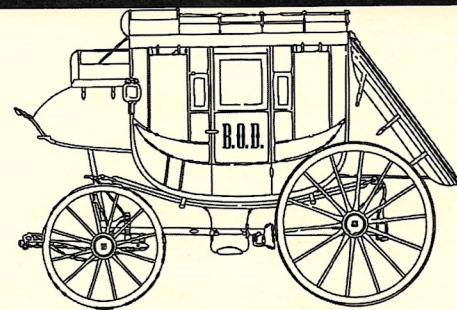


OVERLAND DESPATCH



Volume XIV No. IV

Remember the Smoky Hill Trail

Winter 2022

ALONG THE TRAIL.....WITH JIM

The 2022 Trail Conference has come and gone. Just a whole bunch of people need a 'thank you' for a lot of work and a job well done. The weather was wonderful, until the

time to go home, when every tumbleweed in Eastern Colorado moved to Nebraska. First, I must thank our hosts at the Prairie Ridge Buffalo Ranch, Ray and Debbie Thieman & Shawn and Carrie Bennett. They made you feel like family!



Friday's bus tour left on schedule, arriving in Kiowa where we were greeted by Joe Martell and his fine staff of volunteers and our own Lee & Jane Whiteley. The Elbert County Museum, in Kiowa is well designed with many trail-related displays and artifacts. Pay them a visit if you're near Kiowa. Upon the return to Limon, a tour of the Limon Heritage Museum was conducted by Sharick Wade. Another nice place to visit.

Saturday's presentations, introduced by Sandy Moore, included Jeffery Allen Lockwood, Lee Whiteley, James Long, Mike Nelson, Linda Batlin, Ray, Shawn, and Carry, the ranch herd of buffalo's and music by Dave Zerfus. We thank

each and everyone as the presentations were informative, factual, and refreshing. Thank you one and all.

The Annual Meeting was conducted with the following board of Directors and Officers elected. New Directors are Nancy Arendt and Deb Miller. Continuing as directors are Mary Lattin, Mary Anderson, and Marla Matkin. Officers are Secretary, Mike Baughn, Treasurer, Marilyn Copeland, Vice President, Bob Anderson, and President, Jim Mayhew. Welcome to Nancy, Deb, and Bob in your new roles and thank you for offering to fill these positions. And thank you to the continuing board members, you're doing a great job.

Sunday started with coffee and rolls with presentations by Mike Nelson and Linda Batlin. We are especially thankful to each as they doubled their presentations with a short notice. Stan Copeland finalized the event with a closing prayer, requesting rain and a safe journey home.

Thank you to all of you that did what it takes to put a conference together. Bob Anderson, Mary Anderson for great cinnamon rolls, Sandy Moore, Marilyn Copeland, Mike Baughn, Dee Saddler, Shelly Hendrix, Lecille Reimer, Jim Grey, Lee Whiteley, Pattie Mayhew, Theron Mayhew, the Public Schools for the bus & driver, and the City of Limon, for being so user friendly...and most importantly all of the members that attended, both new and old. Thank you!

Did you notice that Robert Wilhelm name hasn't been mentioned? It seems, after 30 some newsletters published, eight years of deadlines and meetings, and serving as a director, Bob is retiring from his role as publisher and as a director. We all thank you for your

OVERLAND DESPATCH is the official publication of the Smoky Hill Trail Association, Inc., a nonprofit, 501(c)(3), corporation chartered in the State of Kansas. Primary missions of the Association are to preserve, protect, promote, and interpret the Smoky Hill Trail for the benefit of present and future generations, and to promote awareness of the historical legacy associated with the remnants and locations that represent the historic trail and Butterfield's Overland Despatch (BOD) and its successors as well as the railroad that replaced the overland trail. Letters and articles are welcome and can be sent via email to

<smokyhilltrailassn@gmail.com> or via USPS at **Smoky Hill Trail Association, PO Box 978, Hays KS 67601**. They become the property of SmHTA and may be edited or abridged at the editor's discretion. All rights reserved.

Membership in the Association is open to all individuals, families, institutions, and businesses. Annual dues are \$25.00 for individuals, \$30.00 for families, \$40.00 for nonprofit organizations, \$50.00 for businesses, and \$100.00 for patrons. Life membership, individual or family, is \$500.00 (may be paid in quarterly installments during one or two years). Membership fees should be sent to **Smoky Hill Trail Association**, at the address above. Other donations are always welcome.

President:

Jim Mayhew, Abilene, Kansas

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Mike Baughn, Brewster, Kansas

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Marla Matkin, Hill City, Kansas

Mary Lattin, Hays, Kansas

Mary Anderson, Genoa, Kansas

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service and dedication...and I'm sure the new publisher will welcome any submissions you contribute. THANK YOU BOB, FOR A BIG JOB WELL DONE!

Jim Mayhew

President

Smoky Hill Trail Association



--- NOTICE ---

GIVE A FRIEND A MEMBERSHIP GIFT FOR 2023. FORM IS ON THE WEB PAGE. AND ON PAGES 10 & 11 OF THIS NEWSLETTER

--- NOTICE ---

THE BEST WAY TO INSURE YOUR RECEIVE THE NEWSLETTER IS TO INSURE YOUR MEMBERSHIP IS CURRENT. YOU CAN NOW RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP ONLINE...SEE THE WEB PAGE. 2022 MEMBERSHIP EXPIRES 31 DEC 22

--- NOTICE ---

THE HISTORICAL PRESERVATION COMMITTEE IS ASKING THAT MEMBERS THAT HAVE SMOKY HILL TRAIL RELATED MAPS, (OR MAPS WITH ROUTES TO THE COLORADO GOLD FIELDS) WOULD EMAIL ME AT SMOKYHILLTRAILASSN@GMAIL.COM OCCASIONALLY WE RECEIVE REQUEST FOR MAP INFORMATION, IT WOULD BE HELPFUL TO KNOW WHO HAS THESE MAPS. YOUR INFORMATION WILL NOT BE SHARED. THANK YOU.

Jim Mayhew

President

Smoky Hill Trail Association



AWARD CRITERIA

The following are the various awards that the Smoky Hill Trail Association can give out each year. Awards are announced at the Annual Conference Banquet. All members are asked to review the criteria for each award and, if you know of someone who is deserving of such an award, please notify the Association President. Award submissions are requested to be submitted no later than August of each year. Thank you.

AWARD OF MERIT-Recognizes individuals, businesses, organizations, or groups who have made a significant contribution to the purposes of the SmHTA as identified in the SmHTA Mission Statement. We can award as many as four (4) Awards of Merit.

HOWARD C. RAYNESFORD LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD--Presented to a SmHTA member for extraordinary lifetime achievement in research about and promotion of the Smoky Hill Trail. We give out only one (1) of these.

HERITAGE PRESERVATION AWARD--Presented to organizations, landowners, leaseholders, or tenants of trail ruts, remnants, structures, or sites, who have preserved and protected significant portions of the trail or sites associated with the trail, and provided public access. The recipient need not be a member of SmHTA. We can give up to two (2) of these.

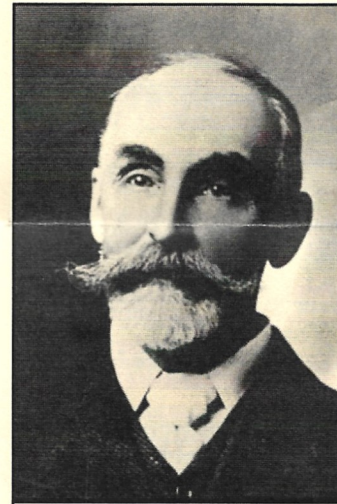
DONNA MALSOM AMBASSADOR AWARD--Recognizes persons clearly identified with promotion of the Smoky Hill Trail Association, the development, and dissemination of knowledge of Trail history, the preservation of Trail related ruts, artifacts, or historical sites, or which otherwise promote the knowledge and

understanding of the. Smoky Hill Trail in the history of the United States. Only one (1) of these can be given out each year.



"NEW TRACKS" ON THE SMOKY HILL TRAIL WITH DR. BELL

Dr. William Abraham Bell (April 26, 1841- June 6, 1921) was born in England and became a physician after studying in Cambridge University. He was also a member of the Royal Geographic Society and these two pursuits led him to visit the

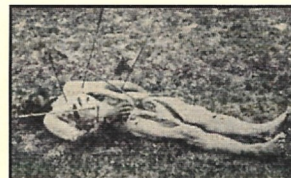


Dr. William A. Bell

United States in 1867 to study homeopathy in St. Louis. While there, he joined the expedition of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division (Kansas Pacific Railway) and developed an interest in photography.

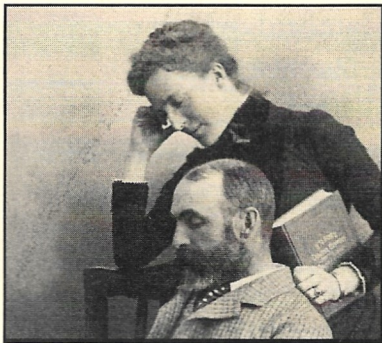
Having no experience in it he sought out the assistance of one of the expedition's members who gave him a two-week crash course. He then purchased a camera and portable dark room and all the other equipment necessary to take and develop his own photographs. Bell went on to be an accomplished photographer and is perhaps better known for that discipline than chosen profession of medicine. Arguably his most famous

photo was the one he took of the dead, mutilated body of Sgt. Frederick Wyllyms who had been killed by Indians.



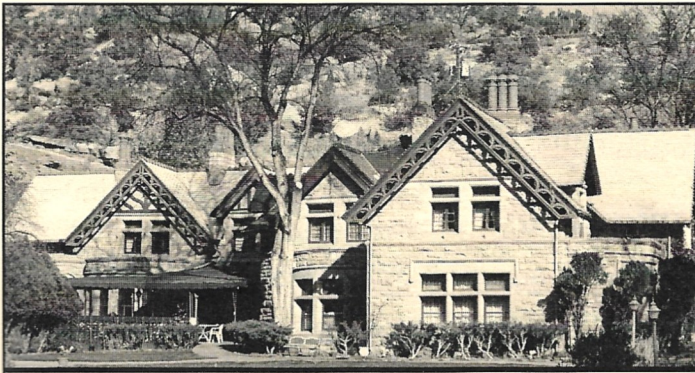
As the expedition approached Colorado, it split into two parties, one continuing to Colorado and the other to New Mexico. Bell accompanied the southern route.

During the expedition, Bell became friends with the expedition's leader, General William J. Palmer. The two eventually went to Colorado, and together they entered several business ventures. Among those ventures were the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and several businesses in Colorado Springs, Manitou Springs, and Durango, Colorado.



Dr. Bell and his wife Cara
(from *Colorado Springs Gazette* 23 March 1872)

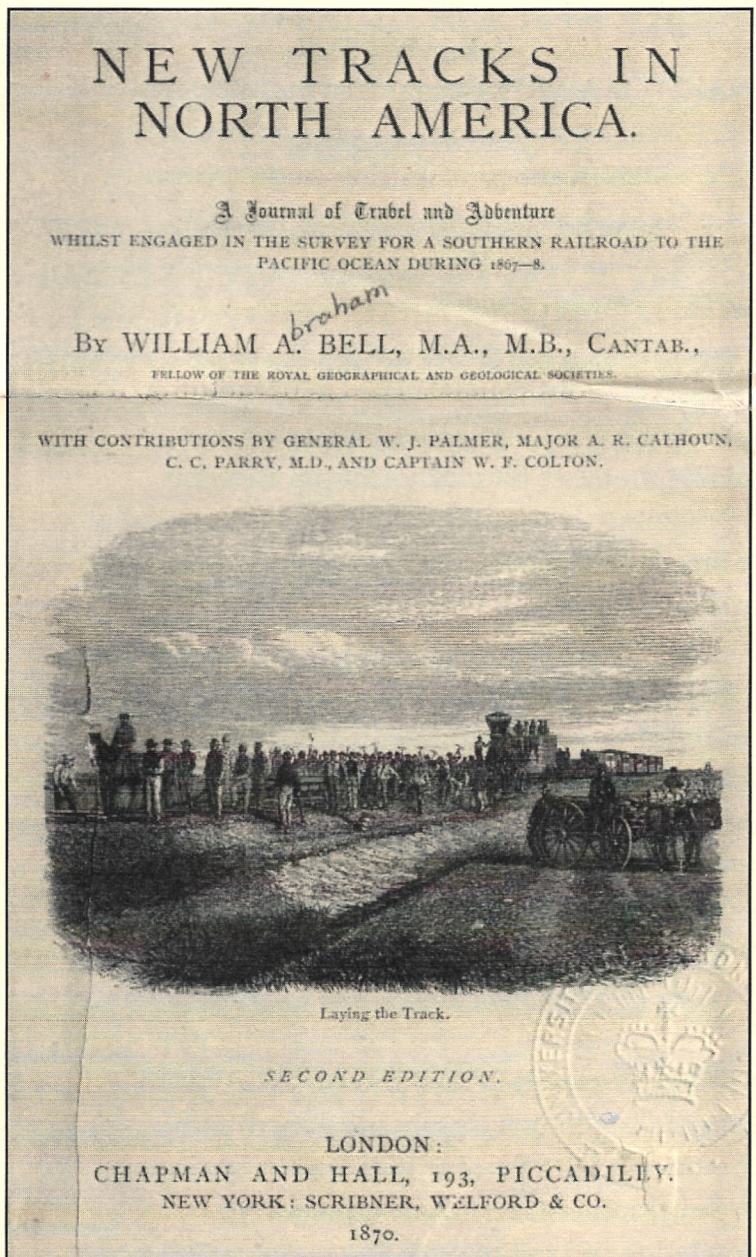
In 1872, he returned to England where he met and married Cara Scovell. The couple returned to Colorado where they built a Victorian home along Fountain Creek in Manitou Springs, Colorado. Their home, completed in 1876, was known as Briarhurst Manor (shown below).



([wikimedia.org](https://www.wikimedia.org) Photo By ERoss99 - Own work, CC BY-SA 3.0, curid=22561593)

In 1869, Dr. Bell published an account of his expedition with the railroad entitled *New Tracks in North America, A Journal of Travel and Adventure Whilst Engaged in the Survey for a Southern Railroad*

to the Pacific Ocean During 1867-68. It was published in 1869, and is now in the public domain. It was well received in both the U.S. and England. Scholars have deemed his book "culturally significant" as it "contributes to the knowledge base of civilization as we know it." It is brimming with accounts of action and activities all along the Smoky Hill Trail. The segment related here describes his encounters along the trail beginning at Fort Harker in June 1867:



We left Fort Harker on the morning of the 11th, and, three miles beyond, passed through Ellesworth, [*sic*] a wonderful place, having seven or eight "stores," two hotels, fifty houses of other kinds, occupied by nearly a thousand persons, and yet just one month old. Six weeks ago the wild buffalo was roaming over its site, and the Indians scalped a foolish soldier whom they caught sleeping where the new school-house now stands. The day of the buffalo and Indian have passed for ever; never again will the one graze, or the other utter a war-whoop on this spot.

During the two following days we strained our eyes in vain for a glimpse at the big game; their marks were everywhere—tracks, wallows, the skeletons innumerable. We killed many reptiles—the pretty little garter snake, and the long and graceful racer, one of which species measured over six feet; and several of those venomous pests of the plains, the rattlesnake. As a general thing, it is not hard to tell a poisonous snake from a harmless one. The head of the former is covered with large scales, usually five in number, while that of the latter is covered with small ones, similar to, and continuous with, those covering the neck and body. Again, if you turn the serpent over you will find that, if it is harmless, the succession of semicircular scales which cover the under surface, continue unbroken to the tip of the tail, while at the caudal extremity in the venomous species these ventral scales become divided in two, and continue so to the tip. Several tortoises were seen, and one specimen of the horned toad was captured—a prickly little fellow whom we did not expect to meet quite so far east.

But what most delights all travelers on the plains, at first, are the prairie dogs. These little rodents are the size of a rabbit, the colour of a hare, have the hair of a rat, and the face of

a squirrel; but their tails are original, they stand up straight over their back, and do a most enormous amount of wagging. They are the most sociable little fellows in the world; by nature they live in colonies, called by the ranch-men "Prairie-dog towns," where they often cover many acres of land with their little mounds. Each mound has a hole in the top, leading to the family apartments. They appear to take a most



A Prairie-dog-town and its Inhabitants.

lively interest in "the advance of empire," for wherever there is a road, there they congregate in unusual numbers. In the centre of the main street at Salina, three of these little fellows had established themselves, they seemed to enjoy the bustle of that place, and were the great delight of the children, who used to feed them with nuts and crackers, and get them to sit upon their haunches, and eat with their claws. To frighten or kill one would have brought down the just indignation of the whole neighbourhood. As our line of wagons moved along the road, and approached a "dog town," the little fellows who were above ground, cropping the grass and playing about, would immediately rush each to his "look-out station" on the top of his mound, while lots of little heads would suddenly appear as those from below came up to see the fun and join in the

chorus of sharp barks with which they were wont to greet intruders. They would shake their sides with barking, and at every bark the tails would wag until, worked up to a climax of fear and delight, they would rush into the earth with a volley of half-uttered barks, and a last defiant wag of the little tail. No sooner had we passed than they would appear again, and keep up a chorus of adieus until we were out of hearing. Their flesh is good to eat, being very much like squirrel or chicken; but they are too short to be caught away from the top of their mounds, and if shot in this position they always fall into their holes, and die out of reach. The only way to get them is to drown them out by pouring water into their holes, and if the subterranean connections are extensive, or the soil very porous, this cannot be accomplished.

It has been stated by western travellers that the rattlesnake and a small species of owl live in peace with the prairie dog and share his dwelling. I have frequently seen them all in company together, as represented in the sketch but it is probable that, although the mature prairie dog can protect himself, and has therefore no fear of the intruders, the young are devoured by the latter.

At mid-day on the 13th, we had just pitched out tents on the banks of the Smoky River when the cry of "antelope!" was raised, and, sure enough, a small herd, frightened by something behind them, ran swiftly by our camp. They immediately received a volley of rifle balls, which produced no other effect than to send them bounding off gracefully across the river. This little excitement was hardly over when buffalo were sighted across the Smoky. There was an immediate rush for the high bluff close by, and away to the left we could plainly see through the glasses six black shaggy fellows languidly chewing the cud, about five miles distant. Three of our party

immediately started on foot, notwithstanding the heat of the day and the eighteen miles march just over, for as yet but few of us were mounted, and these only on mules.

From this point, we reached the Arkansas River, buffalo were a common sight. Before night we had seen several herds roaming about upon the plains, the largest, however, only containing twenty head and some calves. At sunset one of the three hunters came back to announce the success of their chase, and to give notice to the watch that his two companions were following more slowly, heavily laden with choice pieces of the carcass they had killed. As our meat had for some weeks been almost entirely salt, this news was especially agreeable.

We had no sooner found ourselves in the land of the antelope and the buffalo, beyond the little "cities," and out of hearing of the locomotive, that Indian troubles began to cast their shadows around us, deeper and deeper, as we moved forward.

Never before had hostility to the pale-face raged so fiercely in the hearts of the Indians of the plains, and never had so large a combination of tribes, usually at war with each other, been formed to stop the advance of the road-makers. From Dakota to the borders of Texas every tribe, save the Utes, had put on war paint, and had mounted their war steeds. Reports came from the north that the Crows and Blackfoots had made friends with the Sioux, and from the south that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, the Kiowas and Comanches, had been seen in large bodies crossing the Arkansas, and moving northward. The horrors of the last summer were fresh in the minds of the frontier men, who remembered many a comrade scalped by the red-skins. They laughed at the treaties of the Fall, at General Sherman's councils, and Samborn's wagon-trains laden with gifts. They said, "Wait till the spring, till the frost is out of the ground, and the grass is green and abundant, and then see how the savages will keep their treaties." This season had arrived, and the Indian horizon looked blacker than ever. The Fort Kearney massacre, in which some

of the wives of the officers were brutally murdered, and the energetic demands of the railway company on the State had resulted in a considerable military force being sent into Nebraska to protect the road to Salt Lake. This had the effect of driving many additional bands of Indian warriors southward, to harass the poorly-guarded route along the Smoky Hill Fork.

The warriors in many a big talk had sworn to clear their hunting-grounds of the hated intruder. He should no longer drive away their game, or build embankments and put down stakes across their broad lands. So they commenced the fight in their own fashion.

A company, called the "United States Express," carrying the United States mails, had been organized two years before, to run from Denver to the end of the railway advancing along the Smoky Hill River. Stage stations had been built along this route, at distances of from twelve to eighteen miles apart, where the stock of the company was kept, and at which the coaches changed horses. During the winter these coaches ran pretty regularly; but April had scarcely passed before the stages and mail stations became the first though not the only objects of attack. Reports, one by one, came in to us from the West.

On the night of April 30, Goose Creek Station was attacked, the stock carried off, and three mules killed.

On May the 9th, Monument Station, midway between Hayes [*sic*] and Wallace, and Big Timbers Station, were simultaneously attacked, while a third party tried to burn Chalk Bluff Station. I may add that as Big Timbers, twenty-five miles west of Fort Wallace, had been formerly a favourite [*sic*] Indian burying-ground, it was on that account especially subject to attack.

Two days after, Pond Creek Station, two

miles west of Fort Wallace, was attacked and fired.

On the 18th, the Indians attacked Smoky Spring Station; on the 24th, Big Timbers again; on the 27th, Pond Creek again, and drove off many head of cattle. The day before they had attacked the stage-coach, and had commenced the month of June by scalping and horribly mutilating two frontier men on the 3rd, and two more on the 7th, within a few miles of Fort Wallace. These, and many other massacres, took place along the road while we were at Salina; but in so large and thinly-peopled a country, news of a portion of them only could be expected to reach us. The savages even penetrated to within twenty-five miles of Salina, and killed three German farmers, who had that spring settled in the valley of the Solomon.

As we advanced, every stage or train from the West (they were however becoming few) told the same tale. On the 12th, the stage horses at Hanshaw's Rancho were driven off; Hugo Wells Station attacked; and the mules of a Mexican train on another part of the road were stampeded. On Saturday, the 14th, as we neared Fort Hayes [*sic*] we met the overland mail-coach from Denver: the passengers had been obliged to fight their way through, and had succeeded in running the gauntlet, with the loss of one soldier killed and one civilian wounded. They had been attacked by twenty-five warriors, on the 11th, near Big Timbers. Hoping that the Indians only desired plunder, they threw some of the baggage from the coach, and then started their horses off at a gallop, while the half-dozen soldiers on the roof, who acted as escort, kept up a brisk fire. In this way they reached the next stage station.

The coach was riddled with bullets and spattered with blood, so that I was not a little surprised at the remark of the "lady" passenger inside, who in answer to our sympathy, said, "She had not been much frightened." I remembered however, that we were in Kansas.

Sunday, the 15th, was passed at Fort Hayes. [*sic*] We found the garrison nearly all under canvas; for as I mentioned before, the storm of the 7th had

Completely flooded the miserable collection of log-huts which were known by that name. Here we left out temporary guard of two dozen darkey soldiers, and met our regular escort, a company of the 7th United States Cavalry, numbering about fifty, under the command of Captain Barnitz, an officer whose pleasant society I have had so many delightful rides, and exciting chases after the buffalo, that I shall long remember him as one of the best of my Western friends.

On the previous Wednesday, General Hancock, Mr. Perry, and one or two more—the remnant of the gay excursion party—had started with an escort to visit Fort Wallace, *en route* for Denver. The general had come out West to see if the Indian depredations were a myth or not (for Washington, and in the East generally, no one believed the reports), and, if necessary, to devise some effective course of action. During his whole journey, as might have been expected, he neither saw an Indian nor heard a war-whoop, but enough fresh-turned sods and dying soldiers greeted him on his homeward march to convince the greatest sceptic [*sic*] that the Indian war was no idle tale.

Soon after sunrise [*June 16*], our train of wagons moved slowly past Fort Hayes. [*sic*] We had gained greatly in strength since our last day's march; the twenty wagons had increased to forty-seven, and the cavalry, which flanked us on the right in the form of a little square, with flag flying gaily in the center, added immensely to the dignity of our march. The day before I had picked up a very good nag, a chestnut sorrel mare, nearly thorough-bred [*sic*], whose master had given up all hopes of getting her safely to Denver. I was trying her paces, and wishing for a gallop over the short, elastic sod, when suddenly I spied four fine buffalo throwing themselves along, and bearing straight down

upon us as fast as their awkward legs could carry them. Borrowing an additional revolver, I darted off, and found that a rival in the field, who was pressing them hard in the flank, was the original cause of their flight. Singling [*sic*] out the one to the extreme left, a tough old bull, I made straight for him, Colt in hand, cocked and ready. As soon as he saw a fresh enemy approaching, he stopped, surveyed the position for an instant, jerked his huge head to one side, which seemed to swing his body around, and rushed off in the opposite direction. I was soon alongside, watching his every movement.

What curious freaks of nature these North American buffalo are! The small hind-quarters look out of all proportion to the massive strength of the shoulders and chest; smooth, and apparently shaven, like the back of a French poodle, they do not seem to belong to the same animal. The hind legs are small, and stand close together; the fore legs thick, short, and far apart. Between them the huge head hangs low; it is completely covered with long shaggy hair, matted together, which hides the features, and only allows the tips of the crescent-shaped little horns to appear. Thick hair, for the most part, conceals the hump from sight, but both add immensely to the massive effect of the fore-part of the body; the little corkscrew tail, ends in a tuft. My antagonist kept lashing his naked flanks, while at moments I could see, the sideward toss of his head, that he was having a look at me, though his eyes were completely hidden by the hair. My first shot, I presume, passed harmlessly over his back; with my second, from the distance of half-a-dozen yards, I planted a ball in his side, but too high up to take immediate effect. He threw himself angrily round for an instant, and off swerved the mare, for she evidently knew her friend and his habits well. He did not charge, however, but made straight for Little Big Creek, which was swollen to a deep torrent by the heavy rains of the previous week. My companion in the chase, who had with his last shot brought down the fat cow he was following, then dashed by, and planted a second ball in the

brute's carcass. The ball did not, however, lessen his speed. Just before he dashed into the creek I came up again and gave him his third bullet. The crossing he had chosen was very miry, and too full of timber for our horses, so we entered the stream a little higher up. It was very deep and rapid, and we had some difficulty in swimming across. When we caught up to our buffalo again he was a good deal exhausted, and we could plainly see three little streams of blood trickling down his sleek hide. As escape was hopeless he became very savage. When I hit him again, he turned deliberately round and charged. He did this three times; but each time his gait was slower, and he threw himself along with greater difficulty. At last he pulled up; we also drew in the reins, but kept close enough to see everything distinctly. He shook his shaggy mane two or three times, and lashed his flanks angrily, as he looked around and saw us watching him. He walked a few yards further, and blood poured from his mouth and nostrils; then he laid quietly down, and rolled over on his back, with his legs thrown up in the air. We sent a bullet, for precaution, through his heart, and in a few moments our knives were out of their sheaths, and our delighted horses were burying their nostrils in his matted mane.

When a large herd of buffalo is encountered, there is little or no danger risked from the animals themselves by riding straight into their midst, for panic seizes them all, and their only thought is flight. But when one of those little herds of from four to a dozen are attacked, which have now in most districts taken the place of larger herds, these wary old fellows are often found to be very dangerous. Some weeks after the hunt just described, I nearly ruined my mare for the sport by persisting in my efforts to bring down one of these champion buffalo.

Having succeeded in separating her

(for she was a cow) from her half-dozen companions, she sternly refused to make any further attempts to escape, and bravely challenged me, although unwounded, to single combat on the open plain. Thrice, when I approached her, she charged down upon me in splendid style; and as I had nothing to aim at but her head, I fired each time straight into her face, which, as might have been expected, proved quite useless. My mare at last was so terrified at such unusual pluck on the part of her opponent, that she became unmanageable, so I confessed myself beaten. The cow was killed a few hours later by some of our party on foot, and they found that one of my bullets had passed through the muscles of the back, parallel with the spine, from the front of the neck almost to the tail. It is well to be cautious in attacking a small herd, for if the horse trips up in a prairie-dog's hole, or the rider is thrown from any other cause during the chase, the buffalo is not unlikely to trample him to death.

Editor's Note: You have no doubt noticed several derogatory terms concerning Native Americans and persons of color used in Dr. Bell's account. Please note that, if I would have written this as a report or descriptive article on Dr. Bell's adventures, those terms would not, of course, been used. But since this is a word-for-word transcription of his account, I felt his actual words should be used and not edited, replaced, or eliminated. I feel that, from the historical aspect, the wording should remain as written.



Wagon with darkroom and photographic equipment. Dr. Bell, no doubt, had a wagon like this. (*Kansas Memory*)

Smoky Hill Trail ASSOCIATION

Mail-In Membership Application Form

Name: _____

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Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: (____) _____

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Membership Categories – Check One: New ___ Renewal ___

\$25 – Individual/One Person _____

\$30 – Family/Living at same address: _____

\$40 – Institution (Libraries, Museums, Historical Societies, etc.) _____

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Memberships are on the upcoming calendar year ending December 31. New members are accepted throughout the year. SHTA is a 501-C3 Entity

Members receive THE OVERLAND DESPATCH Newsletter quarterly.

Please return the form with remittance to:

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www.smokyhilltrail.com Email: SmokyHillTrailAssn@gmail.com

Smoky Hill Trail ASSOCIATION

MAIL-IN GIFT MEMBERSHIP FORM

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Email us for any questions! **SmokyHillTrailAssn@gmail.com**

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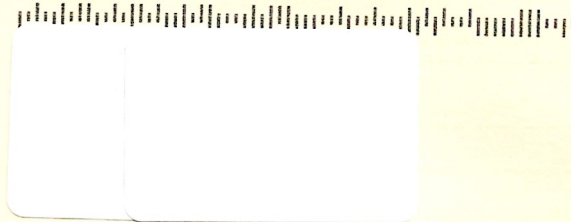


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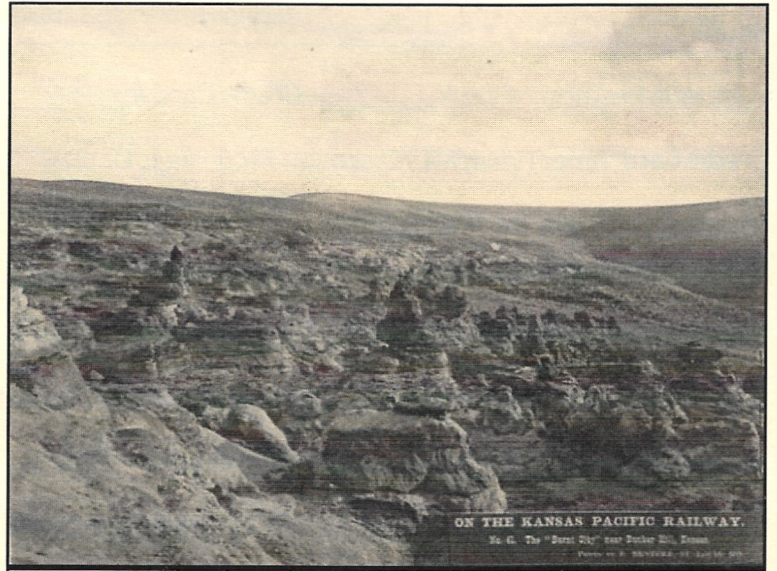


RAILWAY VIEWS



ACROSS THE CONTINENT ON THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.
(TITLE OF THE 1867 PAMPHLET.)
On the Great Plains, Kansas, September, 1867.
1258 NORTH EAST OF HENNING AVENUE.
No. 38.

On the Plains, Kansas, September 1867
Alexander Gardner
*Across the Continent on the Kansas Pacific
Railway*



ON THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.
No. 6. The "Burnt City" near Bunker Hill, Kansas.
Photograph by Robert Benecke.

"Burnt City" near Bunker Hill, Kansas
Robert Benecke
On the Kansas Pacific Railway, 1873

