

FREMONT STREET MAIL



September 7, 2021 CORRAL WINS HEADS UP AWARD

JON DONAHUE WINS DANIELSON AWARD FOR BEST PRESENTATION

**Roundup Foreman's
Trumpet**

Liz Severn

On Thursday October 7, 2021: our own Kathy Klump will present *The Vin Fiz Lands in Willcox*. The Vin Fiz was the first aircraft to make the trans-continental flight and it only took 45 days. Be sure to get a copy of Kathy's exciting book about this adventure. The public is welcomed to this free event. There will be an optional no host pre-meeting dinner 5:30 at the Longhorn Restaurant on Allen St.



In the future:

November 4, 2021: Ellie English personifies Kate Elder, Doc Holliday's lady.

December 2, 2021: Start thinking about Christmas. Songbird **Carol Markstrom**, acclaimed Western Music star, will sing.

But wait, there's more! It's a Party!

We have an **Awards Ceremony!**

Bring your favorite **Christmas baked goods**, especially from old family recipes!

Bring an antique or two for **Show and Tell!**

Be prepared with a Southwest **Christmas or winter poem or story!**

**Recorder of Marks and
Brands**

Gary Smith

**Help us stay up to date with your address,
phone & email**

**Start Thinking About Next Year's Awards
You can be published in the *Border Vidette*
or the *Fremont Street Mail***

**The Co-Founders "Best Book"
Award**

"Coke" Wood Award Best Article

Philip A. Danielson Award Best

Presentation

Fred Olds Poetry Award

Officers for next year. Are you interested?

Ink Slinger (editor of the Fremont Street Mail)

Editor of Border Vidette (Journal)

Statutory Agent

Keeper of the Chips

Corral Rep (should travel to the Gather)

Pre-meeting dinner at 5:30 p.m. at

<p>THE SHERIFF'S STAR Doug Hocking</p>

Longhorn.**Being less than we can be**

I'm much cheered by the wonderful meeting we had with a presentation by Sunny Q and the Cameo Ladies and with Mac and others talking about presenting One-Minute History and Poetry in the future. The Corral has won the Heads Up Award for Best Large Corral. That's right! We're now a large corral. So, I write the following in hopes that more folks will join in the fun.

I'm taken aback at times when the realization hits me in the face that some of the Ranch Hands are not taking advantage of everything that the Corral is and can be. They're not in touch because they've never looked at the Facebook Page and don't realize that we are using it to reach almost 5,000 people every month with information about our speakers and our Trail Rides.

They've never looked at YouTube where we have viewers across the country and in Europe. We have people joining from other states. The Border Vidette and the Fremont Street Mail have been instrumental in bringing in new members.

A few years ago, the Western History Association (of academics) questioned our Home Ranch as to why Westerners was meeting in conjunction with WHA. The answer was simple: "Westerners founded your organization." Westerners was originally an organization of academics and others interested enough in Western Frontier History to write and talk about it. We are fortunate that we have attracted many new members who are both publishing and speaking on Frontier History.

Some folks seem to think that we're the "after dinner speakers association." If we were, you'd be paying \$60 for dinner each month because you'd have to pay for the dinner, the hall, and you'd have to pay the speaker. We are fortunate to have excellent speakers within our ranks and within our circle of friends and contacts.

Our Web Page, our journal, our newsletter and our YouTube and Facebook presence are all part of promoting the Corral, connections and promoting Tombstone and our friends and associates. Through this extensive network we are getting speakers, articles, and new members. We are also getting invitations and some very good deals.

If you're not reading our publications, at least in part, not visiting the Facebook Page, and the Web Page, you're missing out on much of what we're doing. **And by gosh, Sunny's presentation proved that we are having fun!**

<p>How the Chips Fall Debbie Hocking</p>

As of September 3, 2021:

Accounts have been reconciled.

Cochise County Corral of the Westerners has:

70 Ranch Hands

We have in Checking - \$790.93

We have in Savings - \$558.56

August Expenses: \$249.42

August Income: \$256.50

The big expense in August was payment for our website (\$216.27). As of the September meeting we have 70 Ranch Hands!

Trail Boss's Whip Ilona Smerekanich

Highway 80

Highway 80 Trail Ride - We will do it again, in two parts on two Saturdays November. We may be stopping by Sunny's house in Tombstone.

Mescal. Near Benson this movie town has been home to many movies including the *Quick and the Dead* and *Tombstone*. We've recently made contact with the people who own the town and they'd like us to visit.

Deep Thoughts on History

My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys

Ecclesiastes 1:9-11

9. What has been is what will be, and what has been done is what will be done. There is nothing new under the sun.
10. Who will speak and say, see, this is new? For it has already been in the ages that have passed before us.
11. There is no remembrance of former things, and indeed, there shall be no remembrance of later things by the things that will come after that.

Some of you may know that I was raised on the Jicarilla Apache Reservation by missionary parents. I was raised by people who honestly loved God and did their best and who weren't using religion to manipulate people. Nonetheless, I met preachers who lost their faith, who thought more politically than spiritually, and who thought of themselves as high and mighty.

I was raised in the Dutch Reformed Church, a Calvinist doctrine, and grew up being called "the English." I left as an adult when I discovered that you had to be Dutch to get into heaven and found a church that wasn't so restrictive. I grew up with the idea of original sin.

On the reservation, I certainly saw enough evidence of it. I saw how reliance on an uncaring government is debilitating and destroys lives. We were at 8,000-foot elevation where temperatures dipped to 40 below zero in the winter. There were Apaches living in canvas tents. I saw the disgraceful government boarding school and the hideous outcomes of a socialist economy.

All of this left me with a deep distrust of government and with an understanding of men as imperfect. I can't really say I had heroes, though there are certainly historical figures that I admire. Many that I admire looked back on their lives, especially their youth, and wished they done things differently.

This comes down to not expecting perfection in men that I admire and makes it easier to understand them in the context of their times. I put little trust in politicians to solve our problems. Individuals need to solve them for themselves. Some will make mistakes, but

this is far, far better than having others make them for us. While I put little trust in others making decisions for me, I do believe there are heroes.

Kit Carson was a mountain man. Outnumbered and deep in Indian country, when attacked, the mountain men struck back harder as a warning not to interfere with them. He took no pleasure in killing Indians and later in life was an Indian agent for the Ute and Jicarilla who looked after their interests. He was married to two Indian women and raised a child born of one of them. He was not perfect, but he was a hero.

Unlike many celebrities and most politicians, he did not build a public image based on lies. He was what he was and when Fremont asked who the best mountain man among them was, the others pointed to Kit. He was brave and calm in tough situations and they respected his judgement. Those who have tried to tear him down have had to rely on Dime Novel tales and outright lies.

True West magazine this past month asked if Wyatt Earp was still a hero. I'm happy that most of the writers they asked responded that he was. Men respected him for his courage and his cool demeanor in tough situations. He worked an honorable profession that was subsequently vilified and outlawed. He stubbornly hung on to his profession and that's something to be proud of, too. Those who would make Wyatt something less than what he was have had to lie about him and most of those lies are painfully obvious on the least inspection.

Why steal our heroes? With our heroes gone, we lose our sense of who and what we are. We lose our pride. When we are no longer

proud of being Americans made strong on the forge of the frontier, we become something less willing to surrender our heritage and allow others to rule us.

Blast from the Past

"Cowboy vs. Chinaman." *Sulphur Valley News*, 15 May 1894.

Those who sometimes long for the good old days where the cattle business was at its height, when money was no object to the cattleman, and when the gay and festive cowboy, unfettered by the more stringent laws of these later days, paid us periodical visits for the purpose of "shooting up the town," would have had their longings partially satisfied if they could have witnessed an incident which transpired on our streets Friday afternoon; an incident which would not have been without a touch of humor, had it not come very near being tragic in its results.

Grant Wheeler is known to his compadres of the range as a square, honest well-meaning young fellow, and, withal one of the best all round cow hands that ever roped a steer. Coming in off the range last week, after a hard season's work, it was but natural that he should indulge in a little dissipation, which was the means of leading him into certain actions which are now deeply regretted by himself and his many friends.

While in town he purchased a new lariat, and while riding up Maley street, met an inoffensive Chinaman named Lee, who enjoys the distinction of being a member of the dish washing force at the Willcox Hotel. Without any malicious intent, and merely in a spirit of

fun Grant swung his lariat and made a feint of roping the Chinaman. The Chinaman ran into a restaurant, came out again and went west on Haskell Avenue where Grant again met him. Here the affair took a serious turn. Grant claims positively that Lee displayed a gun and threatened to use it. He may have been mistaken, but nevertheless he let fly with his lariat, with the intention, to use his own words, of roping "Chinaman gun and all." Had he got the Chinaman only, there is no doubt but that the Chinese question would have been effectually settled as far as Mr. Lee was concerned; but fortunately for both himself and lee he got a stoutly planted fence post in the same throw. He then turned and put spurs to his horse and galloped off with such speed that the rope tightened and snapped in two pieces as if it had been a bit of thread. Lee gathered up his end of the rope and started for Judge Nichols' office to enter a complaint.

In the meantime, Grant, who galloped off after his ineffectual attempt to drag the Chinaman rode straight to his camp outside of town, secured his gun and again started for town to find Lee. What his intentions were, or what might have happened if he had not been stopped before he found him, is a subject which is not pleasant to swell upon. Some one who saw him coming up Railroad avenue at a gallop warned Lee who proceeded to "hit the high places" along Maley street in his eagerness to find shelter, and was soon sitting in the back parlor of a laundry, surrounded by a group of highly excited fellow-countrymen, all making a heap big talk about "mucha bad cowboy."

Constable Tom Howarth, by this time, was on Grant's trail, and met him at the corner of Maley street and Haskell avenue, where

Grant had stopped to reconnoitre. [sic] The constable slipped up quietly, took him by surprise and placed him under arrest. He was not going to be taken to jail without a struggle however, and it took the united strength of four or five bystanders to get him there. Complaints were lodged against him for assault and battery and for carrying deadly weapons to both of which charges he plead guilty, and was fined thirty dollars for the first offense and fifty dollars for the latter.

Eighty dollars is no light fine these hard times, but, all things considered, the man is to be congratulated. Had it not been for the prompt action of Constable Howarth, his rashness might have led him into committing an act which would have been the means of blasting his whole future career.

Within a year Grant would go on to rob two trains and to commit suicide when cornered by Detective Billy Breckenridge.

Poetry Corner

OK Corral

By Bill Beam

A Collection of Southwestern Cowboy Poetry, 1994

Who was right? Who was wrong?
Those who saw it are long gone.
Who was good? Who was bad?
Men die when men get mad.

Wyatt, Virgil, Morgan and Doc
Down Fremont Street took a fateful walk.
Frank, Ike, Billy and Tom
A part of history 'fore too long.

26 October '81, this crimson day had just begun.
 Hard feelin's soon settled by the gun.
 OK Corral would be the scene
 Of a gunfight that was short and mean.

Buns roared, strong men cried out.
 The outcome deadly, there was no doubt.
 The Earp brothers and their loyal friend,
 Felt victory would be theirs, by days end.

The Earp brother and Doc Holliday,
 Determined to settle a score today.
 The cowboys, believin' they were in the right,
 Were damned determined to win this fight.

When Virgil cried out, "You're under arrest,"
 Fran McLowery quickly put him to the test.
 Two guns roared as if were one,
 And men fell quickly in the cool fall sun.

Billy Clanton missed, but Wyatt fired true,
 And Frank McLowery was 'most cut in two.
 Morgan fired, hit Clanton square,
 And Billy stumbled n' staggered, gaspin's for air.

Holliday's shotgun roared and rumbled,
 So Tom McLowery quickly tumbled.
 Double barrels of deadly shot
 A match for these, Tom was not.

Ike Clanton, the coward, ran away
 Leavin' his friends the price to pay.
 Into Fly's gallery he quickly ran
 While brother Billy died in the sand.

Holliday fired another shotgun shell
 And Frank McLowery finally fell.
 'Fore Billy died he did his best,
 'Til Wyatt shot him in the chest.

The light now over, how quickly done.
 Three cowboys dead in the autumn sun.
 Two men crippled, one for life.
 Quiet settled on this scene of strife.

Thirty second was all it took,
 To put these men in the history book.
 A gunfight on this frontier raw,
 Where six guns were the only law.

Who was right? Who was wrong?
 This debate still rages on.
 Who was good? Who was bad?
 People still die, when people get mad.

It's quiet now in this sleepy town,
 Where hard men gunned each other sown.
 But let me tell you and it's no lie.
 TOMBSTONE IS STILL TOO TOUGH TO DIE!!!!

Cochise County Corral on YouTube

We have the equipment. We need a videographer. Is anyone interested? We have folks in Texas, Pennsylvania, France, Germany, and California who would like to listen in.

Jon and Fred have done a wonderful job of getting Sunny's presentation up on YouTube. You can see it here:
<https://youtu.be/a3AauJdkr10>

Call for Input

Here are some of the Departments of the Fremont Street Mail to which you are invited to contribute:

Blast from the Past (a piece of interesting history or an old newspaper article) If

you find something good, send it to the Ink Slinger.

Poetry Corner (Cowboy and 19th Century Poetry especially if you wrote it) We'd like to see some of yours and this counts as publication for the Fred Olds Award.

Deep Thoughts on History (Philosophy of how to do history) If you have thoughts on how to do history, send them in.

Tidbits from History (small items stumbled upon that answer some question) There are all kinds of things out there.

Tombstone Epitaph (a story from the Epitaph) We try to pick one from the current month, but we don't have the morgue for all early editions.

Places to Visit (Interesting museums, parks and places) Which places do you like.

Hollywood Trivia (fun stuff from the TV and Movies)

Corral Members at Large (stories from Ranch Hands who have visited or hiked to some place of historical interest, or received recognition or participated in telling the world about Frontier History)

Photo Album (Photos submitted by Ranch Hands)

Local Events (flyers and notices of events of historical interest in southeast Arizona and southwest New Mexico)

Departments of the Border Vidette

Long Articles (about the Frontier West, with special attention to the local area; reprints are acceptable if the author has the rights)

Short Articles (little stories that might otherwise be lost or forgotten; some bit of history the author has stumbled across)

Reviews & Book Reports (both long and short, history and historical fiction about the Frontier West)

Recommended Books & Articles

Timelines

Send STUFF to the Ink Slinger, Doug Hocking, at dhocking@centurylink.net or InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org Photos, historical tidbits you've found, Corral news, news of places to visit and events of historical interest. You can have fun

Our Website

mining old newspapers for stories at:

Our website and how to get there:

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/>

What you'll find there:

The Fremont Street Mail (monthly):

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/fremont-street-mail>

The Border Vidette (quarterly):

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/the-border-vidette>

Our Scrapbook:

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/scrapbook>

Last Campfire

On Thursday August 2, 2021: our own Sunny Quatchon presented *Hats and Accessories from 1860 to 1912*. We all had a lot of fun with this and learned a great deal about the peculiarities of Victorian women's dress as well as how to send messages with fans and parasols. A good time was had by all.



Sunny with a gilded platter showing Queen Victoria an heirloom from Sunny's grandmama



Treasures



A Cameo Lady

You can see it here on YouTube:
<https://youtu.be/a3AauJdkr10>

Tombstone Epitaph

“The Santa Cruz Raid.” *Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, 9 September 1882.

The Troops Criticized – The Indian Depredations Re-asserted

Lieutenant Glass, who commanded the detachment of troops sent out from Fort Huachuca, on the news of the Indian depredations in the Santa Cruz valley, is being freely criticised by the settlers in that locality. A correspondent of the Star, writing from Issacton, near the frontier, is decidedly severe, not only on the officer in command, but on the troops whom he commanded. The troops, after their return to Huachuca, reported no Indians to be found and asserted that the deaths reported were simply lavings [sic] of a wild immagination. [sic] The correspondent referred to says:

I will state as a matter of fact that can be corroborated [sic] by old and responsible settlers, that the deaths you mention as uncertain are unfortunately true, and I know of others that will soon be reported. The Indians threw up impromptu breastworks of stone within one half mile of my ranch, (the Mosquito) closely followed by Mexican soldiers and armed citiznes from Santa Cruz and La Noria, who stopped between my ranch and the fortifications, for the inevitable cigarette and to consult regarding further pursuit, when the Indians appeared, inviting them to advance. They preferred to retreat loosing two horses, one rifle, two hats and other property, being the effect of an unexpected volley from the hostiles. Then up the scene appeared the U.S. troops, commanded by one “Glass.” The true state of affairs were communicated to the

commandant, who without reconnoitre boldly asserted that there was no Indians, nor had there been in his opinion. F.S. Lamberson and F. Watts, who had been lately pursued and reached their adobe building by mere chance, could not get Glass to the late scene. No, he would detail five scouts to inspect and report. Who returned in an hour, reporting no Indians, no trail etc. In the meantime the private soldiers, becoming exasperated at the delay knowing there were Indians, cursed and swore at the action of their gallant commander Glass. They wanted a little skirmish, but no. They then repaired to my milk house, camped and appropriated about one hundred and fifty pounds of butter. The scouts under his command betook themselves to a field planted with corn, melons etc. A Mexican in my employ said what they could not eat they destroyed, even to the green melons no larger than your fist. The gallant captain offered to repair the damages by paying me \$30, which being about one quarter of the loss, was very properly refused. My loss of butter was acknowledged by Glass to Lamberson and Watts, but Glass made no further acknowledgments. He could have followed close upon the hostiles but his courage was not up to a pursuing heat. Evidently Huachuca Fort and its surroundings are more suited to the tastes of this gallant soldier than the Indian trails through our rugged mountains, where danger is met boldly by the settler and invaded by the coward. There are many sufferers in the Santa Cruz Valley. I have lost all I had, even to the clothes of my wife and self. Our country rewards liberally hard labor, so we do not despair; but give us men in our army and not figureheads.

A Tough Customer in Jail

A fellow named Jack Sharp was brought to the county jail by Deputy Sheriff Ludwig, of Contention, Thursday night. He was one of the parties, his companion being Bill Davies, who “held up” Mr. Walsh, a Contention saloon keeper, a few nights ago, and divested him of everything around the house that they had any need of. Since then the Sheriff’s office have been on the alert to catch the thieves, and learning that parties answering their description were loitering around the Barbacomari [sic] valley, Sheriff Behand, Deputy Ludwig, and Walsh went there Thursday morning, and found Sharp asleep in a barn with his rifle by his side. He was taken into custody, and as stated above, lodged in the county jail. There Sheriff is still on Davies track.

Places to Visit

The Sonoita – Santa Cruz County Labor Day Rodeo takes place at the Sonoita – Santa Cruz County Fair Grounds in Sonoita each Labor Day weekend. They have a truly amazing area of food trucks offering an incredible variety of foods from pizza to seafood and ice cream to cotton candy and lemonade laced with “infusions.” Each night there is a steak dinner and a dance with Country-Western Music featured – the real deal.





Rodeo Queen and Buckle Bunnies



Out and About

Kanab

Doug and Debbie Hocking travelled to Kanab, Utah, proceeding through the Cameron Trading Post on the Navajo Reservation, on to Lee's Ferry, over the Kaibab Plateau to Fredonia and across the Arizona Strip. The Arizona Strip is Arizona north of the Colorado River and Grand Canyon. Until fairly recently there was no way to get there from Arizona without passing through another state so that law and order were optional in the Strip. We went for the **Western Legends Heritage & Music Festival** and noted while there that the polygamous group from Fredonia had split



into two factions. Among the hundred or so films shot at Kanab were Fort Apache, She Wore a Yellow Ribbon, The Misfits, Sergeants Three, The Plainsman, Duel at Diablo, El Dorado, Bandelero! Planet of the Apes, Mackenna's Gold, The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing, The Outlaw Josey Wales, and Maverick.



Coming Events

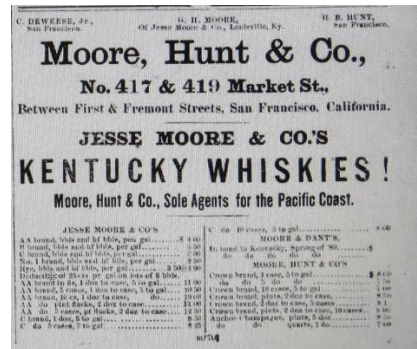
Zoom Event: Marie St. Vrain – the mysterious Santa Fe Trail’s female traveler of 1839

Marie Felicite was a mere 16 years of age when she traveled down the Santa Fe Trail

with her Uncle Ceran, destined for Bent's Fort. The year was about 1839. **Christine St. Vrain** will present on Marie's life at the Oregon - California Trail Association's Southern Trails Chapter's next Third Thursday History night.

Thursday, September 16th, 5 PM PDT (AZ)/8 PM EDT

Zoom call link:
tinyurl.com/SantaFeTrailTraveler



Santa Fe Trail 200th Anniversary Celebration, Bent's Old Fort NHP, Sept. 22-26, 2021

Registration:
<https://www.lastchancestore.org/santa-fe-trail-symposium-registration/>
 Schedule: <https://www.2021sfts.com/>

Art in the Park, Sierra Vista
 October 2 & 3 @ 9:00 am - 5:00 pm

Rex Allen Days, Willcox
 October 1-3, 2021

Sky Island Artisan Market (formerly Patagonia Fall Festival), Patagonia
 Saturday October 9 – Sunday October 10

Tombstone Helldorado Days
 October 15 @ 10:00 am - October 17 @ 4:00 pm
 Downtown Tombstone 311 E. Allen Street
 Tombstone, AZ 85638

Tombstone Territorial Rendezvous, Tombstone
 Wednesday, October 21 to Sunday, October 24

Hollywood Trivia
Deputy Sheriff Nevada Smith

Answer for Last Month's Question:

This famous horse was in an early color movie long before he was with his most famous owner in another color movie. See how much you know:

1. Who was the horse as we know him?
2. What was his original name?
3. What was the 1938 color movie?
4. Who rode him in the 1938 color movie?
5. Who was the famous western actor who renamed the horse for his western movie owner?

Hint: This horse's last owner had some early ties to Willcox, Arizona. This horse was often billed above the movie's leading lady.

Trigger was originally known as Gold Cloud and under that name Olivia de Havilland rode him as Maid Marian in the 1938 Adventures of Robin Hood. Of course, Trigger owned by Roy Rogers could do 150 tricks including signing his own name.



COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

Thursday October 7th, 7 PM at Schieffelin Hall in Tombstone

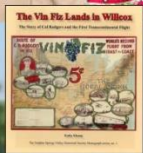


A First Thursday FREE Presentation!

Willcox historian **Kathy Klump** tells the story of the



First Transcontinental Flight, 1911



THE "SPARKLING GRAPE DRINK..."

SOLD AT ALL SODA FOUNTAINS"



49 days from NY to LA -- crashed 19 times!

Cal Rodgers landed in Willcox, Arizona on Halloween afternoon, 1911 and spent the night. This is an **amazing story** of all the events that occurred during this first transcontinental flight focusing especially on his adventures from El Paso on to Long Beach -- and his stay in our Willcox!



It's in the Smithsonian now.

Regular meetings at 7 PM on the first Thursday of every month

FREE talks at historic 1881 Schieffelin Hall, 4th and Fremont, Tombstone, A.T.

Pre-meeting dinner, 5:30 PM at the Longhorn Restaurant, 5th & Allen

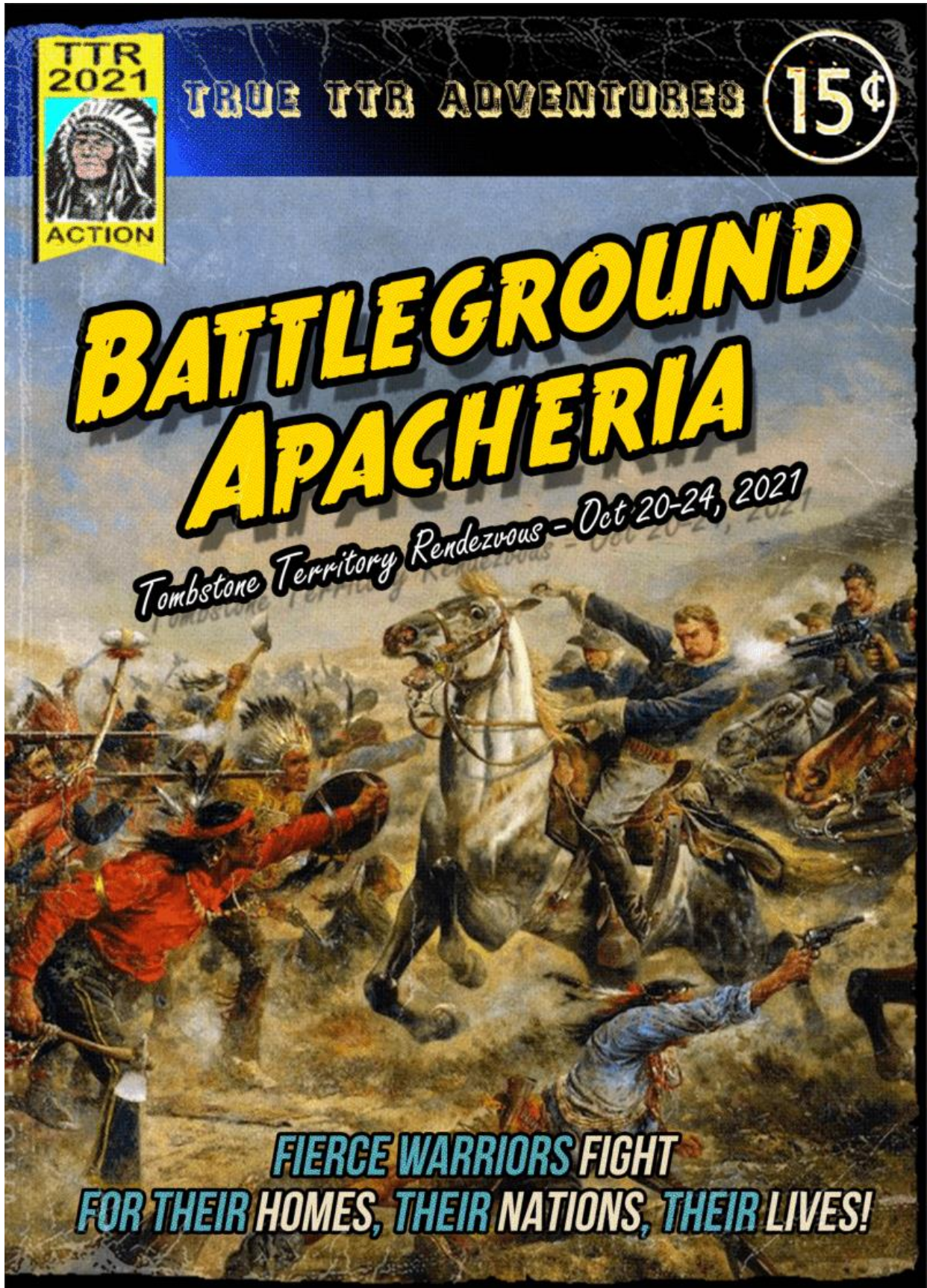
Join up! A great group, Heads Up Award for Best Corral 2013 & 2014!

- ❖ Enjoy learning about Western Frontier History in a fun, informal environment
- ❖ Enjoy monthly meetings with presentations of Cowboy Poetry, Short History and Western History
- ❖ Exciting Trail Rides (field trips) to visit places important in our Western history
- ❖ Read the interesting *Border Vidette* and the *Fremont Street Mail*



Contact Sheriff Doug Hocking at 378-1833, doug@doughocking.com or "Nevada" Smith at 642-7601

The Cochise County Corral of The Westerners is a 501c3 organization. © 2020,2021 CCCW.



TTR 2021
TRUE TTR ADVENTURES **15¢**

BATTLEGROUND APACHERIA

Tombstone Territory Rendezvous - Oct 20-24, 2021

FIERCE WARRIORS FIGHT FOR THEIR HOMES, THEIR NATIONS, THEIR LIVES!

Marie Felicite St. Vrain

the Santa Fe Trail's Mysterious Female Traveler of 1839

Marie Felicite was a mere 16 years of age when she traveled down the Santa Fe Trail with her Uncle Ceran, destined for Bent's Fort. The year was about 1839. Register to hear her descendent, Christine St. Vrain, present on Marie's life at the Oregon - California Trail Association's Southern Trails Chapter's next Third Thursday History night.

Zoom Event

Thursday, September 16th, 5 PM PDT (AZ)/8 PM EDT

Register at: tinyurl.com/SantaFeTrailTraveler



The Santa Fe Trail Bicentennial Symposium

22-26 September 2021

La Junta, Colorado

“The Santa Fe Trail Lives On”

The 2021 **Santa Fe Trail Symposium** will commemorate the Bicentennial of the first trek down the Trail in 1821 by William Becknell and all those who used the Trail past, present, and will travel the Trail in the future.

Two hundred years of commerce and trade and the cultural connections associated with the nation's first international route of commerce will be saluted at the biannual gathering of Santa Fe Trail enthusiasts and students of Western American History.

The organizers plan to offer an innovative,

educational, and entertaining program on the key people, places and events along the Santa Fe Trail and its environs through formal and informal presentations, first-person interpretation and tours of Trail sites located in Southeastern Colorado. Registration information may be found at the Symposium website: www.2021sfts.com

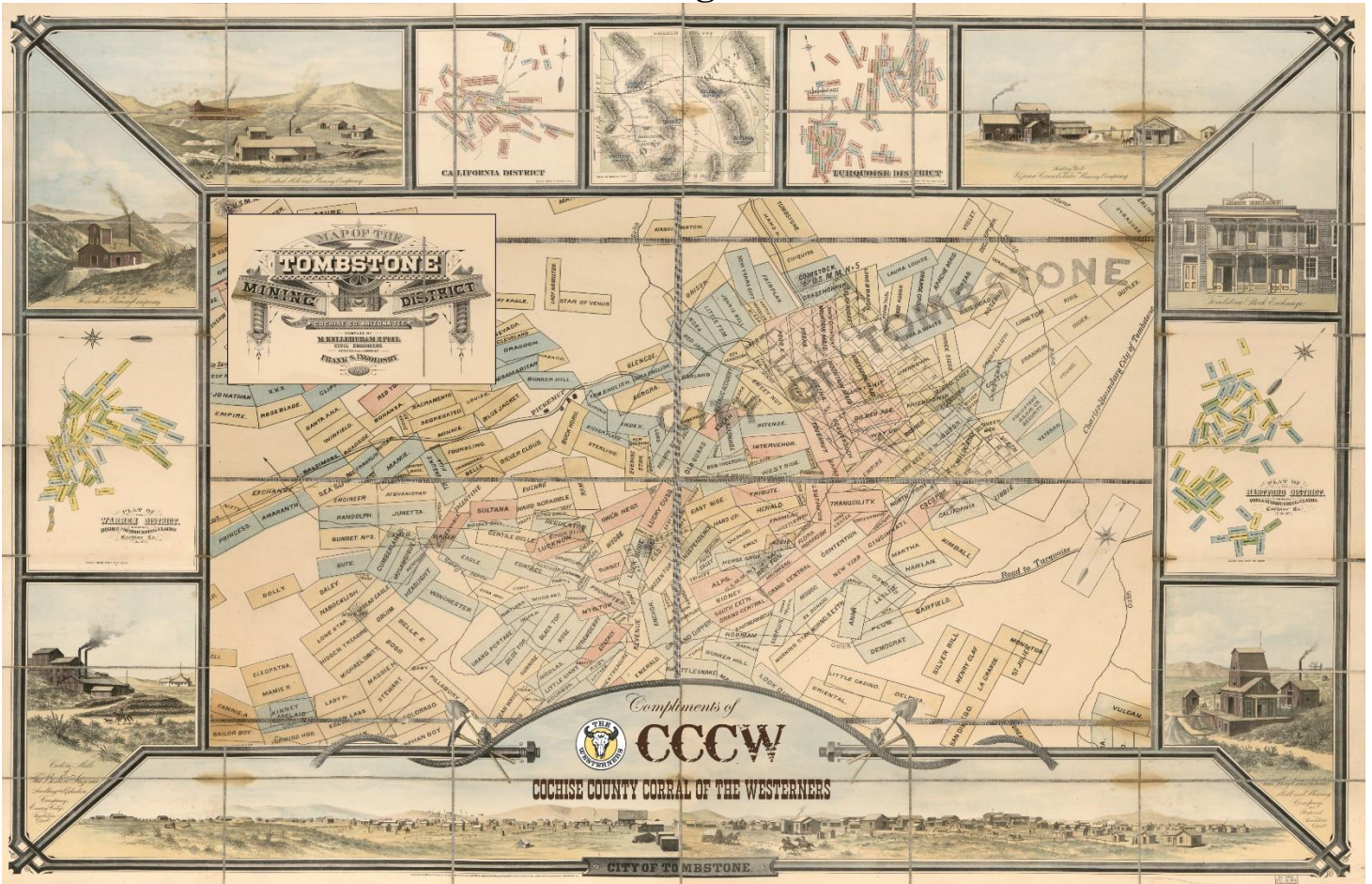
Those who would like to be further involved as speakers, living historians or as authors, artists or vendors can find the prerequisites for participation on the same website.

There is but one chance to take part in a Bicentennial Event!
You are cordially encouraged to join us for this unique opportunity!

For more information, visit www.2021sfts.com or email: benisfortchapterstta@gmail.com.
 To register online visit the Santa Fe Trail Association at www.lastchancestore.org.



Map of the Tombstone Claims And Surrounding Communities



Done on heavy paper, 11 inches by 17 inches

Only \$5

**Get yours from Debbie, Keeper of the Chips, or Jon
At the next meeting**