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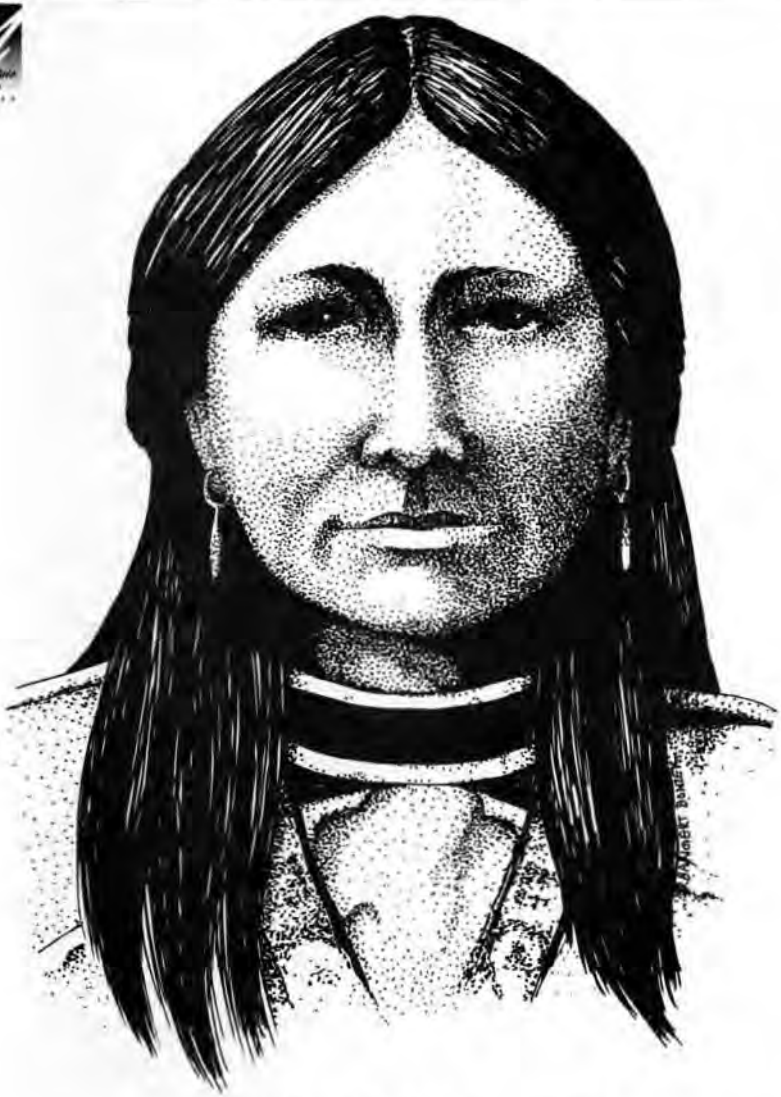

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JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE

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THE COVER: The drawing of Chipeta is by Debra Bangert Bonzek. Debra is an art teacher at Fruita Monument High School.

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(Photo courtesy Colorado Historical Society, F1601)

Chipeta.

"Queen" Chipeta

by Shirley Johnston

Shirley will graduate in 1997 with a B.A. in history, and will continue to study history in graduate school.

This bravest and best of a cursed race—
Give her a lodge on the mountain side,
And, when she is gone, on the hill provide
The Queen of the Utes' last resting place.[1]

This first stanza of a poem written by Eugene Fields in praise of Chipeta, a Ute Indian woman, reflects the paradox of her life: in a time and place where whites viewed Indians with a mixture of fear and hatred, Chipeta was seen by whites as a woman of great courage and compassion. These were not virtues normally attributed to Indians in the late nineteenth-century American West.

A more typical view is that of Charles D. Ferguson, a member of a group who traveled the Overland Trail in 1849. In defense of a covert attack on an Indian camp by members of his wagon train, he insisted that Indians were cowardly and treacherous. He said, "Nothing will convert an Indian like convincing him that you are his superior, and there is but one process by which even that can be done, and that is to shut off his wind." He dismisses any moral protests by stating succinctly, "The Indian is the emigrant's enemy."[2]

Views such as Ferguson's abounded in writing of this period, making it particularly surprising that Colorado, a state which experienced an influx of settlers and miners, would come to regard an Indian woman so highly as they did Chipeta. Here, too, racism was prevalent. In the early 1860s one

Denver newspaper complained that white settlers suffered because, "The tribes by which we are surrounded are our inferiors physically, morally, mentally." It cried out for an "extermination against the red devils," and the plea was answered. On November 9, 1864, one hundred and sixty–three Indians, including women and children, were massacred at Sand Creek, Colorado.[3]

Against this background of hatred and violence, Chipeta was seen as a friend of the whites. The reasons for this perception had as much to do with white culture as they do with Chipeta herself. When she first came to public attention in the late nineteenth–century, the Cult of Domesticity reigned supreme in America. The Cult was a particular view of women as the physically weaker, though morally stronger, sex. Women were no longer partners, sharing adversity with their husbands in Colonial America. Instead they were the moral guardians of hearth and home, responsible for domestic comfort of their families.[4] This view of women did not take into account the life of frontier women, let alone Indian women, it simply ignored them. The stories written about Chipeta, particularly after the Meeker Massacre in 1879, often centered on her neatly furnished home and her "motherly" manner toward the captives.[5]

This positive view of Chipeta was also due, in part, to her marriage to Chief Ouray. Ouray was the main negotiator of treaties for the Ute tribe in the late 1800s. There were seven Ute bands, and he was a member of the Tabeguache, or Uncompahgre, band. He was a talented statesman, but above all a realist. During a conference with Colorado Governor S. H. Elbert, Ouray said, "I realize the destiny of my people. We shall fall as the leaves of the trees when winter comes...My part is to protect my people and yours, as far as I can, from violence and bloodshed."[6]

Ouray's attempts to keep peace between the Utes and the whites made him popular with whites who saw him as "a good, just, brave and noble man."[7] Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz said, "Ouray was by far the brightest Indian I have ever met."[8] While Ouray was respected for his statesmanship and intelligence, many whites regarded Chipeta with affection. Of their trip to Washington in 1880, one author says, "Washington respected the intelligent, dignified Ouray, but Chipeta it idolized."[9] She was seen as beautiful, charming, and slightly exotic; in other words, a darker version of the perfect Victorian woman.

Despite this later attention, little is known of her early life. She was a Tabeguache Ute, born June 10, 1843, near the present Conejos, Colorado. Chipeta spent her childhood in that area.[10] She had two half–brothers, Sapinero (who may also have been called Antonio) and John McCook.[11] Chipeta was sixteen at the time of her marriage to Ouray. He had been married previously

and had a son, Queashegut. His first wife, Black Mare, died either from childbirth or from a rattlesnake bite.[12] One biographer suggests that Chipeta met Ouray when she was appointed to watch his son after Black Mare's death.[13]

Ouray and Chipeta's marriage was, by all indications, a happy one. It lasted until his death twenty-seven years later. However, one early misfortune in their life together was the loss of Ouray's son. In 1858, Araphoes stole Queashegut during a battle near Denver. Though the couple searched for the boy for years, and even enlisted the help of the United States government, the boy was not found.[14]

Ouray and Chipeta never had any children, which apparently disappointed them. Many people who knew Chipeta said she loved children, and she was often photographed in her later years holding a baby or child on her lap. One Denver newspaper suggested that her maternal instinct even induced her to arrange a kidnapping. Several years after Ouray's death, a bizarre tale surfaced about a forty–year–old man, Stephen Stridiron. He claimed to have been stolen by the Utes as an infant, and given to Chipeta. Stridiron, reported to be the grandson of Daniel Boone, was supposedly taken from a camp near Colorado Springs in 1860.[15]

Stridiron told the reporter he remembered how Ouray taught him how to make bows and arrows, and how Chipeta cared for him, taking particular care to keep a locket secure around his neck. Stridiron said he fought alongside the Utes, and was sent to act as a guide and scout for General Crook in 1877. While at the army camp in Santa Fe, Stridiron said Crook, suspecting the truth, persuaded the young man to "scrub the skin of my arm vigorously with soap and water."[16]

The result of this impromptu bath was that Stridiron realized that he was not Indian. Crook examined the locket around the young man's neck, and found a daguerreotype portrait of Stridiron as an infant, which established his identity.[17] This romantic tale, complete with a kidnapped child, a famous explorer (Daniel Boone), and a mysterious locket, seemed too much even for the popular press of the day to swallow, and there are no further references to Stridiron and his captivity.

Though the Stridiron story was undoubtedly false, Chipeta did adopt four children after she moved to the Uintah Reservation. In 1895 the Indian office in Ouray, Utah, reported that she had taken in a girl and three boys as wards. The boys were still living with her in 1908.[18] There is, however, no evidence that she and Ouray ever adopted or raised any children together. During the early years of their marriage, Ouray's reputation as a negotiator continued to grow, and there are several references to Chipeta and Ouray in

(Photo courtesy Colorado Historical Society)

Chipeta and Ouray, Washington, D.C., 1880.

the writings of early travelers. Major James B. Thompson, brother-in-law to early Colorado governor Edward M. McCook, met Ouray shortly after his arrival in Colorado in 1869. McCook, who "did not enjoy the Indian relationship," appointed Thompson as special agent for all the Ute Indians.[19]

Thompson said upon meeting Ouray that, "I discovered then his intelligence and fair–mindedness and made up my mind to cultivate him in order to be able to use him for the benefit of the white [sic] and also in his own interest." The major paid a similar compliment to Chipeta, calling her "a woman of more than ordinary Indian intelligence," who was also a competent homemaker. Thompson says he persuaded the government to build a home on a one hundred and sixty acre farm for the Ute couple at the Los Pinos Agency, near present–day Montrose.[20]

In the 1870s, Ouray began to farm to provide an example to the other Utes. He and Chipeta adopted white dress and furnishings, including china and silver teapots. Though the U.S. government encouraged this behavior, there is some question about how much it changed white attitudes toward the Utes. One author believes that, though many whites said they supported assimilation, they really resented successful examples of it, such as Ouray's farm.[21] Chipeta never openly criticized this change in her life, though she occasionally hinted that she was not terribly impressed with all of her white possessions.

One such time was during a visit from Felix Brunot, Chairman of the Board of Indian Commissioners. Brunot was reportedly quite taken with Chipeta "in her doeskin dress as white as cotton, every seam thick with fringes and decorated with marvelous beadwork and porcupine-quill embroidery." When Gov. McCook gave the chief and his wife a Germantown carriage, she giggled and confided to Brunot that "she guessed it would do to keep her goats in."[22]

Despite an occasional comment about white customs, she and Ouray were genuinely friendly to white settlers. One party of early travelers had good reason to be grateful for that friendliness. The group was preparing to cross a swollen stream when Ouray and Chipeta arrived and directed them to a safer crossing. A few days later another party of emigrants attempted to ford the stream at the same place the first group had originally attempted to cross, and were swept away by the water. Chipeta later confirmed this story, first told in an early history of the Western Slope.[23]

During this period, while Ouray's reputation was growing among the whites, there were some Utes who disagreed with his policies. In his history of the Western Slope, Sidney Jocknick wrote of these men "Like spoiled

children their selfish natures blinded them from seeing Ouray's noble sincerity of purpose and true loyalty to general tribal interests."[24]

One of these men so blinded was Sapinero, Chipeta's brother. In 1872, at the Cochetopa agency, Sapinero and four other Utes attempted to murder Ouray. Purportedly tipped off by a blacksmith, George Hardman, Ouray was prepared for the assassination attempt and knocked his brother–in–law down. The other Utes ran, and Ouray reached for his knife while holding Sapinero by the throat. At this point Chipeta intervened, "like the good 'Pocahontas' of ancient story, grasped the knife out of its sheath before Ouray laid his hand upon it and thereby saved her brother's life."[25]

Another Ute who took exception to Ouray's growing influence was Hammer Kauch, who had acquired the unlikely name of "Hot Stuff" after nearly blowing himself up in a chemistry class at Carlisle University. Ouray, having been warned that Hammer Kauch was stalking him, was camped near Leopard Creek. Ouray was watchful, but it was Chipeta who spotted Kauch and was credited with saving Ouray's life.[26] This view of Chipeta as a courageous guardian enforced the image of a good "Pocahontas," a savior of both her own people and the whites. Just as historians are beginning to question Pocahontas' motives and loyalties,[27] however, it is necessary to question Chipeta's motivation for her actions following the Meeker Massacre.

In 1878 Nathan C. Meeker became the agent at the White River Agency in northwestern Colorado.[28] Even at a time when Indian agents were not noted for particularly good relationships with their "clients," Meeker was a spectacularly poor choice. In his second annual report to the government, dated August 16, 1879, Meeker writes of the Utes that "They are weak, both in body and mind," and that they "have no idea of the use of discipline or of persistence."[29] Meeker suggested that taking away the Utes' horses would force them to stay on the agency and farm. He expressed doubts, however, as to whether the Indians could ever be civilized, writing that "Civilization has been reached by successive stages: first was the savage, clearly that of these Utes; next the pastoral, to which a few have now entered; next the barbaric; and finally the enlightened, scientific, and religious."[30]

It is hardly surprising that Meeker's relationship with the Utes was tempestuous. Matters came to a head in September, just a month after he wrote his report. Meeker had a scuffle with Douglass, a White River chief, and the agent telegraphed for troops. The Utes met the approaching troops, and eventually engaged them in the battle of Milk Creek.[31]

Several miles away, the Utes at the White River agency killed Meeker and eleven other white men, and took Meeker's wife and daughter, as well as Mrs. Shadrack Price and her two children hostage.[32] The captives were taken

(Photo courtesy Colorado Historical Society, F21.163)

Chipeta, Washington D.C., 1880.

to a camp on Grand Mesa, where they were held prisoner for twenty–three days.[33]

A messenger arrived at the Los Pinos agency to tell Ouray the news. At this point there are several stories of Chipeta's involvement in the rescue of the hostages. The most popular and romantic version was that she immediately sprang onto her horse and rode four days and nights to rescue the captives. It was this story that inspired Fields to pen his poem which told of her struggles to reach the white women and children.

> She rode where old Ouray dare not ride—
> A path through the wilderness, rough and wild,
> She rode to plead for woman and child—
> She rode by the yawning chasm's side;
>
> She rode on the rocky, fir–clad hill
> Where the panther mewed and the crested jay
> Piped echoless through the desert day—
> She rode in the valleys dark and chill.[3]

Another, more likely, scenario was that Ouray was away hunting when the messenger reached Los Pinos. Chipeta, "ever mindful of her friendship and loyalty to her government," rode for over a hundred miles to reach Ouray at his hunting lodge. The chief then sent a message to the White River Utes to release the captives.[35] Whichever version, if either, is accurate, the hostages were released and traveled immediately to Ouray and Chipeta's home. Meeker's daughter, Josephine, said of their stay there, "Chief Ouray and his wife did everything to make us comfortable. We were given the whole house and found carpets on the floor, lamps on the tables and a stove with fire brightly burning. Mrs. Ouray shed tears over us."[36]

This image of Chipeta weeping over the trials of her white sisters was echoed by Mrs. Price. "Mrs. Ouray wept for our hardships, and her motherly face, dusky but beautiful with sweetness and compassion, was wet with tears. We left her crying."[37] No one seems to have question why Chipeta wept so bitterly, assuming that it was because of the fate of her mistreated white sisters. The fact is that both she and Ouray must have realized what the uprising meant to the Utes living in Colorado.

For several years whites had been moving onto Ute territory, ignoring the various treaties, and the settlers wanted still more land. The massacre could give whites the ammunition in their battle to take all of the Ute land in

Colorado and force the Indians out. The incident also put Ouray's position as representative of the Utes in question. Though the government had accepted him as the leader of all Utes, each of the seven bands had their own chief, and Ouray's control over them was tenuous at best. Despite the fact that the Tabeguache band had nothing to do with the massacre, the government made it clear that it held all Utes responsible for the deaths at the agency.

The incident also highlighted the split in loyalties Ouray must have felt. Though he had always worked for peace between the whites and Indians, he knew the frustration the Utes felt at seeing the treaties broken again and again. His defense of the Utes would cost him the friendship of some whites. Secretary Schurz formed a commission to investigate the massacre, but Ouray insisted that the twelve Utes charged in the affair could not receive a fair trial in any western state. "You are my enemies, and I can expect no justice from you," he told the commission.[38]

Ouray, Chipeta, and eight other Utes went to Washington in January 1880 to testify before a House Committee. The Indians' arrival in Washington caused a sensation. The Washington press described Chipeta as a heroine, implying that she was the power behind Ouray. One story claimed that she had refused to come to Washington until President Hayes invited "Queen" Chipeta too.[39] She removed her Indian dress and put on a corset, silk, and high-heeled shoes. She became the rage of Washington society, and rumors spread about her romantic conquests, including a young doctor. The illustrated journals hired special artists to sketch her, and she was the biggest attraction on their pages that season.[40] The Western press, not surprisingly, took a dim view of the attention being paid to the Ute delegation. They viewed Washington's fascination with the Indians as "idiotic," and were less than complimentary in their description of Ouray's people.[41]

The Washington press was present in force the day Chipeta testified before the House Committee, describing that she was "tastefully arrayed in a seal-skin sacque, silk dress and fashionable hat." Her attire aside, Chipeta's testimony was anticlimactic. When questioned by the chairman, she said that she knew nothing of the massacre other than "what I have heard talked among the women." When told to repeat what she had heard, she replied, "I already have."[42]

After all of the Utes had testified, the situation was at an impasse. Secretary Schurz told Ouray that the Uncompahgres might be forced to leave Colorado if they would not surrender Meeker's accused murderers. Ouray replied,

(Photo courtesy Colorado Historical Society, F2350)

Chipeta, near Montrose, 1902.

> How can I give them up? Why do you hold my tribe responsible for what those men did? We are Uncompahgre; they are White River Utes, and not under my immediate control. If a murder were committed here in Washington, would your authorities make the whole population suffer for it?[43]

In March 1880, Ouray and Secretary Schurz reached an agreement that both hoped would be acceptable to the Utes and the citizens of Colorado. The Utes would agree to try to capture the men responsible for the massacre, and would pay cash indemnities to the survivors and the families of the victims of the Meeker Massacre. The Uncompahgres would move to land where the Colorado and Gunnison Rivers met. If there was not sufficient agricultural land there, the Utes would go to the Territory of Utah.[44]

The Utes returned to Colorado in March. The agent at the Los Pinos agency had announced their impending arrival, and he told the Indian women that "Washington had made a big pow–wow" about Chipeta. The reaction to this announcement was an "ominous silence," and the Utes waited for Ouray and Chipeta's arrival. When Chipeta stepped off the stage dressed in silk, the women reportedly responded with "a subdued chorus of guttural 'Ughs'." The author who reported this reaction speculated that the Indian women were envious of Chipeta.[45] In any case, the silk was quickly replaced by her native garb, and she and Ouray went about the task of getting the treaty ratified.

The treaty would allow the Uncompahgres to remain in Colorado, and Ouray worked hard to get the necessary signatures of three-fourths of the Ute men. He and Chipeta traveled to the Southern Ute tribe in August, 1880, where he became ill. He suffered from Bright's Disease, a chronic kidney ailment. At Ignacio, Colorado, he got enough support from the southern chiefs to ratify the treaty, but his kidneys were failing.[46]

Ouray died of Bright's Disease on August 24, though the more sensational press would later attribute his death to "a broken heart over the treatment accorded him and his people by the white people."[47] Chipeta, her brother McCook, and three other Utes wrapped Ouray's body in a blanket and buried him, along with his saddle and other belongings, in an arroyo near Ignacio. Five of his favorite horses were killed in accordance with Ute custom.[48] His body remained in this secret grave until 1925, when it was removed and reburied in the Indian cemetery near Ignacio.[49]

William H. Berry had recently become the agent at Los Pinos, and he was concerned that, in accordance with Ute custom, Chipeta would wish to destroy all of Ouray's possessions. He called a council of Chipeta and all of

the relatives to persuade them not to destroy the house. He apparently succeeded, because the house and furnishing were not damaged.[50]

The treaty, which was to be Ouray's legacy to his people, was ratified by the Utes, but they were betrayed again by the government. Otto Mears, the commissioner in charge of carrying out the agreement, surveyed the land set aside for the reservation. Mears found that the property, near the site of present–day Grand Junction, was too valuable to give to the Utes. He reported that the site in Utah was the choice of the commission, and the Utes would have to leave Colorado.[51]

On September 28, 1881, the Utes were removed to the Uintah Reservation in Utah. Escorted by troops led by General Ranold MacKenzie, "They kissed and seemingly endeavored to embrace the ground." The Utes did not fight, but "listened to Chipeta's kindly advice to act considerately, and [to] her plea for them to stand by her dead Ouray's pledge given in the treaty."[52] Despite her role in assisting the hostages of the Meeker Massacre, and her popularity with the people of Colorado, Chipeta was also forced to leave. Her house, the object of Agent Berry's concern, was sold for five thousand dollars. Mears gave Chipeta the money, and it was reported that she gave it away to her friends.[53]

She gave away most of the memories of her life in Colorado. One gift, a suit that Ouray had worn in Washington, was sent to Secretary Schurz. A letter dictated by Chipeta accompanied the suit. Chipeta told Schurz that Ouray had considered the Secretary one of his best friends, and she hoped that he would accept the suit in memory of her husband. She said that if he were to make a present in return, it would signify that he did not value the friendship. Schurz expressed surprise at the gift, as well as the letter that accompanied it. He wrote, "Ordinarily an Indian when he makes a present to a white man expects one in return and his equanimity is by no means disturbed when that which he received is much more valuable than that which he has given."[54]

Having given away most of her possessions, Chipeta settled into a quiet life in Utah. The government had promised to build a house for her that would compare to the one she left at Los Pinos. Instead, she was given an unplastered, unfurnished two-room house on the White River, with no access to water. She chose to live in a tepee, as did her people.[55]

For the next few years Chipeta lived quietly, mostly forgotten by the whites who had admired her so greatly. On April 1, 1883, she was back in the news. The *Denver Republican* reported that she had gotten remarried to a White River Ute, Toomuchagut.[56] The paper said that she had declined previous offers of marriage before accepting this one, and speculated that her money and livestock had much to do with her popularity. The *Republican* explained

(Photo courtesy Colorado Historical Society, F1696)

Chipeta, near Montrose, 1902.

to its readers that "The buck is master of the premises, and his squaw, acknowledging his rights, never crosses his path. Thus is peace and contentment acquired."[57] The approving tone of this comment indicates that this attitude about a wife's role reflects, quite accurately, that of white marriages.

In 1887 Chipeta was again in the headlines, but this time it was far from positive press. She and her husband were reportedly traveling with Colorow, considered by whites to be a renegade. This story stated that, by remarrying, she had become an outcast from her people. It said that she and her husband were ostracized by her tribe, that "They had both violated a sacred law of social government and they must suffer."[58]

The article continued that, by joining Colorow, she had also lost the respect of her white friends. It lamented that "Once the Queen of the Nation she is now leading the life of a common squaw."[59] This criticism was picked up by another paper, the *Queen Bee*, a publication "Devoted to the Interests of Humanity, Woman's Political Equality and Individuality." It also chastised Chipeta for her actions, asking in a poem "How could you go so far astray, as to marry another man pray?"[60] These stories show how quickly the image of the virtuous widow was supplanted by that of a treacherous squaw, traitor to her sainted husband.

These stories were followed by one more ominous, a rumor that Chipeta had been killed by a posse that had raided Colorow's camp. A sheriff in northern Colorado had stolen livestock from the camp, and had shot into the tent where she was staying. The story traced Chipeta's life as Ouray's wife, beloved "Mountain Queen," then her widowhood and fall from grace. It concluded that "If some stray bullet from Kendall's men ended her unhappy life...she is now in a land where all the spirits will be good and beautiful."[61] It turned out that the rumor was incorrect, and Chipeta was alive.

By the time the press chose to acknowledge her again, it was a new century, and with a new attitude. The Cult of Domesticity, while retaining a strong hold on American society, was being overshadowed by the beginnings of the Progressive Movement. Though the main thrust of the movement was toward economic and social reform of mainstream, white America, it also questioned American values and attitudes toward minorities.[62] This shift in views became evident in articles which began to emphasize Chipeta's race, rather than her sex.

An example of this change is a story by Marie K. Maule, which told of Chipeta's banishment to Utah, and how she had been exiled from her home in Montrose through no fault of her own. Maule wrote that Chipeta was still

(Photo courtesy Frank Dean Collection, F–501, Research Center & Special Library, Museum of Western Colorado)

Chipeta, date unknown.

living in Utah, "lonely, suffering, almost starving." She had once lived in paradise, wrote Maule, but "To this paradise came the white man, he fought and deceived them; he cheated and betrayed." The article concluded with a plea that the people of Colorado do something to redeem themselves for their cruelty.[63]

The theme was continued a few months later with another story about Chipeta's suffering. This article criticized the fact that money was taken from the Utes to pay to the victims of the Meeker Massacre. The writer acknowledged that Mrs. Meeker deserved her pension, but not at the expense of the Utes. Twenty years before the papers had written of the beloved "Father" Meeker. Now one was acknowledging that though Meeker was "conscientious, honest, and well meaning," he had also been "narrow-minded, stingy and prejudiced, his only knowledge of Indians being what he had gained in a New England newspaper office." The article pointed out that had Ouray chosen to join the uprising at the White River Agency, the frontier would have exploded in violent fury.[64]

In 1907 another writer echoed the earlier pleas for justice for Chipeta. Edward Rich wrote that he had entertained Chipeta at his home, and that he had developed a theory about the Utes: "God made them; they are human; the atonement was for them as much as for any man of woman who walk the earth; we owe them more than we do any distant heathen; they very much need our sympathy, direction, counsel in all things."[65]

By 1916 Cato Sells, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, turned his attention to the question of the government's lack of gratitude to Chipeta. Sells, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, found her living with a small group of nomadic Utes, herding some sheep and cows near the Bookcliffs in Utah. Cato asked Chipeta if there was anything she would like the government to do for her. She replied, through an interpreter, "No, I expect to die very soon."[66]

Undaunted, Sells asked the agent at the Ouray Agency for suggestions for a gift for her. The agent suggested that a shawl would be an appreciated gift, and Sells authorized him to spend twenty-five dollars for the item. The agent protested that the type of shawl which Chipeta would prefer would cost only twelve dollars. After pondering the notion, Sells suggested that the agent buy two shawls during the year, so that the full amount of money that had been authorized would be used.[67]

In return Chipeta sent Sells a saddle blanket, along with a photo of herself and a letter thanking him.[68] She apparently did appreciate the shawl, because Laura Foster, a cook at a gilsonite camp in Utah, commented on it. Foster said that the government had given the shawl to Chipeta for something.

(Photo courtesy Colorado Historical Society)

Last known photo taken of Chipeta, circa 1920.

"Laura did not know why, but thought it was for saving the Meeker women."[69]

Foster became acquainted with Chipeta when the old Indian woman would ask her to save the cold biscuits and stale bread for her. Foster called her one of the kindest people she had met, and said that Chipeta often fed the bread to children, and went hungry herself.[70]

As Chipeta grew older, her eyesight began to fade. She had cataracts removed from her eyes at St. Mary's Hospital in Grand Junction. The surgery required that she spend a week with her head immobilized in sandbags while her eyes healed.[71] Mrs. W. G. King, a nurse with the Indian Service, treated Chipeta upon her return to Utah.[72] While she was treating Chipeta, King remembers the Indian woman asking her for a piece of deer hide King had on her sewing machine. King gave her the hide, then promptly forgot about it. The following fall the owner of the general store told King that he had something for her, a beaded papoose board. Chipeta had used the deer hide to make the gift for King. Chipeta's niece later told King that, because of her aunt's failing eyesight, the old woman had to be told what color the beads were that she was working with.[73]

Chipeta died on August 17, 1924, of chronic gastritis. Her death came less than three months after President Calvin Coolidge signed an act recognizing the American citizenship of all Indians born in the United States and its territories.[74] She was buried by her brother, McCook, in a shallow grave near the place she died, but her body was dug up and moved to a vault near her old home in Montrose.[75]

Her death was cause for her story to be repeated again: her beauty, her bravery during the Massacre, her social success in Washington, and her exile from Colorado. The various papers ran a few paragraphs about her life as a friend to the white man. The Grand Junction, Colorado, *Daily Sentinel* said that she always held "the love of her people and the respect of the white race," but attributed this affection to her intelligence in recognizing the greatness and leadership of the white man.[76] Chipeta's many obituaries may have detailed her life, but none did justice to the adventurous life of this complex women, the "Bravest and best."

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(Photo courtesy of Audre Ball)

Audre Lucile Ball, 1946.

Audre Lucile Ball: Her Life in the Grand Valley From World War II Through the Fifties

by Patrice Ochoa

Patrice will graduate in 1997 with a B.A. in History and her Teaching License. She plans to remain in the Grand Valley and teach children at the elementary level. Mrs. Ball is Patrice's grandmother.

During World War II and the 1950s, there were various roles for women. Some lived the Cult of Domesticity, meaning they worked in the home, perfected their roles as wife and mother, and devoted much of their energy to cooking, cleaning, and doing laundry. Other women entered the business world, and received educations and job training. Audre Lucile Ball's life reflects many of the influences of these times.

Audre was a teenager during World War II, and this affected her social life. Boys her age and older went to war, which made dating difficult. However, she attended high school dances, and went to soda shops and movies for extracurricular activities. After high school graduation, she attended Mesa Junior College for a short time, married, and started her family. This, too, was typical in a time when many women attended colleges to find husbands. As a young married woman with children, Audre's life reflects the lives of many housewives in the Grand Valley. Audre Lucile Ball's experiences provide a case study of young women growing up, marrying and parenting in the Grand Valley in the 1940s and 1950s.

Audre Lucile Cronk was born in Clifton, Colorado, on July 4, 1928, and has lived in the Grand Valley all sixty–eight years of her life. Audre was thirteen in 1941, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and America entered World War II. In Clifton, as in the rest of the nation, the government rationed

a number of items and the Office of Civil Defense said "conservation is a war weapon" and encouraged American people to do things like wear old clothes as a badge of courage to encourage the American people to save.[1] Ration stamps were needed to purchase many items. Audre's mother, Audre Lucile (Lucile) Cronk, picked up the stamps at a governmental agency in town. There were shoe stamps, canned goods stamps, meat stamps and sugar stamps. Because of shortages and rumors of impending shortages, people sometimes hoarded goods.[2] Audre's mother, Lucile, sometimes hoarded items. Audre laughingly remembers that she had more shoes during the war than before it. The allotment was two pairs of shoes a year, and coming out of the Depression Era this was considered a luxury.[3]

Because gasoline was essential for the war effort, President Franklin D. Roosevelt ordered that it be rationed.[4] Some Americans did not like this policy.[5] Audre's father, Arza Leroy (Roy) Cronk, owned a garage with a gas station and traded gas stamps with farmers who had extra stamps.[6] His garage was located in Clifton, on the corner of Second and Front Streets. Often farmers had more stamps than they needed, because agriculture was considered a part of the war effort. To foster good relations with a local mechanic, they would give him their extra stamps. Gas was a hard item to obtain, and without trading gas stamps the Cronk family would have had a difficult time getting to Grand Junction to shop and run errands.

Shopping was different because so many items were in short supply. It might, for example, be announced that a shipment of nylons was arriving, and people would rush to town to stand in line to buy them. Audre picked up hard–to–get items for her family while she attended Mesa Junior College. She remembered picking up cigarettes for her dad, and salad dressing for her mother.[7] They also used the farmers' gas stamps to go camping in the mountains, to places such as Redstone. Women often traded ration stamps. Some bargained with neighbors, if they needed something but had no stamps for it, and they would trade. Lucile was not a trader—she used every stamp she had, even if she did not need the item.

To support the war effort, Americans purchased War Stamps that were traded in for War Bonds and other items. Advertisements in newspapers and on the radio enticed the American consumers to buy Victory Pins, Victory Sweaters, and even Victory Socks.[8] The Public Service Company advertised that "it takes a lot to bring a hero home. Get Ready to buy Victory Bonds."[9] Boy Scout troops organized scrap drives to collect goods such as tin, paper and metal.[10] The Cronk family bought war bonds, in twenty–five, fifty and hundred dollar denominations. The bonds matured in ten years. As a teen,

(Photo courtesy Audre Ball)

Cronk family, circa 1946, at their home in Clifton. From left to right, Roy holding Carolyn, Lucile and Audre.

Audre purchased war stamps. When she and her friends bought ten cent stamps, they got a free ride around town in a Jeep.[11] She cashed in her bonds after she was married.

The draft was in place for World War II, but Audre's father Roy was thirty–nine at this time, with a daughter and a wife to support, so he did not enter the armed forces. Some of Audre's uncles and cousins were drafted. Her high school life also reflects the war. Many young men her age were drafted for the war. Audre remembered older boys from her high school going off to the war and, consequently, there were few boys her age to date. She attended school dances, and more often than not she had to dance with either other girls or younger boys. She attended her senior prom with a junior because that was her only option. Despite the war, life as a teen for Audre was typical in some ways. She wore makeup and earrings, and commented that she "did not feel like she was dressed if she did not have her lipstick on!" Due to shortages in metal, she wore plastic earrings. Dating consisted of going to dances, or soda shops. In Grand Junction, she and her friends or dates would go to the Hotel D, a hamburger joint on the corner of First and Main Street.[12]

Troop trains often passed through Clifton on Sunday afternoons. One of Audre's girlfriends decided to correspond with a boy she met off of one of those trains. They married once the war was over and the girlfriend had graduated from high school.[13] This was a popular thing for the young ladies in America. The United Service Organization (USO) gave girls the names of servicemen and encouraged the girls to correspond with them.[14] Of her classmates that went to war, three young men were killed. World War II was a brutal war, and, like Audre, many Americans mourned the loss of the young men. Those who returned home wounded were forever changed by the impact of this great war.[15]

Women helped with the war effort in a variety of ways, including working outside the home. With so many husbands off to war, women had to provide the food for the table. Because of duel incomes during the war, many couples were able to save their earnings to buy houses, cars and televisions after the war.[16] Six and a half million women entered the labor force when the men went off to war, and the majority of these women were married.[17] Younger girls received instruction in First Aid to help in case the Red Cross needed them.[18] Women joined in the war effort by working at many places that, prior to the war, were strictly male domains. Many women took factory jobs with the idea that at the end of the war they would go back to being housewives and mothers.[19] In the Grand Valley, Audre and the other female members of her family remained in the traditional roles. Her family remained intact during

(Photo courtesy Audre Ball)

Audre and Tim, summer of 1945.

the war, and her mother Lucile remained in the home with her daughter Audre and a younger girl named Carolyn Faye, who was born in 1944. Instead of unsettling the Cronk family, WWII reaffirmed this idea that a woman's place was in the home.

Audre met her future husband, Timothy LeRoy Ball, during the summer of 1945. She and a girlfriend were babysitting on Grand Mesa for Audre's aunt and uncle. The family was gathering logs to build a corral and a barn when they met. Tim was best friends with Audre's cousin, Ted Cronk, who was dating Audre's friend. There was a dance at the lodge one evening and they "got those two boys to take us to the dance!" Tim Ball was from Appleton, which was at the opposite end of the Grand Valley from Clifton. As a teen, Timothy lived with his father, brothers and sisters. His mother had died when he was twelve, leaving his dad to raise six boys and two girls. Tim began working outside the home as a youngster. He spent one entire summer herding sheep near Hotchkiss.

Like most other young men his age, Tim had tried to enter the war. He and his best friend dropped out of high school with the intention of signing up for the war, but Uncle Sam thought differently. The boys went to Denver to take their physicals. Because of a pierced ear drum and a problem with one of his legs, Tim was refused entry into the military. He tried to join each of the four branches of the service, but they all turned him down. Tim was devastated by this, and he felt guilty for not being able to go. He wanted to "save the world, and his country."[20]

Tim was in the Grand Valley during the summer of 1945, and he and Audre began to date regularly. During their courtship they could talk on the phone only once a week (if they were lucky) because it was a long distance call and money was tight. They saw each other about once a week, because of the gas shortage, and felt gas was "expensive, nineteen cents a gallon." A typical date was a movie, followed by a hamburger and shake at the Hotel D. A movie ticket would cost about twenty–five cents, while the hamburger might be fifteen cents, and the shake twenty cents. Tim did his courting in a Model A Ford.

The war ended with great celebration around the country. V–J Day was celebrated on August 14, 1945, and the American people danced in the streets. One of the most famous photographs of this time is the sailor kissing the young lady in the streets of New York. It is said that they did not know each other, but the excitement made it all right. The Grand Valley celebrated as well—people came from all over the Western Slope to share in the celebration. Audre can remember people parading down the streets of Grand

Junction, honking their horns and cheering. It was a happy time for the nation as a whole.[21]

Audre graduated from Clifton High School in 1946, and entered Mesa Junior College the next fall. Because a college education was now available to millions of students, many young people "moved easily beyond the economic and professional status of their parents."[22] Audre said that going to college was the "thing to do" then for young people, particularly if they were still single. Those who returned from the service attended school on the G.I. Bill. Her college plan was to get a degree to do secretarial work, so she took classes in Bookkeeping, Accounting, Typing and English. Audre also sang in a Sextet.

College gave a girl "something to fall back on" if she did not get married. However, with all the military men back, college was a prime place to meet that special someone. Audre "had her heart set on Tim, so she paid only a little attention to the masses of boys." Many women of this time remained in college only until wedding bells rang, then the coed title disappeared and was replaced by the titles of wife and mother. The trend of the late forties and early fifties was to marry young: twenty was the average marrying age of women, and twenty–two for men. Society pushed the idea that family units were the centers of life, and that was where young people belonged.[23] At Mesa Junior College, as at other colleges around the country, young women were more concerned about securing a husband than a college degree.[24]

Audre and Tim's experience was typical of this generation. They dated about a year and a half before Tim proposed. He got down on one knee and asked her at her friend's house, and she readily accepted. He asked her just before Thanksgiving, and they were married a few weeks later, on December 21, 1946.[25] Audre dropped out of Mesa Junior College immediately. She had attended Mesa for one quarter, or three months.

Audre and Tim lived a happy life in the Grand Valley. Tim worked on a farm, which provided the two–room house they lived in as well as a salary of $100 a month. Between a rent–free house and Tim's salary, they were able to save a little money. The following summer their first daughter, Audre Amelia (Amelia) was born. In 1948 Audre and Tim purchased a farm of their own, and there the Ball family grew, adding two more girls—Cheryl Jean in 1948, and Teresa Lee in 1950. They lived on the farm for three years. As a wife and mother, Audre lived the Cult of Domesticity, preparing meals, washing diapers and keeping house. However, their bean crop froze two years in a row and, afraid of falling into debt, they left the farming business.

After leaving the farm, Tim became a miner at the Climax Uranium

(Photo courtesy Teresa Ochoa)

Audre and Tim on their wedding day, December 21, 1946.

Mine on the Uncompaghre. He remained "on the hill" for two week intervals, returning home every other weekend. During his stay on the mountain, Audre was isolated at home with her three infant daughters, and pregnant with her fourth child. Her parents occasionally stopped by to make sure she was doing all right, but other than that she saw few visitors. She did have a telephone for emergencies.

The style of life that the Balls had differed from that of typical middle–class Americans of the 1950s. The nation was growing, people were moving off farms and out of rural communities to the suburbs and urban areas, and others were migrating to the southern, and western regions of the country.[26] Along with the movement of the people, the overall lifestyles of fifties society changed. Society was the key to social order and cohesion,[27] meaning that all members were "peer pressured" into copying the thoughts and actions of their neighbors. Society was centered on the whole rather than the individual.

Judged strictly on a monetary basis, the Ball family was not middle–class, although they fared as well as most in rural Colorado. At this time Tim earned $250 a month, or about $3,000 a year. Approximately 16.6 million Americans in 1956 were considered middle–class. That is, they were earning over $5,000 per year.[28] Government set the poverty level at an annual income of $3,000 for a family of four, and $4,000 for a family of six. Approximately twenty to fifty percent of the population lived in this social class.[29] However, those who made their living in agriculture missed the prosperity of the fifties.[30] In 1954, Audre and Tim bought a house and three acres on F Road, and they enjoyed life in Grand Junction. They participated in church and school activities, as well as the Farmers Union. Audre was the Secretary/Treasurer of the Parents and Teachers Association (P.T.A.), while Tim was an active union man, and on a bowling league. They did not participate in the exciting activities that people commonly associate with the fifties.

The 1950s conjure up images of Marilyn Monroe, James Dean, huge cars with tail fins, teenage girls in poodle skirts and saddle shoes, and young men in leather jackets, white tee–shirts and socks, and blue jeans. This is the era when Elvis wiggled his hips on the "Ed Sullivan Show" and Lucille Ball and Dezi Arnez starred in "I Love Lucy." The drive–in movie and drive–through restaurant became set aspects of American culture. Americans in the 1950s spent money freely because they came out of the war years more prosperous than ever, and ready to buy all the new items available in stores—luxury goods, electronics, plastics, and disposables. Advertisements were everywhere, especially on television.[31] In Grand Junction, the *Daily Sentinel* bombarded readers with advertisements for wonderful new products. *Fortune*

magazine said, "Never has a whole population spent so much money on so many expensive things in such an easy way as Americans are doing today."[32]

In America, suburbs were rising and surrounding the booming cities. One of the first major housing plans was created by Bill Levitt, who devised the first American suburb called Levittown, twenty miles outside of New York City. G.I.s stood in line to purchase their houses. Levitt produced houses just as Ford produced cars, in an assembly line form. Eighty-two thousand people occupied seventeen thousand of his homes. All of his houses in Levittown were the same. They all had four and a half rooms, designed with the growing family in mind, and the kitchen was in the back of the house so mom could watch over the kids in the backyard.

Unlike Levittown, suburbs in the Grand Valley did not take off for several years. The areas surrounding Grand Junction were established towns, and the Grand Valley did not grow as quickly as American urban areas. Like many families in the1950s, the Balls moved several times. In 1954 they bought a house, a previously-owned older home in the country, not a new one in the suburbs. The Ball's home contained three rooms—a family room, a kitchen, and a bedroom. The Balls lived in cramped quarters for nearly six years until they were able to remodel in 1960. The girls all slept in the family room, the oldest and the youngest on a bed, and the middle girl on a mattress on the floor. The Balls owned three acres of land out on a quiet road. They purchased this house with the prospect of a future in farming, and the house came with various farm animals and a tractor. The land had been part of a larger farm that had been divided up and sold.

During the 1950s most Americans could afford labor-saving devices in their home. Homeowners in the suburbs enjoyed the good life, one with little sweat.[33] By 1950 about eighty-six percent of all homes wired for electricity had refrigerators, seventy percent had stoves, fifty-seven percent had vacuums and seventy-two percent owned washing machines.[34] Audre acquired some of the modern appliances that women all over the country were enjoying. Tim and Audre's wedding present to themselves was a coal range stove which, along with a coal heater, warmed the house. Their next big purchase was a washing machine. They decided with two babies in cloth diapers, a washing machine was necessary. Audre did laundry every couple of days, so the washing machine eased her workload quite a bit. Another appliance they acquired was an ice box, which a family member gave them.

In 1949 they replaced the Model A Ford with a 1939 Plymouth. The Plymouth was a big car that had two seats and four doors, perfect for the growing family. In 1950 they bought a new electric Philco refrigerator.[35] This

(Photo courtesy Audre Ball)

Tim working in mine.

refrigerator had a small freezer compartment that could only hold ice cube trays. The Philco refrigerator was replaced in 1976, when Teresa gave Audre her (Teresa's) old one.

Audre and Tim's oldest daughter, Amelia, began to experience medical problems when she was about three weeks old. She was first diagnosed with encephalitis lethargica, better known as sleeping sickness, and from that she had developed epilepsy when she was eighteen months old. Her parents had to take her to a hospital in Denver, and they discovered that she had been born with bilateral dislocation of her hips, meaning that she had been born without hip sockets. The doctors performed several surgeries on Amelia to create hip sockets, and it took about a year living in casts to fix her problem. Despite such difficulties, Amelia had a happy disposition. When Tim would come home from work after a couple of weeks, she would gather her two little sisters to "come see Pappa!"[36]

In 1951, Tim and Audre had their last daughter, Vicki Dee. Six months later on May 12, 1952, Amelia passed away. Audre says that she had four girls for six months. Tim was still working in the mine for Climax Uranium, but after the death of his eldest daughter he decided to return home and work in the Climax Uranium mill in Grand Junction. He felt that he was missing too much of his daughters' growing up, and needed to be home more.[37]

Around America the growing middle–class culture was developing. New families were moving into the suburbs, wives and mothers were busy cooking, cleaning, washing and caring for their children. Many tried to "keep up with the Joneses" and imitate television moms such as June Cleaver. They had their makeup and hair done just so, and they would listen intently to their husbands' stories of a day at the office. These wives and mothers were supposed to be the happiest women ever.

In reality, some were isolated from family and friends in the new suburbs. A woman had to adjust to an entirely new lifestyle.[38] She felt guilty for not being happy, and social pressure was strong about how she should feel and behave. As isolated as Audre was, she was happy. She enjoyed her role as wife and mother; however, her married lifestyle was not all that new to her. Audre was raised in a rural community, and her mother was at home doing "what women did."[39] The lifestyle Audre had set up for herself was the only lifestyle she knew.

The *Ladies Home Journal* depicts in countless advertisements how a happy housewife behaved. For Audre, raising her three young daughters and having a loving husband made her job a good job to have. She was a satisfied

and happy mother. Books and magazines would glorify the housewife—in all the pictures of women working in their new suburban home, they would be smiling and tickled to be doing the housewife's chores. An article in *Ladies Home Journal* showed how a woman should be. The article pictures a wife who is happy all day long—she smiles while she prepares dinner for company, washes clothes using her new appliances, plays with the children. It even detailed that a good companion's "morale comes first." She takes her afternoon hour nap every day, and is "freshly groomed" when her husband returns home from a long day at work.[40] These magazines were written by men, for women, and they assumed the women were happy working in the home. Some women, such as Audre, were happy in their adult lives. Other women were not quite as satisfied, and longed for the male–dominated working world.

Dr. Spock was the man who knew all there was to know about the baby business, and he said in countless articles that a good mother is one who hovers over her baby's crib, and that she should in no way pursue a career other than motherhood.[41] A few women in the 1950s did step out of the mother role and try to enter the work force. Some rushed a succession of births to get that aspect of their lives over with.[42] They wanted to get past the burden of motherhood and attempt to do something with the education they had worked for. Audre had her girls in close succession because that is the way it happened, not to try to be through with motherhood.

Audre had some experience with isolation on the farm, but her extended family was close enough to stop in and visit with her. The Cult of Domesticity was how she lived her daily existence. She kept house. In those three little words, she meant many different things—she had to do the wash that was required every couple of days, because she had three girls in diapers at one time; she cooked breakfast, lunch and dinner; she canned fruit and vegetables, and worked in the garden. Audre was also an active member of the P.T.A. and other school organizations. In 1958 Vicki, her youngest daughter, entered elementary school, attending a new school, Pomona, that was just down the road from their home. Audre decided she had time, and they needed the money, so she went to work.[43] She chose a job in the school system so it would not interfere with her job at home, and her husband and children. This way she could be home when they were home after school and on the holidays. The school that she worked at was Pomona Elementary School. The 1996–97 school year began Pomona's thirty–ninth year in operation. Audre has worked there all thirty–nine years. She is the managing cook, and has held that position for all but one year of that time.

All of Audre's friends in the Grand Valley followed a similar path.

(Photo courtesy Audre Ball)

Ball family, 1952, in front of their house in Clifton. Tim, holding Vicki, and Audre in back; front, from left to right, Amelia, Cheryl and Teresa.

They began college, and dropped out when they married. They lived the life a housewife leads. Once their children were grown, it was more acceptable for them to work. A couple of her friends took a different path. Luella entered the Air Force during the war, and was trained as a nurse at the University of Colorado in Boulder. During the war she was sent to Alaska. Another friend finished college and became a teacher, but once she was married and started her family she left the school room behind.[44]

In 1954 Grand Junction received its first television station. For Christmas that year, the Ball family got their first television. Until then they listened to various radio shows. Audre enjoyed a soap opera named "Mary Trent." At night, as a family, they might listen to comedians like "Fibber McGee and Molly," or musicals like "The Grand Ole Opry," or other various western singers. Once they received the seventeen–inch picture tube, the best on the market, they began viewing shows like "Ed Sullivan," "Lawrence Welk," "I Love Lucy" and "Dick Van Dyke." Audre even watched when Elvis Presley wiggled his hips on the "Ed Sullivan Show," and she became an Elvis fan.

The car was king in the fifties—every family had one, and some had two. The developing nation was centered on the automobile, and the cars grew wider and longer. Manufacturers were moving from the bare necessities to shiny luxuries, such as chrome bumpers and big tailfins.[45] People were earning more money, and had more leisure time. Some even had paid vacations.[46] Besides watching television, the Balls spent their leisure time camping and fishing in the mountains, using their car to take such trips. Traveling was a favorite activity of the decade. The gas was finally cheap, and highways stretched across the land. Tim and Audre used their car to take their young family on trips. They enjoyed going to Gunnison and to the Grand Mesa. Sometimes they would take their little boat down the Colorado River. They were able to take a few vacations. Tim and Audre purchased a blue 1949 Chevy in 1953, and they drove to Washington to see one of Tim's brothers and his family. During the summer they could take the whole family to the drive–in movies, a cheap night out.

Places were springing up all over that were made just for the automobile. In the Grand Valley a popular drive–in restaurant was the A & W. Audre and Tim could not afford to go out to eat very often because they had a considerably large family that was expensive to feed. For one of their anniversaries they were going to take the girls to Grandma's house while they had a night out. On the way to Clifton, they decided that their whole family did not get to go out to eat very often, so they took the girls with them.[47]

(Photo courtesy Patrice Ochoa)

Audre Lucile Ball, 1996.

The fifties mark a unique period in American history. It signifies all that is American. Audre looks at the fifties as a good period in her life. She had her children and loving husband, she had the American dream in a rural setting. She may not have had the house in the suburbs, but they did have a remodeled house filled with new and improved appliances. Some people look to the fifties with contempt, as a boring time in history, and say good riddance that it is gone. Others believe that it was the most stable, rational period the Western world has ever known.[48] The fifties touched the Grand Valley as it did the rest of the world. The Grand Valley was an oasis, protected by its mountains, and separated from the world. But the social changes of the fifties era penetrated that oasis. The television media spread the culture of the fifties like a wild fire. All of the new innovative appliances and consumer goods filled advertising pages in newspapers and magazines. As for the Ball family they, too, were touched by the fifties. This was a tumultuous time in their lives.

Today Audre remains in Grand Junction, working at the only job she has ever held. Timothy passed away in 1981, at the age of fifty–four, due to a heart attack. Audre's girls all reside on Colorado's Eastern Slope. Cheryl lives in Colorado Springs, and commutes daily to Denver to work as an insurance agent. Her only son Shawn lives and works as an accountant in Colorado Springs. Teresa lives in Aurora with her husband of twenty–seven years, Robert. She is an elementary school teacher for the Denver Public Schools. Their son Mark is attending Uniformed Services University of the Health and Sciences. He and his wife Amy are expecting their first child, who will be Audre's first great–grandchild. Teresa's daugher (myself) will be graduating from Mesa State College in the spring of 1997. Audre's youngest daughter Vicki lives in Boulder with her husband Philip. She is an accountant for the Wendy's food chain in Boulder. Her oldest daughter Jesse is a freshman at Colorado State University, in Fort Collins, and her youngest daughter Annie is a freshman in high school.

The fifties was one of the most fascinating periods of American history because so many social changes occurred that affected the entire population. Many innovations have carried on to today. Audre's experience is similar to many women from that period. They were the ones who set the ideals that young women today are trying to live up to. The fifties era is what made American culture different from the rest of the world.

NOTES

[1]Gordon and Gordon, *American Chronicle: Six decades in American Life 1920-1980*, (New York, N.Y.: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1987), 213.
[2]John Morton Blum, *V Was For Victory: Politics and American Culture During World War II* (San Diego, CA: A Harvest/HBJ BOOK, 1976), 94.
[3]Audre Ball, interview by author, 8 October 1996, Grand Junction, Colorado.
[4]Blum, *V is for Victory*, 226.
[5]Ibid., 23.
[6]Ball interview, 8 October 1996.
[7]Ibid.
[8]Gordon and Gordon, *American Chronicle*, 204.
[9]Ibid.
[10]John Patrick Diggins, *The Proud Decades: America in War and Peace, 1941–1960* (New York, N.Y.: W.W. Norton and Company, Inc., 1988), 15.
[11]Audre Ball, interview by author, 20 October 1996, Grand Junction, Colorado.
[12]Ball interview, 8 October 1996.
[13]Ibid.
[14]Gordon and Gordon, *American Chronicle*, 247.
[15]Diggins, *The Proud Decades*, 23.
[16]Blum, *V is for Victory*, 95.
[17]Diggins, *The Proud Decades*, 211.
[18]Ibid., 15.
[19]Gordon and Gordon, *American Chronicle*, 247.
[20]Ball Interview, 8 October 1996.
[21]Ball Interview, 20 October 1996.
[22]Diggins, *The Proud Decades*, xv.
[23]Ibid., 212.
[24]Ibid., 214.
[25]Ball Interview, 8 October 1996.
[26]J. Ronald Oakley, *God's Country: America in the Fifties.* (New York: Red Dembner Enterprises Corp 1986), 111.
[27]Higgins, *The Proud Decades*, 208.
[28]David Halberstam, *The Fifties* (New York: Villard Books, 1993), 587.
[29]Oakley, *God's Country*, 246.
[30]Diggins, *The Proud Decades*, 322.
[31]Oakley, *God's Country*, 20.
[32]Halberstam, *The Fifties*, 496.
[33]Ibid., 497.

[34]Oakley, *God's Country*, 10.
[35]Audre Ball, interview by author, 19 November 1996, Grand Junction, Colorado. At the time of the interview this refrigerator was still working. She no longer uses it as a main refrigerator, but as a second one.
[36]Ball Interview, 8 October 1996.
[37]Ibid.
[38]Halberstam, *The Fifties*, 590.
[39]Ball interview, 19 October 1996.
[40]"How Young America Lives: Meets Mrs. $10,000 Executive in the Home" *Ladies Home Journal* ixx (September 1953): 153.
[41]Diggins, *The Proud Decades*, 214.
[42]Ibid., 213.
[43]Ball Interview, 20 October 1996.
[44]Ball Interview, 19 November 1996.
[45]Halberstam, *The Fifties*, 120.
[46]Oakley, *God's Country*, 259.
[47]Ball interview, 8 October 1996.
[48]Diggins, *The Proud Decades*, 178.

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