Lee's Ferry: A Crossing of the Colorado

by Evelyn Brack Measeles 979.1 MEA

Chapter 1. Heritage of the River

A tired, wary old man rode south from the settlements of Utah toward America's last great wedge of unknown country, seeking a refuge from the law. Spare, lean of limb, he sat easily in the saddle; only his eyes were alert, watchful for known landmarks, for unknown travelers who might prove foe. His destination was a crossing thereafter through history to bear his name. Even in his own time he was a controversial figure, a man given to dreams, followed by the realities of a massacre whose retold tales would not die. Had John Doyle Lee lived in another age he might have become a benevolent patriarch or even a prophet, but he was born to a different time. Kindly, yet retaliatory by nature, staunch, but made fanatical by the remembered terrors of Mormon experiences in Missouri and Illinois, he was cast up into history as the perpetrator of one of the West's most cruel and unwarranted tragedies, that of Mountain Meadows.[i]

The place to which he rode that raw, sunless November day in 1871 was a crossing of the Colorado, a river known and yet unknown, a river which was then merely a mosaic of time and history.

As early as 1531 the Spaniards heard from the Indians vague references of a large river to the north. Cortés, the once proud conqueror of Montezuma, pawned the jewels of his wife to outfit ships to seek it.[ii] But his chosen captain did not find the river, he merely saw the tidal bore and surmised it was there to the north, surging southward to empty into the Southern Sea. Disillusioned, Cortés sailed home to Spain, his favor with the courts now as lost as his Aztec empire. But Spain still had a wondrous share of great adventurers; and where one failed another with a new plan, a different dream, came to stand in the steps of the vanquished.

So it was with the setting of Cortés' eminence, the bright star of Coronado began to rise.[iii] Sustained by stories of the fabled seven cities of Cibola, Coronado left Culiacán, Mexico, in April of 1540 in search of a greater wealth than the Aztecs had to give: cities paved with gold, houses set with the jewels of a pagan empire. Successful in his march north, quartered in the pueblo of Haiwikuh[iv] Coronado dispatched Lieutenant Cardenas[v] with twelve companions to search for the river which came at last to the Sea of Cortés.[vi] With Indians to guide them, they stood on the rim of Grand Canyon in the autumn of 1540, the first white men ever to see it. The place where they saw the magnificence of the Colorado is a matter of conjecture, but it is a matter of record that they gazed in wonderment upon it, scarcely believing the words of their Indian guides as to the width of the river below. Three members of the company tried to descend to the canyon floor but could go only a third of the way. They declared the Indians spoke truthfully and assured those who remained on the rim that the rocks which looked to be no taller than a man were in reality "bigger than the great tower of Seville."[vii] The tower to which they referred was the Giralda, bell tower of the Cathedral. Thus for the first time the Grand Canyon was contrasted with something familiar, made known, etched in the minds of travelers to be carried as a tale of wonder to others.

Cárdenas did not name the canyon. Befitting his military command, he returned to Coronado's camp and reported the discovery. But the mission of Coronado was merely to seek gold, and his chronicler only noted the adventure and the expedition marched on. Many years passed before anyone was to follow in Cárdenas' wake. Again only the Indians knew of the river and the wonders of its life, places where the beaver were plentiful and the deer came to water and hide in the side canyons. And so for

many years the land was as it always was, the river flowed and watered the sustenance of Indian peoples who blessed it in dances that expressed its spirit.

But then an impetus greater than gold activated the Spanish Empire. It became the province of the clergy, and there developed a religious zeal rarely equaled in history, excepting the time of the Crusades. With the coming of the clergy, the black-robed and the brown, the Southwest began to know names other than those of conquerer and colonizer. Faithful, browned men in the frocks of the Franciscan and Jesuit orders established missions, and in seeking new souls for God they looked also for new pathways that might lead from one far-away mission to another.

Two priests whose adventures are often associated with the Colorado are Fray Francisco Thomás Garcés[viii] and Fray Silvestre Velez de Escalante.[ix] Fray Garcés is considered to be the first white man to have reached the Grand Canyon from the west, about which he was moved to write, "I am astonished at the roughness of this country and at the barrier which nature has fixed therein."[x] The other also kept a detailed journal, and because of it his name is forever associated with the exploration of the great river of the West. He was Escalante, who with Fray Dominguez, on a trek to find a northern mission road to Monterey of California, found a niche in Southwestern history. Forced by winter's weather and scarcity of foodstuff to forsake their initial plan, they now found they must effect a crossing of the Colorado. Of all our rivers this one has been the most miserly in ceding man places to cross its waters. Where the party could reach the river they could not ford. At the place later to be called Lee's Ferry, they made an attempt but were unsuccessful.

Hungry, near exhaustion, they eventually found a likely ford. With their hatchets they cut a few steps into the rock making a way for their horses to descend. With thongs they lowered their baggage, saddles, and packs from the bluffs above and then carefully navigatged the way themselves. This became known as *El Vado de los Padres*, the Crossing of the Fathers.[xi] It is called by other names – El Vado, Ute Crossing, Ute Ford – but people seem to prefer its more romantic name, the Crossing of the Fathers, a tribute to bold, knowledgeable, and adventurous men who in having great love of God, had also great confidence in themselves. This ford is thirty-five miles above the crossing where old John D. Lee tied his horse to the sand willows that November day in 1871, looked out over the land, and called it good. It was here, where the river Paria[xii] flowed to meet the Colorado, that he would spend his waning days of freedom, do his last bit for his church, and meet travelers of the unknown wedge of the West. To the end of his days he would call this place home, would seek news of it during his long prison confinement, and would yearn for it as for no other. Here too, at the crossing, Lee would come into contact with travelers, outsiders who carried his name to the world of newspapers in the faraway East. Not all of them were sympathetic to his cause, but the diaries and published reports of these men – writers, historians, photographers, conquerers of the Colorado – reflect from him a generous hospitality and rugged independence.

Chapter 2. Eye of the Storm and the Outward Edge

the Paria was a quiet place pinned down into nothingness by the receding walls of glen Canyon and the yawning, narrow gray mouth of Marble. To this day it is a place of magnificence where the chasm of the Grand Canyon truly begins. Though Lee had a responsive spirit, he had little time to gaze upon the beauty created by the river. On this first trip he had with great difficulty brought some of his cattle through; now he returned to the settlements for two of his wives and their families. Those to come were Rachel Andora,[xiii] Lee's sixth wife and sister Aggatha,[xiv] his first, and Emma Batchelor,[xv] an English girl who had become Lee's seventeenth wife.

Christmas 1871 found them all together at the Paria. Under a temporary shelter they celebrated the Yuletide. Perhaps it was an old-time celebration with a molasses pull, dried fruit brought from the Mormon Dixie country, and parched Indian corn. It somehow speaks eloquently for Lee that here, driven from the economic advantages he had made for himself, burdened as all men are with human ambition, here where he must in old age begin life anew, he could speak with Rachel Andora, Emma, and his children of the wonder and blessing of his faith, and of the fervor with which he held the leaders of his church. His belief in the Mormon religion had caused him sacrifice and privation, but he lived still in its pervading spirit.

It was Emma who, in looking over the countryside, called it a lonely dell. It had a lyrical sound and appealed to Lee, so he adopted it as the name of their new location.

There was not much time for holidaying, as their immediate attention was affixed to the building of shelters for themselves and the livestock which would help sustain them. Rock and flagstone were plenteous and by January 12 they had finished two houses and commenced a stone corral. Emma, heavy with child at the time of their migration, was especially pleased to be among house comforts again. On the seventeenth of January she was delivered of a daughter and named her Francis Dell after the place they now called home. To commemorate the occasion, Lee wrote in his diary, "We Butchered a fine Beef."[xvi]

Both Rachel and Emma evoke the qualities of pioneer women – dutiful wives, thoughtful mothers who were serene under duress, hospitable to strangers, and courageous in the face of fear. Both had also the additional quality of steadfastness in adversity. Travelers report Emma young and comely, friendly and outgoing. She was to remain at the Paria and become a part of its legend. Older and more sedate, faithful to the last, it was Rachel who shared the final haunted years of Lee, who bore the burden and the pleasure of prison companionship when friend and foe alike deserted. She did not remain long on the Paria but repaired to a new ranch that Lee secured at Jacob's Pools.[xvii]

At dawn on January 19, the household was aroused by a band of Navajos wanting to cross the river. To accommodate them, Lee, Rachel Andora, and two of the larger boys unearthed an old flat-bottomed boat which had been used in previous crossings, recaulked it, and by midday they were ferrying the Indians and their animals across the water. A determined Rachel steered while Lee poled. It was not a gratis crossing; the Navajos traded their way with blankets. Thus the ferry service began.

The Mormons had long known ferrying as a lucrative enterprise. They remembered well the service established by them at the crossing of the Platte near Casper, Wyoming, in 1847, when they left winter quarters for western regions. There the river was swollen from heavy rains and what should have been a ford demanded a ferry. Gentile wagons of westbound emigrant trains were tailgate and hub-to-hub waiting for the waters to reced. The Mormons took over the ferry rights and ferried the Gentiles across, taking cash if need be, but preferring much needed foodstuffs. It paid well and was a lesson in controlled access they never forgot.

Since 1847 the people called Mormons had been in Utah. They had come to the basin which Jim Bridger[xviii] called his paradise, to build a New Zion, for to them it was a place of hope. Always a provident people, thrifty and industrious, they had in twenty-four years spread out over the territory, laid out towns and villages, and made farms. The brought water to barren places, knew where the grape would take root, harkened to the beauty of growing things. They sent men to seek the Indian and bring him into the church; along with the tenets of their religion, they sought to teach the Indian better farming methods and how to improve his livestock. The tribes with whom they came in contact

considered the Mormons a different people from the Americans, referring to the Americans as the "Mericats." Like Old Gabe* before them, the Mormons now numbered few places unknown in the Great Basin.

With the zeal of a missionary and needful of new lands to colonize, the great organizer Brigham Young,[xix] who had led the Mormons to Utah, now sought a southern crossing into Arizona. To this task he set Jacob Hamblin,[xx] sometimes called the "Leatherstocking of Utah" or, in benevolence and pride, "Old Jacob." Hamblin was a pioneer, a stalwart in the Mormon Church, a missionary to the Indians. Living in southern Utah he knew the trails, the meandering of the river. He knew some of its mysteries, the terrors it could cause; he knew also its quiet places and always he searched for an outlet to carry his brethren of Utah southward. In seeking his Mormon Road, Hamblin made several crossings at the confluence of the Paria and the Colorado. This was the point where Father Escalante and Father Dominguez and their party had first tried to cross in 1776, later making the crossing by fording *El Vado*. *El Vado* provided a ford, but the route was traveled by horses with difficulty and offered no possibility for use by wagon trains. The confluence of the Paria and Colorado made a somewhat hazardous crossing, but by 1869 was deemed practicable. Brigham Young sanctioned it, and John D. Lee came south to give it his name.

Whatever else he may have been – pompous, dictatorial, quarrelsome, demanding – Lee was also an indefatigable worker, shrewd and energetic. He was an old pioneer who had already become a man of affluence in the Territory of Utah, Deseret. Ten years previous he had been a man of eminence and considerable property with tracts of land, houses, and farms. But the curse of Mountain Meadows followed him, dogged his steps, snuffed out his property, and doomed his role in the church. Though now excommunicated, Lee considered his endeavor at the Paria a mission for his faith. He had, in private interview, been advised by none other than Brigham Young to find a new life for himself. He knew too of the church's hope to develop a southern route to Arizona. Jacob Hamblin told him of the crossing, of the splendid range where stock would fatten; he was advised there was sufficient pasture along the creeks to keep two hundred head of cattle, that the soil was rich and could be irrigated. President Young sanctioned his going. Lee was to secure as many ranches as he desired; he was also to be given word to "step aside" in event of the approach of quarrelsome parties or officers of the law. And so Lee took up a new life; he became a kind of working partner of Jacob Hamblin, who was to receive an interest in proportion to his contribution.

. . .

5. Railways and the River

During the age when the capacity of the country was unknown and the nation was richly endowed with men of vision, a contagion of spirit for new ideas was evident everywhere. Particularly was there great love for the railroads, and it was from this penchant, this potential for moneymaking, that a unique experiment came into being. It had a strange history.

During the late 1800s, S.S. Harper, a prospector-cowpuncher, sought his fortune in the mining districts of the Southwest. He was an astute man, endowed with style and a capacity to see beyond his own campsite. Transcontinental railroad surveys were being made during this time and in his travels, Harper noted that many tough mountain ranges were chosen. Being of a resourceful nature, skilled in a practical way, he came to the idea of building a railroad through the Colorado Canyon, going with the water grade to the Pacific.

In a mining encounter with Denver businessman Frank M. Brown, Harper told him of his idea for the railroad, and Brown, promoter that he was, put these ideas into plans and his many energies into developing a railroad that came to be known as the Denver, Colorado Canyon and Pacific Railway. It was a daring human ambition.

In this day, the project may seem irresponsible, but in that time eminent engineers of Colorado sanctioned the idea, and those to whom Brown talked in the East felt such a railway quite practicable. The then Secretary of State, James G. Blaine of Maine, gave encouragement to it. Brown, in his travels east, made arrangements in New York for financing, dependent on the engineers' favorable report.

. . .
The railroad they surveyed never became a reality, possibly the depression of 1890 was a contributing cause. Stanton himself paid for a large part of the second expedition. By his own accounting he made up a deficit of $12,500. The old cowpuncher-prospector with the original dream helped him even at the end with a donation of $1,500, and Stanton acknowledged his sincere thanks and gratitude.

To Stanton, however, the survey party proved "the line as proposed is neither impossible or impracticable, and as compared with some other transcontinental railroads, could be built for a reasonable cost. From an operating standpoint, it would have many advantages in grades, distance and permanency of its roadbed, and through the driest section of the western country, have an unlimited supply of water, and it would be possible to operate 1,000 miles of its line, yes, the whole of it, by electricity generated by the power of the river tumbling down beside its tracts."

Though the Denver, Colorado Canyon and Pacific Railroad venture died, Stanton's achievement through the Colorado canyons was a triumph. Much later he became a sought after civil and mining engineer in the far-away parts of the world – Cuba, Sumatra, and Canada. But he was not yet finished with the river; he still had a role to play, and there would be other times when he would be a part of Lee's Ferry.

. . .

6. Gold and the River

Gold on the Colorado had long encompassed legend, promise, and fact. The second expedition of Major Powell is sometimes given the dubious honor of having first brought it to the attention of the area. Jacob Hamblin, Captain Pardyn Dodds, and two companions, both prospectors, George Riley and John Bonnemort, had brought supplies to the expedition at the Crossing of the Fathers in 1871, and on that venture found gold in small quantities along the tributaries of the Colorado. Word of their find spread.

. . .

7. Welding of the Intermountain West

. . .

On July 29, 1927, the contact was let by the Arizona Highway Department for a bridge to cross Marble Canyon downstream from the Ferry. To many, the 1929 creates still a certain bleakness of heart, but

June 14 of that year brought to Arizona and Utah a feat of engineering magic. On that date the Navajo Bridge was dedicated, welding together at last the intermountain country of the West. Six thousand people witnessed the event. Four governors and the head of the Mormon Church were present. It was a two-day celebration. Old-timers who had worked the placer mines of the eighties, whiskered men of the river, cowpunchers, Navajos like bits of color in Pendleton blankets, Mormon people from the settlements, rubbed elbows with officials of railroads, dudes, businessmen from the East, eingineers, news cameramen, the curious and the newly courted tourists to Western lands. It was estimated the photographs taken these few days would paper the walls of Grand Canyon itself for a distance of ten miles.

. . .

8. Adventurers of a Different Order

. . .

George Wharton James

Among others who came to Lee's Ferry was the beloved old blanket man of the Southwest, George Wharton James. He had visited the area of the Grand Canyon on trips of varying duration when his book ***In and Around the Grand Canyon*** was published in 1900. James was a Britisher, having come to the United States when he was twenty-three. For seven years he was a Methodist minister in Nevada and California. Due to problems of health, he came to the Southwest, which he studied and photographed for the rest of his life.

Turned lecturer, he spoke on the Chautauqua circuits and in educational institutions. He also turned to writing. His special interests were in the old m,issions of California and the Southwestern Indians. Throughout his years, he collected books on the Southwest, and his excellent library was a gift of his widow and stepdaughter to the research library of the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles.

. . .

Nathaniel Galloway and Julius Stone

. . .

Zane Grey

Zane Grey, the most well-known writer of the Western novel, came to the land he was to write about so often and so vividly, in the year 1907. He had been to the Grand Canyon in January of the year previous, when he and his wife, Dolly, were on their honeymoon. They were then bound for California and like most tourists of their day, they stayed at El Tovar and took the trip down into the canyon.

In 1907, Grey met Buffalo Jones (J.C. Jones), who was a lecturer at the Campfire Club in New York City. Jones was there in hopes he could raise money to finance his cattalo project. He had been a buffalo hunter in the 1870s, a game warden at Yellowstone, and in more recent years an ardent champion of the buffalo, which was then being threatened with extinction. "He had a small ranch on the rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona where he was experimenting with the hybridization of buffalo and black Galloway cattle, hoping to produce a breed capable of subsisting on the natural vegetation of the desert and a minimal amount of water."

. . .

Jacob Hamblin

Though exploration of the Colorado River is first associated ith Powell, plaudits for the exploration of the southern Utah-northern Arizona region very likely should go to Jacob Hamblin. Little known outside Mormon Country, Hamblin was one of the key explorers of what Powell called the "Plateau Province." Dedicated, responsible, knowledgeable, he was a man of the church whose leadership and explorative ventures created for the Mormons a Southern Road, making possible the colonization of the valley of the Little Colorado and the tributaries of the Gila.

His party had, in 1858, been the first white men to cross at Ute Ford since Father Escalante. He had also found a crossing below Grand Wash Cliffs at the lower end of Grand Canyon. In November 1859, he crossed the river near the mouth of the Paria, swimming over horses and mules. Later this would be known as Lee's Ferry. It is believed to be the first time the river ws crossed at that point by anyone other than Indians.

Hamblin, as leader of his party, found this crossing on his second religious mission to the Hopi, a tribe in which the Mormon Church had great interest. Among the many legends laid over the Hopi people is one that they are descendants of the Nephites driven out by the Lamanites as told in the Book of Mormon. Another is that they are "white Indians" of Welsh ancestry, a story which has long made the rounds in American folklore. On Hamblin's first expedition to the Hopi in 1858, he had brought with him a Welsh Mormon who was left there to check as best he could for Welsh words in the Hopi language. Too, the Mormons were interested in converting the Hopi people to their own way of life.

During the following years, Hamblin made many crossings at the Paria by different means: by swimming over on horses, by a boat which was reassembled at the Paria Crossing; he even notes on one occasion "our luggage went over on rafts made of flatwood fastened together by whithes."

Hamblin knew Lee, had sent grape cuttings and coffee to him at the Paria; the crossing, of course, he could claim as his own. He knew the Hopi well and had taken Chief Tuba and his wife Pulaskanimki to his home in Utah by way of the Crossing of the Fathers. As Indian Agent he knew the Indians of this area: the Shivwits, Uinkarets, the Santa Claras, the Kaibabs.

Hamblin had worked as a kind of guide for Major Powell, bringing in supplies, and he was also his contact with the Mormon community. Of his relationship with Indians, Powell wrote glowingly of his Mormon friend, "Hamblin speaks their language well, and has a great influence over all the Indians in the region round about. He is a silent, reserved man, and when he speaks, it is in a slow quiet way that inspires great awe. His talk is so low that they must listen attentively to hear, and they sit around him in deathlike silence."

Admittedly, at this time Powell knew nothing of Indian etiquette and so might attribute magical powers to Hamblin, but Hamblin himself knew his real power with Indians came from their trust of him. In a revelation he had been told if he never shed Indian blood, no Indian would ever shed his. He was a bulwark in his Mormon community, understanding or at least trying to understand his people's indignation over Indian depredations, and yet building, with infinite patience and no anger, a peaceful commitment with the Indian people.

In October 1870, lumber for a boat was lashed to mule backs and carried to the mouth of the Paria. There the boat was completed; and Powell, along with Hamblin, crossed the river and visited with the Hopi villages where Powell procured an abundance of articles for the Smithsonian. They then went on to Fort Defiance for a peace conference with the Navajos over pillaging sorties they had made against the Mormon villages. The Indians had gathered at the fort to receive rations and annuities. When their train from the Hopi villages arrived on October 30, Powell wrote that it was a wild spectacle."

Though it is doubted that Powell had any official capacity for being there, the pact that was eventually negotiated was one that outlawed raiding but welcomed the Navajos to the Mormon settlements for trading forays. It was signed on November 5.

In the winter of 1873-74, Hamblin, with the assistance of a Paiute, sought out the Southern Road to the headwaters of the Little Colorado, and the migration to Arizona truly began. Beale's Road, laid out in 1857 from Fort Defiance to the Colorado River, and following roughly the thirty-fifth parallel, was also used by the Mormons as part of their Southern Road. In 1874 about one hundred wagons were fitted out and crossed at Lee's Ferry to settle on the Little Colorado or the Tributaries of the Gila. Some followed Hamblin's road from Lee's Ferry through the Painted Desert to Grand Falls and along Beale's Road to the Little Colorado.

The Navajos had long had an extensive trade with the Mormon people, the principal items of exchange being blankets for horses. Hamblin, in the winter of 1874-75, assisted in carrying on a trading venture with the Navajos at Lee's Ferry. In the fall of 1874 there was considerable trouble with the Navajos and a "fort" was built at the Ferry on Hamblin's orders. It was used as a trading post but could also be used, if necessary, for defense. This was but four years after he had negotiated the treaty at Fort Defiance.

Once the crossing that he had made so often almost claimed his life. This was in May of 1876; two wagons with all their valuables were lost, three wagons and some luggage being on the ferry at the time. Brother Lorenzo W. Roundy was lost in this accident, his death being reported by Hamblin in the ***Deseret News***. Brother Roundy's death was the first ever to be recorded there.

So Jacob, too, had a life at the Ferry, but six years after his trading venture, Hamblin embarked on yet another mission for his church. Thus, two who had come west with the first of the faithful now left the Colorado Plateau – Lee, whose life had sometimes been intertwined with that of Jacob Hamblin, was shot by the firing squad on March 23, 1877; Hamblin left to carry on the work of his church with the Apaches in Arizona. He worked in this endeavor for five years, dying in Pleasanton, New Mexico, in 1886. His body was later moved to Alpine, Arizona, where it was again interred. Sometimes called The Leatherstocking of Utah, Jacob Hamblin, who had contributed so greatly to our knowledge of the Plateau Province, was buried far from the place he knew so well.

Warren M. Johnson

Warren M. Johnson was the man the church appointed to take over the ferry when Lee was arrested. For twenty years thereafter he and his family were at the crossing. They were recalled by many of the river followers as hospitable people who ran the ferry effectively, with few losses of property and no loss of life.

In 1874, after Lee's departure, the Mormons set up a trading post at the ferry devoted to Navajo trad. As late as the 1930s there were Indians who remembered "riding to Lee's Ferry to barter blankets and silverwork for horses, flour and syrup."

To the Navajos, the name for the crossing had always been *tó ha' naant' eetin*, or "Crossing aginst the current." "After the ferry started, Navajos began to trade blankets for horses and gave the place the new name of *tsinaa' ee dahsi' áni*, 'Where the boat sits.' "

A post office was established at the ferry in 1879, and Johnson was the postmaster. There was one there for forty-four years, until March 2, 1923, when it was discontinued. When the ferry was sold by the Grand Canyon Cattle Company, the farm at Lonely Dell was purchased by the sons of Warren Johnson.

(Partial) Bibliography

Utah Historical Quarterly references:

UHQ 1943 n1-4, Auerbach, Herbert S. – Escalante Journal
UHQ 1969 n4, Brooks, Juanita – “Jest a Copyin’ Word f’r Word”
UHQ 1960 n3, Crampton, C. Gregory – “Historic Glen Canyon”
UHQ 1964 n4, Alexander, Thomas G. and Arrington, Leonard J. – “The Utah Military Frontier, 1872-1912”
UHQ 1950 n1-4, Bolton, Herbert E. – “Pageant in the Wilderness”
UHQ 1957 n4, Brooks, Juanita – “Lee’s Ferry at Lonely Dell”
UHQ 1947 n1-4, Darrah, William Culp – “The Colorado River Expedition of 1869”
UHQ 1947 n1-4, Darrah, William Culp – “Major Powell Prepares for a Second Expedition”
UHQ 1949 n1-4, Darrah, William Culp – “Beaman, Fennemore, Hillers, Dellenbaugh, Johnson and Hattan”
UHQ 1947 n1-4, Darrah, William Culp – “J. C. Sumner’s Journal”
UHQ 1948-9, Darrah, William Culp – “John F. Steward”
UHQ 1947 n1-4, Darrah, William Culp – “John C. Sumner”
UHQ 1947 n1-4, Darrah, William Culp – “Walter Henry Powell”
UHQ 1947 n1-4, Darrah, William Culp – “Hawkins, Hall, and Goodman”
UHQ 1947 n1-4, Darrah, William Culp – “George Young Bradley’s Journal”
UHQ 1939 n1-3, Gregory, Herbert E. – “Diary of Almon Harris Thompson”
UHQ 1948-9, Gregory, Herbert E. – “Stephen Vandeveer Jones”
UHQ 1965 n1, Jennings, Jesse D. and Sharrock, Floyd W. – “The Glen Canyon: A Multi-Discipline Project”
UHQ 1947 n1-4, Kelly, Charles (ed.) – “Captain Francis Marion Bishop’s Journal”
UHQ 1947 n1-4, Kelly, Charles (ed.) – “Walter Clement Powell”
UHQ 1969 n2, Kolb, E. L. – “River Running, 1921, The Diary of E. L. Kolb”
UHQ 1960 n3, Marston, Otis – “River Runners: Fast Water Navigation”
UHQ 1969 n2, Reilly, P. T. – “How Deadly Is Big Red”
UHQ 1955 n3, Widtsoe, John A. – “A Journal of John A. Widtsoe”
UHQ 1944 n3-4, Woodbury, Angus M. – “A History of Southern Utah and Its National Parks”
UHQ 1961 n2, Woolley, Edwin G. – “Expedition to Intercept Navajoe Indians . . .”

i ENDNOTES:

i Mountain Meadows, located 35 miles from Cedar City in southwestern Utah, had long been known as a resting place for travelers to the West. It was high and cool, the elevation being about 6000 feet. There was forage and water for cattle. It was here that the massacre occurred in 1857 (Juanita Brooks, ***The Mountain Meadows Massacre***).

ii Hernán Cortés was born in 1485 in Medellin. He left Spain in 1504 bound for the Indian Islands and aided Diego Velasquez in tn the conquest of Cuba in 1511. Chosen by Velasquez to command the expedition to "New Spain," he took his departure on February 18, 1519, and thus began the Conquest of Mexico.

iii Francisco Vazquez de Coronado, native of Salamanca, came to America in 1535 as a member of Viceroy Mendoza's retinue. He was appointed governor of the province of Nueva Galicia on the western frontier when he was only twenty-eight years old. When news of riches to the north were brought back by Fray Marcos, an army was formed to explore the land called Cibola. Coronado was appointed Captain-General. He left Compostela on February 3, 1540, for the long march into what is now New Mexico.

iv Hawikuh is located some 13 miles southwest of Zuni Pueblo. Extensive excavations were accomplished at this pueblo between 1917 and 1923 by Dr. Frederick W. Hodge under the auspices of the Museum of American Indians, Heye Foundation.

v Garcia Lopez de Cardenas was a cavalry captain in Coronado's army. He came to America in 1535, going first to South America and Cuba before settling in Mexico. He soon became a member of the viceroy's staff and spent several years in government service before becoming a part of Coronado's staff.

vi Sea of Cortés bounded eastward by the mainland of Mexico, westward by Baja California and opening at the bottom to the Pacific Ocean; this body of water is known on most maps as the Gulf of California. It was discovered by Francisco de Ulloa, relative of Cortés, in 1539.

vii Goerge Parker Winship, ***The Coronado Expedition, 1540-42***; Translation of Castañeda, p. 209.

viii Garcés, Spanish Franciscan priest, was born April 12, 1738, in a province of northern Spain which was also the homeland of Henry VIII's wife, Catherine of Aragon. He came to San Xavier del Bac in 1768. San Xavier was the northernmost of the Sonora missions. From here he ministered to the Papagos, the Pimas, and later to the Yumas. An inveterate traveler, he wandered far from his mission home, west to the Colorado River where he visited the Havasupai in the Grand Canyon and the Hopis in their villages, on to California, always looking for new mission roads. In 1781 he died a matyr's death at the newly established mission near old Fort Yuma.

ix Fray Silvestre Velez de Escalante, was a Spanish priest and member of the teaching and missionary order founded by St. Francis of Assisi, Italy, in the twelfth century. Others in the expedition were Fray Francisco Atanasio Dominguez, superior of the Franciscan Missions in New Mexico; Don Bernardo Miera y Pacheco, astronomer and cartographer; Don Pedro Cisneros, Alcalde of the Pueblo of Zuni; Don Joaquin Lain, citizen of Zuni; Lorenzo Olivares of el Paso; tow brothers, Lucrecio and Andres Muniz (interpreter); Juan de Aguilar, and Simon Lucero.

x Elliott Coues, ***On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer, Garces Diary, 1775-76***, p. 231.

xi *El Vado de los Padres*, Crossing of the Fathers, a historical point where Fathers Escalante and Dominguez and their party crossed the river in 1776. This crossing is a short distance above the Utah-Arizona line. Later the Mormons sometimes crossed here when going south into Arizona.

xii "The Paria River rises in the Escalante Mountains in Garfield County, Utah, flows southeasterly through Kane County into Arizona, and joins the Colorado at a point 31 miles below the Utah-Arizona line. The total area of the basin is 1,440 square miles." E. C. LaRue, ***Colorado River and Its Utilization, Water Supply Paper 395***, p. 93.

xiii Rachel Andora Woolsey was born August 5, 1825, and died in 1912 in Lebanon, Arizona. She was married to Lee on May 3, 1845, in Nauvoo, Illinois. She was Lee's sixth wife and mother of eight of his children. Rachel was sister to his first wife, Aggatha Ann Woolsey (Juanita Brooks, ***John Doyle Lee, Zealot-Pioneer Builder-Scapegoat***).

xiv Aggatha Ann Woolsey was born January 18, 1814, Lincoln county, Kentucky and died June 4, 1886, New Harmony, Utah. She was married to Lee on July 24, 1833. She was the first wife of John D. Lee and mother of eleven of his children (Juanita Brooks, ***John Doyle Lee, Zealot-Pioneer Builder-Scapegoat***).

xv Emma Batchelor (sometimes spelled Batchelder or Bachellor), seventeenth wife of John D. Lee, was born April 21, 1836, at Uckfield, Sussex Co., England. She had seven children by Lee and died in Winslow, Arizona on November 16, 1897. (Juanita Brooks, ***John Doyle Lee, Zealot-Pioneer Builder-Scapegoat*** and Juanita Brooks, ***Emma Lee***).

xvi John Doyle Lee, ***A Mormon Chronicle, the Diaries of John D. Lee, 1848-1876***, edited and annotated by Robert Glass Cleland and Juanita Brooks (San Marino, Calif.: Huntington Library, 1955), vol. II, p. 181.

xvii Jacob's Pools. Named for Jacob Hamblin, these pools are on the route used by Hamblin to reach the Hopi country. He is considered to be the first white man to camp at this place (Will C. Barnes, ***Arizona Place Names***).

xviii Jim Bridger went with General William H. Ashley's second expedition to the Rockies when he was only seventeen years old. Some historians credit him with the discovery of the Great Salt Lake in 1825. He was at one time a part owner of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and established Fort Bridger on the Central Overland Trail. His post became a stopover for travelers to Oregon and California. Bridger was a renowned trapper, a famed storyteller, well-

known trader, and a respected mountain man. He died in 1881, blind and old, in a Missouri community called Little Santa Fe.

xix Brigham Young (1801-1877) was born in Vermont of Methodist background and was converted to Mormonism in Ohio in 1832. Practical, shrewd, enterprising, enthusiastic, of commanding presence, he quickly rose in the hierarchy of the Mormon Church, being ordained one of the Twelve Apostles in the year 1835. He was sent to preach in England in 1839 and was credited there with making thousands of converts for the church. Elected to succeed Joseph Smith, he exerted his great abilities as an organizer moving the Mormon people out of Illinois, and in stages, leading them westward, following the dream of their prophet Joseph Smith to found an independent state somewhere in the Rocky Mountain region. He was a strong leader of the Mormon Church and died in his beloved Salt Lake in August of 1877.

xx Jacob Vernon Hamblin was born in Ohio in 1819 and came to Utah in 1850. Five years later he settled at Santa Clara on the Virgin River. In 1857 he was appointed president of the Mormon's Southern Indian Mission. He is credited with being the first white man to cross the Colorado River at Ute Ford after Father Escalante's expedition. Hamblin also served as a guide for some of Powell's overland ventures. He died at Pleasanton, New Mexico, in 1886. His body was later moved to Alpine, Arizona, where it was again interred.