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DINOSAUR PARK HISTORY STUDY

BY

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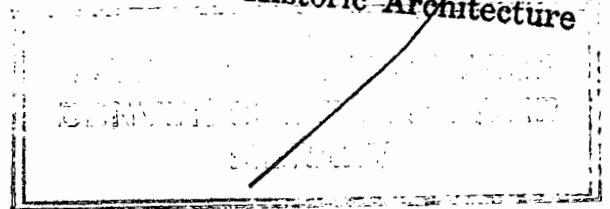
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Foreword

This study was prepared in accordance with the requirements of Historical Resource Study Proposal DINO-H-1, approved on July 28, 1969.

Inasmuch as the story of Earl Douglass and the development of the dinosaur quarry is handled in the excellent Administrative History, Dinosaur National Monument, by R. G. Beidleman, that important segment of the history of the Dinosaur area is omitted from this study. The question of whether to include the history of river-running in the present study was considered but the author concluded it was more properly a part of the administrative history of Dinosaur National Monument. With the above disclaimers, the author still is only too aware of the shortcomings of this work and can only offer it for such guidance as it may contain.

My deep thanks are extended to former Superintendent Phillip R. Iversen and his helpful and competent staff of Dinosaurians, especially District Ranger Robert Warren, and to Marian and Bruce MacLeod of Greystone, Colorado. The MacLeods generously supplied me with vast quantities of historical data on the Dinosaur area, most of which could not be utilized in this study but have been carefully filed in anticipation of the needs of future researchers into the fascinating history of the region.

Frank B. Sarles

CHAPTER 1

Aboriginal History

Although the story of the earliest inhabitants of Dinosaur is not yet entirely clear, archeological evidence indicates an occupancy going back many centuries before the first white man came. Reasons for this occupancy are not hard to find, for the canyons of the Green and Yampa rivers offered many advantages to a people dependent on nature for the necessities of life.

When snow blanketed the high uplands of the surrounding country, wild winds whistled, and temperatures plummeted, the parks along those rivers offered shelter from the elements and slightly higher temperatures. Firewood -- elsewhere a rarity -- was plentiful. Good drinking water was liberally available. A minimum of effort was needed to secure an ample supply of food: fish, many so huge they could snap the ordinary hook and line, swarmed in the streams; bear, deer, elk, bighorn sheep, and smaller game flocked to the watering places; edible plants of many varieties grew in the rich alluvial soil along the rivers, soil which abundantly rewarded such slight agricultural efforts as these hunting-gathering-collecting Indians might care to make. Shelter also posed no problem, for innumerable caves and rock overhangs made artificial cover unnecessary. At other seasons and under other circumstances -- when the muddy floodwaters

roiled through the narrow canyons or the oppressive summer sun turned them into bake-ovens -- the Indians scaled the cliffs to make their camps on the wide and breezy tablelands above.¹

Archeological evidence places Dinosaur National Monument near the boundary of three major cultural areas: the Great Basin, the Plains, and the Southwest. Consequently, archeological excavations within the area of the Monument have shown some intermingling of cultures, and indeed a recent archeological survey indicated that Castle Park on the Yampa River represented a rather abrupt dividing line between the Southwest and the Plains cultural areas.²

The Southwest and Great Basin cultures derived from the Desert Tradition, which was characterized by the following features:

The effective social unit was small. An extended family -- man, wife, or wives, children and children-in-law, some infants -- numbering no more than 25 or 30 in all, could constitute a normal, year-round grouping. . . . The pattern of life was a cyclic wandering, but it was not truly a nomadic one. The small groups moved regularly from place to place, from valley to upland, in search of the seasonal animal or plant resources which centuries of experience had taught them were to be had. . . . Under such conditions, the material possessions were few, utilitarian and durable or easily manufactured at need. . . . The twin hallmarks of the Desert culture were the basket and the flat milling stone. The orientation of the culture toward small

1. Robert H. Lister, "The Ancients of the Canyons," in *This is Dinosaur: Echo Park Country and Its Magic Rivers*, ed. by Wallace Stegner (New York, 1955), pp. 49-50.

2. Gordon R. Willey, *An Introduction to American Archeology, Volume One: North and Middle America* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., [1966]), Figure 1-1; David A. Breternitz, *Archeological Survey in Dinosaur National Monument, Colorado-Utah, 1963-1964* (Boulder, Colorado, 1965), p. 142.

seeds was well established by 7000 B.C., as these utensils testify. Supplementing vegetable foods, or perhaps of equal importance, was the hunt -- virtually every animal of the desert fell prey to trap, snare and weapon.³

Within the Southwest cultural area, that portion farthest to the north constituted the Anasazi subarea. By the period 400-700 A. D., the region in western Colorado and northeastern Utah had become differentiated as the Fremont region, characterized by a sedentary population with a subsistence pattern of hunting and gathering with simple horticulture and the making of pottery. The relationship between the Desert Tradition and the Fremont culture is not yet clear to archeologists, nor has it yet been determined whether the Fremont culture died out before historic times or persisted until the coming of the white man.⁴

Inhabitants of the Dinosaur area have left a number of conspicuous signs of their presence, mostly in the form of pictographs, or painted murals, and petroglyphs, or carved murals. Collectively, they are called "petrographs." These are mostly to be found at the bases of cliffs and most are of prehistoric origin, although some are the work of historic Indians or of Pat Lynch (see Chapter 8).⁵

Archeological investigation to date has not been extensive. Between 1939 and 1949, the University of Colorado conducted

3. Willey, p. 55.

4. Ibid., pp. 199, 220.

5. Lister, pp. 50-51.

intensive excavations in Castle Park at three sites -- Mantle's Cave, Marigold Cave, and Hell's Midden -- and in 1963-64 made an archeological survey of the Monument, with further excavation in 1967. The excavations gave an interesting indication of the periodic occupation of one area of the Monument and the survey gave a skeleton outline of the extent and significance of sites. ⁶

Mantle's Cave is a large area, some 350 by 130 feet.

Excavation produced six caches of artifacts, all closely related to the Fremont culture and dated roughly between 400 and 800 A.D. The aridity of the cave was favorable to the preservation of ordinarily perishable objects such as plant fibers, wood, and leather, and consequently some of the finds were of great significance. One cache included a buckskin pouch containing a head-dress of feathers and ermine; the headress, apparently of ancient origin, contained some 350 black and orange feathers from flickers, representing the plumage of about 60 birds, as well as three skins from winter weasels, and bore a strong resemblance to the headbands of California Indians of the historic period. In another cache was found a headdress made of a tanned deer scalp, with the ears attached in an erect position. ⁷

Marigold Cave, located at the lower end of Castle Park, gave evidence of occupation in a later phase of the Fremont cultural period, as late as 800 A. D. A number of artifacts were found

6. Ibid., pp. 51-55; Breternitz, p. ii.

7. Lister, pp. 53-55.

in stone, bone, clay, and vegetable fibers, among them some small clay bird figurines. Installations uncovered included a cooking pit, slab-lined storage pits, and shelters made by laying horizontal beams between two posts and roofing with reeds and cedar bark held by thin sandstone slabs.⁸

Hell's Midden was a large stratified refuse deposit under a rock ledge that yielded the earliest occupational evidence. Trenched to a depth of 15 feet, it extended from the Fremont period in the upper layers to an extreme antiquity of perhaps 1500 B. C. The lower layers were exclusively associated with hunters and gatherers, who ate deer, mountain sheep, bison, fox, beaver, prairie dog, marmot, rabbit, wood rat, and fish. They also left some implements similar to those found in the Mojave Desert. The occupation indicated by the excavation of Hell's Midden was not continuous, but had natural layers inter-⁹mixed with the cultural strata.

The survey of 1963-64 encompassed a total of 405 sites, of which 281 were in Moffat County, Colorado, and the remaining 124 in Uintah County, Utah. Over 2,500 specimens were collected, including 1,022 scrapers and knives, 670 blades, 407 projectile points, 62 manos, 62 cores, 59 hammerstones, 52 drills and graters, 45 choppers, 13 metates, and 7 pulping planes.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 55.

9. Lister, pp. 55-56.

Most of the sites are aligned with the Northern Plains culture. The majority of the remainder, particularly in the western half of the Monument, are of the Uintah Fremont culture, about 1000-1150 A. D., while a few are historic Ute or Shoshone. Petrographs were found at 28 of the sites, 20 of them having petroglyphs alone, 3 pictographs alone, and 5 having both. Ceramics were found at 24 sites, mostly in Uintah County and mostly of the Fremont culture. Shoshonean sherds were found
10
at 5 sites.

In historic times, the area north of the Yampa and Green rivers was occupied by the Shoshone Indians, while that to the south of those streams was Ute territory. Apparently occupation of the Dinosaur area was not continuous after the coming of the
11
white man, however.

Escalante in 1776 made no mention of Indians or Indian sign within the vicinity of the Monument until September 16, the day the expedition forded Green River and turned south. Escalante
12
thought they were Sabuaganas, a division of the Ute tribe.

When Ashley came through in 1825, he found evidence in Brown's Hole that several thousand Indians had camped there the

10. Breternitz, pp. 135, 136, 138; Larry L. Leach, "The Archeology of Boundary Village," Miscellaneous Paper Number 13 in *Anthropological Papers, University of Utah*, No. 83 (November 1966), p. 125.

11. Omer C. Stewart, "Shoshone History and Social Organization," *33rd International Congress of Americanists, San Jose, Costa Rica, 1958*, pp. 134-42, cited in Breternitz, p. 140.

12. See Chapter 2.

previous winter. Many of their lodges, constructed of poles
covered with cedar bark, were standing in perfect condition. ¹³

When Thomas Jefferson Farnham visited Fort Davy Crockett with the "Peoria group" in 1839, he dwelt at some length on the appearance and characters of the large number of Indians around the fort, which he identified as Snakes. Dressed in moccasins, leggings, and hunting shirt, the braves wore no headgear but grew their hair long -- "in one case eleven feet." The women wore full-length garments described by Farnham as a "shirt or chemise." The Indians lived in conical skin lodges and their diet consisted of roots, buffalo, elk, deer, mountain sheep, and antelope. They owned many horses and "thousands of dogs." Among their implements, Farnham listed camp kettles, butcher knives, and guns, although, he said, many of them used the bow and arrow. Farnham was greatly impressed by the character of these Indians. He said they were remarkably averse to war, to vice, and to the usual savage cruelties; they were "very intelligent" and avoided liquor because "it unmans us for the hunt, and for defending ourselves against our enemies; it causes unnatural dissensions among ourselves; it makes the chief less than his Indian; and by its use, imbecility and ruin would come upon the Shoshone tribe."¹⁴

13. See Chapter 3.

14. Thomas Jefferson Farnham, *Travels in the Western Prairies*, in R.G. Thwaites, ed., *Early Western Travels, 1748-1846* (32 vols., Cleveland, 1904-07), Vol. XXVIII, pp. 261-64.

Fremont, passing through Brown's Hole in June 1844, reported no sign of Indians. Neither did William L. Manly in 1849. Powell, in 1869, saw no Indians in Brown's Hole, but he did see some abandoned lodges south of Split Mountain
15
Canyon.

Archeological Sites

Archeological evidence to date has indicated a fairly widespread and relatively lengthy aboriginal occupation of the Dinosaur area. This archeological work will continue in future years and will undoubtedly reveal more valuable data on such occupation. In the light of future discoveries, the recommendations below will be subject to revision.

Recommendation: It is recommended that interpretation of the aboriginal history of Dinosaur be undertaken at the three sites in Castle Park -- Mantle's Cave, Marigold Cave, and Hell's Midden -- that have been excavated. It is further recommended that those three sites be designated as Class VI lands.

15. See Chapters 5, 6 and 7.

CHAPTER 2

The Domínguez-Escalante Expedition

The first European party to visit the Dinosaur area was the Domínguez-Escalante expedition from Santa Fe in 1776, seeking to establish a route of communication with Spanish California. Hoping to reach their destination by a northern route that would avoid the hostile Hopis and Apaches to the west of Santa Fe, the Spaniards began their journey by following a well-worn trappers' and traders' path that led up the valley of the Rio Grande.

Although the leader of the expedition was Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez, superior of the Franciscan missions in New Mexico, the best-known member today is his second-in-command, Fray Francisco Silvestre Vélez de Escalante. The latter's major claim to remembrance is his service as diarist of this landmark expedition.

Of their first day on the trail Escalante wrote:

On the 29th day of July of the year 1776, under the patronage of the Virgin Mary, Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, and of the most holy patriarch Joseph her most happy spouse, we, Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez, present commissary visitor of this Custodia of the Conversion of San Pablo of New Mexico, and Fray Francisco Silvestre Vélez de Escalante, minister and teacher of the Christian doctrine at the Mission of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe de Zuñi, accompanied voluntarily by Don Juan Pedro Cisneros, alcalde mayor of the said pueblo of Zuñi; Don Bernardo Miera y Pacheco, retired militia captain and citizen of the town of Santa Fé; Don Joaquín Lain, citizen of the same town; Lorenzo

Olivares, citizen of the town of El Paso; Lucrecio Muñiz; Andrés Muñiz; Juan de Aguilar; and Simón Lucero; having implored the protection of our most holy patrons and received the Holy Eucharist, we the persons named set out from the town of Santa Fé capital of this Kingdom of New Mexico; and having traveled nine leagues we arrived at the pueblo of Santa Clara, where we spent the night.-- Today nine leagues.¹

Trending generally northwest from Santa Fe -- although moving from day to day in virtually all directions of the compass -- the expedition took nearly seven weeks to cover the airline distance of about 400 miles. On August 1 and 3 they crossed the Chama River near the present Abiquiu and Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico; on August 5, the San Juan River near Arboles, Colorado; on August 12, the Dolores River near Dolores, Colorado; on August 26, the Uncompahgre River near Montrose, Colorado; on August 28, the Gunnison River near Rogers Mesa; on September 5, the Colorado River near Grand Valley; on September 8, Douglas Creek near its source; and September 9, White River near Rangely, Colorado.

At White River -- which they called "Rio de San Clemente" -- the explorers camped on the north bank on the night of September 9. Since their guide had informed them that the next water source was more than a long day's march away, the leaders decided to "split

1. Herbert E. Bolton, *Pageant in the Wilderness: The Story of the Escalante Expedition to the Interior Basin, 1776* (Vol. XVIII of the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 1950), p. 133. The narrative which follows is based on Escalante's diary, the only detailed account of the journey. The "league" used herein was about 2 1/2 miles.

the journey" into two short days' trips. Accordingly, they remained in camp until midday of September 10 and then marched northwest "over hills without stones and small plains without pasturage or trees" for a league, then west-northwest for another two leagues before darkness forced them to camp in the bed of an arroyo they called "El Barranco." With neither water nor forage available, they perforce kept the suffering animals corraled to prevent their straying. The day's march was by compass course, since the only trails were the multiple paths made by "the buffalo which come down to winter in this region."

At earliest dawn on September 11, the expedition got underway, proceeding for a league and a half through arroyos and ravines in the hope of finding water for the horses. They did indeed locate a small spring, but the animals for some unstated reason were unable to slake their thirst, and they pressed on. From the low route they climbed a ridge "by a good and not very high ascent" for a league, then continued west-northwest for another three leagues over an increasingly promising terrain. Sighting a cottonwood grove a half-league to the north, the expedition turned toward it despite the guide's assertion that it was an arroyo rather than the water source to which he had been leading them.

To their joy, they found "plenty of running water" for both man and beast. During the morning they had seen a recent buffalo trail moving along their line of travel and, because their supplies were running rather low, two of the party were sent to follow the trail. When they returned to report having seen the quarry, hunters were sent out "on the swiftest horses" and, after a chase of over three leagues, succeeded in killing it. The animal was much larger than an ordinary bull and, in order to prevent its spoilage, the expedition remained at the "Arroyo del Cibolo" during the day and night of the 12th.

Escalante's journal entry for the next day describes their movements along the southern base of the Yampa Plateau to Green River:

September 13. About eleven o'clock in the morning we set out from Arroyo del Cibolo through the plain which lies at the foot of a small sierra which the Yutas and Lagunas call Sabuagari. It extends from east to west and its white cliffs can be seen from the high hills which are reached before Cañon Pintado. Having traveled two leagues and three-quarters to the west, we arrived at the watering place known to the guide. It is a small spring at the foot of the sierra, almost at its western extremity. We continued in the same direction for a quarter of a league along a well beaten trail near which, toward the south, rise two large springs of fine water, a musket shop apart, which we named Las Fuentes de Santa Clara and whose moisture produces much good pasturage in the small plain to which they descend and in which they disappear. From here we traveled a league northwest over the same trail and crossed an arroyo which comes from the plain of Las Fuentes, and in which there were large pools of water. From here

downstream there is much good pasturage in its bed, which is wide and level. We again crossed the arroyo, ascended some low hills which were stony in places, and after traveling two leagues to the northwest we arrived² at a large river which we called San Buenaventura.

He went into a detailed description of the river, citing Fray Alonso de Posada's earlier report that it was the dividing line between the Yuta and Cumanche nations and confirming that "in fact, on the northeast and the north it is the boundary between these two nations." He continued:

Its course along here is west-southwest; farther up it runs west to this place. It is joined by the San Clemente River, but we do not know whether this is true of the previous streams. Here it has meadows abounding in pasturage and good land for raising crops, with facilities for irrigation. It must be somewhat more than a league wide and its length may reach five leagues.³

He described the debouchment of the river from Split Mountain: "The river enters this meadow between two high cliffs which, after forming a sort of corral, come so close together that one can scarcely see the opening through which the river comes."

The expedition pitched camp in a grove of trees that included "six large black cottonwoods which have grown in pairs attached to one another." They named their camp "La Vega de Santa Cruz." Attempting to fix their position by astronomical observation, they found a discrepancy between the readings from the sun and

2. Ibid., pp. 168-69.

3. Ibid., p. 169.

the moon; by the North Star, they were in latitude 41^o19' north, while the solar observation indicated only 40^o 59'24".

The discrepancy, they decided, was due to "the declination of the needle here."

The expedition remained in camp here on September 14, "in order," as Escalante said, "that the animals, which were now somewhat worn out might regain their strength." Just how much the animals benefitted from this "rest" is debatable, since the hunters rode out and bagged another buffalo "very far from the camp" and a Yuta guide disabled one of the horses:

It happened also this morning that the Laguna, Joaquín, as a prank mounted a very fiery horse. While galloping across the meadow, the horse caught his forefeet in a hole and fell, throwing the rider a long distance. We were frightened, thinking that the Laguna had been badly hurt by the fall because when he had recovered from his fright, he wept copious tears. But God was pleased that the only damage was that done to the horse which completely broke its neck, leaving it useless.⁴

As a testimonial to their visitation, Don Joaquín Lain spent most of his day carving an inscription on a lone cottonwood near the campsite. After clearing the bark with an adz, he used a chisel to carve "The Year 1776" and "LAIN" on the trunk, with two crosses at the sides.

After the mishap of September 14, the expedition remained in camp for a second day, moving out finally on the morning of

4. Ibid., pp. 170-71.

September 16. In order to cross the Green, they proceeded a mile north from their camp to what their guide described as the only ford in the vicinity:

This is toward the west of the northern crest and very close to a chain of hills of loose earth, some of them lead colored and others yellow. The ford is stony and in it the water does not reach to the shoulder blades of the horses, whereas in every other place we saw they can not cross without swimming.⁵

Once across the ford, the party turned down along the river bank, crossing the present Brush and Ashley creeks. "From both of them," wrote Escalante, "canals can be made with which to irrigate the land on this bank, which also is very good for crops, although it will not be possible to bring the waters of the Río Grande to them." As they continued on a course that gradually led them westward from the river's course, they discerned the first signs that they had not been unobserved during the past few days:

We descended to a dry arroyo by a high and very stony ridge, whose slope on the other side is not so bad. As soon as we reached the top we found a trail, one or two days old, of about a dozen horses and some people on foot, and on examining the vicinity, indications were found that on the highest part of the hill they had been lying in ambush or spying for some time without turning their horses loose. We suspected they might be some Sabuaganas who had followed us to steal the horse-herd in this place, where it would be likely that we would attribute the deed to the Cumanches rather than to the Yutas, since we were now in the land of the former not the latter.

5. Ibid., p. 170.

They even became suspicious of the guide Silvestre:

because the preceding night he casually and without being noticed went off from the camp a short distance to sleep. During the whole journey he had not worn the cloak that we gave him, but today he left the campsite with it, not taking it off during the whole day, and we suspected that he, having come to an understanding with the Sabuaganas, put it on so that he could be recognized in case they attacked us. Our suspicions were increased when he stopped for a time before reaching the peak where we found the tracks, as if thoughtful and confused, wishing first to go along the banks of the river and then to lead us through here.⁶

Escalante felt constrained to add to this narrative of suspicion that the expedition's leaders "gave him no indications of our suspicion, dissimulating it entirely, and in the course of our march he gave us emphatic proofs of his innocence."

Continuing along the same trail, the party descended again to Green River, passing through a grove and a meadow that showed signs of long occupancy by humans. Crossing some low hills, they camped in another meadow some six leagues southwest of the ford by which they had crossed Green River, naming their new campsite "Las Llagas de Nuestro Padre San Francisco." Two members of the expedition were sent to explore the terrain ahead and returned with a report that the Indians probably had been Cumanches.

From this camp the expedition moved southwest a league, then westward away from Green River and the Indian trail they had been

6. *Ibid.*, pp. 171-72.

following. After crossing a dry arroyo and marching a league and a half to the west, they came to a high ridge from which they could see the junction of the Río de San Clemente and the Río de San Buenaventura. Continuing on across the Uinta and Duchesne rivers (which they named the Río de San Damián and the Río de San Cosme), they camped for the night of September 17 in a meadow eight leagues from their previous campsite, naming it Ribera de San Cosme.

From this point the expedition moved west up the headwaters of the Duchesne and across the mountains to the Utah Valley. On successive nights they camped at "Santa Caterina de Sena," a mile or so northeast of the present town of Duchesne (September 18); at "San Eustaquio," east of the site of Fruitland (September 19); at "Ojo de Santa Lucia," west of Currant Creek (September 20); at "San Mateo" on Diamond Creek (September 21); at "San Lino," three difficult leagues farther down Diamond Creek (September 22); at "Vega del Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesús," near the present Spanish Ford (September 23); and to the Indian villages around the site of Provo on September 24.

From here the expedition turned southwest, crossing the Sevier River and passing to the east of Sevier Lake. As they proceeded on their way, however, the mountain peaks became snow-covered and they could detect the chill of the coming winter. On October 8, therefore, when they had reached "Santa Brigida" a few miles south of Sevier Lake, the leaders decided to return to Santa Fe. Rather

than retrace their steps, however, they would move south until they reached the Colorado River before turning east toward their starting point. Nearly three months later -- on January 2, 1777 -- the party reached Santa Fe, having completed an epic chapter in the history of western exploration.

Historic Sites

Although the route of the Domínguez-Escalante expedition from September 11 to September 16 is visible from various points within Dinosaur National Monument, at only one place did the expedition come within the Monument boundaries. This is the spot at which they forded Green River at the extreme southwestern Monument boundary. After crossing on September 16, 1776, they turned south along the river bank and passed outside the present Monument within a few hundred yards. From the west end of the ford is visible the route they followed from Arroyo del Cíbolo on September 13 and the existing cottonwood grove a mile to the south that marks the approximate site of their camp from September 13-15.

Recommendation: In addition to present interpretation of this historic "first" in Dinosaur history, the point at which the Domínguez-Escalante expedition traversed a portion of the Monument should be marked. It is recommended that this marking be at or near the west end of the ford across Green River used by the party, and that this site be designated Class VI land.

CHAPTER 3

Ashley's Passage

Nearly half a century passed before the next recorded visit to the Dinosaur area by white men. This was the party led by William H. Ashley, which floated down the Green River in May 1825.

Ashley, in partnership with Andrew Henry, at the time of this trip was in process of establishing the rendezvous system that was to revolutionize the American fur trade. The purpose of his trip down the Green was to select a site for the first rendezvous, which was held later that year on Henry's Fork a short distance west of the present Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area.¹

Leaving Fort Atkinson, just north of the present Omaha, on November 3, 1824, with 25 men, Ashley proceeded with pack-horses along the valley of the Platte River. Impeded by deep snows and bitter cold, they reached the forks of the Platte on December 12 and remained there until the 23rd. Though the snow remained, the weather moderated during this time and friendly Pawnee Loup Indians supplied them with food and additional horses that would enable them to continue the journey.

Moving down the South Fork of the Platte, Ashley reached the Front range of the Rocky Mountains north of Long's Peak on

1. Harrison Clifford Dale, "William Henry Ashley," in *Dictionary of American Biography*, Vol. 1 (1943), p. 391. The narrative that follows is based on Ashley's own account in Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829* (Revised edition, Glendale, Calif., 1941), pp. 115-57.

February 4, 1825. Having been advised by the Indians that crossing the mountains was impracticable in that season, Ashley remained at that campsite until February 26, although the men were busily engaged "on excursions in different directions from our camp." Once they scaled the Front range they found the going easier, and by following a west-northwest course they reached the Continental Divide a month later. Striking the upper waters of the Big Sandy River southwest of South Pass, they followed downstream for a short distance and then marched west across country to the Green River, which they reached on April 18.

Here, 15 miles north of the mouth of Big Sandy, Ashley decided

To relieve my men and horses of their heavy burdens, to accomplish which, I concluded to make four divisions of my party, send three of them by land in different directions, and, with the fourth party, descend the river myself with the principal part of my merchandise. ... On the 21 April, all things being ready for our departure, I dispatched six men northwardly to the sources of the river; seven others set out for a mountain bearing S.S.W. and N.N.E., distant about thirty miles; and six others were sent in a southern direction. After selecting one of the most intelligent and efficient of each party to act as partizans, I directed them to proceed to their respective points of destination and thence in such direction as circumstances should dictate for my interest.... The partisans [sic] were also informed that I would descend the river to some eligible point about one hundred miles below, there deposit a part of my merchandise, and make such marks as would designate it as a place of general rendezvous for the men in my service in that country, and where they were all directed to assemble on or before the 10th July following.²

2. Dale, *Ashley-Smith Explorations*, pp. 136-37.

To navigate the river, Ashley had his men construct a wooden-frame, skin-covered boat. The first day's voyage on April 21, during which they passed the mouth of the Big Sandy and camped some 40 miles from their starting point, convinced Ashley that his boat was overloaded. On April 22 and 23, therefore, he built a second boat and embarked again on the 24th.

By April 30 Ashley had arrived at the mouth of Henry's Fork, some 75 airline miles from his starting point and perhaps twice as far by river. He selected this as the "place of general rendezvous, which I designated by marks in accordance with the instruction given to my men." To this point their voyage had been uneventful, with a minimum channel of four feet and no rapids or other obstructions. Before them lay Flaming Gorge and the unknown waters below.

On May 2 the voyagers left their camp at the mouth of Henry's Fork and immediately entered the portals of Flaming Gorge. Ashley described the day's experience succinctly:

we continued our voyage about half a mile below our camp, then we entered between the walls of this range of mountains, which approach at this point to the waters' edge on either side of the river and rise almost perpendicular to an immense height. The channel of the river is here contracted to the width of sixty or seventy yards, and the current (much increased in velocity) as it rolled along in angry submission to the serpentine walls that direct it, seemed constantly to threaten us with danger as we advanced. We, however, succeeded in descending about ten miles without any difficulty or material change in the aspect of things and encamped for the night.³

3. Ibid., p. 139.

May 3 was another day of difficult travel for Ashley's men. Within two miles of their starting place they encountered "difficult and dangerous" navigation as the river became "remarkably crooked with more or less rapids every mile caused by rocks which had fallen from the sides of the mountain, many of which rise above the surface of the water and required our greatest exertions to avoid them." When they had covered about 20 miles, they heard the ominous roar that indicated even more dangerous water ahead. Pulling ashore to scout the unknown difficulty, they found "a perpendicular fall of ten or twelve feet produced by large fragments of rocks which had fallen from the mountain and settled in the river[,] extending entirely across its channel and forming an impregnable barrier to the passage of loaded watercraft." Here the expedition had to unload and line the boats through the rapids, after which they reloaded and continued on another mile before camping for the night.

On May 4 the small flotilla continued on its way, covering a distance that Ashley -- probably because of the velocity of travel -- estimated at 40 miles though in reality it was no more than 20. The scenery was uninspiring: the "mountains appear to be almost entirely composed of stratas of rock of various colours (mostly red) and are partially covered with a dwarfish growth of pine and cedar, which are the only species of timber to be found."

On the following day the party proceeded downstream to the vicinity of the present Bridgeport, Utah, Ashley noting that "after descending six miles, the mountains gradually recede from the water's edge, and the river expands to the width of two hundred and fifty yards, leaving the river bottoms on each side from one to three hundred yards wide interspersed with clusters of small willows." This was the first written description of Brown's Park. At this campsite the men remained during the day of May 6.

When the expedition embarked on the morning of May 7, they floated downstream for ten miles to a point about two miles north of the Gates of Lodore. They camped that night "on a spot of ground where several thousand Indians had wintered during the past season." Ashley noted that the site had been "judiciously selected" for its defensive strength, "and the remains of their work around it accorded with the judgement exercised in the selection." A number of the Indian lodges, built of poles set up in a circular pattern and covered with cedar bark, remained in perfect condition.

Ashley's entrance into Lodore Canyon on May 8 was marked by an expression of foreboding that would be common to many who followed after:

we proceeded down the river about two miles, where it again enters between two mountains and affording a channel even more contracted than before. As we passed along between these massy walls, which in a great degree exclude[d] from us the rays of heaven and presented a surface as impassable as their body was impregnable, I was forcibly struck with the gloom which spread over the countenances of my men; they seemed to anticipate (and not far distant, too) a dreadful termination of our voyage, and I must confess that I partook in some degree of what I supposed to be their feelings, for things around us had truly an awful appearance.⁴

The boats passed through the first rapid with only minor damage, but when they had gone another mile they found that "the channel became so obstructed by the intervention of large rocks over and between which the water dashed with such violence as to render our passage in safety impracticable." Therefore the boats were again unloaded and the cargo manhandled past the falls, to which point the boats were lined.

Although Ashley's party undoubtedly had further subsequent adventures with white water in Lodore Canyon, his report does not particularize but merely states that the "navigation continued dangerous and difficult the whole way." He gave a detailed description of the junction of the Yampa and Green Rivers:

Thence [from the above-mentioned rapid] we descended fifty (50) miles to the mouth of a beautiful river emptying on each side, to which I gave the name of Mary's river.... Mary's river is one hundred yards wide, has a rapid current, and from every appearance [is] very much confined between lofty mountains. A valley about two hundred yards wide extends one mile below the confluence of these rivers, then the mountain on that side advances to the water's edge.⁵

4. *Ibid.*, pp. 142-43.

5. *Ibid.*, pp. 143-44. As Dale points out (footnote 275, p. 144), the "fifty" miles is obviously a copyist's error for "fifteen."

Ashley mentioned only one rapid in Whirlpool Canyon, about two miles below Echo Park. After the passage through this canyon, however, he was impressed as were those who came after him by the calm beauty of Island Park:

the mountain withdraws from the river on the west side about a half mile. Here we found a luxurious growth of sweet-bark or round-leaf cottonwood and a number of buffaloe, and succeeded by narrow river bottoms and hills. The former, as well as several islands, are partly clothed with a luxuriant growth of round-leaf cottonwood and extend four miles down the river, where the mountains again close to the water's edge and are in appearance more terrific than any we have seen during the whole voyage.⁶

Of the passage through Split Mountain Canyon, Ashley mentioned the "bad rapids, which follow in quick succession for twenty miles." In the course of their journey through the Dinosaur area, the Ashley party performed no less than 16 portages, "the most of which were attended with the utmost difficulty and labor."

After coming out of Split Mountain Canyon, the expedition continued downstream through a terrain in which "the mountains on each side of the river gradually recede, leaving in their retreat a hilly space of five or six miles, through which the river meanders in a west direction." When they passed the mouth of the "Tewinty river," which Ashley described as "about (60) sixty yards wide, several feet deep, with a bold current," he decided to ascend that stream on his return. Accordingly he

6. Ibid., p. 144.

cached his trade goods at the mouth of the river and continued down the Green another fifty miles. His description of Desolation Canyon was as follows:

The whole of the distance [below the Uinta] the river is bounded by lofty mountains heaped together in the greatest disorder, exhibiting a surface as barren as can be imagined. This part of the country is almost entirely without game. We saw a few mountain-sheep and some elk, but they were so wild, and the country so rugged that we found it impossible to approach them.⁷

Returning upstream from Desolation Canyon, Ashley followed the Uinta to its headwaters, then crossed the Uinta Mountains northward to continue his explorations. On July 1 he met with the men in his employ plus 29 others who had left the Hudson's Bay Company to join him -- some 120 men in all -- twenty miles up Henry's Fork from Flaming Gorge. This was the first of the annual fur trade rendezvous that were to continue for 14 years. Though attendance at the meeting was swollen by the presence of some 800 Indians in addition to the furmen, the vital business appears to have been consummated quickly, for on July 2 Ashley started homeward with his furs. He arrived in St. Louis early in October, after an eventful trip, with over a hundred packs of beaver skins valued at somewhere between \$40,000 and \$75,000 -- the beginnings of a personal fortune that would soon enable him to abjure the perilous life of a western fur trader.

7. Ibid., pp. 145-46.

Historic Sites

Ashley followed Green River all the way through the Monument area, and consequently any prominent feature along that portion of the river could be selected to commemorate Ashley's passage. Four of these features were described in his narrative: the Gates of Lodore, where he dwelt on the forebodings of the party concerning the dangers ahead; Disaster Falls, where the boats were unloaded and lined through the rapids; Echo Park, where Ashley conferred the short-lived name of "Mary's river" on the Yampa; and Island Park, which he described at some length.

Recommendation: It is recommended that interpretation of the Ashley voyage be undertaken at the Gates of Lodore. The "massy walls" that evoked such apprehensions on the part of Ashley and his men marked the real beginnings of their river adventures, and served as a grim precursor of what lay ahead. This point, in addition, is the most readily accessible of the sites identified by Ashley, and from here can be presented the upstream sites of Ashley Falls and the historic rendezvous of the following July. It is recommended that the area from the south edge of Lodore Campground to the Gates, for one-quarter mile on each side of the river, be designated Class VI land.

CHAPTER 4

Fur Traders in Brown's Hole

After Ashley's passage through the Dinosaur area in 1825, word undoubtedly spread among the furmen of the amenities of life in Brown's Hole, particularly as a winter camp. During the flourishing years of the fur trade west of the Rockies, Brown's Hole became well known to its adherents.

John Rogers, sutler at Fort Smith, in the summer of 1829 began advertising for "Young Men of Enterprise" who were willing to undertake a trapping expedition in the West. The expedition, about 42 men in all under Col. William Bean, left Fort Smith in May 1830. Following up the Canadian and Arkansas rivers, the men then worked their way northward to the South Platte before moving down to winter at Taos, where most of the men left the group. From March to July 1831, the 15 men remaining with the expedition trapped along the North Platte River before returning to New Mexico. They left again in September to trap along the upper Arkansas River and the Platte, then spent the winter of 1831-32 in Brown's Hole. Likely the members of the expedition built cabins or other shelter for their winter quarters in Brown's Hole, but no record of such has survived.¹

1. LeRoy R. Hafen, "Alexander Sinclair," in *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West*, ed. by LeRoy R. Hafen (5 vols., Glendale, Calif., 1965-68), Vol. IV, pp. 299-301; Hafen, "Fort Davy Crockett, Its Fur Men and Visitors," in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXIX, No. 1 (January 1952), p. 25.

Among the members of the Bean party were two brothers, Alexander and Prewett F. Sinclair. Alexander was killed in the battle of Pierre's Hole in 1832, but Prewett continued to hunt and trap in the West. By 1837 he had settled in Brown's Hole, where -- in partnership with William Craig and Philip F. Thompson, -- he was operating the fur trading post known as Fort Davy Crockett.²

Craig, a native of Greenbriar County, Virginia, had been a western fur trader at least since 1829, when he accompanied the Sublette party that rendezvoused at Pierre's Hole with Jed Smith. He probably was associated with the Rocky Mountain Fur Company from about 1831 to 1834, before entering the partnership with Sinclair and Thompson. The latter, a Tennesseean, apparently entered the fur trade rather late; this was his first recorded western venture.³

The date of construction of Fort Davy Crockett is not known, nor is it certain that it was built by the three partners. Presumably the name, if not the fort itself, dates from Crockett's heroic death at the Alamo in 1836.⁴ The first written descriptions of the physical layout date from 1839, when it was visited by several groups of western travelers.

2. Hafen, "Prewett Sinclair," in *The Mountain Men*, Vol. IV, pp. 305-10.

3. Frederick A. Mark, "William Craig," in *The Mountain Men*, Vol. II, pp. 99-116; LeRoy R. Hafen, "Philip F. Thompson," in *ibid.*, Vol. III, pp. 339-47.

4. Hafen, "Fort Davy Crockett," pp. 25-27.

One was the so-called "Peoria Party" of Oregon-bound pioneers under the leadership of Thomas Jefferson Farnham, which left Peoria, Illinois, on May 1, 1839, picking up other travelers en route to Independence, Missouri. At Bent's Fort the party divided, Farnham and four others turning northwest toward Brown's Hole and the remainder going by way of Fort⁵ St. Vrain.

By the time they reached Bear River on August 11, some 40 miles from Brown's Hole, the group under Farnham was suffering badly from hunger, having been without meat for three days. In their extremity they cooked and ate a dog; although some of the men, possibly bowing to the necessity, pronounced the dish equivalent to "excellent mutton," Farnham unequivocally proclaimed⁶ that "it tasted like the flesh of a dog, a singed dog."

If he was critical of the local provender, Farnham had only praise for the beauty of the country as they approached Fort Davy Crockett. Making an early start on August 12 and stopping only long enough for a noon meal of the last of "our dog mutton," they moved on for three hours and then:

the bluffs opened before us the beautiful plain of Brown's Hole. As we entered it we crossed two cool streams that tumbled down from the stratified cliffs

5. LeRoy R. Hafen and A.W. Hafen, *To the Rockies and Oregon* (Vol. III of *The Far West and the Rockies*), pp. 22-23. Fort St. Vrain was on the South Platte River near the mouth of the St. Vrain, about 32 miles north of the present Denver, Colorado.

6. T.J. Farnham, *Travels in the Great Western Prairies*, in R.G. Thwaites, ed., *Early Western Travels*, Vol. XXVIII, p. 246.

near at hand on the right; and a few rods beyond, the whole area became visible. The Fort, as it is called, peered up in the centre, upon the winding bank of the Sheets-Kadee [Green River]. The dark mountains rose around it sublimely, and the green fields swept away into the deep precipitous gorges more beautifully than I can describe.⁷

During the week they remained in the vicinity, Farnham familiarized himself with the fort and its inhabitants, which he described at some length:

The Fort is a hollow square of one story log cabins, with roofs and floors of mud, constructed in the same manner as those of Fort William [Bent's Fort]. Around these we found the conical skin lodges of the squaws of the white trappers, who were away on their "fall hunt," and also the lodges of a few Snake Indians, who had preceded their tribe to this, their winter haunt. Here also were the lodges of Mr. Robinson, a trader, who usually stations himself here to traffic with the Indians and white trappers. His skin lodge was his warehouse; and buffalo robes were spread upon the ground and counter, on which he displayed his butcher knives, hatchets, powder, lead, fish-hooks, and whisky. In exchange for these articles he receives beaver skins from trappers, money from travellers, and horses from the Indians. Thus, as one would believe, Mr. Robinson drives a very snug little business. And indeed, when all the 'independent trappers' are driven by approaching winter into this delightful retreat, and the whole Snake village, two or three thousand strong, impelled by the same necessity, pitch their lodges around the Fort, and the dances and merry makings of a long winter are thoroughly commenced, there is no want of customers.⁸

If the travelers expected to find means at the fort to relieve their hunger, they were doomed to disappointment. Only Sinclair

7. Ibid., p. 250. They approached Brown's Hole from the southwest along the approximate line of the present U.S. Highway 318.

8. Ibid., pp. 252-53.

and one other member of the fort's garrison were present, all the others being out on a hunt. Sinclair apologized to Farnham for the shortage of provisions, which amounted in total sum to "a small quantity of old jerked meat; a little tea and sugar." He offered to share what little there was, assuring his visitors that the hunters would return with food in 10 or 12 days; meantime, if their provisions ran out, they would have "a mountain sheep, or a dog to keep off starvation."⁹

Sidney Smith, one of the Peoria group, and a companion went hunting on August 15 but without result. As Smith noted in his diary: "traveled over all most impassible mo[untains] and found no game after travelling from 35 to 40 m[iles]. Returned about 11 o'clock at night." Farnham himself recorded that no game was to be found within 100 miles of the fort.¹⁰

Since the Farnham group could not wait for the return of the hunters, they perforce took what was offered on the local market. As Obadiah Oakley, another member of the group, recorded: "Some Indians passing with dogs shortly after, a bargain was struck for three or four, the dogs being valued at \$15 apiece, and the articles given for them as follows: powder \$4 a pint,

9. Ibid., p. 258.

10. Hafen & Hafen, *To the Rockies and Oregon*, p. 77; Farnham, p. 259.

vermillion \$1 a paper of 1 1/2 oz., tobacco \$5 a pound, and lead and knives at corresponding prices." He added that they "found the dog meat excellent, much better than our domestic beef, and next to Buffalo." Farnham still had not come around to this Pollyanna viewpoint; so far as he was concerned, dog meat was nothing more than "barking mutton."¹¹

On the 19th of August, Farnham and his companions continued on their way to Oregon. Those members of the Peoria Party who went by way of Fort St. Vrain reached Fort Davy Crockett in October and, with one exception, wintered there; however, they left nothing of note in the way of information on the fort or its inhabitants.¹²

Sinclair's limited resources were severely strained in the week the Farnham group arrived, for five days later a second party appeared, this one eastbound from Fort Hall. The new arrivals, completely out of luck from the standpoint of supplies, naturally took a somewhat jaundiced view of Fort Davy Crockett. One of them, Dr. F. A. Wislizenus of St. Louis, commented as follows:

[Fort Crockett] is situated close by the Green River on its left bank. The river valley here is broad, and has good pasturage and sufficient wood. The fort itself is the worst thing of the kind that we have seen on our journey. It is a low one-story building, constructed of wood and clay, with three connecting wings,

11. Hafen, "Fort Davy Crockett," p. 18; Farnham, p. 259.

12. Hafen & Hafen, *To the Rockies and Oregon*, pp. 22-23.

and no enclosure. Instead of cows the fort had only some goats. In short, the whole establishment appeared somewhat poverty-stricken, for which reason it is also known to the trappers by the name of Fort Misery (Fort de Misere).¹³

Sinclair's partners, Craig and Thompson, arrived back at the fort on October 1, 1839. Thompson the previous spring had gone down the Missouri River to obtain trade goods, and Craig had left Fort Davy Crockett in July to meet him on his return. After joining forces at Fort Vasquez, Craig and Thompson set out on their return on September 16, reaching their destination¹⁴ after a two-week march.

When the two partners reached the fort, they had disturbing news from the hunters who had been out at the time of Farnham's arrival. Kit Carson, one of the hunters, described the situation they encountered at their camp on the Little Snake River east of Brown's Park:

The party was composed of seven whites and two squaws, who had come there from Brown's Hole, for the purpose of killing Buffalo and drying their meat. They had been there several days, and dried a large quantity of meat, when they were attacked by a party of Sioux, about twenty in number. The attack was made toward morning while it was yet dark. They [the Indians] fired mostly at one man, named Spiller, as he lay asleep, and pierced him with five balls, without wounding any one else. This awakened the rest of the men and they began to strengthen a horse pen they had made of logs, to form it into a breastwork. They dugged some holes in the ground for the

13. Hafen, "Fort Davy Crockett," p. 19.

14. Ibid., pp. 20, 27-28. Fort Vasquez was near the present Platteville, Colorado.

men to stand in, so as to protect them as much as possible. As soon as it became light, they commenced firing at the Indians, of which they wounded and killed several. After exchanging several shots, the principal Indian chief rode up towards them, and made offers of peace. One of them went out and induced him, with several others, to come towards them. When they were within shooting distance, they fell back behind some trees and gave the signal to his companions, who fired and killed the head chief and one or two others. The Indians kept up a firing for a short time and then retreated. When the chief was shot he jumped up and fell down, the others were very much excited, and 15 raved and tore around. He was a distinguished chief.

The hunters went out again on October 10, moving still farther east to a point near the mouth of Muddy Creek on the Little Snake River. There they found good hunting, killing six grizzly bears and 100 buffalo in less than three weeks. Scarcely had they returned to the fort, however, when Sioux raiders made off with some 150 horses from the free-running herd outside. Since pursuit was useless, Thompson and several other men decided to recoup their losses as best they could by other means. Accordingly, they stole 14 head from the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Hall and, en route back, took another 30 horses from a band of friendly Snake Indians they encountered. Thompson and his cohorts did not return to Fort Davy Crockett, but instead made for an old
16
trapper fort at the mouth of the Uinta.

15. Ibid., p. 28. Carson spent two winters at the fort as a hunter.

16. Ibid., pp. 28-29.

Those who remained at the fort condemned Thompson's action, and not solely on ethical grounds, for the injured Indians would be likely to take out their rage on the garrison. Consequently, they determined to make an attempt to recover the Indians' property, and an expedition for that purpose set out under the leadership of Joseph Walker. One of the members, Joe Meek, described the results:

The horses were found on an island in Green River, the robbers having domiciled themselves in an old fort at the mouth of the Uintee [Uinta]. In order to avoid having a fight with the renegades, whose white blood the trappers were not anxious to spill, Walker made an effort to get the horses off the island undiscovered. But while horses and men were crossing the river on the ice, the ice sinking with them until the water was knee-deep, the robbers discovered the escape of their booty, and charging on the trappers tried to recover the horses. In this effort they were not successful; while Walker made a masterly flank movement and getting in Thompson's rear, ran the horses into the fort, where he stationed his men, and succeeded in keeping the robbers on the outside. Thompson then commenced giving the horses away to a village of Utes in the neighborhood of the fort, on condition that they should assist in retaking them. On his side, Walker threatened the Utes with dire vengeance if they dared interfere. The Utes who had a wholesome fear not only of the trappers, but of their foes the Snakes, declined to enter into the quarrel. After a day of strategy, and of threats alternated with arguments, strengthened by a warlike display, the trappers marched out of the fort before the faces of the discomfited thieves, taking their booty with them, which was duly restored to the Snakes on their return to Fort Crockett, and peace was secured once more with that people.¹⁷

17. Ibid., pp. 29-30. One writer has theorized that this fort, which stood about a mile below Ouray, Utah, on the east bank of Green River, was the first site of Antoine Robidoux's trading post, 1837-38. The ruins are still visible. George S. Stewart, "The Old Adobe Fort on the Green," *Salt Lake Tribune Home Magazine*, November 19, 1967.

After the recovery of the stolen horses, time apparently hung heavy on the hands of the men at Fort Davy Crockett. Just before Christmas, Doc Newell and Joe Meek brought rum down from Fort Hall, and subsequently Antoine Robidoux brought "Taos lightnin'" from New Mexico, all of which must have helped ease the monotony. Nevertheless, the high spirits of the men had to have outlets. Small groups ranged the countryside seeking adventures, "which generally were not far to find," as Meek said. He himself led one group down the Green River on the ice, following the winding canyons for 100 miles before finally leaving it at the Uinta.¹⁸

With the new year of 1840, the garrison of Fort Davy Crockett began to scatter. Twenty of them left for the South Platte forts on January 24, 1840, and another group headed for Fort Hall two weeks later. Some time during the year, the Craig-Thompson-Sinclair partnership apparently split up and the fort was abandoned. Craig went to Oregon that summer, to be followed two years later by Thompson, and Sinclair reportedly went to California in 1843.¹⁹

The abandonment of Fort Davy Crockett did not mean the end of trading activity in Brown's Hole, however. It continued to

18. *Ibid.*, p. 30.

19. *Ibid.*, pp. 30-31.

be the scene of periodic rendezvous for several years.

For instance, W. T. Hamilton recorded a rendezvous there in late November 1842:

Several traders had come from the States with supplies, and there was quite a rivalry among them for our furs. Bovey & Company were the most liberal buyers, and we sold them the entire lot.

Besides the trappers there were at the rendezvous many Indians -- Shoshones, Utes, and a few lodges of Navajos, -- who came to exchange their pelts for whatever they stood in need of. Take it all in all, it was just such a crowd as would delight the student were he studying the characteristics of the mountaineer and the Indian. The days were given to horse-racing, foot-racing, shooting-matches; and in the evening were heard the music of voice and drum and the sound of dancing. There was also an abundance of reading matter for those inclined in that direction.²⁰

Historic Site

Fort Davy Crockett -- at present a "lost" site somewhere adjacent to but outside of the north boundary of Dinosaur National Monument -- stands alone as the site for interpretation of this important phase of the history of the Dinosaur area.

Although contemporary descriptions of the fort are adequate to give a good idea of its appearance, they do not suffice to pinpoint its location. Farnham described it as being located "upon the winding bank of the Sheets-kadee," as Green River was

20. Ibid., p. 32.

known to him; and John C. Frémont in 1844 (see next chapter) confirmed that it was on the left bank of the river "opposite to" his camp, which in turn was above the junction of Vermilion Creek with the river. Frederick A. Mark (see above, footnote 3) deduced that the fort was located somewhere in Grimes Bottom within the double bend of Green River that forms its northwest, west, and south boundaries, and close to the bank of the river. If Fort Davy Crockett was indeed located in the lower reaches of Grimes Bottom, as Mark surmised, then chances of finding any archeological evidence would be slight. In view of the fact that Green River was in flood and "several hundred yards in breadth" when Frémont saw the ruins of the fort in 1844, however, the author if this report clings to the hope that it may have been located in the vicinity of the present Lodore School, on the low ridge just to the south of Lodore School, or along the high ground just to the east of Vermilion Creek.

Recommendation: It is recommended that historical and archeological study be made to pinpoint the location of Fort Davy Crockett and that, if such study lead to its discovery, consideration should be given to on-site interpretation, either by adding the site to Dinosaur National Monument or by some sort of cooperative agreement. As an alternative recommendation, the story of Fort Davy Crockett should be told at the nearest suitable point within the Monument boundary.

CHAPTER 5

Frémont in Brown's Hole

John C. Frémont passed through Brown's Hole on the return leg of his second western exploration of 1843-44. His guide was Joseph Walker, who undoubtedly told Frémont all about Fort Davy Crockett during the night they were camped across Green River from the mouldering ruins.

In his first western expedition in 1842, Frémont had passed far to the north of Brown's Hole, crossing the Continental Divide at South Pass and returning shortly thereafter by the way he had come. In 1843, the second expedition also traversed South Pass en route west, continuing on via Fort Hall, Bear Lake, the Snake River, and Fort Walla Walla to Fort Vancouver. Turning south then, the expedition descended into the Great Basin of western Nevada and, early in February 1844 made an epic trek through the 20-foot snows of the Sierra Nevada into California. Moving down the central valley through Tehachapi Pass, they turned east to the present Las Vegas and then northeast along the Sevier River. Walker joined them on this leg of the journey and served as their guide through the country he knew best. When they reached Utah Lake, the men turned east once more and marched across the mountains to Antoine Robidoux's trading post on the Uinta River. ¹

1. William H. Goetzmann, *Army Exploration in the American West, 1803-1863* (New Haven, 1959), pp. 80, 88-101. Shortly afterward, Robidoux's post was wiped out by an Indian attack.

On June 5, 1844, Frémont left the "Uintah fort" and marched 25 miles northeast "over a broken country" to Ashley's Fork, where they were detained by high water until after noon of the next day. Instrument readings indicated that their location was 109°27'07" west longitude, 40°28'07" north latitude.²

On June 6, Fremont succeeded in finding a passable ford across Ashley's Fork and resumed his march. After 15 miles they reached a point "high up on the mountain side" from which they could see the Green River below, "shut up amongst rugged mountains." Their campsite was made amid "excellent and abundant grass" at an elevation determined by observation to be 7,300 feet.³

Frémont's report of the expedition described his passage through Brown's Hole:

On the 7th we had a pleasant but long day's journey, through beautiful little valleys and a high mountain country, arriving about evening at the verge of a steep and rocky ravine, by which we descended to "Brown's hole." This is a place well known to trappers in the country, where the cañons through which the Colorado runs expand into a narrow but pretty valley, about sixteen miles in length. The river was several hundred yards in breadth, swollen to the top of its banks, near to which it was in many places fifteen to twenty feet deep. We repaired a skin boat which had been purchased at the fort, and, after a delay of a day, reached the opposite banks with much less delay than had been encountered on the Uintah waters. According to information, the lower end of the valley is the most eastern part of the Colorado; and the latitude of our encampment, which was opposite to the remains of an old fort on the left bank of the river,

2. John C. Frémont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in the Years 1843-'44* (Washington, D.C., 1845), p. 279.

3. *Ibid.* This was on Diamond Mountain.

was 40°46'27", and, by observation, the elevation above the sea 5,150 feet. The bearing to the entrance of the cañon below was south 20° east. Here the river enters between lofty precipices of red rock, and the country below is said to assume a very rugged character; the river and its affluents passing through cañons which forbid all access to the water. This sheltered little valley was formerly a favorite wintering ground for the trappers, as it afforded them sufficient pasturage for their animals, and the surrounding mountains are well stocked with game.

We surprised a flock of mountain sheep as we descended to the river, and our hunters killed several. The bottoms of a small stream called the Vermillion creek, which enters the left bank of the river a short distance below our encampment, were covered abundantly with *F. vermicularis*, and other chenopodiaceous shrubs. From the lower end of Brown's hole we issued by a remarkably dry cañon, fifty or sixty yards wide, and rising, as we advanced, to the height of six or eight hundred feet.⁴

Charles Preuss, who accompanied the Frémont expedition as botanist, astronomer and topographer, kept his own diary of the trip. He was favorably impressed with Brown's Hole, a "beautiful little canyon with grass and trees." Although the party had "a terrible time" getting down the mountain into the Hole, "it is said to be easier to get out of," he observed on June 8. The river, though swollen out of its banks, was not rapid, and the ford was not a difficult one.⁵

After leaving Brown's Hole, the expedition followed up Vermillion Creek and St. Vrain's Fork of the Green River until, on June 13, they came within sight of the valley of the Platte.

4. *Ibid.*, pp. 279-80.

5. Charles Preuss, *Exploring with Frémont: The Private Diaries of Charles Preuss, Cartographer for John C. Frémont on His First, Second, and Fourth Expeditions to the Far West* (Norman, Oklahoma, [c1958]), pp. 135-36.

There Frémont turned south to explore the Colorado "parks", reaching the settlement of Pueblo on the 29th. At Bent's Fort on July 1 they were greeted with hilarity. There the expedition disbanded, with the mountain men returning to their beloved wilderness and Frémont continuing on toward St. Louis with the remaining men. After exciting adventures while traversing a familiar stretch of country, Frémont reached St. Louis on August 6, having completed "the most spectacular official reconnaissance of the American West since Lewis and Clark."⁶

Historic Site

As in the case of the fur traders, Frémont's passage through the Dinosaur area is marked by a single historic site. This is the site of his camp opposite the ruins of Fort Davy Crockett on June 7-8. Frémont wrote that his campsite was at 40°46'27" north latitude and an elevation of 5,150 feet above sea level -- both inaccurate -- and that the bearing from there to the Gates of Lodore was south 20° east.

Recommendation: It is recommended that the story of the Frémont expeditions and of Frémont's passage through Brown's Hole be interpreted at the nearest feasible point within the boundaries of Dinosaur National Monument.

6. Goetzmann, p. 101.

CHAPTER 6

William L. Manly

Nearly a quarter of a century after Ashley's voyage down the Green River, his feat was essentially duplicated by a small group of "Forty Niners" led by William L. Manly. As was the case with most of those daring souls who have challenged the upper Green, their story had intermingled elements of high drama and comedy.¹

Manly, a native of Vermont who had finally worked his way west to Wisconsin, in common with many of his contemporaries was afflicted with "California fever" in 1849. After many adventures and mishaps he found himself en route over the California trail in a wagon train owned by Charles Dallas of Iowa. After they had passed Fort Laramie, however, Manly heard disquieting information that the season would be too far advanced for passage of the Sierra Nevada. Furthermore, his employer, Dallas, stated the intention of discharging his employees when they reached winter quarters in Salt Lake City. Since Manly and others of the party had no wish to winter among the Mormons, they began to seek some means of escape.

1. The account which follows is based on Manly's own reminiscences: William Lewis Manly, *Death Valley in '49* (Centennial Edition, Los Angeles, [1949]), passim, especially pages 69-94. Originally published in 1894, forty-five years after the events it recounts, this book is a remarkable testimonial to Manly's powers of recall -- for, as he states in *ibid.*, p. 80, he had lost his diary of the trip by the time he began writing the book.

When the wagon train came to the crossing of Green River, a minor mishap caused a one-day layover on the west bank. Exploring the area while thus encamped, Manly and his companions found a small wooden ferryboat grounded upon a sandbar. When they dug it out and put it to the test, they found the boat still was seaworthy. Assured by other members of the party that the river flowed to the Pacific Coast and offered no obstacle to navigation more serious than cataracts, which however "they had heard were pretty bad," Manly with six others decided to attempt the voyage rather than face the Mormons.

Manly described the beginning of their water odyssey as follows:

About the first thing we did was to organize and select a captain, and, very much against my wishes, I was chosen to this important position. Six of us had guns of some sort; Richard Field, Dallas's cook, was not armed at all. We had one regular axe and a large camp hatchet, which was about the same as an axe, and several very small hatchets owned by the men. All our worldly goods were piled up on the bank, and we were alone.

An examination of the old ferryboat showed it to be in pretty good condition, the sand with which it had been filled keeping it very perfectly. We found two oars in the sand under the boat, and looked up some poles to assist us in navigation. Our cordage was rather scant but the best we could get and all we could muster. The boat was about twelve feet long and six or seven feet wide, not a very well proportioned craft, but having the ability to carry a pretty good load. We swung it up to the bank and loaded up our goods and then ourselves. It was not a heavy load for the craft, and it looked as if we were taking the most sensible way to get to the Pacific, and we almost wondered that² everybody was so blind as not to see it as we did.

2. Ibid., pp. 71-72.

For several days the voyage went uneventfully. At the mouth of Ham's Fork they passed an Indian camp but prudently hugged the opposite shore and ignored the Indians' siren calls to come over. The extent of their boating skill was demonstrated shortly after when Manly, the most nearly competent boatman of the group, was thrown overboard when the tip of his pole wedged between two rocks. He landed on his back and got thoroughly wet, "but swam for shore amid the shouts of the boys, who waved their hats and hurraed for the captain when they saw he was not hurt." On another occasion the party scared up a band of elk and succeeded in downing one -- "about the finest piece of Rocky Mountain beef that one could see," as Manly described it.

About the fifth day of the voyage they came upon Flaming Gorge, which evidently made a profound impression upon Manly:

While I was sleeping the boat came around a small angle in the stream, and all at once there seemed to be a higher, steeper range of mountains right across the valley. The boys though the river was coming to a rather sudden end and hastily awoke me, and for the life of me I could not say they were not right, for there was no way in sight for it to go to.³

Manly remembered having seen the name "Brown's Hole" on a map some time previously, and now he told the members of his party that they apparently were destined to walk to California,

3. Ibid., pp. 73-74.

"for I did not propose to follow the river down any sort of a hole in any mountain." Apprehensive as they were, the boatload of adventurers proceeded:

We were floating directly toward a perpendicular cliff, and I could not see any hole anywhere, nor any other place where it could go. Just as we were within a stone's throw of the cliff, the river turned sharply to the right and went behind a high point of the mountain that seemed to stand squarely on edge. This was really an immense crack or crevice, certainly two thousand feet deep and perhaps much more, and seemed much wider at the bottom than it did at the top. . . . Each wall seemed to lean in toward the water as it rose.

We were now for some time between two rocky walls between which the river ran very rapidly, and we often had to get out and work our boat over the rocks. . . . Fortunately we had a good tow line, and one would take this and follow along the edge when it was so he could walk. The mountains seemed to get higher and higher on both sides as we advanced, and in places we could see quite a number of trees overhanging the river, and away up on the rocks we could see the wild mountain sheep looking down at us. . . . There was an old cottonwood tree on the bank with marks of an axe upon it, but this was all the sign we saw that any one had ever been here before us.⁴

At one point after passing through Flaming Gorge, Manly climbed above the high water mark and on the smooth rock, "with a mixture of gunpowder and grease for paint, and a bit of cloth tied to a stick for a brush," he indited his name "in fair sized letters." He prefaced his name with the title "Capt." and followed it with "U.S.A.," since the party, not knowing whether or not they were within the limits of the United States, "put on

4. Ibid.

all the majesty we could under the circumstances."⁵

Manly described his arrival at Ashley Falls in the following terms:

Just before night we came to a place where some huge rocks as large as cabins had fallen down from the mountains, completely filling up the river bed, and making it completely impassable for our boat. We unloaded it and while the boys held the stern line, I took off my clothes and pushed the boat out into the torrent which ran around the rocks, letting them pay the line out slowly till it was just right. Then I sang out to "let go," and away it dashed. I grasped the bow line, and at the first chance jumped overboard and got to shore, when I held the boat and brought it in below the obstructions. There was some deep water below the rocks; and we went into camp.⁶

At this camp site, Manly spotted on the rocky cliff, some fifty feet above, the inscription left by Ashley a quarter-century before, though he remembered the date as "1824." He continued:

This was the first real evidence we had of the presence of a white man in this wild place, and from this record it seems that twenty-five years before some venturesome man had here inscribed his name. I have since heard there were some persons in St. Louis of this name, and of some circumstances which may link them with this early traveler.⁷

Though they had passed a major obstacle, the Manly party were to find themselves stranded immediately afterward. Three

5, Possibly Manly was mistaken in assuming he had placed his name completely beyond the reach of high water, for no subsequent traveler's account mentions it, whereas Ashley's inscription was partially visible as late as 1911.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 75.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 76. Ashley's narrative was not published until 1918.

hundred yards below their campsite was a large rock that blocked the main channel. Again they unloaded the boat and again attempted to line the boat through. Manly reported on the failure of their efforts:

We now, all but one, got on the great rock with our poles, and the one man was to ease the boat down with the rope as far as he could, then let go and we would stop it with our poles and push it out into the stream and let it go over, but the current was so strong that when the boat struck the rock we could not stop it, and the gunwale next to us rose, and the other went down, so that in a second the boat stood edgewise in the water and the bottom tight against the big rock, and the strong current pinned it there so tight that we could no more move it than we could move the rock itself.⁸

The situation seemed dismal, but Manly had no desire as yet to hike overland and throw himself on the mercy of the Mormons. Spotting two suitable pine trees nearby, he decreed that the men must make canoes to replace the lost ferryboat. Working day and night, they soon had hewed out two canoes, each 15 feet long and about 2 feet wide. Even this was not enough to replace their former craft, and Manly finally spotted two larger pines from which they made one canoe 25 or 30 feet long. With this as the command boat containing the most valuable supplies, the expedition set sail again after having worked out a series of hand signals to meet contingencies.

8. Ibid.

As they gradually came out of the high mountains and into a narrow valley where the speed of the water lessened, they came upon a small herd of elk on a sandbar. Stalking their quarry carefully, the men were able to kill a doe and a "magnificent buck" of monstrous size; the latter weighed 500 to 600 pounds and his antlers were so long that a man could walk under the skull when they were placed upside down on the ground. The men spent an entire night slicing and drying the meat for future use.

Moving on into Brown's Hole, the men found the river lost much of its force and became "quite sluggish." Though they passed one spot where a large band of horses had crossed under the apparent supervision of white men, the wildlife appeared to be ignorant of man's deadliness. On one occasion, when Manly shot two mallard duck, the remainder of the flock swam toward him, causing him to think that "they had never before seen a man or heard the report of a gun."

Passing Red Creek, Manly noted that it was "a swollen stream which came in from the west side. The water was thick with mud, and the fish, about a foot long, came to the top, with their noses out of water." Efforts to catch these fish, however, proved fruitless.

Of his entry into the Canyon of Lodore, Manly wrote that:

It took us two or three days to pass this beautiful valley, and then we began to get into a rougher country again, the cañon deeper and the water more tumultuous. . . . The mountains seemed to change into bare rocks and get higher and higher as we floated along. After the first day of this the river became so full of boulders that many times the only way we could do was to unload the canoes and haul them over, load up and go ahead, only to repeat the same tactics in a very short time again.⁹

In Lodore Canyon, Manly found evidence that some one had indeed passed along the river since Ashley's voyage 25 years before:

At one place where the river was more than usually obstructed we found a deserted camp, a skiff and some heavy cooking utensils, with a notice posted up on an alder tree saying that they had found the river route impracticable, and being satisfied that the river was so full of rocks and boulders that it could not be safely navigated, they had abandoned the undertaking and were about to start overland to make their way to Salt Lake. . . . They had left such heavy articles as could not be carried on foot. This notice rather disconcerted us, but we thought we had better keep on and see for ourselves,

9. *Ibid.*, p. 79.

so we did not follow them, but kept on down the rocky river.¹⁰

Manly said he noted the names of the parties in his diary at the time, but the names had been lost with the diary.

Passing on down the river, the party found the rapids frequent and the portages consequently numerous. They went barefoot most of the time because of the frequent necessity for immersion in the water, "which roared and dashed so loud that we could hardly hear each other speak." They were getting more skillful in their navigation and consequently had begun to venture more in the way of running rapids. But they got their comeuppance at last:

One afternoon we came to a sudden turn in the river, more than a right angle, and just below, a fall of two feet or more. This I ran in safety, as did the rest who followed and we cheered at our pluck and skill. Just after this the river swung back the other way at a right angle or more, and I quickly saw there was danger below and signaled them to go on shore at once, and lead the canoes over the dangerous rapids. I ran my own canoe near shore and got by the rapid safely, waiting for the others to come also. They did not obey my signals but thought to run the rapid the same as I did. The channel here was straight for two hundred yards, without a boulder in it, but the stream was so swift that it caused great, rolling waves in the center, of a kind I have never seen anywhere else. The boys were not skillful enough to navigate this stream, and the suction drew them to the center, where the great waves rolled them over and over, bottom side up and every way.¹¹

10. Ibid., pp. 79-80. This was in the vicinity of the Disaster Falls.

11. Ibid., p. 81. This apparently was Hell's Half Mile.

The occupants of one of the canoes swam ashore, including Richard Field, who was terribly water-shy and had worn a life preserver constantly since the voyage began. Though he could not swim, he "threw up his hands and splashed and kicked at a terrible rate" and so made it to solid ground. Alfred Walton, in the other canoe, also was a non-swimmer and, having no life jacket, hung on with a death grip:

Sometimes we could see the man and sometimes not, and he and the canoe took turns disappearing. Walton had very black hair, and as he clung fast to his canoe his black head looked like a crow on the end of a log. Sometimes he would be under so long that we thought he must be lost, when up he would come again still clinging manfully.¹²

With McMahon, Manly set off in pursuit of the runaway canoe.

Throwing the load ashore so they would be unhampered, the two men in the large canoe plunged into the foaming water. McMahon at Manly's order knelt in the bow while Manly, standing in the stern, managed to keep the boat from capsizing. They "fairly flew" through the white water and finally caught the half-drowned Walton clinging to his overturned canoe in the calmer waters below. Walton was in bad shape:

We took him to a sandy place and worked over him and warmed him in the sun till he came to life again, then built a fire and laid him up near to it to get dry and warm. If the canoe had gone on twenty yards farther with him before we caught it, he would have gone into another long rapid and been drowned.¹³

12. *Ibid.*, pp. 81-82.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 82.

Deciding to stay in camp for the night, Manly reconnoitered the area in an attempt to determine how much more of the "horrible cañon" they had to face, but he was unable to climb high enough to get any idea. By the time he returned to camp, Walton had dried out and warmed up enough to talk about his narrow escape, and by the next morning he had recovered sufficiently to allow the expedition to continue.

Walton was not the only fortunate one. Immediately after the mishap, when Manly approached the other drenched survivors:

Rogers put his hand in his pocket and pulled out three half dollars and said sadly, "Boys, this is all I am worth in the world." All the clothes he had were a pair of overalls and a shirt. If he had been possessed of a thousand in gold he would have been no richer, for there was no one to buy from and nothing to buy, ~~from and nothing to buy~~. I said to them: "Boys, we can't help what has happened, we'll do the best we can. Right your canoe, get the water out, and we'll go down and see how Walton is." They did as I told them, and lo and behold when the canoe rolled right side up, there were their clothes and blankets safe and sound. These light things had floated in the canoe and were safe.¹⁴

Unfortunately, the same could not be said for the heavy items of equipment, including most of their guns. Although they joined hands and searched the river bottom with their feet, the men soon ascertained that everything sinkable had been swept downstream. The only remaining firearms were Manly's rifle and McMahon's shotgun, which would barely suffice for hunting and would be virtually useless against a determined attack by man or beast.

14. *Ibid.*, pp. 82-83.

Manley made the best of what was left to them, however. Toward nightfall on the day following their narrow escape, as they were approaching a sharp bend in the river, ¹⁵ Manly spotted three mountain sheep on a narrow bench about 50 feet above the river:

. . . motioning to the boys, I ran on shore and, with my gun in hand, crept down toward them, keeping a small pine tree between myself and the sheep. . . . I got in as good a range as possible and fired at one of them which staggered around and fell down to the bottom of the cliff. I loaded and took the next largest one which came down the same way. The third one tried to escape by going down the bend and then creeping up a crevice, but it could not get away and turned back, cautiously, which gave me time to load again and put a ball through it. I hit it a little too far back for instant death, but I followed it up and found it down and helpless, and soon secured it. I hauled this one down the mountain, and the other boys had the two others secure by this time. McMahon was so elated by my success that he said, "Manley, if I could shoot as you do I would never want any better business." And the other fellows said they guessed we were having better luck with one gun than with six, so we had a merry time after all.¹⁶

The slain animals, having a bluish hair much finer than that of a deer, resembled goats more than sheep, in Manly's opinion. All of them were females and had long, straight horns. The meat was "like very good mutton" and the bones were used by the men in making "a fine soup which tasted pretty good."

15. Probably in Echo Park.

16. Ibid., p. 84.

They pushed on down the river but, though the rapids still were dangerous in places, they had no more mishaps worthy of record. Manly noted their gradual emergence from the canyons, though "the mountains and hills on each side were barren and of a pale yellow cast, with no chance for us to climb up and take a look to see if there were any chances for us further along." The mountains, too, finally came to an end, and their journey became a smooth and continuous ride without the need for lining or portages. The ever-widening valley, with occasional patches of willows and cottonwood trees along the river bank, gave hope for the future but little of substance for the present, since game continued scarce.

As they slowly drifted downriver, the men were startled one day to hear the sound of firing ahead. Approaching cautiously, they came in sight of three lodges near the riverbank, and an Indian appeared to signal them ashore. Once landed, Manly quickly determined from the Indians' manner and use of the term "Mormonee" that they were friendly to the Mormons, and he unhesitatingly identified his party as such.

One of the Indians, "Chief Walker," drew a map of the river above. When Manly asked the chief to continue the map to show the situation downstream from that point:

He showed two streams coming in from the east side and then he began piling up stones on each side of the river and then got longer ones and piled them higher and higher yet. Then he stood with one foot on either side of the river and put his hands on the stones and then raised them as high as he could, making a continued "e-e-e-e-e" as long as his breath would last, pointed to the canoe and made signs with his hands how it would roll and pitch in the rapids and finally capsize and throw us all out. He then made signs of death to show us that this was a fatal place. I understood very plainly from this that below the valley where we now were was a terrible cañon, much higher than any we had passed, and the rapids were not navigable with safety. Then Walker shook his head more than once and looked very sober, and said "Indiano" and, reaching for his bow and arrows, he drew the bow back to its utmost length and put the arrow close to my breast, showing how I would get shot. Then he would draw his hand across his throat and shut his eyes as if in death to make us understand that this was a hostile country before us, as well as rough and dangerous.¹⁷

This was enough for Manly, and he soon convinced the others that they would be better to go overland to Salt Lake City and take their chances with the Mormons. Securing two packhorses from the Indians, they made their way across the mountains into Salt Lake Valley. There, fortunately, Manly made connections with a wagon train en route to California by the southern route. After a long and hard journey, which included unbelievable hardships in the crossing of Death Valley, he reached California safely.

17. Ibid., pp. 89-90.

Historic Sites

As in the case of Ashley, William L. Manly passed all the prominent features along Green River between the Gates of Lodore and the lower end of Split Mountain Canyon. Few of them are definitely identifiable from his rather generalized narrative. Those that can be named with reasonable certainty are the Gates of Lodore; Disaster Falls, where he found the wreckage of some predecessor's boat; Hell's Half Mile, where two of the canoes capsized; and Echo Park, where Manly killed the mountain sheep.

Recommendation: It is recommended that this expedition, like that of Ashley, be interpreted at the Gates of Lodore, and for much the same reasons. If Manly's crew did not express the grim forebodings of Ashley's men at that point, it was indicative of their complete incomprehension of what lay ahead. The Gates of Lodore for them, too, signified the beginning of an experience that would stay with them for the rest of their lives.

CHAPTER 7

The Powell Expeditions of 1869 and 1871

Twenty years after Manly's party made their way down the foaming waters of the Green, the first "scientific" expedition followed in their path. Major John Wesley Powell gained national fame for this and for a second, more truly scientific, voyage two years later. It was he who gave their present names to a number of features within Dinosaur National Monument.

Powell (1834-1902) was a one-armed veteran of the Civil War who, largely on the basis of his western explorations, would become the first head of the Smithsonian Institution's Bureau of American Ethnology and the second director of the Geological Survey, both of which he helped to establish.

Powell's interest in the Green and Colorado rivers was aroused during 1867 and 1868 when, as professor of geology at Illinois State Normal University, he led student groups in explorations of the Colorado parks. His growing enthusiasm for a voyage down the length of the Green and Colorado was not transmitted to his students, however; and when Powell began to organize the first expedition, all the members were westerners except his brother Walter.

After the close of the 1868 exploration, Powell with his wife, brother Walter, and several others made a winter camp on the

White River near the present Meeker, Colorado. In March 1869 they struck across country to set up camp at Green River City, Wyoming Territory, in preparation for the voyage downriver; en route, they passed through Brown's Hole, camping briefly at the northern entrance to the canyon Powell would later name "Lodore." From Green River City, Powell returned east to make final preparations for the trip. He worked hard to get Federal financial backing, but the best he could do was an authorization to draw Army rations and some assistance from the Smithsonian and several other sources. He had four boats built in Chicago, which were shipped west without cost on the tracks of the newly built Union Pacific Railroad.

On May 24, 1869, the entire population of Green River City lined the river front as Powell set sail. Leading in the 16-foot Emma Dean was the Major with a crew consisting of John C. Sumner and William H. Dunn; the other boats, all 21 feet long and identical in design, were the Maid of the Cañon, with Walter H. Powell and George Y. Bradley; Kitty Clyde's Sister, with Billy Rhodes Hawkins and Andrew Hall; and the No Name, with brothers Oramel G. and Seneca B. Howland and Frank Goodman.¹

1. John C. Sumner, "A Daily Journal of the Colorado Exploring Expedition," MS copy supplied by Dr. Wallace Stegner; entry for May 24, 1869.

The first leg of their journey, from Green River City to the mouth of Flaming Gorge, was to be among the easiest of their 800-mile journey. The river was smooth but swift -- O. G. Howland wrote, perhaps with some exaggeration, that they covered the distance to Henry's Fork without rowing a stroke -- and the unskilled boatmen managed to go aground several times. They camped on the night of May 27 at the mouth of the spectacular canyon to which they gave the name, "Flaming Gorge."² Walter Powell thought the gorge looked "threatening and ominous."

Powell remained in camp at Flaming Gorge until the morning of May 30, then sailed down without incident through the gorge they named "Kingfisher Canyon" to a large bend of the river marked by a huge, dome-shaped cliff. The cliff, pocked with hundred of small cells carved by water action, was peopled by hosts of swallows, and from its appearance and swarming movement,³ the explorers named it "Beehive Point."

The next morning the little flotilla entered a red-walled gorge to which they gave the name, "Red Cañon." Here they encountered the first rapids worthy of the name, though still

2. Letter of O.G. Howland to the *Rocky Mountain News*, 6/19/69, reprinted in the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Vol. XV (1947), p. 95; letter of Walter H. Powell to the *Chicago Evening Journal*, 7/3/69, in *ibid.*, p. 90.

3. George Y. Bradley, *Journal*, May 24-August 30, 1869, reprinted in *U.H.Q.*, XV, pp. 31-72, entry for May 30; W. H. Powell ltr, 7/3/69, in *ibid.*, p. 91.

nothing to what they were destined soon to encounter. Unskilled as they were, they chose the cautious course of lining the boats through the rapids; on the last rapid of the day, however, they encountered some difficulty:

In the afternoon we came to more dangerous rapids and stopped to examine them, and found that we had to let down with lines and were on the wrong side of the river, but must first cross. No very easy matter in such a current with dangerous rocks below and rapids above. First I sent the pioneer boat, "Emma Dean," over to unload on the opposite bank; then she returned to get another load, and running back and forth, she soon had nearly half the freight over. Then one of the large boats was manned and taken across, but carried down almost to the rocks, in spite of hard rowing. The other boats soon followed, and we went into camp for the night.⁴

On June 1, they lined through this rapid, then ran for several miles at high speed with only one other lining. In the afternoon, however, they heard a "threatening roar" that signified trouble ahead. Major Powell described the ensuing events:

Gradually approaching this roar, we came to falls and tied up just above them on the left bank. Here we had to make a portage. . . . Getting one boat over that night we rested until morning; then made a trail among the rocks, packed the cargoes to a point below the falls, ran over the remaining boats, and were ready to start before noon.

On a rock, by which our trail ran, was written "Ashley," with a date, one figure of which was obscure -- some thinking it was 1825, others 1855. I had been told by old mountaineers of a party of men starting down the river, and Ashley was mentioned as one; and the story

4. Letter of John Wesley Powell to the *Chicago Tribune*, 6/6/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 77.

runs that the boat was swamped, and some of the party drowned in the cañon below. This word "Ashley" is a warning to us and we resolve on great caution. "Ashley Falls" is the name we have given the cataract.⁵

He went into some detail concerning the surroundings of Ashley Falls:

The river is very narrow here; the right wall vertical; the left towering to a great height, but a vast pile of broken rocks between it and the river; and some of the rocks, broken from the ledge, have rolled out into the channel, and caused the fall. One rock, "as large as a barn," stands in the middle of the stream, and the water breaks to either side. (Now, barns are of two sizes, large and small; take your choice.) The water plunges down about 10 or 12 feet, and then is broken by rocks into a rapid below.⁶

After passing Ashley Falls, the expedition continued without untoward incident, reaching Brown's Hole on June 4. En route, they passed, noted and named Red Creek and Swallow Canyon. The men remained in this camp on June 5, while Major Powell and Bill Dunn climbed a mountain to the south to view their surroundings. Powell was deeply impressed with the view from the summit:

These mountains are all verdure-clad, pine and cedar forests are set about green parks, and snow-clad mountains are seen in the distance to the west. The planes of the upper Green stretch out to the north until they are lost in the blue heavens, but the half of this river cleft range intervenes, and the river valley itself is at our feet. These mountains beyond the river are split into long ridges nearly parallel with the valley. On the farther ridge to the north four creeks are formed. These cut through the intervening ridges -- one of which is much higher than that on which they head -- by cañon gorges;

5. Ibid., pp. 77-78.

6. Ibid.

then they run in gentle curves across the valley to the river, their banks set with willows, box elders and aspen groves. To the east you look up the valley of the Vermilion, up which Frémont found his path on his way to the great parks of Colorado.⁷

The expedition, having a comparatively short run ahead on June 6, made a leisurely start but soon found its going much harder than anticipated. The current in Brown's Hole was virtually non-existent, and a strong counter-breeze forced them to row the 25 miles to the head of the next canyon. They saw multitudes of ducks as they passed along, killing several along with one goose. Their evening camp was made at the head of the canyon under a grove of box elders on the east bank.⁸

In his journal, Sumner noted the stock-raising potential of Brown's Hole:

The valley called Brown's Hole is a pretty good piece of land; would make a splendid place to raise stock; it has been used for several years as a winter herding ground for the cattle trains. Last winter there were about 4000 head of oxen pastured in it without an ounce of hay. I saw them in March [when he passed through Brown's Park with Powell en route to Green River City] and am willing to swear that half of them were in good enough order for beef.⁹

The expedition remained in its camp during the 7th, preparing for the passage through the canyon ahead. Bradley predicted the passage would be "a rough one for the walls are very high and straight and the sides are of sand-stone much broken with seams but at the mouth nearly perpendicular." In this type terrain, he

7. Ltr, J.W. Powell to *Chicago Tribune*, 6/7/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 79.

8. Sumner journal, June 6. This was the Gates of Lodore.

9. Sumner journal, June 7.

had noted, "the worst bowlders have been found and I expect
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them below here."

During that day, Major Powell and Dunn climbed the east portal of the canyon entrance, measuring its height at nearly 2,100 feet above the river. The Major was impressed with what he saw:

The rocks are split with fissures deep and narrow, sometimes 100 feet to the bottom. A grove of lofty pines find root in fissures that are filled with loose earth and decayed vegetation. On a rock I found a pool of clear, cold water, caught from yesterday's shower. After a good drink, I walked out to the brink of the cliff and looked down into the waters below. . . .

The cañon walls are buttressed on a grand scale, and deep alcoves are cut out; ragged crags crown the cliffs, and there is the river roaring below.¹¹

On the morning of June 8, Powell's men started downriver and very soon ran into trouble. During the morning they encountered and successfully passed a series of rapids. Perhaps some of the men became slightly over-confident, for the worst was yet to come; as Powell described it:

At the foot of one of these runs, early in the afternoon, I found a place where it would be necessary to make a portage, and, signalling the boats to come down, I walked along the bank to examine the ground for the portage, and left one of the men of my boat to signal the others to land at the right point. . . . I heard a shout, and looking around, saw one of the boats coming over the falls. Capt. Howland, of the "No Name," had not seen the signal in time, and the swift current had

10. Bradley journal, June 6.

11. Ltr. J. W. Powell to *Chicago Tribune*, 6/7/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 80.

carried him to the brink. . . . The first fall was not great, only two or three feet. . . but below it continued to tumble down 20 or 30 feet more, in a channel filled with dangerous rocks that broke the waves into whirlpools and beat them into foam. I turned just to see the boat strike a rock and throw the men and cargo out.¹²

Sumner related what happened next:

Her crew held to her while she drifted down with the speed of the wind; went perhaps 200 yards, when she struck another rock that stove her bow in; swung around again and drifted toward a small island in the middle of the river; here was a chance for her crew, though a very slim one. Goodman made a spring and disappeared; [O. G.] Howland followed next, and made the best leap I ever saw made by a two-legged animal, and landed in water where he could touch the rocks on the bottom; a few vigorous strokes carried him safe to the island. Seneca was the last rat to leave the sinking ship, and made the leap for life barely in time; had he stayed aboard another second we would have lost as good and true a man as can be found in any place. Our attention was now turned to Goodman, whose head we could see bobbing up and down in a way that might have provoked a hearty laugh had he been in a safe place. Howland got a pole that happened to be handy, reached one end to him and hauled him on the isle. Had they drifted fifty feet further down nothing could have saved them, as the river was turned into a perfect hell of waters that nothing could enter and live. The boat drifted into it and was instantly smashed to pieces. In half a second there was nothing but a dense foam, with a cloud of spray above it, to mark the spot.¹³

Rescue of the men must be undertaken in short order, for the rising river rapidly encroached on their small island. The

12. Ltr, J. W. Powell to *Chicago Tribune*, 6/18/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 81. This of course was Disaster Falls.

13. Sumner journal, June 8.

Emma Dean was quickly brought down by rope and unloaded; then -- as Sumner modestly and briefly related -- "The trapper [Sumner] crossed over and brought them safely to shore on the east side." Powell was more lavish in his praise: "Right skilfully he played his oars, and a few strokes set him at the proper point, and back he brought his cargo of men." Of their collective relief at the rescue, he added: "We were as glad to shake hands with them as if they had been on a voyage 'round the world and wrecked on a distant coast."¹⁴

Some of the men wanted to try to salvage the cargo from the shattered after-section of the boat, which had lodged against a rock a half-mile downstream; but Powell reluctantly decided not to take the risk. During the night, however, he had a change of mind. All of the barometers were in the No Name, and without them the expedition could obtain little in the way of scientific data. He resolved to rescue the barometers¹⁵ if the wreckage were still there in the morning.

The wreckage was there, and after the boats and their loads had been moved around the fatal rapid, the attempt was made. As on the previous day, Sumner participated in the rescue -- and as before, his modest diary entry concealed the fact:

14. Ibid.; ltr, J. W. Powell to *Chicago Tribune*, 6/18/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 82.

15. Ltr, J.W. Powell to *Chicago Tribune*, 6/18/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 82.

Had dinner, when Hall bantered one of the men to go over to the wreck and see what there was left. Away they went and got to it safely, after a few thumps on the rocks, and fished out three barometers, two thermometers, some spare barometer tubes, a pair of old boots, some sole leather, and a ten-gallon cask of whisky that had never been tapped. Not a sign of anything else. How to get back was the next question, it being impossible to go back over the route they came. A narrow, rocky race offered a chance to get through the island into the main channel. After an hour's floundering in the water among the rocks, they got through to the main channel, and dashing through some pretty rough passes, they reached the shore, where the rest of the party stood ready to catch the lines, their arms extended, like children reaching for their mother's apron strings. The Professor [Powell] was so much pleased about the recovery of the barometers, that he looked as happy as a young girl with her first beau. . . . After taking a good drink of whisky all around, we concluded to spend the remainder of the day as best suited.¹⁶

On June 10 the passage of this stretch of rapids was completed and the men went into camp on the west bank at the head of the next falls, about a mile below. In a minor mishap near the end of the run, Kitty Clyde's Sister got a small hole stove in her side.¹⁷

June 11 was another difficult day that began with a 100-yard portage of the supplies. Working "like galley-slaves," as Bradley phrased it, they made some three miles and went into camp on the west bank under an overhanging cliff. During the

16. Sumner journal, June 9. Near the wreck of the No Name, the explorers found the wreck of another boat "and with it the lid of a bake-oven, an old tin plate and other things," apparently the same items Manly had noted 20 years before. Ltr, J.W. Powell to *Chicago Tribune*, 6/18/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 83.

17. Sumner journal, June 10.

day they passed a small trout stream flowing in from the west, and near its mouth Hall shot an osprey nesting in a dead pine tree.¹⁸

The next day was even harder, with two difficult portages (one of 150 yards) and a number of rapids to be run. They had one continuous run of a mile, which was the longest in the past four days. After a total day's run estimated by Sumner at three miles, they camped on the east bank in a box elder grove. They remained in this camp on June 13 and 14, resting and drying their rations, which were "getting very sour from constant wetting and exposure to the sun," wrote Bradley, adding: "I imagine we shall be sorry before the trip is up that we took no better care of them. It is none of my business, yet if we fail it will be want of judgment that will defeat it [sic] and if we succeed it will be dumb luck, not good judgment that will do it."¹⁹

While the men were resting in camp on June 14, Major Powell and O. G. Howland climbed the canyon wall opposite, which Powell estimated was 2,000 feet high:

18. Bradley journal, June 11; Sumner journal, June 11.

19. Sumner journal, June 12; Bradley journal, June 13; letter, O.G. Howland to *Rocky Mountain News*, 6/19/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 97. This camp was at the head of Triplet Falls; see below, footnote 41.

On looking over to the west we saw a park five or six miles wide and twenty-five or thirty long. The cliff formed a wall between the cañon and the park, for it was eight hundred feet down the west side of the valley. A creek came winding down the park twelve hundred feet above the river and cutting the wall by a cañon; it at last plunged a thousand feet by a broken cascade into the river below.²⁰

On June 15 the voyage was resumed, but a short distance below the first rapid they found another one much worse. Camping for the night on the east side, "under some scrubby cedars," they made a trail for the next day's portage before turning in. The Maid of the Cañon was swamped in passing through the rapid and everything aboard was soaked; Bradley feared the loss of his family photographs and tin-types from water damage, a fear that was to prove well founded²¹ when he examined them several days later.

The next day, as the bad rapids continued, the men had two narrow escapes with the boats. Lining one of the boats through a bad place early in the day, they prevented her breaking free only by snubbing the rope around a large rock; the force of the current swung the boat across the stream twice before they were able to secure her, and her contents were well watered. Later, the Maid of the Cañon broke away

20. Ltr, J.W. Powell to *Chicago Tribune*, 6/18/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 83.

21. Sumner journal, June 15; Bradley journal, June 15.

from five men and swept out of sight. Sumner and Rhodes pursued in the Emma Dean and, to their relief, found her adrift in an eddy a half-mile below, having suffered only a damaged stern. They tied her fast and left her for the night. During the second lining, Major Powell and O. G. Howland left to climb "Blacktail Cliff" and returned to find the camp deserted as the men retrieved the lost Maid. 22

On June 17, though the running was easier and they made five miles, adventure was the order of the day. Jack Sumner's diary entry for the day tells the story:

Pulled out at seven o'clock and ran a bad rapid the first half mile. The freight boats went through in good style, but the Emma, in running too near the east shore, got into a bad place and had a close collision, filling half full, but finally got out all safe, baled out, and ran two miles through smooth water, when we came to another rapid that has a fall of about twelve feet in a hundred and fifty, but clear of rock; the Emma ran through without shipping a drop, followed close by the Maid, she making the passage without shipping much, but poor Kitty's Sister ran on a rock near the east side and loosened her head block and came down to the other boats leaking badly. She was run ashore when Rhodes caulked her with some oakum that would serve to keep her afloat for a while; when we pulled out again, run half a mile with the Emma and got into a complete nest of whirlpools, and got out of them by extreme hard work; decided that it was unsafe for the freight boats to attempt it; so we were compelled to let them down with ropes on the east side through a narrow channel. Jumped aboard again and pulled down two miles further through smooth water, and camped for the night on the east side at the head of a rapid. While we were cooking

22. Sumner journal, June 16; ltr, O.G. Howland to *Rocky Mountain News*, 7/1/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, 100-01.

supper a whirlwind came up the canyon, and in an instant the fire was running everywhere; threw what happened to be out on board again as quickly as possible, and pulled out and ran the rapid and on down two miles further and camped again on the east side, and commenced anew our preparations for supper; had supper, and laughed for an hour over the ludicrous scenes at the fire. Went to bed and were lulled to sleep by the rain pattering on the tent.²³

June 18 was a happy day, for after a six-mile run down-river the expedition came to the mouth of the Bear (or Yampa) River, a landmark they had been anticipating for several days. They camped on the east bank of the Green near the river junction in a grove of box elder trees, and immediately the fishermen among them dropped in their lines. Bradley, provoked because the fish were so large they kept snapping his line, used four silk lines twisted together and a two-inch hook to catch a 10-pounder.²⁴

The men remained in camp at this point until the morning of June 21, resting from the trials just past and preparing for those that lay ahead. Major Powell decided to "commence a new cañon at this point," and he gave the name of "Lodore Cañon" to the one they had been traversing since June 8, which he estimated at 25 miles in length. Because of the

23. Sumner journal, June 17. This incident occurred at Alcove Brook; see below, footnote 44.

24. Bradley journal, June 18; Sumner journal, June 18.

acoustical qualities of the cliff across from the campsite, they named it "Echo Cliff" and undoubtedly gave it a good workout. When on June 19 they climbed the cliff, they were startled to find the river flowing northward only a few hundred yards from their campsite. Bradley spotted two rapids below but thought the increase of water would permit them to cover that section of river more safely.²⁵

Bradley opened his tintype album during this time and found to his dismay that several had been ruined:

It is "painfully pleasing" to see what freaks the water has cut with the tintypes. Those on the first page are spoiled. Mother has but one eye while all that is left of Aunt Marsh is just the top of her head. Eddie has his chin untouched while Henry loses nearly all his face -- in short they are all four spoiled. I have other pictures of all except Aunt Marsh, am sorry to lose that one. Two of Chas. Palmer's, two of E. Marston's, Porter's and several others are spoiled. One of Lucie's lost a nose but luckily it was the poorest one and I have a good one left. I count myself very lucky to save so many.²⁶

On June 20, in preparation for a resumption of the trip the following day, all members of the expedition remained in camp and rested. As was the wont of explorers, they wrote their names on the base of Echo Cliff and grumbled at the

25. Bradley journal, June 18; O. G. Howland ltr, 7/1/69.

26. Bradley journal, June 20.

idiosyncrasies of their leader; Sumner, commenting on Powell's resort to Robert Southey as a source for "Lodore Cañon," thought "the idea of diving into musty trash to find names for new discoveries on a new continent is un-American, to say the least." Of their passage through the present Dinosaur, he noted:

The entire distance from the southern end of the valley called Brown's Hole to the mouth of Bear River is a canyon, except at two creeks on the west side, where there is a gorge cut through by the water of each. . . . Distance through it, 25 miles; general course, 25 degrees west of south; average height [sic] on both sides about 1700 feet; highest cliff measured (Black Tail cliff) 2307 feet. There are many still higher but having enough other work on our hands to keep us busy, we did not attempt to measure them.²⁷

O. G. Howland subsequently described not only their immediate surroundings, but also Bear River for some distance above its mouth:

On the south side of Bear River is an elevated park, ten miles in length, and four or five miles wide, and standing back still farther south for a number of miles to an elevated plateau, 2,500 feet above the river bed, covered with sage and some cedar. This plateau is gently rolling, and game is plenty.

Bear River comes in here through a long cañon, for forty or fifty miles, with no valley of any size to be seen from any point of view near where we were in camp; there the water was apparently at its highest, and although quite small at its

27. Sumner journal, June 20.

confluence with the Green, moved down with immense power. Before we left, however, it was gradually falling. The water is much clearer than that of Green River, and as they join below, the line of demarcation is clearly perceptible, the water of the Bear occupying the major part of the channel.²⁸

On June 21 the expedition got underway early and soon entered the canyon they had spotted from atop Echo Cliff. They ran the rapids without incident, their boats bobbing over the large waves like corks, for several miles. One rather difficult lining was made, then another run for some distance. They camped on the west bank at the mouth of a "clear, beautiful trout stream," which they mistakenly took to be either Brush Breek or Ashley's Fork, "as laid down on a Government map we have with us," in O. G. Howland's words. Wasting no time, Howland "dropped his maps and pencils, rigged a line, and soon had a score of large trout, the first we have been able to catch so far."²⁹

Next morning, after a breakfast of fried trout, they had a "splendid" run of several miles through continuous rapids before stopping for lunch. During the noon break the hunters went out, spurred to activity by the presence

28. O.G. Howland ltr, 7/1/69.

29. Sumner journal, June 21; O.G. Howland ltr to *Rocky Mountain News*, 7/1/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 102. This was Jones Hole Creek.

of numerous deer and sheep tracks -- but "with their usual success," as the sardonic Bradley observed. During the afternoon run, the Emma Dean got into one rapid that had a dozen 10-foot waves in 100 yards; the crew brought her safely through, but "shipped nearly full, and pulled ashore looking like drowned rats." The other boats were lined through, and then a rapid run brought them out of the canyon and into a "splendid park" where the river slowed and widened and flowed around several tree-covered islands. This they named "Island Park," and the canyon above, "Whirlpool Cañon." They camped in Island Park "on the first one we came to." They estimated they had come 25 miles from

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Bear River.

The men remained in camp here through the day of June 23, while the hunters went out and -- wonder of wonders! -- bagged a deer, of which they carried threequarters back to camp. That evening, camp was moved some five miles by river to a point at the lower end of Island Park less than a mile from their previous campsite. The next day, Bradley climbed the mountain to the south on which the deer had been killed and

30. Bradley journal, June 22; Sumner journal, June 22; O.G. Howland ltr, 7/1/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 103. The actual distance is only about half that.

brought in the remaining quarter. Powell, with O. G. Howland, that same day climbed a cliff at the entrance to the next canyon below, from which they had a splendid panoramic view of that which lay before and behind.³¹

On the morning of June 25 the expedition set out into the canyon below, which they hoped to complete during the day. However, Jack Sumner had become ill and they decided to stop about 11 a. m. at the head of a portage. In preparation for the next day's run they carried the supplies down and lined the boats through before going into camp on the west bank.³²

Starting early on June 26, they made one short portage and then had a pleasant run through the rest of "Cleft Mountain Cañon" before coming out into the Uinta Valley about 3 p.m. On the banks of the river they saw several unoccupied Indian lodges. Sighting a flock of fledgling geese ahead, the men put on a burst of speed and overtook them, seizing 10 of them though, as Bradley said, "they are very poor at this season." Noting that the river seemed to be trending back toward the mountains, they decided to camp for the

31. Bradley journal, June 23-24; O.G. Howland ltr, 7/1/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 103.

32. Bradley journal, June 25; Sumner journal, June 25. Sumner mentioned only that "one of the men" was ill, but Bradley revealed that it was Sumner himself.

night in a grove of cottonwood trees on the east bank, having a day's run estimated at 25 to 30 miles.

June 27 and 28 were comparatively uneventful, as the expedition moved through the Uinta Valley and went into camp at the mouth of the Uinta River. After an early start on June 27, they soon found the river turning toward the south and west, and for the better part of two days they had to row -- certainly a change from their experience since entering the Gates of Lodore. By the night of the 27th, they were undergoing a new trial: "Our camp tonight is alive with the meanest pest that pesters man -- mosquitoes," wrote Bradley. "Yet they will be as quiet as death in an hour or so for the night wind is too cool for them and they take shelter in the grove." And on the 28th: "The musical little mosquitoes bite so badly that I can write no longer." ³⁴

The men remained encamped at the mouth of the Uinta for a week, while Major Powell hiked 30 miles upstream to the Indian agency for supplies and mail. Frank Goodman, having lost everything in the wreckage of the No Name, left the expedition at this point. On July 6, with 8 men and three boats, Powell sailed into the unknown.

34. Bradley journal, June 27-28; Sumner journal, June 27-28; O.G. Howland ltr, 7/1/69, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 104.

Eight weeks later the battered survivors came to the mouth of Virgin River, having undergone unbelievable hardships without loss until the very end, when three men -- the brothers Howland and Bill Dunn -- tried to hike overland and were killed by Indians. In a constantly increasing fight against exhaustion and starvation, the men passed and named such features as the "Cañon of Desolation," "Coal Cañon," "Dirty Devil's Creek," "Monument Cañon," "Silver Creek," "Music Hall," and "Lava Falls."³⁵ At the Virgin they met three Mormon fishermen, who fed them and guided them upstream to the Mormon settlement of St. Thomas. Thus ended an epic chapter in the history of American exploration.

Almost exactly two years later, Powell again left Green River City with a second, more scientifically oriented expedition. Except for Powell himself, the 11-man crew included none of the 1869 members. The lead boat, a second Emma Dean, was manned by Major Powell; Stephen V. Jones, assistant topographer; Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, artist and assistant topographer; and John K. Hillers, a general handy man. In the Canonita were E. O. Beaman, photographer; Walter Clement Powell, the Major's first cousin, assistant photographer;

35. Ref. *U.H.Q.*, XV, pp. 47, 49, 56, 58, 65, 117, and 130.

and Andrew J. Hattan, cook and boatman. In the Nellie Powell were Almon H. Thompson, the Major's brother-in-law, astronomer, topographer, and second in command; Francis Marion Bishop, topographer; John F. Steward, assistant geologist; and Frank C. A. Richardson, Assistant in barometry.

The second Powell expedition set sail on May 22, 1871. Maintaining a leisurely pace, photographing and collecting scientific data as they went, the men took 48 days to reach the mouth of the Uinta, a distance the first expedition had covered in 35 days. The boats reached Flaming Gorge on May 27; Ashley Falls on June 5, where they lined one boat through and carried the others around; and the Gates of Lodore on June 13. In Brown's Hole they found "the camp of Messrs. Bacon and Harrell at the head of the Park who have an immense herd of cattle ranging in the valley." There Frank Richardson left the party, "as he was found in no way suitable for the trip." After three days of preparation, the expedition embarked once again about 3:30 p.m. on June 17.

On that day they made about four miles, passing one rapid where the 1869 expedition had made a line portage and camping at the head of a portage. Just downstream from their camp was

36. Stephen Vandiver Jones, Journal, April 21, 1871-December 14, 1872, in *U.H.Q.*, VVI-XVII (1948-49), pp. 19-174, entry for May 16.

37. Francis Marion Bishop, Journal, August 15, 1870-June 3, 1872, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, pp. 159-238.

a narrow canyon extending laterally from the west bank of the river, with a "great amphitheater" eroded in it about 200 yards from its mouth. As Bishop described it:

the melting snow has cut a deep gorge through the [canyon] wall, nearly to the level of the river; but when about a hundred feet from the water line, a much harder stratum was reached, with soft and easily eroded rocks underlying it, these softer beds have been worn out, forming a large and beautiful grotto. Sitting here in eternal shadow, listening to the ceaseless dropping of the water, you can look away up through the narrow crevice, 2,000 feet or more, and see the deep blue of a cloudless sky, and know that the sun is shining and the thermometers register 98 and 99 degrees in the shade; though it hardly seems so in this cool retreat.

38

Steward named it "Winnie's Grotto."

On June 18, after spending the morning in leisurely exploration and preparation, the men embarked and ran down to "Disaster Falls," where Beaman took photographs. As the Canonita came down, she narrowly escaped being swept into the rapid in a repetition of the 1869 mishap. On June 19 they began and partially completed the necessary portages and linings before going into camp. As they went, they discovered two oars from the wreck of the No Name and a 100-pound sack of flour that had been abandoned at the time. Bishop was impressed with the flour's state of preservation:

It had been lying there for two years and yet upon opening it, to our surprise, we found a crust of only half an inch in depth that appeared to be injured at all,

38. Letter, Francis Marion Bishop to the Bloomington (Ill.) *Daily Pantagraph*, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 241; Bishop journal, June 18.

the greater part of the flour being perfectly good. Our curiosity prompted us to try a baking of biscuits from the "No Name" flour; and save a faint musty taste, they were excellent. Perhaps no better evidence could be produced in corroboration of the wonderful preservation power of this climate.³⁹

The passage of Disaster Falls was safely completed on June 20 after a very difficult series of portages and linings, which Major Powell was quoted as assuring the men was the "longest and hardest we will have during the entire trip." They camped on the right bank at 4 p.m., having taken 48 hours to cover 2 miles.⁴⁰

On June 21 the voyage continued down to the head of Triplet Falls, where the 1869 expedition had stopped two days to dry their rations. They camped on the same spot, in preparation for the portage of the falls, and remained there during the 22nd. Bishop and Major Powell climbed the cliff on the east side of the river, a "long and heavy climb right up from the start." Reaching a summit nearly 3,000 feet above the river -- where they had a splendid view of the river "as it winds amid the deep dark canons of Lodore" -- they made an interesting discovery:

Here among the silence of the eternal rocks we stand, yet others have been here. On the highest point found a mound, old and moss-covered -- erected by some one many years before. So long ago that lichens have grown old upon the rocks, giving it a queer and weird appearance.⁴¹

39. Bishop ltr, 8/31/71, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 242; Bishop journal, June 19.

40. Bishop journal, June 20.

41. Bishop journal, June 21. Charles Kelly, editor of the Bishop journal, stated in 1947 that this mound had apparently never been rediscovered since 1871. *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 172, footnote 10.

Portaging Triplet Falls on the morning of June 23, the men then ran downstream to the head of "Hell's Half Mile." In lining the Emma Dean through, the men lost control and the boat capsized, though they did not relinquish the rope. The vessel "floated finely keel up and behaved pretty well" as they pulled her to shore. After they had bailed the Emma Dean out, loaded her up, and lined her down the rest of Hell's Half Mile, they returned to the head of the rapid, making no further attempts on that day.

42

On June 24 the men completed the passage of Hell's Half Mile -- "Though not an elegant, yet a very expressive name," as Bishop wrote -- then stopped for the noon meal. In the afternoon they ran down about a mile "through some pretty rough water," in which the Nellie Powell struck a rock and threw Bishop overboard. They camped near "Leaping Brook" at the head of another lining place.

43

The men remained in camp on the morning of the 25th while Beaman photographed the "Canon of Leaping Brook." From there they had a rough run after noon to Alcove Creek, where more photographs were made, and then on down to the mouth of Bear River. They camped in the same grove used by the 1869 expedition.

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42. Bishop journal, June 23; John F. Steward, Journal, May 22-November 3, 1871 in *U.H.Q.*, XVI-XVII, pp. 181-251, entry for June 23.

43. Bishop journal, June 24; Bishop ltr, 8/31/71, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 242.

44. Bishop journal, June 25; Walter Clement Powell, Journal, April 21, 1871-December 7, 1872, in *U.H.Q.*, XVI-XVII, pp. 257-477, entry for June 25.

During the next week, June 26-July 2, the expedition remained at this point, exploring, geologizing, writing, and mapping.

On the 27th Major Powell took Beaman, Jones, Hillers, and Hattan up the Bear River in the Emma Dean, while Clem Powell and Steward walked a mile or two back up the Green to the "Ribbon Cliffs"; the two latter nearly lost their lives in attempting to ride a log back downstream:

first above them was a low wall of projecting rocks that stood out in an abrupt angle to the course of the river, causing the water to eddy and whirl about pretty sharply. Into this they were carried by the current and Steward generously letting go the log to prevent their both going down, was carried under instantly in the whirlpool and Clem and the log were whirled about and in and out and over and over a time or two, going under at first but finally coming up and floating on down while Steward at first tried to swim to the surface but found the suction too much for him, and let the water take him down until he found that the force of the water was less, when he struck out for the surface and succeeded in getting air, but only a little, for the whirling water took him under again but with less force, as he soon reached the surface and took air, but was again taken down and when he reached surface the third time found he was master of the situation and saw about 50 yards below, Clem sticking to his raft. Each was suffering for fear the other was drowned, but when they saw and realized the condition of each other, they were a "heap glad."⁴⁵

On the 29th, Thompson, Steward, and Bishop climbed to the summit of the ridge to the east of their camp, from where they could see the returning Emma Dean looking "like a monster bird as she

45. Bishop journal, June 27; Powell journal, June 27.

skimmed over the water away up the river." The rest of the
week was spent in preparation for the resumption of travel. ⁴⁶

The Emma Dean and Nellie Powell pulled out on the morning of July 3 and ran down about 4 miles into Whirlpool Canyon, stopping for lunch at the head of a line portage. After lining the boats through, they waited some time for the Canonita -- whose crew had been taking photographs around the mouth of the Bear -- then ran on down to Jones Hole to camp. Jones and Bishop explored some distance up the valley of the creek, finding "a beautiful piece of natural scenery and mountain beauty. At the cañon at the head of the valley, there is an immense mountain of white sandstone, in appearance very beautiful." ⁴⁷

Independence Day was observed as fully as their circumstances would permit:

Bang! bang! bang!!! Even here the fatality seems to follow us for the first echoes of the morning reverberate the salute of joyous hearts, that undivided we breathe the free air of our beloved land on this, our 95th Independence Day. What a world of memories come rushing over us as we think of the past and its scenes of weal or woe. . . .

Our supper deserves special mention. First, inasmuch as it is the 4th of July and second, as it is in Whirlpool Cañon, our bill of fare comprised ham, dried fruit, canned fruit, apple pie, syrup, tea, warm bread and candy, as a dessert. ⁴⁸

During this day of rest, Thompson, Jones and Hattan hiked up the Creek to gather topographic information from the high lands
⁴⁹
above.

46. Bishop journal, June 29-July 2.

47. Bishop journal, July 3; Jones journal, July 3.

48. Bishop journal, July 4.

49. Ibid.

On July 5 the expedition moved out again, encountering several rapids but only one that necessitated lining. Shortly after starting out from the noon stop, "we suddenly glide out of the gloomy walls of the cañon into a lovely little valley, where the river divides up into many channels, forming a cluster of islands, from which circumstance we gave it the name it now bears -- 'Island Park.' At the foot of this park begins 'Split Mountain' or 'Craggy Cañon.'" They went into camp at the head of Split Mountain Canyon and all remained there during the following day.⁵⁰

On July 7, Major Powell took the Emma Dean, with its crew of Jones, Hillers, and Bishop, and pushed ahead for the mouth of the Uinta to pick up additional supplies. The other boats were left to proceed more leisurely to continue their scientific activities. Powell's boat completed the passage of Split Mountain Canyon and camped for the night as estimated 7 miles below, on a campsite used by the 1869 expedition. The men left behind climbed the south portal of the canyon, from where they could see the Emma Dean running the rapids below.⁵¹

During the next two days the Emma Dean continued downstream at good speed, reaching the mouth of the Uinta about 6 p.m.

50. Bishop journal, July 5-6; Bishop ltr, 8/31/71, in *U.H.Q.*, XV, p. 243.

51. Bishop journal, July 7; Steward journal, July 7.

on July 9 after "a fearful long run, and a terrible hard one." On July 8, Beaman, Dellenbaugh, and Clem Powell made photographs of the terrain, and on the following day they started downriver, making 2 1/2 miles before camping for the night. They continued their leisurely pace and did not reach camp at the mouth of the Uinta until July 15.

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Major Powell left the expedition at the Uinta, with Thompson taking the others downriver on August 5. The Major rejoined them at Gunnison's Crossing on August 29, and they resumed the trip on September 2. The planned first phase of the trip was completed on October 23, when they reached the mouth of the Paria River. The second phase of the journey began nearly 10 months later, on August 17, 1872. Though Powell planned to go all the way to the mouth of the Virgin River, high water made the going so hazardous and fatiguing that he finally ended it at the mouth of Kanab Wash in Grand Canyon on September 7, 1872.

Historic Sites

During the course of the 1869 and 1871 voyages, the Powell expedition gave their current names to a number of features within Dinosaur National Monument, including the Gates of

52. Bishop journal, July 8-15; W.C. Powell journal, July 8-15.

Lodore, Lodore Canyon, Winnie's Grotto, Disaster Falls, Triplet Falls, Hell's Half Mile, Blacktail Cliff, Alcove Brook, Echo Park, Ribbon Cliffs, Whirlpool Canyon, Island Park, and Split Mountain Canyon. As in the case of the other river expeditions, any one of these features could logically be used to interpret the Powell explorations. In contrast to the others, however, the Powell explorations were of such significance in American history that greater emphasis should be given to them than to the others.

Recommendation: It is recommended that major interpretive emphasis be placed on the Powell expeditions at the Gates of Lodore, at Harper's Corner, and at the lower end of Split Mountain Canyon. In addition, each of the features named by members of the Powell party should be marked on site, with appropriate historical data.

CHAPTER 8

The Hermit of Pat's Hole

Of the many memorable individuals who have figured in the history of the Dinosaur area, few were as intrinsically interesting as Patrick Lynch, the "hermit of Pat's Hole." Although he lived in the area for over 40 years before his death in 1917, Pat's way of life and his strenuous aversion to any discussion of his past left him something of a man of mystery to his friends. The facts of his early life -- documented or asserted -- can be summarized rather briefly.

Pat said he was born in Clownco or Cloncoe, Ireland, exact birth date unknown, and came to the United States in 1853,¹ when he was about 18 years old.

He enlisted in the U. S. Navy under the name "James Cooper" as a landsman aboard the gunboat Sumpter on September 28, 1860, becoming a coal heaver on October 8 and continuing as such until his discharge on September 25, 1861, in New York City. He said the Sumpter was cruising the west coast of Africa, "engaged in suppressing slavery," in a fleet also including the Relief, San Jacinto, Wabash, and Mystic, which was called home at the secession of the southern states. He re-enlisted as a coal heaver

1. Deposition A, "Case of James Cooper alias Patrick Lynch, No. 38,440," p. 7, Patrick Lynch Pension File, Navy Cert. No. 39366, National Archives. For complete deposition, see Appendix 4.

under his own name on October 3, 1861, serving one day aboard the school ship North Carolina before transferring to the Alabama. He served aboard the Alabama until July 7, 1863, except for the period October 16 to December 17, 1862, when he was assigned to the Ohio while his own ship was undergoing repairs. During his last period aboard the Alabama, Pat was a² 2nd class fireman. Of his service aboard the Alabama, Pat said:

After I went on the Alabama it went to the blockade at Charleston. . . . We were assigned to the mail service and carried mail to Fortress Monroe, Baltimore and New York. We were ordered to Boston for repairs as our patterns were there, after that we joined the Flying squadron and went to St. Thomas, West Indies, from there to Hayti. After we left the West Indies we returned to Charleston and tried to capture the Florada [sic] a blockade runner. At the attack of Fernando [Fernandina], Fla. while we were reconausting [reconnoitering?] in front of Ft. Clinch, we drew the fire from a battery which proved to have only one gun[,] the others being Quaker guns. The shell fell on our vessel and we were ordered to throw it overboard. It exploded breaking my right leg and fracturing the left.³

Pat said that, after his discharge from the Navy, he went to Chicago, where he saw an advertisement for "loyal citizens" to serve as watchmen for the U.S. Army Quartermaster Department. He applied and was employed as a civilian laborer by Capt. Joshua

2. Auditor for Navy Department, Treasury Department, to Commissioner of Pensions, October 1, 1906; same to same, June 12, 1907; Deposition A, pp. 7-8. All in Patrick Lynch Pension File.

3. Deposition A, pp. 9-10. Lynch was admitted to the Marine Hospital at Key West on July 8, 1863, but his complaint was "Adynamia." He was discharged by Medical Survey on August 28 to the Naval Hospital in New York, where he was admitted on September 4. On October 20, 1863, he received an ordinary disability discharge for "palpitation of the heart," attributed to "long continued over exertion of his physical forces" and not incurred in line of duty. 1st Indorsement, Medical Bureau to Commissioner of Pensions, 4/3/1907, Patrick Lynch Pension File.

Norton, Assistant Quartermaster at Nashville, Tennessee, from December 21, 1863, to March 16, 1864. He was subsequently employed in the same capacity at Little Rock, Arkansas, from May 1 to November 5, 1864, first under the Acting Assistant Quartermaster, Capt. L. Richardson, then under the Assistant Quartermaster, Capt. J. H. Pratt.⁴

On July 17, 1867, he enlisted as "Patrick H. Lynch" in Company K, 37th U. S. Infantry, at Covington, Kentucky. By consolidation of regiments, he was transferred to Company B, 5th U. S. Infantry, on June 15, 1869, and was discharged on the expiration of his term of service, July 17, 1870, in camp near River Bend, Colorado Territory.⁵ Of his service in the Army, Pat stated succinctly as follows:

By orders of General Wood the Doctor passed me in Covington for the 57 [sic] infantry, General Hancock Commanding and I was consigned to Co K[.]I was consolidated to Co B, 5th Infantry[.]I was detailed for teamster. I got my jaw broke and scull [sic] fractured at the head of Sand Creek Colo. which the records of Fort Wallace Hospital will show, Doctor King Surgeon[.]⁶

4. Deposition A, pp. 8-9; Commissioner, Bureau of Pensions, to Quartermaster General, May 4, 1897, and 1st Indorsement, Quartermaster General to Commissioner of Pensions, May 8, 1897. Both in Patrick Lynch Pension File.

5. Commissioner of Pensions to The Military Secretary, War Department, September 25, 1906, and 1st Indorsement, The Military Secretary to Commissioner of Pensions, September 28, in Patrick Lynch Pension File.

6. Letter, F. C. Barnes to "Mr. V. Warner" [?], August 15, 1906, Patrick Lynch Pension File. Here again, his description of wounds received failed to correspond to the medical record, which indicated no medical problems on his part except two days of constipation. Commissioner of Pensions to The Military Secretary, War Department, September 25, 1906, and 1st Indorsement, The Military Secretary to Commissioner of Pensions, September 28, in Patrick Lynch Pension File.

Although Pat applied for an invalid pension as early as 1893, the record indicates that that application was ultimately rejected. Not one to sit quietly by, Pat wrote in the interim to the Commissioner of Pensions on April 13, 1895:

Dear Sir,

According to your order of -- I got Examined And I Produced an Hospital Certificet. Your next or[d]er Was for me to be Examined for Pension. I Was again Examined by Docter Robinson of Fort Duchesne Military Hospital about March 10 1894. I have been Waiting since to get some Word in Regard to My Pension, as I was Examined about that time, and have had no Word. All Winter I have been Unable to help myself and have been obliged to axcept the Hospitality of Mr. A. G. Johnson of this Place, and Now Will have to Shift for My Self. I Would be Obliged if you Could Let Me Know if I am to get My Pension And if Not Why Not.

He applied again on January 3, 1907, and the Commissioner of Pensions sent a Special Examiner to Lily, Colorado, to check on Pat's case. Pat's deposition and the covering letter from the examiner give much of the biographical information about him to be found in this chapter. While the deposition is concerned principally with Pat's statements about his military service, the covering letter pinpoints several significant facts of his life in the Dinosaur area:

Claimant has lived as a hermit in a canon of the Bear river for more than thirty years nearly all of which time his nearest neighbor was forty miles distant. His mind is affected, however I believe him to be competent to attend to his own business [sic]. He strenuously re-sents inquiry relative to his past life. For years he had no building in which to live, a part of the time sleeping

7. "James Cooper" to Commissioner of Pensions, April 13, 1895, Patrick Lynch Pension File.

on a shelf in the rocks and at other times under a brush shelter. He is badly battered and broken up and is so hard of hearing that it is almost impossible to make him understand you. He has a way of conversing audibly with "spirits."

I spent more than half a day in taking his statement and towards the last it was hard to get anything out of him.

He is well known in the section where he lives and so far as I could learn his reputation for truth is good. It appears to be the general opinion that there is something in his past life that he is in hiding from.

* * * * *

When I inquired if he had been married he told me to put it down as I pleased and would not make a positive statement. His mind appeared to be fatigued and he stated that the cross examination was too hard on him. He finally said that when he was in Africa a Negro chief gave him a wife and that she was the only one he ever had, and that he never heard any thing about her after he left Africa in 1860.⁸

Under the Act of February 6, 1907, Pat was granted a pension of \$15 a month from August 3, 1910. The pension was increased to \$20 a month under the authority of the same act from December 30, 1911, and under the Act of May 11, 1912, his pension was raised to \$30 a month from July 18, 1912. This was Pat's total income -- but, considering his way of life, it probably was sufficient to meet his needs.⁹

Exactly when Pat Lynch came to the Dinosaur area is not known, although the statement of G. W. Uline, quoted above, and of others in the Patrick Lynch Pension File indicated that it was

8. Letter, G.W. Uline, Special Examiner, to Hon. Commissioner of Pensions, September 25, 1907, Patrick Lynch Pension File.

9. Vouchers, dated August 1910, December 1911, and July 1912, in Patrick Lynch Pension File.

probably in the mid-1870s. He first settled on Pool Creek about three miles above its mouth, in the area that came to be called Pat's Hole. In a shallow rock cave just north of the creek, he erected a rude pole bed and set up housekeeping. Later he built a cabin just east of the mouth of Pool Creek, and he also had a cabin and one or more caves in Castle Park near the mouth of Hells Canyon. In fact, Pat Lynch roamed wide through the Dinosaur area and left his personal "Kilroy was here" (in the form of a petroglyphic sailing vessel) on rock surfaces and in caves all through the area.

F. C. Barnes, postmaster at Lily for some years and a good friend to Pat Lynch, said Pat lived in the cave on Pool Creek for 19 years, then in a simple brush shelter without sides for several years. The cabin was built for him by cowboy friends a few years before he died. Of Pat's life style, Barnes had this to say:

He lived just like a coyote. If he found a dead horse he would take a quarter or a half and make jerky out of it. This is the kind of meat he always kept on hand. I have known him to take a drowned horse out of the river and make jerky out of it. He had jerky and bread cached all over the mountains. I have been riding with him on different trips. He would stop and study for a minute, then turn to one side and go to a rock or cleft and get some meat and bread. The meat was always jerky and the bread looked like it might have been cooked a year or more.¹¹

10. Edgar McMechen, "The Hermit of Pat's Hole," *The Colorado Magazine*, XIX, No. 1 (January 1942), p. 94; Harry B. Robinson, "Historical Aspects of Dinosaur National Monument," typewritten NPS report, Jan. 22, 1954, p. 24. Besides his pictograph, Pat also left a "Pat Lynch culture," so-called by University of Colorado archeologists who discovered items left by him in a definite layer in Hell's Midden.

11. F.C. Barnes to Mrs. Ada Jones, Jan 15, 1919, quoted in McMechen, p. 96.

During the last three years of his life, Pat lived with W. R. Baker in Lily Park, besides the Yampa River east of the present Monument boundary. He died on February 24, 1917, and was buried at the White Bear Ranch -- to rest eternally under the wide western sky he had chosen as his ceiling.

Historic Sites

Pat Lynch left many sites within Dinosaur National Monument that could be utilized in telling his story, but one is unique. That is the cave on Pool Creek where he spent the first two decades. The Chew family, who established a ranch on Pool Creek about 1910, maintained the cave in its original condition, with Pat's rude bed, discarded clothing and other impedimenta. It remains today -- fortunately, virtually unknown to outsiders -- as though its owner had just left for a time on one of his periodic excursions through the canyons.

Recommendation: It is recommended that the story of Pat Lynch be told at the Pool Creek cave, provided proper protective methods can be devised to insure that its existing integrity is not destroyed. Until such methods can be devised, the location of this cave should not be divulged to visitors and any interpretation of the story should be undertaken at some other point within the Monument. The cave should be designated as Class VI land.

CHAPTER 9

Early Settlement

Permanent settlement of the Dinosaur area apparently began in the early 1850s. Samuel Clark Bassett, a "forty niner" from New York, first visited Brown's Hole in 1852 and returned to make his home two years later. He continued to live there until his death at the age of 76 in 1910 and is buried in the Lodore Cemetery.¹

Sam Bassett was a real pioneer, for there is no record of other permanent settlement until the 1870s. When it came, however, Brown's Hole was the focus as it had been for the Indians and the fur traders, and it became a settled community some time before the less-favored areas of the present Monument. In the decade ending in 1880, some three dozen individuals made their homes in Brown's Hole.²

1. Ann Bassett Willis, "'Queen Ann' of Brown's Park," *The Colorado Magazine*, XXIX, No. 2 (April 1952), p. 84. Apparently Bassett was not alone, for Mrs. Willis quoted his diary entry for June 22, 1854, that "Warren D. Parsons and his wife Annie have arrived. And our first white squaw, 'Snapping Annie,' is expertly driving her slick oxen, Turk and Lion. 'Whoa Turk!' and 'Gee, Lion!' Commanded by a female bullwhacker.... 'Houri' tells me that 'Man's freedom in this Paradise is doomed.'" Ibid.

2. Among those who came during the 1870s were Mexican Joe Harrera; the Hoy brothers: J.S., Valentine S., Adea A., and Benjamin F.; Jack Gunn; George Richards; George and Sam Spicer; Frank Orr; Hank Ford; Ed Rife; C.B. Sears; Charles Allen; Charles Crouse; Aaron Overholt; James L. Warren; Henry W. Jaynes; John Jarvie; Griff and Jack Edwards; George, James and Walter Scrivner; Tom Davenport; Frank V. Goodman; Tommy Dowdle; Harry Hindle; George Law; Jimmy Reed; Herbert Bassett; Jimmy Goodson; and William D. Tittsworth. Information compiled from various sources by Mrs. Marion MacLeod of Greystone, Colorado.

A number of these settlers were married men who were accompanied by their families. Among them were Ed Rife and Charley Crouse, who raised thoroughbred horses; C.B. Sears and Frank V. Goodman,³ who raised sheep; and James Warren, Tom Davenport, Herb Bassett, Jimmy Goodson, and Charles Allen, cattlemen. None of the cattlemen in Brown's Hole were big operators, having herds of no more than a few hundred head each. About 1877 the huge Middlesex Cattle Company began crowding in upon the Brown's Hole ranchers from the east, trying to force them to sell, but Jack Gunn was the only one of them who gave up his ranch as well as his cattle. J. S. Hoy, who was driving cattle to Omaha by 1879, joined with his brothers in rejecting a Middlesex offer of \$125,000 a few years later, despite the threat that "Middlesex would buy out or drive out the little fellows." Griff Edwards sold his cattle to Middlesex but kept his ranches, which he stocked with sheep. The large flocks of sheep he put on the range formed a "living fence" to the north and east of Brown's Hole, thus effectually shutting out Middlesex. Eventually the Middlesex Cattle Company sold out to Ed Rife, who stocked their former range with sheep, thus

3. Frank Vetux Goodman, an Englishman who came to Brown's Hole between 1876 and 1880 from Rock Springs, Wyoming, well may have been the same Frank Goodman who accompanied the first Powell expedition, though no proof of that was found. Biographical data on P.V. Goodman from Mrs. Marian MacLeod.

bringing several years of respite for the ranchers of Brown's
4
Hole.

In addition to the hard-working ranchers and small farmers of Brown's Hole, there was another element of the population that gave the area a bad name among law enforcement officers during the last three decades of the 19th century. Partly because of its isolation, partly because of the jurisdictional confusion arising from its location at the junction of three States, and partly because of the large influx of unsavory types into the general area following completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, Brown's Hole attracted some genuine hard cases.

Jesse Ewing, who engaged in mining operations in Brown's Hole during the 1860s and 1870s, was a "moody, crochety, hard-boiled old customer" who, from numerous encounters with bandits, Indians, and grizzly bears, had the reputation of being the ugliest man in the country. He is known to have killed at least two men in Brown's Hole, one for trespassing on his mining claim and another for stealing the affections of his lady friend.

5
Finally, Jesse himself was shot to death.

4. J.S. Hoy, "Brown's Hole," MS in Colorado State Historical Society library, quoted by Mrs. Marian MacLeod; Ann Bassett Willis, "'Queen Ann' of Brown's Park," *The Colorado Magazine*, XXIX, No. 2, pp. 218-19, 225.

5. J.S. Hoy MS, quoted by Mrs. Marian MacLeod; John Rolfe Burroughs, *Where the Old West Stayed Young* (New York, 1962), 102-04; Dick and Vivian Dunham, *Our Strip of Land* (Manilla, Utah, 1949), quoted by Mrs. MacLeod.

Charley Crouse, though rated as a pillar of the community, had a terrible temper and reportedly got a reputation for settling his debts by disposing of his debtors.⁶ He was credited with several fatal or near-fatal fights, and other members of his family did their best to keep pace with him. His half-brother, Joe Tolliver, knifed a man to death during the Christmas season of 1891 at Crouse's ranch over a trifling matter, and his brother-in-law, Billy Tittsworth, had to flee the area after killing a man in the late 1870s.⁷

Not all of the would-be badmen in Brown's Hole managed to pull it off, among them being Bob Hunter and "Buckskin Ed" Howell. Hunter was a "natch'l bo'n thief," in the words of a contemporary, who even stole from himself when necessary to keep in practice. He made the mistake of stealing a saddle blanket from Valentine Hoy, who shot him in the mouth. "Snifflin" Hunter," as he came to be called, was eventually driven out of Brown's Hole. Howell, who got his nickname because he "always wore buckskin pants that were stiff and bent at the knees, giving him the appearance of a man ready to jump," tried to establish a reputation as a dangerous man by wearing two long-barreled six-shooters. On a trip to Green River City, after losing his money in the gambling dens, he tried to extort a new suit of clothes from a

6. J.S. Hoy MS, quoted by Mrs. Marian MacLeod.

7. Burroughs, pp. 50, 131-32; Hoy MS, quoted by Mrs. Marian MacLeod.

merchant by admonishing him to "write [the bill] on the ice and if it don't melt off I'll pay you sometime maybe." Undaunted, the merchant let Howell have a load of buckshot and he took off at top speed for Brown's Hole, the six-shooters banging against his legs as he went. The expression, "Write it on the ice,"⁸ became a byword in Brown's Hole.

Though he could hardly be classed as a settler, surely the best-known "visitor" to Brown's Hole was Butch Cassidy. Cassidy, born George LeRoy Parker, first came to Brown's Hole after robbing a bank at Telluride, Colorado, in the summer of 1889. For three days they hid in a cabin owned by Charley Crouse before heading for other parts. Five years later Butch was convicted of cattle rustling and sent to the Wyoming State Penitentiary. When he was released on January 19, 1896, he headed for Brown's Hole to form the group of robbers that became known as the Wild Bunch. The initial membership included Elza Lay, Bob Meeks, and "three or four other young fellows who wanted some excitement." They established a hideout high on Diamond Mountain behind Charley Crouse's cabin, and from there they moved out to rob the bank at Montpelier, Idaho, on August 13, 1896. At various times during the next few years -- until the forces of law and order made the area unsafe for lawbreakers -- Cassidy and

8. Charles Kelly, *The Outlaw Trail* (New York, 1959), pp. 79-80.

his gang took refuge in Brown's Hole.

Violent death was no respecter of persons in Brown's Hole. It came to the humble and to the leaders of the community.

One of the first to die with his boots on was Jack Rollas, a hired hand on Herb Bassett's ranch. In the fall of 1882, only a few months after he arrived in Brown's Hole, he was shot down by one of three Texans who had a vendetta with him. He was one of the first to be buried in the Lodore Cemetery.

Valentine S. Hoy, one of the most powerful men in Brown's Hole, if not the best-liked, met a violent death on Douglas Mountain near Lodore Canyon on March 1, 1898, as he led a posse after Patrick Louis Johnson, sought for the slaying of a young boy on Hoy's ranch on Red Creek. The fatal shot was fired by Harry Tracy who, with Johnson and David Lant, had taken position high on the mountain. As the posse withdrew, they captured Jack Bennett as he approached with supplies for the three outlaws; the following day he was lynched at the Bassett ranch. The other three were captured on March 4, fifty miles from the scene of Hoy's slaying.

9. Kelly, pp. 33, 84-86, 95-96, 159-60, 165; Burroughs, pp. 114-15, 119-20, 122-30.

10. Ann Bassett Willis, "'Queen Ann' of Brown's Park," *The Colorado Magazine*, XXIX, No. 2, pp. 91-92.

11. Kelly, pp. 191-205; Burroughs, pp. 162-68.

Another prominent resident of Brown's Hole to die violently was John Jarvie, St. Jarvie, who moved to the Hole between 1876 and 1880, served as postmaster from 1881 and 1887 and ran a store at the present Bridgeport for many years. In 1909 he was murdered by robbers and his body set adrift on Green River, to be found near the Lodore Cemetery some time later and buried there.

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The killing of John Jarvie in 1909 was something of an aberration, for by that time the community of Brown's Hole had lost most of its criminal element and experienced nearly a decade of civilized existence. Oddly enough, a double murder had brought about this change of life style.

Tom Horn -- who, according to his autobiography, had spent his early years as an Army scout in the Southwest -- appeared in Brown's Hole one day in the spring of 1900 and went to work for Matt Rash, who had established himself in the area in 1883. Horn had been hired to collect evidence of cattle rustling activities among the residents of Brown's Hole, and when he had the evidence he wanted, he disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared. Early in June, several residents of the Hole, included Matt Rash and his friend Isom Dart, awoke one morning to find

12. J.S. Hoy MS, quoted by Mrs. Marian MacLeod; interview, Josie Bassett Morris with Mrs. MacLeod.

unsigned notes on their doors warning them to leave the country within 30 days or face the consequences. On July 8, 1900, Matt Rash was shot down in his cabin, his body remaining undiscovered for three days. Less than three months later, on October 3, Isom Dart also was shot down at his cabin by an unseen assailant. A relatively large-scale exodus followed Dart's funeral, and most of those who left never came back. Though cattle rustling was not entirely eliminated as a pastime, it was much less prevalent than formerly.

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Although the matter of large-scale cattle rustling in the Dinosaur area was pretty well under control by the turn of the 20th century, disputes continued to arise between the cattlemen and the sheepmen. Disputes were frequent between them, and on occasion the tense situation erupted into something approaching out-and-out war. The last major outbreak of this kind came in 1920, in the so-called Colorado-Utah Sheep War. During the course of the trouble, a sheepman, John Darnell, was shot to death by a group of cattlemen on the night of July 29-30, 1920, near Rough Gulch in Moffat County, Colorado, just four miles from the Utah boundary. The killers than attacked the flock and killed or disabled 686 of the 1,800 sheep.

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13. Burroughs, pp. 203-14; Kelly, pp. 231-32. Horn met his own end on November 20, 1903, when he was hanged at Cheyenne, Wyoming, for the murder of a 14-year-old boy. Kelly, p. 232.

14. Burroughs, pp. 346-47.

Besides the peripatetic Pat Lynch, several other individuals settled within the present boundaries of Dinosaur National Monument. Some of the homesteads are now owned by the Federal Government, while others exist as inholdings within the Monument. Among the more noteworthy are the Earl Douglass homestead, where the "Father of Dinosaur National Monument" lived during his pioneer work at the dinosaur quarry; the Josie Bassett Morris ranch on Cub Creek, former home of Herb Bassett's elder daughter; the W. R. Chew ranch in Pat's Hole; the Charles Mantle Ranch in Castle Park; the George Bassett Ranch near Zenobia Creek, summer quarters of the Bassett family from about 1885; and the upper Wade and Curtis cabin at the Gates of Lodore, built in 1935 to house participants in commercial river-running trips on the Green (a second cabin built for the same purpose three miles downstream was destroyed by fire a short time ago).

Historic Sites

Numerous historic sites exist in Brown's Hole to recall the sometimes turbulent history of the settlement of that area: ranches, cemeteries and individual graves, bridge and ferry sites, natural landmarks, and the like. Of those adjacent to the boundaries of Dinosaur National Monument, the most interesting

are the former Lodore School, which replaced several predecessors in the early 20th century and is now used as a community hall; and the Lodore cemetery. Among those buried in the cemetery are Uncle Sam Bassett, first permanent settler in Brown's Hole, who died in 1910; John Jarvie, murdered in 1909; Jack Rollas, shot to death in 1882; Juan Catrino, who died of smallpox in 1880; Harry Hoy, who died in 1906; and William Chew, patriarch of the Chew ranchmen, who died in 1910 or 1911 at the age of 92.

Within the monument boundaries are the site of the slaying of Valentine Hoy in 1898, on Douglas Mountain east of the Gates of Lodore; the George Bassett ranch in Zenobia Basin and the Josie Bassett Morris cabin on Cub Creek; the site of the Earl Douglass cabin and the nearby Douglass cemetery, near the dinosaur quarry; the upper ^Wade and Curtis Cabin; and the various other ranches enumerated above.

Recommendations: The story of the settlement of Brown's Hole should be told at a suitable point within the north boundary of the Monument; the site of the killing of Valentine Hoy, if determinable, should be utilized in telling the story of the law-and-order aspects of the story; the Wade and Curtis cabin should be retained and utilized in telling the story of the river-runners; the Earl Douglass site should be a center for

interpreting the story of the dinosaur quarry; and consideration should be given to an exterior restoration of the Josie Bassett Morris cabin as a supplemental interpretive point for the story of settlement in the Dinosaur area. It is recommended that the upper Wade and Curtis cabin and the Josie Bassett Morris cabin be added to the List of Classified Structures as worthy of preservation, and that the Douglass cemetery and house site be designated Class VI land.

Appendix 1

ESCALANTE'S DIARY

Sept. 13-16, 1776

September 13. About eleven o'clock in the morning we set out from Arroyo del Cibolo through the plain which lies at the foot of a small sierra which the Yutas and Lagunas call Sabuagari. It extends from east to west and its white cliffs can be seen from the high hills which are reached before Cañon Pintado. Having traveled two leagues and three-quarters to the west, we arrived at the watering place known to the guide. It is a small spring at the foot of the sierra, almost at its western extremity. We continued in the same direction for a quarter of a league along a well beaten trail near which, toward the south, rise two large springs of fine water, a musket shot apart, which we named Las Fuentes de Santa Clara and whose moisture produces much good pasturage in the small plain to which they descend and in which they disappear. From here we traveled a league northwest over the same trail and crossed an arroyo which comes from the plain of Las Fuentes, and in which there were large pools of water. From here downstream there is much good pasturage in its bed, which is wide and level. We again crossed the arroyo, ascended some low hills which were stony in places, and after traveling two leagues to the northwest we arrived at a large river which we called San Buenaventura. --Today six leagues.

This Rio de San Buenaventura is the largest river we have crossed, and is the same one which Fray Alonso de Posada, who in the [past] century was custodian of this Custodia of New Mexico, says in a report, divides the Yuta nation from the Cumanche, according to the data which he gives and according to the distance which he places it from Santa Fé. And in fact, on the northeast and the north it is the boundary between these two nations. Its course along here is west-southwest; farther up it runs west to this place. It is joined by San Clemente River, but we do not know whether this is true of the previous streams. Here it has meadows abounding in pasturage and good land for raising crops, with facilities for irrigation. It must be somewhat more than a league wide and its length may reach five leagues. The river enters this meadow between two high cliffs which, after forming a sort of corral, come so close together that one can scarcely see the opening through which the river comes. According to our guide, one can not cross from one side to the other except by the only ford which there is in this vicinity. This is toward the west

of the northern crest and very close to a chain of hills of loose earth, some of them lead colored and others yellow. The ford is stony and in it the water does not reach to the shoulder blades of the horses, whereas in every other place we saw they can not cross without swimming. We halted on its south bank about a mile from the ford, naming the camp La Vega de Santa Cruz. We observed the latitude by the north star and found ourselves in 41°19' latitude.

September 14. We did not travel today, remaining here in order that the animals, which were now somewhat worn out might regain their strength. Before noon the quadrant was set up to repeat the observation by the sun, and we found ourselves no higher than 40° 59' and 24". We concluded that this discrepancy might come from the declination of the needle here, and to ascertain this we left the quadrant fixed until night for the north stands on the meridian of the needle. As soon as the north or polar star was discovered, the quadrant being in the meridian mentioned, we observed that the needle swung to the northeast. Then we again observed the latitude by the polar star and found ourselves in the same 41° 19' as on the previous night. In this place there are six large black cottonwoods which have grown in pairs attached to one another and they are the nearest to the river. Near them is another one standing alone, on whose trunk, on the side facing northwest, Don Joaquín Lain with an adz cleared a small space in the form of a rectangular window, and with a chisel carved on it the letters and numbers of this inscription--"The Year 1776"--and lower down in different letters--"LAIN"--with two crosses at the sides, the larger one above the inscription and the smaller one below it.

Here we succeeded in capturing another buffalo, smaller than the first, although we could use little of the meat because the animal had been overtaken late and very far from the camp. It happened also this morning that the Laguna, Joaquín, as a prank mounted a very fiery horse. While galloping across the meadow, the horse caught his forefeet in a hole and fell, throwing the rider a long distance. We were frightened, thinking that the Laguna had been badly hurt by the fall because when he had recovered from his fright, he wept copious tears. But God was pleased that the only damage was that done to the horse which completely broke its neck, leaving it useless.

September 15. We did not travel today either for the reasons indicated above.

September 16. We set out from the Vega de Santa Cruz on Rio de San Buenaventura, ascended about a mile toward the north, arrived at the ford, and crossed the river. Then we turned west, and having traveled a league along the north bank and meadow of the river, we crossed another small stream which comes down from the northwest and entered it by the same meadow. We swung south-southwest for a league and crossed another small stream, a little larger than the first, which descends from the same northwesterly direction and enters the [main] river. From both of them canals can be made with which to irrigate the land on this bank, which also is very good for crops, although it will not be possible to bring the waters of the Rio Grande to them. We continued to the southwest leaving the river which swings to the south through some hills and ravines which were stony in places. We descended to a dry arroyo by a high and very stony ridge, whose slope on the other side is not so bad. As soon as we reached the top we found a trail, one or two days old, of about a dozen horses and some people on foot, and on examining the vicinity, indications were found that on the highest part of the hill they had been lying in ambush or spying for some time without turning their horses loose. We suspected they might be some Sabuaganas who had followed us to steal the horseherd in this place, where it would be likely that we would attribute the deed to the Cumanches rather than to the Yutas, since we were now in the land of the former not the latter. Besides this, it gave us strong grounds for suspecting the guide Silvestre, because the preceding night he casually and without being noticed went off from the camp a short distance to sleep. During the whole journey he had not worn the cloak that we gave him, but today he left the campsite with it, not taking it off during the whole day, and we suspected that he, having come to an understanding with the Sabuaganas, put it on so that he could be recognized in case they attacked us. Our suspicions were increased when he stopped for a time before reaching the peak where we found the tracks, as if thoughtful and confused, wishing first to go along the banks of the river and then to lead us through here. We gave him no indications of our suspicion, dissimulating it entirely, and in the course of our march he gave us emphatic proofs of his innocence. We continued here along the same trail, descended again to the Rio de San Buenaventura and saw that the people who made the trail had stayed a long time in the leafy grove and meadow which is situated here. We continued on the trail through the meadow, crossed some low hills, and camped in another meadow with good pasturage on the bank of the river, naming the campsite Las Llagas de Nuestro Padre San Francisco. We traveled through the hills, canyons, peaks, and meadows mentioned six leagues to the southwest, and in the whole day's march eight leagues. As soon as we halted two companions followed the trail southwest to explore the terrain hereabouts and concluded that the Indians had been Cumanches.

Appendix 2

ASHLEY NARRATIVE, 1825

(Ashley Falls to Uinta River)

SUNDAY, [MAY] 3RD: after progressing two miles, the navigation became difficult and dangerous, the river being remarkably crooked with more or less rapids every mile caused by rocks which had fallen from the sides of the mountain, many of which rise above the surface of the water and required our greatest exertions to avoid them. At twenty miles from our last camp, the roaring and agitated state of the water a short distance before us indicated a fall or some other obstruction of considerable magnitude. Our boats were consequently rowed to shore, along which we cautiously descended to the place from whence the danger was to be apprehended. It proved to be a perpendicular fall of ten or twelve feet produced by large fragments of rocks which had fallen from the mountain and settled in the river extending entirely across its channel and forming an impregnable barrier to the passage of loaded watercraft. We were therefore obliged to unload our boats of their cargoes and pass them empty over the falls by means of long cords which we had provided for such purposes. At sunset, our boats were reloaded and we descended a mile lower down and encamped.

MONDAY, 4TH: this day we made about forty miles. The navigation and mountains by which the river is bounded continues pretty much the same as yesterday. These mountains appear to be almost entirely composed of stratas of rock of various colors (mostly red) and are partially covered with a dwarfish growth of pine and cedar, which are the only species of timber to be seen.

TUESDAY, 5TH: after descending six miles, the mountains gradually recede from the water's edge, and the river expands to the width of two hundred and fifty yards, leaving the river bottoms on each side from one to three hundred yards wide interspersed with clusters of small willows. We remained at our encampment of this day until the morning of the 7th, when we descended ten miles lower down and encamped on a spot of ground where several thousand Indians had wintered during the past season. Their camp had been judiciously selected for defence, and the remains of their work around it accorded with the judgment exercised in the selection. Many of their lodges remained as perfect as when occupied. They were made of poles two or three inches in diameter, set up in circular form, and covered with cedar bark.

FRIDAY, THE 8TH: We proceeded down the river about two miles, where it again enters between two mountains and affording a channel even more contracted than before. As we passed along between these massy walls, which in a great degree exclude [d] from us the rays of heaven and presented a surface as impassable as their body was impregnable, I was forcibly struck with the gloom which spread over the countenances of my men; they seemed to anticipate (and not far distant, too) a dreadful termination of our voyage, and I must confess that I partook in some degree of what I supposed to be their feelings, for things around us had truly an awful appearance. We soon came to a dangerous rapid which we passed over with a slight injury to our boats. A mile lower down, the channel became so obstructed by the intervention of large rocks over and between which the water dashed with much violence as to render our passage in safety impracticable. The cargoes of our boats were therefore a second time taken out and carried about two hundred yards, to which place, after much labor, our boats were descended by means of cords. Thence we descended fifty (50) miles to the mouth of a beautiful river emptying on each side, to which I gave the name of Mary's river. The navigation continued dangerous and difficult the whole way; the mountains equally lofty and rugged with their summits entirely covered with snow. Mary's river is one hundred yards wide, has a rapid current, and from every appearance very much confined between lofty mountains. A valley about two hundred yards wide extends one mile below the confluence of these rivers, then the mountain again on that side advances to the water's edge. Two miles lower down is a very dangerous rapid, and eight miles further the mountain withdraws from the river on the west side about a half mile. Here we found a luxurious growth of sweet-bark or round-leaf cottonwood and a number of buffaloe [sic], and succeeded by narrow river bottoms and hills. The former, as well as several islands, are partly clothed with a luxuriant growth of round-leaf cottonwood and extend four miles down the river, where the mountains again close to the water's edge and are in appearance more terrific than any we had seen during the whole voyage. They immediately produce bad rapids, which follow in quick succession for twenty miles, below which, as far as I descended, the river is without obstruction. In the course of our passage through the several ranges of mountains we performed sixteen portages, the most of which were attended with the utmost difficulty and labor. At the termination of the rapids, the mountains on each side of the river gradually recede, leaving in their retreat a hilly

space of five or six miles, through which the river meanders in a west direction about (70) seventy miles, receiving in that distance several contributions from small streams on each side, the last of which is called by the Indians Tewinty river. It empties on the north side, is about (60) sixty yards wide, several feet deep, with a bold current.

Dale, pp. 139-45.

Appendix 3

MANLY NARRATIVE, 1849

(Ashley Falls to Uinta Valley)

Just before night we came to a place where some huge rocks as large as cabins had fallen down from the mountain, completely filling up the river bed, and making it completely impassable for our boat. We unloaded it and while the boys held the stern line, I took off my clothes and pushed the boat out into the torrent which ran around the rocks, letting them pay the line out slowly till it was just right. Then I sang out to "let go," and away it dashed. I grasped the bow line, and at the first chance jumped overboard and got to shore, when I held the boat and brought it in below the obstructions. There was some deep water below the rocks; and we went into camp. While some loaded the boat, others with a hook and line caught some good fish, which resembled mackerel.

While I was looking up toward the mountain top, and along down the rocky wall, I saw a smooth place about fifty feet above where the great rocks had broken out, and there, painted in large black letters, were the words, "ASHLEY, 1824." This was the first real evidence we had of the presence of a white man in this wild place, and from this record it seems that twenty-five years before some venturesome man had here inscribed his name. I have since heard there were some persons in St. Louis of this name, and of some circumstances which may link them with this early traveler.

When we came to look around we found that another big rock blocked the channel three hundred yards below, the water rushing around it with a terrible swirl. We unloaded the boat again and made the attempt to get around it as we did the other rocks. We tried to get across the river but failed. We now, all but one, got on the great rock with our poles, and the one man was to ease the boat down with the rope as far as he could, then let go and we would stop it with our poles and push it out into the stream and let it go over, but the current was so strong that when the boat struck the rock we could not stop it, and the gunwale next to us rose, and the other went down, so that in a second the boat stood edgewise in the water and the bottom tight against the big rock, and the strong current pinned it there so tight that we could no more move it than we could move the rock itself.

This seemed a very sudden ending to our voyage and there were some very rapid thoughts as to whether we would not be safer among the Mormons than out in this wild country, afoot and alone. Our boat was surely lost beyond hope, and something must be done. I saw two pine trees, about two feet through, growing on a level place just below, and I said to them that we must decide between going afoot and making some canoes out of these pine trees. Canoes were decided on, and we never let the axes rest, night or day, till we had them completed. While my working shift was off, I took an hour or two, for a little hunting, and on a low divide partly grown over with small pines and juniper I found signs, old and new, of many elk, and so concluded the country was well stocked with noble game. The two canoes, when completed, were about fifteen feet long and two feet wide, and we lashed them together for greater security. When we tried them we found they were too small to carry our load and us, and we landed half a mile below, where there were two other pine trees--white pine--about two feet through, and much taller than the ones we had used. We set at work making a large canoe of these. I had to direct the work for I was the only one who had ever done such work. We worked night and day at these canoes, keeping a big fire at night and changing off to keep the axes busy. This canoe we made twenty-five or thirty feet long, and when completed they made me captain of it and into it loaded the most valuable things, such as provisions, ammunition, and cooking utensils. I had to take the lead for I was the only skillful canoeist in the party. We agreed upon signals to give when danger was seen, or game in sight, and leading off with my big canoe we set sail again, and went flying down stream.

This rapid rate soon brought us out of the high mountains and into a narrow valley when the stream became more moderate in its speed and we floated along easily enough. In a little while after we struck this slack water, as we were rounding a point, I saw on a sand bar in the river, five or six elk, standing and looking at us with much curiosity. I signaled for those behind to go to shore, while I did the same, and two or three of us took our guns and went carefully down along the bank, the thick brush hiding us from them, till we were in fair range, then selecting our game we fired on them. A fine doe fell on the opposite bank, and a magnificent buck which Rogers and I selected, went below and crossed the river on our side. We followed him down along the bank, which was here a flat meadow with thick bunches of willows, and soon came pretty near to Mr. Elk, who started off on a high and lofty trot. As he passed an opening

in the bushes, I put a ball through his head and he fell. He was a monster. Rogers, who was a butcher, said our elk would weigh five hundred or six hundred pounds. The horns were fully six feet long, and by placing them on the ground, point downwards, one could walk under the skull between them. We packed the meat to our canoes, and stayed up all night cutting the meat in strips and drying it, to reduce bulk and preserve it, and it made the finest kind of food, fit for an epicure.

Starting on again, the river lost more and more of its rapidity as it came out into a still wider valley, and became quite sluggish. We picked red berries that grew on bushes that overhung the water. They were sour and might have been high cranberries. One day I killed an otter, and afterward hearing a wild goose on shore I went for the game and killed it on a small pond on which there were also some mallard duck. I killed two of these. When I fired, the ones not killed did not fly away, but rather swam toward me. I suppose they never before had seen a man or heard the report of a gun. On the shore around the place I saw a small bear track, but I did not have time to look for his bearship, and left, with the game already killed, and passed on down through this beautiful valley.

We saw one place where a large band of horses had crossed, and as the men with them must have had a raft, we were pretty sure that the men in charge of them were white men. Another day we passed the mouth of a swollen stream which came in from the west side. The water was thick with mud, and the fish, about a foot long, came to the top, with their noses out of water. We tried to catch some, but could not hold them. One night we camped on an island, and I took my gun and went over toward the west side where I killed a deer. The boys hearing me shoot, came out, guns in hand, thinking I might need help, and I was very glad of their assistance. To make our flour go as far as possible we ate very freely of meat, and having excellent appetites it disappeared very fast.

It took us two or three days to pass this beautiful valley, and then we began to get into a rougher country again, the cañon deeper and the water more tumultuous. McMahon and I had the lead always, in the big canoe. The mountains seemed to change into bare rocks and get higher and higher as we floated along. After the first day of this the river became so full of boulders that many times the only way we could do was to unload the canoes and haul them over, load up and go ahead, only to repeat the same tactics in a very short time again. At one place where the river was more than usually obstructed we found a deserted camp, a skiff and some heavy cooking utensils, with a notice posted up on an

alder tree saying that they had found the river route impracticable, and being satisfied that the river was so full of rocks and boulders that it could not be safely navigated, they had abandoned the undertaking and were about to start overland to make their way to Salt Lake. I took down the names of the parties at the time in my diary, which has since been burned, but have now forgotten them entirely. They were all strangers to me. They had left such heavy articles as could not be carried on foot. This notice rather disconcerted us, but we thought we had better keep on and see for ourselves, so we did not follow them, but kept on down the rocky river. We found generally more boulders than water, and the down grade of the river bed was heavy.

Some alders and willows grew upon the bank and up quite high on the mountains we could see a little timber. Some days we did not go more than four or five miles, and that was serious work, loading and unloading our canoes, and packing them over the boulders, with only small streams of water curling around between them. We went barefoot most of the time, for we were more than half of the time in the water, which roared and dashed so loud that we could hardly hear each other speak. We kept getting more and more venturesome and skillful, and managed to run some very dangerous rapids in safety.

On the high peaks above our heads we could see the Rocky Mountain sheep looking defiantly at us from their mountain fastnesses, so far away they looked no larger than jack rabbits. They were too far off to try to shoot at, and we had no time to try to steal up any nearer for at the rate we were making, food would be the one thing needful, for we were consuming it very fast. Sometimes we would ride a little ways, and then would come the rough-and-tumble with the rocks again.

One afternoon we came to a sudden turn in the river, more than a right angle, and, just below, a fall of two feet or more. This I ran in safety, as did the rest who followed and we cheered at our pluck and skill. Just after this the river swung back the other way at a right angle or more, and I quickly saw there was danger below and signaled them to go on shore at once, and lead the canoes over the dangerous rapids. I ran my own canoe near shore and got by the rapid safely, waiting for the others to come also. They did not obey my signals but thought to run the rapid the same as I did. The channel here was straight for two hundred yards, without a boulder in it, but the stream was so swift that it caused great, rolling waves in the center, of a kind I have never seen anywhere else. The boys were not skillful enough to navigate this stream, and the suction drew them to the center, where the great waves rolled them over and over, bottom side up and every way. The occupants of our canoe let go

and swam to shore. Field had always been afraid of water and had worn a life preserver every day since we left the wagons. He threw up his hands and splashed and kicked at a terrible rate, for he could not swim, and at last made solid ground. One of the canoes came down into the eddy below, where it lodged close to the shore, bottom up. Alfred Walton in the other canoe could not swim, but held on to the gunwale with a death grip, and it went on down through the rapids. Sometimes we could see the man and sometimes not, and he and the canoe took turns in disappearing. Walton had very black hair, and as he clung fast to his canoe his black head looked like a crow on the end of a log. Sometimes he would be under so long that we thought he must be lost, when up he would come again still clinging manfully.

McMahon and I threw everything out of the big canoe and pushed out after him. I told Mac to kneel down so I could see over him to keep the craft off the rocks, and by changing his paddle from side to side as ordered, he enabled me to make quick moves and avoid being dashed to pieces. We fairly flew, the boys said, but I stood up in the stern and kept it clear of danger till we ran into a clear piece of river and overtook Walton clinging to the overturned boat; McMahon seized the boat and I paddled all to shore, but Walton was nearly dead and could hardly keep his grasp on the canoe. We took him to a sandy place and worked over him and warmed him in the sun till he came to life again, then built a fire and laid him up near to it to get dry and warm. If the canoe had gone on twenty yards farther with him before we caught it, he would have gone into another long rapid and been drowned. We left Walton by the fire and, crossing the river in the slack water, went up to where the other boys were standing, wet and sorry-looking, saying all was gone and lost. Rogers put his hand in his pocket and pulled out three half dollars and said sadly, "Boys, this is all I am worth in the world." All the clothes he had were a pair of overalls and a shirt. If he had been possessed of a thousand in gold he would have been no richer, for there was no one to buy from and nothing to buy. I said to them: "Boys, we cant help what has happened, we'll do the best we can. Right your canoe, get the water out, and we'll go down and see how Walton is." They did as I told them, and lo and behold when the canoe rolled right side up, there were their clothes and blankets safe and sound. These light things had floated in the canoe and

were safe. We now tried by joining hands to reach out far enough to recover some of the guns, but by feeling with their feet they found the bottom smooth as glass and the property all swept on below, no one knew where. The current was so powerful that no one could stand in it where it came up above his knees. The eddy which enabled us to save the first canoe with the bedding and clothes was caused by a great boulder as large as a house which had fallen from above and partly blocked the stream. Everything that would sink was lost.

We all got into the two canoes and went down to Walton, where we camped and stayed all night for Walton's benefit. While we were waiting I took my gun and tried to climb up high enough to see how much longer this horrible cañon was going to last, but after many attempts, I could not get high enough to see in any direction. The mountain was all bare rocks in terraces, but it was impossible to climb from one to the other, and the benches were all filled with broken rocks that had fallen from above.

By the time I got back to camp, Walton was dry and warm and could talk. He said he felt better, and pretty good over his rescue. When he was going under the water, it seemed sometimes as if he never would come to the top again, but he held on and eventually came out all right. He never knew how he got to shore, he was so nearly dead when rescued.

The next morning Walton was so well we started on. We were now very poorly armed. My rifle and McMahon's shotgun were all the arms we had for seven of us, and we could make but a poor defense if attacked by man or beast, to say nothing of providing ourselves with food. The mountains on each side were very bare of timber, those on the east side particularly so, and very high and barren. Toward night we were floating along in a piece of slack water, the river below made a short turn around a high and rocky point almost perpendicular from the water. There was a terrace along the side of this point about fifty feet up, and the bench grew narrower as it approached the river. As I was coming down quite close under this bank I saw three mountain sheep on the bench above, and, motioning to the boys, I ran on shore and, with my gun in hand, crept down toward them, keeping a small pine tree between myself and the sheep. There were some cedar bushes on the point, and the pines grew about half way up the bank. I got in as good a range as possible and fired at

one of them which staggered around and fell down to the bottom of the cliff. I loaded and took the next largest one which came down the same way. The third one tried to escape by going down the bend and then creeping up a crevice, but it could not get away and turned back, cautiously, which gave me time to load again and put a ball through it. I hit it a little too far back for instant death, but I followed it up and found it down and helpless and soon secured it. I hauled this one down the mountain, and the other boys had the two others secure by this time. McMahon was so elated at my success that he said, "Manly, if I could shoot as you do I would never want any better business." And the other fellows said they guessed we were having better luck with one gun than with six, so we had a merry time after all. These animals were of a bluish color with hair much finer than deer, and resembled a goat more than a sheep. These three were all females and their horns were quite straight, not curved like the big males. We cut the meat from the bones and broke them up, making a fine soup which tasted pretty good. They were in pretty good order, and the meat like very good mutton.

We kept pushing on down the river. The rapids were still dangerous in many places, but not so frequent nor so bad as the part we had gone over, and we could see that the river gradually grew smoother as we progressed.

After a day or two we began to get out of the cañons, but the mountains and hills on each side were barren and of a pale yellow cast, with no chance for us to climb up and take a look to see if there were any chances for us further along. We had now been obliged to follow the cañons for many miles, for the only way to get out was to get out endwise, climbing the banks being utterly out of the question. But these mountains soon came to an end, and there were some cottonwood and willows on the bank of the river, which was now so smooth we could ride along without the continual loading and unloading we had been forced to practice for so long. We had begun to get a little desperate at the lack of game, but the new valley, which grew wider all the time, gave us hope again, if it was quite barren everywhere except back of the willow trees.

Source: Manly, pp. 75-85.

Appendix 4

PATRICK LYNCH'S DEPOSITION ON HIS MILITARY SERVICE

DEPOSITION A

Case of James Cooper alias Patrick Lynch, No. 38,440

On this 11th day of Sept, 1907, at

Lily, County of Routt

State of Colo., before me, G. W. Uline

a special examiner of the Bureau of Pensions, personally appeared James Cooper alias Patrick Lynch, who, being by me first duly sworn to answer truly all interrogatories propounded to him during this special examination of aforesaid claim for pension, deposes and says: I am between 80 & 85 years of age; my post-office address is Lily Routt Co., Colo. Occupation, ranching

I am the claimant in the above entitled case. I was born in Ireland and came to America in 1853. My correct name is Patrick Lynch. I think I was about eighteen years of age when I came to this country and that I gave my age as 18 in the office in London when I shipped to this country. I am unable to state my exact age or the date of my birth. I was christened in the Catholic Church in the parish church at Clownco, Ireland where there is no doubt a record of my birth. I first shipped in the U.S. Navy in the latter part of 1859 or in 1860 on the west coast of Africa, Farnundepo [?], on the gunboat Sumpter, Capt. Armstrong commanding, which was engaged in suppressing slavery. I shipped as James Cooper. I gave that name because I had gotten into a little trouble. I think my discharge showed my age as 26. I shipped as an ordinary seaman but the Chief Engineer picked upon me as a coal passer. Our fleet was called home on account of the Secession [sic] of the southern states. In our fleet were the Relief, San Jacinto, Wabash and Mystic. I was discharged in Brooklyn Navy yard about New Years of 1861. I think I was on

the Sumpter a year and eleven months. I next shipped at New York City in the spring of 1861. I was shipped by Chief Engineer Maxwell and served on the Alabama as a 2nd and 1st class coal passer. I was awhile on the North Carolina ["Alabama" crossed out, "North Carolina" inserted] while the Alabama was on the stocks for repairs. The North Carolina was a school ship. I shipped as James Cooper on the Alabama. Yes I am sure I used that name. There was a Michael Lynch on the vessel but no Patrick Lynch that went by that name. I was wounded at the attack of Fernandina. My right leg was broken and the left fractured, both below the knee. I was operated on upon the vessel and afterwards taken to the Key West Hospital. I think I was all of a couple of months there when I was sent to the Brooklyn Naval Hospital from which I was discharged for disability by Surg. Smith. After my discharge I went to Chicago, Ill. where I saw an advertisement for loyal citizens to serve as watchmen in the Q. M. Dept. I applied for and was appointed as such and served six months at Nashville, Tenn. and afterwards at Little Rock, Ark. until Lee surrendered. At Nashville I served under Norton and Irwin, I do not know their military rank. At Little Rock, I served under Capt Pratt. Capt Richardson put my name on his books and drew pay for me for four months. I left his department and joined that of Capt Pratt. I went by the name of James Cooper while in this service. I next entered the service of the United States in 1867 in Co. K, 37 U.S. Inf, under the name of Patrick Lynch, which was consolidated with the 5th U.S. Inf, I going into Co. B, from which I was discharged at the expiration of my service. I enlisted at Covington, Ky. and was discharged at River Bend, Colo. I was never in any other U.S. military or naval service except as stated herein and was never in the Marine Corps. The following were officers and shipmates while I was on the Sumpter, Capt Armstrong, Lt., I think Riley, William Damon, boatswain mate, and William Reed. I do not remember any others just now. Reed was on the Alabama. The following were officers and shipmates on the Alabama, Maxwell, Chief Engineer, Barryman 1st Asst Engineer, Lawrence Conelly was my partner, James Wooley was along side of me when I was wounded. Capt Lanier was first captain and was afterwards Admiral of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, Schank was our sailing Captain and Kaylor our fighting Captain, Lt. Henry, Mike Lynch, Chief Boatswain mate, William Reed, 2nd, I cannot recall any others. The Alabama was in quarantine at New York City when I went on board of it. A man named Dempsey and I went on at the same time I did [sic]. He was a boiler maker and riveter and I shipped him. After I went on the Alabama it went to the blockade at Charleston, we sailed under sealed

orders and after we got to sea our Captain told us his orders were to blockade Charleston and take Port Royal as a harborage and to relieve Anderson. We were assigned to the mail service and carried mail to Fortress Monroe, Baltimore and New York. We were ordered to Boston for repairs as our patterns were there, after that we joined the Flying squadron and went to St Thomas, West Indies, from there to Hayti. After we left the West Indies we returned to Charleston and tried to capture the Florada [sic] a blockade runner. At the attack of Fernando [sic], Fla. while we were reconausting [sic] in front of Ft Clinch, we drew the fire from a battery which proved to have only one gun[,] the others being Quaker guns. The shell fell on ["struck" crossed out, "fell on" inserted] our vessel and we were ordered to throw it overboard. It exploded breaking my right leg and fracturing the left. I was not on the vessel after I was taken to the Key West hospital. While I was cleaning a fire aboard ship stationed at the time on the south coast of Fla. I was overcome by the heat and I have had trouble with my heart ever since. I do not know of anyone by whom I can prove that I had disease of heart in service. I do not think that any of my shipmates knew me by both names. I have heard you state that the records of the Navy Department do not show that James Cooper served on the Alabama from Oct. 1, 1861, to Aug. 1863. It is possible that I ~~may~~ have served under my correct name, Patrick Lynch, during that service. I used my discharge from the Navy to prove that I was a Loyal citizen of the United States, so that if I served as Patrick Lynch on the Alabama my name would appear as such when I was employed in the Q.M. Dept. at Nashville and Little Rock. I lost all my papers referring to my service between the time I left the employ of the Q.M. Dept. and my enlistment in the army. I lost my discharge from the 5th U.S. Inf. around Denver. I have heard you point out the discrepancies in my age as shown in my different services, and in explanation can only say that I gave what ever age came into my mind. At such time the men were only trying to get into the service and were not particular about what age they gave. I have no relatives or any friends in this country who would know my age. I have not seen any of my shipmates since the civil war. I am 5 ft 7 in., hair, black; eyes, grey. I have a scar on the back of my neck and on my legs. These are the only scars or marks by which I could be identified. The scar on the neck was due to an injury received at St Helena in some trouble with English soldiers while I was on shore leave. No, I do not know where I gave my place of birth when I enlisted on the Sumpter. I have never been legally married.

The word "Alabama" was stricken out and the words "North Carolina" interlined on line 37 and the word "struck" was stricken out and the words "fell on" interlined on line 121 of first sheet before signing.

I do not desire to be present in person or represented by an attorney during the taking of testimony in my case nor do I care for notice of further examination.

I have no picture or photographs of myself.
I have heard this deposition read, have understood your questions and my answers are correctly recorded.

(Sgd) Patrick Lynch

Deponent

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of
Sept 1907, and I certify that the contents were fully made known to deponent before signing.

(Sgd) G.W. Uline

Special Examiner

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