, the latter are given here:

<u>Bridge</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Span</u>	<u>Width</u>	<u>Thickness</u>
Edwin	108	200	35	11
Caroline	205	206	49	107
Augusta	222	261	37	56

The Mustang Springs mentioned on April 7 are on Mustang Mesa eight miles east of Blanding and the Chuckaluck Mountains are probably those known as the Carrizos today. Mr. Johnson does not know which is Unknown Canyon as a number of large canyons in the vicinity have never been given names; neither is Zeke familiar with the Grand Opera House.

The spelling and punctuation of the original have been retained.

C.R.S.

PERSONAL DIARY OF H.A. CULMER

Artist for the Salt Lake Commercial Clubs' Expedition into the Natural Bridges of San Juan County in 1905. The other members of the party were S. T. Whitaker and Carlton Holmes.

Saturday, April 1st, 1905

Left Salt Lake 8:50 A. M. Arrived Thompson's Springs 4:20 P. M. Found no news of team promised by J. A. Scorup but H. A. Ballard of this place in response to previous wire arranges 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 is piped to railroad and one-half dozen houses supplied, two stores, little hotel.

Steve Ballard says he has seen one of the big bridges in White Canyon. Canyon runs on two levels (diagram inserted here) and water is under arch. Next big canyon south of White is Red Canyon, next north is Dark Canyon which runs into Colorado near Cataract Canyon off the Colorado River. Next is Indian Canyon. Cooper of Cooper Miller & Company has just sold out cattle herd that he has kept in Dark Canyon for ten years.

To the south east fifty miles away we see the La Sal Mountains in snow and clouds. Water here good after treatment but of sheeepy flavor. Hotel kept by man named Fike. No snow in sight east of the Wasatch, though it snowed heavily in Salt Lake.

Sunday, April 2nd, 1905

Morning cloudy, threatening. All expect rain except barometer and me. Start 7 A. M. with light load having sent 360 pounds forward by stage. Air soon proves delicious and balmy, the traveling good and all are in fine spirits. To the east 5 miles away some handsome rock forms worth take 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 a glimpse up a distant side canyon of some oboliks or monuments that seem remarkable and we leave wagon, taking camera. At noon, saying will visit oboliks and reach Court House at 1. Walk briskly for an hour, monument still distant. We first estimated them 50 feet high and $1\frac{1}{2}$ 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, three of them--close together but quite detached by $\frac{1}{2}$ 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

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

temples. Cut across country and down another gulch and over the hills to Court House Station reaching there shortly after 3. Poor meal, fair water. Started 3:30 P. M. for Moab. Off to the east and north other strange rock forms and arches and 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 a 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 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 13,089 feet high. The barometer shows altitude at Moab to be 3,850 feet. 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 a 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 paeantry. Tonight clear and sweet. Stars never so bright, no moon but Venus is brilliant for Evening Star.

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

April 3rd, 1905, Monday

Bright and balmy. No news from Scorup. Engaged another outfit to take us out tomorrow morning to meet him, teamster named Foy from Hammond's outfit. Dr. J. W. Williams took us across the Grand today to sketch and photograph the La Sals that today gleam like white spirits above the red reefs. Dr. Williams is well informed, bright, genial. The "news" of April 1st 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) 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 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 symptoms of Moab fever are chronic laziness.

Tuesday, April 4th, 1905

A start with a 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

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

small sketch. 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 onto Jacob's 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 Pecos dominating the head of the canyon. This was after crossing Blue Ridge altitude 5,230. 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 enjoyed our supper by the big cedar fire. That altitude is 5,050. No news of Scorup and though we have pressed on, it seems that we may not make Gordon's (6 miles this side of Monticello) by tomorrow night. Feed is scarce all along the line as the country is sheep-cursed.

Wednesday, April 5th, 1905

Started early from Jacob's Wells or as some name the camping place, "Shirrtail 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 into sight as near and almost as beautiful as ever. The Blues are closer. Mt. Abajo here called the Shay Mountains to the South West 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 wierd cayuse. He said that Scorup's team was waiting for us at Hatch's Wash where we would noon. We found Irum Perkins here and exchanged loads and sent Foy back to Moab. We made a long traverse of Dry Valley in the afternoon. 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 8:00 P.M. Weather warmer, clear and 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 6,130.

Thursday, April 6th, 1905

Going at 6:45 A. M. and up on Peter Hill ridge by ten o'clock crossing at an elevation of 6,980, but kept on climbing to Gordon's ranch where we nooned at altitude of 7,160, the Blues close by with snow to their base.

Lone Cone, Telluride Colo. to left, Rico to right, ranged along in the Colo. line, Ute Mountain 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 a nuisance hit up the ranch one night when the keg was full and they said they wanted him to have enough red eye for once, so they threw him and poured the whisky

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

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 but he was all there and if they opened up they would find his legs, one 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 three men in the East cabin, beat two of them till they ran and was on the other beating him over the head with a six shooter when help came. Meantime Gordon had nine wounds, one through 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. Got a 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." Two years later the doctor died.

Gordon and Dalton went to Moab last winter and stuck a fellow up with feathers. The town thought the Gordon outfit was loose and the Marshall was not to be found. They just had a good time. Gordon had \$800 worth of fun in "Monticello" 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 "Monticello." Gordon's place is the old Carlisle station and probably the Carlisles have an interest in it yet. They came here from Scotland, three brothers--twenty years ago and became 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. They shot through 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 three bullets went through 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 an exhibition here of cow throwing. He calls a district or space of country: "I have never been over that scope of country." He is a goodlooking, intelligent man and except when charged with red eye very kind and peaceable. 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 quart demijohn of whisky from Cooper of Moab and a letter of

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

introduction stating that the bearer carried a small bottle of red eye, and he hoped we would hit 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 Monticello and Verdure 7 miles of bad roadway. We went to Benjamin Perkin's 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 north many miles away. Monticello altitude 7,250 feet. 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, and that you are stuck on liver."

Slept tonight at Benjamin Perkins in a bed. A Welsh family, clean and comfortable home. His brother 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 or any small varmunts?" "Never mind," said he, "they won't bother strangers."

Friday, April 7th, 1905

Camp tonight at Mustang Springs, 25 miles from Monticello and 25 miles from Bluff. It is warmer tonight and we are among the cedars on the south slope of the Blues. This afternoon at an altitude of 7,250 we looked to the southeast and saw into Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. To the south the sandy desert and strange forms in the Navajo reservation and a weird and desolate stretch--we were thankful 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 (Bear's Ears) sticking above the level marks the head of White Canyon. They were only about 20 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 Hott's place, 8 miles south of Monticello, we met Bot 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. Or the other hand it seems imperative to limit our trip from Bluff and return in twelve days.

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

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 20 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.

Saturday, April 8th, 1905

Reach 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 way to utilize it except for grazing land. Even as it is, the grass would now 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 like these (Sketch here) and the monuments about 500 feet 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 Dweller's 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.

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

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

Sunday, April 9th, 1905

Little doing today. It is now decided that we must use four men and twenty head of horses for which we must pay for twelve days \$384.00 and furnish food for the men. This will give us seven days travel and five days stopping in White Canyon and Grand Gulch. We can not leave tomorrow morning but must wait until Tuesday as horses have to 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 ninety miles from the nearest railway point, Dolores.

The peach trees are in full bloom. It has been showery today, the first rain fall since we started. Last Tuesday I said it would rain here on Sunday and not before. Altitude here 4700 feet.

Monday, April 10th, 1905

Making preparations to start tomorrow morning--rained a good deal today.

Tuesday, April 11th, 1905

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 stockmen and farmers are rejoicing. We hear fairy stories of the wonders of Monument Park Valley on the Navajo Grant which could be reached by a five days trip from here.

Wednesday, April 12th, 1905

We "plunged" and had twenty-five miles of life in the mountains with a pack train. Starting not before 9:30 owing to the labor of saddling and packing twenty animals, we certainly made a startling effect as we passed through 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 P. M. A local photographer named Goodman, a very skillful man, took the cavalcade on our departure and again as we splashed through the swollen waters of Cottonwood Creek. The first adventure was six 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 across, but my handsome horse (misnamed Dobbin) dashed down into the quicksand and rushing torrent and up the impossible rocks with a speed that took

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

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 two miles later crossing Navajo Pass. This is over Comb Ridge into Comb Wash. This ridge is about 500 feet high and runs north and south thirty 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 steps 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 Northeast, the Elks to the northwest, where we were heading, and swooping twirling thunder clouds 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 groused, 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 pine and cedars by a dizzy trail to a huge cave discovered by the cowboys 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, two or three 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 "dismulated." 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 over to Monument Park twenty miles away. So they say.

The altitude at Cascade Cave is 5,950 feet and the distance yet to go to the Little Bridge is about twenty-five 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 feet, from floor rim to back and 100 feet from floor to top of roof. At the farthest recesses are two springs of delicious cold pure water that never fail in the driest season. Evidence 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. Tonight 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 weird. Tales of robber's 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.

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

Thursday, April 13th, 1905

At the Little Bridge! Arrived at 5:30 P. M. with no mishaps. Most of the way has been over woods of pinion pine and cedars 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 Mountain, lonely and desolate near the junction of the San Juan and the Cold River to the Southwest. 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 oil to be a vermi-fuge.

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 \$16.00 and could only get \$4.00 more for two-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 twenty-first of March--nearly seven months.

We nooned today at Kane Gulch where we hoped to find two large jugs that had been dug out and hidden six 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 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 took 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.

April 14th, 1905

"Brite and 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, made a number of photographs and pulled out for White Canyon after lunch, leaving at 11:45.

Seeing the "Little Bridge" this morning at sunrise only deepened the impression of graceful beauty. Reflected in a quiet pool the Arch appeared so frail that one might hesitate to venture out on it and yet it measured ten feet thick, thirty feet wide, one hundred and eleven feet high and a span of two hundred and five feet. We christened it "The Edwin Bridge" in honor of Colonel Edwin F. Holmes, ex-president of the commercial expedition.

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

I took a photograph while these measurements were being made and C. W. Holmes, Freeman Nielsen and Al Scorup were on 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 has not been named 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.

A mile on our way we saw picture painting on the rocks which were in such an awkward 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 further 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. We crawled along 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 the 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 laying 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. 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, our two telescopes with all my films, clothing, et cetera, 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.

April 15th, 1905

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

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

surrounding caves.

The Caroline Bridge, named by Long in honor of the mother of his guide, James Scorup, is a most imposing work of nature. The span is 350 feet, it is 182 feet high, 63 feet thick and 60 feet wide.

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

The hieroglyphics or picture (painting) scratching or peckings was written the name of W. C. McLoyd and C. C. Grapham, Winter 1892-3. McLoyd is considered to be the first white man to explore White Canyon and he gathered a number of relics, making a collection that was exhibited in Durango and afterwards sold to Eastern parties for over \$5000. Last evening Carl Holmes climbed to the top of Caroline Bridge alone and stuck on a tree two 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. We later saw these handprints in such numbers and arrangements as to suggest a census of the inhabitants. What a chance for Pudenhed Wilson. This afternoon Carl Holmes and Freeman Neilsen again reached the top of the bridge and let down a rope for measurements. Frank Adams and George Perkins attempted the ascent, but failed. I did not fail.

I think that 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 backwards at the top. He should come here and lament no more for there are scores and scores of them, hundreds of feet in height 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, especially at the time of the year we are here, and probably throughout the winter. From the brink, hug 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 a Laocoon, and there it was

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living vigorously with its serpent strangle hold around the 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.

April 16th, 1905.

This has been a notable day! I have seen and sketched the Great Augusta Bridge! It is a magnificent and shapely structure and one of the biggest things in nature.

Measurements show it to be 265 feet high, 35 feet wide, 83 feet thick with a span of 320 feet. Geologically, the great Augusta Bridge is very young and yet millions of years were required by nature in its construction. Wind, rain and frost have been the sculptors. With these facts in mind as one views this marvelous work of nature it is easy to understand how the Indian mind would so revere this mighty bridge.

It has been deemed inaccessible, but again Carl reached the top in company of George Perkins and 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 Mogui 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 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 nonconforming 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 underneath they fall in great flakes, although 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.

The wind usually keeps the back chamber well cleaned and gives a chance for the soft stratum to dessicate. 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 and floor. The causes of the caves are partly the causes of the bridges. The three big ones are at the junction of streams.

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

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 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 ceilings. The bridges will become higher all the time from these causes.

April 17th, 1905

We climbed again the dangerous steeps at Augusta Bridge, which we have named in derision, the Scorup Trail and from the high mesa above tramped eastward four miles over rocky ledges and cedar ridges and across small canyons to the canyon we have named, "Unknown." 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 and 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.

Although, 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 morning in a village further up the 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.

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

April 18th, 1905, Tuesday

Beautiful morning, cool and sparkling. The canyon narrows quickly above to Augusta Bridge and in about 2 miles after passing huge caves, or oves, one of which was 600 feet in length by 150 front to back, we came to a cave settlement of great interest. 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 toes would touch the ceiling in the only way he could lie down if he were five feet long. 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, etc., that they must have been kilns for either backing 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 apartments 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 these chambers for a dozen workers, and except that rats had partially filled the place it was pretty much as it must have been 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 cut in the rock, partly by wooden stairs of cedar, cemented into the wall - was a fortress, well arranged, and supplied with portholes. 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 previously, certainly seemed to be (It had thongs hanging from the rafters to hang meat upon and they were as many as the room would hold) 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 invaders. With the water supply indicated the place could be made to hold out for a long time.

The cliffs and caves hereabouts 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

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

center 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 rugs of weeds and cedar bark clinging to high boughs of trees under which we now ride. Many of the places which we have formerly ridden 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.

Wednesday, April 29th, 1905

Moved camp today 20 miles to Collins Canyon, occupying a cave at an altitude of 5,450 feet. This canyon is sometimes called Trail Canyon, as it is the one way of getting down into Grand Gulch, the bottom of which is only about a mile distant.

This has been a day of trouble with our animals, the several days' rest having made them full of the old nick. A sorrell that had been named after a certain Senator, on account of his mild and retiring disposition, ran amuck among the rest and shed his pack. He caught sight of a dozing mule on the bank of the river bank and deliberately bunted him over with his pack into our swimming pool. He then proceeded to kick up the camp and seven men for awhile failed to catch him.

The next mishap was that we heard a wild rumor that the camera mule, 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 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 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 Whitaker's life. The circus continued but

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

finally ended happily with peace restored and we were on our way again.

Upon 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 transversing 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 was thrown with a broken bridle and stirrup in hand. His horse careened 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. Be some miracle if 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 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.

Thursday, April 20th, 1905

Early morning we all went down break neck trails into Grand Gorge. Bad as the way is, it is 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 stream. It is called a stream, but most of the time the water is invisible, and only quick sands 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 rose higher than any we had yet seen on the trip--500, 800, 1000 feet 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 year we saw the cottonwood and maples in their bright spring green. The season had developed here while we were up on the higher lands. The day was sweet and cool, the tempest 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 foot falls 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 like a wounded worm; but the feature that was repeated again and again in the few miles we explored was a line of overhanging cliffs 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 the

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

sunlight gleamed in fine contrast with the shadowy cliff. The latter was always on the 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 -- 5,320 feet.

Scorup assures us that in all probability no man has been in the Grand Gulch below Trail Canyon for five years, or since some parties were there hunting Mogui 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 bury must have been terrific at flood times as the huge trunks of trees piled up show.

If these wild galleries are wierd in the day time, 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, and above me were many shelves--the desolated abiding places of a long forgotten people. The echoing corridors responded to a finger-snap, and the cracking of a twig brought forth a rustling whisper from the depths that were deeper than the eye could penetrate.

Soon a faint, warm and ghostly glow seemed lighting hidden places, for high overhead the moon beams had reached the rocky crests and seemed to render the spires and domes transparent. As the moonlight reached them in succession, the outlines, that had been hard against the sky, disappeared, and melted 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 on some uprearing cliff, playing with the mystery of these dusky galleries.

Friday, April 21st, 1905

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 descend 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

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Mogui houses not all in ruins and with seeing so many I begin to see darkly through 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 where we went into camp, tired but thoroughly satisfied with the day.

Saturday, April 22nd, 1905

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 8:00 start, but it rained while we were eating breakfast. So there was no flying sand among the cedars, though 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 cattlemen 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 tonight 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 one-fourth 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 through 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 charm of this cave our interest is as vivid as ever.

Sunday, April 23rd, 1905.

Left St. George's cave at 8:00 A. M. and rode out on a point that overlooks Road 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 Mountains

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

--snow covered--and the Comb reefs stretching across our path from as far as we could see--reaching from the Elk Mountains clear into Arizona. We rode gaily homeward, having only 20 miles to make. The stream in Comb Wash was higher which gave ominous suggestion 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 three times and I thought Dobbin would jump over the Comb reefs 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 avoided 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 that 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, April 24th, 1905

This we had set apart as a day to rest and look into the question of crossing the river for a four 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 per hour, yet we saw a couple of Navajos put off from our side and make the passage across in a wretched flat bottomed dingy that leaked. They had paddles, roughly made and clumsy rowlocks, yet they landed safely about a 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. They then crossed to a sandy island in midstream. Back again for another load until they had eleven persons in all of squaws and bucks. The bucks waded and pushed and towed to the edge of the deep water, when all got in and let the rushing current carry them in an eddy to our side, they paddling for life and making the crossing successfully. They can all swim like fish and have no fear of water, as they understand the currents and how to manage them perfectly.

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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 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, Colorado, where we take the train for Utah.

Tuesday, April 25th, 1905

As we pulled out this morning, Mrs. Jones ("Aunt Mary") who runs the Coop Store asked "When shall we see you 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. 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 an hour on Art as my duty 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.

Wednesday, April 26th, 1905

Left Bluff at 5:30 in a 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 Major's place, a sort of Mexican adobe home where beds were supplied and although things were of the crudest, the hearty welcome made all pleasant. Mrs. Perkins and 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 were James McEwen and a Mr. Tolmy 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 Colorado 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 the mountains unable to find their way

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

westward. 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 reason 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.

Scorup 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 to 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. McEwen looks upon James 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 helpless wanderers who confess that they were nearly to 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 Canyon today.

Thursday, April 27th, 1905

One of our horses died in the night, perhaps overworked yesterday on the heavy roads. We drive 18 miles to N. Hall's place at foot on Ute Mountain 9,660 feet, where we take luncheon at a thrifty farm. Large fields, green and glowing. Peach orchards abloom. Father and mother, two sons and three daughters all work in the fields, stop to prepare a meal and entertain us. Cliff dwellings among the run rocks with steps cut in rocks to ascend. Are still in McElmo Canyon.

In the afternoon we drive to Cortez, altitude 6,600, a trading town of two or three hundred people. Strong contrast to Bluff there being saloons and gambling--no shade trees.

Friday, April 28th, 1905

Drove in morning by stage 16 miles from Cortez to Dolores, where we reach the narrow gauge Rio Grand Southern Railroad. There we found passes awaiting us for Thompson's. The heavy storms in the mountains 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 most of the houses are empty. The splendid San Miguel peaks, the highest being Mt. Wilson, 14,309 feet, were exposed at the Lizard where the pass was 10,500 feet and we dropped rapidly to Vance Junction,

CULMER'S PERSONAL DIARY (CONT.)

8,400 feet, only to start up again on the Telluride branch, reaching the latter town at Sunset. Altitude 9,150 feet.

Here we have to stop all night, at a good hotel, the New Sheridan, population 2,500. The mines are of permanent character being low values in gold. Milling mostly, but a grant 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 great.

Saturday, April 29th, 1905.

Left Telluride at 9:15 A. M. Swung around among the great Uncompagne 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 Ridgeway and went onto Montrose for noon. Waited there a couple of hours and went down the Gunnison River Valley to Grand Junction at 6:15. Here we had to stay until 2:00 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, April 30th, 1905

Arrived home, 12:20, train two hours late.

*****OOO*****

