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The Wheeler National Monument

By Frank C. Spencer, Olivet, Michigan

Many have wondered what the National Monuments located in several states of the West really are, and for what purpose they have been created. To most people, a monument is something erected to commemorate a notable event, or in honor of some great man. For this reason the establishment of National Monuments by the Government, in places remote from the habitation of men, has puzzled many well informed persons. The answer is this, that it has been the policy of the United States Government, for the past few years, to set aside and preserve for the public use small areas containing objects of great scientific, historical, or scenic interest under the name of a National Monument. Some of these have been named in honor of those who have performed distinguished public service. In this way the common acceptance to the term Monument is preserved. National Monuments differ from National Parks chiefly in the matter of the areas included.

It is not generally known that one of the first of these monuments to be set aside, and one of the most interesting in the United States, is located not many miles from the Rio Grande river in southern Colorado. It is approximately twelve miles northwest of the well known hot springs at Wagon Wheel Gap, and about fifteen miles from the interesting mining town of Creede. It was established in order that there might be withheld from private exploitation and preserved for the perpetual use and inspiration of the public, a most remarkable geological formation and a spot of great scenic beauty.

No one knows who first discovered this curious phenomenon. Indeed, it seems that it was well known and looked upon with great awe by the Indians long before the coming of the first white men to this region.

When that earliest and greatest of all Spanish colonizers and explorers, Juan de Onate, in 1598, led his little band of col-

onists through a thousand miles of wilderness to the spot chosen on the Rio Grande river near the mouth of the Rio Chama, word was brought to him, by the Indians, of wonderful caves at the headwaters of this "Great river of the North," on which his settlement was located.

For many years before this there had been a legend, believed in by the common people of Spain, of the existence of seven wonderfully rich cities located somewhere in the new world. The early Spanish explorers had long been searching for these seven wonderful cities, or, as they were sometimes called, "seven caves," which the legend had located somewhere in the new America. It is only natural that when the story of the remarkable caves was brought to the ears of Juan de Onate, that he should at once spring to the conclusion that they must be the famous "Seven cities of Cebolla," and he imagined that the great treasures which these caves were supposed to contain were now within his grasp. Certain it is that he at once wrote to his superior, assuring him that at last the location of the "fabled wonders" was known and was to be found at the headwaters of the very river on which he had made his settlement. It is known that the following year he made a long tour of exploration to the headwaters of the Rio Grande and through what is now known as the San Luis Valley. What success he achieved in this quest is not known, since nothing concerning the "seven caves" is found in his diary. From this time, they slept in silence more than three centuries.

A few years ago an old Ute Indian was employed to herd sheep in the mountain meadows near Wagon Wheel Gap. It was noticed that he spent much of his leisure time in roaming the hills, seemingly in search of something he could not find. When questioned concerning the object of his search, he related that when he was but a mere boy his people had gone to war against a neighboring tribe, and in order to insure the safety of the women, children and old men of the tribe, while the warriors were absent on this marauding expedition, they were hidden in secret caves. These caves, he remembered, were far back in the mountain recesses. He was sure they must be somewhere within the region where he had made his long search. He described the caves as being formed by great overhanging rocks, and also that some of them extended so far back into the interior of the mountain that it was an easy matter to hide all of the women and children completely from view. He thought he could remember also that they were about a day's journey from the Rio Grande river where it flows through the narrow gap, but the exact direction or location he could not tell.



Garden of the Gnomes

It is certain that objects so curious and so conspicuous could not have failed to attract the attention of the hunters, trappers, and herders who visited the region. Indeed, there were many half believed stories floating through the near-by settlements of wonderfully carved rocks, but no one seemed to know much about them, or of their definite location.

It was during the summer of 1907 that the writer, while acting as United States Forest Supervisor, learned of the existence of some wonderfully carved rocks called the "Sand Stones," which were supposed to be located near timber-line somewhere around the headwaters of a stream called Bellows Creek. This creek is a tributary of the Rio Grande river and flows into it from the north about three miles above Wagon Wheel Gap. Arrangements were made that year to make an exploration of the region in company with the Forest Ranger of the district; but pressure of other duties prevented this.

The following year, while a guest at the Wagon Wheel Gap hotel, the "Sand Stones" became a topic of conversation. The proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Elwood Bergey, had seen them from a distance, and was enthusiastic in praise of their wonderful beauty. It was there that plans were laid for a thorough exploration of the caves, provided, of course, they could be found. Since there was a trail part way up Bellows Creek, it was decided to make the attempt to reach them by that route, and to explore all the country about its headwaters. As might be expected, our route was not the most direct, nor was it very advantageously chosen. It followed Bellows Creek to the east fork, where we began to ascend the steep mountain side through a maze of fallen timber. It was not an unusual thing to have at one time three or four horses down, floundering among the fallen timbers, or rolling over the steep embankments.

However, after a long and tiresome day, we came in sight of the "Sand Stones" without any of the party having suffered any serious injury. It was a truly remarkable sight, and well worth all our discomforts and labors. There before us, enhanced by the rays of the setting sun, lay the vista of what seemed to us an enchanted city. Spires and domes, castles and cathedrals, mosques and temples, with their fluted columns and wonderfully carved friezes, were arrayed in a confusing panorama of form and color. Not only was there an endless variety of curiously carved forms, but all were in nature's most gorgeous hues. It was truly an inspiring sight, but as the sun was sinking low, like the aborigines of old, we spread our blankets in a cavern sheltered by an overhanging wall of rock, which assured ample protection for a much larger company than ours. From this recess

in the rocks we could look far down into the valley below and along the mountain side. We were struck by the thought of what a fine vantage ground this offered against a sudden attack by enemies. No one could approach them, were they carefully guarded, without being seen long before they reached the cave.

That night some prowling animal so frightened our horses that they took "French leave" and returned to the valley over the route they had come. The next day some of us undertook the exploration of the caves on foot while others went in search of the renegade animals.

It was found that the whole region was not "Sand Stone" but consisted of a lava formation of many different layers or strata of varying degrees of hardness and different colors. In another era some now extinct volcano had been in eruption time after time and had poured its molten lava and scattered its mineral ash in great quantity along the mountain side. These flows differed much in hardness and in color.

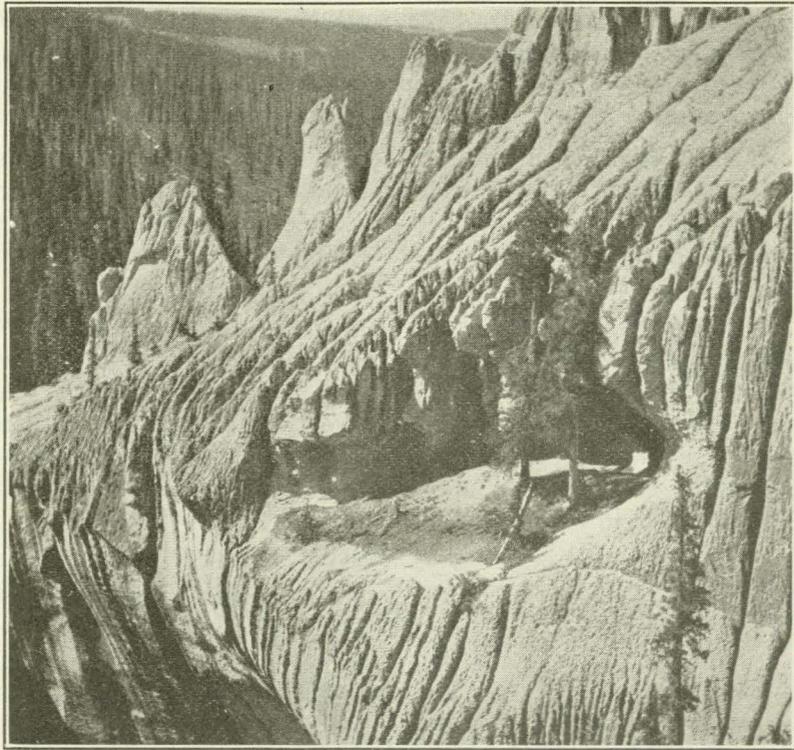
For ages this lava had been acted upon by nature's great sculptors, the wind, the water and frost, making of these rocks a veritable fairyland of form and color.

The members of our party amused themselves by naming some of these forms from their fancied resemblance to animals or inanimate objects. A group of tall, white, irregular columns became "The Ghosts." Long rows of rounded, cone shaped rocks were the "Bee Hives." A great mass of rock, chiseled into spires, towers and columns, all with a wealth of color, was called the "Cathedral," while a square-topped rock, whose vertical walls were carved into fluted columns, friezes and porticoes, was our "Temple." Other forms gave rise to the "Mosque," "Dante's Lost Souls," "The Phantom Ship," "The Ruined Castle," and "The Cyclops." The almost endless variety of forms could have made this play of fancy an almost indefinite pastime.

In addition to these there are an "echo canyon," numerous caverns and crevasse-like fissures cut deep in the soft rock. Through these fissures one may thread his way for long distances seeing but small patches of the sky above. It seems that Nature has almost exhausted her resources in carving and sculpturing these various forms.

It is impossible to give here more than a superficial description of this wonderland. It must be seen to be fully appreciated. It is certain that, as the years go by and it becomes better known, it is bound to call the scientist, the artist, and the tourist.

The area of the monument is approximately three hundred acres; of this, the carved lava covers nearly sixty acres. How-



The Lost Caverns

ever, within the larger area, there are many other points of interest and exceptional beauty.

It needed no urging to convince the writer that a place of such great interest and attractiveness should be preserved in its pristine beauty and made the heritage of all the people.

Soon after our return a survey was made of the area to be included in the monument and a report was written, accompanied by photographs, strongly recommending the withdrawal of the land from private entry and its establishment as a National Monument. To our great surprise and pleasure, this report was favorably acted upon in less than three months, and on December 7th, 1908, President Roosevelt, by proclamation, set aside the area as The Wheeler National Monument.

It is probable that this action was hastened by the fact that the writer was called to Washington and was thus able to present the matter in person to Gifford Pinchot, who was then Chief Forester and who was always found to be enthusiastically in favor of any project which would add to the public benefit or pleasure.

It was first suggested that it be called the Fremont National Monument, since it lies just over a prominent divide from the supposed location of the disastrous ending of that explorer's unfortunate expedition during the dread winter of 1848.

However, so many prominent natural objects had already been named in honor of Fremont that it was thought best to name the Monument in honor of one whose achievement was more closely connected with the locality. The name finally chosen was selected in honor of Captain George M. Wheeler, who, in 1874, carried on a number of valuable surveys and explorations under the direction of the War Department. His report, following his field work, has helped greatly in calling attention to the many resources and attractions of this part of Colorado.

The Monument is at an elevation between eleven thousand and twelve thousand feet above the sea level, and is but a short distance from one of the highest divides in the Rocky Mountain region. Here great drifts of snow may be seen any month in the year, and here may be seen the rare ptarmigan, the snowshoe rabbit and the mountain sheep.

A good trail has been constructed by the Forest Service along an even grade from Creede to the Monument. A cabin has been built, a pasture fenced and a good spring walled up for the free use of the tourists. A road suitable for automobiles is planned which, when constructed, will make the trip a very picturesque and pleasant one. At present the tourist may enter a sleeper at either Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo in the evening and find himself, after a good night's rest, in Creede. At this point horses may be secured for the trip to the Monument. There is no question when its geological interest and scenic beauty are better known it will be visited yearly by many who are in search of knowledge, recreation, or nature's choicest beauty spots.

The Old-Time Prospector

(Interview with Dan O'Connell by Thomas F. Dawson for the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado, Denver, April 2, 1923.)

(Continued from the January Number)

His boyhood days in Denver are remembered pleasantly by Mr. O'Connell. The town was not so large then but that the out-of-door lover could enjoy himself, and he spent much time in the outskirts. His father kept the Missouri House, which was located at Thirteenth and Blake Streets, and owned eighty acres of ground where Washington Park is now, with one corner in

the lake, then called Smith Lake for John W. Smith. The elder O'Connell's widow sold the "eighty" for \$13 an acre and thought she was getting a good price. That was done in 1877, about which time she also sold for \$990 four lots at Fifteenth and California Streets, where the Denver Dry Goods Store is located.

"Having spent your life prospecting, I should like to ask whether you have found it a remunerative calling?" I asked.

"If you count only financial gain, possibly not, but there has been a world of satisfaction to me in living an untrammelled life in the mountains, and breathing the fresh air and enjoying the possibility of uncovering something worth while. While I have not made any great strikes I have had two or three pretty good stakes, which if I had hoarded would have made me comfortable for some time. I have never been a saver, however, and I have followed the rule of putting back into the ground money I have taken out of it. Even though I only came out even I would still count myself winner because I have lived my own life as I wanted to live it."

Mr. O'Connell's enthusiasm over the life of the prospector, coupled with the fact that he is a representative of a class of men now far less numerous than in the past, led me to draw him out on the subject of prospecting as estimated by a "professional." I began by asking him to give me some idea concerning the work and habits of the prospector class, the number of men engaged in the business in the past and the period of their greatest activity.

"A big task you have laid out for me and one that is difficult of performance," he said. "I think, however, that I am safe in saying that there never was a time anywhere when prospecting was more acute than it was in Colorado immediately following the first silver discoveries at Leadville. I cannot speak of the '50s or '60s in Colorado nor of conditions of the preceding decades in California and on the Western coast generally, because I am not old enough to have known of them through personal experience. It is safe to say, however, that what may be termed the Leadville excitement attracted quite as much attention as was centered upon any previous mining boom. The reasons are obvious. The means of communication were better and the population greater.

"I was part and parcel of the Leadville furor, and I can tell you it was only a short time after Stevens and Wood first found the silver in the carbonate ores until the hills and valleys of the vicinity of California Gulch were alive with men looking for mineral croppings—in other words, prospectors. It was not long until practically the entire area was staked off, and then the men began to spread out, not in singles or pairs, but in groups. Sum-

mit, Park, Eagle, Chaffee, Gunnison and Custer Counties were overrun in turn and one soon began to hear of new camps, many of which were expected to rival, if not to surpass, Leadville. Thus came into existence Aspen, Ten Mile, Gothic, Ruby, Tincup, Ashcroft, Silver Cliff, Robinson, Red Cliff, yes, scores of places of promise. All this was the result of the efforts of prospectors. True, not all of these gold and silver hunters were men of experience, but among them were many who had gone through the fire. There is no means of telling how many there were, but one is safe in saying that there were thousands of them. A majority of them had their labor for their pains. Comparatively few of them found real mines, but some did, and they added numerous paying properties to the state's list. Some of the camps then established grew into towns and prosperous communities, which are still going strong. So, the net result is the settlement of numerous waste places, a marked increase in population and the addition of millions to the state's property valuation, to say nothing of the riches taken out of the ground and distributed over the face of the earth."

"How long did the prospecting continue at this rate?"

"Oh, for a comparatively short period—for only a few years at best. 'At this rate,' you say, and I am answering on that basis. Naturally the majority of those who 'struck it' sought an easier life when no longer urged by necessity and just as naturally many who failed to make a find became discouraged and ultimately ceased their efforts and returned to former homes or settled down to more steady employment here. But there were some who held on—even a few of us who still hold—a few, a very few; you can almost count the number on your fingers."

"Why the falling off?"

"There are many reasons. Many were called to other duties; many got the impression that the mineralized ground had been entirely taken up; many were not willing to undergo the hardships; many became disheartened when they did not find a bonanza with little effort. The withdrawal of public lands, together with the governmental restrictions, had a vast influence, for the prospector is invariably a man who despises red tape; the boys did not like to be told by the forest rangers where they could dig or to what extent. Probably, however, the paramount reason why so many quit is to be found in the lack of real love for the life of the prospector."

"Then there are those who really love the life, regardless of its hardships?"

"Yes, indeed, and I might almost say regardless of the hope of reward. I don't mean to say that the prospector is not influ-

enced by the possibility of making a big find. On the contrary, such a possibility is always a great incentive, but there are men who would follow the calling if the prospect of great finds were entirely eliminated—who go from day to day plodding along and attending to their business without pressing thought of a bonanza, just as you or any other man would go your daily rounds. There is a lure in the great out-of-doors, in the broad vision which the hills afford, in the quest of something which is ever evasive but which may be turned up with the next stroke of the pick, and above all in being able to come and go when you please—in being your own man amid surroundings of your own selection.

“I can’t tell you how it is with others, but I imagine most of the boys, the real men of the hills, are much like myself, and I feel about prospecting much as a fishing enthusiast feels about fishing. You know how a fellow feels if he hooks a big trout; well, that’s the way I feel when I turn over a good piece of float. I couldn’t be hired to live out of sight of the pine trees and good fresh water. Why, years ago I went down to Independence, Missouri, the town in which I was born, and stayed all winter. I never was so bored in all my life. I could hardly breathe, and I felt that there was nothing worth looking at until I found a plot of ground covered with evergreens. I thought these trees were the prettiest things I ever had looked at. The sight made me homesick. I made a vow that if I ever got back to where this growth is natural and abundant I never would leave, and I never have left. The hills are good enough for me without added attractions, but the search for the metals adds zest. It gives you the feeling of having something to do. It is an objective. The appropriate ‘end of a perfect day.’”

“You have said in effect that prospecting is a lost art?”

“So it seems to be, and most of the prospecting that still goes on is carried on in a way that would not be recognized by the old timer. He generally trudged along an unbeaten trail beside a pack burro or carried his supplies on his own back. Now his successor rides in an automobile along engineered highways, often taking a mining expert with him who will undertake to make locations for him on the far distant hillsides after viewing them with a pair of field glasses. He lives in town, whereas we know only the solitudes from the beginning to the end of the season. He lives on home-cooked delicacies and wears store clothes, whereas our garb is rough and our food such as the frying pan and the coffee pot may produce in the open. He sleeps on spring beds in furnace-heated houses, but we are glad enough to get a mattress of pine boughs lying on the earth and in the open. Those who like the modern method of prospecting can have it, but I

prefer the good old way, and I think that more mines will be found when we get back to it.”

“How did the old time prospector live? What kind of food did he have? How did he get it?”

“Of course we lived roughly, but we spent the winters in towns and were out only in mild weather. When spring came we started. Couldn’t keep us in after the aspens budded out. We would lay in as many supplies as we could afford at the beginning of the season. In some instances we had pack horses, but burros were much more common, and many of us carried our packs throughout an entire season, all depending on the state of our finances. Both clothes and food were coarse and scant. Heavy boots and strongly made trousers, shirts and coats generally were supplemented by top coats, and there always was a change of underwear. Flour, sowbelly and coffee were the staples of food; dutch oven, camp kettle, coffee pot, tin plate, tin cup, knife, fork, spoon and frying pan completed the necessary culinary outfit. For the rest, we had our six-shooters and rifles and our gold pans and picks and shovels.

“All of us could cook flapjacks and many could make baking powder biscuits. Often our menu was enriched by a mess of mountain trout, a saddle of venison or a bear steak, and occasionally, in season, the mountain side supplied us with a dessert of raspberries or strawberries. Nearly all prospectors smoke and one could always count on finding tobacco and pipes in their camps. We carried blankets for bedding and a piece of tarpaulin to protect our supplies against water. We did our own cooking and washing. We slept in the open during temporary stops, but when we found a prospect which invited extended delay, we put up log cabins and lived in real style. At other places we built brush tepees for protection against the sun. Of course, we always sought sheltered places for camps, where there were wood and water and where there was grass for our animals if we had any. There were very few camps which were not surrounded by beautiful aspen or spruce or pine trees, and as for the big mountains and splashing streams, they were always with us. So you see we did not live so badly. We were in the open air in the highlands and we loved the life. Who wouldn’t that knew about it?”

“Is there anything left for the prospector to go after now?”

“Yes, practically as much as there ever was. Only a small fraction of the earth’s riches has been taken out. There are many great deposits of ore left, but the surface wealth has been pretty well gathered. For this reason it will be necessary for the prospector of the future to do more thorough work and to go deeper than in the past. The mineral is in the ground and it will be

discovered and recovered in the future as it has been in the past. At least that is my opinion, but I do not believe that the automobile prospector can be depended upon to find it."

Denver, April 24, 1923.

I Have Read Mr. Dawson's Report and find It Correct

Dan O'Connell,

Denver, April 25, 1923.

Mr. W. A. Spooner of Alma, neighbor and friend of Mr. O'Connell's, tells the following anecdote as illustrative of his devotion to his occupation:

"A number of Almatites were chatting together one day, when one asked Dan what he would do if he had a million dollars.

"'Well,' replied the veteran gold hunter without a moment's hesitation, 'I know one thing I would do; I would buy the best damned prospector's outfit I could get.' He could not think of anything else he especially wanted."

T. F. D.

as outlined in the chronological table. Perhaps this building might better be called a unit type of house as it evidently stood entirely above the ground and shows a fair knowledge of masonry. The only objection to the unit house designation is that the generally attendant kiva in such groups is missing. It was apparently a four-room house, although the walls at the eastern end of the structure have disappeared and it was impossible to tell the original extent of the fourth room and whether or not there were additional rooms. It is not likely, however, that there were more rooms to the east as the debris was not such as to indicate their existence.

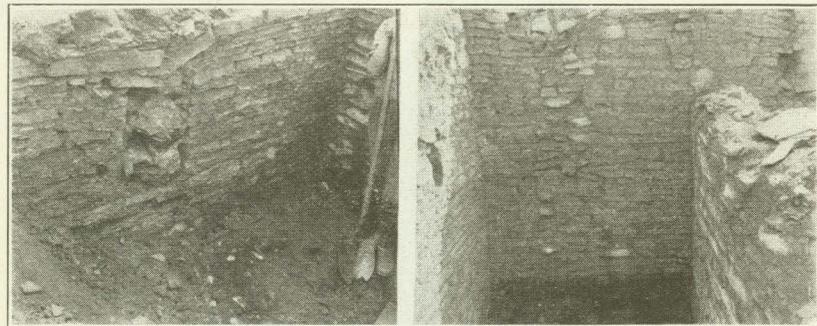
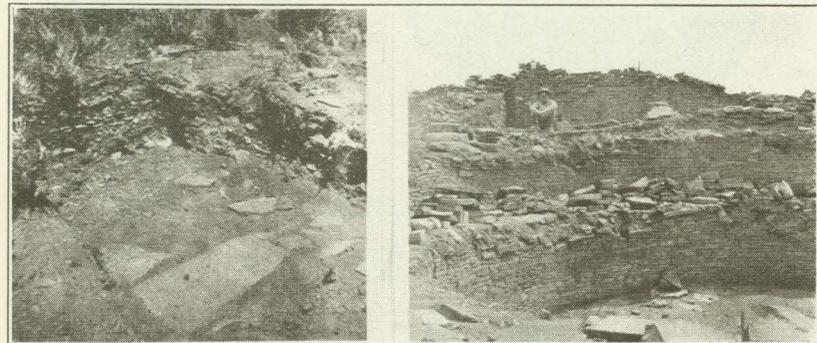


Plate 11. Upper Left—Room A, Piedra No. 2, Showing Paving on Floor. Upper Right—View of West Kiva, Excavated in Summer of 1922. Lower Left—Doorway in Kiva Compartment 2-A. Lower Right—End of Room 31, Showing Joint in Wall.

Further Archaeological Research in the Northeastern San Juan Basin of Colorado, During the Summer of 1922

BY J. A. JEANCON AND FRANK H. H. ROBERTS

Excavation Work in the Pagosa-Piedra Field During the Season of 1922

BY FRANK H. H. ROBERTS

(Continued from the January Number)

Piedra No. 2

This dwelling is located on the spur of the bench to the east of the Piedra about 100 yards north of Piedra No. 1. The tongue of land on which Piedra No. 2 is located is separated from that of Piedra No. 1 by a deep draw which has been cut by the rushing waters from the melting snows on the mesa above and from the heavy rains of countless summers. This structure is very similar to that of Piedra No. 1 in general type, but is in a much better state of preservation than its neighbor (Figure 6, lower). It is of the advanced type of pithouse or of the number five group

The rooms in Piedra No. 2 vary in size as a glance at the ground plan (Figure 6, lower) will show. The walls are of the horizontal slab with cobblestone base type and average from 10 to 12 inches in thickness. An additional feature in the wall con-

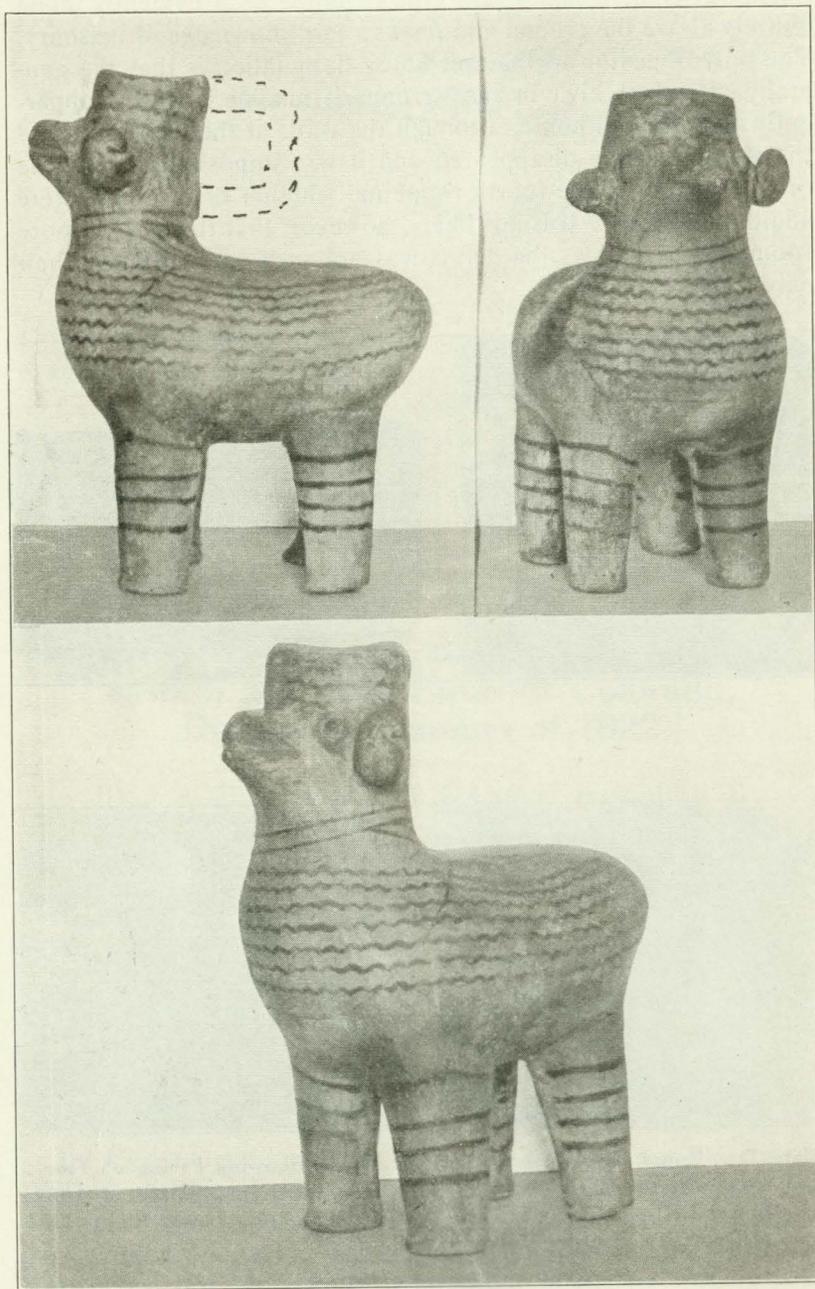


Plate 12. Mountain Sheep

struction here noted is that of the use of small thin slabs in courses between the larger slabs. This is also noted in the walls of the large ruin in the unit excavated during the 1922 season, and would tend to indicate, in the opinion of the writer, a rather late stage in the chronology of the region insofar as the construction of Piedra No. 2 is concerned. An exception to the general wall thickness will be noted between Rooms A and B, where the masonry measures 3 feet 6 inches across. It was at first thought that there was a small room similar to Room B between Rooms A and B, but investigation showed that the wall was one piece of masonry. The thickness of this wall and the size of Room B are the only features which stand out as distinctive in the general architecture of this building. Room A was partially paved with thin slabs (Plate 11, upper left), and Room B was entirely paved. There were traces of paving in Room C, while Room D was so badly weathered that it would not be safe to conclude whether it was paved or not. No portions of paving slabs were found in the excavation, however.

The debris which filled the interior of the rooms was composed of stones from the walls, a great amount of adobe from the roof and wall plastering, some drift sand, and, near the floor, a very thin layer of house dirt. There were no signs to indicate that the roof had burned and it is very probable that the beams which supported it simply remained in place until they rotted away, letting the whole mass drop into the rooms. After falling into the compartments the adobe on the roof and the plastering set, making excavation unusually hard.

The inside measurements of the various rooms of Piedra No. 2 are as follows: Room A, west wall, 7 feet 6 inches; east wall, 7 feet 10 inches; north wall, 6 feet 2 inches; south wall, 6 feet 4 inches. Room B, 2 feet 1 inch on the north wall; south wall, 2 feet 2 inches; east and west walls, 8 feet 2 inches. Room C, west and east walls, 6 feet; north wall, 5 feet 8 inches; south wall, 5 feet 8 inches. Room D, west wall, 6 feet 8 inches; 7 feet 4 inches between the end of the north wall and the end of the south wall. The north wall extends but 4 feet, while the south wall is intact for 3 feet 8 inches. The highest portion of the wall rises 2 feet 9 inches above the level of the ground at the present time.

From the standpoint of specimens uncovered during the summer, Room A ranks as the greatest find. It contained three burials with the usual mortuary offerings accompanying them. The latter comprised a mountain sheep figurine (Plate 12), elsewhere discussed, five pipes (Plate 9), a number of black on white bowls (Plate 13 A, Plate 9 B), two large coiled ware

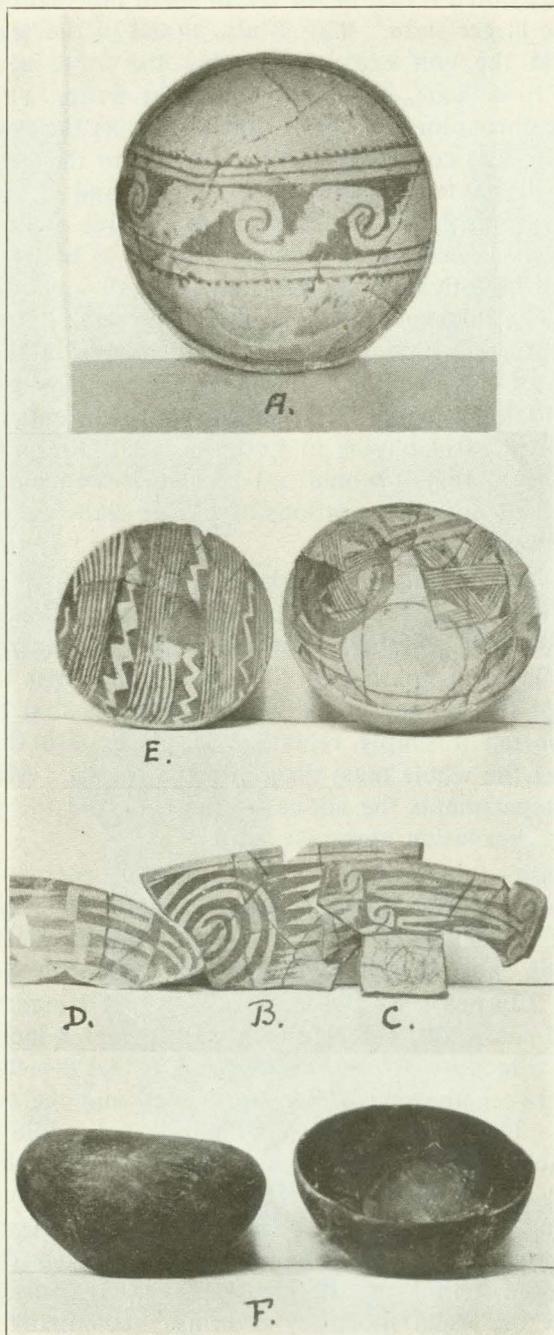


Plate 13. Black on White, and Red Ware

vessels, shattered; a stone mortar, and a small piece of turquoise, probably from an inlay. The question as to the position of the skeletons and the manner of their burial is discussed under the heading of burials.

Sherds of two large coiled ware vessels were also found in Room B and sherds from other types were found in C and D. The latter rooms contained but a small number of sherds, however.

Trenches were dug outside of the walls of this ruin in an effort to ascertain, if possible, if there had been other rooms to the dwelling and what its original extent had been. The excavations failed to uncover additional walls or even indications that walls might have existed, hence it is safe to assume that the ground plan accompanying this report shows the extent of the structure, with the exception, of course, of the east wall of Room D.

Southwest of Piedra No. 2, at a distance of from 25 to 30 feet, was another mound which, judging from surface indications, inclosed a group of rooms adjacent to a kiva. The western wall is but a few feet removed from the edge of the bench, which has a decidedly precipitous drop at this point. There are also indications just north of this group which suggest two, or perhaps three, small house units.

On the bench above Piedra No. 2 at a distance of not more than 75 yards are two mounds indicating larger dwellings, both having the circular depression as noted in so many previous instances. Both of these depressions are in the center of the mounds they occupy, or perhaps more exactly speaking, a little to the south of the center, and it would appear that the dwelling rooms surrounded them on at least three sides. In neither case are they of the size that would suggest the dance plaza, as do the much larger depressions in other groups of a lower type of house construction, and in the opinion of the writer they are more likely kivas. Accepting, until excavation definitely settles the status of these depressions, the belief that these are kivas, both in these two cases and also in the two mentioned in connection with Piedra No. 1 and Piedra No. 2, it would appear as though these ruins were a variation of the unit type of house found in other regions of the San Juan area. This similarity does not necessarily suggest that the builders of the San Juan unit houses and those of the Pagosa-Piedra region were related or even of the same cultural groups, but that they had each attained to corresponding stages in their cultural development at the time the structures were built.

Work on the Large Pueblo

After completing the work on Piedra No. 2, excavation was resumed on the large pueblo or community house on the top of the Piedra-Parada or Chimney Rock mesa. During the season of 1921 a large kiva (East Kiva, Figure 7), and five rectangular adjoining rooms (Figure 7, Rooms 6, 9, 10, 11, and 12), were excavated, also a portion of six small rooms along the south and east sides of the rectangular inclosure surrounding the kiva. After surveying the ruin it was determined to devote the remainder of the summer to clearing the unit west of the East Kiva. Between the East and West kivas, with their rectangular inclosing compartments, is a row of five rooms. These and the West kiva with its adjoining compartments comprise the unit excavated during the summer of 1922 (Plate 15). Previous to excavation it appeared as though there were but four rooms between the two kivas and in the ground plan contained in the report for the 1921 season, previously cited, but four are indicated. These are numbered 31, 32, 33, and 34 respectively. The work of the 1922 season developed five, however, and in order to cause as little confusion as possible we simply add the number 35 for the extreme south room of this group.

All of these rooms are of the rectangular type, although it will be seen from a glance at the accompanying ground plan (Figure 7) that they are slightly irregular in form. The width at the west end, roughly speaking, in reality the southwest, being in some cases narrower than that at the east. The walls of this portion of the building will average 2 feet 6 inches in thickness. They are constructed of fairly well dressed slabs of sandstone of the type of which the cap-rock of the mesa is formed and were without doubt taken from the cap-rock itself. They are well laid up and show a rather highly developed sense of masonry, although there are no broken joints, except where accidental, and no tied in corners (Plate 11, lower right and left). In this portion of the building the type of walls seen in some sections at Aztec and the Chaco Canon, New Mexico, is particularly noticeable. That is, the courses formed of the large slabs are separated by several courses of very thin, small pieces of stone (Plate 11, lower left). The weathering on the walls shows that for a long period after the roofs and ceilings fell the building stood exposed to the elements, the protecting fill of windblown sand and the rock from the upper portions of the wall having covered the rooms only after they had stood open for a great many years. The greatest erosion is noted on the north and east walls, showing that the prevailing winds must have come from the south.

In the construction of the wall which forms the boundary of

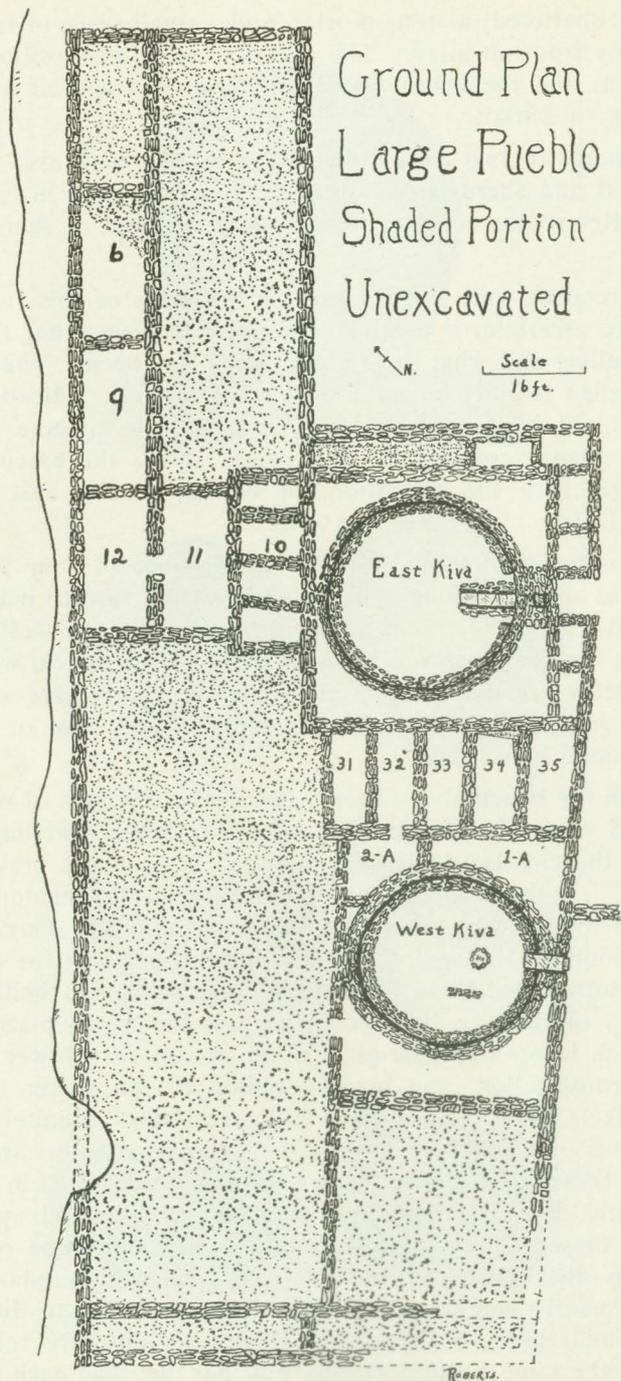


Figure 7

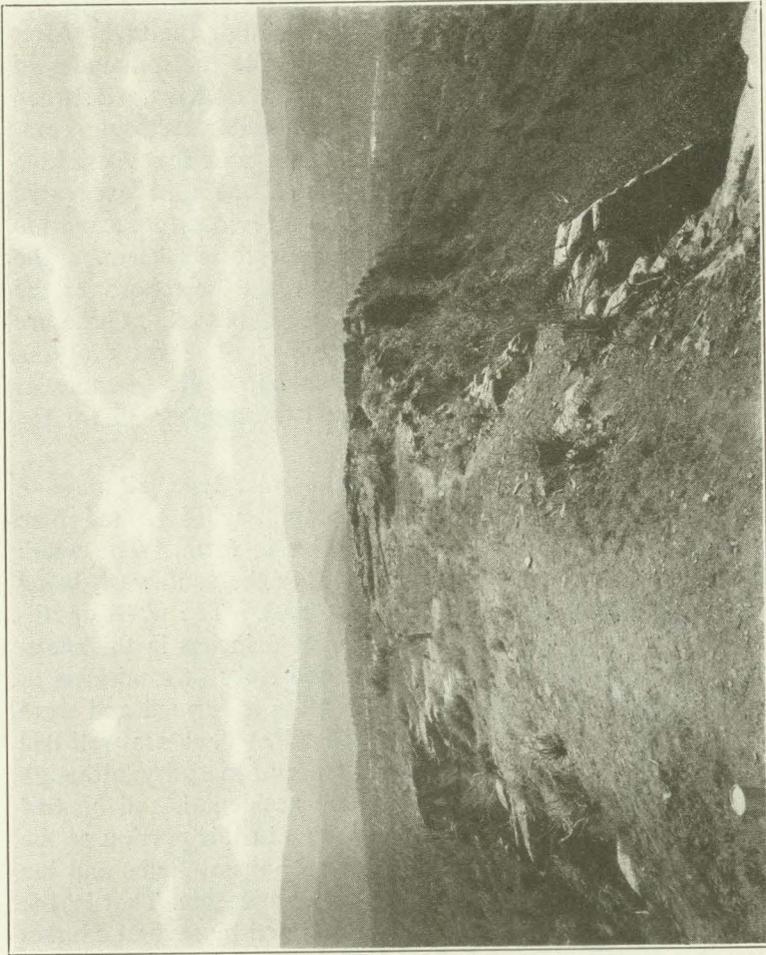


Plate 14. Looking Southwest on Chimney Rock Mesa

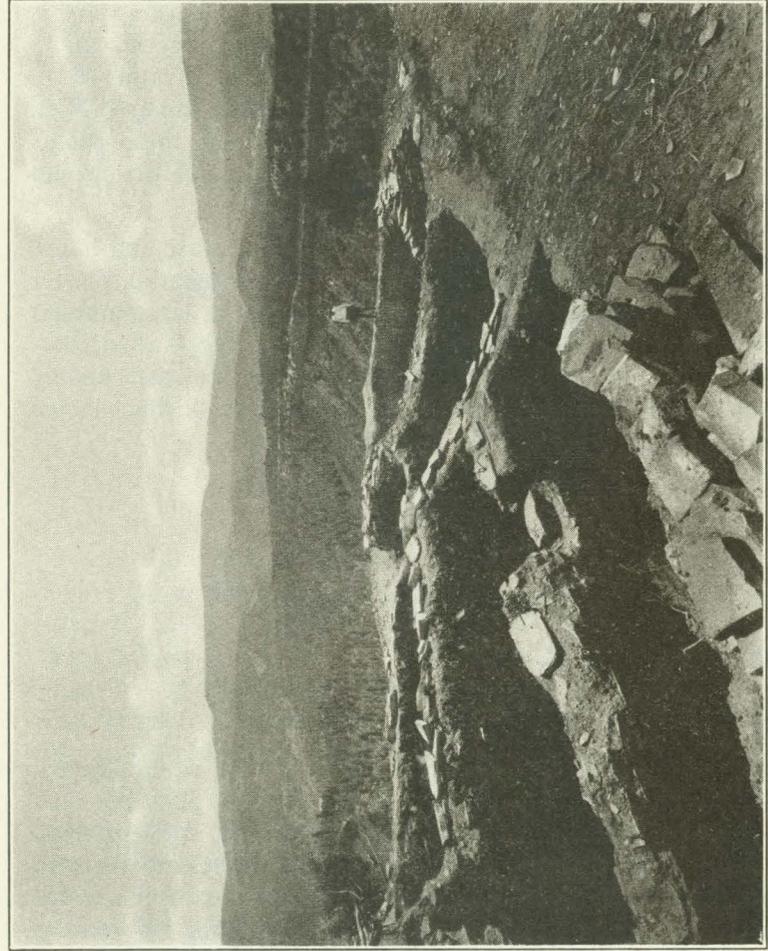


Plate 15. Portion Excavated in 1922. Chimney Rock

the rectangle surrounding the East kiva and the eastern wall of the series of rooms under discussion the workmen in all probability began at the corners and worked towards the center as a juncture or joint is plainly visible in the wall in the east end of Room 31 (Plate 11, lower right).

Indications point to the fact that this must have been the older portion of the building, as the walls are not in as good condition as those of the unit excavated in 1921. The masonry is also of a poorer quality of workmanship. These factors alone would not justify such a conclusion, but the finding of rather large amounts of rubbish, house sweepings, animal bones, many broken pieces of pottery, and other refuse indicates that these rooms were abandoned and used as dumping places, features that would support the theory just advanced.

These rooms were filled, in addition to the refuse and house dirt found next to the floors, with burned roofing material, plaster from the walls, adobe from the ceilings and roof, a large amount of stone from the walls, and windblown sand. The burned roofing material was in such a position as to indicate that the building was two stories high at this point, there being two distinct layers of material showing ceiling and floor and roof.

(To be continued)

In the year 1809 two famous babies were born in Kentucky homes at a distance of about a hundred miles from each other, one on the twelfth of February, the other on Christmas Eve. There was nothing portentous about the advent of either. The occasions were similar to those experienced in a million other frontier dwellings. Simplicity, rusticity, and inconvenience characterized the general surroundings. The life about them was that which naturally prevailed in a ragged wilderness on the frontier zone of the trans-Alleghanian regions. Howling wolves and snarling panthers disturbed the stillness of the primeval forests. The woodman's ax echoed and re-echoed through the solitudes, followed by the thundering noises of constantly falling oak and hickory giants.

“The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
 The rose of summer spread its glow,
 The maize hung on its autumn fringe,
 Rude winter brought its snow;
 And still the settler labored there,
 His shout and whistle woke the air,
 As cheerily he plied
 His garden spade, or drove his share
 Along the hillock's side.”

In those rude environments there was no pretense at aristocracy beyond the aristocracy of honest labor. The parentage of each of these children reached upward only into the ranks of respectability. The library books took up less room in the house than the churn, and the rough dusky walls were ornamented, not with beautiful, costly pictures, but with rifles, powder flasks, hunting knives, and the antlers of the deer.

To-day the names of those obscurely born boys are stamped upon natural objects or associated with man-created divisions of the country—one, here and there, from ocean to ocean, upon the great domain over which he exercised authority, the other on memorable plots of earth scattered over the once wild lands on which he played his long continued game of life or death.

Recorded resemblances and contrasts between the two men are striking. The physical characteristics of each, perhaps, first suggest attention. The awkward, angular, swarthy complexioned form of the one, towering in a crowd far above the heads of his fellows, the slender body, the long arms and legs terminating in big hands and feet, a sad and furrowed face,—all presenting an irresistible attraction for the cartoonists of those times,—are

Two Americans

By A. J. Fynn, Denver, Colorado

It is self evident to the ordinary observer that, while physical and social environments determine the general activities and individual pursuits in a community, there are, nevertheless, agencies that, by chance or destiny, spring up here and there to change the usual order of things. The literature of the world presents many examples of men and women who, for reasons sometimes plainly in evidence and at other times inexplicable, pursue their lonely journeys through life far apart from the great multitudes that naturally follow the well-beaten highways.

A human career is a strange potentiality. It may, from childhood to old age, run its purposeful course with unfaltering persistency and reach its goal undisturbed by obstacles or adulations. On the other hand it may be turned aside from its natural tendency by incidents temporary and exceedingly trifling.

firmly fixed in the imagination of every ordinary school boy of the country. The slight figure of the other, often referred to as "diminutive"—at any rate never imposing—accompanied with a frank, trusty face, and an eye naturally soft and calm but ever wakeful,—altogether attracted almost idolatrous attention from the narrow ranks of motley groups with which he was constantly associated.

Neither child lived long in his native state. One, at seven years of age, was taken with the family down the Ohio River to Indiana, where he remained till he was twenty-one, when the family again journeyed westward to Illinois, in which state he remained as a permanent resident. The other, at one year of age, was carried with his parents to Missouri, where he lived until his seventeenth year, and then, unaccompanied by kith or kin, sought his fortunes in the far distant unsettled West.

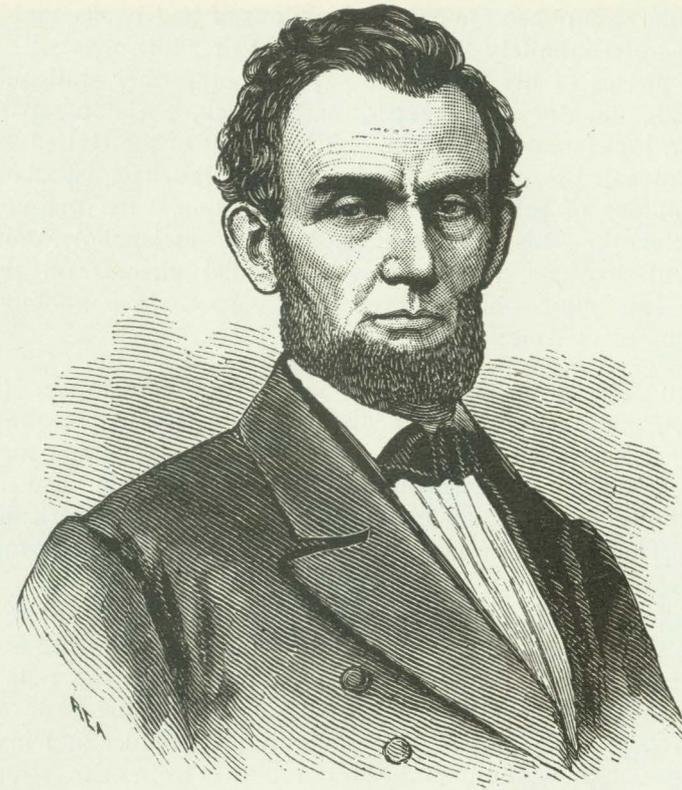
Even the ordinary privileges of education were denied both. The few days spent in the elementary school houses of the times availed them but little.

One, however, by persistent effort became largely his own schoolmaster, borrowed books from neighbors of his own book-limited community, toiled through a few of the most ordinary and rudimentary text publications of his day, plunged into the study of law cases, practiced his profession among the backwoodsmen of the scattered towns of his adopted state, took a seat among the members of the legislative and political bodies of the nation, and left a scanty literature which has become almost as familiar to his countrymen as Holy Writ.

The other, with only the rudest of book knowledge beyond the mastery of the alphabet, was, while still a boy, rapidly thrown into a series of events requiring extraordinary skill in the use of weapons rather than that of books, and demanding an endowment of mental traits upon the skillful exercise of which life itself depended.

In the most trying period of our national history each proved himself a patriot of the highest order; one the leading and most responsible figure in the councils of a war-torn nation, the other the honored guide and veteran on battle fields two thousand miles away from the National Capital.

The life work and the death of each of these men illustrated most strikingly the irony of fate. One, making his home among the people of a concordant community, pursuing the arts of peace, becoming a power in forensic assemblies and learned councils,



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

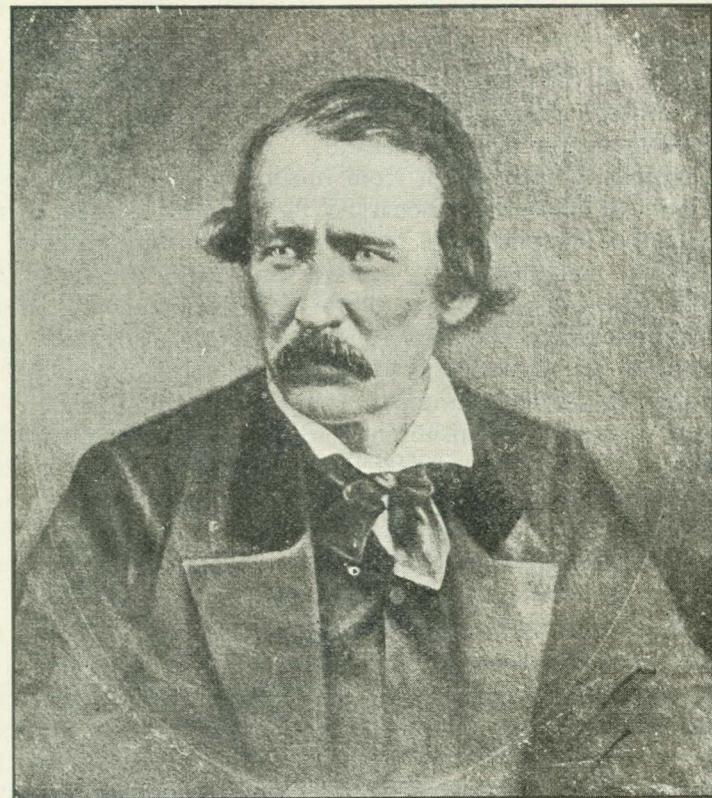
loses his life in the Capital of the Nation at fifty-six, through a bullet from a weapon in the hands of a stealthy assassin. The other, after a stirring career of fifty years among hostile men and beasts, after constant encounters with human belligerents of almost every imaginable type, after one of the most extraordinary series in American history of dangerous situations and hair-breadth escapes in wild corners of the great western world, peacefully sinks into his eternal sleep, at the age of fifty-nine, in the State of Colorado by the side of the river along which, when a boy of seventeen, he had first ventured on his unpropitious westward-bound journey, and on the banks of which many days of his eventful life had been spent.

The name of Abraham Lincoln is a household word among his countrymen. The story of his life has been carried to every civilized country on earth. The hardships and disadvantages of his early days have been constantly referred to for a half century as an inspiration to American youth. The vicissitudes of his

career have enriched the pages of millions of text books, and been drawn upon infinitely "to point a moral or adorn a tale." The many phases of his life in the capacity of farmer, rail-splitter, postman, country store-keeper, flatboatman, social companion, lawyer, logician, congressman, and President of the United States have appealed to persons of every walk of life, and especially to the millions of self-made men of our nation. His many-sided characteristics—his perseverance, honesty, melancholy, humor, unostentatiousness, and homely substantial virtues of almost every description—have served their purpose in ennobling the best phases of American life.

In turning to the life and services of Christopher (Kit) Carson, one encounters immediately a difficulty in presenting a proper estimation of the man on account of a generally meager understanding of his times and activities. He lived in what might be fittingly termed a half barbarous age of western American history. The society (if such it may be called) in which he moved was exceptional from the viewpoint of the average citizen. His comrades wore, to a greater or less extent, the skins of the wild beasts that they slaughtered. Their weapons, which were always a necessity and never out of reach, ranged from the rude war club to the deadly rifle. Their food varied from the flesh of the monarch of the plains to that of uninviting reptiles and insects, interspersed, now and then, by stray products from near or remote farm lands. The strangest heterogeneity of feuds, friendships and temporary alliances prevailed. Safety and justice depended upon the time, the locality, and the person. Liquors, of generally inferior grade, were carried to the remotest regions and transformed friends of the morning into enemies and murderers of the afternoon. Too often little value was placed upon human life. Many a renegade killed an Indian as a pastime and a white man as a target-practice. Horse thefts and gambling matches led to most serious results. This kind of life, stirring and eventful as it naturally was, became much vivified and distorted by fiction writers, whose books disturbed the dreams of many hot-headed eastern youths. To many others of excellent character and well-poised individualities, especially to those living along the frontier and into whose blood the spirit of restlessness had crept, the fascination of the farther-west country strongly appealed.

Among those of good character and superior ability who were carried along in the great stream of western migration, was Carson. Poet, historian, and novelist have generally recognized the moral worth of this unassuming hero of the plains, but liberties have been taken with his name in cheap literature which are



Christopher (Kit) Carson

—Courtesy of "The Trail"

regrettable; because they have been responsible in creating a misconception of the nature of the man and his great services to his nation.

Having completed an apprenticeship of two years in a dull saddler's shop in Missouri, this quiet, soft-voiced youth of seventeen engaged himself, for scanty compensation, to accompany a party of trappers to Santa Fe, one thousand miles away. This was in 1826, during the early activities on the Santa Fe Trail, and such journeys were accompanied with tremendous hardships and dangers. Over treeless, waterless wastes, under a broiling sun or amid pitiless sand storms, through the midst of thousands of wild Indians, and in constant exposure to bands of nondescript outlaws, the small caravans of those early days passed, not unlike flies on canvas, as they slowly moved back and forth between the Missouri and the Rio Grande Rivers. Plenty of excitement was experienced by this small, mild-mannered boy, on that memorable journey, and the members of the party were not a little sur-

prised at his marvelous skill in the use of the rifle—an accomplishment acquired in the Missourian forests.

Before the party had gone very far on that notable journey, an incident took place which stands out conspicuously, even in a wild land noted for unusual incidents. A man, named Broader, in attempting to take a gun from one of the wagons to shoot some wolves, accidentally discharged the contents of the barrel into his arm. In spite of all aid rendered by his companions, it soon became evident that the sufferer must lose his arm or his life. No provision had been made for such an emergency. Rude remedies failed, and the kind rough nurses acknowledged their helplessness. A council was called and it was decided at once that amputation should be attempted. Carson, with two helpers, was to be the surgeon for this trying ordeal. A razor and an old saw were procured, and in order to keep the man from bleeding to death, a king bolt, taken from one of the wagons, was heated and applied to the wound as a cautery. It was a risky and unpleasant job, but Broader survived the operation and reached Santa Fe with the rest of the party in November.

Carson failed to find employment, so he soon left Santa Fe for Taos, a Mexican town, about eighty miles to the northeast. Fortune here threw him into the company of a mountaineer by the name of Kin Cade, from whom he learned to speak Spanish, and from whom he learned much regarding the great Rocky Mountains. It was, however, a trying time for him, for he did not succeed in obtaining permanent work during those long winter months. In the following spring he began a journey back to the states; but, at a distance of about four hundred and fifty miles from Santa Fe on the Arkansas River, he met a party of traders whom he joined, returning to New Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, in the vicinity of which he was to live and lead a life remarkable, and, in many respects, unparelled in Western American history. The sterling qualities of the man gradually became known, and his services were sought far and wide for enterprises in which skill, danger, and honor were demanded. With Kit Carson as leader no chance seemed too desperate to take. Down in the heart of Mexico, out on the wild shores of the Pacific, among the canyons of the Rocky Mountains from the Rio Grande River to the Columbia, on the plains alive with dangerous denizens, for eight long years he was exposed to hostile weather, hostile beasts, and hostile natives, as trapper, guide, scout, Indian fighter, and life protector. For about the same length of time he was then employed at the famous Bent's Fort in furnishing wild game—buffalo, antelope, and deer—for the hosts of travelers along the Santa Fe Trail. He was the trusty guide for the

famous mid-century expeditions of Fremont. His services in the Mexican War as assistant to generals Kearney and Fremont are a well-known part of our American history. His famous campaigns in our Civil War down on the banks of the Rio Grande, where Sibley's forces were met by the Union troops of Colorado and New Mexico, and his immediately subsequent engagements against several tribes of natives brought to him more laurels.

The Navajo Indians had been troublesome for years, and had recently helped the Confederate Government. Carson was selected "to command two thousand picked men, consisting of Californians, Mexicans and mountaineers, to operate against these Indians. The campaign was a most brilliant one. After a succession of skirmishes, Carson succeeded in getting the enemy into a bed or ravine, and had his own forces so disposed as to command every approach, and, in doing this, compelled the surrender of ten thousand Indians, being the largest single capture of Indians ever known." For this dangerous, brilliant, and successful undertaking, he was breveted with the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers.

The story of his encounters with Indians would fill a big book, yet, in spite of all former conflicts, his work as an Indian agent was highly commendable. He knew the natives better than any other man of his time. His constant contact with them for fifty years gave him first-hand knowledge of their good and bad traits, their strength and their weakness. The red men of the plains and mountains trusted him, and he helped, or kept, them out of many difficulties. Both races knew from experience his fearlessness, his love of justice, and his keen sense of honor. The besetting sins which he saw in those around him he never experienced. Profanity, drinking, and gambling were no shortcomings of his.

The outstanding traits of character of this active and comparatively unlettered man were no less numerous and not less noble than those which distinguished the martyr President, with whom, by birth-state and birth-year, his name is inseparably linked.