

DESERT TRACKS



Newsletter of the Southwest Chapter of the Oregon-California Trails Association

January, 2005

From the Editors

In this newsletter we give the report of the SWOCTA Trail Turtles' Fall 2004 trip on the Applegate Trail. The Turtles made extensive use of the recently published *Applegate Trail Guide* (see the advertisement on the back cover of this issue). The Turtles felt "appreciation for those who ... have spent long hours researching and finding ... this trail that [has] been waiting to again be part of the ... historical record." We hope that the Turtles' ongoing efforts to map the southwestern emigrant trails also will lead to a guidebook, for which future users will feel a similar appreciation.

We (the "Trail Tourists") also include a record of our recent trip to explore the Crook Wagon Road. Unfortunately, we received our copy of the new guidebook, *General Crook Road in Arizona Territory*, by Duane Hinshaw, only after our trip.

We include a review by Tracy DeVault of a recent book that gives the history of Harry Summerhayes, the son of Martha Summerhayes. We strongly encourage readers of *Desert Tracks* to submit similar items in the future.

We remind the reader that *Desert Tracks* is on the web at

<http://www.physics.uci.edu/~jmlawren/SWOCTA.html>

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

Trail Turtles Head North

The SWOCTA Trail Turtles played hooky from the southern trails this fall. Don Buck and Dave Hollecker offered to guide the Turtles over the Applegate Trail from Lassen Meadows to Goose Lake. In a way, it could be said that we were still on a southern trail, as the Applegate Trail was also known as the Southern Trail to Oregon when it first opened.

After learning of the ruggedness of the trip, and with the knowledge there would be no gas, food or ice for 300 miles, everyone loaded up appropriately. The number of vehicles was limited to eight to facilitate time constraints and lack of space in some parking and camping areas. Fourteen people attended.



Group photo (Judy DeVault)

We met Don and Dave at Fallon, Nevada, to begin the trip. As an extra, we saw part of the dreaded 40-Mile Desert between Soda Lake and the Humboldt Sink. Car trouble meant two

couples did not make it to the first night's camp at Rye Patch Reservoir, but they caught up with the group the next morning near the Lassen Meadows.

We all had copies of the recently published Trails West *Applegate Trail Guide*. [See the advertisement on page 12 for guidebook details.] This gave us a lot of detailed information along the way. We stopped at many of the Trails West markers and Don had a wealth of information to share at all our stops. The weather was at its best with warm sunny days to show off all the spectacular scenery.

As we followed the trail across the Black Rock Desert and crossed the dry bed of the Quinn River, the Black Rock landmark got closer and closer. We stopped at the hot springs at the base of Black Rock and then pulled into our camp at a dry lakebed called Upper High Dry. This large alkali playa with its white surface and surrounding black mountains had an almost surreal aspect to it.



Crossing the Black Rock Desert, showing the Quinn River crossing which is dry at this time of year. Note the Black Rock in the distance. It is visible for many miles. (Marian Johns)

The Milky Way was indeed milky looking in the clear air and its glow was sufficient to allow us to walk out on the playa in confidence. This had been our longest day of driving.



Our vehicles leaving camp at the alkali lake called Upper High Dry. (Dave Hollecker)

The next day we traveled along the base of the mountains at the edge of the Black Rock Desert. At this edge, hot springs of various temperatures are frequent. At Double Hot Springs there were rudimentary signs of development, an outhouse, and a galvanized watering tub that had been fitted up as a hot tub with runoff from the springs. The springs here are hot enough to kill and are fenced off. In the distance we could see what emigrant J. Goldsborough Bruff called "Fremont's Castle." The closer we got to it, the more it turned into a simple rock formation.

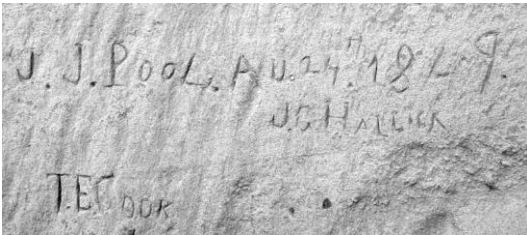
Lunch was at Hardin City, a short-lived boom and bust mining town. Only a few walls and foundations remain now and you have to hunt for those. As we continued along the trail, we took a side road to the Lassen/Clapper murder site. [See textbox.] We walked to the murder site, an open area by a small stream between two steep hills. Looking up the hill and beyond the stream, we could see the big rocks that the murderer hid behind. The rocks are pretty far up, so that was some good shooting!

Camp was at Mud Meadows, currently a misnomer, though during emigrant times it was more appropriate. This large meadow area is also the home to the Soldiers Meadow Ranch. Our campsite was at some warm springs where a soak after the dusty day was very welcome.



Double Hot Springs, now fenced due to the danger of the extremely hot water. (Rose Ann Tompkins)

The next morning we drove a short distance to Fly Canyon to see trail traces coming out of Mud Meadows. We then took a short hike into the canyon to look at some emigrant inscriptions.



Emigrant inscriptions at Fly Canyon. (Ken White)

Don led us on a 3-mile hike over a portion of trail he wanted the Trail Turtles to map for him. (After mapping this section, we put the waypoints on terraserver aerials for Don.) This was an alternate trail to the very difficult route through Fly Canyon. This alternate went over a nearby saddle. Along the way we found several wagon parts, evidence of long ago travel.

After a late lunch, we drove the road through Fly Canyon, noting places where the wagons had descended over the rocks, leaving traces behind. Camp was at High Rock Lake (dry at this time of the year) where fragments of obsidian littered the ground, evidence of many years of Indian occupation. During the

night it tried to rain, but managed only a slight wetting of the landscape. However, this did bring a cold front through.



At the beginning of the Fly Canyon alternate hike. The trail went over the saddle shown on the horizon. (Marian Johns)



Wagon artifacts found on the Fly Canyon alternate hike. (Marian Johns)

The following day High Rock Canyon was on the agenda. This was a day of rock walls on both sides, caves with emigrant inscriptions, gunfire of hunters echoing off the rocks, some challenging driving, a hunt for a grave and spring. It ended in the yellow aspens at Stevens Camp. The night proved to be our coldest yet.

As we continued along the trail the next morning, we came across an abandoned SUV in the middle of the road. This necessitated clearing brush so

we could get around the vehicle. As we neared Massacre Ranch, we met the owner of the vehicle walking back to it. It had quit on him and his wife and they had walked back to their camp in the BLM cabin at Massacre Ranch. After towing him to the ranch, the “car crazies” in our group attempted to fix his vehicle while his wife made us a pot of coffee. Mission not accomplished on the car, we journeyed on. Later, after many miles on the back roads, we came to a real gravel road. Lunch was at Vya, Nevada, now privately owned. It is inhabited by a caretaker and cattle. We traveled over 49er Pass and into Surprise Valley. Crossing from Nevada into California, we returned to civilization at Cedarville where we headed for the motel, gas, and groceries. The group ate at a local restaurant, pretty well filling the place.

On our last day, we drove north along the edge of Surprise Valley, noting the tidy homes and the deer grazing in the pastures. We then went up over Fandango Pass with Don showing us the very steep grade the trail took. Today’s road with its switchbacks gives an indication of how steep this was. As the trail comes towards Goose Lake, there is a wonderful trace through the forest over the rough rocks. After lunch we viewed one last gravesite and then made our descent to Goose Lake. The trip ended here, and we all scattered for our homes.

We came away with appreciation for the rugged travel the emigrants had, even near the end of their long journey. We also had appreciation for those who more recently have spent long hours researching and finding parts of this trail that had been waiting to again be part of the known historical record.

Rose Ann Tompkins

The Lassen/ClapperMurder

Lassen was the Peter Lassen of Lassen Trail fame. In 1859 Lassen, Edward Clapper and Lemerich Wyatt were trying to locate the “lost” silver of James Hardin. They missed a rendezvous with another party led by Capt. William Weatherlow, so they camped at what became the murder site. A Paiute Indian stopped by, said he was hunting, and asked for ammunition. He was given some and he left without any problems. At dawn on April 26, 1859, Lassen and Wyatt were awakened by a gunshot, which struck Clapper dead. After Lassen discovered Clapper’s body, he, too, was killed. Wyatt took off on his horse and rode bareback for four days to the Honey Lake Valley. A rescue party returned to the murder site and buried Lassen and Clapper. Later, Lassen was exhumed and reburied in Susanville. Clapper’s body was left at the murder site. In 1990, the remains of a human were exposed along a stream. Forensics proved the remains were Clapper and the body was reburied alongside Lassen. There is an OCTA marker at the murder site now.

Who killed Lassen and Clapper? To this day, the mystery has not been solved. Paiute Indians were ruled out because nothing was taken, including a very tempting barrel of whisky, clothes and other provisions. However, Lassen’s rifle was missing and was retrieved from a Paiute killed by Capt. Weatherlow in 1862. As for the survivor, Wyatt, his account of what happened was accepted as the truth. At the time of the murder, Capt. Weatherlow’s party was camped nearby, and since he had Lassen’s rifle in 1862, he is a possible suspect. But what would have been his motives to commit murder?

Richard Greene

Whatever Happened to Baby Harry?

by Melissa Ruffner

Reviewed by Tracy DeVault

I suspect that most of you have read *Vanished Arizona: Recollections of the Army Life of a New England Woman* by Martha Summerhayes. It is required reading for anyone interested in southwestern history. In her book Summerhayes tells about coming to Arizona in 1874 with her husband, Jack, then second lieutenant.

Summerhayes' narrative contains superb descriptions of the places she visited, the roads she traveled and the important events she witnessed in early Arizona. Probably the most significant event, at least from her perspective, was the birth of her son Harry, the first white child born to an officer's family at Camp Apache. In his first few years Harry met with a number of dangerous, heartrending experiences and one can hardly read *Vanished Arizona* without wondering whether he survived to maturity. A few weeks ago Judy and I attended a presentation by Arizona historian Melissa Ruffner. Ruffner has set Harry Summerhayes' story down in her book *Whatever Happened to Baby Harry?*

In 1997 three of Martha Summerhayes' living descendants made a tour of Arizona, visiting many of the sites that Summerhayes mentions in her narrative. Ruffner got word of their visit and made arrangements to meet them at Camp Verde. This first meeting led to an extensive and ongoing dialogue with Roger Summerhayes, Martha's great-grandson. Ruffner's research eventually led her to visit Nantucket Island where Martha Summerhayes was born.

The first part of Ruffner's book details Summerhayes' experiences in Arizona. In 1878 Lieutenant Summerhayes' outfit was ordered out of Arizona and stationed in California and Nevada. Harry was four years old at that time. Martha Summerhayes traveled back to Nantucket Island in 1879. Shortly thereafter, her daughter Katherine was born in the same house where she, herself, had been born years earlier.



Baby Harry

(printed with permission of Melissa Ruffner)

Martha Summerhayes writes very little more about Harry in her narrative. This is due to the fact that she wrote her book primarily for her children—and they knew what happened to Harry. According to Ruffner, Harry grew to maturity. He entered Stevens Institute in 1892 and graduated in 1896 with a degree in mechanical engineering. That year he joined the General Electric Company, working in Schenectady, New York, and Lynn, Massachusetts. From

1897 to 1911, he worked in the Foreign Engineering Department of General Electric.

On June 6, 1900, Harry Roswell Summerhayes married Marion Frances Stewart. While living in the West, Jack and Martha had become good friends with the artist Frederick Remington. At the wedding, Remington gave Harry and his bride an original painting with his compliments.

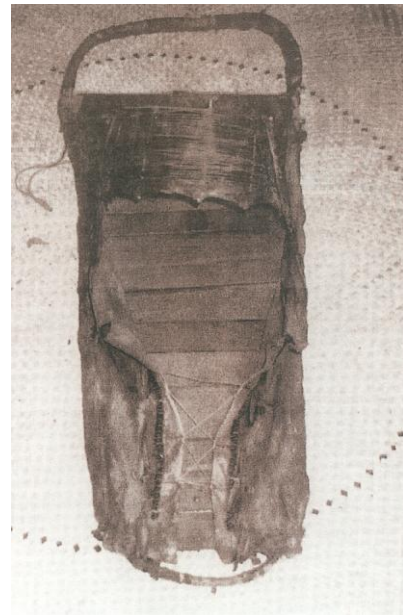
During the early 1900s Harry designed hydraulic stations and transmission lines in India. Later he designed automatic hydroelectric stations in Michigan and Iowa. In 1945, after a long and distinguished career, Harry retired from General Electric.

In her narrative, Summerhayes describes a kindness paid to her shortly after Harry was born at Camp Apache.

"... The seventh day after the birth of the baby, a delegation of several squaws, wives of chiefs, came to pay me a formal visit. They brought me some finely woven baskets, and a beautiful papoose-basket or cradle, such as they carry their own babies in. This was made of the lightest wood, and covered with the finest skin of fawn, tanned with birch bark by their own hands, and embroidered in blue beads; it was their best work. I admired it, and tried to express to them my thanks. These squaws took my baby (he was lying beside me on the bed), then, cooing and chuckling, they looked about the room, until they found a small pillow, which they laid into the basket-cradle, then put my baby in, drew the flaps together, and laced him into it; they stood it up and laid it down, and laughed again in

their gentle manner, and finally soothed him to sleep. I was quite touched by the friendliness of it all. They laid the cradle on the table and departed." (100-101)

Today this cradle-board, perfectly intact, has a prominent place in the home of Martha Summerhayes' great-grandson, Roger. I wonder how it would fare at the *Antiques Roadshow*?



The cradleboard, printed with permission of Melissa Ruffner

Work Cited

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On the Mogollon Rim with Crook

By Deborah and Jon Lawrence

As we crossed the California border into Arizona, we began to read Captain John Bourke's *On the Border With Crook* (1891). The first half of this book covers the period when General George Crook was commanding the Department of Arizona. An aide to Crook, Bourke recorded events on the trail with a keen eye for detail and a good deal of humor and insight. By the time we reached Kingman, we had decided to travel to Santa Fe by way of the Mogollon Rim so that we could hike sections of Crook's Trail.

Crook was assigned U.S. Army commander in Arizona Territory in 1871. In charge of subduing the Apaches and forcing them onto reservations, he made extensive use of Indian scouts. Although Crook was relentless in his pursuit of Indians on their own territory, he was also sincerely interested in the welfare of the Indians and had a stronger desire to negotiate with them rather than resort to conflict. In need of a way to move troops and supplies and to patrol the northern boundary of the Apache Reservation, Crook's soldiers began building what would later be called Crook's Road in 1872. When it was completed in 1876, it connected Fort Whipple, Fort Verde, and Fort Apache.

Besides being historically noteworthy, Crook's Trail follows the edge of a 2,000-foot escarpment, the Mogollon Rim. Named for Juan Ignacio Flores Mogollon, the Spanish colonial governor of New Mexico from 1712-1715, it forms the southern edge of the Colorado Plateau. The highway crosses Crook's Trail at a number of places and

hugs the rim where it provides spectacular views of the Tonto Basin below.

Today 138 of the original 200 miles of Crook's Trail are maintained. The maintained trail begins in Dewey, near Prescott, and proceeds east through Camp Verde, up along the Mogollon Rim, and ends at Cottonwood Wash near Pinedale. Most of the old route is marked with reflective white chevrons (V's) nailed to the trunks of trees adjacent to the trail. A few mileposts with mileage indicated from Camp Verde have been placed along the trail by local clubs and groups.

In Prescott we checked into the Point of Rocks RV Campground, just outside town. Nestled in the pines high above the road at the edge of the Rocks, this RV park is a quiet and pleasant place to stay. Bourke, discussing Apache depredations in the area, commented, "The mail-rider had several times been 'corraled' at the Point of Rocks" (160). After settling in, we drove into Prescott to the Sharlot Hall Museum. This museum displays numerous Arizona historical exhibits. In addition, the original Governor's Mansion and the John C. Fremont and William C. Bashford houses are located on the site.

We concluded the day with a tour of the Veterans Administration Medical Center, the site of old Fort Whipple. Named after Brigadier General Amiel Weeks Whipple, who served with the Army Corps of Topographical Engineers until his death in the Civil War, the post played a major role during the Indian wars. At one time it was Crook's District of Arizona headquarters. Using the self-guided walking tour we had picked up at the Sharlot Hall Museum, we walked the hospital grounds. Bourke describes the

fort as a “ramshackle, tumble-down palisade of unbarked pine logs” (160). He comments that when the wind came up they “were afraid that the palisade was doomed”(160). Today most of the remaining military buildings, including the barracks and officers’ quarters, date from 1903 or later. Attractive, well-preserved frame structures, they are currently used for housing and administration of the medical center. The restored historic entrance gate and the site of Old Fort Whipple are at the back of the grounds by a picnic area, where a historic display gives some of the early history.

The next day we viewed the interpretive exhibits at the newly opened Fort Whipple Museum. Our docents, Ken and Evelyn Edwards, who are also docents at the Fremont House, are knowledgeable and enthusiastic about Arizona history. The museum houses excellent exhibits on the establishment and early history of the fort, including displays on Crook and the Yavapai and Apache campaigns that he conducted. In the future, there will be exhibits on the second floor dedicated to the conversion of the fort to a military hospital.

After a visit to the Charles M. Russell exhibition at Prescott’s Phippen Museum, we set out on the Crook Trail. Our first stop was Camp Verde. Because two weeks earlier we had stayed at the Zane Grey house on Catalina Island, we opted for the Zane Grey RV Park, which is six miles southeast of town, on the banks of Clear Creek. It was hot, so we were grateful for the shade provided by the large old cottonwoods that grow in the park near the creek. The co-manager of the park, Bob Page, is the great-great-great grandson of John D. Lee, and his wife’s mother went to school with Juanita

Brooks.¹ Bob loaned us a copy of Zane Grey’s *Under the Tonto Rim*, a story of families who lived under the Mogollon Rim in the Tonto Basin. Zane Grey’s description of his novel’s setting--“the rolling basin black with forest,” and “gigantic cliffs, escarpments, points, and ledges, far as eye could see to east or west”--gave words to the beauty of the area (15).

Seven miles from the campground is Fort Verde, the primary base of Crook’s U.S. Army scouts and soldiers. Established in 1865 to protect settlers from Indian raids, the fort is located in the Verde River Valley, about 86 miles north of Phoenix. Bourke comments that that he had never seen a “dirtier, greasier, more uncouth-looking set of officers and men” than those at this fort. He ascribes their filth to the area’s “dust, soot, rain and grime”(212). Martha Summerhayes, on the other hand, had high praise for the fort.² Having returned from several months at Fort Apache, she was impressed with Fort Verde’s lace curtain windows and well-dressed women.

With over 300 of his followers in attendance, Chief Chalipun officially surrendered to Crook at Fort Verde in April 1873. Bourke describes the scene: “Crook took ‘Cha-lipun’ by the hand, and told him . . . it was of no use to talk about who began this war; there were bad men among all people . . . our duty was to end war and establish peace . . .” (213).

In 1873 a reservation near Fort Verde was established for the Tonto Apaches, where they stayed until February 1875 when they were moved to the San Carlos Reservation in a tragic winter march. Early in the twentieth century, the Camp Verde Reservation

was re-established for both Apaches and Yavapai, who now run a thriving casino.

We started our tour in the former administration building where we looked at the interpretive exhibits with artifacts on military life and Indian wars history. The exhibits on the Indian Scouts were particularly informative. Park Ranger Nora Graf gave us a copy Eldon Bowman's *Development of the General Crook Trail*, a trail guide covering the sections of the trail available to the public within the Prescott, Coconino and Sitgreaves national forests. The report also includes a historical bibliography. Ms. Graf informed us that a new book on the Crook Road, *General Crook Road in Arizona Territory*, was soon to arrive. The author is Duane Hinshaw, the former park manager at Fort Verde State Historic Park.

After we toured the museum, we visited the Commanding Officers' Quarters, the Bachelors' Quarters and the Doctor's Quarters on Officer's row, all furnished in the 1880's period. The grounds include a monument to the Indian scouts who received Medals of Honor for their service and a historical marker indicating the beginning of Crook's Road.

We drove a few miles from the fort to Montezuma's Castle, a five-story, 20-room cliff dwelling built by the Sinagua over 600 years ago. It is well preserved and easily accessible. Nearby is Montezuma's Well. Bourke describes both this deep limestone pool, a "lakelet of eighty or ninety feet in depth," and the numerous cave dwellings in the bluffs along the Verde River and Beaver Creek (149).

The next day, we continued on to Payson. We were lucky to obtain the only available overnight site in our campground-- *Woodall's* often fails to

mention that such places that advertise many available sites are mostly filled by "permanent" campers. We then drove to the Rim Country Museum in Payson's Green Valley Park. In addition to displays on local and general Arizona history, the museum has a fine exhibit on the Crook Trail. It also has information on Zane Grey and several of his personal items, including his chaps, saddle, and gun. Grey wrote some of his novels from his nearby cabin, which burned down in 1990. The Historical Society has plans to rebuild a replica adjacent to the museum.

A few miles east of Payson is the site of the bloody feud between the Grahams and the Tewksbury families, known as the Pleasant Valley War (1887-1892). There are numerous versions as to origin of the falling out. One theory is that it started when the Tewksburys brought sheep into Pleasant Valley, which had previously been exclusively cattle country. Cattle owners, the Graham clan attacked, killing a sheepherder and driving off or killing the sheep. The Tewksburys retaliated, setting off the war. Zane Grey dramatized the events in his novel *To the Last Man*, which highlights the feud with a romance between his protagonists Jean Isabel, son of a cattleman, and Ellen Jorth, daughter of a sheep rancher. However, Marshall Trimble, in *Arizona Adventure*, stresses that the feud began earlier than the introduction of sheep to the area, and arose over incidents of cattle rustling.

Using "The General Crook Road," a pamphlet we had picked up at the museum at Fort Verde, we located the portion of Crook's Trail that crosses Highway 87 northwest of Payson. We set out with our sheepdog, Leonard, for an afternoon hike. The white chevrons

let us know we were on the actual path. (Gold chevrons mean that you are on the Crook Recreation Trail.) By the time we returned to camp, the red dust, soot and grime had made their impress upon each one of us. We were three dirty reminders of Bourke's description of the Fort Verde soldiers.

The next day we drove east and stopped for a hike where the Crook Trail crosses Highway 260 at the Moggolon Rim Visitor's Center. Here the trail meanders through a flat, open section of pine forest. We found an upside-down exclamation point on a trail-side pine. Was it one of General Crook's marker trees?

We then traveled on to Showlow. Croyden E. Cooley, a scout for Crook during the Apache campaigns of the early 1870's, homesteaded here with his two Apache wives, Molly and Cora. His ranch was a resting place for soldiers traveling between Fort Verde and Fort Apache on Crook's Road. Bourke writes that he once dined at Cooley's home and it was "as clean as homes generally are, and that the dinner served was as good as any to be obtained in Delmonico's" (179). Martha Summerhayes stayed at the ranch in 1875. She described the two Indian women who prepared her "appetizing supper" as "tidy and good-looking." When she asked her husband which one was Cooley's wife, he replied: "I don't know . . . both of 'em, I guess." A refined New Englander, Summerhayes thought "this was too awful." She made the following observation:

"I had a difficult time, in those days, reconciling what I saw with what I had been taught was right, and I had to sort over my ideas and deep-rooted prejudices a good many times." (106)

Cooley and his neighbor, Marion Clark, decided that the area wasn't large enough for both of them so one of them would have to leave. They determined to settle it over a card game of "Seven Up." On the last hand, Clark said, "You show low and you win." Cooley drew the deuce of clubs, and Marion Cooley moved out. The town was named after this game, and its main street is named Deuce of Clubs Street.

The next morning we set out for our final fort on Crook's Road. Located near the present town of Whitewater, Fort Apache was established in 1870. Although Bourke describes the post as in "the rawest possible state and not half-constructed," he admires the beauty of its setting (141-142).

First, we visited the recently established Apache Cultural Center. This portrays the story of the White Mountain Apaches from their own perspective. Then, using the self-guided walking tour, we strolled the grounds of the fort. There are over twenty buildings dating from 1870 to the 1930's. The highlight for us was General Crook's log cabin at the end of officers' row. This houses a museum, which has informative exhibits of the military history of the fort and the Apache wars. Visiting both the museum and the cultural center in tandem, we felt that we were given a balanced overview of the Apache-white relations in the area. Fort Apache can serve as a model for presentation of the history of western expansion from a variety of perspectives. The guidebooklet indicated that the White Mountain tribe intends further development of Fort Apache and the associated Roosevelt School as a historical resource, including a Bed and Breakfast in one of the old officers'

quarters. We hope that they are successful in this endeavor.

Reluctantly we pressed on towards Santa Fe. As we did so, we reflected on how magnanimous were the views of such historic figures as Summerhayes, Bourke, and Crook. We were particularly grateful for their memoirs; thanks to their keen eye for detail, we felt as if we had experienced the Mogollon Rim with Crook.

1 John D. Lee was the only man executed for involvement in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. A noted Utah historian, Juanita Brooks is famous for the integrity with which she insisted upon recounting the saga of the Mountain Meadows Massacre. See, for examples, Brooks' *The Mountain Meadows Massacre* (1950) and *John Doyle Lee: Zealot, Pioneer Builder, Scapegoat* (1961).

2 For an interesting view of early travel on Crook's Trail by a young Army wife, see Martha Summerhayes's *Vanished Arizona*, chapter 9. Summerhayes was a perceptive observer and her comments provide a detailed description of the Mogollon Rim and forts Whipple, Verde, and Apache. In 1875 she gave birth to a son. She boasts that he was the first child born to an officer's family in Fort Apache (chapter 13). For the later history of her son, see the book review by Tracy DeVault in this issue.

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Volunteers Needed for COED Project

OCTA's Census of Overland Emigrant Documents (COED) project is working to bring hundreds of emigrant documents into our research program. The Emigrant Names CD, for sale from OCTA, is based on over 2200 survey entries already in the COED database. With over 1000 new document surveys ready to be added, an updated version of Emigrant Names is planned within the next year.

We currently are looking both for former surveyors and new volunteers to help obtain and survey documents by combing local resources such as libraries and historical societies. We are especially in need of volunteers to work at the following sites: the Newberry Library in Chicago, the Illinois State Historical Library in Springfield, the Indiana State Library in Indianapolis, the Iowa State Historical Society in Iowa City, the Iowa State Historical Library in Des Moines, and Yale's Beinecke Library at New Haven, CT. In addition, help is needed to discover private sources for copies of emigrant diaries, letters, and news accounts.

We have developed a COED Instruction Manual for surveyors with survey forms and maps. The committee has volunteers to act as mentors, ready to help you fill out surveys from the original emigrant writings.

Contact: Shann Rupp at syr50@sonnet.com
PO Box 753, Jamestown, CA 95327

***Desert Tracks: Newsletter of the Southwest
Chapter of the Oregon-California Trails
Association***

Past newsletters and a color version of this
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<http://www.physics.uci.edu/~jmlawren/SWOCTA.html>
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APPLEGATE TRAIL GUIDE

Trails West, Inc. is pleased to announce
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