

**History of San Juan County
1879 - 1917**

Albert R. Lyman, 1919

Chapter I

A complete history of San Juan may never be written. There is no printed record to which we may refer for a knowledge of its remote past, a period extending into hazy ages long ago, of which we may form vague dreams by considering mysterious strata upon strata laid open to our wondering eyes. That the country was once a heated bed of ferns, falling against and across each other to sink and decay in a tangled mass, is suggested by the coal beds with their fossil stems and leaves. At another time it must have been the silent bottom of a great green ocean, whose coral trees are imbedded in our solid sandstone, and whose oyster shells are still found in stratas and cakes, or floating about as loose stones on the surface. The bones of its fishes and monsters long extinct, are still in evidence where the desert has grown hot and silent.

To classify these periods, or determine their duration with any accuracy is beyond our finite minds. Sandwiched into the stratas, as contradiction to the conclusion we would draw, are remains of stately forests whose petrified trees are projecting from our cliffs, or crumbling on our hills. The hills themselves are peppered with fragments from other rocks, broken off and worn smooth in other ages. And just when in this wonderful story, the Blue Mountains and the LaSals forced their way up from porphyry-bound depths, to be distributing centers for the streams in ages to come, is also beyond our guess. The prevailing forces of those long periods, carved out our canyons, fashioned our mesas, and smoothed old wrinkles wide prairie lands, which answer our efforts by changing from gray to green.

From this imperfect glimpse of those interesting operations, we come down indefinitely to the time when men began to live in our caves and later to build their stone houses on our bluffs and out hills. And here again we must be content with our fond and fallible guesses, as we gaze at cliff-faces of hieroglyphics, and time-worn steps leading up to the impregnable walls. The shattered fortress keeping mute sentinel over the pass or crossing, and the white skull still holding the axe that split it in twain, hold alike to their coveted secrets. We know that a nation left their castles to crumble, and their farms to grow wild with cedars and brush; and though we gaze longingly at the worn lintels and marks of human fingers in the mud-daubed wall, we are forced to give it up as a sealed volume.

The next clue upon which we eagerly pounce, is the legendary history of Utes and Navajos; bloody battles along the San Juan, as the two red races struggled for supremacy-invasions of Ute territory by Navajos, invasions of Navajo territory by Utes. They fought all day at Peak City, and each race withdrew in the evening to its own side of the river, which was swelled before dark with a raging flood. The Navajos relied on the flood to protect them, and fell asleep. The cunning Ute chieftain watched the stream as the night advanced, and when it fell he crossed over with his braves, surprised and beat the Navajos and took a great many of their women as hostages back to the Blue Mountain. That is, of course, a Ute version.

A Navajo story relates how they crossed the river in the vicinity of what is now Bluff, stirred up a quarrel with the Utes and crossed back in hot haste to their own side. When the Utes followed in a long angry string, the Navajos hid behind rocks each side of the trail and biding their time, took the Utes in a

cruel trap, shooting them from all sides. Comb wash and Elk Mountain figure as strategic trails and points of advantage on the Ute side, while Navajo Mountain is always the last impregnable resort of the Navajos.

It was to this wild region in the year 1879 that President John Taylor of the Mormon Church called a company of settlers, to cultivate the good will of the Indians and preserve law and order. No wagon road led into the country from any directions at that time, and few men knew what sort of scenery they might expect to find in the strange territory cut off from Utah by the yawning Colorado. That the Utes and the Navajos maintained undisputed claim to the country, was generally understood; and if an outlaw wished to baffle all pursuit, he had only to make friends with the Indians to accomplish it in San Juan. Even in Utah so little was then known of this country, that an exploring party was called to hunt it up, and find a way into it.

The personnel of this party, and their adventures, constitute the beginning of our real history.

Right here let us get San Juan fixed in our minds as the south-eastern corner or Utah, fenced off on the west by the Colorado River, bounded on the south by Arizona, on the east by Colorado, and cornering on New Mexico. That is the only place in the United States where four states corner together and we shall see that San Juan has been and is, unique in other respects, that it is peculiar to itself, different from any other section in the United States or in the world.

1879

CHAPTER 2

The company called to find San Juan were from Parowan and Cedar City, Utah, and they started from the latter place April 14, 1879. Among them were President of the company, Silas S. Smith, James B. Decker, Parley R. Butt, Kumen Jones, Hanson Bayles, H. Joseph Nielson, Zachariah Decker, Robert Bullock, John C. Duncan, George Perry, George Urie, Thomas O. Bladen, Ham Thornton, John Butler, John Dalton, James Adams, Adelbert McGregor, Isaac Allan, Jesse J Smith, Albert Smith, Steve Smith, George Hobbs, Harrison Harriman and James L. Davis. The last two had with them their families; twenty teams, perhaps half as many wagons and a few loose horses and cattle made up the outfit.

The object of their journey lay eastward, but they headed south for Lees Ferry in Arizona, the nearest known crossing of the Colorado River. From what is now Moab, to that distant ferry, no one had yet shown modern man the way over.

Leaving the ferry about May 2, they found a road to Moancopy, or Tuba City, where they rested their teams while they worked for John W. Young on a woolen mill he was building.

But the road went no further. From Moancopy they looked on to the north-east, over dry mesas and glistening sand hills, where the Navajo guarded his sheep and goats in a wilderness all his own. Leaving their loose stock, the hired and old Navajo and a man named Tanner, to pilot them over to the San Juan.

At one place in the desert, the only water was claimed by Peokon, who insisted there was barely enough for his own herds. He refused the jaded teams a drink, and when some of the boys insisted, he struck savagely at one of them with a club. Twenty young men full of fire and sand were hardly the combination to endure this tamely, and a strained situation was relieved when their President suggested they dig a well in the sand. They dug several wells, found water at an easy depth, supplied their animals, and the next morning presented these new sources of drink to the Peokon. The old man accepted them in silence, and became a friend, though he had made a pronounced beginning as an enemy.

Other similar instances proved the efficiency of S. S. Smith, who steered clear of trouble without yielding his purpose. He formed among his men a military organization which kept them in order, and increased their effectiveness as a body.

One evening a horse, having been kicked, was found to have broken a leg and had to be killed; twenty minutes after the shot was fired, the waiting Navajos had the carcass sliced up and on the fire to roast. They ate it all.

Hunting out a way for their road, and building it, or at least making it passable as they went, the company's progress was necessarily slow, and accomplished with hardships which are always about in a desert or gulches and sand dunes. Kumen Jones, the 23 years old, acted as scout and fore-runner in finding the road and the water.

Towards the San Juan the met Peogamet, a pretty Ute chieftain, who, having heard of their approach, came out in hateful temper with his braves to turn them back. Be it remembered the Utes claimed the territory north of the river, and we shall see that they yielded it with reluctance and stubborn protest, as the pressure of later years came to bear upon them. Peogamet and his men were ugly in looks and speech appeared to be suffering with womt loathsome disease. But the Mormon President was wise and firm in his leadership; with all possible grace, and all necessary resolution, he over-ruled the chieftain's objections, and arrived on the San Juan June 1, at a place since known as Allan Bottom, sixteen or eighteen miles above what is now Bluff.

Coming down from those heated sand stretches to the river bank, the recognized in the cool stream and spreading cottonwoods, the first real glimpse of what they had hunted during six long weeks, and all hands fell to fishing. The catch was of white salmon, and one weighed twenty pounds.

At the mouth of the Montezuma they found Peter Shirts, a one-time resident of southern Utah, but now a lone hermit, subsisting on fish, and wearing vestiges of clothes which had been.

Further up the river they found a man named Mitchell, who, with his family had begun a ditch and a farm. The explorers joined Mitchell in his ditch, flew at the shoveling and the rip-rapping with a vim, and placed claims on all land for seventeen miles down the river.

When Sunday came, they organized a Sunday School, with James B. Decker as Superintendent, and regularly from then on, they observed the Sabbath at

the mouth of Montezuma Creek, their headquarters, where they also celebrated the fourth and the twenty-fourth of July.

From here they sent back for their loose stock at Moancopy, and dispatched exploring parties in every direction. John Butler's party discovered the creek and the valley which still bear his name. Another company traversed White and Mustang Mesas, and took account of the size, extent, and Streams of Blue Mountain. President Smith and other went into Colorado as far as Alamosa, both to see the country and bring back provisions.

Harriman and Davis, the men with families, and one other man, stayed at the mouth of Montezuma, and the remainder of the company started August 13 for home. They followed Recapture Creek from its mouth, making fifteen miles of road in the canyon, and then out into Mustang Mesa. They slid into and wormed their way up from Devil and Long Canyons, crossing South Montezuma at what became the Bob Hott ranch. At the forks of the creek, south of what is now Monticello, they found a cabin newly built by men expecting to soon bring cattle into the country, and here they stopped a while to rest. They also camped on Spring Creek, from which place they took excursions on the mountain to prospect, to explore, and to fish. Beaver dams had formed crystal lakes at the base of the mountain, and in them speckled trout were abundant.

Of two men sent to find a road down Peter's Hill, one believed three days would suffice to build it. The other said three weeks. However, they made the road and followed it in half a day to Dry Valley, traveling by way of Looking Glass and Coyote, where a dim track led from Grand Valley to La Sal. At Hatch they found deer aplenty, and relieved their monotonous diet of bread and slickum.

A few families had settled on the present site of Moab, and a negro raised luxuriant beans and tobacco in the old Mormon fort. In answer to President Smith's inquiries, the negro assured him that the entire valley could be purchased for \$3,500.

The explorers forded Grand River a mile below the present bridge, and traveling by Castle Valley, Salina and Beaver, reached Cedar City about September 17, having traveled more than 1,000 miles, and made 400 miles of new road.

1879

CHAPTER III

The exploring party had found entrance to San Juan from the south and exit from the north, but no way for its colonizers to approach it from their place in the west. George A. Smith, in behalf of the church had sent Charles Hall to find this direct route, the first and chief essentials of which, was an opening to cross the gorge of Colorado. How he happened to miss the favorable places since found, is not quite what became know as the Hole-in-the-Rock, a strange entrance to a hewn notch in the river's west wall.

Through this opening it was reported a road could be built, and hither San Juan's pioneers were directed to come. They had been called by the Mormon Church from Cedar, Parowan, Red Creek, Holden, Paragoonah, Panguitch, Oak City, Harmony and other places, to start with their families and their stock

for the region found by the exploring party. Starting in October, collected late in November at Forty-mile spring in Escalante desert. AT this point they had gone as far towards the mysterious Hole-in-the-Rock as wagons had ever made a track and had struggled up or slid down over many a place which no trughful man could call a road.

The company had left their settlements, with provisions for a six weeks trip, and some of them had already been a month on the road. Snow had fallen on them both before and after they passed Escalante, and with their depleted store, they looked forth to the winter, the cavernous moaning abyss of the Colorado, and the strange unknown region beyond it.

Bishop Schow and Reuben Collet accompanied them from Escalante to assist in finding a crossing. At Forty-mile, some of the leading men climbed a high point on the mountain nearby, and tried with field glasses to make out something of the country ahead. What little they could see was a revelation, and one of them wrote in his journal, "the few miles we can see, are the roughest that white men ever undertook to pass over."

On November 28, Silas S. Smith, President of the company called thirteen men to find a way down to the river and out the east side. They were A. P. Schow, Reuben Collet, Wm. Hutchings, Kumen Jones, Samuel Rowley, Joseph Nielson, Samuel Bryson, Cornelius Decker, George Hobbs, John Robinson, Joseph Barton, James Riley and Platte D. Lyman. They took two wagons, one loaded with a boat, the other carrying camp supplies. After traveling sixteen miles, over what one of the calls, "the roughest country I ever saw a wagon go over," they arrived on the second day at the Hole-in-the-Rock, "a cleft in the solid rock." But the river crawled along 2,000 feet below them, and the "hole" was not big enough to let them through.

Prospecting two miles along up the jagged brow of the cliff to where it was less abrupt, they removed the front wheels from under the boat, and lowered it by hand, zigzag downward a mile over and between rugged rocks to a sand beach. Across this sand the dragged their load another mile, and slid it 200 feet over solid surface into the water. After a late supper, they loaded into the boat, and tied it up at midnight below the "hole[."]

Next day they tried to find the mouth of the San Juan, and got stuck in shallow rapids. The east side rose up rough and precipitous above them, but it neither being possible to float down nor row up the river, eleven of them strapped their camp on their backs, and climbed out into San Juan county. A bald headed landscape met their eyes.

"We found the country so rough and broken" writes on of them, "and so badly cut in two by deep gorges, all in solid rock, that we gave up all idea of a road being made there."

Returning to camp at Forty-mile, a council meeting was held December 3rd in the tent of President Smith. An adverse report was given of the crossing, and of the country beyond.

But what should be done? Over many a place behind they had slid down with no thought of ever returning. Their hundreds of cattle and horses had eaten all the grass along the road, leading back to the settlements, and over those

settlements hung the paralyzing chill of winter. Besides all that, a company of 60 to 80 families had gained too much momentum in a month's travel, to turn before they were compelled to do so.

Jens Nielson proposed they leave it to their president, and sustain his decision. The president advised them to go on. Next day in a meeting of the entire camp, it was unanimously resolved to begin on a road through the Hole-in-the-Rock, and report to that effect was sent back by Bishop Schow and Reuben Colet.

It took seven days to cover those sixteen miles from thei[r] undertaking, where 82 wagons had collected by December 14, with neither wood, water nor grass, anywhere near. Some of their horses they put down on a shelf towards the river, and they hunted black shadscale in every direction, going out with lasso ropes and bringing in huge bundles like loads of hay. Those bundles, if used economically would furnish a doubtful blaze a whole half hour.

On the 14th, President Smith came down from his camp six miles above, and called a meeting in which a traveling organization was effected for the company. He was sustained as captain: Platte D. Lyman as assistant captain of the first ten; George W. Sevy, captain of the second ten; Benjamin Perkins of the third; Henry Holyoak of the fourth; Z.B. Decker, fifth, Samuel Bryson, sixth, with Jens Nielson as chaplain, and C.E. Walton, clerk. But this gives no sure clue to the size of the company for it was increased by arrivals from Panguitch that evening.

The President, having looked down through the narrow opening, returned on the afternoon of the 14th to Fifty-mile, and from there to Parowan, for the purpose of including the territorial legislature to make an appropriation for the road into San Juan. However, he was gone all winter, and Platte Lyman acted as captain the remainder of the trip. The Hole-in-the-Rock was too narrow to admit a wagon. The first third of its slope fell eight feet to the rod, but farther down the pitch moderated, and ended in a fairly level landing. This straightened passage, and several perpendicular ledges below it, constituted the immediate problem of the company, with their diminished provisions, and their lack of much that was necessary to make a road to the river.

But that company of Mormons like their prototypes who danced at their camps on the plains after traveling all day, were filled with one thought more than any other, the thought of success. They took their hungry horses back ten miles from the river to find grass, they ground horsefeed into flour with coffee mills, and they ate parched corn with their gravy, or with their bread, or with their water, and some of them ate it with nothing but a relish.

In the camp was a fiddler, Samuel Cox, a jolly good fellow wearing leather breeches. In the evening, after working hard all day on the road, they collected ropes and ropes full of shadscale, to illuminate the ballroom, and they danced on the smooth rock, while the melody of Brother Cox's fiddle floated away over the yawning chasm of the Colorado.

1880

CHAPTER IV

From the top to the bottom of the Hole-in-the-Rock, was about 100 feet; Between the top and the river was a drop of 2,000 feet though the distance

was but three quarters of a mile. Those pioneers still affirm that the distance from the river to the top was ten miles.

By December 17th, forty-seven men had settled down to work on the road, widening the cleft, and filling it in with sand and rock from above.

That same day George Sevy, Lemuel H. Redd, Sr., George Hobbs, and George Morrill, having been chosen for the task, started with a pack outfit to explore the country ahead to the mouth of Montezuma Creek. Four less determined men surely would have failed at such an undertaking, even if they had not perished from cold and hunger. Passing the most distant point to which the eleven former explorers had gone, they headed off to the north-east through a country, rock-bound and cheerless where steep hills of smooth sandstone, or deep echoing gulches kept them turning to right and left to find a way out.

The name and number of the distant point and corners from which they had to retrace their weary steps, may never be known. Forty miles on their journey they found Clay Hill pass, the only opening suited to their journey, through the mighty reef reaching from Red Canyon to the San Juan River. Forty miles farther on, in this trackless, snow-covered wilderness, they headed for Grand Gulch at the foot of Elk Mountain, and turned eastward through the dense forest towards upper Comb Wash.

Somewhere in this strange wilderness, their weary animals wading through deep snow, a blinding snow closed in around them. With a limited supply of food, and no grass, they hardly dared to stop and house in, but tried to push on to the lower country. Four or five days without sun or star or mountain peak to guide them, they wandered on in vain.

When they reached Comb Wash, east of the great cedar forest, the horizon, new and strange, revealed no familiar land marks. Worse still they had no more food left in their water-soaked panniers. They had all but decided to butcher one of their mules, when they came to Navajo Trail, the only possible place in many miles to climb over the peculiar barrier east of Comb Wash.

From the top of the trail, Hobbs recognized the country, and traveling eastward twenty-five miles, they arrived at the mouth of Montezuma Creek, where they found the Harriman and Davis families in a destitute condition.

After resting a day, they turned again for Hole-in-the-Rock, reaching camp January 9th, having traveled 310 miles. They reported it possible to make a road, and thought nothing ahead would be as difficult as the country adjacent to the crossing on the Colorado River.

The storm which closed in around the four hunters, brought wind and snow to the camp of the pioneers. Their horses humped up and grew poor and some of them, cut and bruised by the rocky places through which they were driven by remote patches of grass lay down to rest, were unable to rise, and had to be killed.

But the owners of those unfortunate creatures, would thank no one for drawing a melancholy picture of the situation. They danced Christmas Eve, and they rejoiced New Years Day over six inches of snow, because it melted

and stood in pools on the rock, making it unnecessary for them to go a quarter of a mile down the hill after water.

On January 4th, Charles Hall came from Escalante with lumber for a ferry boat, but the powder for blasting failed to arrive and road work progressed slowly.

Below the cleft they were compelled to cross a smooth sloping rock, and lack of powder to blast out a channel developed into a knotty problem. Benjamin Perkins had been very successful as foreman of a blasting crew while the powder lasted, and to him they turned for some rough and ready scheme for traversing the smooth sliding surface. He had it. Sending one crew off to cut oak stakes, he had another stretch a line and make a mark along the proposed road over the troublesome rock. Taking the drills to the forge, he hammered out extra wide bits on all of them and set the boys to drilling holes along the mark they had made. The oak stakes were driven in these holes, sticks of hard-sought drift wood, carried up from the river, were placed along against these stakes, and above it all a long string of stones formed the foundation for a road. Its cost to the road cut small figure, it had to be built. Years afterward, this shelf of "Uncle Ben's" was found to be the only piece of work on the hillside still in good repair.

Scarcity of water, grass and shadscale made it necessary for half the company to camp at Fifty Mile Spring, six miles back to the road. Here, on the 3rd of January, the first and only child born on the trip, came to Mr. and Mrs. James B. Decker. In memory of the desert surroundings, indelibly photographed on their minds, though not on her's, they named her Lena Desert. But she is known today, and entered on many a list of choice friends, as Mrs. Lena Hammond.

On the twenty-second, twenty-five pounds of giant powder, sent by President Smith, reached the camp, and stubborn pieces of road were shot out with ease. Great quantities of rock were blown loose from the upper rims of the cleft, to drop in the unfelled spaces, hurried eager finishing touches were added to this unprecedented chute from top to bottom, and the great San Juan highway was open for traffic.

The last details were attended, and everything ready to start January 26th Kumen Jones drove in first, with the whole camp hanging back on ropes tied to his hind axle. This precaution proved unnecessary, for his wheels sank hub-deep in the loose earth, and plowed their way down through the cleft, without any disposition to run away. But they moved tons and tons of sand as they went, and before many wagons had gone down, that hole-in-the-rock lay naked and destitute of everything that would move, a steep old drive indeed, studded with boulders large and small, a magnificent place to smash wagons, cripple horses, and furnish thrilling adventures to relate to your grandchildren.

A faint idea of what that road became, may be formed from an account of a trip made back up from the river. Several yoke of oxen on top, were hitched to a chain reaching down through the cleft to a wagon. Half way up the steepest place the chain broke, and the wagon is said to have "keeled over backward down the hill."

However, on this twenty-sixth of January, one entire camp slid down to the river, and twenty-six wagons were ferried over. The boat was propelled with one pair of oars and the river though 350 wide, had a sluggish current, and the boat did good work.

1880

CHAPTER V

(Errata: Speaking of the traveling organization in the last chapter, it should have read: Platte D. Lyman, assistant captain; Jens Nielson, captain of the first ten; George Sevey, captain of the second ten; Benjamin Perkins captai[n] of the third; etc.)

By February first the company occupied two camps half a mile apart east of the river; and a shipment of 1,000 pounds of blasting powder, arrived with men sent from Panguitch to work on the road.

About this time a cold snap covered the river with ice sufficiently thick that horses were crossed over on it. It is related that on moonlight night[s] great schools of otter, appearing from some mysterious place, played about on the smooth surface like a pack of short legged wolves.

Whatever the weather, during those weeks of waiting and working at the river, at least one meeting was held every Sunday. The Mormon habit of dancing, is held to moderate bounds by religious service at regular intervals, and it is not to be questioned that the merriment of the one and the enthusiasm of the other, were more potent than money and dynamite in making roads.

The road crew numbered seventy men, but their concerted effort, emphasized as it was with 1,000 pounds of powder, made but slow progress towards the bald-headed mesa above them. It was possible to take their horses up the rocky rim to better grass on the east side, but the parched-corn symptoms of camp, indicate the food conditions not much relieved.

The weather moderated to such an extent by the ninth, that a number of men started back to hunt up and bring on a herd of cattle left in Potato Valley. They returned two weeks later, having encountered too much snow for their weak horses to make the trip.

On February 10th, the strongest teams led the attack on the road up the east side. The wagons of the camp came gradually into a crooked line behind them, and grated and bumped slowly, ever so slowly along. "At Cottonwood Hill it took from four to seven span of horses, or the same number of oxen, to move one wagon." And to make the climb more interesting still, the weather turned off cold and stormy. Shelters were improvised for the women and children, while the men, horses and cattle strained and tussled in frost and snow three days.

On the 13th, they stopped again, two miles from the summit, and began a road those two miles. Two men sent from Panguitch to join the road crew, had brought with them from the tithing office, 200 pounds of pork and 40 pounds of cheese. It was a tiny morsel indeed to fill so many mouths, but through some good diplomacy, it was distributed at an auction sale, and that place has been good-naturedly known these thirty-seven years as Cheese Camp.

But Cheese Camp held another thrill, less pleasant than the misfortune of being overbidden at the cheese sale.

On the summit ahead stood better grass than their lean horses and oxen had eaten for many a hungry week, and naturally there was a general desire to get into it. That desire was entertained both in righteousness and unrighteousness, for though this company had responded as a whole in good faith to the call to settle and redeem San Juan, there were among them adventurers who cherished objects of their own. They saw the grass, and they remembered a herd of 75 broom tail ponies, with which they had started from the settlements to grow rich in the new country, and they proposed to herd these ponies ahead of the company instead of behind.

Consternation filled the camp. That grass was an imperative essential to the journey ahead. Hollow-eyed horses and oxen, already boney and staggering from an unprecedented winter, would surely die in the effort to drag heavy wagons over bad roads in the desolate wake of this herd of ravenous broomtails.

When the horsemen, with their guns on their saddles, had driven their band defiantly by the wagons, some of the camp took up their arms also, and possibilities strange and foreign to all that peaceful company had known, loomed dark on the horizon. It was the folly of hot-headed youth in defiance of a community.

It is almost humiliating to relate that the community compromised with that insurgent element. Yet, after more careful consideration, it is satisfying to know they refrained from a dozen other courses open for them to take; for later years proved that insurgent exterior to be but a thin shell from which broke forth a higher order of mankind than the angry pioneers in Cheese Camp had ever expected.

However, they compromised. The ponies were allowed to go on ahead, but they were to be taken on without stopping, only as it became necessary to camp at night.

By the 17th the road lay open, over solid rock to the summit, and the wagons grated and bumped onward and off over a smooth bench to the north-east. Their course ran near the dizzy edge of San Juan, whose water was hidden from their view in perpendicular walls far below. They moved from two to seven miles a day, and on the 20th came to a standstill on the upper brow of Slick Rock.

Down a hill of that size in any properly clad country, a dugway could have been made in a day. But on the naked, slippery surface of Slick Rock, where a lizzard would have to climb from bottom to top, or slip from top to bottom to find a shade for his panting body, they had to spend seven days, though their circuitous road was but half a mile long.

Slick Rock chilled the ardour of the help from Panguitch, and before the road was finished they started home. But speaking of that road being finished--it is not finished yet, and is as impassable to wagons today, as it was on that 20th of February, thirty seven years ago.

More than once has the wild cow fled madly over the sandhills to turn at the foot of Slick Rock, as if it were an impassable bluff. And more than once has the eager cowboy pursued her to that turn, and has looked up the blinding gray surface at a solitary wagon, still proclaiming to doubtful eyes that when it came there in 1880 it was accomplished by eighty companions.

The company devoted eight days of its strength and attention to opening a chute down that slippery surface of Slick Rock. A rule for truth in this history demand[s] that it be called a chute and not a road. A team and wagon on that road today, would shoot the chute with all the jumps and thrills and hair-raising suddenness anyone could desire.

Those eight days were windy, cold and miserable, and it was sweet relief to slide down on the 28th to the sand-hills of the valley below, and move on next day ove[r] sand and rock to the lake--sometimes called Hermit Lake, but known among the Utes for ages past as Pagahrit; standing water. The sheltered valley with its water, and rushes and ducks, its grass and willows and cranes, suggested a little rest, and the company took the suggestion.

On the bald rock-knolls along the old route from the river to the lake, and from ther[e] to the north-east, are still to be seen the "guide stones" erected by George Sevy and his fellow explorers. Following the direction indicated by these stones, the train of wagons crawled over hills of rocks and hills of sand, and on the evening of the second day from the lake, moved down a slope to the sandy bottom of Castle Wash. Two days travel up the wash, in heavy sand all the way, and facing high wind and driving snow part of the time, brought them up to Clay Hill Pass, with high cliffs on the north and on the south, and an abrupt drop of a thousand feet to the east, at the foot of which stretched a desert of shadscale, and beyond it the black forest of the Cedar Ridge.

No place for a road had yet been marked across the maze of box canyons reaching thirty miles from the San Juan river to the upper end of that ridge, and to find and mark out a road across it, Platte Lyman, George Sevy and Samuel Bryson left Clay Hill with a pack outfit. The difficulty of their undertaking is suggested by the tree-like contour of Grand Gulch, reaching straight across the course they wished to take to the east. Its might limbs reach out from the center to the east and west of the ridge, forming point after point from which a man cannot descend a-foot. Those gulches open abruptly into the bowels of the earth, and their cavernous echoing bottoms defy every vehicle but the airplane. The three explorers were compelled to turn north again through the forest, till they alighted upon an Indian trail which headed most of the limbs of Grand Gulch, and crossed the others near their shallow source.

A trip was undertaken to the south also, but these explorers found that the San Juan river was no place for a road and returned hungry and cold to the hill.

Just how much heart this parched corn-fed company had for the baked clay and black boulders of Clay Hill, may be guessed from their prompt beginning on a dugway down its steep, wrinkled face. They picked and shoveled out a rude mark along the mountain side, cutting it so deep that the scar is still

visible. But whatever their heart, they must have had a secret longing for something to season the relish with which they ate their parched corn, and one of them relates that he "killed a very poor beef" and lent most of it to the people of the camp.

Like many a rough and ready cowboy, who takes just time to cook his food just "done enough to eat raw", so these folks opened their chutes and dugways wide enough for a wagon before someone headed into it, and the camp followed. One woman tells of driving a span of broncho mules down that hill, and how she ever reached the bottom by way of the dugway, instead of rolling straight down from its lower side, is still a mystery to her.

The first wagons tacked the new dugway about the twelfth of March, and the last followed two days later. In the desert at the bottom, a fierce blizzard burst upon them. Wind and snow blustered into camp, overturning tents, whistling through their unsheltered quarters and making whips of wagon covers, and dealing long hours of discomfort to be remembered many years. "It was the coldest night I ever experienced," says one of them, "it was impossible to be comfortable in bed or anywhere else."

Such places as Slick Rock and Clay Hill had served to keep the company together, by detaining the leaders till the last straggler caught up, but from Clay Hill they strung out towards Elk Mountain, and George Hobbs says he found them scattered for thirty miles.

George Sevy drove the lead wagon, and ahead of him a crew of choppers were busy opening a way through the dense cedars. Towards the mountain they found no grass there were fewer openings in the forest, and the mud is reported to have been from six inches to two feet deep. The snow had not all gone from the ridge, and it lay deep on the mountain above them. In many cases the lead teams came back a days journey to help the strugglers up, and in some cases wagons were left till summer should come.

Out of the forest one day, rode an old Ute--he dropped his jaw and raised his hands in surprise at the sight of the company. Where had they come from? They told him they were Mormons from the settlements. He had already guessed that, but where in the name of reason had they crossed the Colorado? They explained to him where the crossing was made. "No!" he grunted, in disgusted unbelief, they couldn't cross there, they might have crossed farther up, but there was no place to cross at the Hole-in-the-Rock. "And the old man was perfectly right", affirms one of the company, "there never was and never will be a place for crossing at the Hole-in-the-Rock."

The lead wagons halted for five days, and most of the company caught up before a road was opened across upper Grand Gulch. From there they scattered off again, and the leaders reached the mouth of Comb Wash, on the San Juan river, about the end of March.

IF THAT PLACE HAD OFFERED ANY PROMISING OPENING AT ALL, IT IS NOT IMPROBABLE the worn-out company would have stopped, and made a settlement instead of going on. But it is a rock-bound precipitous corner, from which they sought a way out, and being unable to follow up the river, they sought their improvised forces to a focus on what is now known as San Juan Hill.

1880

CHAPTER VII

When the company stopped in that cliff-bound corer to make a road up San Juan Hill, their raw-boned animals, in a few hours slicked off every spear of grass in sight. The gain, which might have relieved the situation, had long since gone through the coffee mill, and had been converted into biscuits. So they drove the whole starving herd into San Juan, and out among the sand hills on the south side. Willard Butt was one of these herders to cross the river every morning, and he relates that they rode over in water to their waists, depending on the warmth of the sun to dry their drenched clothing while they guarded the herd.

It took five or six days to make the road a bare and slippery possibility, on which the horses and oxen trembled and fell, and skinned their bony knees reaching the top with the expression of having just come out of a terrible convulsion. But San Juan Hill, with the slippery humps of its solid road-bed smeared and splattered with hair and blood, was serving the only purpose it ever served. Not long afterward a better way was found, and the rugged rock, with the rude scar of the dugway across its face, stands as witness for future ages, to the dogged persistency of that company who found a way through or made it, and forced their way through by main strength and awkwardness where, according to Ute patriarch, there was positively no place for entrance or exit.

Some of the wagons ascended the hill on the third, and on the fifth they reached a bottom two miles long, just above the mouth of Cottonwood Wash on the river. "MY horses were so poor and weak," says L.H. Redd, Jr., "that when I reached Cottonwood, they could hardly drag along. I was five days coming from San Juan Hill."

This bottom by Cottonwood, was the first possible place they had found to stop, and also the first place from which they had no strength to go on. It was therefore, according to Mormon philosophy, the will of Providence that they should go no farther. Their animals were fagged completely out. It was fifteen miles to Montezuma settlement founded by President Smith and his explorers the previous year, but being compelled to stop, they decided to stay permanently.

The main body of the company came into camp on the sixth, and a meeting was held in which a committee was appointed to arrange for division of the land, and another to survey and begin a ditch.

In point of numbers, the new town was larger that day than it has been since, when eighty-five wagons pulled into camp, and the men numbered seventy. A few, who had the horses to match the inclination, drove on to Montezuma, and indefinitely on still in search of something better. A few prospectors, who had followed the camp thus far, left for distant mining regions in Colorado.

The ditch committee drove their stakes and started their men to work next morning, but the land committee found the land much smaller than they expected, and recommended that it be divided into forty claims, to be held by forty men who should draw numbers from a hat containing tickets and blanks. The others were to go farther up the river and make another settlement. The

committee's recommendation was accepted by vote, but the twenty men drawing blanks were unable to move on. Dissatisfaction and bad feelings spread through the camp. Ditch work was discontinued. Several stormy meetings brought no relief to the strained situation, and for a week the affairs of the company hung unpleasantly in the balance.

James Pace, who had drawn a number, proposed that the drawing be thrown out, and that all share alike. His proposition, at first was voted down, was afterward accepted, and on the 13th, fifty-nine men each drew an acre lot, and a field from eight to twenty acres, according to the location and quality of the land. This arrangement brought good will and contentment to the camp, and ditch work was resumed that afternoon. Each family moved to its own claim, "put up a wickiup", and some of them dug wells, finding water at an easy depth.

But these Mormons were not exactly the first white folks to live on the bottom of Cottonwood Wash. They found three families named Harris living there in log house and claiming small tracts of land, having been there all winter. Of one George Harris, Platte Lyman writes, "I bought a log house, ten acres of land, a cook stove, three gallons of coaloil, some work on the ditch and a town lot, for one horse and two cows and calves."

On the night of the twelfth, the first baby of the new settlement was born, a little boy to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Decker.

At a meeting held on the twenty-fifth, it was unanimously decided to name the new town Bluff City. William Hutchins has the distinction of suggesting the name, which was afterward cut down by the Post Office Department to Bluff, to prevent confusion in the mails, explaining that Council Bluffs is nicknamed Bluff City. Whether for this precaution or some other unknown cause, the two towns have never yet been rivals for mail matter nor anything else.

Word came from Silas Smith that the Territorial Legislature had made an appropriation of \$5,000.00 for the road built into San Juan and the impoverished settlers were eager to present their bills for work they had done under difficulty and without pay. They had spent \$4,800.00 on the road, valuing a man's labor at a dollar and a half a day. Later reports said the appropriation would cover only forty percent of the road expense, and just what it did cover, or whether it ever covered anything at all, is not clear.

Word came also, that the legislature had organized San Juan County, appointing S. S. Smith as Judge, with Platte D. Lyman, Jense Nielson and Zachariah B. Decker as Selectmen, and Charles E. Walton, Clerk. The Selectmen were directed to hold court, which they did, April 26, and appointed L.H. Redd, Jr., as the first Assessor and Collector of the new county.

The ditch crew included every man, and they drove their picks and shovels through stratas of clay and quicksand with an assurance of reward which the San Juan and its valleys have never yet bestowed. As if this combination of nature were not exacting enough in her demands upon them, some cruel blunder in the survey had left them working on a ditch sloping up from the river, instead of down from it. In spite of all that has been said about Mormons making water run up hill, the muddy stream reached reluctantly into the head of their hard shoveled channel, and refused to move.

A dam was made. The side branch of the stream was shut off with a barrier of sand. The muddy substance traveled unwillingly up along the unnatural channel opened for it, plotting silently all the time with its old ally, the sand, for a way of escape. And the sand, true to its comrade of ages, slid down from its artificial heap like so much sugar and the San Juan broke with a glad yell for liberty. It flew back in haste from the most distant point in their ditch, while the crew scratched their heads and muttered, wondering what manner of country they had found.

Little did they dream that the old San Juan, murmuring and roaring like a thing at war with itself, was plotting even then with its ally against the unsuspecting settlers along its bank; and that in its own time it would reach angrily out across their farms and into their houses, taking back and reoccupying every foot of its dominion, just as it had taken back with a sarcastic laugh, the water claimed by Bluff's first ditch.

1880

CHAPTER VIII

Someone discovered, carved into the smooth-hewn trunk of a cottonwood tree near Bluff, a surveyor's record which gave the elevation as 4,600 feet, the place, 328 miles south and 126 miles east of Salt Lake City. It was signed Ferdinand Decker and seems to remain unquestioned.

This will assist us to locate Bluff in our mental map of Utah, but no stranger to the realities of that situation is expected to imagine the difficulties of travel isolating Bluff from the rest of creation. "It was more than a hundred miles from nowhere", with regular mail service still years away and good roads reserved to bless the remote future.

President Silas S. Smith reached Bluff about May fifteenth, but he drove on to the settlement made the previous year at Montezuma, where he stayed until September. On June 6th, he organized the Bluff Branch, with Jense Nielson as President Priest. He also organized a Sunday School, with James B. Decker as Superintendent.

As a place of public worship, the people made a big bowery---a shade of leafy cottonwood limbs across a shed-like arrangement of poles. This was pleasant enough when the wind was still, but spring weather on the San Juan is punctuated by blinding storms of sand, which rise darkly up from the desert stretches of the Navajo Reservation, to pepper everything with sharp grit, and overturn or carry away all light objects not well anchored.

The ditch dwindled in numbers, both because of its better acquaintance with the unforbearing San Juan, and also to meet necessities resulting from the long winter trip. Their base of supplies was Escalante, a hundred and eighty miles distant, over that unmerciful route by way of Clay Hill and Hole-in-the-Rock. Some of them, as soon as their horses were rested, started back for flour and provisions which were already awaiting them at this distant point.

Others turned back as soon as they possibly could, resolved to get out of San Juan without further delay, and return to San Juan never again. Twenty-one wagons drove off at one time for Colorado, most of them intending to freight

there during the summer and return in the fall. Some of them did return, and others closed their big circle by another road back to the settlements in Utah.

But somehow, in this wonderful colony which had come through from Escalante whether it could or not, there remained a splendid element of invincibility. When the dissatisfied and disheartened ones moved on to the east, and back to the west, that invincible spirit clenched its jaw tighter, and attacked the Bluff ditch with angry force. It brought out a stream of water, it broke the virgin stakes and riders of the crooked cottonwood limbs into a hocus-pocus barrier which is responsible for the generations of breach cows which have pestered Bluff ever since.

More still, it undertook from that same rams-horn breed of trees, to select logs and build houses, whose walls bowed in and out with wonderful irregularity, and chinks ranging from nothing to a foot wide. It roofed them with thick coats of sand, which feathered out into a crop of runty sunflowers and stick-weeds, if the weed-seed had time to sprout before the wind carried the sand away. But whether it raised weeds or blew away, it never turned the rain, which dripped dismally from it long after the sky was clear. These houses had doorways without glass, and floors which required sprinkling at intervals to lay the native dust and tempt the soil to harden.

Jense Nielson is said to have had a yellow mule with a ring bone and a white mule with spavins on three legs. All this added materially to his good fortune, for the thieving Navajos preferred the better teams of their brethren whenever they made a raid, and they raided as often as they saw opportunity. Navajo Frank made it his business to watch for the settlers' horses, and take them if he found them unguarded. Cattle too, were driven away by the Navajos or butchered by the Piute.

Curious visitors from both tribes came to take stock of the white settlers as soon as their presence became generally known. Navajos of that day generally waded the river and came dripping into town, wearing nothing but an open-mouthed stare and a breech-cloth. Both tribes adhered to a policy of friendliness in the town that they might beg biscuits the more effectively; but they would steal things little and big as industriously as if it were their life's calling.

Bluff was not the first, nor so far the only settlement on the San Juan in Utah. Montezuma had been occupied since June of the pervious year, and Mitchell had been on the river there even longer. The Davis and Harriman families were joined by S. S. Smith, Z. B. Decker, and a man named Haight. About this time, Thales Haskel, whose name is closely interwoven with this history, was called from Moancopy to the San Juan mission, and he settled at Montezuma. To this place also came William Hyde with his family from Salt Lake City, and opened a store to trade with the Indians.

Montezuma had a ditch--in fact it experienced with several ditches which taught, as no man could teach, the inconsistency and variableness of the San Juan, and the sandy valleys along its banks.

Added to the thrills of their ditches and their isolation, came to both settlements, anxiety for the outcome of troubles Mitchell had with the Navajos, trouble which, to his mind, justified his appeal for military protection. And a

company of soldiers came to his neighborhood, much to the annoyance and ill will of the Indians. But the Utah settlers were in the county to cultivate friendly relation with these red men, and already their policy of friendship was beginning to bear good fruit.

We must not become engrossed in these other matters as to forget that San Juan County had been duly organized, that the machinery had been put in order to establish and preserve law in this erstwhile lawless region. It is comforting to know that the men called to establish a precedent of the dignity and honor of the new county were equal to the importance of the task. When L.H. Redd, Jr., received his commission as Assessor and Collector, he began promptly to hunt down all property which had enjoyed in the wild region a safe retreat from taxation. Let no one suppose for a minute that the owner of these herds submitted willingly, often they protested and in some cases they flatly refused to be assessed, and threatened the young assessor if he insisted. "I came here to assess this property," affirmed L.H. Redd, according to one eye witness, "and I shall assess every bit of it, and when the time comes, I shall collect every cent that is due." Another item worthy of mention is that the taxes were collected according to promise.

An election day had been appointed for August in the new county, and when the time arrived, everything was duly arranged. No press was near enough to print the tickets, and they were written out with pen and ink by L.H. Redd, Jr., and James Lewis. It is said that Judge S. S. Smith was re-elected, though the names of the Selectmen are not given. L.H. Redd, Jr., was elected Assessor and Collector; James B. Decker, Sheriff; Platte D. Lyman, Prosecuting Attorney and C. E. Walton, Clerk.

1880

CHAPTER IX

The first one in the new settlement to die was an old gentlemen named Roswell Stevens. There was no lumber for his coffin, so they took his wagon box to pieces and made of it a box for that purpose.

This famine for lumber induced certain men to slice up cottonwood logs with a whipsaw, but these boards were so determined to warp and twist like a thing in convulsions, they wouldn't lie still after being nailed down. Willard Butt and George Ipson made a sawpit between the heads of Bull Dog and Devil Canyon, and sawed out with a whipsaw the first pine lumber made in the county.

Escalante continued to be the base of supplies for the new settlements on the San Juan until the pile accumulated there from various points in Utah, had all started off in small installments and at a snails pace towards Hole-in-the-Rock. From then on, the new towns looked to the east, and sent their slow-plodding teams up the river, out by Navajo Springs, and on by Mancos and Durango to Alamosa, the terminus of the railroad, more than two hundred miles distant.

A few ranchers and cattlemen had been on Mancos river, since seventy four, and to their post office came all mail from Bluff. From there to its destination, it was taken at irregular and uncertain intervals by freighters, or whoever happened to remember of have authority to receive it.

The days of anxiety, of hardship and discouragement in that first summer, may hardly be appreciated from these thirty-seven years distance. When they began irrigating their wilting crops, the ditch broke and after mending the break and returning to their land, behold it had broken again. The main thing that happened that spring and summer, happened to the ditch, until even the women and children grew weary of the report: "The ditch is broken". A hundred necessary improvements were neglected to repair the troublesome bank. And the time came, when there were not enough men to do it, the crops were left to burn for weeks at a time.

To consider Bluff today, hidden away in green bowers of a dozen varieties of trees one would hardly imagine what little shade there was that first year, to modify the blinding surface of the hot sand. "It seemed to me that glistening sand would burn my eyes out", says one woman, "I was half blind from always seeing it, and those gray cliffs reflected the heat into our camp, until I thought we would be cooked alive."

And sometimes the ditch, the freighting, and the cattle on the range, called away so many men, the women were left to suffer and pray in mortal fear of the strange savages by whom they were surrounded. This part of the story may seem of little import, but to the mind whose memories of childhood hold still the echoes of fervent prayers morning and evening, that the Indians would be peaceably disposed towards the defenseless town, it is a feature which must not be omitted.

The history of Bluff was, so far, very much the history of Montezuma, whose people looked hopefully forward to a prosperous settlement. Under the direction of Silas S. Smith, Jr., their presiding priest, they labored to outgeneral the river, and make peace with the Indians. They had a Sunday School Superintendent, John A. Smith, and in the store of William Hyde they enjoyed an advantage which Bluff still needed badly. When the Smiths moved away in September, to San Louis Valley, Zachariah B. Decker became presiding priest, and consequently the leader in their struggle for supremacy over the elements.

The County Equalization had made Montezuma one of the three precincts of the Count[y] and the people of this upper settlement had a right to suppose their town, being already the oldest, would be as permanent and important as any town in the whole region.

But in both places the people, at least some of them, were beginning to wonder whether they were not really up against the impossible; a river defying all their efforts to control it, and a horde of thieving savages on every side. For be it remembered, the Utes claimed and occupied the country north of the river, and the Navajo Reservation reached up to its banks on the south. "We were about to be crucified between two thieves," says one who was present.

What they stole from these peaceful Mormons was the easiest gain the Indians had ever known, and some of them became fearful lest the remainder of their nation would discover the snap before they got their share. Even the squaws and papooses visiting town were not there for their health or their curiosity only.

One Navajo squaw, bent on making her trip pay, took a pair of baby shoes from the home of Hyrum Perkins. He had been watching her movements, and missed the shoes soon after her departure, but she had made straight for the river and gone across. Getting an interpreter, he followed her to her hogan, and asked her for the shoes. The accusation was a terrible shock to her dignity and honor as an honest woman. When he convinced her he knew she had taken the shoes, she admitted she had picked them up, but declared she put them on the end of a log standing out from the corner of the cabin, describing the exact place with great detail and wonderful hypocrisy.

In spite of her protests and threats, they proceeded to search the hogan, moving sacks, sheepskins, saddles and blankets, but no shoes were uncovered. Then they moved the Navajo lady herself from the seat she had occupied continuously since their arrival, and there were the shoes. She broke into a loud laugh, and seemed to regard it as a huge joke on them.

About September 1st, Erastus Snow, Brigham Young, Jr., Francis M. Lyman and other[s] arrived at Bluff to take account of the San Juan Mission. The situation was considered in all its adverse details and the people collected in the old bowery to hear the further orders of the authority that called them to San Juan.

"We want you to maintain your start in this country," said Erastus Snow, explaining that the church had a definite object and purpose in settling a colony in this wild region. He advised the people to build their houses in a fort, to defend themselves more easily from the Indians. "And if you are true men", he declared with emphasis, "and do your part to uphold this mission, the Indians who are unfriendly, will waste away."

Mr. Snow and his companions organized the San Juan and San Louis Stake, with Silas Smith, President and Platte D. Lyman First Counselor. They organized Bluff as Ward, with Jense Nielson, Bishop, George Sevy, First Counselor, and Kumen Jones, Second Counselor.

This is not an ecclesiastical history, but when leading forces and factors are of an ecclesiastical nature, it is no reason they should be omitted and leave the narrative imperfect on that account. The county was settled in response to a call from the church, church officials had it set apart and organized as a County, and they were first to uphold its dignity, and assert its beings and rights.

Jense Nielson had civil positions, but his business from that September 1880, until he died, was to do his best as the Bishop of Bluff. For Bluff, and the wide territory surrounding it, he hung to his post with an invincible determination which cannot be denied as a prominent place among the potent factors which have made for development of the county.

The visit of Erastus Snow and his companions, gave the mission new life and meaning. The fort grew into an open square surrounded by a solid wall of cottonwood log houses, whose people, living thus nearer together, realized more keenly their mutual dependence. They were much like a big family of boys and girls, all loving and respecting the broken English orders of their Danish Bishop.

They united to build a place of worship, known and loved as the old meeting house. Here, as autumn brought home the freighters from Colorado, they met in glad festivals of rest from their weary labors. Christmas and the coming of the New Year were celebrated with joy and feasting, good cheer prevailed there in the fort and the log hall.

The company that danced and sang on the bare rock by the Colorado a year before, had dwindled sadly in size, and its members were scattered in distant states, never to be gathered again. But the remaining few retained that chivalrous spirit to dance again, to sing and hope and rejoice. Around them lay splendid hills and fertile prairies of the great San Juan, ready by their very silence and isolation to bless the pioneers abundantly if they would remain, ready and eager to make this obscure Bluff City, in a few years, the richest town of its size in the whole State of Utah.

1881

CHAPTER X

The quiet log fort and the hamlet at Montezuma, saw little of the outside world that first winter. From the fore part of January, to the latter part of March, they received no mail, and the topics of interest to entertain or amuse them, wer[e] of the social life in the fort, or the thieving Indians outside.

A lively Y.M.M.I.A. was conducted by C. E. Walton, and then the Relief Society contributed several splendid entertainments to relieve the solemn monotony of the[ir] isolation. "Sunday School and meeting are generally well attended, and always interesting," wrote one of the fort-dwellers that winter.

In February, five families from Utah joined the little community where a number of new babies and one pair of twins, may already have suggested that the great wilderness of San Juan would really be settled from this small beginning.

They celebrated April 6, 1881, the first anniversary of their arrival, taking care, besides holding a meeting and a great ball for adults in the log meeting house, to have also a dance for the children who were given to understand it was in memory of a great event. Some of the young folks who participated in that dance, are as devotedly attached to San Juan, as if their ancestors had lived there twenty generations.

In January Colonel Critchlow, representing the D & R. G. R. R., arrived at Bluff looking for an opening to build a road through to St. George. He returned in Marc[h] fully convinced that no road could be built westward from Bluff.

On the Colonel's return from Escalante, he was directed to a place twenty or thirty miles north of Hole-in-the-Rock, where the Hall brothers had moved the apparatus of their ferry, and made what has since been known as Hall's Ferry. Hole-in-the-Rock ceased at once to be a crossing, its roads soon became impassable, few men and wagons have gone that way since. Some of the marks and scars, such as "Uncle Ben's dugway", are still in evidence on the bare rock, but the whirr and hum of th[e] world's progress, seldom break the deep silence of that remote region.

Bluff determined to make early and careful preparation for their fight with the river that season. On January 13th, William Robb, Joseph F. Barton and Platte D. Lyman were appointed as a committee on a building ditch, and making or finishing the community fence around their fields. Ditch work began February 4th, and was pushe[d] by a crew of eighteen men until April 2nd, when they turned in the water. It brok[e] promptly out, however, in a dozen places, and when they turned it in again about the 13th, with the banks well strengthened, the river went down, leaving the ditch high and dry.

Bluff and Montezuma were not the only places having ditches, for Moody, Barney, Woolsey and others, were running little farms, and enterprises, though one of them was in operation when the river raised on the 21st. That same raise struck the Bluff ditch again, in fact it struck so hard that one man complained on the 23rd, "Our ditch breaks so often that quite a force of men are kept busy most of the time repairing it."

In spite of the scarcity and high price of lumber, they made a headgate to hold the river from overflowing the ditch. But the river whittled the headgate out of the sand, and started it on a voyage to the Gulf of California. Hanson Bayles and others saw it going, and ran anxiously along the bank, trying to lasso it and draw it in. Their ropes fell uselessly in the muddy stream, and the headgate never returned.

Montezuma tried a little strategem on the wily San Juan; early in January, William Hyde began a great water wheel, sixteen feet in diameter and twelve feet wide. He had it in the river and started it going on the 29th of March, and all who saw were delighted. In an hour its buckets lifted 23,000 gallons of water into the flume, from which it was conducted out to their fields.

Montezuma began the new year with seven families, and they entertained great hopes while the water wheel continued. On March 28th, one of Mr. Harriman's little daughters died and, according to all information at hand, her's was the first deat[h] in the new settlement. They selected a place for a grave at the foot of the gravel mesa east of town, and that solitary little fence has marked the place these thirty-six years. For though the turbulent old San Juan, in its own time, wrought angry destruction among all the fields which had been made in its old dominion, it could not reach the little fence by the hill, and the little maiden's resting place has not been molested.

This first winter on the San Juan, though its particulars cannot be included in this account, is almost a continuous story of theft, pursuit and loss. The company had started for the new region with good herds of cattle, but the winter delay had reduced their numbers fearfully. Hanson Bayles started twenty-one head away in October '79, and six of them reached Bluff. Other herds fared likewise, and the precious remnant, along with the horses, were the loud-smelling carcass around which the Navajo and Ute eagerly hovered.

What would have happened but for Thales Haskel, is hard to guess. Haskel camped on the trails and the clues of these thefts day and night, and pled with the Indians for square deal. If ever he knew fear in all the perilous straights to which these trails led him, no mortal being ever knew or suspected it. He could employ their language to better advantage than the Utes and Navajos themselves, and his superior knowledge combined with his fearless personal bearing, to make him a person of awe and majesty among them. To the

many calls which Bishop Nielson made upon him again and again for this kind of work, he always responded cheerfully and willingly, "That's what I'm here for". Haskel never balked. In the hearts of those who knew him, he lives today, the pleasant recollection of unwavering fidelity.

Early in January, six men returned with five stolen horses, for which they were compelled to pay the Navajos \$2.00 a head, and it was decided to herd the horses thereafter, every day. But there was ditching and fencing, the cattle required care, every storm left the road needing repairs, and some storms left it impassable. The urgent call of all these things took the herder from the horses about February 19th.

In four days word came to the fort that the Utes had started off with some of the horses. Five men hurried up to Cottonwood Wash, and over the bench to the Butler, succeeding by riding into the night in passing a gang of Utes who had camped. The white men guarded the trail until daylight, and rode into the camp. The Utes were not in the least surprised to see them, and they had no horses but their own. The affair was sufficiently convincing, however, and the men of the fort started their herd again as soon as they could round up their horses.

The urgent call of other matters broke up the herd again, and again they followed the trail of thieves with varying degrees of success. A bunch of cattle were traced beyond the head of the Butler, and the Bluff men, going for the first time into the valleys east of Elk Mountain, were pleased with the country, and one of them wrote, "we have found a good stock range."

Late in March, Joseph Barton found Navajo Frank stealing three horses, but Frank left the horses and ran like a coyote as soon as he was seen. Kumen Jones, on another occasion, waded the river with his clothes on his head, in time to intercept Frank across from the Jump, which place he was passing with Mr. Jones' team. The old Navajo's method was to make a friendly visit to the fort, ascertain who was present, and then hurry off to his stealing before anyone had time to change positions.

With all his proposed friendship, he made bold to insult the women when no men were near. Being large and robust, he saw no reason why he should not be his own lawgiver whenever it was possible.

But Haskel's dark eyes caught Frank's one day, and holding the big Navajo to listen whether he would or not, proceeded with sage-like dignity to repeat the words of Erastus Snow. "If you don't quit stealing our horses, you will surely die!" affirmed Haskel, leaving the brevity of his speech to filter the more rapidly into the old thief's system.

Time passed, many months beyond the dates with which this chapter deals, and one day to the fort came a Navajo, stooping and slow. With labored step he sought out Haskel's cabin, and called eagerly for Haskel. It was Frank, his lungs seemed to have rotted completely away. "You write a letter to God", he began, when the gray bearded interpreter appeared, "tell Him I want to live, tell Him I will steal no more horses."

When Frank was seen three or four years ago, he was still alive to some extent, but the cavity where his powerful lungs used to be, looked as vacant as when he asked Haskel to write that letter.

CHAPTER XI

In the spring of 1881, John H. Thurman was tending a herd of fine horses near Piute Spring, east of Blue Mountain. Herds of cattle had also been located in that region, and west of there to Recapture Creek. About the last of April, Richard May took Byron Smith out to Thurman's camp to buy horses. One of the men, perhaps Smith, carried with him considerable money, which may or may not have helped to bring the fate which overtook them.

No white man knows how it came about, but they were killed by the Utes, their bodies were robbed and mutilated, and the Thurman cabin burned. Friends from Mancos buried two of the men, but Smith's body was not found.

The Utes ran with their plunder to the south, and of the fifth of May were discovered by Joseph Nielson among the horses on Bluff Bench. When they shot at him, he rode to town, entering the little fort with his alarm while a fast meeting was in session. A number of men counted post haste, and started up Cottonwood Wash. Among them were Kumen Jones, L. H. Redd Jr., Joseph Nielson, James B. Decker, Amasa Barton, Jess Smith, Hyrum Perkins, George Ipson and Johnny Gower.

At Boiling Springs, in the Butler they found thirty Indians, sixty squaws and papooses, a herd of sheep and goats, and a band of 150 head of horses. The Utes came stringing down from the rocks, and the Bluff men with L. H. Redd in lead, met them in the middle of the valley.

Eleven of the horses had been stolen from Bluff, and two of them had been gone a year. When the Indians saw the intention of the white men to claim these horses, they sent up a yell, and guns flashed quickly into sight. Old Baldy poked a great triggerless rifle into Joe Nielson's face, preparing to discharge it with a stone he held in his hand. This lumbering process gave L. H. Redd ample time to cover the old Ute with his revolver, and when all was noise and uproar, with guns drawn on both sides, another Ute appeared on the rock at Boiling Spring and called out loud and shrill in the Ute tongue, "They're Mormons, let them go."

Everything changed in a minute. The Utes gave up the Bluff horses and started up the canyon. Then L. H. Redd saw a squaw on a little blue mare, which had long been a pet in the Redd family. He ordered her off, uncinched the saddle, removed the bridle, and left her afoot. The squaw lifted her voice and wept, in fact she lifted it as high as possible, hoping by her lofty notes to bring the retreating warriors of her people; her husband ordered to cry more and louder. It was no use. Haskel's solemn words and piercing eye, or something else, had stirred in the Ute heart a superstitious fear of shedding Mormon blood when it could be avoided. She could have wept herself hoarse, they wouldn't stop.

It is notable in this connection, that no Ute has killed a Mormon in the thirty seven years of San Juan's history, though thirty non-Mormons have been slain in the county during that time by the Indians.

Next day the Mormons followed the Utes to the head of the Butler to prevent further depredation, and to take more careful account of the huge outfit, in which they found others of their own horses. The recovering of those animals brought about another quick flourish of guns, all of which went back into their scabbards without firing a shot.

The Utes had about forty horses branded quarter-circle JB, some of them very superior animals. "They also had plenty of greenbacks, to which they attached very little value." They had harness, lines, blind bridles and halters, and they claimed to have just been buying these things with the money given them by the government. Jess Smith and Amasa Barton each sold his hat, one receiving \$25.00 and the other \$50.00.

On their return from up the Butler, the Bluff men found many cows the Utes had killed, only to cut off the bag, and leave the carcass to rot. Besides this, they had caught and mutilated a number of calves.

In salting down in our memory the account of this affair in Butler, and others like it, we must not forget the defenseless little fort where women and children waited in anxiety and suspense. They watched the horsemen forms of their loved ones disappear over the sand hills, and they watched still for them to return in safety from the perils of the wide solitude all around. "How long and lonely were those nights when we waited," with the doleful murmur of the river echoing ever back from the cavernous cliffs. "How sweet the relief when they returned," and the gates of the fort closed behind them.

That Ute band traveled leisurely from the head of the Butler on to Elk Mountain--on down to Indian Creek, hunting and camping at will to start some time in June across Dry Valley for the LaSal Mountain.

In the meantime a band of sixty or more cowboys accompanied by soldiers, started in pursuit from Mancos. Near the Blue Mountain they disagreed, and the soldiers turned back. The cowboys found the trail of the Utes in Dry Valley, and followed into the LaSal Mountains, surprised and surrounded them, leaving the Indians afoot with their guns to hunt the shelter of the rocks.

Not content with this fine advantage, the white men rushed on with their gain to get the Utes themselves. It was a rash move. The Indians led them into a trap, got all their horses and most of their outfit, killed twelve men and wounded four others. But one Indian is reported killed in that fight.

The wounded men were taken to Moab, and when the posse returned to the place of the killing, they found their dead comrades laid in a row, with their heads in one direction. And besides these twelve, the Utes had discovered and killed two innocent prospectors, making a total of seventeen white men for this raid.

No Indian has ever been made to answer for the lives of these seventeen men. Poke boasts that he killed three of them, and his years of insolent safety since that time, have no doubt convinced him that it was a good business. Hatch, one of his kinsmen, fled to the Uncomphagre tribe, who gave him up to a camp of soldiers; he was seen by two Bluff men in a chain

gang at Gunnison, Colorado, but after being held six months, he was liberated to return afoot to San Juan.

CHAPTER XII

The spring of 1881 on the San Juan brought those dismal sand-storms which give you the blues if you're inclined that way, and make your eyes look and feel like kidney sores of a cayuse, inclination or not. About this time the people were startled to find their horses going blind, and did not learn until years later that it was due to their eating the weed known as "pig" which comes out earlier than grass on Big Bench.

When that thieving gang of Utes disappeared from the head of Butler Wash, and everything seemed normally quiet, a number of men from the fort, some of them with their families, went to freight between the railroad and mining camps in Colorado, to obtain food and supplies for the season. The railroad had reached as far as Arboles, at the junction of the San Juan and the Piedra, and was building westward.

This company of freighters left Bluff on the 9th day of May, and the few who staye[d] to hold the fort, preserve the ditch, and keep their animals out of the hands of the Indians, have a story whose particulars may not be included in this or in any other account. They had as yet no mail service, no store, not even a wagon road worthy of the name, to modify the stern features of their isolation. The Indians could have made a bloody smoking heap of them and their improvements, and had been a hundred miles away in their safest retreats, before the outside world heard the first inkling of anything wrong.

The day those freighters started for Colorado, Joe Nielson left to meet his father who was retuning to the settlements with four other families, among them, Nephi Bailey. These folks had a wagon load of grape-cuttings and young apple trees, which had leaved out and blossomed before they reached Bluff, but the precious plants were promptly and carefully set out, and are said to be still bearing fruit.

At least two of the new comers found it necessary to follow the freighters to the camps in Colorado, and Bluff realized small increase from their coming until fall. How that reduced company succeeded with the ditch, which may be guessed from the fact that in December they "voted unanimously to throw out all credits for work on the ditch, which is an entire failure." Bluff was still a "dry camp" only, with nothing in or around it to supply its people.

When Erastus Snow and his companions advised to build a fort, they included Montezuma in the requirement, and the upper town had her fort finished and were occupying in by June, in fact they may have been it in months before that so far as this history is informed. And in the spring of '81, though they may have felt no rivalry with the lower town, they had several reasons for hoping to excel her. They had no mail service, but they were fifteen miles closer to the post office at Mancos, they had a store, their merchant, William Hyde, was probate judge of the county. They had a greater population than before, numbering now ten families, and more important still, they had fooled the old San Juan into lifting thousands of buckets of water up into their ditch.

William Hyde's water wheel looked like a happy solution to the ditch question, and Harrison Harriman, Jos. L. Davis and John Allan, each proceeded to build a wheel for himself. They were all fairly successful on a small scale, and William Adams put a wheel in the river by one of the bottoms near Bluff. About the only successful farming done that year without a wheel, was carried on at the mouth of Recaptur[e] creek, by Hanson Bayles and the Decker brothers.

How soon after the fight at La Sal in June, the Utes found their way back to the river, is not known, but the settlers seldom lacked for some little affair with the Indians, to relieve the monotony of other things. About this time, Sanop's boy served notice on William Hyde that he desired to marry one of Mr. Hyde's daughters, and when Hyde objected, the young Ute became ugly and threatened to kill him. The Ute's idea seemed to be that the girl had no voice in the matter, the would-be bride-groom must get her father's consent, or in place of it his scalp, and the coast would be clear for the marriage.

As if the continual annoyance of Utes and Navajos were not enough to make life sufficiently interesting, there came also, every now and then, one or two white men adding their efforts to the sum of its interests. In September, two young fellows between twenty and thirty years old, one of them giving the name of Bob Paxton, rode into the fort at Bluff, and offered to trade horses. They bore a bad appearance being heavily armed, and no one accepted the offer to trade, though someone unthinkingly, as an excuse for not talking it over, said their horses were ten miles away in Butler Wash. This bit of information was more welcome to the strangers than a horse trade, and they soon left the fort, disappearing in the devious ways of the wilderness from which they came.

After a few days, during which fall showers had obliterated all tracks on the hills, it was reported that the horses had gone from Butler Wash. Long hours of hunting failed to discover their hiding place, but amule had gone with them, and faint traces of a mule's hoofs were found on the road leading westward from Comb Wash, at what is known as the Twist.

A council was held and of the few men in town, Bishop Nielson selected L.H. Redd, Hyrum Perkins and Joseph A. Lyman to follow the tracks of the stolen horses. A few miles beyond the Twist they became sure they were on the right scent, but they determined to give the thieves time to reach the settlements before overtaking them. By this means they hoped to find sufficient help to recover the stolen horses without bloodshed.

The thieves on the other hand, wished the meeting to be in the wilds of San Juan County, and were traveling slowly, halting in every favorable place for the ambush, and hoping each day to make out the forms of someone coming on the road behind them. In this slow race, the Bluff men first sighted Paxton and his companion, as the young fellows and their horses drove away from the west bank of the Colorado river at Hall's crossing, with the river between them, pursued and pursuers, formed plans for other action.

(Anyone having further information on the history of San Juan County, or any correction on the part already published, will confer a favor to the editor by sending it in.)

Still holding to their plan of allowing Paxton and his accessory to reach the settlements before interfering with them, the Bluff men took plenty of time in crossing the river, and purposely let hours slip by before taking the road up the west side. A little way out from the river the wagon road makes a horse-shoe bend around the point of a gravelly bench, across which there is a dim cut-off trail. Up over this cut-off road the men from Bluff came, and still eager to giv[e] the thieves plenty of time, they let their weary horses nibble the dry grass while they played jacks.

The outlaws knew nothing of this cut-off, but finding a good place for an ambush at the point of the bench, they took their outfit up on the road, tied solid to brush and rocks, and walking back, hid themselves in the broken rim, ready to shoot their pursuers when they rode up.

But while they waited, their pursuers concluded that game of jacks, bridled their animals, and riding into the road found the whole outfit of thieves, horses, packs, saddles, coats and vests, in fact everything but the men themselves and their guns. Puzzled to know what it all meant, they climbed out afoot over the hill, and cocking their rifles, crept carefully down to the outfit, loosed them from the brush and the rocks, and started full drive with everything back for the ferry.

It is supposed the thieves heard in their ambush the clatter of hoofs, but whether by that or some other way, they soon discovered what had happened, and came striding along over the sand after the outfit towards the river.

At the crossing the horses were turned over to the Hall brothers and Hyrum Perkins to ferry over to the east side, while L. H. Redd and J. A. Lyman guarded the road below on the river. The two men had no sooner taken their places on guard, than they saw a disturbance among the willows on the river bank below them. They could not make out just what was moving, but they shot at the disturbance as it traveled along and continued to shoot til everything became quiet.

In a few minutes the horses came stringing back down the road from where they had been cornered to go on the boat rounding them up, the two guards left the place they had been watching, and drive them back to find out what had gone wrong. The shooting had created a panic at the ferry, and nothing had been accomplished towards crossing the first load.

"It may be we killed them", said L. H. Redd, "but if we haven't, they'll soon be on the cliff straight above us, and we better get this outfit across as soon as possible."

They rushed the first load on the boat, crossed over and came back in safety. The second and last load pushed out from the bank with no hostile sound to break the river's peaceful murmur among its echoing walls. When they reached the middl[e] of the stream, still watching that gray cliff-brow, the lowering sun, two heads rose into view, and two white puffs of smoke sent two bullets singing peg into the boat.

The returned the fire. Two of the five men stood ready to shoot at the heads whenever they appeared, and between twenty and thirty shots left echoes rumbling after echoes in a continuous. Most of the bullets from above struck in the water, but one of them crashed into the seat so near an oarsman that he jumped from his place, and before things could be righted, the great flat boat had turned once around, and drifted towards the lower end of the bar, below which the river swept the base of the smooth wall.

While the boat returned their fire the thieves took no deliberate aim, shooting in haste and more or less at random. But when it reached the shore, and the little crew were too much occupied to respond, the men on the cliff made bold to draw a finer bead on their target.

The horses had been drawn out, and Joseph A. Lyman was pulling the boat up on the sand, when a bullet struck him in the leg above the knee, shattering the bone into a hundred splinters. L. H. Redd ran to his assistance, and proceeded to drag him up the sandy bank to safety. "I had to drag him three or four rods up that sand-bank, he says, "with them pegging at us all the time, and they kept up the fire til we reached the brush. It was the hardest work I ever did in my life."

"O boys!" yelled one of the thieves exultingly.

But the wounded man and his companions lay still among the brush and willows, until the sun dropped down behind the cliff and darkness covered the scene. The thieves came down to the opposite bank and shouted their desire to make some sort of compromise. The five men made neither answer nor light, but gathered their horses and prepared to move.

When they lifted Lyman on a horse, he fainted with pain. They tied his dangling leg to the cinch to keep it still, and moved quietly away to the winding road which leads up the cliffs from the river. The slowest gait brought torture to his shattered limb, and when they had moved six miles along through the darkness he begged them to stop. Around them lay a dry bench covered with black shadscale and the nearest water they had any knowledge of was in Lake Gulch, five or six miles away. They camped all the same, and the Hall brothers rode off in the darkness to find the lake and bring some water.

Though they had left the ferry boat on the east side of the river a light skiff remained still on the west side, in which the two desperadoes could come over and continue the fight if they chose to do so. To anticipate this movement, L. H. Redd rode back on the road from their dry camp and drove up a stake, on which he put a note saying, "If you follow us, don't shoot, but come into camp. We have a wounded man."

Then breaking a dry stalk from an ooce plant, he put it in Lyman's hands saying "if you need anything, and I'm asleep, just poke me with this stick." How often that stick was employed in that long night of torture, may only be guessed.

When the Hall brothers returned, they brought a short log which they hollowed out like a trough, open at both ends, and in it they placed the mutilated limb that it might be held straight and protected from the painful jolting.

It was impossible to go on the next day. Hyrum Perkins started alone to bring help from Bluff, a hundred miles distant, and the dry camp prepared to make the best of a barren solitude until that help should arrive. They made a trip to the lake every day for water, and did what they could to allay the pain of the[r] wounded comrade. "But we couldn't keep the maggots out of the wound", says L. H. Redd, "they seemed to develop in one night, and we washed them out every morning."

1881

CHAPTER XIV

On to that shadscale bench where Joseph A. Lyman and his three attendants counted the weary hours, came Pahlilly the Navajo, and some of his friends. They inquired the wherefore of the sick man, and listened to the story of the fight and the journey in the darkness to that desolate place.

"You go clear to the lake for water?" asked the Navajo, and when they assured him that they did, he took up a bucket and started away on a run. In a few minutes he returned with a bucket full of the precious liquid, having gone to some little tanks in the solid rock of a draw near by. No more trips were made to the lake, and the strange little water holes are still known as Jody's Tanks

The Navajo next inquired sympathetically, what they were doing for the wound; nothing, they didn't know what to do. He directed them to poultice it with mashed prickly-pear leaves, the virtue of which was apparent from the very first application.

As Hyrum Perkins urged his weary horses on towards Bluff, he met Mrs. Thales Haskel, George Hobbs and others, going back in a light wagon to the settlements. After hearing his message they hurried along to the shadscale bench, arriving there October 5th. The wounded man had lain three nights on his blankets without his wound having been dressed. Mrs. Haskel being an excellent nurse, proceeded at once to attend this matter, after which he was placed in the wagon, his leg in the wooded trough they had made, and they started slowly away for Bluff.

At Clay Hill they met Bishop Nielson, Mrs. Annie M. Lyman, and the sick man's mother. The journey down Clay Hill over the unmerciful places between there and home, was a slow prolonged nightmare, followed in the little fort by another nightmare which reached indefinitely into the winter. Numerous splinters of bone were dug out of the ugly wound, and they continued to give painful annoyance, and to require removal for twenty-five years. Joseph A. Lyman has been a hopeless cripple since that unfortunate second of October, when he became a living martyr to the cause of law and order in San Juan County.

On the 3rd of that October, when Paxton and his accessory had spent the night without a bed, and had it brought forcibly home to their consciousness that they had neither horses nor saddles, blankets nor food, not even their coats and vests, in the pockets of which were their note books of obscene poetry, they began to prospect the bank for something to relieve the situation, and found the skiff in the willows.

Whatever their reason for not crossing to the east side and continuing to fight, they made no such effort, but pushed out into the current, floated off down the river. At Lee's Ferry the little skiff came to the bank with but one man, carrying his own arms and the arms of the other man as well. What became of that other man we can only guess, being guided by the probability that he would cling to his guns as long as he had life.

The surviving man met there at Lee's Ferry, and enjoyed the hospitality of Amasa Lyman, brother to J. A. Lyman. Going into Parowan he was entertained by another brother and in northern Utah, so subsequent events prove, he met still another brother of the man shot at Hall's Ferry.

As nearly as can be learned, he is the man who was afterwards shot dead in a restaurant in Idaho, just as he deposited in his face a spoonful of hot potatoes. The wherefore of the shot is not known, someone in the killing business seems to have discovered that he needed killing, and attended promptly to his needs.

The fall of 1881 found the Bluff ditch little better than no ditch at all. It had but a few inches of fall in its entire length, and it became a long settling pool for silt-laden water, until it filled up level between the banks. This resulted in break after break besides the sand washes which opened up their old channels across it, or buried it under sand with every shower of rain. Every head they put on that canal was whittled promptly away by the old San Juan, until the canal in general, and its head in particular, was "without form and void." The place of the first head was converted into a quick sand bed for the river, where the leaping waves fell back on themselves in noisy exultation over their victory.

The length of the ditch and its amount of fall had been determined by the junctio[n] of the cliff and the river immediately above the first head. A new canal must be built to tap the river at a point higher up, a canal with enough fall to carry at least a part of its sediment out into the fields. To do this, a place must be made for it along the 100 rods of smooth rock swept by the river. It would cost from \$12.00 to \$50.00 a rod, an enormous amount for the poverty stricken little colony to raise.

All the same that ditch had to be built, or Bluff had to be abandoned. They began on the huge task November 1st, not realizing even then, that all the toil and pain of the first ditch stood for nothing, that before there could be any such thing as valid stock in a canal company, the canal would have to be made a foot at a time.

1[8]81-1882

CHAPTER XV

To prepare for the ditch along that one-hundred rods of smooth rock swept by the river's current, they began hauling logs and brush. They extended the bar between the cliff and the stream, by building from the end of it out into the water, a square of logs like a house, then filling its walls with brush and stone, and covering it over with earth. Walking out over this first house, or crib, they built a second crib, filled it up and built a third, holding close to the rock, from which they turned the river, crib at a time.

The distance to be covered by this slow laborous process, would have bred despair in a community that had not learned to work as ants work on their hill, taking it as a matter of course that they must begin at once to repair or rebuild the demolished precincts of their homes.

Figuring a crib no more than a rod in length, there was a hundred of them to be built, which called for thousands of logs. Not pine logs, with any inclination to be straight or uniform, but logs from the ramshorn trunks or limbs of the gnarled old cottonwood.

Putting them together in the cribs was no doubt a heavy tax on the men assigned to that task. It is not improbable they united by main strength to hold some of these most crooked stocks still, while the brush and stones were jammed in around them. Even then these tortuous members lay ready, with a little help from their kinsmen the river, to come writhing from their prison, and go twisting and rolling in glad somersets down the streams.

Orrin Kelsey is still known as the man with a wonderful knack for fitting cottonwood logs together, and he must have been a bright and shining light from the first of that November, until in the spring of 1882, when those cribs were finishe[d.] Departing a little right here from the story, Kelsey still has a warm place in the hearts of those who shared with him the hardships and weariness of those early days.

From the gravel bench above the cribs, those ant-like toilers slid down thousands of tons of earth and stone, to fill in the rude house, and form a foundation for the ditch which was to make Bluff a possible place of human habitation for at least another year.

On December 3rd, Edward Dalton of Parowan arrived in Bluff as a special missionary, sent by President John Taylor to visit the little colonies, "and counsel with them relating to their labors and prospects on the river". He visited Montezuma also, but the main problem was the Bluff ditch, which was shown him from its proposed head to town.

He was made acquainted not only with the tremendous undertaking of building the cribs, but with the unsettled question of stock in the ditch. Men who had toiled there from the first, figured that surely their hard labors were represented in ditch stock, but those coming could not, for the life of them see any ditch to represent the claimed stock. Nothing was visible in that line, but the canal surveyed November 1st.

After hearing the pros and cons of this difficulty, Edward Dalton met the people of Bluff December 10th in the log meeting house and pointed out that the first ditch was a dead horse, in which no one could afford to buy stock. "At his suggestion the settlers vote unanimously to throw out all credits for work on the old ditch, which is an entire failure, and count as valid only that done after November 1st on the new ditch."

This understanding brought satisfaction and good feelings to all concerned. Some of the men were rebaptized that afternoon as a pledge of their renewed efforts, and Brother Dalton started home that same day, having accomplished the purpose of his long journey.

Just how many men were in the crew to begin the cribs, is not certain, but on December 6th, after five wagons had returned from Utah, and a number of freighter[s] had reached home from Colorado, the men in the fort numbered twenty-five, close count, But they could not go all at once to work, the cribs were more than two miles away, the ditch headed four miles from town, the women and children could not be left alone, and there was a horse herd demanding continuous attention.

Exempting the last week in December, which was spent mostly in hauling wood and looking after cattle, the work at the cribs went on without interruption, being taken up without delay in January.

The last of the freighters returned about holiday time from Arizona, making a total of thirty-two men in the fort. Christmas and the New Year were duly celebrated with meetings and dancing, the ground was dry and bare, and the weather very pleasant.

When Bishop Nielson made up his annual tithing report, it was found that Bluff had paid \$760.00 for the year. This, divided among the thirty-two men of the Ward, would represent an income for the year of about \$237.50 each. But when we recall that Montezuma was a branch of the Bluff ward, to whose Bishop they paid their tithing, the annual income is found to be still smaller to the man. It is possible too that some of them put a more narrow interpretation on the law of tithing than the people who have since made Bluff famous for the huge sums representing a tenth of its annual increase.

On February 2nd, J. H. Mahoney, special U. S. Mail Agent, arrived in Bluff from Utah, to investigate the necessity of mail service from Mancos. He was favorably impressed with the situation and promised to recommend that the service be installed at once. Platte Lyman accompanied him to Montezuma, from which place he went on to Mancos with John Allan Jr.

On the 20th, Kumen Jones and L. H. Redd accompanied Thales Haskel over the river and into the Navajo country to recover stolen cattle. They spent five days hunting and inquiring, but found only three ponies belonging to Bluff.

These trips after stolen animals were very common, though it is difficult to get them lined up with dates, and distinguish them, one from another. However, a similar journey was undertaken by a number of men on the 2nd of March, to recover a bunch of horses supposed to have been stolen by Navajo Frank. They located the old thief, and took from him one pony. No trace of the other horses could be found, though they neglected the ditch seven days to continue the hunt.

On March 10th, when John Gower was found to be nearly dead with consumption, he was started off for Cedar City with Hyrum Perkins. The hundred and seventy-five miles of wilderness through which they had to go, might suggest that a better way could have been found. Possibly so, Their intuitions and instincts were more keenly whitted to the occasion than ours may possibly be at this late date. The trip was made successfully, and we shall attempt to frame no argument against success.

Horse-thieves, hostile Indians and the domineering old San Juan have almost cause[d] us to forget the little swarm of children in Bluff and in Montezuma, who should be going to school. But the County Superintendent, Kumen Jones, did not forget. In the Fall of 1880 he had them promptly rounded up in the log meeting house, laying the foundation for such scholastic training as the new County could afford.

Miss Harriet Parthenia Hyde, afterwards Mrs. Amasa M. Barton, taught the school at Montezuma; and Miss Ida Evelyn Lyman, afterwards Mrs. H. Joseph Nielson, taught the school in Bluff. Of the names and number of the children in the upper school there is no accessible record, but in Bluff there were between thirty and fifty youngsters, representing all the five grades of that day, where "readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic" constituted the massive corner stones in learnings splendid temple.

Of those youngsters in that first Bluff school, we have the names of Charles E. Walton, Jr., Francis Nielson, Caroline Nielson, who is now Mrs. Wayne H. Redd; Lucinda Nielson, now Mrs. Frank H. Hyde, Magnolia Walton, now Mrs. John Bailey; Leona Walton, now Mrs. Francis Nielson; Mary Jane Perkins, now Mrs. Heber Wilson.

It is reported that the school of 81-82 in Bluff, was taught by Charles E. Walton Sr. The old log house had come to be known locally as the school house, though it was not provided with many of the charms intended to lure the young idea from the pleasant haunts of his truancy. It did not turn the wind where they boys hadn't contrived to poke out the chinking, for a secret communication with the blessed outside; but when it rained, or when the snow melted, there were few strictly arid zones under the dirt roof. And sometimes the monotonous regularity of the drip, drip, from that roof, was relived by the sliding through of a gob of mud big enough to fill an old shoe.

On the 26th of February 1882, "Uncle" George Sevy having moved away, Kumen Jones was called to succeed him as First Counselor to Bishop Nielson, and L. H. Redd Jr., became Second Counselor. In the following April, the San Louis and San Juan Mission was divided, and Platte D. Lyman became President of the San Juan Stake, which included corners of Colorado and New Mexico.

The Co-op store was organized in Bluff on April 24th, with Platte D. Lyman, President; Jense Nielson, Vice-President; Charles E. Walton, Kumen Jones and Hyrum Perkins, Directors; L. H. Redd, Secretary; Benjamin Perkins, Treasurer. The store opened on the 11th of June, stocked to meet the needs of the people in the fort, and to trade with the Indians. Joseph A. Lyman was salesman. On the 6th of the following November, the store declared a ten per cent dividend.

The ditch, and those hundred rods of cribs, began in November, 81 monopolized the working force of the fort all winter. In March, with the end of the job still far away, they began in their weariness to wonder whether there was not, in all this broad San Juan County, a better place to build a town, and cultivate the soil. This talk resulted in a meeting where it was agreed to send three men on an exploring trip towards the Elk Mountain. The days they spent were to be credited as so much time on the ditch.

Joseph F. Barton, Platte D. Lyman and Orrin Kelsey explored what they called the "Little Valleys", east of the mountain, located the most promising stretches of land, and started on westward to explore the mountain. They missed the Indian trail which leads up from Milk Ranch, and had to leave their horses at the foot of a rock-bound hill. But they climbed up afoot, walked over the Elk Mountain to the head of Dark Canyon, and back that day to their horses. They seem to be the very first white men to enter that region, and they found it, with its forests of grass and brouse, vastly different to what it has become since.

Whatever new hopes may have been aroused by these locations in the Little Valleys they were abandoned on the 2nd of July when a visit to the water there found it altogether too low for irrigating purposes.

Sometime in April the Bluff men heavy a long weary sigh and turned the water in the ditch, upon which they had spent more than five months of hard work. The stream trickled nicely along until it reached the cribs, and there it disappeared. That foundation of houses and brush and stone, covered over with sand, was too porous to hold water. The tired men scratched their heads and scowled, they had learned to believe and disbelieve with every arbitrary decision of this arbitrary old river. But after a long time, the stream progressed a little, and they knew the place would hold when it had filled up with sediment.

The water reached town on April 29th, and all hands made a rush to prepare a little ground for planting. The river came up over their temporary dam, whittled out their headgate, and carried away, by May 6th, thirty rods of their ditch above the cribs.

Some of the ants in that fort-hill may have been discouraged, but they still acted like ants. On May 8th, one of them wrote, "Yesterday we decided that our only hope for a crop this season, is in making a new ditch at the head. So today we have commenced laying off 214 rods of ditch, which will have to be made before we can get water in town. This makes our ditch five miles long from the head to the fort."

And out of that fort went all the able-bodied male ants next day, to make 214 rods of ditch. By their determination, and by that other quality, which Bishop Nielson, in his broken English called the "stickiti tooti", they opened the newest ditch, May 27.

The water came down again, and they proceeded to the land with plows and seeds. They planted a variety of things, and a liberal acreage of corn and sorghum. About July 22, we read: "The river is down, and all hands are cleaning out and deepening the ditch," but they kept the water.

In the fore part of that month, the Utes shot down some of the Bluff cattle in Butler Wash, and stole a number of horses, which the Navajos brought back and returned to their owners.

On September 13th, Kumen Jones, Platte Lyman, and Benjamin Perkins went down the river to hunt cattle stolen by the Navajos. Crossing over at Rincon, they traveled up Chinle Wash to the country of Chief Hoskay, from which they took five head of Bluff Cattle. Recovering these animals had to be

accomplished by persuasion only--any gunplay would have been courting trouble.

August and September had been fearfully dry, but rain broke loose on the 16th, and the next day a booming stream came down Cottonwood Wash, and spread out over much of the best crop in the Bluff fields. The situation looked awfully dubious that day, but next morning the flood had gone down, leaving the corn and sorghum standing in an unapproachable sea of mud. It could not be hauled soon enough to escape the frost, but the corn and fodder served a good purpose just the same, and the sorghum went duly through the mill, and its justice became number one molasses.

The cane haulings, the sweet odor of boiling juice, the fermenting piles of pomace and those never-to-be-forgotten candy pullings, that took in all the kids and lasted until the small hours of the morning came to Bluff every fall for years thereafter, with the regularity of the yellow leaves.

1882

CHAPTER XVII

Sometime before the summer of 1882, John Holyoak settled at what became known as Peak City, from a prominent peak on the hills near by. It was also known as Holyoak, and had a Post Office and a store to trade with the Indians. Peak City reached the summit of its glory as a settlement in the spring and summer of 1882, when John Robb and James Dunton joined Holyoak in his efforts to redeem its waste places. But Robb and Dunton gave it up in October or November, and the remaining settler moved sometime later to Montezuma.

A short paragraph is about all this history can devote to that unfortunate enterprise, though the particulars of its perils and hardships, the hopes of its settlers when they came, and the adverse conditions attending their departure, would no doubt make an interesting story. Its lonesome cabins and its rude chimneys became the doleful abode of rats and chipmunks, until the pestilent river whittled the sand from under them, and scattered their logs along winding banks.

Montezuma made a little growth in those first two years; besides a man named Robinson moved in from somewhere, the Allans came from San Louis Valley in June 1881, and this original settlement still had reason to hope for first place as to size and permanency among the town of the county.

It seems they had no such distress as the people in Bluff with the water question. While the lower colony went to the end of its wits and its strength in building the cribs, and hunting in vain in the wishwashy quicksands of the valley for a permanent head to their ditch, the upper colony relied on its waterwheels, which had been giving great satisfaction. Father Allan is reported to have said of his wheel again and again, "It's aya fine, I'd wish nothing better."

Sometime in November, '82, a Mrs. Peter Tracy was murdered near the mouth of McElmo. The deed was charged to the Navajos, a great stir was made about it by certain men living near by. Soldiers were sent from a post in Colorado, and they camped for sometime near the scene of the tragedy, county officials went in accordance with their obligation to make an

examination of the premises. These officers were never convinced by the appearance of the body, nor by the way it was buried into the ground without their permission, that the Indians were guilty.

Tracy's body was buried near the river, which afterwards cut into the grave and washed it away.

About the time of Tracy's death, a fracas between white men and Utes somewhere above McElmo, resulted in the shooting of a Ute, and prospects of a serious outbreak. The particulars of this affair seem to be lost.

Though the Utes refrained from going on the warpath, they shot down quite a number of cattle belonging to Bluff, leaving the cattle to rot where they fell. At the same time, feed being short on the reservation, the Navajos brought their flocks of sheep over to the north side, skinning the county as they went, and scattering the stock of the settlers away into the breaks and trees. To the petitions of the Bluff people for protection from these disastrous invasions, the Indian agents informed them that the Navajos had as much and perhaps more right in San Juan County than the Mormons. In this connection, it should be said for Captain Dority and later for a Captain Williams, that they recognized the claim of the colonies for protection from these hungry Navajo herds, and ordered the red men and their animals back to their own side of the river.

It is recorded that on the 7th of November, 1882, an election was held in Bluff to vote for Territorial Delegates to Congress. Thirty votes were cast, every one of them for John T. Caine.

The monotony of the water question in Bluff might have been relieved a little, if there had been a place to anchor a vessel (wheel). No such place could be found along those shifting banks. In the fall or early winter, they began on their ditch again, hoping by much time and earnest effort to secure their work against the river. During December, January and February, and indefinitely into the spring of '83, they concentrated their man-power on that ditch. Their returns for these hard efforts, both in their immediate and their more remote future, are almost too discouraging to tell.

Yet Bluff was growing in numbers. In November and December of '82, two good sized companies of settlers arrived from Iron County, Utah, and by January 15th, they had fifty men at work on the ditch, and nearly fifty families in the fort.

They celebrated Christmas and the New Year as only people who can find such celebrations sweet respite from grinding labors in weary wilderness. Their children thronged the old log school house during the day, and the place became the scene of many a merry party in the long winter evenings. The entertainers who applied their talents for the comfort and cheer of those occasions, still live by their words, their music, or their acting in the memories of men and women now scattered from Canada to Mexico.

Charles E. Walton was comedian, tragedian, or anything else the stage demanded. Brother Samuel Cox, known as "Ginger", from the color of his long patriarch beard, could fiddle and sing until he beguiled his hearers into blissful forgetfulness that they had ever wandered far away from the permanent haunts of men to this strange region. "Uncle Ben" Perkins could

dance and frolic like the spirit of old Wales on a lark, and sing "Pull for the Shore" or "Nora Darling", with the proficiency that gets indelibly into the memory.

About the last of January, Heber J. Grant, and Brigham Young, Jr., of the Quorum of the Twelve in the Mormon Church, came to Bluff as special visitors, by way of Burnham, now Fruitland, New Mexico. The people of Montezuma joined in the two days of meetings, where the whole situation was reviewed, and the mission given encouragement to make a fresh start.

In December, '82, great excitement had spread through San Juan and away into distant states, over the reports of a wonderful copper mine southwest of Bluff, which was said to have sold for a quarter of a million dollars. Numerous outfits of various kinds, going to and from the rich region, passed the little fort very often during the winter, sometimes reporting new discoveries of fabulous richness.

1882-1885

CHAPTER XVIII

The early history of San Juan County is wrapped up in the history of Bluff, and the history of Bluff, is to a great extent, included in the war which was waged, the attacks and counter-attacks, the plots, surprises and defeats along the battle front on the Bluff ditch.

As stated before, the people began in November of December, 1882 and worked at the ditch until spring, with a force which sometimes included fifty men. On May 7th, 1885, one of them wrote, "the ditch requires almost the entire attentio[n] of all hands. The water has been in the fort, but owing to the constant breakage of the banks, nothing has been done yet towards plowing or planting."

And that constant breakage seems to have gone on with little to relieve the monotony until June. Under date of July 4th is written, in the diary referred to above, "everybody has been busy for a month planting, and now the head of the ditch is filled two feet deep with sand and will have to be cleaned out before we can get any water."

This cleaning held the attention of all hands ten days, and anyone who has worke[d] a whole day in the blinding heat of those gray cliffs, will recall that a day is not counted so much in hours as in quarts and gallons of streaming perspiration. Let no one assume to tell or deny it who has not had gallons and gallons of actual acquaintance with it.

If those toilers experienced any satisfaction at getting the water in after it broke out, they must have been much satisfied, for they turned it in afresh every so many times each month. "The ditch has broken a great many times" says the diary, for August first, "and the crops have suffered seriously in consequence."

It seems that no decisive stroke or drive was made from either side in the fight, and there was no stay of hostilities until the close of the irrigation season in the fall. And when, while the solons of the fort held council of war in the log school house, the river muttered in diabolical communication with itself about a plan for maintaining its absolute supremacy.

Of that council in the school house, held December 3rd, we read "In the evening a meeting of the irrigation company was held, at which an entire new board of trustees was elected, and a tax of \$29.00 per acre was levied to complete the ditch. This swells the tax to \$69.00 per acre, making a total of \$48,300.00 on 700 acres, and the end is not yet."

When we discover in the wake of these things, a sentiment bordering on discouragement, we must not be startled; but let that rest for the present, to consider other things which happened in that year 1885.

Late in April, or early in March, the Navajos brought a stock of measles to the two forts, and many children took the disease. One of Marriman's boys died at Montezuma on the 7th of March. It should be explained here that the solitary little fence, near where Montezuma used to stand, encloses the graves of the little girl and her brother instead of the little girl only, as at first reporte[d.]

Between the fifteenth and 20th, Samuel Rowley's little boy died in Bluff, and was the first to be buried in the present cemetery on the hill above town. Roswell Stevens and others had been buried in the sandhills to the west; but their bodies all but one, were removed to the flat top of the gravel hill, where a great company of those early pioneers have since lain down to their last sleep.

About the middle of March, Benjamin Perkins, Samuel Wood and Platte D. Lyman went with a team and a wagon and some saddle horses to the Little Valleys to build a house and a corral. They found the country pretty much occupied by the sheep and horses of four Navajo families, whom they persuaded to move back towards the river.

It seems the improvements these three men began, were later included in what became the Milk Ranch. But their efforts at improvements were cut short the third day when, in the evening, they saw two Utes driving some Bluff horses. They followed the thieves until dark, and in the morning they followed the tracks to the pass between First Valley and Comb Wash; feeling that they should get word at once to Thales Haskel, and finding it uphill business to guard their horses and make any improvements at the same time, Platte Lyman rose at once to Bluff and the others moved the camp after him.

Haskel and three other men left on the 21st, returning two days later with two horses they had taken from the Utes. But they had seen nothing of the horses which were driven through the pass to Comb Wash. As soon as possible, he took five men and went again. Accounts of this second trip seem to be lost.

The Utes looked with ugly disfavor on the efforts of the colony to stock the range and though they cherished this excuse for stealing horses and eating beef, they had emphasized their feelings, after every unpleasant contact, by shooting cattle, and leaving them to rot on the hills. In answer to the Bluff men's efforts to build in Little Valleys, the Utes stole more horses, and when Haskel, by his magic personality, took these horses back to their owners, more cows were found dead on the hills. In July Thales Haskel and Kumen Jones, having been selected as missionaries to the Indians, made a special

trip among them, studying their language and their customs, explaining the purpose of the settlements on the river.

Every year was demonstrating more clearly, that if the colony was to survive, it must have something more reliable than the Bluff ditch. To discover this more reliable something, there was a growing eagerness with all concerned, and on the 2nd of August, Kumen Jones, Hyrum Perkins and Platte D. Lyman started on an exploring trip to Elk Mountain.

In the Little Valleys they met a band of Utes headed to Mancos Jim, who registered his sullen objections to any white man entering this last splendid hunting ground where the Ute reigned supreme.

The Bluff men tried their powers of persuasion, and the Utes began a council among themselves. Whatever the prevailing sentiment in that council, the decision probably went by default, when the three explorers pushed on toward the mountain.

But they knew no trail, they had been compelled to leave their horses and go it afoot when they tried it before, and now they must find an entrance to this unknown region, besides hazarding the possibility of hostile acts from these savages who could easily cut off their retreat, these savages whom they had displeased by going on towards the mountain.

But among those Utes was a slender youth, who, according to his own story, had imbibed from Haskel a pronounced friendship for the Mormon settlers. That youth was Henry, and he deserves honorable mention as a peacemaker, who held to his worthy policy from that day forward.

When the explorers had gone over the hill and out of sight from the Ute band, and were wondering which direction to take, the youthful Henry came dashing up from one side, and showed them the trail. Farther on he appeared again like a hovering spirit, told them more about the trail, and again disappeared. He followed them thus cautiously, showing them the trails, and the choicest places of Elk Mountain.

On the mountain the three explorers met Moancopy Mike and his disciples, all of them "heap mad". They looked down their black noses, and pushed out their flannel lips in rank disapproval of this unwarranted attention. Getting Mike alone, the Bluff men sounded the depth of his terrible mad, with a big slice of bread and molasses. When he had munched the last of it, with a perfectly audible relish, he looked better. "Now little bit mad," he affirmed. They took the hint; another slice would cure him. "Me no mad," he grinned after that second slice, and went on to say how the others were angry without a cause, but he was "tootich tickaboo."

The party went on by Wooden Shoes to within twenty-five miles of the river looking for a place to make a road, but no such place was there for them to find. However the waving grass on the mountain seemed to suggest the very policy which has since given Bluff something vastly more substantial than that ever failing ditch.

That Co-op store which the Bluff people organized in '82, dovetailed into their affairs like a thing made to order. It paid well from the first. They bought Navajo wool and pelts and blankets, loaded their freight teams to and from Durango making the freighting so profitable that each stockholder seized eagerly on his turn when it came to make the trip. This local freighting, and revenue from the store, provided a way for the people to stay in San Juan long enough at a time to make a start in the cattle business which afterwards became their strong hold.

On the freight road and on the range, they traveled and rode in companies of two or more for the mutual protection it gave them against the Indians. They were too few in number to wage successful war on the river unless they made a united attack, and they had neither means nor time to fence each field separately. So their fields were enclosed in one fence, the burden of the ditch fell on all alike, and mutual consent, and mutual interest, determined the nature of their effort at home and their journeys away. The store had to be a co-op, its books lay ever wide open, with all its accounts perfectly good. Besides this cementing actio[n] of the Church within, and the repelling stillness of the wide solitude without, united the little community together as a family, who mourned or rejoiced over the success or misfortune of any one of its members.

The Navajos came with their produce to trade in the little log store, which was generally surrounded with a motley tangle of cayuse saddle ponies, rawhide ropes, bundles of wool and pelts, and snarling mangy dogs. Trading was, to the Navajos, a rather festive occasion, deliberate and long drawn-out. They camped near by until it was finished to their satisfaction, crowding against the rude lumber counte[r] in noisy talk and laughter, and always a stifling cloud of tobacco smoke. Besides that first dividend, which the store declared when it was less than five months old, on May 7th, 1885, when it was still less than eleven months old, it declared another dividend of twenty-five percent.

In that summer of '83 the fort was broken up. Men began moving their houses out to their town lots, leaving the much trodden little area, so long the sanctum and security of the people, to be plowed as part of a private garden. The clang of Amasa Barton's mighty hammer, as he fashioned the iron at his forge, was no longer the musical clock-tick of the whole community, and children who had frolicked together like lambs of a herd, thought it rather strange for each family to occupy a little reservation of its own.

But above the success of the store, and above every promising aspect of the colony loomed the dark cloud of failure and heavy expense on the ditch. Discouragement dimmed the achievements of the water wheels at Montezuma, and grew into general unrest. William Hyde resigned his place at the head of the Montezuma Branch, and started a store at Rincon, ten miles below Bluff. He was succeeded at the Branch, and also in the position of Probate Judge of the County, by John Allan, Jr.

In September, Marion Lyman, of the Quorum of Apostles, and John Morgan, President of the Southern States Mission, attended a Quarterly Conference in Bluff. They looked at the ditch, and listened to adverse reports of the situation, but made no definite recommendations. The feeling of unrest grew as fall advanced, and many of them, as they stirred their boiling vat of

molasses, believed they would never boil sorghum juice on the San Juan again.

In October, President Platte D. Lyman went to Salt Lake City, by way of Durango, Pueblo, Salida and Gunnison County, and reported the mission to President John Taylor, and the General Authorities of the Mormon Church. "They were somewhat divided," he says, "with regard to continuing that mission, under the unfavorable circumstances which have so far attended it."

In December, a letter came from Erastus Snow, releasing all who were dissatisfied but implying that the Mission should be maintained. Most of the men came down from Montezuma and attended a meeting, December 3rd, where "propriety of leaving the place was freely discussed." When it was put to a vote, the majority wanted to remain, at least to try the country another season, though some were in favor of staying whatever the next season should bring forth.

With the question thus settled by vote, they proceeded to improve the homes, haul wood, and prepare for the winter. A building crew began a fourteen foot extension on the log school house, sawing out the end thereof, splicing and adding other ram's-horn logs to lengthen the devious walls around what served for ten years thereafter as a stage. To what extent the performances on that stage are responsible for the fact that Bluff really endured, may only be guessed. The spiritual, society and educational life emanating therefrom, was life indeed to the drooping mission.

With the new stage ready December 22, they prepared a holiday celebration calculated to chloroform all discouraging memories and revive the splendid chivalry which danced on the bare rock, and relished a diet of parched corn on the Colorado three years ago.

They had programs and parties, they danced and sang and even the glad peal of wedding bells were added to the music of their celebration. The murmur of the menacing old river, and songs from Indian camps beyond it, mingled in the genial accord with the echoes. A military blast from Charles E. Walton's bugle, returned in sweet response from the cliffs, and announced the hour of each event. It is related that the home of Kumen Jones was crowded to its capacity with a dinner party, and that Theodore Moody and Laura Barney were married on Christmas Day.

1884

CHAPTER XX

The winter of 1883-84 brought many storms, more often rain than snow. Early in January, the feed became so poor on the range near Bluff, that 255 head of their cattle had to be moved in to the Lake Country near the Colorado River.

They began sometime in the winter to remake the ditch, and aside from the death of two babies, nothing happened to break the steady monotony of their labor. Joe Nielson's first child, a girl, died in January and Kumen Jones' first child, a boy, died in February.

The showers became more frequent in February, and heavier and more frequent in March. By the 15th, the river had raised seven feet, cutting away

and filling up great sections of the newly made ditch. A dark raging torrent, loaded with drift and stinking loud with filthy sediment, came roaring from Cottonwood Wash, backing up ten inches deep on the floors of houses in the southwest corner of town and the fort. It played sad havoc with a lot of pig pens and chicken coops, buried a great quantity of shocked corn deep in the mud, and deposited a foot and a half of worthless white sand on some of the choicest farming land.

As that time the floods from Cottonwood spread over a wide level delta to the river, cutting no channel at all. Sometime afterwards, the people ran several plow furrows straight down across the delta, and the place is now marked by the wide sand wash bounding Bluff on the west.

In the fore part of March, while on a trip into the Lake country to look after the cattle, Platte D. Lyman, L. H. Redd and John Adams, explored Red Canyon, hoping to find a better way for a road to the settlements. They found no impassable place in the canyon itself, but where its box opens into the gorge of the river, there is no opening in the opposite wall. They spent sometime prospecting afoot and found what seems to be the mouth of White Canyon, through which a road has since been built to Dandy Crossings, and up on Trachyte Creek.

In April the rain came in showers more violent than before, and the flood water from Cottonwood raised to a higher mark in the houses.

On the 20th, Mitchel and his son-in-law, who lived five miles from Montezuma, had trouble with the Navajos, killing one and wounding two others. They sent at once to Fort Lewis for soldiers, but the two settlements and especially the lone farms were at the mercy of the Indians if they had chosen to take vengeance on them. At that time, Mrs. Jane Allan and her four small children were alone on a farm about four miles from the place of the trouble. Old Peejo, a Navajo, came to the opposite bank of the river and called up to them, telling them to stay home, and assuring no one would be hurt unless they went away.

When the Navajos knew the soldiers were coming, they moved back two days journey from the river, and did not venture to appear, even in Bluff until May 4th. It is worthy of mention here that they realized their quarrel was not with the people of the two settlements, towards whom they maintained a friendly bearing.

The heavy showers continued in May, and floods from the hills ripped the new ditch crosswise, and filled it with sand in a manner truly disheartening. As if this were not enough, the old San Juan, reveling in its supremacy, tore the headgate from its moorings, took back for its own wallowing ground the country around the head of the ditch itself cover "most of our labor this past winter."

By May 20th, the people had very little hope left of establishing themselves permanently on the river, and meeting together, they wrote a letter to President John Taylor, "setting forth some of the obstacles they had to contend with, and asking for a release from the mission, unless suitable help were forthcoming to enable them to stay. The letter told their sacrifices of

effort as compared with their returns, and was signed almost unanimously by the people.

So far as Bluff itself was concerned, then or since, from a monetary view point, its heaviest totals have ever been in the wrong column. It was a mission, not an enterprise for gain. Its people went there to honor that call, and they wanted an honorable release before moving elsewhere.

And still the rains descended, the floods came, and the old river seemed bent on retaking every acre of its ancient dominion. By June 8th, it reached a mark higher than ever before in their acquaintance, taking the water wheels of William Hyde and William Adams, away to mix with the first heaps, or deposit in the distant Gulf of California.

Sometimes the water ran down the Bluff ditch, but there was little planted for it to irrigate, the people expected to move away as soon as their release had time to come. The range was unusually good, but times were dull, and money scarce.

The flood season reached its height about June 18th, when its black torrents raised two feet above all former records, and came with a roar and a crash of waves and drift to make a drive which should put all former efforts to shame. It wiped most of the remaining ditch in fury off the map, and whisked its mighty drift log over the place in vicious satisfaction. It snatched the remaining water wheels from their anchors at Montezuma, or buried them up in the sand. It swept Mitchel ranch acre by acre with all improvements, into the shapeless heaps and banks along its course. The water stood two feet deep in Adams' house in Bluff, and four feet deep in the store buildings of the Hyde trading post at Rincon.

There was no cottonwood tree, not combination of trees too big above Montezuma, a stream headed down between the houses and the cliff leaving them on an island in the river with the water up all around. Mrs. Jane Allan, her small children and "Auntie" were there alone, and "Auntie" tried with a fire shovel to turn the water from the house; as well as call "Whoa boy" to that ripping river. The flood soon stood a foot deep in the house. Some of the chickens took to the trees, others went swimming away or tried to ride the jostling drift.

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the two women and children watched the passing current on all sides, wondering what was to become of them, as they stood in the water or perched on chairs or tables.

Bob Allan, one of the boys, was at Montezuma fort when the big rush came, and realizing the peril of the folks at home, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed up the river. Into the stream he rode, and made his way to the houses. How much higher the water would raise, and how soon the houses would go, no one could tell. Hitching a team to buggy, he tried to drive to the bank, it was too deep there was danger of the buggy turning over. Getting back to the houses again, he mounted his horse, tied one end of this lasso rope to a molasses boiler, and getting as many of the folks in the strange ark as it bid fair to carry, he began towing them towards the bank, the lasso was made fast to his saddle-horn. That box-like iron-bottom boiler was by no means a safe ferry boat, yet it answered the purpose, and after three or four

trips the family and some of their household stuff was safely landed on the bank.

Then the Allans built a rude shelter of cottonwood limbs, to fend them from the fierce June sun, and watched to see what the stream would do to their homes. There was Mrs. Allan's home, "Auntie's" home, and the home of John Allan, Jr., each comprising two well built log houses. As the river fell, it began to cut, and swerving out from its natural course, reached for the houses until it undermined and carried away the last one, and then, as if with premeditated plan, it left the north side of the valley a worthless patch of white sand, and confined its water to the south side.

At Montezuma, it ate up the fort, and reached with cutting current for the houses which had been too high for the flood.

Harriman's house was built on a rock, and when the river had accomplished its angry purpose and retired in contentment to the south side of the valley, that house was the sole surviving mark of what had been Montezuma. The fields and orchards were no more. The site of Montezuma was a yawning gap in the sand, with an extra cove in one side which seemed to have been made to take in William Hyde'[s] house, the newest and best home there, and the very last one the river could reach.

Thus with poor little Bluff, despoiled and watersoaked, the only place to escape the complete vengeance of the river, the San Juan Mission awaited the release which they felt sure President Taylor would soon send them.

1880-1884

CHAPTER XXI

The history of the Blue Mountain cattle range, if it could be written, beginning in 1878 and running into the latter "eighties" , would furnish accounts of adventure galore, of cowboys and Indians and thrill and "firewater" to hold the most dainty reader. The Indians knew where to run to dodge Uncle Sam, and the white men, in many cases had already sought this wilderness to escape the displeasure of the same offended Uncle Sam. The Utes doted on the west side of the county as a secure retreat after any stunt of devilment they might see fit to pull off; and the cowboys were vain of their authority, and often overbearing in its authority.

Pat O'Donnel is said to have been the first cattle owner in the new region, having brought his herds in 1876 to the country south of Monticello, where grass waved on the hills like a field of wheat. George F. Hudson came in 1880, and later bought the O'Donnel cattle. Wilson, a man with one arm, located stock along Recapture Creek, afterwards selling to Lacy whose herds were known indefinitely into the "nineties" as the L. C. outfit. The Hudson cattle were bought by Harold Carlisle, who represented a strong element in the County for twenty-five years.

What is now Carlisle Ranch was one of the earliest cowboy headquarters, and South Montezuma, now Verdure, was a favorite camping ground.

At verdure, between the first and seventh of July, 1884, a cowboy found a Ute wit[h] a cowboy horse, when he roped the stolen animal, Brooks, as the Ute was called, flourished a knife, though he did it with nothing more desperate

than to cut a rope. It is likely that other features developed in their quarrel, but the cowboy shot Brooks through the face and neck, and took the pony in question to camp.

The wounded Brooks roused his tribesmen like a nest of hornets are roused by an invader. The cowmen soon discovered the approaching storm and made hasty preparations to move. According to Joe Nielson, who was riding there at the time, when they went into the corral to catch their horses, bullets whistled uncomfortable near on every side.

Fearing that his presence in the fracas might aggravate the Utes to hostility on his folks in Bluff, Joe Nielson rode down Verdure Creek, on down Montezuma Canyon to the river, and to Bluff, covering most of the distance in the night. He was accompanied on his ride by Fred Taylor, for whom he ever cherished a warm friendship.

The outfit's only objection to Nielson and Taylor leaving alone, was the perilous nature of the undertaking. They expected by holding together, to move in safety along the wagon road to Bluff, and accordingly loaded their camp wagon, hitched on the big mules and started.

Their numerical strength is not clear. It is more than likely the horsemen guarded the wagon as it proceeded, and somewhere near what is now called "salt lick", two or three miles southwest of Verdure, the Utes opened fire from ambush on different sides. Chances of escape seemed poor indeed. The mule team dropped in the harness, and seeing but one show, the cowboys bolted wildly in several directions. They lost most of their saddle horses and some of their saddles; Dolf Lusk was wounded in the thigh, and another man in the foot.

The Utes took from the load whatever suited their fancy, burned the wagon and headed for Elk Mountain.

Somehow in the confusion of their retreat the white men found each other, and getting more cowboys and some soldiers from Colorado, were pursuing the Indians with flying colors in about a week from the day of the trouble.

But those Indians appeared to be in no hurry at all, and leaving themselves to be seen, and leaving their stolen horses to straggle back, one after another, as a luring bait to their pursuers. Across Elk Mountain and off into White Canyon they led the way, and the furious posse followed stupidly in their wake, apparently with no thought of being lead into a trap. The wonder is they fared no worse. Whatever blame may attach to the redmen, they certainly refrained from most of the cruel advantage which their knowledge of the country gave them.

On the south side of White Canyon, they climbed a steep narrow trail to a lofty shelf, and stopped, called to their pursuers to come on. Still blind to the game, as the red men played it, the leaders of the posse rushed for the hill, but when their two foremost had entered the trail, they were shot from above without seeing anyone at whom to return the fire.

The two men dropped in their tracks, and their comrades were forced to the shelter of a ravine in the rear. It was the fifteenth of July, and hour after hour

in the burning sun, the two men called in vain for water. No water could be taken to them, and their associates of the long chase cowered behind rocks, unable to assist or retreat until sheltered by nightfall.

It is related that in the evening, the Utes came down to gloat over their suffering victims, whom they worried to death with their wolf-like dogs.

The pursuit was at an end, the Indians had chosen this place to send thei[r] enemies back to Bluf Mountain, and back they went, beaten and humiliated, leavin[g] the bodies of their two comrades to the ravages of wild men or wild beasts. A stone marks the place where their bones are buried, and around it kind hands have built a rude fence of dry limbs.

One of the unfortunate men was a scout named Worthington, the other a cowboy named Wilson, though more familiarly known as "Roudy".

On to the south, over Mossback Mesa, traveled the victorious band of Utes, they had defied Uncle Sam, they had given his uniformed soldier to their dogs, and left him and his companion to rot as dead animals in the July sun. It was a dangerous precedent as other white men have since been forced to realize.

Where that band crossed North Gulch, at one of three wonderful sandslides known to certain men of the wilderness, Joshua Stevens afterward found a silver watch. That it had been taken from Wilson or Worthington is not improbable, though it was never identified as belonging to either of them.

South of the North Gulch, in the Lake country, the hostile band found the Bluff[f] cattle, and waited to have a fat blowout, and perhaps to dance and sing the victory and invincibility of the Ute war god. They shot down cattle in various parts of the range, using parts of some of them, but not as much as touching the carcasses of others.

When the Bluff men took stock of the situation, they failed, with all their intuitive scout craft, to find out by which way the Utes had left the country. No tracks were left to tell that part of the story. It is possible in that part to ride miles as a stretch without leaving a footprint behind, and the whole band had disappeared as so many spirits from their group of brush wickiups, around which their trails, bones, cowhides and dead fires could not be mistaken.

They had left like "the wind which bloweth where it listeth", and gone to the still safer vastnesses of Navajo Mountain, to remain until all hopes of Uncle Sam'[s] justice should fully evaporate from the minds which might have expected to employ it.

1884

CHAPTER XXII

Barring the cattle killed by the Utes on the Lake range, the Bluff people were lef[t] entirely out of the fight which began at Verdure. The policy of the settlers, as defined by KHaskel, had given them a peculiar immunity from attack. Haskel's declaration to the Utes that they would die as a result of their lawlessness, had already been brought forcibly to their attention by the unexpected death of certain of their huskiest braves, and a tacit understanding in favor of the white settlers began to develop in the Ute mind.

They hadn't quit stealing, some of them haven't quit yet. Any such radical improvement is too much to expect of one generation. But they had conceived a certain superstitious respect for the Mormons, a respect too positive in its operations to be overlooked or mistaken even by the cowboys around Blue Mountain.

While the Verdure quarrel still hung fire, Kumen Jones and his wife, returning from northern Utah, met certain cowboys at Carlisle's ranch. "Any Indians between here and Bluff?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Plenty of 'em," declared one of the cow men.

"Any danger in traveling the road?"

"Not for your people."

"The Indians won't hurt us if they know who we are" said Mr. Jones, and traveled on to Bluff in safety.

After the big flood in June, waiting for the desired release became to some extent the monotonous order of the day, though the monotony was relieved by a general preparation to leave as soon as the word should be spoken.

As to Montezuma, its people had already been pretty much liberated from the place, at least their houses and land had been released for them, and had gone away with the current towards the distant Gulf of California. Some of the Montezuma people moved to Bluff, but more of them moved back among the settlements of Utah.

The Bluff people dug their haystacks and corn shocks out of the mud, where they were not too badly rotted to be worth the trouble, and some of them raised a littl[e] crop. Many of them were busy making preparations to move, or trying to think out a possible plan by which to remain.

A committee was appointed to look at ditch No. 2, near the head of Yellow Jacket in Colorado, with the view of settling the Bluff people there in a body. The prospect looked favorable but when the owners quoted it to them at \$30,000, they had to give it up, not being able to handle a deal of that size.

On July 23rd, a letter to Jense Nielson announced that Joseph Smith and Erastus Snow would be in Bluff on the 23rd of August. Platte Lyman and Thales Haskell drove up the river in a light wagon to meet them, and people came from Mancos and other places to attend the meeting. But the visitors failed to arrive, and the waiting continued. On August 6th, word came that their visit would be made on September 26th.

The Utes had often told about a fine valley northwest of Blue Mountain, and on August 12th hoping to find "the ram caught in the thicket," Bishop Nielson, Thales Haskell and others went with a pack outfit to find the wonderful valley, and see whether it was a fit place to reestablish the San Juan Mission. The valley, since known as Indian Creek, impressed them favorably in a general way, but its patches of land were badly scattered to be safely farmed in an Indian country, so the proposition was dropped for the time.

On August 15th, eleven men with their families, started back to find homes in the old settlements. Preparations to leave had included so nearly every man,

that no sale could be found in Bluff for things not easily moved, not worth hauling very far. Their homes, land and improvements would have to be abandoned, but they took loads of pigs, chickens and furniture to Mancos, and tried to dispose of them there. One company of these freighters were on their way out with logs to Mancos, and they met Joseph Smith and Erastus Snow going to Bluff. At the same time another small company of men had gone in haste to the Lake range to save thei[r] cattle from that hostile band of Utes.

Joseph F. Smith and party reached Bluff earlier in September than they had at firs[t] intended, and as a result they found but few of the people at home. But their meeting in the old log house was eagerly sttended by all who could get there. They intimated, at first that they had come expecting to release everyone from the mission, and that their findings had confirmed them in that intention. Later on, however, quite a different thought came over them, they declared they felt impressed to hold the mission. They released with their blessings whoever wanted to go, "but they who stay will be doubly blessed," declared Joseph F. Smith. Turning to Bishop Nielson personally, he promised him prosperity if he would remain.

The Bishop was then over sixty years old, and is said to have had insufficient means to have cancelled his obligations if he had been required to make prompt settlement. It is also of at least passing interest, in this connection, that at the time of his death, he was worth \$20,000. Also other Bluff men who had but little at that time became very comfortably situated in later years.

The visiting authorities reproved of the people for their carelessness, told them they could have raised better crops that year if they had tried, and gave them distinctly to understand that San Juan had something good in store for all who had faith to apply themselves to it.

Preparations for the general move were effectively checked, though a number of families left the fore part of October.

The little colony, reduced in number, began taking account of the devastation around it and making plans to rebuild the ditch, replace the missing sections of fence, and correct the other damage done by the flood.

---unreadable text--- Bishop Nielson directed his determined energies to the task of maintaining the life of the mission in spite of Cottonwood Wash and anything and everything which threatened its existence. The Bishop's preparation was not in vain, for we shall see that unlooked for forces were waiting to menace the existence of the little colony, as soon as the crisis seemed to be over. "When I move from here, I expect to move to the hill", said the Bishop, indicating the cemetery on the hill above town.

1884-1885

CHAPTER XXIII

Bishop Francis Hammond of Huntsville, in Weber County, was released from his Bishopric and called to preside over San Juan Stake. Bishop Hammond had been a sailor, had traveled once or twice around the world and hunted whales in the Arctic Ocean. In California, at the time of the great gold excitement he heard the doctrines of Mormonism, joined the church and traveled over mountains and deserts to Utah.

His splendid energies had been employed in many important positions, and though the call of San Juan came as a complete surprise, he began preparations at once to make the move. Not waiting for spring to open, he started by rail for the new region, but hearing of impassable snows around Blue Mountain, he traveled on into Colorado, and back by way of Durango and Mancos to Bluff.

When the spring opened, he was followed by his family, including the families of his sons Fletcher and Sam. William and George Halls, Mons Peterson, Joseph E. Wheeler, Wilmer Bronson and others, moved from the north to San Juan with their families, at the same time or soon after the coming of the Hammonds.

In the winter of 1884-85, O'Donnel and McAllister, and a Mexican named Bonedita, brought their sheep from New Mexico to the country near Bluff. The people protested against their coming, but finding their protests unheeded, they formed a company and bought part of the sheep. The others returned to New Mexico and came no more to San Juan.

The sheep industry in San Juan dates from this buy, and has done much to relieve the situation which seemed so intolerable in the spring of '84. The herds became the property of the San Juan Co-op, under whose management they were run until in the nineties.

The purchase of these sheep, the natural increase of cattle and the fact that Hammonds and their friends had brought other cattle to the country, called for more range, especially summer range. The Blue Mountain country was pretty much occupied by the L. C. and by the Carlisle cattle, and all eyes turned to Elk Mountain as the ideal and only place for their stock in summer. But the Utes, more numerous than they have ever been since, would surely object, and they would emphasize their objection by making an indiscriminate slaughter of cattle if they were placed on the mountain without their permission.

To overcome this difficulty, and achieve their ends by peaceful means, "there was a big pow-wow held with all the Utes and Pahutes that were come-at-able at that time, and a treaty of contract was entered into with them, by which on our part were to pay the Indians two or three hundred dollars in flour, merchandise and ponies. And with the exception of Posey and one or two others, the Indians lived up to their part of the contract very satisfactorily, "and I think that was the turning point in the career of Mancos Jim" says Kumen Jones.

The way that mountain was eaten up by cattle and sheep from the day of that treat[y] to the coming of the Forest Service, probably made the old Indian's head swim, and he perhaps found difficulty in recognizing it as the same verdant forest wher[e] he hunted deer and hid from all pursuers.

When Francis A. Hammond came to preside over the San Juan Mission, the first task was to find something more substantial than the variable ditch at Bluff. For tha[t] ditch, a perfect model of inconstancy before the flood, was to say the least, no better thereafter. There were but two things for which it could be safely truste[d] it would go dry at the head when the retiring old river

chuckled to itself half a mile away, and it would fill up with sand and break when the river didn't retire.

After ascertaining to his entire satisfaction that no permanent head nor ditch bed could be found along the river, the President began taking stock of the surrounding country. Kumen Jones, Fletcher Hammond and John Allan were sent to look at the land along the Mancos river south of Mesa Verde, but they found nothing of which to make a favorable report.

President Hammond, William Halls and others, went on an exploring trip over White Mesa, into Johnson Creek and Recapture, over the Elk Mountain and along the creek east of Blue Mountain. The President became enthused over the outlook on White Mesa, predicted for it wonderful development and a big population. Riding to the top of cedar knoll, he waved his hat and declared it the most beautiful scene in all of his travels.

Below the junction of Johnson Creek and Recapture, he selected a place to begin a ditch, and dedicated the region for that purpose. They made a preliminary survey but later in the season when they returned to find the creek bed dry as a bone, the enterprise received a paralytic stroke.

It is interesting to note in this connection, that twenty-five years later, the Recapture Canal headed and built very nearly on President Hammond's survey; and though the creek bed is still dry at the head of the ditch late in every season, the ditch is worth \$75,000.

On the creeks east of Blue Mountain, the President saw great things for the future and resolved to plant a colony there as soon as possible. That fall, still looking for a place to colonize, he and others bought several ranches on the Weber couth of Mancos. The Halls brothers. Joseph E. Wheeler and others established there a Branch of the San Juan Mission.

1885-1886

CHAPTER XXIV

In 1885, the last settler moved from Montezuma to Bluff. The floods of the previous year had made this move inevitable, but vestiges of the general wreck justified the presence of one family another season, and John Allan stayed to have what could be saved. It is reported that on some of the ground previously flooded he found a great crop of luxuriant volunteer melons.

Sometime in '85 or earlier, a little company store was established by J. F. Barto[n] and others at Sand Island, two miles below Bluff. They sold 80 to San Juan Co-op, and J. B. Barton became interested with his brother Amasa, and with the Hyde brothers in a store at Rincon. Though William Hyde himself was running a trading post at Peak City, his establishment below Bluff had grown since its beginning, and had a herd of sheep grazing in Comb Wash, and over what is now calle[d] the Barton range.

In February, 1886, Frederic I. Jones, according to his own account, was called b[y] President Hammond to settle at Blue Mountain. In June he met the President on North Montezuma, intending to locate the own of the south bench, but after looking the situation over, they decided on the present site of Monticello, and retiring to a cedar knoll west of there, the blessed the country for development and settlement.

They turned the creek from its channel to fill the letter of the law, and began surveying the ditch. The main part of the summer was devoted to the rich bottom land near what is now Verdure, where 300 acres were fenced.

In February, 1886 four men straggled in from nowhere, and camped near the mouth of McElmo, on the San Juan. They gambled with the Navajos and assumed a good deal of ugly authority, being always heavily armed, and making themselves hated and feared for miles around.

When spring opened they went to Dove Creek and applied for a job. Bill Ball, the foreman, a whole-souled generous fellow, received them kindly and fed them until such time as his need for men would justify paying them wages. While they ate at his camp and during the short time they rode with his men, they were sizing up the situation, and secretly maturing their plans. One day word came to Ball that the four strangers had gone, taking with them his best horses, including his own favorite animal.

Bob Allan was riding in Butler Wash one Sunday and seeing an outfit of men and horses, he started towards them, but they motioned him away with their guns, and threatened to shoot if he approached any nearer. Riding in haste to Bluff, he beckoned some of the men out of the old log house where meeting was in session, and told them what he had seen. The gathering was soon dismissed, and Bishop Nielson advised that the mysterious outfit be overhauled.

When eight or ten men were ready to start, Bill Ball and three of his cowboys rode into town hungry and tired, and asked for help to recover their stolen horses. After a hasty meal, the posse hurried out westward over the sandhills, and some of the Bluff men had not thought to remove their white Sunday shirts, which would make them conspicuous targets for the outlaws.

The names of the men in this posse are not all of record. Ben Bishop was one of the three cowboys from Dove Creek; and Kumen Jones, Hanson Bayles, Samuel Wood, James B. Decker, Alvin Decker, Joseph F. Barton and Bob Allan were among the number from Bluff. Ball was elected captain of the posse, and they headed straight for Navajo Trail. Having no provisions nor pack outfit with them, they sent J. B. Decker and Bob Allan to bring supper from Rincon, and overtake them at Comb Wash, up which they expected to ride post haste.

But from the top of Navajo Trail they saw the thieves unsuspectingly taking supper in the spring near the bottom, their guns stacked to one side, their horses out browsing on the greasewood. Ball ordered five men to hold the horses of the posse, and placing J. F. Barton and Alvin Decker in a commanding position behind a rock, he took four or five men with him and crept down near the spring, where he drew a fine bead on the thieves. They were at his mercy, he had only to say the word, and they would have to surrender or die.

But something in the big heart of Bill Ball pled for the four rogues, trapped as they were like rats in a hole, he thought he might get the horses without hurting the men. "Let them go", he said, "we'll ambush them farther up the wash."

They went. It was nearly sunset as they rode away, and one Bluff man was so displeased, he left in disgust and went home.

Ball arranged an ambush, and when they had waited silently a long time, they saw two horsemen and prepared to shoot. But they discovered and not a minute too soon, that the horsemen were J. B. Decker and Bob Allan coming with the much needed supper from Rincon.

The thieves had evidently gone out on the hills to the west, and the posse tracked and hunted in the darkness and alkali dust, believing once or twice they were near the object of their search, but never knowing anything definite. Late in the night they halted above Road Creek, and waited, bridle-reins in hand for the dawn.

With the first light of day, they discovered a packhorse on the hills east of the wash, and from that horse, looking westward to where they came from, they saw the thieves. The two outfits had held their horses not far from each other most of the night. That packhorse, and more of the equipment, as subsequent discoveries proved, had been hurriedly left by the desperados when the posse drew near, just as they had begun to unpack in the darkness of the night. But the posse did not see what had happened, and took no advantage of the situation.

"We'll have a chase", said Ball, as he and his men sighted the thieves on the hill[s] westward. Taking with him the six men who had the strongest horses, he sent the rest of the outfit straight for the Twist, figuring, according to the best knowledge of all present, that the Twist was the only known opening through the rim of the great cedar mesa forming their horizon on the west.

The chase became a heated race for the broken rim south of Road Creek; sometimes the four figures could be seen toiling desperately across an opening ahead, and other times the pursuit had to follow more slowly, hunting tracks. But the desperados disappointed all expectation that they would turn toward the Twist; they headed for what is now Dead Bull flat, and it was fore apparent every mile that they knew just where they were going.

When Samuel Wood's pony wilted, he stopped, leaving six in the pursuit. Then a horse half-dead with exhaustion, and reeking with one blotch of foam from his head to his tail, was left by the fleeing outlaws. And near him, flesh side up on the bare rock, lay a sheepskin, having written large upon it with charcoal, "For God's sake don't follow us any farther, we'll have to kill you, out horses are about played out."

But that sheepskin and its message, alas, were never seen until the outfit came slowly and sadly back from the chase.

1886

CHAPTER XXV

As Ball and his men followed these tracks among the scattering cedars, they found where the thieves had separated. Hanson Bayles and J. F. Barton took the tracks to the right, dropping down on some bare rock where they were delayed in the chase, but they found a water hole for which they had developed a flaming need.

The company of the left trail rode straight ahead, and soon discovered the tracks coming back from behind, but Bayles and Barton were left behind, Ball rode in the lead, he knew the chase must soon come to an end, but he knew no fear of harm. Had he not befriended these men, and trusted and fed them? Surely they could not find it in their hearts to hurt their benefactor. Ball expressed all confidence that the thieves would give up if they were pressed a little harder.

The trail led up a side hill towards a ledge, on which were the old walls of a cliff-house. Only the upper end of the trail could be seen from the house, the rest being hidden by the trees. When Ball came in sight on his mule, a volley rang out from the tottering walls, and he fell with a bullet through the lungs. Another bullet wounded the mule at the same time. J. B. Decker, and the other two men backed down the hill to find a shelter, and when one of the horses dropped, Decker dropped behind it. Sheltered from the wounded man's friends by the unevenness of the hillside, the thieves came out to where Ball lay, "Who's following us, Bill?" demanded the leader.

"By G-- I was one of 'em", and the helpless foreman looked gamely up at the face of the men who had thus repaid his kindness.

They robbed him of his six-shooter and his spurs, dragged him to the shade of a tree, and went on up the hill, feeling safe from further pursuit. They had come to San Juan over secret trail across lower Grand Gulch, and they were but retracing their steps according to a pre-arranged plan.

Decker and his two associates, Bishop and Allan, started back down the trail with the wounded man, meeting Bayles and Barton near the foot of the hill. They heard the shooting, and had had a tempting chance at one of the men on the ledge, but being too far away to make sure he was not one of their own men, they refrained from shooting.

They had gone with Ball but a little way before he begged them to let him stop, and asked for water. Having neither canteen nor buckets, they took one of his boots, and all being desperately dry, Barton stayed with the wounded man while Bayles piloted the others to the waterhole. There was no delay in getting the water into that boot, and starting back with it on the keen run, but the foreman died a few minutes before it reached him.

They carried his body down near the water, and buried it in a shallow grave. That night at Rincon, they met the rest of their company who had waited in vain most of the day on the trail at the Twist.

From the scene of their dastardly crime, the four outlaws made all possible speed to complete their escape. But they had lost a good share of their ill-gotten gain and one of them, in answer to their murderous fire on the hillside, had been struc[k] in the forehead with a bullet; it had grazed the skull without breaking it, had jarred the brain, and produced a nervous shock which made hard riding difficult and distressing.

By landmarks remembered for the purpose, they found their way through the cedar forest to the secret crossing of Grand Gulch, and proceeded by Cow Tank for Red Canyon. The wounded member of their gang could stand it no

farther than the tank, and taking him to an out-of-the-way spring among the rocks, they left him some food and bedding, to wait there and take his own chances until they could return. Hurrying on to the river, they hired Cass Hite to take them over, and plunged into the fastnesses of Henry Mountain, to hide until their pursuers should give up the hunt.

When it became known among the many friends of Bill Ball that he had been killed by the beggars who enjoyed his generosity, a hot desire for revenge sprang up among them, and eighteen men prepared to follow the trail. They called at Bluff for a guide and Bishop Nielson sent with them, Kumen Jones and Amasa Barton. Mike Coancopy was also hired to help follow the trail.

That trail was two weeks old. They followed it by Cow Tank to Red Canyon, though they saw nothing of the solitary invalid, not knew until a long time afterwards that he stopped in that region.

Going down Red Canyon to the river they found Cass Hite, and being hungry for vengeance on the murderers of their friend, they accused the old man of helping the guilty to escape. They covered him with their guns, demanded to know where the thieves had gone, and swore they would hand him unless he told them all about it. Jones and Barton had known Cass Hite, and they pled his cause, pointing out that in taking the thieves across the river, he had done only what he would have done for anyone else, without learning whether their purpose was good or evil.

The chase was abandoned. A country without telephones, nor roads, nor permanent places of human habitation, is a natural paradise of thieves, as subsequent years have demonstrated. Be it white man or Indian, with a knowledge of the country, let him get a start for western San Juan County, and the game is his. He can dictate terms to his pursuers, or leave them dead on the trail.

From their hiding place in Henry Mountain, the thieves hunted by their guilt, wrote later in the season to Cass Hite, saying "They are still following us, don't know how long we'll last." It is claimed one of them was killed shortly afterwards, as a result of some new trouble. But one or more of them was true to wounded man left at Cow Tank, and returning, took him away sometime during the summer.

The body of Bill Ball was removed from its shallow burial to Bluff, and placed duly in the cemetery on the gravel hill above town. A gravel mound marks the place, and though no stone was ever raised to bear an inscription, the many friends of the brave foreman will cherish his name in their memory.

1886

CHAPTER XXVI

It would be unfair to the people of San Juan to omit mention of a bill presented to Congress, which had for its object the making of a Ute reservation in San Juan County, Utah. The possibility undid at once the thing so lately accomplished by the visit of Joseph F. Smith and Erastus Snow. The element of uncertainty in the life of the mission returned, like a chronic ailment returns, after the short-lived effect of insufficient medical attention.

The blighting weight of this question mark hung heavily on every undertaking in the County for the next seven or eight years. Men of today, who look with critical eyes at the efforts made in those years in Bluff and around Blue Mountain, should make full allowance for the paralyzing effect of this Reservation Bill, pending in Congress. There was little inducement to launch out and improve, when the Utes themselves were pointing out which house and farm they would claim when the Mormons had been removed.

In spite of these things, President Hammond built a substantial stone house, with two rooms and a shingle roof. Its striking contrast to the mud-roofed cotton-log homes of the town may be guessed from the idea of a little girl who asked her mother if all the houses in Salt Lake City were as good as President Hammond's house.

In spite of the reservation question, Bishop Nielson always said stay. He repeate[d] that he had helped build six towns in Utah, that Bluff was the most difficult of them all, and that here he wanted to spend his remaining years.

It would hardly be right to say the Bluff ditch was the same as before, unless it be with the understanding that the troublesome institution was never the same during any two successive months of its perilous existence. It called for scraping, shoveling, riprapping, and a great many rare qualities of persistence and benevolence, which were sometimes at a rather low ebb.

The riprapping, a process of fortifying against the river, by laying loads and loads of brush and small tress along the bank, and weighting them to their place with other loads and loads of stone, denuded many a bar of its thrifty young cottonwoods, and cleaned up the ready stone from the base of the cliffs. But the cottonwoods sprang up again like so much big hay, and the cliffs required only a little dynamite to replenish the supply of stone. As against this endless supply, the river always whittled away the riprapping, making an endless demand, and the process could have become co-eternal with the river, but for the need of eternal men to keep it going.

No history of the Bluff ditch should progress far without mentioning Hyrum Perkins; not only because he traveled on the trot and never tired, but because he grew into the workings of that ditch as a vital part of it, and was the heart which propelled its life blood, twenty-five years later.

The hopeful plans of 1880, which contemplated twenty miles of farms along the river, simmered down to the Bluff ditch, and even that was too much. At best it watered only seven hundred acres, and the number soon dwindled to three hundred.

But somehow the work, the failures, and the hardships, tasted sweet to the people "I think we were as happy, and possibly more happy in our poverty", says Kumen Jones, "than we are now in our prosperity. I think too, we are just as good, and perhaps better men then than now."

With all their Indian troubles of early and later years, a rough-hewn understanding gradually took place between them. The Indians knew the Mormons stood for law and a square deal, and the Mormons knew the Indians could be relied on to help nail any white outlaws who took refuge in the country. This became a whole some factor in turning away desperadoes, who

otherwise would have infested the rocks and canyons like mice in an old granary. But they feared the whites because of the Indians, and they feared the Indians because of the whites.

The settlers learned too, that the Indians have a peculiar conscience and standard of honor, to which they adhere more or less in all their affairs. "If you find them stealing, you can whip them like a dog, and they take it. But if you don't know, and still you blame them they put up a fight. If you trust them, they feel honored and will not betray the trust. If they find you want to treat them like human beings, they appreciate it more than most white men," says Kumen Jones.

It may be positively stated with no fear of successful contradiction, that a feeling of kindness for the red men of both tribes prevailed in Bluff. The chorus of their "Hi ya ya", as they sang and danced in their camps, inspired neither fear nor anger in the hearts of the settlers. The performance was often watched by a crowd of young folks, who now in their middle age remember with kindness most of the braves who took part in the dance.

It is claimed that C. E. Walton, Sr., taught the Bluff school in 1886. In that year Willard Butt ran a dairy at what has since been known as the Milk Ranch, and the Barton-Hyde sheep were summered on a part of Elk Mountain.

While at his dairy alone one day that summer, Willard Butt was visited by old Whiskers, who pulled out a long gun and ordered dinner. The fact that no "chuck" was cooked made not the least difference, Whiskers wanted dinner. Seating himself comfortably he followed the unwilling dairyman with his gun while the "chuck" was being prepared, and then munched it down in great satisfaction.

The cook naturally formed a fierce resolution to return the compliment with compound interest at the very first opportunity. That opportunity came when Willard met the old Piute alone on Dodge Point, he remembered the resolution, considered the stooping figure of the old man completely at his mercy, and let him go his way in peace.

The memory of the accounts of those quiet days in early Bluff leave a real regret that they should never return. The days when Samuel Cox led the choir, when fervent words of encouragement sounded from the old log house every Sunday, when "Sister" Haskel was the nurse, the doctor and the surgeon for all the sick, leaves fond images and echoes which may never fade.

One man relates that as he passed the log meeting house on a hot summer day, a friendly old cow, having sought the shade inside, stood peacefully chewing her cud in the open doorway.

1886

CHAPTER XXVII

The Rincon store, which was begun in '83 by William Hyde, came to include his son-in-law, Amasa Barton and others. As early as the spring of '85, Amasa Barton moved there with his wife and babe, took over the management of the trading post and began making improvements.

He contrived a treadmill, run by a donkey to raise water for his little farm, and later put in a water wheel. His home and his store buildings were located on a low ledge, safely out of reach of the greatest floods, and all his improvements were prepared with rare skill and patience. Few men have made cottonwood logs look more like they really had a right to be used in a wall, for Barton was a natural-born mechanic adapting himself to every new field of his activity.

On the 9th of May, old Eye, a presumably friendly Navajo, with whom they had been acquainted for years, came to Rincon early in the morning, bringing with him a younger man, a stranger, whose face indicated that he was a bully and a bad character. But no one suspected them. Eye came as he had many times before, for he had traded with them and worked for them, and their business had always been mutually satisfactory. It was while working for Barton months earlier that this Navajo had been struck with a flying gad and lost one of his eyes, hence the name.

When he came to the trading post early on the morning of May 9th, it was to make an exchange for some jewelry his wife had pawned in the winter. But he offered in exchange only a broken pistol which was of uncertain value, and Barton refused to accept it.

When breakfast was ready he took them to the house and fed them, after which the three returned to the store and continued the wrangle over the pawned jewelry. Eye and his friend became ugly, and insisted on making the exchange whether or no. Barton had no gun handy so he ordered them out of the store, and started from behind the counter to see that they went.

By a quick movement they lassoed him around the neck, and tried to drag him over the counter, he was large and powerful, and the effort resulted in a delayed struggle. Hearing a noise, Mrs. Barton hurried over, looked in the store and offered her services, but she had lately got up from a sick bed, and her husband sent her back to the house. Again she started, this time with a gun, but fearing it would be taken from her, she returned again.

About this time the bully shot at Barton and missed him, struck Eye in the heart. The wounded Navajo bolted from the door, and succeeded in running around to the back of the house before he dropped, and his slayer had no way of telling how badly his associate was injured. At the sound of the shot, Mrs. Barton's mother, Mrs. Hyde, ran to the store, reaching there in time to see her son-in-law fall with his head on the doorstep, having been choked to unconsciousness with the rope around his neck. The bully shot at him once in the back of the head with his revolver, and then, yielding to the white woman's effort to push him aside, he went around the store to see what had become of the other Navajo. What he saw aroused his anger afresh, and returning, he pushed Mrs. Hyde aside, and fired another bullet into the wounded man's head as he lay unconscious on the doorstep. Then shouldering the body of his fallen companion, the bully staggered to the boat, and crossed to the other side, lay the dead man on the bank, and disappeared[d] among the hills.

Cheerpoots, Posey and some other Utes watched the whole affair without taking part, and to these men Mrs. Barton turned for help in moving her husband to the house. She locked the store, and writing a note, offered Cheerpoots fifteen dollars to deliver it in Bluff with all possible speed; he took the note, and was gone like a spirit.

Then six or seven Navajos came down to the boat from the south side and started over. Consternation and terror afresh filled the stricken home. Barton lay helpless, and perhaps only partly conscious under a shed by the door, and his wife and her mother and two babies were entirely at the mercy of the savages, whatever they should choose to do. No white man was nearer than Bluff, ten miles away.

As the Indians approached the house, Mrs. Barton asked her husband to close his eyes and appear to be dead. He did as she wished, and his appearance may have had a tendency to relieve the situation. The Navajos lined up, guns in their hands in front of the shed, and the women waited in awful fear to know what they wanted. When they demanded admittance to the store, Mrs. Barton opened the door, and left them to help themselves.

While they made free to load up with whatever took their fancy, one of their own people called to them long and loud from the cliff south of the river, telling them to beware, the Mormons were coming. Cheerpoots had made wonderful time indeed. It is said that within an hour and fifteen minutes from the time he left, Kumen Jones and Platte Lyman rode up to the house at Rincon. The Navajos left with their plunder and crossed the river but a few minutes before the two men arrived.

The message brought by Cheerpoots was hurried straight on by the hand of John Adams to Joseph F. Barton, the wounded man's brother at Recapture on the river, where he found nooning with his freight outfit, and he was the next one to reach Rincon.

Several others left Bluff that day for the scene of the trouble and when evening came, Peter Allan and John Adams were the only men in town. With the approach of night came a sense of loneliness and fear, which brought all the women and children to one house. It is related they stayed at the home of "Aunt" Kisten Nielson, and Peter Allan and John Adams stood guard with guns until morning.

Bob Allan took the news to Milk Ranch, where his father was running a dairy. At the ranch he found his father, his two sisters, Aggie and Lizzie, also Miss Magnolia Walton, Miss Stella Hyde and her brother Frank Hyde. It was decided the young folks should go to Bluff without delay, they started on horseback, and covered those thirty odd miles in record time, leaving the senior Allan to guard the ranch.

While Amasa Barton hung there, between life and death, his brain oozing out through two great holes just back of the crown of his head; Doctor Winters was camped at Soldier Springs, and could have given such assistance as medical skill affords, if his presence had been known. But it was not known until later, and one of the saddest tragedies of the county hurried on towards its ending, with the anxious friends and watchers believing no competent skill could be found within a hundred and fifty miles at least.

1886

CHAPTER XXVIII

Five or six men stayed at Rincon during Amasa Barton's illness. The women and children were left pretty much alone, but the Bishop and others assured

them there was no danger, that the authorities of the church had promised them protection from the Indians, and that the promise would be made good.

Shortly after the body of old Eye was dumped on the south bank of the river, the Navajos came in the night, covered it over with dry wood and burned it.

The bullets in Amasa Barton's head seemed to have lodged back of his eyes, causing blindness, and producing darkened areas on his face. Careful nursing restored the proper color, but the prickly-pear poultices and everything else they tried, failed to stop his brain from oozing out through the ghastly wounds. With one side paralyzed, and his comprehension more or less dimmed, he sang and prayed and talked, and seemed to realize with one of his songs that "he waited by the wayside with his load."

His friends and attendants hoped as against fate for his recovery and omitted no effort which they had reason to believe would bring it about. He retained his consciousness, such as it was, almost to the last moment, and he died on the 16th, exactly a week after the shooting. The funeral was held at Bluff, and the body was interred in the gravel hill above town.

While the wounded man lay between life and death, the question of war or peace debated itself in the minds of the Navajos. Some of them thought that if the white man died there would be no reason to prolong the quarrel. Others thought the death of more white men would be necessary to make things right. While the anxious watch continued at Rincon, they discovered a large man coming to the river from the south, he came straight on and into the house, a superior type of manhood. It was Tom Holiday, and his conciliatory tones were dignified by his great size and magnetism. He wanted no more trouble, and desired to have the matter fixed up and forgotten. The Bluff men gladly agreed to his propositions.

But in spite of Holiday, and perhaps in spite of other men who approved his policy there was a hotheaded element among the Navajos which refused to let the affair drop. Several days after the funeral a company of from seventy-five to a hundred of them rode into town with blackened faces, and demanded to know whether the people wanted to fight. Bishop Nielson met them near the old log store, and Kumen Jones acted as interpreter.

"We will talk with you as friends," said the Bishop, "But friends do not hold their guns while they talk. We have no guns, if you want to talk, stand your guns against the store, and sit here in a friendly circle."

Some of them dismounted and leaned their rifles against the log wall, while others continued sullenly on their horses with their weapons in their hands. The talk went on just the same, and the Bishop's broken english was translated into Navajo.

"The Mormon captains sent us here to teach you ways of peace," he continued. "We don't fight, we hire our fighters. If you want to fight us we will send for them."

"No! No!" protested the Navajos with upraised hands, realizing it meant the coming of soldiers, and some of their older men recalled experiences they had had with Kit Carson's troops years before.

When they had been assured that the Mormons neither wanted to fight nor to employ fighters, but preferred peace, there was a great handshaking all around, and the Bluff people prepared a big eat, with the red men accepted and disposed of without delay. General good feelings prevailed.

But before the visit of this Navajo band, while it was generally known they nursed some sort of grievance, a Mr. Grant who had been herding sheep for the Rincon store, reported the unsettled state of affairs to Captain Dority at Fort Lewis in Colorado. The captain came with from fifty to seventy-five men, and camped at the mouth of Recapture Creek, five miles from Bluff. While he stayed, the Indians were more peaceable and law-abiding than ever before or since.

The captain expressed his willingness, or even his eagerness to arrest the young fellow who did the shooting at Rincon, but he pointed out that a complaint would have to be made, a warrant issued, etc., which process entailed a merciless amount of red-tape in those territorial days. In due time, however, though the captain and his men had gone back to their fort, Mrs. Amasa Barton made a trip to Provo, where she swore out a complaint against the man who killed her husband. A warrant for his arrest was placed in the hands of the United States Marshal, but the arrest was never undertaken. The criminal proceeded redhanded from the scene of his cold-blooded murder to enjoy his liberty as before, and has not been molested by the law in all these thirty years.

The Rincon store was bought out by the San Juan Co-op, the goods removed thither and the houses left vacant. Sometimes those carefully built rooms gave temporary shelter to travelers, but they grew silent and neglected, and the moaning stream gave forth no such hopeful shower as when the talented builder was beautifying the low ledge and cultivating the sandy bottom below it.

1887

CHAPTER XXIX

In April '87, Frederic I. Jones and C. E. Walton went to LaPlatta, New Mexico for seed grain, which they obtained through Bishop Luther Burnham from the tithing office of the Burnham Ward. They arrived at South Montezuma on May 3rd, and planted oats, wheat, and potatoes.

Fred Adams, John Bell and Parley Butt were also on the creek that summer. Jones and Butt brought their families on the 18th of June, and it seems that no other families came that summer. In the latter part of the month they began work on the North Montezuma ditch, in which they were joined by George Welden and one of the McConkie boys.

But Carlisle, the cattle man, seemed to think this ditch building a violation of his rights, and he ordered the ditch crew to leave, gave them ten days to get out of the country, and threatened to "make it hot for them" if they had not disappeared by that time. The work came to a temporary halt, and the little forc[e] held council as to what they should do. They were not fighting, not were they cowards, and they believed their undertaking perfectly legitimate.

Since it was in response to a call from President Hammond that they had gone to make settlement in the country, they decided to send F. I. Jones to see the President where he was visiting at Mancos. From Mancos the two men went on to consult certain land records and a lawyer in Durango. The lawyer assured them Carlisle's claim to the Blue Mountain was illegal, though he could give no definite information about the land immediately affecting the ditch.

While the business hung thus in uncertainty, a man named Fritz came along and told them he had worked for Carlisle, that he had filed on the land in question and was going to deed it to his employer, but that an unpleasant falling-out had cancelled the agreement. Going to the lawyer's office, he made out a quit-claim deed in favor of Jones and Hammond, and then added, "Tell Carlisle that if he makes trouble, I'll appear against him for defrauding the Government."

Thus enlightened on the situation, and with the advantage of the quit-claim deed, the ditch crew proceeded with their work. No attempt was made to carry out the bluff, the ten days, the other days besides, expired peacefully, but the feelings of the cattle interests towards the proposed settlement were not friendly and trouble seemed to smoulder as it waiting for a breeze to fan it into flame.

The cowboys placed claims on much of the choicest country, hoping to head off the settlers.

In the latter part of that month, June, President Hammond and Peter Allan went up from Bluff to survey the new town, which so far had been called Hammond. The President, however, did not like the name, and asked them to find something else. C. E. Walton suggested Monticello, and the name has held for thirty years coming to stand for the long persistent fight and the triumph over a multitude of unpleasant things around Blue Mountain.

The survey of the townsite was completed July 4th.

Sometime in the spring of '87, the first dry farming ever done in modern times around Blue Mountain, was conducted on a small scale by F. I. Jones. Proceeding on the belief that where grass grows luxuriantly without artificial irrigation, wheat ought to grow; he selected and fenced a small patch of ground west of what in now Lauritz Mortensen's farm. He obtained some Odessa wheat, a variety with small hard kernels and black chaff, and after preparing this small patch, he planted the wheat. It came up and matured fairly well, but was not harvested. The volunteer crop next year was better still. This was a very small beginning, but it was a demonstration, and it had its wholesome effect in the country, as we shall see later on.

In the late spring or early summer, while the new settlers were farming at South Montezuma, and making such preparations as they could to move to Monticello the next spring, the Ute known as Wash came in reporting a dead white man somewhere up the creek. Parley Butt went with him and found the body of a man named Hopkins. He had been cooking for the L. C. outfit and someone had apparently shot him from ambush while he waited on a log fence for the outfit to return. He had crawled a short distance from the fence before he died.

A lone track was found not far from the place, and it may have been the Utes who did the killing, though they protested strongly against the charge. The blame, however, seems to be laid on the Navajos, with whom Hopkins had been in an unpleasant mixup sometime before.

The body was too badly decomposed to be moved, and was rolled into a hole made nearby for the purpose. At the head of Devil Canyon near the wagon road, a stone may be seen in the scrubby oak brush. That marks the place where the unfortunate cowboy found rest.

Though the Utes are generally exonerated from the blame of this killing, they are reported to have been more or less hostile during that summer, and a company of soldiers came in answer to someones call and camped at a certain spring west of Monticello. The place is still known as Soldier Spring.

From the crops at South Montezuma, they harvested two hundred and twenty bushels of wheat, and a hundred and eighty bushels of oats. The threshing was accomplished by driving horses back and forth over the straw, and the grain was cleaned by a little fanning mill.

The last thing that fall, they hauled some logs from the mountain and a load of lumber from Mancos, preparatory to building at Monticello early in the spring.

The precious grain raised at South Montezuma they put securely under cover, and leaving a man to guard the place for the winter, they all moved to Bluff. But the man followed them at Christmas time to take part in the celebration, and somehow he failed to return. Later, when certain of the new settlers went up to see how matters stood at their farm, "Our friends from the north had carried off one-third of the grain," says F. I. Jones, " but this was perhaps for rent on the country, which they pretended to own."

1888

CHAPTER XXX

In the spring of 1888 a company from Texas arrived at Bluff with 2,000 head of long-horned, narrow-hipped cattle. For the lower country they made their headquarters at Rincon, and they appropriated some of the best springs and choicest parts of Elk Mountain.

Their claim to that mountain was indicated by the ponderous brand: E L K M. which they smeared along the side of each new calf, reaching indefinitely from its neck to its tail. This, besides cutting the calf's right ear off close to its head, was supposed to settle all doubts as to where it belonged.

And those Texas calves, the memory of them stretches the mouth of cowmen to this very day. They were big, blocky fellows during the first two or three months of their lives, and as yearling steers they made a fairly good impression. At two years old you might fancy you looked at them through the wrong end of a field glass, at maturity they seemed to be a compromise between a joke and a nightmare. They had profound vertical width of vitality across the region of the heart, and a spread of cork-screw horns like a grandfather billy-goat. But their backs had longitude without latitude, and they sloped off to nothing behind like the spinning end of an old style top.

John Crosby and a man named Reed managed the outfit, and though they played the game fair, and took no undue advantage of their neighbors, the men in their employ were often doubtful characters who found the remoteness of San Juan a delightful escape from righteous vengeance in the regions from which they had fled. They carried guns long and short wherever they went, and once in a while they got a hunch from some strange quarter and departed suddenly between two days from their new retreat.

The coming of the Texas outfit to occupy so much of the newly purchased Elk Mountain, and to possess a great part of the range which was coming into recognition as the main hope of existence in the new country, was not exactly a cause for rejoicing among the pioneers. It was of course public domain, and free to all comers, from Utah and from Texas alike. But when these gun-laden adventurers boasting their successful flight from reeking escapades in distant parts, made their intention of swarming into the dances and social function in the old log meeting house, they heard the official verdict of disapproval from the amusement committee.

Those dances and friendly gatherings in the old log hall had lost Samuel Cox and his dear old fiddle, and C. E. Walton had gone with his horn to settle at Blue Mountain. Sometimes Thales Haskel made music for the dance with an accordion, and sometimes the music came only from a harmonica, accompanied by an organ. If harmonica and accordion were both non-est, Hyrum Perkins could sing quadrilles and waltzes like a phonograph. In spite of their homeliness, and in spite of their lack of any fastidious culture, the doings in the old log hall held a dignity and sacredness which admitted of no rude invasion.

The ripping men of the Texas outfit seemed to think that if he bought a clean shirt, and possibly a pair of trousers, and girded his neck with a red bandana handkerchief, he was fully eligible to all the honors and privileges of this country ball room. He generally removed his spurs, though he did not always venture to remove his last revolver. Worse than his gun, was the bottle concealed on his person, or hidden outside in a nearby fence, for he must be well primed with whiskey to make the occasion comport with his lofty ideals.

This is no reflection on people from Texas, nor on cow-punchers in general. The Elk Mountain Cattle Company, as they called themselves, had men from all over the west, and from Crosby and Butler and others who deserve honorable mention, if their names were at hand, they graded in rank to the fellow who hung his shirt on the corner of the house at Rincon, that they gray livestock within it might race up and down to their death hunting for him.

Some of the best of the outfit were even asked to come, if they desired, and take part in the dance, but when they came in great numbers without invitation, the committee preferred to meet them at the door and refuse them admittance. Their indignation rose up in a hot flame, and prospects for quick and serious trouble were mighty good. Some of them, however, listened to reason, and later went in and took part in the dance with the understanding that whiskey and certain other things would not be tolerated.

Those who didn't go in, nursed their wrath to keep it warm for a more favorable opportunity. Sometime later they tried to get up a dance of their

own in "Father" Allan's dooryard, but he objected, and the attempt failed utterly. They fired their guns as they rode out of town late in the evening, but they were followed promptly up and told it wouldn't do, that the people simply would not stand for it.

About this time one of their number had a quarrel with Poke, the now notorious Ute, and when he was about ready to shoot the troublesome red man, Haskel interferred. "Are you crazy?" demanded the old Indian missionary. "Don't you know that if you kill one of these Utes they'll wipe the whole business of us?" It was a bold intervention, and the cow-puncher fairly choked with his mighty oaths of protest, but the old gray-beard prevailed without a gun.

A few days later when Kuman Jones came to their camp at noon, he found them heaping curses on the name of Bishop Nielson and "Father" Allan, but in particular on "old man Haskel".

"Hold on boys," he said, "don't you think it brave to sit here and curse old white-haired men? That old man Haskel could run any two of you off the flats. Another thing, is it brave for armed men in a peaceful town to fire their guns in the dead of night? No one is frightened but nervous women and sick children, is it brave to frighten them? If I ever saw a bunch of cowards it's right here."

That afternoon one of them, a desperate fellow, finding favorable opportunity said, "Jones, you told us the truth; I'll never carry my gun in town again."

It was never the intention to exclude the cowboys altogether. As time went on, better understandings resulted in fairly agreeable relations between the pioneers and the newcomers, but the order of things in the old log hall was never changed for the worse by anyone.

1888

CHAPTER XXXI

On January 3, 1888, the Relief Society of San Juan Stake was organized at Bluff, with Mrs. Jane Walton as Superintendent. The Stake reached into Colorado and New Mexico, besides occupying a part of Grand County in Utah, but the doings of its authorities are too closely related to the growth of San Juan County to be omitted from tis account.

Bluff had increased very little, or perhaps not at all in numbers since the departure of so many of its people who became discouraged with the big flood four years earlier, but those who stayed were more strongly attached to the country, and confirmed in their determination to remain. No solution had yet been found for the ditch problem. The river cut sections of it away nearly every spring, and floods from the hills leveled it over with sand, or ripped it crosswise with deep gulleys. Parts of it had to be made anew so often, and the riprapping intended to protect it, dragged its monotonous tale of days through every winter and spring season.

And all this time the acreage under the ditch grew smaller before the ravages of the river. Walton's Slough invaded the fields south and southeast of town, and at various places above and below there the restless stream cut far inland from its former course. Bluff was termed a "dry camp." The people made their living from their stock and their freighting, and by their success with

these outside enterprises they made it possible to meet the expense incident to maintaining their unprofitable headquarters.

They had small orchards producing excellent fruit, and they raised enough hay and fodder to feed a few freight teams, saddle horses and milch cows during the dead of winter. But when it came to figuring the cost of these things against their real worth, they simply smiled and let it pass, for Bluff was to be held in spite of any story told by a pessimistic string of figures. In fact, going a little ahead of the story, and considering the ditch alone, which is an index to the whole "dry camp", after they had lived there forty-four years and spent \$150,000 to \$200,000 on that ditch, the area of their farming land had simmered down to a hundred and seventy-five acres, and the ditch was washed out beyond all redemption

The chronic failure of that ditch, a tribe of thieving Indians on their south, another tribe no better on their north, the Texas outfit with their uncouth men and unsightly cattle, and hanging over it all as a cloud of increasing blackness, the proposal to give the whole country to the Utes, the struggling little colony had their cup full of intensely interesting things. Looking back at it now from our vantage point of years, we must yield to their belief that a clear-hewn Providence maintained Bluff against great odds for the sake of more fruitful places which men had not yet been trained to appreciate.

Francis A. Hammond stood foremost in awakening to the worth of these more fruitful places, working, talking, and exercising his authority to promote their settlement. To this end, on March 5, 1888 in Bluff, he organized the Blue Mountain Mission with Charles E. Walton as Secretary. In the same month a company including the Secretary, his son C. E. Jr., Frederic I. Jones and Frank Hyde, went to the wild site of the proposed town, Monticello, and finding the weather somewhat rough, they built from the lumber hauled the previous fall, a rude shanty six feet wide and sixteen feet long to shelter their bedding and their camp outfit.

One morning after its completion, there came a fierce blizzard from the north, driving by them with such fury they did not venture out to build a fire nor attempt to cook a meal until in the evening, but walked back and forth in their prison all day to keep warm.

Sometime later the arrival of Miss Leona Walton from Bluff to do their cooking, left a pleasant place in their recollection and gave them more time for the fence and corrals they were building. It is related they ate freely of venison, having found it quite easy to bring in before breakfast in the morning. The proposed town was located between two big cow-camps and many smaller outfits held forth in different directions. Their cattle filled the country, and their riders numbered from seventy-five to a hundred men. Those cow-punchers looked with general disfavor on the new settlement, both because it threatened to limit their claim to the country, and because they had no faith in the region as a farming district. One of them asked C. E. Walton, Jr., what the people intended to do for a living, and he told them they intended to farm, "Well," he said, "you'll have to draw your gizzard up pretty small if you live on farming in this country."

The cowmen could not foresee the rich farms which were to be all around Monticello any more than they could discern the invincible elements among the men who had gone there to make those farms possible.

In April, George A. Adams, Nephi Bailey and Edward Hyde joined the little community at Monticello, and by May 20th, enough of their families had arrived to make possible the first Sunday School which was ever held in Monticello.

Sometime in the late spring or summer, John E. Rogerson, William Rogerson, Ernest B. Hyde, Mons Peterson, Mrs. Amasa Barton, Al Farnsworth, Frank Farnsworth, Harvey Dunton, William Adams, and Fred Adams became settlers in the new town.

Planting, fencing, ditching, hauling house logs and keeping track of their cattl[e] and horses as they grazed on the hills, made this pioneer existence a tense and continuous game. F. I. Jones was the first to finish his log house which he roofed with earth. C. E. Walton's home with the first shingle roof in Monticello, was completed July 4 and naturally it had the honor in the evening of sheltering the first dance, and of serving as meeting house each Sunday for weeks thereafter.

On July 9th, Carlisle turned the water from the Monticello ditch, and placed an injunction against the Blue Mountain Irrigation Company. The settlers had no money with which to fight the case in court, and the situation wore a bilious expression for them. President Hammond filed a demur, and the thing hung fire f[or] eight or ten years, resulting in no end of annoyance, and often taking the water from the Monticello crops just when it was most badly needed.

F. I. Jones was met on the ditch by two cowpunchers who told him in the most brutal language, and at the point of a gun, what the cow interests wanted and what they were determined to have. They knew he had no weapon, that he carried no such thing, and that he loved peace too well to harm anyone, in fact it was no doubt this knowledge which gave them courage for the brave gun play and the big talk.

In August the people began getting out logs for a meeting house. C. E. Walton and Harvey Dunton hauled the shingles, doors and windows from Mancos, and according to most accounts, the house was roofed over for Monticello's first Stake Quarterly Conference which came off on the twenty-sixth of August. The benches were of slabs and split logs, resting on stakes driven in the ground, on boxes or on stones, rather primitive equipment with which to grace the long-winded preacher, but the conference seems to have left none but pleasant memories with all who attended, so far as the meetings are concerned. John Henry Smith of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles was present from Salt Lake City, and the people while they listened forgot the instruments of torture which sustained them. Among the important business of the Conference was the appointing and sustaining of F. I. Jone[s] as Presiding Elder of Monticello, with Mons Peterson and C. E. Walton as his counselors.

But the conference had an unpleasant feature, which persists in the memory, like a soiled place on an otherwise clean sheet; a brave (?) fellow from a nearby camp rode madly through the streets firing his gun, and pouring forth

his wonderful feelings in howls and yells which would turn a hyena green with envy.

1888-89

CHAPTER XXXII

About that time President Hammond organized the Blue Mountain Mission, in the spring of 1888, a movement was also made to place a colony on Indian Creek. William Rogerson and John Rogerson were called from Mancos, and Joshua and Alma Stevens from Burnham to begin the new settlement. The Rogerson brothers went by way of Monticello to the creek, but it seems that no definite place had been chosen for the town, and they waited for the Stevens brothers that the townsite might be selected by mutual consent.

The men from New Mexico traveled by way of Bluff and over Elk Mountain from the southeast side. Through some misunderstanding, instead of continuing on to where the Rogerson brothers were waiting, they stopped on Strawberry Creek, built and fenced and prepared to make their stay permanent. They lived there at least in the summer time for two years, and the place has since been known as the Mormon Pastures.

After waiting eight or ten days in uncertainty, the Rogerson brothers returned to Monticello to learn the whereabouts of their fellow pioneers. They found the new town coming slowly, but surely into existence, and since they had to wait for thei[r] answer by mail or until the coming of President Hammond, they responded to the urgent call of the awakening country and did all they could to help matters along.

When the President heard their story, and learned of the settlement on Strawberry, in view of the fact that Monticello needed help and that more settlers were not available, the colonization of the creek was postponed, and its two settlers calle[d] to Monticello. Thus the strange ways of fate withheld a town from Indian Creek, and gave it instead a long string of valuable ranches, and surrounded it with rich cattle interests.

But this same strange fate was kind to Monticello in giving her John Robertson, who cradled all the grain raised in her fields that year. Though the number of acres is not stated, the very suggestion of cutting and binding so much grain by hand today, would lay the strongest men up with a severe backache. Not only did John Rogerson's ability dovetail into the needs of Monticello like a thing made to order, but his wife's education made her the first school teacher to teach in the new place. As autumn approached, the men of the town helped finish the Rogerson log home that it might be ready in time for the little school to open without delay. It began in the fall with nine pupils, whose benches were of the slab and split-log persuasion.

The grain raised in Monticello's fields that year, was threshed with a separator belonging to C. E. Walton, and to convert it into flour it was hauled to the mill at Mancos, Colorado. However primitive this may seem, it marked a huge improvement over the previous year, whose threshing was done with horses feet, and whose grain was not milled at all.

In the forepart of October, two men from the Indian Department at Washington, one of them named Kane, visited San Juan to ascertain whether it was a suitable place for a Ute Reservation. They crossed the County

westward from Bluff, going down White Canyon with L.H. Redd as their guide, and returning, they arrived on the 17th with President Hammond at Monticello. It is somewhat amusing, though it is ahead of the story, that they reported San Juan as an unfit place for Indians, not only because of its dark pockets for secure retreat but because the wild forbidding nature of the country would tend to keep Indians in their savage state. And yet, when we finish our smile, their recommendation was not unwise.

ON the 18th of the month, Mrs. Eliza Peterson, wife of Mons Peterson died in Monticello. She was a daughter of President Hammond who, we may have noticed, arrived in town with the Indian Commissioners the day before. The funeral was held in the dooryard of the little home, and being the first occasion of its kind Monticello, it cast a gloom of loneliness over the town, a gloom which seemed somehow to be associated with the heavy frost, the first of the season, which blackened the leaves that night.

The ecclesiastical organization of the little branch, and this organization, by the way, preserved the system with which they proceeded to bring order into chaos, was carried into all its details of arrangement. IT is said that John Rogerson became Sunday School Superintendent, and Mrs. F. I. Jones President of the Relief Society, with Mrs. Mary B. Adams as Counselor, and Mrs. John Rogerson as Secretary. Edward Hyde was President of the first Y.M.M.I.A. with C. E. Walton as Secretary. Magnolia Walton became President of the Young Ladies Association, with Emma Hyde and Mrs. John Rogerson as Counselors. Unfortunately the name of the President of the first Primary is not given, but their first meeting was held December 8, 1888. Lewie Hyde and Edward Rogerson were baptized that day by John Rogerson. It was the first baptism in the new place, and it was necessary to cut the ice before it could be performed.

The log meeting house, both before and after it was floored and finished, became a place for meetings, dancing, and all kinds of public gatherings. It gave shelter in wet seasons to unfortunate families whose mud roofs failed to turn the rain and it offered a handy place for friends to meet, and for strolling lovers to rest in the evening. It was not a church, but simply a meeting house, vested with all essentials for solemn worship, but not too good nor too nice for any lawful servic[e] to the busy pioneers.

On Christmas Day, a big dinner party gathered at the home of John Rogerson, where they feasted and made merry in spite of the heavy winter which had already begun to break upon them. Even yet it is related with a pleasant smile how on that day, William Adams danced and sang his Irish song, brandishing his shillelah in a way that would make old Erin beam with pride.

As the full volume of that winter broke upon them it cut all outside travel, and all communication from every direction. The mail which had been carried by volunteers at regular intervals, and distributed from C. E. Walton's Post Office failed to arrive. The little school with its nine pupils went sleepily onward with a weary hum, and all Monticello was in prison, a deep white blanket of snow cut them off from the rest of mankind. For six weeks no one came or went.

One day Will Hyde went out of the little school house and let forth a yell which startled all his mates within, and brought Mrs. Rogerson to the door to see

what on earth had broken loose. "See! See!" he howled, "someone coming!" and he point[ed] at a struggling speck southwest of town. That was ten o'clock in the forenoon and the children watched while they danced and laughed and cried with joy. But it was five in the evening before that speck materialized and came into town; two horsemen from Bluff.

1889

CHAPTER XXXII

The coming of the Texan outfit to San Juan, and the growth of other large cattle companies who employed a drifting outlaw element, bid fair to produce a dangerous change in the old order of things, by over-ruling the better element. The country's peculiar geographical features had ever offered a strong lure to fugitive's from justice, and their increasing number on the ground made the attraction even greater, until, with the added menace of the Reservation question, things began to assume a rather desperate aspect. Not only did certain of these men become notorious for their records elsewhere, but they began their work of theft and violence in San Juan.

Two fellows invented a brand which they called "M pole", a ponderous M, reaching variously from a cow's ears to her tail. It was made with a dozen different kinds of curves, or with any necessary angle, acute or obtuse, and it had a great bar running through it from left to right. It could cover almost any brand but E L K M, and its avaracious upper and under slope in each ear could eliminate any earmark, or the ears themselves if necessary.

This brand found most of its victims among the cattle belonging to Bluff, whose people knew the game and who played it, but they lacked evidence. Worse still, if possible, the nearest court was at Provo, a thousand miles distance if we consider their means of transportation. But at length the M Pole thieves walked into a trap set to catch evidence against them. A complaint was made, and a warrant placed in the hands of Joe Bush, Marshal, who came with his deputies to Bluff. The country spread its rocks and wrinkles around him on every side, like a huge haystack from which he was to hunt the needle.

Just at that time, L. H. Redd, Joe Hammond and Kumen Jones, who were riding on the range, made their camp in the head of Comb Wash as the sun sank behind the cliffs westward. In the twilight, an outfit passed them headed down to the Wash, and with it the leading spirit of the M pole gang. Kumen Jones left camp at dusk and rode most of the night towards Bluff, where, towards morning he awakened Bush and his men, and before sunrise they arrested the M pole man in his bed at Rincon[.]

Right here, it may be true that catching always precedes hanging, but hanging doe[s] not always follow the catching. This M pole artist lay in jail eight months, and was liberated because the complaining witness refused to appear against him. But he never dared to return for the cattle he had branded, and no one could be induced to do the job for him. It was a big herd without an owner and the calves became mavericks as long as the old stock lasted.

Sometime in the summer, two train robbers headed for San Juan and Bush took up their trail. It is not strange that in this favorite outlaw retreat, those two robbers should cross the trail of other robbers, and that the marshal

should be following men for whom he had no papers. This is exactly what happened. At Bull dog Park, north of what is now Blanding, he got switched off on a new set of tracks, while the train robbers scented his approach, took a hotfoot for Ogden Utah.

Bush followed the new tracks, suspecting nothing, and reached Bluff but a few hour behind the men who made them. He deputized Hanson Bayles and John Allen to assist him, and he followed the tracks to Recapture, eight miles northeast of town, passing between town and the hill.

Bush added seven Navajos to his posse, and crossing the river, followed the trail all night into the Reservation. At noon the next day he found the two strangers eating their dinner high up in a cave in the cliffs of Chinlee. While his white men and Navajos waited to drink at a water hole, Bush bolted on up the hill to within a few yards of the camp before his help came up.

One of the men, whose alias at the time was Rumrel, surrendered though he retain[e]d his revolver. The other man, afterwards giving the name of Curtis, dropped behind a rock with a big 45-90 rifle aimed at the Marshal.

"No good of you killing me," said Bush, calmly and drawing nearer all the time, "these Indians will clean you out sure if you do that."

John Allan relieved Rumrel of a revolver, but noticing on him another empty scabbard he demanded another revolver, and Rumrel fished it out from under his shirt. Then Allan threw down on Curtis, and Jim Joe, the Navajo, followed suit, asking eagerly every half minute, "Shootey? Killey?" apparently keen for the command to fire.

Curtis glared over his gun like a wildcat in a corner. "I'll fix you, you --- ---- --- -- - ----," he yelled at John Allan, "Out here putting yourself up for a fighting man."

Allan's wide straw hat and loose overalls made him look more as if he should be in the garden with the rake and the hoe, and the blooded outlaw considered him a personal insult. But Jim Joe's persistent "Shootey? Killey?" made further resistance too much like suicide, and the stranger gave up his gun.

Instead of the train robbers, on whose tracks the Marshal had started, he had captured two horse thieves who had, among other stolen animals, six head belonging to Bob Hoot of the L. C. Cattle Company.

Irons were forged at Bluff, and the two desperadoes were riveted together by a chain connecting their ankles. Bush ordered all possible speed toward the railroad, and the two fellows were loaded into a light wagon. They were guarded close night and day, and when the outfit left Moab at dusk with Hanson Bayles riding behind on a mule, the thieves were lying on some hay in the bottom of the wagon box, covered over with a wagon cover.

The irons had been riveted on over their boots, and one of them had found it possible to draw his foot from boot and iron at once, but they kept the secret for a favorable opportunity. Near the rushes and brush on the river bottom north of Moab, with the shades of night growing thicker every minute, the

leaped from the wagon, throwing up the cover with such suddenness that it frightened Bayles' mule into a fit and it started back for Moab at forty miles an hour.

Bush fired from his place on the spring seat, and Bayles came back with his mule as soon as possible and fired again, at real or imaginary shadows, but nothing could be found of the missing men, though the brush and brush were converted into a wide flame.

The ferry ahead, and every road and trail leading away were closely guarded for four or five days, at the end of which time someone discovered the two fellows hiding in the rocks up one of the creeks where they had killed a cow and begun drying the meat, preparatory to living in plenty until the guards should be withdrawn from the way out of the country.

But this catching, and recatching, with all its difficulties and danger, was not followed to any noticeable extent by a hanging, not was any other disposition made of the two men to keep them out of San Juan County. Unlike the M pole man, they came back.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Strangers to San Juan take no pleasure in looking back at her days which have gone and remembering the different scenes, the men and the women who played their difficult parts, and the many crises which gave its drama an attraction for all who watched or took part. But to the souls whose most cherished recollections were inseparably interwoven with the acts and actors of that stage, the old days live on as a bright picture undimmed by time. The simple honest charms of old-time Bluff and old-time Monticello, have outlustered many a bitter memory, and left images and echoes which may never fade.

In those days Bluff could boast one shingle roof, and made President Hammond's home the only dry place in town when the rain came down, and for hours after the sky became clear. The low log houses with their weed-grown roofs, were humble in comparison to that little stone building.

Bluff had bull fences in those days, and the sandy road traversing each street, wa[s] little more than a narrow pass between two forests of stinkweeds. They grew ten feet high, loaded with rich purple blooms, and always full of the buzz of bees wild and tame. Platte Lyman hunted for two days across the benches between Recapture Creek and Cottonwood Wash for one of his cows, and all that time she stood peacefully chewing her cud among the weeds of the Bluff streets.

A mighty cottonwood tree south of town had long been a favorite gathering place on warm summer afternoons. Its great branches made a wide cool shade, and some responsive soul answered its genial invitation to hang a swing on one of its limbs. For years thereafter, it was known as the Swing Tree, and its photograph is carefully preserved and cherished as the likeness of a dear friend.

Beyond the old tree on the river's sandy bank, a lumber boat rocked and floated at the end of a rope tied to a sapling. In this doubtful bark, Navajos

made thrilling voyages over the rolling quicksand to trade their blankets, wool, pelts and jewelry to the San Juan Co-op. The L-shaped counter in the little store allowed them a space about eight by twelve feet, and in this narrow area they jostled each other, smoking and laughing, and giggling with the clerk in their high keyed lingo for higher prices on their wares.

The business of hauling this Navajo merchandise to Durango, and loading back with other freight, was eagerly sought by the stockholders of the store. The wealthiest men of the County today, wrangled these slow-plodding freight outfits over the sand and rocks and mud without a murmur unless, as it sometimes happened, their wagons or harnesses broke down when they had no bailing wire handy for repairs.

One of the actors on the stage of that day was Joseph F. Barton, Judge of the Probate Court. He succeeded John Allan in that position, and was the last to hold it, for his term continued to the end of territorial times, when statehood brought a new order of things.

Another figure was Josephine Wood, or "Aunt Jodie", as she was familiarly known, who had been called by the Bishop and set apart as the doctor and nurse to the isolated community, Mrs. Thales having moved away. Whatever the hour of the day or night when the cry of distress reached "Aunt Jodie", she went, always willing and always with a cheerful smile. No one could come into the world or go out of it without her gentle assistance, for the belief seemed to be general that she belonged to everybody in the place. The man and the women who are indebted to her for the first help given in their infancy, would constitute a big beginning for a town. Another multitude in the immortal world will remember her forevermore as the one who smoothed their pillows in the last agonizing moments of life.

Her humble home was always open to the throngs of children and young folks, and whatever the weight of her own cares, she made merry for them when they came, and planted seeds of cheer and good-will which will never die.

One of the early events of '89 in Monticello, was the birth of the first baby, th[e] son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson. He was born on the last day of March, and named George Halls. "Aunt Jody" had been brought up through mud and snow from Bluff, for though she did not realize it at the time, the new town from then onward was to claim an interest in her magic assistance.

Those early days had many a thrill for the pioneers of Monticello. Since outlawry had found such a safe retreat in San Juan, it struggled to maintain its supremacy and it prowled around the little settlement like wolves around a sheep fold. But outlawry, only half decent in its sober moments, is wholly indecent when inflamed with liquor.

One of the first glimpses of the part liquor was to take in the situation, came when the cowboys shared their drinks with the Utes. It was followed by a fight in the streets, and timid women and children listened in terror to the shooting and the fierce talk. The Utes were driven down over the hill south of town.

More shotting on the streets was yet in the program, and quiet evenings were to be made hideous with savage yells of racing horsemen. Many a night the

weak and defenseless lay trembling in their beds lest a stray bullet should find them or their loved ones. Bullets entered the homes of C. E. Walton and F. I. Jones, but fortunately they struck no one within.

Once when a gang of these brave (?) fellows rode shotting through the streets, they passed William Rogerson on the brink of a cellar which he had been digging. "Get into that cellar, you --- -- - ----!" yelled one of the ruffians, raising his gun.

"Shoot, you -----", answered the old gentleman, climbing to the top of the bank of dirt, but no shot was aimed at him.

Again, when they began a gallant (?) charge on the town, and fired into the meeting house, they happened to ride up to where a threshing crew had been busy, and discovered the butts of a dozen rifles projecting from a pile of straw. They guessed the truth; there was a tendency among the people to weary of their nonsense, and they departed without delay for camp.

One day when one of them rode pistol in hand into the streets, he fired but a few shots when F. I. Jones sent a bullet singing over his head. He understood in a minute, and made a brush run for the hills.

Too bad the people could not have registered their protest more often, but they were heavily outnumbered, and they knew that discretion is often the better part of valor. One Monticello woman declares she counted seventy-five cowboys, besides the men and boys of the town, at one of their dances. On that occasion there were but eight women and girls who danced. It is claimed that most of the boys of the town carried concealed guns to meet threatened emergencies.

What a scattering among these men-of-the-saddle when Joe Bush came into the Count[y] tracking train robbers! One of them was seen riding down South Montezuma like a bat out of the smoking abyss, and happened to meet F. I. Jones, he whirled his horse from the trail and plunged into the brush and trees, neck or nothing.

1888-1889

CHAPTER XXXV

The pioneers who were called and those who went without a call to build up Monticello and Mancos, left Bluff weak indeed as to numbers, in fact the whole population included but ten families. Such a little handful of people in the heart of an Indian country, fifty miles from any other settlement, could not help but know they stood in extreme peril if ever the temper of the red man became ruffled. President Hammond asked that the town never be left with less than ten men to protect the women and children, but the number of these protectors often simmered down to Bishop Nielson alone. The men were gone after freight or to tend their cattle, their sheep, their horses or to trail thieves or frill some missionary appointment in a distant part of the Stake, and the women and children developed a sturdy self-assertiveness, and a wholesome faith in the protecting hand of Providence.

"There are but eight families here who are not interested in making a place somewhere," wrote Platte Lyman in April '89, and went on to say that the little

community found it difficult to preserve its individuality from the strong cowboy element all around.

One of the eight men interested in Bluff alone was Hanson Bayles, whose wife had just died, leaving four small children. She was but a young woman, full of life and vigor, and her going at that time left a distressing vacancy in the reduced circle of friends who struggled to hold the place. The names of the other families are not definitely given, but among those living in Bluff at the time were Francis A. Hammond, Jense Nielson, Lemuel H. Redd, Kumen Jones, Hyrum Perkins, James B. Decker, Joseph F. Barton, H. Joseph Nielson, and John Allan. Platte Lyman was there a great part of the time, though his family lived in Millard County.

But nothing had come between Thales Haskel and his call to the San Juan Mission. His folks had moved away to San Louis Valley, but he remained at his post like the image of fidelity. Nor did he stay simply to refrain from deserting his mission, this gray-haired veteran was always doing something worthwhile, and doing it because he loved humanity.

In the spring of '88 he spent two months with the Utes in Allan Canyon trying to teach them the rudiments of successful farming. It was a thankless undertaking, for though they had great respect for Haskel, they could not appreciate the worth and meaning of his efforts for them. After he succeeded in getting them to work, he had to see the blistered hands of each one, and hear them complain, "Heap sore back."

It may be however, that the seed he planted in that forbidding soil has grown beyond his expectations. When it is borne in mind that the subjects of his benevolent endeavors were the confirmed product of generations ignorant and indolent, that they were fierce and blood-thirsty, delighting in the stain of white men's veins on their robes, it is hardly to be expected his teachings would soon bear much fruit. If he really laid a foundation for better works in succeeding generations he did very well.

Those Utes are better today than in the days of Haskel, and their reverent reference to his teaching places much of the credit of their improvement to his efforts. Henry, the friendly youth who assisted the first white explorers onto Elk Mountain, is ever emphatic in his praise of the old missionary: "Haskel all the time one talk," Mancos Jim too, a veteran of all the old fights, doesn't hesitate to declare whenever Haskel's name is mentioned, "Me heap like um."

In the year '89, Haskel clerked in the San Juan Co-op, in which capacity he could not only attract Indian customers, but could find ample time for the laconic declarations and impressive sermonettes he wished to deliver. He could out-Indian the red men themselves, and from his bearded moccasins to the firm lines of his fine old face, they found the tactic dignity which impelled them to concede to him the superiority they otherwise would have assumed in silence for themselves.

In February, '89, two Apostles visited the colony, prolonging their stay nearly a month. They sent out for the people of the Stake to attend, and held a four day Conference in which they organized a Stake High Council, and settled some old difficulties of several years standing. They encouraged the people

to persevere in holding San Juan, and left them reconciled anew to the drawbacks and hardships of the mission.

In '89 the mail still came to Bluff but once a week. Pleasant anticipations and hurried efforts to write overdue letters were the usual preliminary to mail day. That mail was seldom too much for one sack, which was tied behind the saddle of the carrier. This responsibility generally devolved on a white man, but at least one Ute, Bridger Jack, came grinning into town with the old leather sack, delighted to think he was an honored employee of Uncle Sam.

At one time the Reservation question seemed to have completely settled the question of continuing longer in San Juan. An appropriation had been asked for by the Ute Commission to cover fifty percent of the value of the white men's improvements in the County, and the people expected to take it and go. The Utes too had heard of it, and were selecting the houses in Bluff and in Monticello which they would occupy as soon as the word was given.

The long delay of that appropriation, and the necessary legislation to conclude the matter one way or the other, naturally left the Utes in uncertainty and unrest. Instead of going about their usual activities, they hung around the settlements eagerly anticipating the change.. The judgements of which Haskel had told them had been brought to their attention by the unexpected death of some of thei[r] huskiest braves, and they had reformed, at least from their viewpoint, but their reformation had not corrected their inveterate tendency to steal everything they could always get their hands on. To undertake curing of such an old tendency in one generation, would be to kill that generation.

One of the Utes who had lingered wistfully around Bluff, was Mike Moancopy. Ever[y] day, or every so often, he came to the store with enough wool to buy the necessities of life, and every day the store missed about that much wool from their warehouse. They investigated, found a loose chink in the log wall, and set a double spring wolf trap beneath it. Next morning Mike stood fretfully by the wall with his arm through the chink, waiting for someone to remove the trap from his hand. He was meek enough while they opened the jaws of that trap, but later he became enraged and struck at Bishop Nielson with a quirt. L. H. Redd, who stood near by, delivered him a vigorous kick in the tight waistband of his big overalls. Mike doubled up like a pocketknife and demanded \$100 damages. The money was never paid, though he went out of one fit into another, and threatened to do all kinds of terrible things. He had a way of looking as black as a thundercloud and demanded from one to ten sacks of flour as a price for a smile, but the people had already learned that two slices of bread and molasses would cure the most violent fits to which he was subject.

CHAPTER XXXVI

It seems that none of the early pioneers of San Juan foresaw how eagerly their adventures would be sought after by future generations. What happened was commonplace at the time, everyone knew it and no one saw fit to make a record of it. Secretaries and clerks were appointed to take note of sacred transactions, but other matters even more interesting, though far from being sacred, are not included in any minutes of meetings, nor or any ward records.

The date, place, occasion, etc., are now often matters of disagreement and contradiction by those who should remember.

One of the earliest events definitely fixed for the year 1890 in Monticello, is the birth of the first girl baby, Anna Jones, now Mrs. Thomas A. Jones of Blanding. She was born in April. Earlier than this we get glimpses of a cold winter and deep snow, which held the people near to their low log cabins. But for want of definite notes those winters, as they live in the memory, are all very much alike.

Sometime previous to this year, Mons Peterson had opened a store in Monticello, and with one of his spring shipments of goods came a small quantity of liquor. It is claimed that this liquor was ordered not to be sold at large, but for speci[al] cases where it would be used for medical purposes. All the same, when the load in which it was packed became fast in the mud on Peter's Hill, and had to wait while the driver went to Monticello for another team, it was discovered by the cowboys, who went through box after box till they found a jug of the precious liquid and swilled it down without ceremony.

When the team from Monticello started for town with that load this drunken gang followed up with swagger and noise, and at the store they simply took possession of house, wagon, goods and the whole place, driving Mons Peterson away, and threatening to shoot him if he should attempt to return.

All the pent-up hell which had festered in their souls since the first arrival of the settlers, was turned loose to race through the streets, to shoot and yell and curse until the hideous echoes reached far away over the green hills, while women and children cowered in terror behind the uncertain shelter of their log walls.

They shot though the wagon again and again. They threw canned goods up and fire[d] at them in mid air. Bolts of cloth were taken from the shelves, and loose ends wrapped to the horns of their saddles, while they raced away to see how far they could ride before the last of the roll should straighten out in a long waving ribbon behind them. Sides of bacon were slit with their knives, shot through and thrown into the dust of the road.

One fellow who became too full and stupid to go on with the performance, fell from his horse at the bars of a certain corral, and as they raced back and forth they spurred their horses over his prostrate form, firing their revolvers into the ground near his head until they plowed up the earth and scattered the dust all through his hair.

As these drunken savages galloped through the streets, they ordered the settlers wherever they met them, to dance, and threatened to shoot the heels from their shoes if they refused. William Bronson, Sr., was ordered by Bill Johnson to dance "You're a scoundrel!" protested Bronson, too refined to use more vicious language and though the bullets stirred the dust near his shoes, he flatly refused to lift a foot.

While all these things happened in the street near his home, F. I. Jones cared for his sick wife, hoping for her sake they would not call on him, but at the same time keeping his eye on them, and on a trusty gun hanging on the wall.

"I'm goin' to make Jones dance, or kill 'im," boated Johnson, starting for the little log house, gun in hand.

"That fellow can't come in here." said Jones to his prostrate wife, at the same time taking down his gun and starting to meet the drink-crazed cowpuncher. Just what might have happened, and what it might have led to is hard to guess, but Johnny Gibson happened down the street at that moment, and took a friendly shot at Johnson, who answered in the same genial voice. Starting for each other, they met half-way, and clinching, fell into the ditch. When they had wallowed around in the mud in each others embrace for a few minutes, they compromised the row by agreeing to go together in search of more drink.

In Peterson's store little escaped the destructive touch of the mad vandals. They shot through bolts of cloth and other goods on the shelves. They slit sacks of sugar from end to end and scattered it in the streets.

Removing all barriers, they rode through the house, breaking and rending left and right. They could come on the keen jump to within a few feet of the door, but their horses would slow up in spite of their fierce rowels, while they went cautiously through the house.

The best shot of the many which were fired that day, was fired by Johnny Gibson who, in his drunken attempt to shoot his terrified horse, sent bullet through his own foot.

When night came on, this drunken rabble took as many of their horses as possible into the store, and kept them there until morning. And in the gray dawn of that morning, when the booze was all drunk up and no more with which to prolong the agony, that store looked as if it might have been a roosting place for fiends of the infernal pit.

It is related that some of these fellows, when they sobered up promised to pay Peterson for all the damage and trouble they had caused him, and it is further related that they never kept that promise to the extent of one cent.

Another event without definite date, which seems however, to follow closely on the heels of this drunken brawl, is the arrest of Johnny Gibson by Joe Bush. It is of particular interest because of the way it turned out, for when Gibson was told to consider himself under arrest, he raised his hand with a gun in it, and Bush shot his arm and his side all to rags. Cases like this, where the law held firmly to its course, were like oases in the blistered plain, and indicated the coming of the time when Monticello would prevail for the cause of law and order.

1890

CHAPTER XXXVII

The splendid isolation of early San Juan should have made it an ideal retreat from the vicious elements which distract human comfort in more populous centers. It should have been a place to hold uninterrupted communion with nature in a quiet solitude. But the solitude was not always as profound, nor as sweet and free from danger as a classical dreamer might imagine. To be short, it was corrupted with men and men were corrupted with a variety of things.

The way in which they import that corruption in jugs and bottles from afar would stir the interest, the amusement, the disgust or the warpaint of the most apatheti[c] old hermit in the mountains. They brought it with infinite care on pack horses, in saddle pockets, or closely guarded in flasks near their hearts, as if it were the precious elixir of life. Sometimes it arrived in the reliable care of the pious and unsuspecting, but it always arrived. And like the little spark which had made its way the length of the fuse to the dynamite, its arrival marked the jarring loose of general pandemonium.

But in spite of the drunken men's inordinate desire to exhibit themselves before everybody within a days ride, the big toot did not always happen in town. On several occasions the traveling stranger came suddenly onto this element of corruption in the solitude where it ordered him from his horse or his wagon and forced him to cut pigeon wings to the tune of a Colt 45, which plowed up the dust around his flying feet. Sometimes besides requiring him to dance, it relieved him of his loose coat, or took his boots or overalls as a special premium.

A Mexican coming a-foot from New Mexico to hunt a job, met the dangerous element in the form of two men near Piute. Giving them to understand that he had one chance in a thousand of getting away alive they took everything from the pockets of his ragged clothes, which however, was little more than a prayer book, a few letters and tokens and a photograph of his wife.

A certain man coming up Peter's Hill met the dread element only half exploded. "Drink," it yelled.

"I never drink," faltered the man timidly.

"I tell you to drink," the thing repeated, offering the bottle with one hand and raising a gun with the other, and the man drank.

Jim Thompson, a late arrival from New Zealand, came with team and wagon to look at the country around Blue Mountain. From his camp at the foot of Peter's Hill, while he slept, the corrupted element drove away his horses, and while he plodded through the mud and snow to find them, it robbed his wagon of all it wanted and fired its pistols through what it didn't want, including the wagon box. Wet, hu[n]gry and cold, Thompson found his way to Monticello, believing he had fallen into a real den of thieves.

Many a good horse left to graze on the hills was found by the dread element, and never seen again in San Juan. That element was a bird of passage, coming today, gone tomorrow, selling its plunder from afar committing its depredation afresh and loading up with all it could carry preparatory to seeking new quarters[.]

Up to 1890, the road from Bluff to Monticello had followed up the left rim to Devil Canyon to its head, crossing South Montezuma at the base of the mountain and going thence northeast to Monticello. In winter months, this road was burie[d] under two to six feet of snow, and was pretty much out of the questions from Dece[mber] to April. Some of this snow could be avoided by a road which led down Montezuma to Verdure, and from there north.

In 1890 a road, at least it was called a road in that day, was opened across Devil and Long Canyons to Verdure. It was a huge improvement on the old route, though the dugway gave a false impression as to where the canyon got its name. "Yes, this is Devil Canyon alright," the stranger would say, hanging like grim death to the old spring seat. Those wonderful old dugways are still strewn with telltale boards and spokes and felloes, dating from the reluctant haste with which certain freight outfits descended at the bottom of the canyon.

Recapture too, was the scene of many thrilling adventures, both along the hillside on its north, and in the crooked wash where every now and then a raging flood played freaks with the crossings. Travel was very irregular, and sometimes no wagon broke the track for weeks at a stretch. And woe to the team which faced the shifting soil on Bluff Bench after one of these long intervals. The road was simply a barren path through the drifting sand, into which the wheels sank a disheartening depth, coming slowly up therefrom with the miserable substance sliding from every spoke.

But the cream of this ancient highway was generally to be found in Cow Canyon, a narrow defile in the cliff through which rainwater found its way from the bench to the river. It was never intended for a roadway, and every shower wiped it clean of all loose dressing intended to modify the intolerable bumps on the solid rock. Such invincible Road Supervisors as Hyrum Perkins tried one scheme after another shooting down tons and tons of rock for the cliff above, but it was ground to sand by the wheels and hoofs, and it went away in the floods. Many a belated teamster thought it best to leave his load at the top until morning, and many a load started up from Bluff to stop indefinitely in the canyon.

Sometimes for weeks at a stretch, the only way was by the Jump, three miles up the river; a six-mile muleshoe curve to get a mile away. It was a long, long way in those days from Bluff to Monticello, in fact, measuring distance by the present means of travel, it was about three hundred miles. The two places were not connected by a mail route, and each one occupied a wilderness all its own. A telephone line had not yet been dreamed of, and in case of serious sickness or death, a horseman rode a lathering mustang over the long road.

1891

CHAPTER XXXIX

Referring again to that corruption which somehow never failed to arrive in jugs and bottles, in the summer of 1891, a ponderous flask of the vile stuff arrived in Monticello for Tom Roach. It is not necessary here to relate who took pains to bring it in, bringing it in was no great offense, drinking it was no great sin, and whatever a man did after he drank was no great crime "because he was under the influence of liquor." At least that was the popular argument, through the reader of this account may take issue from it.

Roach himself was out of town, and the said flask was delivered to his wife, who dared do nothing but keep it for him since he knew it was coming. But she declared in tears to the neighbors that it meant danger to herself and others when he drank it.

He had ordered the stuff for the part he expected to take in the celebration of the 24th of July, and it seems he refrained no longer, and by evening his little supply of common sense was pretty much perverted. Still he must go to the

dance, he had doted on making there a gallant display of his manhood, and he must carry his revolver or the display would be too tame, especially since most of the dancers would be without firearms.

Dazed and staggering, he watched eagerly for the occasion to make his intended display, but everyone treated him with civility and the prospect looked rather dull HE would have to make the occasion himself. In the Quadrille, the popular dance of the time, it was customary in the "alaman left," to swing twice around, but the corruption had left Roach with barely the equilibrium to swing once. Exercisin[g] his muddled spirit-level to stand up after his "once around," he saw Peter Bailey still swinging his partner. He grasped this as the opening to start something and pulled out his pocketknife, he fell with fury on unsuspecting Peter. The music and the dancing stopped, different ones seized the drunken fellow, and all became confusion.

"Turn 'im loose, I'll take care of 'im, called someone near the door, and Joe McCord tried to reason with the furious Roach, pleading with him to be peaceable and assuring him that no one meant him any harm. Out though the door they went. McCord still trying to inject a little reason into Tom's inflamed intellect. But Tom wanted no reason and no peace, he had set out for something quite different. Jerking out his revolver, he shot McCord, and then held up the crowd demanding money.

Nearly everyone had left the hall, and stood aghast in the moonlight at the sight of the fallen McCord and his slayer's gun pointed at them. By the way, this gun was not now loaded, certain of the cowboys had previously emptied it of all but one cartridge. But the crowd knew nothing of the emptying trick, and Joe Nielson, Harry Green, Bob Hott and others, shelled out such loose cash as they had in their pockets and threw it at his feet.

When the main part of the dancers crowded out the front door to watch the trouble others climbed through the back windows to make their escape unseen. Among this latt[er] number was Frank Adams, whose object was to get a gun and protect the defenseless crowd from further outrages of this drunken fiend. He went to the home of C. E. Walton where he found a rifle over the door, and hurried back to the excitement in the moonlight.

Roach had ordered a horse, and someone of his own calibre was getting it ready with all possible speed, while he held the people from getting outside help until it should arrive. With matters hanging in this suspense, Frank Adams came up wit[h] his rifle, and was covered at once with the desperado's revolved, but it clicked vacantly, being empty. Almost simultaneously the rifle was discharged at Roach, but through some terrible mistake, it missed its red-handed mark and struck Mrs. C. E. Walton near the heart. "I am hurt," she said simply, falling in the arms of her son, and though she spoke again, she lived but a few moments.

A sickening chill ran through the crowd, it was indeed a midnight scene of horror which would sink indelibly into the memory of everyone present. First the cold-blooded murder of McCord as he pled for peace and fair play, and then the fatal shot which brought death to a lovely woman who had endeared herself to all who knew her.

The horse Roach ordered, was brought, and its footfalls died away in the distance as he fled like Cain from the smoking blood of innocence. The sorrowful task of preparing the two bodies for burial occupied kindly hands the remainder of the night.

Early in the forenoon of the 25th, a horseman urged his lathered pony into Bluff, and related what a bottle of whiskey had done for Monticello since the precious evening. Everyone wanted to attend the funeral, and shortly after noon several wagons loaded with sympathizing friends, started across the soft, blistered road. Evening black clouds arose and the night came on with thick darkness and driving rain. Sending men ahead with torches to find the road, the company continued onward. Bishop Nielson's wagon ran off the grade and tipped over but gathering around it they rolled it back into place, and reached Monticello in time for the funeral of the 26th.

It is only fair in connection with this painful accident, to give the unanimous verdict which exonerates Frank Adams of all blame in the affair. What he undertook to do is only what others wanted to do, and its failure may not be placed with any blame on him.

Another feature of this 24th of July celebration, was planned by some of the cowboys for the special benefit of F. I. Jones who as the ecclesiastical head of the community, had become the particular object of all their jealousy over the general growth and success of the community. They had agreed with each other to lasso him when he entered the log hall in the evening, to pull him by hand to where the horses were stationed, and then mounting to drag him out of Monticell[o] and indefinitely away over the hills.

But there was a man named Freeman who had moved with his family to Monticello, and he deserves to be remembered as a reliable factor for order and a square deal. He discovered this fiendish plot, and though it was too late to send word to Bishop Jones, he loaded his double-barrel shotgun and stood guard over the horses intended for the game, determined to balk the program if it could be done by the well-directed contents of his gun. He waited long in the shadow, hoping the Bishop would get wind of the plan and stay at home. And his hopes were not in vain, for though everyone had reason to expect the head of the Ward at the party, he did not come until called for by the tragedy late in the night.

When the usual calm followed the fateful celebration, Freeman sought the Bishop and asked him why he had not come to the dance. The Bishop relates that he did start with his wife for the party but the farther he went, the more clear to his spiritual instincts came a voice commanding him to go back; he saw no reason why he should not attend, but the voice was too plain to be misunderstood, and after explaining it to his wife, they talk it over and returned home.

Whatever Freeman's belief as to spiritual instincts, he shed tears when he heard the Bishop's story, realizing keenly what would have happened but for this real or imaginery voice.

In 1891, or in 1892, the Texas outfit manifested a willingness to sell their holdings in San Juan and a company was formed in Bluff to consider their terms. The deal was closed for twenty-thousand dollars and the ELKM band became the property of the new company, which included nearly everybody in town.

The deal marked an important improvement in the country's complexion, and it was followed by a general and wholesale rounding up of the long-horned cattle, and when they were sold off, the range was left near the original type of Utah stock. The Bluff people thus became the sole heirs to the country, which they had but begun to utilize when the great herd arrived from Texas. The Elk Mountain and the southern and western part of the County lay open again to their cattle and sheep, the cabins at Rincon were deserted, and the San Juan Co-op put a stock of goods in the old Barton store and opened a business with the Navajos. Wayne H. Redd and Christian L. Christensen were clerks there at different times in the life of the new store.

In 1892 the Monticello Co-op came into existence in Monticello, with F. I. Jones as President, and Charles E. Walton, Sr., as clerk. The building was an unpretentious log affair, located southwest of the more recently erected church building.

Sometime in the early nineties the bill was killed which had proposed to make a Reservation of San Juan, and the chronic unrest to show promising symptoms of yielding to fixed and steady purpose. Kumen Jones jarred loose from the conventional stupor of mud-roofed houses and laid the foundation of a neat stone dwelling. It was a brand new precedent, opening an era which should make Bluff known far and near for its neat comfortable homes.

But the settling of the Reservation question did not settle, and has not yet settled the Ute question in San Juan. That question lived on with the Utes themselves, sometimes expressing itself in inter-tribal feuds among them, and sometimes reaching unpleasantly into the affairs of the white population, Instances of disagreeable contact are too numerous to be recounted here, for sometimes they concerned individuals only, and sometimes those individuals were defenseless women and children.

Mancos Jim presented himself one day at the door of a certain house, where a woman and her small children lived, and asked for something to eat. The woman hesitated about preparing the meal. having other duties pressing upon her. But the old Ute read lines of fear on her face, and more in the faces of her children and demanded that certain items of food be prepared for him to eat. When the troubled mother still hesitated, he drew a match from his pocket and declared if the meal were not prepared at once, he would fasten the door upon them and set fire to the house.

He ate a square meal and at the same time left an indelible impression of his face on the minds of the four little girls, and four women still recall savage lines. Of course "Old Mancos" has long since become peaceable and what he did before the influence of civilization modified the barbarious training of his former days, should not be remembered against his gray hairs.

Among these wild men of the hills, whose training accounted simply to falling a prey to the fierce passions of their nature, it is not surprising that there are a

few notorious incorrigibles. But it is rather surprising that among this particular few, the invincible reaper should have dealt so many telling blows.

One of these incorrigibles was known as "Bob" and it was necessary that he be taught the first rudiments of good behavior towards white women. The task of teaching him devolved on Fred Adams, who used a three-inch board to impress the youthful Ute with the salient features of the important lesson. Bob later contracted some strange disease and disappeared from the red ranks.

Another incorrigible, going by the name of "Grasshopper", happened among other offenses, to steal the horses of Paddy Soldiercoat. And Paddy happened to be the wrong man from whom to steal horses, for he camped on the trail of Grasshopper while Grasshopper stretched that trail out long and thin, with a big dust on the front end of it, and Paddy in desperate pursuit half a day behind. The lead dust came panting up the river into Bluff, and Grasshopper in this proud red shirt, rode full whip through town and off to the east. Then came the second dust headed by Paddy with gun and warpaint. He too, disappeared to the east, and no one knew for months how the trouble terminated, for though Paddy came smiling back, that smile was the mysterious crypt which no white man could interpret.

But a boy herding sheep near the mouth of Recapture, came one day to a pile of stones, and under it a skeleton in a red shirt, and in the center of the forehead was a round hole. Later on, Paddy's mother and grandmother told how they had cried and watched and waited while the chase went on, how their hearts had ached, and how at last they were filled with joy that the boy had slain his enemy[.]

Another Ute who fell at the hands of his own people, was Bridger Jack, though it must not be implied that he was other than a fine specimen of Indian, both physically and mentally. His mental genius and exalted him to the dignity of medicine man, but for some inexplicable reason, his medicine was adjudged to be bad. And for making this bad medicine, they pursued him as he ran, shooting him again and again until he fell from his horse, and then putting a sure bullet through each arm and each leg to break the evil spell of some of his bad medicine.

Another tragedy happened among the Utes on the backs of Cottonwood Wash within a stones0throw of Bluff, when Posey shot his squaw. He claimed it was an accident, and there is no right good reason to dispute his claim.

The unfortunate woman lay three days on the coarse blankets of her wickiup, while they tried by their strange incantations to correct the fatal effects of the terrible bullet. "Aunt Jodie" Wood and other women went from town to relieve her sufferings, all to no avail. She died and was burned in a cave west of town, near[r] the mouth of Buck Canyon.

Two youngsters who rode out on their ponies in the evening to see what might yet be smouldering in the great smoke, were discovered by Posey while back in the cave away from their horses. He charged upon them with his cayuse, struck at them with his quirt, pursued them over the sand hills until they were more dead than alive, and one of them still has weak lungs because of that

long run. Dr. Francis P. Hammond was one of those youngsters, and the other is digging up the history of San Juan.

The Utes on the north, on the east, and the west of Bluff prowled about uncertainly, and in varying numbers, but the Navajos on the south were ever a fixed quantity, living always up to and generally beyond the confines of their Reservation. They learned that Sunday was a home day for the people of Bluff, and it pleased these missionary settlers to hear them inquiring as to when and how often the day arrived. But gradually it leaked out that they had inquired with motives quite different from what the people intended; Sunday was the day of days for the Navajo to go forth in safety to plunder the range near town, to drive off the newborn calf, or butcher the fat cow.

Many a time not far from town, in jungles of young cottonwoods, familiar old milch cows have been recognized by white skulls with bullet holes centrally above the eyes. This Navajo custom of observing the Sabbath day may date indefinitely back into the eighties, but the people were slow to discover it. Once made, however, the discovery became a snare to the Sunday cattle thief, as we shall see later on in this account.

1892-1893

CHAPTER XLI

In the fall of 1892, someone pretended to know the lower San Juan was yellow with gold, and that the secret was carefully guarded by a few. And that pretended secret simply took wings and flew over the United States, and off over the oceans east and west. Men broke and ran like mad from all around, to stake a claim on the river before all the ground should be taken. From New England, the Eastern, Central and Western States they came, they came from Canada and Mexico, a member of the royal family arrived from Norway, and one fellow who heard the call, came all the way from New Zealand.

The vicinity of Bluff, and the river bottoms above and below for many miles were alive with camps and outfits of all sizes and kinds, from the heavy six-horse coach, to the lone tramp who trudged eagerly onward, or bummed his passage from some good-natured teamster.

Quiet little Bluff was infested with men of all grades and stations and colors, thieves and tramps and sharpers and beggars and bums.

They flocked in without any previous knowledge of the country, and without sufficient preparation and equipment to take care of themselves, and some of them left their dry bones on the goldless sands which had lured them to San Juan.

Two different outfits who had lost their way to the Lake country were found by cow outfits who directed them to the way out. A lone tramp was seen in the vicinity of Road Canyon, and though he passed within a stones-throw of two cowboys, he said nothing nor veered from his course, but blundered straight ahead like a loco calf. The hardships of the desert may have unbalanced his mind.

When the eager multitude began collecting at Bluff, with the roadless wilderness defying the further advances of their wagons, they opened the old road up Comb Wash to what was named the Gable Camp, south of Clay Hill

on the river. The eager multitude prospected Grand Gulch, Castle Wash and the desert solitudes of the Lake country, penetrating many a silent region from the remote confines of which some of them never returned.

One fellow, depending solely on his legs for his transportation, came in from the east and worked for Hanson Bayles long enough to pay from a grubstake, after which he disappeared along the winding trail leading westward over the sandhills. No one would have known to this day but that he staked his claim and left San Juan with the ebbing tide of humanity a few months later, but that someone, at a secluded spring near the Barton Range, found a human skull still bearing the short hair of a modern man. Further investigation revealed his withered shoes, more of his bones and fragments of his clothing. Apparently he had died there in solitude, of sickness or starvation, and further than partly placing him as the man who worked for Hanson Bayles, he was never identified, his name was not learned, and none of his friends were notified of his unfortunate ending.

While the boom was on and all the available houses serving as hotels, a young fellow coming originally from Boston, Massachusetts, sought lodgings in Bluff and found them with Postmaster Joseph F. Barton. He had two horses, a rather good saddle, pack outfit and revolver, and gave the name of Clark Field. He stayed bu[t] one night with the Bartons, and started alone across the Navajo reservation for Flagstaff.

With his disappearance among the sand hills to the southwest, his name and face began to fade from memory, and he would never have perhaps been mentioned in San Juan again, but for a young Navajo who came to town carrying a gun which the Bartons recognized as that carried by the stranger who lodged with them. His having the gun looked somewhat suspicious but of course he might have traded for it, or bought it, and the incident was dismissed.

But a letter came after a few months to the Post Master inquiring about a young man named Clark Field. It was written by a Mrs. Field in Boston, who said she ha[d] traced her son as far as Bluff, but had heard nothing from him since he reached that point.

An account of the stranger, along with the woman's letter, and a statement about the young Navajo with the suspicious gun, were placed in the hands of Thales Haskel, who began pumping the Navajos for a clue to the missing man. He found it, h[e] got the whole story.

When Field made camp on the Reservation, a young Navajo came to his fire in the evening. Neither one could understand the other, the white man was suspicious an[d] not disposed to make any com promise; and the Navajo was surely appreciating the stranger's valuable outfit and his helplessness to defend himself. Field had told Grant Elliott when they parted that day at the mouth of Butler Wash that he would take "no lip" from the Navajos, and true to his determination, he drew his gun and drove the surly young Indian out of camp.

His resolve to make no compromise with danger, became the snare of death to his unsuspecting feat. That copper-colored youth returned to his hogan for an ax, and sulked in the distant shadows of that compfire until the white man

had retired for the night. Then he came stealthily forward, smote the stranger on the head as he slept, and robbed him of all which his covetous eyes had seen.

The youthful murderer's mother, fearing her son's guilt would be discovered, got another squaw to help her carry the body a number of miles where they threw it from a ledge, and covered it with stones.

Haskel's prying questions penetrated the stubborn reserve of these squaws, they told about the murder, and showed where the body had been concealed. In company with Bob Mitchel, Haskel brought the remains to town, where they were placed in the Bluff cemetery.

With those remains was a pair of new shoes which the Bartons recognized; and ther[e] was a gold ring, a letterhead, and a memoranda which were forwarded to Mrs. Field in Boston. She recognized the ring and she produced letterheads similar to that found in the pockets of the dead man. But still she was uncertain, as was Clark Field's sweetheart, who joined her in the solemn inquiry, waiting in sorrowful suspense for tidings. They asked that the bones be unearthed and examined for certain gold fillings in the teeth. The grave was opened, and the fillings found exactly as the women had described them. He was really Clark Field, their son an[d] sweetheart, lost in the human flood which had rushed for the phantom gold of San Juan.

It may be unpleasant to read, it certainly is unpleasant to record, that the murderer of Clark Field was never brought to justice, and is, so far as is generally known, still living to enjoy the spoil of his foul robbery.

1893

CHAPTER XLII

During the first few weeks of the boom, the motly multitude which it carried on its rising tide, seemed never to dream that the flood would ebb, and recede as tamely as any other tide. They believed the gold was actually there in streaks of blessed yellow and the fact that everybody was going in that direction at break-neck speed, seemed to prove it conclusively. Men who had no faith in arriving early enough to stake a rich claim, doted on opening some business near by, with the view of fleecing the lucky fellows who gobbled the bonanza. A rich fiel[d] would demand workmen at big wages, and men who aspired to those wages and nothing else came floating in with the rest of the drift.

A slender negro, six feet and something in the air, traveled with a chubby Irishman whose calibre of overalls was forty-one-sixteen. When they made their bed near Bayles' corral in the evening, behold they had a short canvas and one small quilt only. The canvas separated them from the cold damp ground, and the quilt withstood the inclemency of the winter above. All but the head of the Irishman's egg-like form was snugly covered, but the colored man protruded at least two feet from the foot of the bed, and indefinitely out into the cold from above where his pillow should have been.

A German barber named Shisler, wearing a long patriarch beard, went from camp to camp and from door to door with razor, scissors and comb, offering to shingle or shave whoever had the price thereof.

Carpenters, masons, miners, musicians and mule skinnners were present in excess of all demands. Hay jumped to an unheard-of price and was hauled in by way of the old Navajo Spring road from Cortez. There was ever a hungry cry for lumber, and it too was ordered from afar at great expense.

Lumber was needed for rockers, for flumes, sluice boxes, water wheels and boats, especially boats. The rapids, shallows and narrows of the old San Juan were never so formidable as the trails and roads and since the alleged gold lay hidden along the banks of the winding stream, they built and loaded their boats at Bluff and floated merrily off down the river. Again and Again they floated away, but they never came back, that is, in the boats.

When they did return, tramping wearily into town from the west with clothing torn, shoes worn out, and feet lacerated by sharp stones, they had thrilling stories of adventure to relate; they had wonderful prospects of wealth and claims which they longed to sell, but they had always failed by just a little bit or reaching the gold which they were nevertheless sure of loading up with on the next trip.

A leading figure in this hunt for gold, and a man to be remembered for many sterling qualities, was Melvin Dempsey, a Cherokee Indian. He meant business and made it a point to conduct a square deal. When he became doubtful about the existence of gold in paying quantities on the San Juan, he investigated traces of copper and oil and found besides, a ledge of very fair marble.

There was Humphrey the wealthy New Yorker, famous as a hypnotist, there was Brice Mendenhall, Atwood, Henager and Henley, and others too numerous to mention. Most of them departed when the bubble broke, but some of them stayed and are here yet. A; L. Raplee has been a prominent figure on the river since that time, and San Juan can thank the boom for William J. Nix and Ezekiel Johnson.

One of the men who prepared to ambush the finders of the bonanza, came into Bluff with a load of whiskey, expecting to open a saloon. News of his arrival sent a ripple of excitements to the homes of all the old settlers. Would they tolerate drunkenness in their peaceful retreat? After all the other things with which they had been in constant warfare these thirteen years, would they surrender to whiskey without putting up any fight at all? Not a bit of it!

A committee met the would-be saloon keeper who was given a clear understanding of the bad relish with which the people received his proposition. They offered to buy his entire stock on condition that he would bring no more, and he agreed to the offer.

It was the San Juan Co-op who got the booze, and it was locked up inn the old shoeshop which was their only warehouse. Men arrived from all around expecting to ge[t] a drink at the Co-op, nothing doing. That booze was bought to keep, not to sell. Wasn't it possible to get inside and get just a little of it? No sir, not a drop

So the thirsty multitude plotted an attack by stratagem, by assault, or some othe[r] way on those barrls of drink locked up in the shoeshop. One of their civil engineers went to the store for an article which he knew was stored in the

shoeshop, and when the door was open, he made a mental map of the exact latitude and longitude of the place of the barrels.

Tidings of this brilliant plot, with invitations to participate therein, went to the cowpunchers of the L. C. outfit, and to camps up and down the river. On the night appointed, with tapering plug, with brace and bit and empty jugs, they crawled under the shoeshop, got the latitude and longitude of the place, and bore[d] a hole up through the floor into a barrel of whisky. The plot worked like a charm, and before morning, more drunken men wallowed in the streets than Bluff ever saw before or since.

It must not be implied that this particular load of whiskey bought by the San Jua[n] Co-op was all of the stuff that ever arrived. It filtered in in small quantitie[s] for the possession of which men sometimes fought desperately.

Two fellows going by the names of Bonnell and Arnold, disagreed as to which one of them should drink the remaining cup of one of the installments of the blessed stuff[f] and after a few preliminary words, fell on each other tooth and toenail. They were in what was known as Lumpkins cabin, and a great crowd collected to watch the fuss. But it progressed from bad to worse until every movable thing in the house was used as a weapon. Sheriff Willard Butt was notified, and when after a hard struggle, he and his deputies brought the bloody belligerents into subjection and led them out, they looked like game cocks that had gone the limit. Too bad after this much of the story no one knows who got the drink in question, it may have been upset and spilled in the scuffle, or some of the onlookers may have regaled themselves with it as they watched the fight.

With mechanics and workmen hunting jobs, the Bluff School District decided to buil[d] a school house, and the people appointed a committee who let a contract for the erection of a church. The buildings were of stone, and J. R. Lumpkin figured prominently as a mason and stone cutter for both of them. Charles Sitzler, Alfred Gordan, and W. J. Nix were the main carpenters. The school house was completed first, and the meeting house was not dedicated until February, 1894. The sound of a new bell in town had quite a novel effect, and when the boys wanted to make the occasion particularly impressive they rang both bells at once. Those two buildings may not have a very imposing appearance now, but they looked like veritable steps toward the erection of good homes in every corner of the isolated little town.

CHAPTER XLIII

The gold hunters who tramped the hills of San Juan, made it a point to have plenty of beef in camp, for if they were not on a stock range, they found it worth while to go with their pack outfits to such range and return loaded. It cost them nothing, if they were careful, and if an arrest should be made the chances were all in their favor.

On one range, whose cattle were somewhat wild, they killed the blooded yearling bulls which were more tame, having just been brought in. In several cases they were found with beef in their possession, and one arrest was made. But the preliminary hearing of that case was conducted principally before their own officials and proved to be a ghastly farce. It established such

a precedent in favor of robbing the range that the business looked like a good thing and was indulged in more freely than ever.

Dick Knight and the notorious fighter, Arnold, figured that since range cattle were free for all, they should, besides enjoying the beef, lay something for a rainy day. Accordingly they began rounding up small bunches of cattle and selling them to the Navajos at reduced prices near the mouth of Comb Wash. The Navajos, elated at the prospects of thus easily building up herds, began talking of the enterprise, and the little scheme leaked out before the two thieves had made their preparation to leave.

Sheriff Willard Butt and certain of his deputies, surprised them near the lime kiln in Butler Wash and brought them to town. When they left for the north, each one heavily guarded and both of them looking like dogs caught with the bait in his mouth, and especially when they failed to return, it gave the free beef industry a less hopeful countenance.

But lawlessness was not then, nor at any time since banished from southeastern Utah. Its wilderness is so wide, its natural defenses so inviting, that guilt sought within its rugged borders a safe retreat from all around.

One day a fellow loaded with guns and giving the name "Murray" straggled into Bluff, apparently relieved that he had landed so blissfully far from nowhere. He was accompanied by a lesser personality who was also armed, and in the isolated village they felt inclined to relax for a breathing spell.

But two other fellows, also armed to the teeth, came in on their tracks, causing the first to dodge fearfully about with their hands on their guns preparatory to going on. The second two, with suave assurance, pretended to be on the run, and offered to pool their fortunes with the first. The four were from the same vicinity, but the last two, contrary to their pretensions, were resolved to get the reward offered in Arizona for Murray and his companion.

The pooling position carried, and the four moved camp to Rincon. But Murray still held to his mistrust of these old acquaintances and aimed to give them no advantage whatever. As for the acquaintances, they watched for the "drop on" their intended victims, and were all but to despair of realizing their hopes. In fact they resolved, if they failed before leaving Rincon, to give up the chase and return to Arizona.

Having thus decided to loose the trip or take their men at this camp, at a mutual signal each pushed his gun into the face of Murray and his companion, calling, "Hands up quick!" And their hands went up, in spite of their anger at being thus deceived, they were taken back across the Reservation to answer for their offenses[e] in the State to the south.

At another time three men came in from the north with a band of horses, crossed the river and plunged into the wilderness of the Reservation towards Arizona. Ho[t] on their trail in pursuit, came Henry Knowles and John Duckett, reporting to Sheriff Butt that the horses were theirs. The Sheriff joined them in the chase, in which he also enlisted several Navajos, and came back the next day with the three thieves under heavy guard.

Besides the enterprises and the men who may be mentioned in a story of San Juan County, there are other men and deeds and events which are doomed to remain, at least for the present, as inseparable parts of the rocks, and hills where they were enacted.

A man named Joe McCoy took refuge in San Juan, and with his guns and his donkeys lived a hermit's life until the time of his death.

Once when visitors arrived at his camp, he warned them first thing to refrain fro[m] hurting his friend, to whom he called their attention. It was a great green lizard lying in the shade of a stone ledge, but it ran to McCoy's hand with every indication of having been the familiar companion of his solitude. McCoy held always to his guns, sometimes referring in anger or fear to certain old troubles in the distant state of Kentucky. Especially at the time of his death did he make reference to these things, muttering about them with his last breath.

In the early nineties two men named Dutch and Day made their summer headquarters in Dark Canyon. Their winter range, northwest towards the Colorado River, completed the remote world of their operations which might furnish materials for stories of the wild west, but cannot enter extensively at present into this account.

Another cow outfit, deserving at least to be mentioned, was the H H T Herd which came in from Grand Junction, Colorado, stopped at Red Canyon and other places in the west of the County. Jim Jones and Henry Knowles figured prominently in the handling of this herd and left a good impression wherever they came in contact with other stockmen of the country. That the coming of such a herd at that time was a mistake from every angle, disastrous to its owners and everybody it crowde[d] into, may not be made to reflect on the men in charge. The keen wholesome wit of Jim Jones in many a cow-camp, will be remembered as a rest from toil and hardship. While the crowded range was of course relieved by the departure of the H H T cattle, no one rejoiced in saying farewell to Jim Jones.

Most of the cattle interests of Bluff were pooled, and Fletcher B. Hammond and later Francis Nielson were appointed foremen. The Bluff sheep, in a co-op herd, occupied North Elk, and the country east of there in the summer time, the herding was done by Mexicans under the direction of J. B. Decker and L. H. Redd.

Before the boom, McLoyd and Graham, from Colorado, began excavating cliff dwellings in San Juan, and after disposing to good advantage of several big collectio[ns] of ancient relics, the business became quite popular. When the gold bubble burst half a dozen relic-digging outfits came into existence, going into most of the regions where the oborigines of San Juan had lived and built. One of thee collections is now in the Museum of Denver, another in the Deseret Museum in Salt Lake City, and still others in California and the Eastern States.

CHAPTER XLIV

The stone meeting house and school building had no modifying influence on the contrary antics of the old San Juan. Instead of cowering from their august

presence on the far side of the valley, the foxy old stream chuckled to itself, and began whittling away the section of the ditch known as The Flintlock. It cut its way on foot by foot until it struck the cliff at The Jump, obliterating the road and the ditch which ran side by side. Wagons had to wend their way out over the sand and rocks to the mouth of Recapture, and the flow of water through the ditch had to be postponed. All the positions of advantage which had been held by the ditch on that front were occupied by the river which roared the glory and might of its current and its quicksand.

Matters looked bilious indeed. A similar situation had been met ten years before when uncompromising resolution separated the cliff from the river by the famous and costly cribs.

But these are labors which hue so near to the limits of human courage, that they are never undertaken twice in a lifetime. The second generation were not yet ready to consider more cribs, and the situation grew darker as they studied it.

Someone proposed that a channel be cut in the rock for a part of the stream below The Jump; that a wheel be placed therein to raise the water into the now hopeless ditch; it looked like a good scheme, and some folks took courage, but others contended that the current in this artificial channel would be too dead to move a wheel, and that the river might not stay there long enough to justify the effort.

The old question of the propriety of holding Bluff crawled out of its shallow grave and wormed its way into most of the homes in town. It had been settled once by special visits of the Church Authorities who had founded the Mission; and it had been settled again by the killing of the bill which proposed to make a Ute Reservation of San Juan. But now it had to be settled still again, and the situation was reported to the authorities of the Church, who promised another visit in the near future. To that visit and its outcome the people looked as eagerly forward as to that other visit ten years before, and numbers of them attended Conference in the east of the Stake, where the promised visitors expected to arrive from Salt Lake City.

Brigham Young, Jr., Anthon H. Lund and George Teasdale, of the Quorum of Apostles arrived at Bluff with the returning Conference folks, and met the people in the new meeting house. Everyone awaited eagerly the decision. Brigham Young had been with some of the men to look at the ditch, but had not betrayed his opinion of the situation.

When the other two had spoken, touching on the crisis in a general way, Brigham Young took from his pocket a book, and proceeded to ask each man individually whether he was willing to remain, writing in the book as he did so, the promise of each one to stay. There was scarcely a dissenting voice, though each one was given to understand that he could go or stay as he pleased.

The question thus settled, the people again felt assured that the Providence which found a settlement in San Juan, had still a purpose in maintaining that settlement. And again the situation had to be met at all cost, a ditch had to be devised and built, and men had to forget their discouragement and weariness while the renewed the war of defense with the river.

They blasted a way in the cliff face for the ditch along The Jump, and a precarious road was made on the bank thereof, with the restless river boiling by at uncomfortably close proximity. They built rods and rods of new ditch, scraping cla[y] and sand and roots, where a scraper would load no more than a pocketful of dirt a[t] a time. Peter Allan, with his surveying apparatus, had to ascertain how many thousands of an inch fall there would be in each fifty rods, for everybody knew the water, if it moved at all, would ooze lazily along in the new channel, fillin[g] it presto with sediment from bank to bank.

And they hauled loads and loads of brush and stone to rip-rap the raw edges of the eating sore where the river held sway. Forests of new cottonwoods were gnawed away, and rugged rocks of the ages shattered with dynamite to supply the hungry demand.

The story of the past repeated itself; water came in the ditch, the ditch broke, a crew was mobilized to repair the break, the water rose, the river fell, it went always in those places where it ought not to have gone. A superstitious people would surely have come to believe that The Old Nick lived in the murmuring stream inventing and directing its wonderful didoes.

It is disappointing to consider how little that ditch accomplished, even at its best. It produced an abundance of fruit for the little community, and it made possible the crops of corn and sorghum for rich batches of molasses every fall. But hay, though it grew rank, and sometimes yielded four cuttings to a season, supplied but a small percent of the demand.

Saddle horses had to hunt grass on the bench north of town, and milch cows browse[d] the greasewood along the river and in the nearby canyons, requiring to be hunted from their hiding places every evening.

The water of that ditch was ever of doubtful quality for house use, and the peopl[e] depended on ground wells, whose sparking draught, though slick enough to slide dow[n] any throat, was yet a hard combination, and had to be soaked in ashes for weeks before it became sufficiently pliable for washing clothes.

How the settlers could thrive on such unwholesome drinks, how they could live and rejoice in their hard work, and their poor log homes, which kept out neither falling rain nor flying sand, is a secret of the time which passed away with it. Another mystery of that period, is the forests of stink-weeds which grew ten feet high in the streets, supplying rich honey to the swarms of bees which were ever buzzing among them.

As for the multitude who came in the boom, they straggled away again, leaving the wilderness as quiet as they found it. Few indeed were the new settlers who joine[d] the fighting ranks at Bluff to stay and contend with the river. Among this small number is D. John Rogers, who married a Bluff girl, and has risked all his fortunes in San Juan ever since, entering with rough and ready willingness into every fight which the growth of the country has required of its people.

San Juan County ranks in size with the small states of the Union and if its broad area were dotted as those states are with cities and towns, the combined areas of many places would hardly claim space for more than a paragraph in its history. But when in its rugged millions of acres there were but two small settlements struggling for existence, those settlements rank in importance with two tiny lone human beings operating in the magnificent stretches of that solitude become prominent in the story, if only from his isolation from the throngs of mankind in more populous centers.

Like the boy who had been promised world-fame if he lived long enough, and then told his fame would come from his being the oldest man alive, Bluff was an important center, being the only town within a radius of fifty miles. Monticello was of equal moment for the same reason.

Institutions, businesses, industries, men and women, came through these peculiar conditions into the limelight and must be immortalized in the annals of San Juan where a more populous country would find no room for their names in its history.

Thus James B. Decker, though he was cow-man, sheep-man, farmer, and freighter; though he engaged in manual labor on the ditch and in his splendid orchard; and though he acted as one of the Board of Directors of San Juan Co-op, and figured as a valuable diplomat in dealing with the Indians, was yet the greatest choir leader and Sunday School Superintendent within fifty miles. The efforts he found time to make in these latter lines, in spite of other urgent duties, hold him prominently in the memory and esteem of his contemporaries, as a man who filled an important place in the development of the country.

Later to this work with the Bluff choir, came David Edwards. The melodies of his quiet practices and unpretentious singing schools are still echoing in many homes inspiring harmony and cheer to sweeten lives which would otherwise be intolerably strenuous. Not only with his voice and his tuning fork, but with his violin who animated strains transformed the old log meeting house into a ballroom of charming elegance.

Another figure prominent on that horizon, is "Joe" Nielson, who could pilot six horses and two wagons along any ordinary burro trail and who, before he became heavily interested in cattle and sheep, had the reputation of moving freight with wholesale ease and profit. Not only a freighter but a merchant, he opened the first private store in Bluff, and was known besides for his wholesale generosity to all comers.

For a number of years Miss Ann Bayles was the only clerk for the San Juan Co-op and will be remembered as a plucky woman who met and traded with Utes, Navajos and all kinds and classes who drifted through the country. As a side business she hunted with her shotgun for choice birds which she stuffed and mounted. But with her gun or without it, she was ever known to have what is worthy in man and majestic in woman; courage. In cases of distressing sickness and accident she would proceed calmly to set limbs and minister wise relief.

In memory of that stage, too, John Allan the venerable old Scotch naturalist still lives like a pleasant dream. His unusual knowledge of birds, and his skill

as a taxidermist deserved more favorable recognition than he ever found in his isolated retreat. Though he was stooped and gray and withered with age, his soul was attuned to the sweetest song of the blithest warbler among the green leaves. He knew its name and its habits, and he lived, not in the hard toil which claimed his strength, but in the world of songs and blossoms, he was always delighted to tell about them, though his listener was but a little child.

Just north of Bluff, in the mouth of Calf Canyon, was a reservoir, a place where waterbirds sometimes swam, where lithe frogs hid among the rocks on the bank; but more important still, where the young lads of Bluff splashed and ran and leaped for joy; free from all cumbering raiment of any kind whatsoever. Among them were Monticello's new attorney, F. B. Hammond; Monticello's ex-Bishop, Henry Wood; Blanding's banker, L. H. Redd, and other men now less prominent, but who were none-the-less in love with that "ole swimmin' hole." They claimed it was "up to Jense Nielson's neck," in the deepest place, for they could go down over their raised hand without touching bottom.

But beyond these things of the peaceful interior, stretched the sunburned wilderness in all directions, where horse-thieves, prospectors and doubtful creatures wended their way in pairs or alone among the hills.

"Old Moustache", the Navajo, declared that "yellow" was his horse brand, and he watched his chance to replevy every yellow horse in the country. His writ of replevin, however, was read to the horse after its pretended owner had gone out of sight. He made matters tremendously disagreeable until he happened to "replevy" a horse belonging to Paddy Soldiercoat, who, as we may remember in the case of Grasshopper, was the wrong man from whom to replevy horses. The angry Ute met the old horsethief in the store in Bluff and began at once to point out the impropriety of getting horses in that way. Moustache had nothing to say, and tried to keep a safe distance between him and the Ute, but Paddy hopped like a cat on to him, bore him to the ground and dragged him around in the street to his heart's content, jerking his long black locks left and right. He stomped, kicked and slapped him, and called him "skane spirit" and other terrible names in perfect Navajo eloquence. It is not known that Paddy received any reward for this good work, though he deserved to be mentioned.

In the solitude of Elk Mountain and White Canyon, a gray bearded hermit appeared every now and then, always alone, always armed to the teeth, and always in rags and dirt beyond description. He gave the name of Charley Frye, and while he lived, good horses, especially stock horses, disappeared in a very remarkable way. No One suspected "old Charley", and not until he died somewhere in his silent retreats did it become known that he had been building up a band of horses. And in that band, with the plain brand of the true owner barred out, were the missing broodmares bearing a huge A, to indicate they belonged to Charley Frye.

Another wanderer of the hills, though harmless and honorable so far as anyone knows, was an aged gray-beard known as "Old Rocky". He trapped beaver along the river, he dug for relics and for gold, and coaxed his burros over many a dangerous trail in the cliffs. But what the charm of his lonely life, or what banished him from the haunts of men, no one knows.

There was another hermit called "Posty"; but whether the name referred to his being deaf as a post, or to the fact that one of his legs was perfectly stiff, is not clear. Some of the cow-men started him to work on a small stream in upper Comb Wash at the mouth of Mule Creek, and in the lonesome silence of that remote region he built a ditch and raised juicy melons and other garden stuff.

There was generally one or more camps along the San Juan and the Colorado. Sometimes after a long stay, these solitary watchers floated on down the river, and other times, though it is supposed they went on down, there is nothing to prove what became of them.

CHAPTER XLV

All the harmless old hermits, innocent prospectors, and individual thieves who pilfered the flocks and herds of San Juan, who were faithful to their task of robbing camps and killing gentle calves, were never noticeable circumstances to the systematic band of robbers, who extended their mysterious chain across the County in the early "nineties". They became known and notorious as the "Robbers Roost Gang."

Just who belonged to that slippery order was not known then, nor have their names ever been ascertained. It is certain they had confederates among the permanent residents, and it is certain too they refrained from sending a man back very soon over his newly traveled trail. The particulars of their exploits would fill volumes, but those particulars could not be collected from all the men who rode the range, though every man could supply a long list of interesting details. The gan[g] was kept posted as to the whereabouts of every cow-outfit, especially as to their horses and their unprotected camp supplies.

The promptness and accuracy with which they could appear from the seemingly dead solitude, to nail a horse as soon as its owner rode safely out of sight, indicate[s] their secret service was more far-reaching and effectual than was generally supposed.

It was not uncommon in those days, when a man had an extra good horse, for someone to warn him he better turn it in a good trade before it went without being traded at all. More than one such horse went quietly away never to be heard of again. Every cowpuncher knew this unsavory element skulked in the breaks and the shadows, and when he found a fresh shod track crossing the country, or a camp hidden away among the rocks, he knew it might not be healthy for him to follow the track or make too much investigation. And sometimes when he happened to meet men unexpectedly, and they motioned for him to go out from the trail around them, he knew he better take the hint and go out around. Charles B. Land and Company happened on such a meeting in Dry Wash, and in spite of the precipitous nature of the country on each side of the trail, they went around as directed.

Probably the biggest single haul the roosters ever made in the County, was from Twin Spring, on the Elk Mountain, where the H H T outfit and the Scorup Brothers had their headquarters. Their horses and camp supplies were such they had preserved special vigil all summer, and felt sure no one knew enough about their affairs to take advantage of a few days absence in the fall.

But when they returned after the expiration of those few days, the gang had pounced on their defenseless camp and departed with several hundred dollars worth of choice horses and supplies.

They made hurried investigations and scoured the country for tracks, but a dashing thunderstorm came up and obliterated all marks from the dust. Still bent on catching the thieves, Jim Jones and Jim Scorup rode madly over the trails towards Brown's Bottom, Dandy Crossing, Red Canyon and other places to where the Colorado could be crossed, but no clue could they find of the mysterious outfit. Its disappearance seemed to be as inexplicable as its knowledge of when and where to strike for a rich haul. What the two Jim's would have done had they once scented that trail is an attractive subject of speculation for all who knew them.

But the robbers of Twin Springs, as subsequent events proved, ran straight for Clay Hill and crossed the Colorado at Hall's old ferry on a raft of their own construction. In their hurry to reach the west side they left one horse which Monroe Redd found there the following spring, and returned it to Jim Jones.

In spite of the reduced herds of the Bluff people when they first arrived on the San Juan, and in spite of the dozen different elements which plundered the range regularly, they found the country filling up with cattle and horses. The opening of the Elk Mountain and the coming of the Texas herd resulted, before fences could be built, and before anyone was aware, in wild horses and cattle in many a rough quarter.

The up-to-date cow-hand had to be equipped with dashing horse, strong saddle, long rope and heavy chaps, ready to "bust pinions" and plunge down the roughest mountain side at the heels of a retreating steer. Before the riding force completed their preparation to lasso and drag these wild ones back from their resorts among the rocks and trees, those rocks and trees became lousy with mavericks and with vicious old steers as big as elephants. More than one splendid horse had his entrails gored out by them, and for years every departing herd contained a decreasing percent of aged mossbacks with huge boney frames and ponderous corkscrew horns.

Some of these wild horses sprang from rather choice stock, especially the Redd band which ranged around Wooden Shoes and on Deer Flat. Other parts of the range, however, were infested largely with diminutive cayuses of Navajo ancestry, and by their prolific tendencies they gradually reduced the once high price of horses. During the descent in values, L. H. Redd bought a hundred head of horses of Hanso[n] Bayles for four hundred dollars. And the prices dropped lower still, until fairly respectable mustangs changed hands in Bluff for a consideration of fifty cents.

However hard it may be to imagine them dropping still lower in price, they droppe[d] and dropped again, going indefinitely below zero. A force of fifteen or twenty men and boys armed with guns of large calibre, and mounted on good horses, began a clean-up of the range by rounding up the benches on each side of Cottonwood Was[h.] Oh, what a slaughter! The snorting little broomtails, mares, colts, and all wer[e] cut off from every retreat, crowded down on the rocky points and shot as long as they were seen to kick.

Though it was necessary too, to kill some of the wildest horses in the Wooden Sho[e] region, the best of them were pursued in thrilling relay races and compelled to do service for men. When a few men and book undertook to corral a fine brown stallion belonging to Samuel Wood, the chase finally attracted the whole crew of the Bluff pool. The reeking creature went unwittingly into Peavine Corral, but when he found himself ensnared with two lasso ropes, he bounded over the log fence and left a cloud of dust reaching to Deer Flat. The trail of those ropes was followed until the ropes wore out, and the hunt became a thing of days and weeks, but the brown horse learned at last how to behave under the saddle and in the collar.

CHAPTER XLVI

In the prolonged and bitter fight which was waged to redeem San Juan from the wild elements, and from violent men, Monticello has ever taken an important part. Like a fort which is the key to all surrounding country, the hostile forces focussed their attacks on the struggling little town, spreading blight of drouth on its hard-earned crops, making its peaceful streets the stage of their tragic conflict and rendering the calm of its night with their shots and their curses. Nature alone, untamed and forbidding, would have been a problem sufficient to try strong hearts, but with the additional menace of reprobate humanity trying to victimize them in every way, life to the pioneers must have been wearisome indeed.

Besides the double tragedy, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Walton and Mr. McCord, two other killings were in store for Monticello. A man named Simpson and a man named Jackson were rivals for the hand of a certain girl, and the rivalry grew to gigantic proportions, resulting in a hostile meeting where Jackson was shot to death. The tragedy occurred at night, and no third person was present in the cabin at the time. The muffled shot rang out with a dull report from within its walls, impressing the few who heard it with a dread boding of its fateful nature. "That shot killed a man," said F. I. Jones, as the sound reached his bedchamber.

Aside from Simpson's testimony, and the appearance of a mute corpse, there was no sure evidence in the case, and this account makes no attempt to place the blame. The Committee who went next morning to find Jackson lying where he fell, his mouth and eyes open, his moustache a clot of blood, shuddered with horror that the peaceful town should have such scenes enacted within its narrow limits.

The other killing resulted from a quarrel between Al Homan and Jim Rumrel. The two men rode out to the field into a street on the north side of town, disputing about some trouble they had sometime before. They were seen and heard by different persons near by, but the nature of the former trouble being not understood, the merits of the quarrel remained in doubt. After several shots had been fired, Rumrel fell dead from his saddle, and was left for the people of the town to bury. The wherefore of the killing might be learned from the court records, for Holman stood trial and was acquitted. It is claimed that Rumrel's real name was Simpson, and that he was a brother to the man who slew Jackson.

The gunmen in and around Monticello made living so difficult and so dangerous, adding so many special unpleasanties on the side, that it is

claimed most of the big boys and young men carried concealed weapons for an extreme emergency. The professional gunmen of that day called his revolver as essential article of raiment, and he wore it day and night. It was his vice, his pastime, and he developed in its use a cat-like agility and skill which could have done honor to more lofty business. Speed of operation and accuracy for aim exercised a good deal of seniority until someone attacked it from the rear.

Billy Sotell arrived one day with a kindred spirit at the Monticello Co-op, just after the clerk had locked up and gone home for dinner. Billy felt indisposed to await the return of that clerk, he wanted something from the store, and more still, he wanted to relieve the monotony of a dull day. Yanking his revolver from its scabbard, he shot the lock from the lumber door, and going in with his companion, helped himself as his fancy dictated.

It should be stated, however, for Sotell, that he apologized to F. I. Jones, and added, "you ought to shoot us like dogs. But don't ever come after us with sho[rt] guns, they're our game. Bring your long guns." And then to prove how thoroughl[y] he had mastered the fine art of using the short gun, he tossed up a half dollar and shot it before it reached the ground. It should be said further for Sotell that to prove he was indeed ashamed of himself, he promised then and there to leave San Juan, and departed according to that promise, he has not yet returned.

As if the minds of these quarrelsome gunmen were not sufficiently fruitful in raising hell without help, someone opened a joint known as the "Blue Goose" whe[re] fire-water was sold, where questionable practices and genuine coarse times prevailed. It is reported that Dora Crouse went into the Blue Goose to reform it[s] sinful inmates, and when he came out a few minutes later, he walked backward to his lodgings that people might not know the thankless inmates of said Blue Goose had cut away with a razor the most important part of his trousers.

One load of drink enroute to that Goose stayed overnight at Carlisle Ranch, wher[e] and old Irishman known as Pat, was given free access to the full barrels. No one knows how long, not how much he drank, but they found him frozen stiff next morning, and had to thaw him out before he could be made sufficiently straight for a coffin.

It is not surprising that those times should result in the forming of a vigilance committee, which, though it is not on record as having done much, perhaps exerted a wholesome influence by making its existence known. All the same, this committe[e] did hand Fred Sharp to a tree, and they came within a second of leaving him there too long. What a shame, when the country was lousy with men who should have been left dangling indefinitely, they should have nabbed Sharp, who seems to have been innocent. The committee thought he knew where a certain criminal hid, and they tried to strangle the desired knowledge out of him with a rope. His apparent death threw into them a panic of fear and they worked frantically to bring him too, only to hear him affirm he knew nothing about it, and so far as anyone knows he told the truth.

The gold excitement over San Juan is general, and along its river in particular, naturally devoted some attention to the Blue Mountain, whose mysterious formation promised almost anything unusual, and of course this effort found

mines galore, "Dream Mines," which are still dreams, vain dreams. It is related that some of these were revealed by disembodied spirits, whose strange signs and mutterings indicate hidden veins of fabulous richness. But they must be spiritual only, as they fail to materialize.

In one of those shafts, during one cold winter. Joe McGaluard and a man named Morto continued to work in their shaft far below the driving snow and the cold winds. In a long hole drilled in the rock they placed a huge load of giant powder, part of which seems to have been frozen. Only the thawed part of the load exploded, and the remaining hole being still too deep to abandon, the two men proceeded to make it deeper. They drove their steel drill into the remaining part of the charge, causing it to go off with a terrible bang. Morton's eyes were blown out, and his face and upper limbs fearfully lacerated. McGaluard came out with a broken leg. What should be done? The nearest human dwelling was miles away down the mountains over merciless banks of drifted snow. McGaluard made his friend as comfortable as possible and started afoot and alone with his dangling leg for Verdure. That he made it at all, is proof of his iron nerve, for most of the distance, he covered on his hands and one knee. A rescue party ascended the mountain on snow shoes, reaching the lonely camp only in time to see Martin breathe his last, and they brought the body down over the snow on a cowhide.

A man named Captain Jackson deserves mention in connection with these mines, for he erected a stamp mill on Johnson Creek, and laid off a town in a lovely valley at its east slope. But Jackson dropped dead in the road as he followed one of his shipments of machinery from Dolores, and all his mining operations dropped dead with him. If he had lived, it might have been altogether different, but the deserted mill and the cabins are known as Jackson's Camp, and aside from Louie Sailor, who lives there in the summer time, the place is forsaken.

Another mining man to build up a mill on Blue Mountain, was Ben Haywood. But his mill too met with adversity, and failed to begin operation. Many who helped built were sadly disappointed, and Joe Nielson's numerous piles of cordwood, put in accordance with contract for that mill, netted him experience instead of cash. Those neat ricks of wood lay there more than twenty years, and are lately being hauled to Monticello for the grist mill.

The great drouth which struck San Juan County like a blight, spreading its scorching flame over the whole country, lasting for years, cooling the fighting spirit of many a noisy gunman, and purifying the human elements of the entire district, must wait for another chapter.

CHAPTER XLVII

Frederic I. Jones acted as Presiding Elder over the Monticello Branch in 1894, when it was organized as a regular Ward and he became Bishop, with C. E. Walton, Sr., and Wilmer Brown as Counselors.

Up to that time and during the next year, good rainfall resulted in prosperous seasons and bounteous crops.

Having known nothing better, the farmers went every fall with their loads of grain to Mancos or Dolores in Colorado, returning from those mills with flour,

or from the stores with merchandise. Farming in the Blue Mountain Country was on a much smaller scale than now. Scarcely anyone believed grain could be raised without irrigation and beyond the limited fields immediately around Monticello, Verdure and Carlisle ranch, the hills were public domain, used and valued for such forage as cattle and sheep could find upon them. Verdure in those days consisted of George A. Adams and Parley Butt and their families; and Bob Hott and the men employed on his ranch.

Willard Butt ran a sawmill and a dairy in the summer time at the head of Devil Canyon, in fact a number of families from Monticello had dairies at different places along the base of the mountain. That Butt sawmill built not far from the pit where Willard Butt and George Ipson sawed out with a whipsaw the first lumber in the country, seems to have had the lumber trade of San Juan completely monopolized, although no one became jealous of the dividends it brought in.

In 1896 the hideous spectre of drouth came stalking over the whole country. Everything became dry and more dry, but people indulged fond hopes that next season would be better. Next season was worse. Dry winds drove clouds of dust fiercely along from the southwest, drinking up moisture like a sponge, leaving weeds and grass dry and withered. Crops failed. Loose soil on newly plowed land was swept from the hill tops leaving naked marks of the plow running across the hard earth. The flow from old springs diminished in quantity, and many small springs disappeared altogether.

People lost heart, and some of them pulled up stakes and departed without ceremony for more promising quarters. But as a whole, the community at Monticello remembered they had settled there in response to a call from President Hammond, and to him they looked for permission to leave their post. He released them all, with the possible exception of the Bishop. But that blanket release made no difference with the dry spell, and strange to relate, it made little difference with the people themselves, for very few availed themselves of permission to go. They hung to the place with the mighty instinctive love of home which makes civilized men better than wandering tribes.

In the years 1898 and 1899 became dryer still, and the purifying process among the human element of the country continued to splendid advantage. More than one rip-roaring gunman found the atmosphere entirely too dry for his comfort, and watching for opportunity to nail the best saddle horse in the country he vanished in the sandstorm to leave no tracks and return no more.

During those years, even when the drouth spectre glared most spitefully in the heat mirage on the heated hills, F. I. Jones remembered his little experiment wit[h] dry wheat, and raised somewhat of a crop every year. What he did for San Juan in thus meeting his own needs, preserving his own courage, and lending of course to the courage of others, may hardly be estimated. When lapse of time has added sti[ll] more to the enchantment of those days, and abler histories than this have chronicled the details of that stubborn fight, the name of Frederic I Jones will stand boldly out like a heroic figure on a black ground of despair.

That drouth dried up the flow of the San Juan River at Bluff so that it could be crossed dry shod. Small pools were writhing with dying fish, and hunting

them out of the larger ponds became a winning sport. Navajos offered them for sale by the sackful, in fact they learned, contrary to their old traditions, that fish are good to eat.

An early chapter of this account reported the birth of the sheep industry in San Juan. There were other flocks than those belonging to the people of Bluff, but for a long time the sheep men were also men, and no friction arose between the two industries. Times changed, however and what had been friendship developed in to spite and hatred awaiting opportunity to do things which men are never proud to remember.

It cannot be consistently claimed the sheep interests were free of any blame in the trouble, for there is no law of heaven or earth which could justify them in blistering the back and the front dooryard of any camp or community. All the same, and in spite of their unfair invasion of many a green section from which they should have stayed scrupulously away, their doings were open and above board and honorable as compared to the cowardly hands who skulked around with their poison, their matches and their dynamite, to do things they were ever ashamed to acknowledge.

The dynamiters confined their efforts mostly to the dipping vats on the creek below Monticello, and when the first vat had been rebuilt and made ready again for use, they blew it up again. No one has the right, as at present vested in the Forest Service, to divide the country between the cattle and the sheep and no one succeeded in arranging an agreement between the two interests. Sheep corrals burned mysteriously, and shearing pens fared no better wherever they were left unguarded. Now and then a Mexican herder knew by the whistle of a near-by bullet that the progress of his flock in a certain direction was changed.

Sometimes the irrate cowpuncher, too wrathful to give any warning, pounced on the unsuspecting shepherd and beat him unmercifully with a hard twist rope or with a branding iron. It should be said, however, for these manipulators of the rope and the iron, that they were discreet in ascertaining beforehand that the herder had left his gun in camp.

Let no one run away with the idea that this is an attempt to champion the cause of the sheepman, for he was generally blessed with the gall of a government mule, and amply able to champion his own cause.

The prize for the most dastardly act in this sheep and cattle conflict, belongs to the fellow who poisoned the nose-bags of a six-horse wool team, belonging to the Nielson brothers. The relationship of that freight outfit, with its load of wool, to any offense which the sheep might have been guilty, could never be seen by any human not blinded with hate. The site of those fine creatures, writhing in death around their load, should have satisfied, at least for the moment, the infernal craving for spite in the fingers which placed the poison.

CHAPTER XLVIII

In the summer of 1897, Walter C. Lyman of the Utah Implement Company, came from Salt Lake City to look at White Mesa. As a boy he had crossed the lower end of that mesa in the year 1880 while hunting deer, and later he had read glowing reports of it as written by President Hammond. He was

accompanied on this trip to San Juan by his brother, Joseph A. Lyman, and they traveled straight to Bluff, as the only road across the County led to and ended at that place.

As Bluff they equipped a buckboard with a small supply of provisions, and a team of doubtful integrity, and proceeded to explore what had developed in their fancy to be a rich stretch of farming land with a fine stream running to waste by its side. Leaving the County Road on Big Bench, they tied the balky horses tail to the vehicle to make sure he should not strike the collar with discouraging force, and thus fooled the simple old fellow into pulling more than he had pulled for years. They drove up the steep rocky hills at the south end of the mesa, where it is possible the L. C. outfit had hauled a few loads of grain, though the hauling had never been sufficiently extensive to leave so much as a faint track among the sagebrush on top of the mesa.

That sagebrush stretch exceeded all the anticipations of the two Lymans. Traversing the mesa northward twenty miles, they descended its northeastern rim to Johnson Creek, where they discovered in each other all the symptoms of White-Mesa-Fever which had already brought President Hammond's judgement into serious question among his friends. For, stating matters plainly, the President had been called a crank since his seemingly extravagant prophecies for White Mesa in 1885. "Supposing he got that ditch built," objected one man, "there wouldn't be stream enough to water a hill of potatoes." Strange as that verdict may seem, in the light of what has since been done, the flow of Johnson Creek, and Recapture in those years was discouragingly small and short-lived.

But the Lymans had caught the fever, and in spite of all the broadsides of wisdom and advice fired at them by the old settlers, they resolved to make a canal along the hills and cliffs from Johnson Creek to the top of the mesa. Platte D. Lyman of Bluff, another brother, fell promptly in with their proposition, and D. John Rogers and his brother Willis came duly down with the fever after being exposed. L. H. Redd, Hanson Bayles and Kumen Jones also took it in a mild form but the rest of the country took antitoxin for the complaint as soon as they heard about it. White Mesa became a tall joke, and to confess belief in the proposed canal meant to face the laugh.

The ditch was to head three or four miles above that other ditch surveyed twelve years before by order of President Hammond, and it tapped Johnson Creek, missing Recapture by three miles.

Having no surveying outfit at hand, the little company of enthusiasts used a common spirit level on legs to locate their ditch, and that spirit level survey was the trusted basis on which the work was undertaken. From the rocky creek side, they drove their oak or cedar pegs at regular intervals among the tangle of brush and trees, marking with a pick along the cliff face where a tunnel would have to be cut through.

That survey seemed certainly to run up hill, and the whole vast project, costing as it would, thousands of dollars, appeared dreamy and impracticable. There was no delay on that account, however, for they filed on the water, ordered a shipment of tools, tents and camp supplies from Salt Lake City, and began opening a ditch along the string of pegs.

As that canal and its bank crawled slowly onward like a great snake towards the top of the mesa, they moved camp as occasion required, and winter found them near the proposed tunnel through the rock. All winter long without delays for blizzard[s] or storms, work on the ditch continued from that camp. Benjamin Perkins and a Cornishman named Hunt, worked at the long hole in the sandstone, and eight or ten men wielded shovel, pick and crowbar on the hillside.

Platte Lyman was cook. The hundreds of people now living on White Mesa should know and bear in mind, that the persistent crew who built that ditch, ate beans and then more beans. Sometimes the bill of fare called for beef and stewed dried peaches, but always for beans.

With the opening of spring, work went slow, but before July it reached a steady gait and continued until fall. During that fall and winter of 1898 and 1899 W. C. Lyman was called on a mission to the Eastern States. Platte D. Lyman was called to Europe, and Willis Rogerson and Albert Lyman were also called on missions. Work on the ditch seemed doomed to stop a while, and the missionaries, as they departed for an indefinite stay, looked back with solicitude for the enterprise at which they had worked so determinedly.

"I hope and pray the country continues so dry while we are gone that no one will think of jumping our claim," said Platte D. Lyman, and his hopes and prayers in that respect were more than realized. Waiting there on the parched hillside, tha[t] ditch provoked a laugh from all who traveled Johnson Creek. "Anybody can see tha[t] it runs up hill," they would say, "but even then it will carry all the water the[re] is to put in it." And most of the time there was no water running past the head of the seemingly deserted canal.

In the summer of 1901, Platte D. Lyman returned from Europe and though he was eager to see work begin again on the neglected enterprise, he was occupied with a physical disorder from which he died in November.

With his release from that mission in the Eastern States, W. C. Lyman received a call to preside over the Northern States Mission, thus again delaying indefinitely the undertaking in San Juan. But in 1902, he was not only released from missionary work elsewhere, but was called to preside over the San Juan Stake.

Building up and colonizing San Juan was ever a special duty of the church authorities therein, and the new Stake President exercised his influence to accomplish for White Mesa what had been outlined by President Hammond.

From the old L. C. Ranch, purchased by Joseph A Lyman, work on White Mesa ditch was carried on during the winter of 1902 and 1903. D. John Rogers and others undertook to connect the two shafts running in from each end of the proposed tunnel, and succeeded after determined efforts in breaking through the last partition which divided them. The difficulties and discouragements of making that hol[e] through the sandstone, can hardly be appreciated by people arriving later to find a stream running easily and pleasantly through it. The ceiling of that tunnel was ever too low, and D. John Rogers is said to have scattered along upon its rough surface, sundry patches of cuticle from the top of his bald head. Besides all that, people simply knew

the tunnel's pitch was in the wrong direction, and the water couldn't possibly run in the intended direction.

The spring of 1903 found the much talked of ditch open to the top of the mesa and water duly turned in. What excitement! Would it refuse to travel the hard fought patch before it or would it go straight onward proving liars and false prophets in every rod of its progress?

President Lyman followed the stream as it felt its way along, and so interested did he become that he forgot his hat where it hung on a limb, and walked bare-headed along the ditch bank to see the precious liquid plunge over the last doubtful place and ripple away down the ravine towards the heart of the mesa. And that hat hung there on its limb three weeks, for President Lyman went promptly away on other business as soon as the ditch had lodged its enemies safely in the Ananias Club.

CHAPTER XLIX

Long before the completion of the ditch, Peter Allan was employed to survey the townsite on White Mesa, plotting the lots and the streets. But those cedar pegs, hiding away among the dry sagebrush, served only to provoke a laugh from nearly all who saw them.

The county road, the only way from Monticello to Bluff, traversed Mustang Mesa, leaving the town-to-be a remote region into which wagons seldom ventured. Yet the most direct route for that road between the two old towns, led exactly across the site of the new one, and W. C. Lyman began a movement to have it changed to that route. His proposition met opposition and ridicule; some folks declared the new road would be at least twelve miles longer than the old one, and they swore they would travel the old road though they had to maintain it themselves.

In spite of all this rash talk, the new road was opened southwestward from Devil Canyon, crossing Recapture at the mouth of Bull Pup, and traversing fifteen or more miles of White Mesa. It passed directly over the place of the proposed town and shortened the distance by several miles between the two old settlements.

A road now open, the next essential was a nucleus of settlers from which to develop an actual settlement. Five or six families professed their intention of making homes in the new place, but no one felt disposed to face the tremendous task of being the very first settler. There was no water for house use, in spite of the expensive reservoir which had been built for that purpose; and there was no near neighbors, no fences, no ditches, nor houses, not even a respectable clear patch to be fenced. To make permanent camp on the townsite before any improvements were installed, was to go up there bare-handed against the stern elements of nature which had prevailed there during the ages. A man might camp on the ground without discomfort during certain seasons of the year, but for a woman to follow around after him at his work or stay in a camp alone, was quite a different thing.

Lack of fences brought grief to the few who raised crops on the mesa in those years. They would view their little field the last thing at night and find no trace or indication of animals near, but next morning, behold a few straggling cows

from afar had eaten up or trodden in the ground all that was worthwhile, and were peacefully chewing their cuds under the trees near by.

But in spite of all these rank elements of adversity within, and the popular howl of prejudice without; in spite of the ditch which broke through its banks at exactly the wrong time, in spite of the sheep herds which persisted in eating every spear of grass near to and necessary for the birth of the country, the resolutio[n] to begin a town became stronger each month. In spite of the fact that during the dry years the water from the mountain failed late in the spring to reach the head of the ditch, W. C. Lyman declared he had been shown a neat and populous settlement on White Mesa, and there were a few who believed his vision would become real.

It will be remembered that during the eighties and the early nineties the great L. C. cattle company occupied all of White Mesa and much of the country surrounding it, but in the latter nineties they began to close out and the remnant of their herd changed hands several times before it was all rounded up and driven away. Along with these changes, unscrupulous men saw opportunity to steal the neglected calves which were growing up to be mavericks, and the country between Blue Mountain and Big Bench became a den of thieves. From stealing mavericks, it was but a short step to the practice of taking every unbranded calf they could find. It is related that one man operating in that section had a cow with fifty calves.

Four white men and a Ute named Brooks, camping on Johnson Creek while they combed "the long-eared ones" from Brushy Basin, discovered the shod horse track of A. R. Lyman where he had gone in search of his lost horses, and where incidentally, he had followed their tracks a little distance to ascertain how many there were of them. According to Brooks, the sight of that track on theirs led them to imagine all sorts of things, and they didn't even dare to return to camp, but stampeded in four directions, agreeing to meet on the Dolores River in Colorado. So far as is known, they returned no more to San Juan, and the calves they had swiped, were left to be reswiped by someone with more enduring gall. Their camp outfit, pack covers, panniers, pack saddles, ropes, beds, provision, etc., lay there on the creek bank for several months before passers-by carried the last of it away.

Besides this thieving element which absorbed range cattle and saddle horses like a sponge, three wild stallions ranging back and forth over the country, made it all but impossible to corral a horse after he had been free ten days on the range[.] One of these creatures, a beautiful bay, met his waterloo in the shape of a man with a "thirty-thirty" on the brink of West Water; and a roan B. P. mare, who tried to keep up the reputation of the band came one morning in contact with F. B. Hammond Jr., and her bones are bleaching there yet.

"Blind corrals which never fooled a wild horse, were built and are still to be found among the trees, and here and there on rocky points, little linings of white bones tell where the fleet-footed creatures passed in their checks.

The fresh trail of the cattle thief and the dust of the wild horse were still in evidence on White Mesa when it was decided the time had arrived for beginning the town. The first actual settler arrived on the 2nd of April, 1905. He brought with him his wife, her little sister, and his baby girl who had just learned to walk. Hunting among the brush, they located the pegs marking the

corners of the lot on which they were to live, and stopping the team they cleared a place large enough for a tent. His old brown cow, which he brought along, he staked on the ground where the new church building is being erected.

O, what a howling wilderness that first little family had to meet!

Nothing in the shape of human convenience, yet they had come to stay, they are staying yet and he is looking back over the lapse of thirteen years for the substance of this chapter.

The first settler had to arise before daylight and walk with two buckets to West Water a mile away for the water his family were to use during the day. Whenever he went to work, his wife and the little girls had to follow him or remain at home alone; that home whose surroundings were not yet different from the wilderness of brush and trees in every direction. But he built a lumber room, cleared and fenced his lot with barbed wire, making his home appear in striking contrast to the gray waste. The county road ran up a swell and over a hill half a mile away, though passers were few and far between.

Hanson Bayles with some men and Navajos camped at a tank a mile to the east, and later on W. C. Lyman and his son Fred, camped on one of the lots of the town. Joseph A. Lyman and his son-in-law, Hanse Bogh, lived on a farm three and four miles northward, where they had brought the Grayson Post Office from their former home at the old L. C. Ranch. As the spring progressed, other settlers-to-be arrived in the fields north and south of the town, and on Sundays they collected at the Grayson Post Office for meetings.

Before the end of May, Joseph A Lyman, W. C. Lyman, Alvin Lyman, Hanse Bogh and Fletcher B. Hammond, Jr., came with their families to build houses. Logs were hauled from the mountain, and on July 8th everybody turned out to see the sawing of the first board. That lusty steam whistle, rending the air three times a day, seemed in some strange way to be the infant town crowing over all the false prophets who had predicted it could never be born. Each one of the six families looked out in the evening to count five other lights, and assure themselves those lights would increase in number until the new town would be all it had appeared in the vision to be.

CHAPTER L

In the last two chapters we followed the account of White Mesa from the beginning of its first canal in 1897 to the settlement of its first town in 1905. That, however, does not cover the history of the County during those years, for the first fight to maintain the two older settlements was still being waged with all the invincible energy which had kept them in existence thus far.

The great drouth made little difference to Bluff locally, even though the river went dry in the late summer. It did have a telling effect on the cattle range, where they fought each other away from the disappearing tanks and springs, leavin[g] their dry carcasses on the nearby banks and hills in memory of the terrible famine for water.

But with that drouth came somewhat of a change to the regular monotony of the Blu[ff] ditch. Wearied to death of trying to find and maintain a ditch-head

on the river bank, someone proposed a steam pump to settle the question once and for all. The unstable old stream had changed banks, shifted from its course, and been in constant and variable use everywhere but along the cribs, though there it had held steadily to the bed where they found it eighteen years before. To the cribs they naturally turned with their engine for a safe place, and after many misfires and much delay they touched a match to the old machine, got up steam and started the pump. It drew a fair quantity of muddy water through its pipe and into the ditch, and wood-teams began skinning the country of fuel up and down the river for many miles. Nor did it take very long to complete the skinning, leaving the people to scratch their heads with a new problem; that of finding something to feed that hungry engine.

Meanwhile the old San Juan murmured to itself about this pumping scheme, and started to enlarge a side channel through which it sent a current of increasing size, until the cribs, with the huge steam pump on the bank thereof, were left high and dry. "Posty" the engineer, found himself without a job. Bluff faced the pleasant alternative of doing without water, or digging another long ditch in the sand, and trying to make for it a head in the banks of the disagreeable stream.

That quarrel between Bluff and its turbulent neighbor and long since become chronic and was not to be settled by any strategic withdrawal from the large battle front at the cribs. By that withdrawal the river surrendered a large island covered with young cottonwoods suitable for rip-rapping, and the new territory was promptly skinned for that purpose. The war went determinedly on; rip-rapping, ditching and damming with shovels, teams and scrappers, though sometimes the damming was done by word of mouth.

As a fierce counter-attack to all this effort, the river planned a strong drive for the town itself. Enlarging Walton's slue to accommodate its whole force, it took new territory every day, licking up Lucerne patches, barbed-wire fences and ponderous old trees with a fluency which would sicken a saint. With a loud roar of laughter it took in the venerable old Swing Tree, and attacked Bishop Nielson's hay field with telling fury.

Bluff trembled at the sight and watched with knitted brow. Nothing could be done until the big drive had spent its strength, nothing but to arrange for a dam across the entrance of Walton's Slue, a dam which should be erected and fortified while the river was preparing for a second drive.

This meant a pile driver, pine logs from Blue Mountain, and quantities of brush and rock which would make all other rip-rapping campaigns dwindle to insignificance. The cost of that dam? Well, the Bluff people were no longer poverty-stricken, in fact, Bluff had the name of being the wealthiest town for its population to be found in a number of states. And in recognition of the generous tithing sent up from there every year, the Church guaranteed liberal assistance to the proposed dam.

In the inter months when the rip-rapping old river became thin and weak awaiting reinforcements from its wide basin around LaPlata Mountains, the huge dam became visible across the upper end of Walton's Slue, and before the said reinforcement arrived, the defenses stood ready for the attack.

Let no one suppose that because this account is glibly disposed of, that task was small. It was not small. Work on the dam, or "the dam work", as it came to be known, hung on with tiresome regularity, breaking into the equally wearisome task of preparing the ditch for spring.

From its rush on the dam the river turned absently away to its old channel, but the dam was strengthened and made higher the following winter, 1903-1904.

Bluff was particularly free during the latter nineties from death and disease. During four successive years, no funeral was held in the little town, but the nex[t] four years, and the next, were very different.

Fred Adams, husky and strong in the vigor of young manhood, came down with typhoi[d] fever while on a trip to the Gable Camp, and died before his people could bring him home. His father, William Adams, fairly well advanced in years, died within the next year.

Francis A. Hammond moved from Bluff to Moab, a Ward of the San Juan Stake over which he still presided. In November, 1900, while visiting a little colony near the mouth of Largo on the San Juan river in New Mexico, his team became frightene[d] and unmanagable from a dangling clothesline, and dashing across the yard, pitched him violently against a wall of one of the corral buildings. He never regained consciousness and died soon afterward. In his honor the place has since gone by the name of Hammond.

Platte D. Lyman, returning in July, 1901 from presiding over the European Mission was called to succeed Francis A. Hammond as President of San Juan Stake. But even then he was suffering from a cancer, and after undergoing a surgical operation, he died at Bluff in November. He was succeeded in the Stake by Walter C. Lyman.

In December, 1901, a plague of diptheria broke out in Bluff, resulting about Christmas time in the death of James B. Decker, his sons Horace, Lynn and Clare and his daughter Gertrude. The suddenness of these things gave such a paralyzing sting to the little community, the people present can still recall it after this lapse of years. In connection with this affair, honorable mention should be made of Joseph F. Barton, Joseph A. Lyman, Mariette Stevens and possibly others who served for days in the stricken home.

An April, 1902, John Larson's home was found in flames at two o'clock in the morning, and though the startled town turned out at the call of the bell, the fire wa[s] beyond control. While its red light revealed the cliffs on both sides of the riv[er] and illuminated the country all around, it was eagerly asked on every side, "Wher[e] is Mrs. Larson?" Someone has seen her in the house the previous evening and they started a fruitless search to find her. When the diminished heat permitted a bucket brigade to approach the smouldering ruin, they threw water freely over it, and in the early dawn it became possible to look into the foundations of Mrs. Larson's bed chamber. Her bedstead, warped and twisted in the heat could be plainly seen, the bedding had of course been consumed, but at the foot of the bed lay a strange smoking mass which somehow inspired hope and terror in all who saw it. When the heated surroundings had been sufficiently cooled that mass was examined and found to be the remains of the missing woman. She lay on her face, and the carpet and her nigh clothes immediately between her and the floor had not yet

burned. Why she should remain to perish there in the fire instead of escaping by door or window, is still a mystery. There is a lingering suspicion that she was murdered. An erratic tramp who had been several days in town, did not go to the fire, even though he was awakened and told of it, and late next morning when he approached the place, he was seen to be pale and trembling. He left town soon afterwards, and the items of evidence which might have made a case against him, were never collected until he had gone beyond recall. Mrs. Larson was a girl bride, still retaining the charm of her young womanhood. Her maiden name was Hadden, and she came from Mancos, Colorado.

In the winter of 1903, "Joe" Nielson came suddenly down with pneumonia and died about Christmas time. It began to look as though the days of celebration had been singled out as times of mourning.

Sometime in 1905 or 1906, May Jones was severely burned by the overturning of an oil lamp. Her children who had started the fire were in danger of being burned, and rushing to their rescue, her clothes caught the flames, and after a long painful illness, she died leaving a family of small children.

While May Jones lingered between life and death, Bishop Jense Nielson sat in his chair day after day and night after night, waiting for the dropsical condition of his body to rise to the vital point which would bring the end. He could not bear to lie down, and during those weary hours he talked rationally and calmly about the expected change. Though confined so long to his rooms, he seemed to know all that went on in town, who was home and who was away. Not long before the end, he expressed fear that there were not enough men at home to attend his funeral. He reviewed his life; how he had joined the Church in Denmark, how he crossed the plains with the handcart company, how he had helped build towns and grown old as a pioneer, and with all those things he took genuine satisfaction even in his death. His remains along with a number of his co-laborers rest on the bald gravel hill overlooking the town which they founded, and to maintain which they wrested heroically with the adverse elements.

CHAPTER LI

The Utes in San Juan and the problems arising from the never ending presence, forms an essential element of this account. Their stay in the country was in defiance of Uncle Sam, who had set apart for them a Reservation in Colorado, and ordered them to make their home there. But for reasons both imaginary and real, the Utes despised that Reservation and its management, and declared their intention of staying where they were. Mancos Jim and his fathers had slept in Allan Canyon for many generations, and he was resolved to lay his bones with theirs. Poke, Posey and other petty chieftains referred with scorn to the order to move, saying they would fare alright without the advantages of that Reservation.

Every semi-occasionally the question of moving them was agitated but all these agitations went down more tamely than they came up, and the Utes remained. In the early nineties John Q. Cannon and others representing the state of Utah, visited San Juan to investigate and settle the question. They got somewhat of a count on the offending red men, heard the complaints of the settlers, and returned to Salt Lake City with thrilling accounts to the papers

of the country and its Indians, al[l] of which made no difference to said Indians. They remained in the country, realizing they had scored a victory over the proposition to handle them.

More than ten years later when Johnny Benlow and some of his fellow braves, drove the Monticello cowboys at the point of their guns from the winter range in Montezuma Canyon, another agitation resulted in another investigation and A. W. Ivins was sent to represent the Governor of Utah at a gathering of whites and Indians at Monticello. The cause of the settlers and the wrongs they suffered were again rehearsed, all to no purpose. The thing died tamely out, leaving the Utes to cheris[h] the country and make themselves even more welcome to its beef, its mutton, and every other available thing exposed to their thieving grasp.

Other causes of complaint and investigation, some of which may appear in this account, resulted in absolutely nothing. Mention of these things, past or future, produced nausea and disgust in the minds of the people.

Yet the builders of San Juan did have faith in themselves, faith in their own diplomacy, their own sand to maintain the country against its enemies within and its indifferent protectors without. And the sand, without it a man could no more deal successfully with Indians, than a tenderfoot could handle wild cattle, or a college-bred man could navigate a bucking horse.

Haskel was released in 1893 to follow his family to San Louis Valley, but he had been with the people sufficiently long to graduate a number of worthy proteges in Utecraft and Navajocraft, among them, Kumen Jones. In was necessary to trade with the Indians, to employ them every now and then, to preach to them decency and good behavior, and at the same time to discipline them sternly when their behavior became intolerable. Even the little community at Bluff could administer this discipline by virtue of a knowledge of two facts: the first, An Indian will take with good grace a severe whipping when he is caught in the overt act. The second, An Indian imagines silence to mean hidden strength.

Jimmy Decker found Havane and John Soldiercoat riding two horses belonging to Bluff and he whipped them both with a hardtwist rope until Havane crawled up in an ironwood bush and cried and John vomited as he ran.

The Indian imagination is illustrated in the case of George Ute, who came to Plat[te] Lyman pretending to do a very kindly act by telling him of five head of cattle he had found in the remote depths of Bull Valley. But it happened that Platte Lyman had just been there, had found the five head in questions and the carcass of a sixth which had been shot and butchered by a lone Ute and the remains buried in the sand. When George finished his story of the cattle, marking in a map on the ground just where he saw them, and giving an abundance of details, and when he looked up for the grateful word, or possibly the more grateful sack of flour, Platte Lyman pointed with a stick to a certain place on the map saying, "right here you killed my cow and buried her in the sand." George all but fainted as if a spirit had spoken.

Peach orchards and melon patches were raided often, and woe to the man or woman who tried to fasten the guilt thereof on the wrong person. However

great the theft, when wrongly accused he would put up a stiff protest. John Soldiercoat was once arrested in Bluff, and his brother Paddy came stalking with furious dignity through Hanse Bayles' house, not that he cared for John who might be guilty, so far as he knew, but his own gun was perfectly innocent, and if had been arrested with his kid brother. He demanded that gun at once, threatening to fire Bayles haystack and do a lot of other things by way of reprisal if the unoffending rifle was not released at once from custody and it was thought good policy to release it[.]

In spite of these things, and in spite of the desire in the heart of the whites to see their red brethren depart in peace for the Reservation in Colorado, they cherished no hatred for these red brethren. Among them were special friends and acquaintances who in some strange way had awakened a rude emotion of endearment. There was old Peeage, Paddy's Grandmother, noted for saying often, "mucho tire", who, when she was really tired to death, received burial at the hands of the Bluff folks in a grave on the hill.

There was old Brokenarm who raised her motherless granddaughter from tender infancy by feeding her food carefully masticated in her own worn teeth. She named the little orphan, Maudy, and the ready growth of little Maudy under these peculiar circumstances, became a matter of special interest to the whites, softening their hearts to some intangible quality of tenderness in the uncouth old lady.

And there was Baldy's old squaw whose principal article of diet was the milk of two female dogs she kept for that purpose.

There was Mike, wide-mouthed and insolent, there was Cheerpoots, with the loathe-some warts on his hands, there was Whiskers, father of Biglipped Jim, and there was a whole snarl of saucy young bucks and inveterate old thieves, whose ignorance and visious training should always be taken into account before passing judgment.

To be in their camps in the hills and mountains, to nibble their dry hunks of unsalted venison, to hear them sing and see them dance, to watch them milk their goats and trail the wild buckskin among tangles of oak and quaking-asp, was somehow to cherish for them a strong sympathy akin to love. This account is sure to be colored more or less with such a sympathy, in spite of those who fail to relish as they read.

And there was old Frank, stooped and slow and apparently harmless, who was yet the savage executioner of any bad medicine-man. He is said to have helped in the killing of Bridger Jack, mentioned elsewhere in these pages, and he also has the name of killing Kane, a fine young Indian who had married Poke's daughter. The killing was pulled off near Verdure, and Kane was shot though again and again, as is customary in such cases, dragged to a dry wash and covered with stones and trash. His young wife, then in a delicate condition, appealed to her father, who, though he resolved to seek revenge, eventually agreed with the medicine-man who advised him to forget it.

And then there was Posey, always a surly little fice, though he grew more bold and ugly as he advanced in years. He seemed to enjoy being always in hot water, and whether it was a quarrel with some of the little boys in Bluff, or whether he was fleeing pell mell from Victor Gallegos, whom he had

threatened to shoot for having killed a rattle snake, it was all real life to the wormy little Posey.

In the spring of 190 he stole a brown mare of A. R. Lyman, who found his boy riding said mare on Long Point of Elk Mountain. But Lyman had a herd of cattle on his hands and he was sore pressed for help to move them. Posey was persuaded to give that help, and the mare was not mentioned until five days later when the cattle reached their destination on Recapture Creek. Mention of it threw Posey into a rage, and departing with his wages over the hills, he promptly sold the mare to the Navajos, who, seeming not to have been informed as to her true status, brought her to town where was was replevied. The affair might have been forgotten right there as but one of Posey's strange didoes, but when the Navajos came on to him for the price of that mare, he took another fit, and bringing another of the said Lyman horses into town, offered it boldly for sale. It too was replevied with very little ceremony.

Notwithstanding this provoking situation, Kumen Jones and others advised against a complaint and a prosecution, and matters were given a chance to grow quiet, whic[h] chance was not at all gratifying to Posey. He helped himself insolently to gardens and orchards, he spoke with coarse impudence to defenseless women, and threatened to do all kinds of brave things to A. R. Lyman in particular, and to everybody else in general, until those who advised against prosecution, reversed their decision.

A complaint was therefore sworn out before Justice Peter Allan, and a warrant of arrest placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Arthur Wood. Word was sent to Posey to come down to town from his wickiup on the hill, but he refused. The Sheriff then took a dozen men, no more than three or four of them had guns, and proceeded to the wickiup to talk it over there. The talk was very formal and included little more than the reading of the warrant before Posey's summer villa became a veritable rough house, and a tangle of men fell out through one of its walls with the struggling, cursing landlord squarely beneath them. Mrs. Posey snatched a gun, only to have it wrenched from her brown fingers. In the melee one shot was fired, only none seems yet to know anything about who fired it. The Utes from the other wickiups ran frantically about, but the boys from town prevented their interference. Nick Lovis was the lucky man who finally clicked the handcuffs on the Ute's writhing wrists, and Mr. and Mrs. Posey were marched down to town for a preliminary hearing.

CHAPTER LII

Three days in excitement and suspense, Posey's case awaited the coming of the prosecuting attorney from Monticello and at the end of that time he sent word authorizing A. R. Lyman to act in his place. Frank H. Hyde conducted the defense, and court was called in the school house before Justice Peter Allan. A snarl of Utes waited eagerly in the room, in the doorways and at the gate outside to know what the decision would be. When told Posey was bound over to appear in the District Court, they stampeded with a yell for their wickiups where squaws and papooses ran crying from place to place, and twenty minutes later they had all disappeared, packs, horses, dogs, and all in the wilderness.

But Posey could not be taken for safe-keeping to the jail in Monticello, it was known that the Utes had prepared to waylay any company who should undertake to move him thither. He waited sullenly under his guard until after a conference with some of his kinsmen who came for that purpose, after which he asked permission to swim in the river, complaining that his body was in an unsanitary condition. In spite of the well known fact that the old thief had never worried his head before about matters of sanitation, his request was granted, he led the way to the river and plunged in, Jimmy Decker was entrusted at that time with th[e] responsibility of caring for this model of cleanliness, but when the old fellow failed to come duly to the surface, Jimmy became alarmed for his safety. When hi[s] black head did appear again among the waves, he was far down the stream in shallo[w] water, and he broke like a brown cupid for the opposite bank. His guard fired three shots at the retreating figure, but in the first underbrush Posey found friends awaiting him with horses, and they beat a hast retreat into the Navajo Reservation.

The posse which followed as soon as possible, came back telling of tracks which were lost in the maze of trails over the sand hills. The next tidings were from A. R. Lyman's cattle range, from which Posey sent word that he was waiting to fee[d] the prosecuting attorney to the coyotes as soon as he made another trip among his cattle. In that region and around Navajo Mountain he hid two or three years, but constant fear of being caught again preyed on his nerves until he sent a humble prayer for permission to return, and getting no hostile answer he came staggering back. His haggard face proved he had really had a hard time, and no one cared to see the case renewed against him.

Quite different to the fice-like Posey, was his brother-in-law, the wood-like Pok[e] a sombre still figure, but a bad element to meet in a fuss. Poke with others hun[g] around the new settlement on White Mesa, putting his horses by stealth in the fie[ld] late at night and removing them therefrom before the following morning. One of his horses was found in the darkness by A. R. Lyman who, taking it out, tied it to a tree, and seeing a Ute near sent word to the owner of the horse, whoever he might be, to get the pony and take it away. Poke's boy, since notorious as Tsenegat, came for the horse, but when he attempted to put it again in the field, Lyma[n] who still watched, took it from him and tied it again to the tree, leaving the angry young Ute to go muttering off to camp. The owner of the field kept watch and discovered the young Ute in half an hour trying again to put the pony in thro[ugh] the gate, whereupon he marched the cayuse and its master up the street near to where the new school house now stands. Ay this place they came in the darkness o[n] to Poke himself, and the boy drew a big gun from under his long blanket, and thre[w] a cartridge into place from the magazine thereof. He held the muzzle of that gun within sniffing distance of Lyman's nose, while he and his father proceeded in censored words of the Mormon, Ute, Navajo and Mexican language to make their hearer acquainted with their personal estimate of him, and their plans for his di[s]position. His wife and mother, listening just inside the fence, thought somethin[g] mighty unpleasant was about to happen, but the man looking down the dark void of that gun barrel, knew he was being bluffed by two dispicable cowards. When they drew their remarks to a close, for it be known they found in the four languages only a dozen words at all adequate to the occasion, they took that yellow cayuse away towards the field, where they may have pastured him until morning, for the white women would consent to no more interference in the red men's affairs that night.

Next morning, accompanied by his uncle, Walter C. Lyman, the victim of the trouble went to the camp to talk it over. Poke rode out of the camp as they approached, and his boy, crawled back into a wickiup, refused to say a word. Mancos Jim, however, said in substance that the Utes were crazy, and that he was ashamed of their actions.

From the camp, Poke's boy followed the two white men back to the house, where he sat sullenly on a log amusing himself by leveling his gun at the window and at different objects in the yard. He may have figured it out that the owner of that house with his wife and baby would have to curb his emotions however wrathful they might become. His only respite was to ride to Monticello and swear out a complaint and have a warrant issued for the arrest of Poke's boy. It is hardly necessary to add, that warrant was never served.

A Ute agent named Spear, from the Reservation and a special U. S. Indian Agent, named Chubbuck, from Missouri, came to White Mesa and took a long string of evidence in the case of young Poke, but that investigation was strictly a perfunctory performance, amounting like other similar efforts to worse than nothing. It paved the way for this outlaw band to cause greater trouble still, amounting as we shall see, in needless loss of life.

This account includes less than a hundredth part of similar fracas with Utes in San Juan, but they were never recorded, and are not accessible. And yet the Utes furnished only a part of this entertainment, for the Navajos were never sitting peacefully with folded hands. In a former chapter, reference was made to the bleaching skulls of milch cows found in the brush along the river bank, and of the Navajo custom of using the Sabbath as a safe day for their stealing. The butchery of milch cows and newly-born calves became so frequent that people turning cattle on the range, turned them away from the river. To correct the resultant scarcity, the Navajos began driving them back, one Sunday afternoon one of them was found taking a bunch from The Pond, to the mouth of Recapture Creek.

It was decided that prosecution of the first clear case would be strictly in order and when Joe Nielson and Samuel Wood missed a cow from one of the bottoms above town, they began an investigation, going boldly into the hogans nearby in search of evidence. Even into the hogan of Nukki Azay they went without invitation. "Old Nukki", was supposed to be as honest as he looked, and as free from wrongdoing as his sanctimonious old mug indicated. But in his home they found fresh beef, and followed the clue they discovered tracks and evidence to warrant legal procedure. They drove him down the road ahead of them to town, swore out a complaint and brought the matter up for preliminary hearing. To act as prosecutor on that case, to consider all the conclusive evidence, and then see the long-face Nukki dismissed and exonerated, is to conclude that somebody was struck with cold feet.

No doubt the Navajos were accused of stealing things which they failed in spite of their efforts to get, but as against this there is the probability they got many things of which they were never suspected. They found their way into the stores and into private cellars and they had a prevailing weakness for

knowing just where and when to find a well loaded peach tree and when its fruit was just right for transportation.

One Bluff woman, knowing the superstitious horror with which Navajos regard snake[s] mounted the skin of a good sized specimen supplying it with life-size eyes and all[] the wiley personality of its famous ancestor in the Garden of Eden, and then placed it in the sand near her cellar door. No thieving Navajo ventured through that doorway while the serpent maintained its vigil.

But no charm was ever devised to keep these red people from plundering the range when they became hungry for beef. Worse still, they would bring with them their hungry flocks of sheep and goats, skinning the hills of every green leaf, and frightening the cattle clear out of the country. The outfits of Tom Holiday and Hoskaniny were caught redhanded at this beef game, but well established precedent had calmed all fears they might have had of any prosecution. They could be frightened or induced to hurry back across the river with their sheep, they knew the inability of the whites to patrol the whole length of that crooked stream, they knew that in a few days or hours they could return in safety to the north side.

They too had bad medicine men whom they hunted to the death, and more than once these unfortunate doctors fled into exile in the domain of the whites. In spite of the popular craze among all of them for liquor, the rash acts of the intoxicate Navajo were not excusable by his fellows.

It is reported that Pishleki arrived in a drunken state at his brother's camp above Bluff and when, in his drunken condition, he acted improperly towards his brother's squaw, they threw him on a log and chopped off his head with an ax. Tha[t] report was not definitely confirmed, but Pishleki was not seen again in Bluff. By those who knew him he is remembered as a large genial man of very pleasing appearance, and wholly undeserving of the fate brought on him by his drunken condition caused from the bad medicine of the white man.

Pahlilly, of whom favorable mention was made about the time of the trouble at Hall Ferry, was unwise enough twenty-three years later, to lead his sons and some of hi[s] friends in a fight against certain government regulations made at Ship Rock. He was met at the mouth of Montezuma Creek by a few soldiers who dispersed his following and took him prisoner to the agency. It seems that the stern realities of confinement came nearly breaking the old man's heart, and being convinced of his sincere repentance, they set him free.

Another Navajo affair happening in San Juan, was the case of Zohnee, a youth who murdered a man named Charley Fritz in order to rob a store near Four Corners. The preliminaries of his case came up before officials in Bluff, after which it was handled by the Federal Authorities, and the young Navajo was sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas for ten years.

Nothing in these chapters must be construed to mean that the people of San Juan have any anitpathy for the Indians. Among the old settlers there are plenty of me[n] who would champion the cause of the red men to the last ditch, but those settlers know that through the sticky sentimentality of Indian Right Societies, and other societies, who know less about Indians than the ordinary Ute about Volapuck, the red men like spoiled children in too many cases have been led to believe themselve[s] beyond the law. While they have

been handled roughly, possible too roughly at times, they have suffered the injustice of being encouraged in the wrong idea, where it would have been vastly better for all concerned if they had been made to know from the beginning that the law is to protect the rights of all men, whether white or red.

CHAPTER LIII

Every remote corner of San Juan has its individual thrill and its captivating romance, besides the lure of its solitudes or its scenery. Many a lively incident is crowded out of these pages and others equally charming have never yet been rescued from their steady march to the grave. Start from any given place to make a tour of the country, and each gulch and hill and mesa has its story to tell, stories of Indians and of cowboys, freaks of nature and of humanity, mysterious tracks, strange animals, and unearthly sounds for which mankind have a pronounced weakness to listen or read.

At Polly's Spring are the fossil remains of a prehistoric monster as long as a modern battleship; and up on the Montezuma Canyon stands the cedar to which a boy was found hanging by his neck, where someone has suspended him from a limb with a pair of bridle reins. The mystery of this murder has never yet been unraveled, fo[r] all that the Sheriff resolved to pry it open and make an arrest.

Not far from the sight of this evil tree is the place where Jim Vijil and George Perkins met on a little hill, and racing each other pale as death and wrathful as Old Nick, settled once and for all the dispute between cattle and sheep for a certain section.

At the mouth of Bull Dog a man who married his sister, took refuge from the law forbidding such marriage. The two were protected by John Scott, who, first with a revolver and then with a shotgun, tried to bluff Sheriff Willard Butt out of marching the wrongly married man away to court, but in each case with the Sheriff threat to "cut you right square in two with this gun," John dropped his weapons as if they were hot, and departed with his man.

At the head of Dry Wash is the crag and the dark cliff where Matias, armed with an ax, met and slew a mountain lion. Farther west are the canyon retreats where "Kid Jackson" hid safely a long time from the eager reach of the law; and the mouth of Allan Canyon is still famous as the place where Mancos Jim halted a bunc[h] of steers, refused flatly to let them pass, and keeping a big outfit waiting impatiently to be on their way. When the old Ute had carried this business about far enough, Jim Jones drew his Winchester from its scabbard, threw a cartridge int[o] it and said in very impressive tones, "Get out of the way you black --- of a ---- before I blow your brains out," at which Mancos made a strategic withdrawal, and the herd moved on.

From another corner of the County comes a story calling for a little more attent[ion] to detail. It deals with Charley Botha, the Dutchman, who killed his child-wife, and a man named William Tibbets. Botha and his sixteen-year-old wife, lived east of LaSal Mountains near Paradox in a dugout known as "hole in the wall." But the girl, dissatisfied with her surroundings and her husband, started afoot to return to her mother's home and halted, footsore and weary at the cabin of William Tibbets for food and rest. On learning of her departure, Charley flew into a rage, obtained a gun from somewhere, and overtook her in

the evening when she had stop pod to rest. Refusing to hear anything but the mad dictates of his wild rage, he shot "Little May" in the back, then killed the man who had befriended her. An old gentleman named Rose, who was living with Tibbets, called for help from neighboring ranches, and the wounded girl was carried to the porch where she tore her hair in terrible agony until late in the evening, when she died.

Both's case came up in August term of court at Monticello, 1902, before Judge Johnson, and he was sentenced to be shot. This sentence was later changed to lif[e] imprisonment, and more recent reports say that Dutch Charlie has been released to return to Germany.

A place and an industry not yet mentioned in this account, is the Cunningham Ranch at the southern base of the LaSal Mountain. Cunningham was not the origina[l] locator, but coming in the "eighties" from the east, he sought employment at the little ranch, and later, in connection with a Mr. Carpenter, became its owner. Being favorably located between the summer range of the LaSal, and the winter range of Dry Valley, they built up large herds of sheep and cattle, and their ranch became the principal place in the northern end of the County.

Southwest of LaSal, at Indian Creek, where President Hammond once undertood to establish a settlement, Dave Godelock and others developed a long string of valuable ranches in connection with splendid herds of cattle, which summered on North Elk, and wintered the regions north and west. Dave Cooper and V. P. Martin, who had tended big cattle interests in Dark Canyon since the time of Dutch and Day, sold their Dark Canyon property to L. H. Redd and sons, and uniting with the Indian Creek interests, formed a very strong company.

Mention has been made before of the Carlisle ranch, six miles north of Monticello which also ranked high in value and possessed herds of cattle and sheep. The dispute over the water between this ranch and the people of Monticello was finall[y] settled by an agreement which stipulated that the water should be divided equally on condition that the people of the town should build a reservoir dam of certain dimensions for the ranch. The building of that dam ended the trouble.

Thus far the drouth and its purifying influence on the human element around Monticello, after the clearing away of clouds which hung over their water rights, after the building of their grist mill and the departure of their gun men, the little town began to enter on an era of growth which was destined to make it one of the important centers of the state for hay, grain and livestock.

Somehow, ever since that boom in the early "eighties", the idea persisted that in the isolated region of San Juan great wealth of some sort lay hidden, and this idea exploded with a boom when word went out that petroleum oil had been found under the Barton range, fifteen miles west of Bluff. A man named Goodridge had been interested in the oil sands along the river near Mexican Hat, and during fou[r] or five years he had built roads, improved machinery and finally penetrated the dry bowels of the earth to a strata of sand from which he brought up crude oil. Reports of this discovery sent a wave of excitement in every direction, and a rus[h] was made to stake claims in adjacent regions. Oil companies galore sprung up like mushrooms into

existence, and some of those companies, as subsequent events prove[d] had behind them about as much cash as may be expected in the ordinary mushroom. Mexican Hat became quite a center, a town was surveyed, a store opened, and a Pos[t] Office authorized for weekly delivery of mail. It was planned to pump water up from the river to the dry town, pipes for that system were ordered and freighted in are lying there still in a rusty heap.

The necessity arising from this rush, opened a wagon road down the supposed impossible bluff at Navajo Trail into Comb Wash, at least it was called a road, and will perhaps continue by that name though it becomes impassable to the most acrobatic burro that ever carried a pack. The necessity of that day also resulted in a steel bridge over the San Juan at Mexican Hat, and though that bridge was carried away by a flood, another one stands in its place.

That boom labored hopefully and pantingly onward with drills of different sizes, and put them in operation north and south of the river. A motly population arrived from everywhere, and the eagerness of every man to be first on the best claim sometimes brought them into violent clash with each other.

That oil boom, like the gold boom twelve years earlier, brought into the country men bad and good. Among the latter class, was B. D. Harsh, thin and doubtful, conceived the idea of putting an idle machine to work drilling for artesian water near Bluff. His scheme seemed visionary when first presented to the people of Bluff, but he persuaded them to undertake it, and as he pierced the mysterious formation beneath them, it became apparent his theory was correct. He struck suc[h] an abundance of perfect flowering water, that the people piped it at once into thei[r] houses, and ever since have loathed the very thought of the brackish liquid they used to drink. The water from their wells as quite sufficient for the orchards and gardens, relieving them to some extent of keeping up that troublesome ditch. About this time, too, they took a ditch out of Cottonwood Wash, covering a few acres of lucerne, and relieving the ditch question still more.

CHAPTER LIV

During that spring and summer of 1905, the little town on White Mesa grew to include six families, but two of them moved away before autumn, and the first winte[r] passed with a slim population. White Mesa was still unpopular in San Juan, thoug[h] its merits were winning fame for it in other places.

All the same the settlement had been born to live, not to die, and certain facts accomplished in its sagebrush fields leaped over the barrier of prejudice in the County, to find lodgment in the consideration of home seekers far away. A watermelon seed, dropped on the wild ground below where the town was to be, had develo[p]ed a big vine bearing five melons, two of which were ripe when two horsemen happened to find it. The splendid size and wholesome flavor of those melons, would hardly permit of any adverse argument.

In that summer of 1905, fine melons were raised without irrigation on land which had been broken in April; and wheat which had been planted in ponderous dry clods the previous fall, produced a paying crop. These facts

began working on that barrier of antipathy like tropical warmth on an ice bank. Still that bank was hard and slow to melt.

One man who is in the lead on White Mesa today, declared of the first stock he took in the ditch, that it would be a poor investment, that he expected from it small returns or no returns at all, and that he never would have made the investment but for his respect to the men who solicited his help. In spite of all this the capital of that investment has increased in value over four hundred per cent, and has been profitable from every angle.

Jense P. Nielson had a field of ten or twelve acres of corn at the mouth of Recapture on the San Juan, and when he was asked to buy stock in the White Mesa Canal, he affirmed that he wouldn't give his own corn patch for all of White Mesa from end to end. The San Juan, however, annexed that corn patch and took it away to the Gulf of California, and then Jense, like another sensible man, made straight for White Mesa and developed a field for which it is not likely they would accept thirty thousand dollars.

In the early days of the town on White Mesa, Billy McCandles, a young man from Texas, claimed a stretch of sagebrush southeast of town, and buying a grubbing hoe began making a clearing. While he worked and sweat, a cow-man from Bluff appeared above the rim of Recapture, and riding up the newcomer called out, "What the ---- you think you're going to do with the desert?"

"Why, Walter Lyman tells me I can raise lucerne here," stammered McCandles in surprise.

"Well, Walter Lyman's as crazy as any bedbug that ever crawled," said the cow-man pointing out what he thought was conclusive proof that a lucerne patch there was impossibility.

Billy threw down his hoe and departed in discouragement for some more promising region. His sagebrush stretch and the little clearing awaited a new claimant, but the wait was not long before another man arrived who was simple enough to believe that lucerne theory, and that ground has been yielding fine crops of hay the last four or five years.

As stated in a former chapter, the Grayson Post Office, which had been authorized at L. C. Ranch, was moved on the mesa three or four miles north of the proposed town, and in the late spring or early summer of 1905, it was moved to the town itself. Thus the place became Grayson.

The public meetings were held in private homes or private tents though when Hans Bogh brought his big log room down from the upper camp, it became the main gathering place until the famous meeting tent was stretched, boarded up, floored and opened to the Grayson public. Under that canvas roof, which was flapped and shaken by the chilly winds outside, the public met to sing, to pray, to preach and even to dance. A. R. Lyman was the first, and for a long time the only fiddler, and that his music did not breed despair in the minds of the settlers, is another proof of their unfaltering determination to remain.

Under that faded canvas roof, Apostles Francis M. Lyman and George A. Smith met the settlers in a crowded meeting and promised them the necessary rains would fall that the country would develop and fill with settlers, and that the new settlement would become a desirable place to live.

The little community at Grayson was organized into a Branch of the Bluff Ward, with Joseph A. Lyman as Presiding Elder, H. C. Bogh became the Superintendent of a growing Sunday School, and there was also a Young Men's and Young Women's Association, always well attended.

A store, carrying General merchandise, and owned by Hanson Bayles and A. R. Lyman was opened by the latter in the fall of 1906. It stood on the corner west of what is now the school house, and though not a pretentious building, it became a favorite loafing resort of the Utes. The white settlers loafed neither there nor anywhere else, and the business of the store did not justify the continuous presence of a clerk.

A school of all the elementary grades was opened that fall in the meeting-tent with Miss Lucretia Lyman as teacher. There were days in the following winter when the tent could not be made sufficiently warm for the children, and other days when heavy snows caved in the canvas roof, compelling the school to await repairs.

D. John Rogers, William J. Nix and Edward F. Thompson were called by the President of the Stake to live in the new settlement, and all three came with their families as soon as they could prepare a temporary home. Later on, Peter Allan and Wayne H. Redd were also called to make their homes in Grayson.

In the fall of 1907, a great improvement was made on the road between the new town and Monticello, when the route was changed to cross Devil Canyon and Long Canyon three or four miles nearer the mountain, both shortening the distance and making travel more easy. This proposition, like others of a similar nature, met with protest from the unprogressive element, who predicted that snows would block the road from December to April. Eleven years have proved them false prophets.

In that fall of 1907, the death of A. R. Lyman's infant son, Mead, necessitated the choosing of a place for a graveyard for Grayson. While the little body awaited burial, a committee rode over the hills and fields near town and selected a spot among the thick trees near the road to Monticello. Since then, the place has been cleared and the little pioneer was followed to his rest by both youth and prime, the aged patriarch, and people from many walks of life, giving the cemetery quite a size.

In that year, the Grayson Branch became a regular Ward, with Hanson Bayles as Bishop, and D. J. Rogers and Hans Bogh as Counselors. The new Bishop moved up at once from his fine home in Bluff, and took up his abode in what is now his granary.

Just how settlers began pouring into the new town, so recently brought into humble existence in the sagebrush waste, is difficult to explain. Ray Young came over from New Mexico to haul logs, and on his recommendations, his brothers, William and Thomas came over to see the place, and later came his

uncle, Thomas M. Carroll[!] from Pecheco, Mexico. Mr. Carroll decided rather promptly to go on, and started away with a freight outfit, but something happened to stop him before he got out of town. Twice after that, he started away, only to be stopped again by some unforeseen accident, and he failed to get away at all. In response to his accounts of the place, his sister and her husband, Arvel Porter came to settle, and Porter had a long string of kinsmen who began to follow him. The numerous Carrolls wer[e] also struck with the San Juan fever, and coming with their wives and their husbands, they began pulling a doze different families towards White Mesa, who in turn pulled other families, and the stream of new arrivals increased continually. Johnson's, Kartchner's, and Lako's, Redd's, Black's, and Brown's came from old Mexico, and people moved up from Bluff until Grayson assumed the appearance of an ant bed whose inhabitants were crawling about in every direction. The wall of prejudice had melted away, and the whole outside were coming to us like a flood.

CHAPTER LV

It is difficult to give the events of San Juan in chronological order, even if they were readily accessible. They happened in widely separated districts, often bearing no relationship to each other, and sometimes deserving no notice until they were ripe, though they may have been quietly maturing for years.

The rapid development of the fields on White Mesa was made possible by the ready help of Utes and Navajos, mainly Utes, however, who grubbed brush and trees from hundreds of acres of wild land. The black volume of smoke from their fires up and down the country, was made visible from afar as a section suddenly stimulated to active life.

While the infant town was still but a doubtful display of tents and wagon-covers, while its future citizens were still camped with their baled hay under spreading cedars, the Utes were given distinctly to understand that their inveterate habit of gambling did not comport with the dignity of the place, and would not be tolerated. Their blanket of cards, cartridges, trinkets and cash was upset where they squatted around it in the street, and gathering up their trumery, they have since refrained from poker and similar games within the growing limits of the town.

The coming of Bishop Bayles to the new Ward, bred dissatisfaction with the old meeting tent, for all that it had been supplemented with another tent into which it opened. Plans were formulated for the building of a meeting house, a real frame house, lined with adobes. Its foundation looked huge indeed, and predictions were freely made by residents and transients alike that it would be unnecessarily large, and too much of an undertaking for the small community. Yet when it was ready for dedication, that community jammed it full, and in a few months they found it entirely too small.

Long before the completion of the meeting house, the swarm of school children could not be accommodated in the tents, and the upper grades met in the back room of the Co-op store. The unexpected coming of so many children made it impossible to provide books, seats and other accommodations, and besides using second-hand apparatus for Bluff, they sat on boxes and slabs and had a general environment which certainly should have made a lasting impression. A score of those same youngsters, now in

the ranks of Uncle Sam's army perhaps bless their school days for innuring them to cold and hardship.

The original store, owned by Bayles and Lyman, was mmerged into a cooperative concern which included the saw-mill.

About the first private dwelling of any importance was erected by Jense P. Nielson and though some folks said it was altogether too good a house for White Mesa, many other houses equally good have since been built.

Having no logical connection with these things is a string of tragic events that deserve a place in the account of San Juan. Mention was made in former chapters of Josephine Wood, commonly known, and everywhere loved as "Aunt Jody." Sometime in 1906 or 1907, her son George, went as a missionary to Texas, and soon thereafter was brought hime in a great metallic casket, made ponderously heavy wit[h] disinfecting layers of cinders, for he had died of typhoid fever. The people of San Juan will not soon forget how that mother met the body of her son, how she and her husband and children journeyed silently and devotedly with it across the County to the family lot in the cemetery on the gravel hill at Bluff.

Nor will they forget how she grieved for that loved one, and his brother and siste[r] who died a few years earlier until on a cold winter day in Monticello she succumbe[d] to a lingering disease which her troubles had brought upon her. A company of peopl[e] traveled with her body over snow drifts, and through a terrible blizzard to Bluff.

Still more impressive after these things, was the moving of the body of the husband and father, Samuel Wood, over the same road in the winter time to his last resting place by his loved ones on that same gravel hill. He died in a hospital i[n] Salt Lake, and is to be remembered as one of the sturdy pioneers of San Juan.

Other tragic events of those years are: the death of Henry Pehrson, whose neck wa[s] broken when his horse fell with him at Butt spring on Elk Mountain. He left a wif[e] and two children, and was the first Bluff cow-man to meet death on the range.

Parley Hunt met a similar fate as he rode with another boy over Bluff Bench. His friend dragged and carried him a remarkably long distance, succeeding in length in getting him to the wagon road. He was the son of Joseph Hunt.

Still more sudden and very distressing was the accidental shooting of Alton Redd in Monticello. The gun, a twenty-two calibre, was in the hand of a boy friend, an[d] the bullet, entering the heart, caused instant death. He was under twelve years of age, and the son of J. Monroe Redd.

A few years before the settlement on White Mesa, the Post Office Department grante[d] the much needed and long-called-for mail route between Monticello and Bluff, and for some time thereafter the service was conducted with ramshackle coaches, harnesses trimmed with bailing wire, and skinny teams having sore shoulders, teams which could generally be relied upon for a hair-raising runaway, or for balking at the foot of every hill whenever it rained. The

making of this service into a dail[y] instead of semi-weekly affair, marked a step forward for matters in San Juan.

Another important factor entering about that time in the affairs of the County, was the coming of the Forest Service. It put a curb on the ambitious expansion of big stock owners, made it possible for small herds to find place on the range, guaranteeing against any improper invasion, conserving and improving the range in general.

Another facility still, linking San Juan up with itself and the outside, was the advent of the telephone. In 1909 or 1910, a line was stretched from Moab to Monticello, and soon thereafter another company built in from Dolores, continuing on to Grayson and Bluff, and a private line was continued on to Mexican Hat. This connection from two directions with the rest of the world did much to erase the clanishness of old-time San Juan, bringing it in touch with progress as it was made by mankind at large. Local 'phone systems soon stretched cobwebs over Monticello, Grayson and Bluff, connecting the people not only in general but in particular, an[d] a brand new era dawned on southeastern Utah.

With this era came the Ford car, and the Ford looked greater and more majestic than the Packard looks now. The people gathered around the venturesome creature stroking its shining fenders, and gazing curiously at its funny entrails, and then going back indoors to that novelty, the 'phone, and began howling after better roads so that the dear thing which had come buzzing into their midst, might never have to go away.

That howl for better roads became so terrific that it moved sand and rocks and shale, it got appropriations from the Legislature, it made new surveys, it put in bridges, made cuts and fills and swept away many a place which had long been fruit[ful] in thrilling adventure. The heavy sand on the Bluff Bench was plastered over with a long straight line of clay, a line which was made slowly but surely by man[y] teams going ant-like back and forth from the hill to the road, receiving and depositing each time a wagon-load of earth, till thousands of such loads had been conveyed into smooth hard road.

A new and better road was opened from Monticello to Moab by the foot of the LaSal Mountains, and the Ford went tooting and honking about like a young king in a new empire.

Into this new San Juan over its reformed roadways, came people from all parts loo[k]ing for homes. Grayson, as has been stated, received its share, but to Monticello and its magnificent stretches south, east and north, came a veritable multitude, lifting its hands in surprise that so splendid a country should lie so long unclaimed.

The possibility of arid crops had been demonstrated beyond all question, and into the business of arid farming the new-comers entered with pronounced gusto. They cleared and plowed the stretches of sagebrush, they fenced up the country, leavin[g] only narrow lanes where travelers had formerly been free to any direction in a wi[l]d wilderness.

Monticello appreciated the meaning of these newly discovered resources, and her people began improving big tracts of land near or adjacent to the town. A

high-water ditch was opened to cover the land near Half-way Hollow and other ditches were made where good land and water could be brought together.

There was a general stampede for Dodge Point whose fertile acres soon justified the eagerness with which its new masters had come.

The ditch on White Mesa was enlarged from time to time until it could carry every drop called for in its claim. More important still a great wide canal of huge volume was begun on almost the same survey over which President Hammond had proposed to make a ditch twenty-five years before. Too bad the venerable President could not have seen the outcome of his cherished project, as this new canal carried a flood of water to thousands of acres of valuable land, making it green with lucerne where it had been gray with brush.

Those years of growth to the country in general, brought but little improvement to Bluff in particular. Her people enjoyed the new conveniences but they moved away to Grayson or to Monticello until the place stood in danger of losing its community. The river, cut off as we have seen from its drive against the bank along Walton's Slue, whittled in above and below there, diminishing the amount of land every season.

At one time it was reported, the town would be condemned and bought at a stipulated price to be inundated by a mighty reservoir; and at another time it was reported to be all but sold to the Government for an Indian agency and school. But these reports died away, and a remnant of the original settlers held tenaciously but mainly to make sure no force or element contrary to the original purpose of the mission, should spring up and thrive in the key position they had held so lon[g.]

L. H. Redd, Jr., succeed Jense Nielson as Bishop of the Ward and in 1909 when he became President of the San Juan Stake, the destinies of Bluff were entrusted to Kumen Jones, who, it will be remembered, was one of the original party sent to explore San Juan in 1870. He was with the first company of settlers, and a continuous resident in all the tight places and unpleasant situations of the mission. Considering his constancy and unfaltering courage for the place in all thos[e] trying years, it is the more interesting to view him still at his post when so many of his brethren have lain their bones on the hill above town, or gone away to the pursuit of happiness in more prosperous centers.

CHAPTER LVI

Sometime in 1914 a young Mexican sheep herder named Juan Chacon left Montezuma ca[n]yon to return to his home in New Mexico. He carried with him his wages, amounting to something over a hundred dollars, and he had two or three ponies, a riding saddle, packoutfit, etc. Poke's boy became familiar with the amount of these possessions through a game of cards, and was later seen following the young Mexican's trail.

When Chacon failed to arrive in due time at his home, a search was instituted, and his body was found on the Ute Reservation where he had been shot three times in the back and buried in a dry wash.

A complaint was filed, charging Poke's boy with murder, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. But that warrant seemed to be a white elephant on the hands of every man who received it, and the arrest was delayed from time to time until some unscrupulous white man told the Utes all about the business, allowing Poke and his friends to get well on their guard, and to be carried by their fevered imagination to a dangerous attitude of resistance. Still there was ample time and opportunity to accomplish the arrest with little danger if it had been done without that formality of delay and red tape which always breeds trouble.

Sometime in January or early February, 1915, Marshal Aquilla Nebeker came to San Juan with the view of serving the warrant. The enterprising traitor or traitors just mentioned, among the whites, made the Utes familiar with the Marshal's authority and his mission, rendering the situation extremely awkward. To throw the red men off the scent, the Marshal went to Grayson, and from there directed the movements of a posse from Colorado.

It should be explained here that since the Utes never lost an appetite once aroused for revenge, it was thought unwise to make up a posse from the San Juan cattle men who had to ride the range where they were continually at the mercy of these same Utes. The posse was therefore collected from Cortez and Dolores, and was led by a man named Jingles.

Through an awkward misunderstanding, these men from Colorado, instead of going direct from Cortez to Bluff and taking the Indians by surprise, turned northward on the evening of February 20th to confer with Nebeker in Grayson. They returned that night in the face of a blizzard, reaching Bluff before dawn, but their trip up and down White Mesa had heralded their presence in the country and worked against the perfect success of their undertaking.

What happened in the cold gray light of that February morning is told in different ways, and it is quite possible some will disagree with this version. It seems that the posse, chilled and numb, surrounded the Ute camp, and with the coming of morning, called for the surrender of Poke's boy, but the red men sent up a blood curdling yell and sprang for their guns.

Shooting became general on both sides, and the Utes made for the rocks. Chicken Jack and a squaw fell mortally wounded in the camp. The Utes cut off a number of the posse who waited with their horses in the mouth of the canyon, compelling the white men to climb the cliff to Cottonwood Bench, but their animals awaited there for many hours without food or drink before they were rescued.

From the rocks the red men poured forth a rather deadly fire, and Joseph Aikin of Dolores was struck in the head, causing instant death. It is affirmed by one who lay near at the time peeping over the hill, that this shot was fired by Poke himself.

Another shot, said to have been fired by Posy, struck Jose Cordova, one of Jingle[s] men, traversing his body from left to right just back of the heart. Cordova lay a long time in a critical condition, but finally recovered his perfect health.

Posey's gun seemed to be of a longer range than anything the white were using, a[nd] he mocked at their artillery, setting himself up as their target, and looking bac[k] between his knees in disdain at their bullets dropping in the sand safely behind him. But a Deputy-Marshal had just succeeded in getting a big gun, with which he threw up a dust squarely between the daring little Posey's feet, and Posey moved himself, target and all down a ravine in a hurry.

On to the cliff just north of Bluff, Posey's second son and another Ute found their way, occupying a position which commanded the country all around. The cut the 'phone line, leaving the rest of the world to imagine all sorts of things, an[d] certain people availed themselves of the opportunity.

The report of the fight had already reached Grayson and Monticello, and a formidable posse was quickly mustered in each place to string off over the frozen road like two detachments of cavalry. Report of these forces struck terror to the Ute band, and their only concern in getting away, was to cover their retreat as effec[tu]ally as possible.

Sometime in the early morning or early forenoon, Poke's son-in-law, Havane, and two other Utes were taken prisoners, handcuffed and removed to the amusement hall for safe keeping. When Havane attempted to leap from the window of this hall, he was shot through the bowels and died several days later. The propriety and necessity of this killing is called into question, and this account makes no attempt to justify it. Havane, for all that he appeared once in this record as a coward, showed nothing but splendid grit while he suffered and died from that wound.

Bluff became much like a military camp, with every family boarding and bedding as many men as possible. Poke and his brother-in-law, Posey, their sons and a few kinsmen fled to the vicinity of Douglas Mesa, and the problem of following them was being worked out when word came from General Hugh L. Scott of the U. S. Army, for all proceedings against Indians in San Juan to stop, awaiting his arrival[.]

Marshal Nebeker's critics should bear in mind that he was thus deprived of redeeming a rather enviable situation. The Ute agent from Navajo Springs, who had ample time to handle the situation if he were inclined or able to do so, came to Bluff ordering Utah's Marshal to turn the whole business over to him, but Nebeker maintained his supremacy, and perhaps would have given this story quite a differe[nt] ending if the higher authority mentioned had not interfered.

While matters hung on an ugly question mark around Bluff, with armed guards on every hill, Charley Ute came to Grayson hunting his squaw and his children. In tearful apprehension he went inquiring from house to house, expressing fear that they had been killed. He showed no desire to fight, he knew the settlers were friends, and he did not question their words of kindness and assurance. And righ[t] here one of those settlers cannot refrain from saying that in spite of Poke and Posey, such men as Charley Ute will always find warm friends among the old settle[rs] of San Juan.

On receipt of General Scott's orders all plans to capture the Utes were laid on the shelf until the general himself arrived. From Bluff he went unarmed with

one or two companions and a pack outfit to the Barton Range, and invited the Indians to sit a friendly conference. They hesitated at first, but later they were persuaded to sit around his fire and talk the thing over. He guaranteed them a fair trail on condition of their surrender, pointing out the folly and danger of defying the Government. They agreed to his proposition and rode back with him to Bluff.

Poke and his boy, known and notorious as Everet Hatch of Tsenegat, and Posey and his elder son went with the General and others to Salt Lake City. It deserves to be explained here that Posey's elder son took no criminal part in the fight, that he was and still is a fine young fellow. This, however, cannot be said for the younger son, who at that time was almost as snaky as his father, and still bids fair to rival him in genuine devilment.

During that trip from Bluff to Salt Lake City, the respect those four Indians showed for General Scott, and their implicit confidence in his perfect integrity, suggest[s] glorious possibilities which space forbids us to consider here. That wild men from their defiant place of security among the rocks should lay down their arms and follow this man as little boys follow their father, must place the General beyond all question among that rare class of human beings who tame savagery and soften the hearts of violent men.

The part Scott took, and his intentions in this Indian affair, are deserving of sincere praise; but the fact that after all, Poke and Posey were turned loose again in San Juan without having been made to realize the gravity of their mistake in defying the law and authority of the land was not relished by the people, and has proved to be anything but good for the country.

Poke's boy, whose names were Tsenegat and Everet Hatch, was smeared in huge letters over the front page of many daily journals at the time, was removed to Denver to answer in a Federal Court of murdering Juan Chacon. While he awaited that trial, he was pampered and petted and photographed, he became more famous every day and is reported to have received three propositions of marriage from white women. He was visited and comforted and assured by a perfect swarm of crack-brained Indian-rights people, who left the poor ignorant fellow to infer that crim[e] would win favor and fame among the white populace.

The writer of this account was a witness at that trial, and he was thunderstruck at the way the daily papers failed to report the damaging evidence which that trial brought out, always catering to the popular howl for acquittal, and trying in every way to make the Ute appear innocent. Small notice indeed was taken of Mrs. Chacon, the sorrowing little widow, who waited there with her fatherless child to testify in the case. Every witness for the prosecution was persona-non-grata so far as the popular crowd at the court room was concerned, and they never hesitated to tell him so when they met him in the lobby, on the elevator or on the street.

It is not at all surprising that the jury, turned loose every night among that hotbed of Indian-rights cranks should become saturated and corrupted with the demand for unconditional acquittal, and render a verdict to please the cry.

Poke's boy came back to San Juan believing, from his contact with a Federal Court, that the best thing for a Ute to do to relieve the monotony of his

lonesome life is to be charged with murder and take a great excursion among the white where suc[h] a charge will bring him fame and popularity, to ride on their cars, eat at their hotels and be the darling idol of their women.

This latest Indian affair, like its predecessors in San Juan served to perpetuate in the Indian minds, the belief that law does not apply to white men and red men alike, that white men cannot or dare not punish a San Juan Ute for a crime, even though white men do imprison and execute each other according to law.

If Poke and his gang live long enough, they will meet their waterloo, and though the people who know them best will rejoice that they are out of the way, the fact will remain that they could have been, and possibly would have been better men if they had not been trained so long to believe they have a peculiar immunity from law. When they do meet the limit of someones endurance and have to pay the big price, the whole case of their misfortune should be charged up to the foolish whit[e] men and women who have been so determined all these years to foster in the Ute min[d] a wicked and dangerous falsehood.

CHAPTER LVII

What else enters into this concluding chapter will perhaps have but small charm for present-day San Juanites, since it must deal with things which they have not yet had time to forget. Lack of interest of important dates and details which shoul[d] have appeared in this account. It is not impossible that in fifteen or twenty years some one will be trying to ascertain these facts of today, now common knowledge to everyone but written by no one, and soon to be lost in the oblivion of a forgotten past.

The call of the new San Juan, referred to in a former chapter, found ready respons[e] like the glad voice of spring in every chapter. Monticello became a city, enforcing an improved order of things to comport with its new dignity. A neat meeting house of brick, and later a Bishop's office building, were completed on the public square, and the surrounding ground was plotted and graded for trees, shrubbery and flowers. Modern dwellings replaced many of the original log homes, and new business houses were opened to handle the increased volume of trade. Population increased in the town and on the farms for miles all around.

The ditch-water which Monticello had been drinking since 1885, was condemned for all culinary use. To get something better a dozen plans were suggested, some of them tried and all of them abandoned. One of two women, fearing the dream would fail of realization completely, took the matter in their own hands and began formulating real plans. Men talk of woman's helplessness, and refer to her as "the weaker vessel," but when one of these weaker vessels gets her head set for something as good as pure water, she is far more potent than the great masculine boast of all creation. Mrs. Evelyn Adams was prominent among these women who demanded decent water to drink, and in answer to their insistent demands, an army of men tore up the streets of Monticello, and opened a long trench to a mountain spring west of town. The pipes were laid, the water system completed, and water testing a hundred percent pure was on tap in over a hundred homes.

The new voice called for an electric plant to supply light and power, and gradually loads of poles for that purpose came stringing down from the mountain, found their way to ready holes in the street, and the wires were stretched, the system completed, the power turned on, and Monticello, like a brilliant constellation, could be seen in the night from many miles away.

This county-seat is a thriving center supporting three stores, a number of restaurants, hotels and rooming houses, two barber shops, a spacious garage, three law offices, a newspaper, a number of blacksmith shops, and is anticipating the establishment of a bank. It is joined on the east and north by an extensive farming section which is rapidly filling with settlers from the eastern states.

Monticello's first Bishop, Frederic I. Jones, was succeeded in 1910 by George A. Adams. Bishop Adams was succeeded in 1912 by Joseph Henry Wood and in June 1917, the present Bishop, George J. Jarvis was installed.

It may be well to relate here that Francis A. Hammond was succeeded as President of San Juan Stake in 1901 by Platte D. Lyman, who was succeeded the following year by Walter C. Lyman. In 1909, Lemuel H. Redd, Jr., was sustained as Presiden[t] which position he still occupies.

The call of the new San Juan aroused the settlers on White Mesa assuring them the ditch water was poison, that they would all die with typhoid fever if they continued to drink it. In their first eager efforts to answer the call, they imported a well drilling outfit and pierced the stratas eleven hundred feet without finding the artesian flow which they expected. As that depth their driller lost his tools and also the fishing outfit with which he tried to recover them. The well caved in deep in the earth, bringing the movement to a standstill.

The fight for good water rested until Wayne H. Redd headed a move for a reservoir and a town system. Under his directions and with the financial backing of the White Mesa Canal Company, the undertaking was completed, furnishing good water for houses, corrals and lawns.

Following close on the heels of this achievement, and under the same management, an electric plant was installed, furnishing light and power. White Mesa's settlement could be seen in the evening twenty miles away.

Grayson also became a city, with Walter C. Lyman its first Mayor. All vagrant cows and horses were ordered off the streets, the curfew rang every evening, and sanitary conditions were made to observe a more lofty standard.

In order to receive the nucleus of a public library, Grayson traded its name for the name of Blanding, receiving as a bonus a shipment of books. Some of the people complained the misfit of the new name made corns on their pride, but the library grew steadily and has a promising outcome.

The arrival of school children in overwhelming numbers, as referred to before, resulted in the building of what seemed to be a tremendously big school house, but two or three years found it entirely too small, and after getting along for a while with temporary buildings, another school house, equal to the

first in capacity, is in process of construction. A huge church building, costing many thousand dollars is also being erected.

The new San Juan demanded a high school, and the majority of eligible students being in Blanding, the school was located at that place, and has been conducted there the last four years with something over forty pupils.

Blanding has a thriving bank, a grist mill, two stores, a garage, a number of workshops, and a population amounting to something less than nine hundred. It has superior peach and apple orchards, and produces grapes and berries successfully.

Blanding and its wide fields rest on the ruins of another population, whose hous[es] and reservoirs and still plain to be seen. Dishes, axes, mill-stones and other relics of these ancient dwellers prove they lived a long time where the present people are building.

Another important change of the new era was the purchase made near Monticello, of the Cunningham Ranch at the foot of LaSal Mountains; and of the Indian Creek Ranches north of Elk Mountain.

Near Cunningham ranch a company of thrifty settlers have made homes and have already erected a very creditable church building and been given a regular Ward organization with W. D. Hammond as Bishop. This new place, known as LaSal, has not been mentioned in these pages before, but it will no doubt come in for much attention in that second volume of San Juan History which is to be prepared in 1938.

Another matter not to be omitted from this concluding chapter, is the loyal response San Juan has made to Uncle Sam's call for men and money to defend the liberties of mankind. Blanding leads the contribution to the army with about forty-three men, and there is not a yellow streak nor a slacker district in the entire county. Its Council of Defense is as firm for democracy as the old Blue Mountain itself.

Nor may we in this last survey forget to speak of Bluff. Her people are still leaving, but the place is not abandoned. The object of the mission has not yet been fully realized, and Bishop Kumen Jones still holds to the place with all the invincible determination characteristic of that first company who danced on the bare rock on the banks of the Colorado, and subsisted on parched corn and hope. It would be a pleasure to record the happy outcome of the place, but that must yet be acted out for the second volume.

It is to be regretted this history is not more complete, San Juan is richly deserving of a better effort. Each chapter of this account was struck off hurriedly in so many minutes, and rushed in so many minutes, and rushed off to the waiting press before the ink had time to dry. The wonder is not that it is crude, but that it is not even more crude.

These last words are written with a feeling of sadness as for a departing friend, whose company has been a pleasant feature of the past year.

San Juan will go on, its affairs will be greater and more far-reaching than ever they have been in the past, and gradually its fertile land will promote it to a

more prominent place in the world's mighty drama. But as these changes come, gradually and naturally as they will, and as our beloved County enters into the glory of its mature development, will someone be lovingly thoughtful to record conditions and changes incident to its progress, that those men and women of years to come may not lack for a knowledge of the splendid "land which the Lord their God shall give them?"

"This history, written in haste from limited notes in 1918, is not what I would write now, with more information on the subject."

December 1965

A.R. Lyman