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INTERVIEW WITH S.D. PATRICK, Route #1 Trinidad.
Taken by A.K. Richeson, Trinidad, Colorado.
December 20, 1933.

Mr. Patrick was born in Italy in 1870. He landed in New York in September of 1881. From New York his family went to Oklahoma. In March of 1884 he came to coal mine camp at Blazburg near Raton N.M. He took up ranching in Long's Canyon, but left this to run a cafe and saloon where the Recreation Restaurant now is in Trinidad. This was from 1900 to 1914. Then he entered the livestock business with Mr. Latuda. His present ranch is the old Sen. Barela place some five and a half miles from Trinidad.

Starkville and Engleville mines were in operation in 1884. Sopris opened in 1889, and Grey Creek and Hastings were opened in 1890. Pasquale Gerardi & *tation family* and his family were the first to settle in Trinidad. Tony Ningrio was second. Maymore Italian families followed upon the advice of relatives and friends. In 1899 the C.F. & I. went to New York and brought them in by the scores to aid in operating their mines. Mr. Patrick was employed by the C.F.&I. to help get these people settled in their new homes.

The people at Model were the first to start growing sugar beets. He can remember that the first load of sugar beets that he saw was in 1919. George Meyer grew sugar beets at Hoehne in 1922. El Moro where the most are grown in this county did not start until 1923.

A. K. Rickerson Doe

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DESCENDANTS OF GEORGE SIMPSON

1. Mrs. Isabella (Jake) Beard - deceased
one adopted child only.

2. Robert Simpson - married into Garcia family of Borden Colorado
Lee Simpson - deceased
William Simpson - Sopris, Colorado
Joe Simpson - Second Street, Trinidad, Colorado
~~Mrs. Alice Trujillo - Claypool, Arizona~~
First wife- Ida Booth, deceased
Children: Frank Simpson
Margaret "
Second wife- Mary Jane Percheco
Joe Born October 3rd, 1880

Mrs. Alice Trujillo- Claypool, Arizona
Mrs. Stella Romero - East third st, Trinidad.

3. Pete Simpson-
Maude Simpson Los Angeles
Jenny "
Irene "

4. Mercedes Simpson -
John Simpson - La Junta, Colorado
Horace " Alabama
George " "
Ed. " deceased
Rafelita " Little Rock, Arkansas
Mrs. Anne Simpson Chacon, Albuquerque, N.M.
Lucy Santa Fe, N.M.
Mrs. Lorine Rosenthal- Los Angeles, Calif.

5. Mrs. Lucy Cavalier -, Los Angeles
Juanita
Norris
one other girl

6. Mrs. Lucy Palley- Los Angeles
John
Bob
Juanita
Gladys

7. Mrs. Rafelita Gordon - Spokane , Washington
Ralph
Earnest

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INTERVIEW WITH DR. FECUNDA BACA- WALSENBERG, COLO.
Taken by A.K. Richeson - Trinidad, Colo.

Mar 27-1934

Dr. Fecunda Baca is the last survivor among the children of Felipe Baca (the old Spanish spelling is Vaca) who was one of the first permanent settlers of southern Colorado and more particularly Las Animas County. Dr. Baca has for the past thirty-six years made his home in Walsenburg, Colorado where he now has an extensive medical practice.

The father of Felipe Baca was Jose Baca and his mother was Rosita Vigil Baca. From this union four ^{other} children were born:

Trinidad Baca
Ramona Baca Tafoya - grandmother of Frank Tafoya of Walsenburg.
Saledad Baca
Jose Manuel Baca

Felipe Baca originally came to southern Colorado from near Mora, New Mexico. He was reared as an orphan. He worked at the age of six for an uncle of his for the sum of one dollar per month. It was his duty to drive goats from the region near Mora New Mexico to Chihuahua, Mexico. On these trips he often would have for his nourishment a ball of mush a day.

He was a friendly lad and made friends with the Indians on the way, especially with the tribe of Tahumari Indians. He was very friendly with an old Indian woman of this tribe who in return for his gathering up mesquite bushes for fuel would make him tortillas which he thought were a delicacy when compared to his ball of mush. She was very kind to this poor lad and afterwards when he was prosperous she tried to locate her so that he might give her a home during her latter years. He was never successful in his quest for her.

On his last trip to Mexico she gave him two things: an image of the Mexican Saint Guadalupe and a young heifer calf. On this

Dr. Fecunda Baca

trip they were bringing a heard of Mexican long horn cattle back to New Mexico and one night the cattle wandered off. Young Felipe laid his statue under a stone and made the declaration to his saint that he would leave him there if he did not recover the cattle and if he did he would adopt him as his patron saint forever. He found the cattle and his pet heifer calf near El Paso, Texas.

This calf was the start of his vast herds. His wife, Rosita Vigil Baca, brought a few cattle with her when he was married. Nevertheless they knew what real poverty was and at one time they had only one blanket which they slept on and the corner was used for cover.

He came to the vicinity of Trinidad in a spring during the sixties and planted some wheat and corn. When he returned in the fall he had such a good crop that he decided to move his family to this fertile valley of the Purgatoire. His farm at one time extended from Church Street on the south to Topeka Ave on the North, and from the Santa Fe Depot on the west to Linden Avenue on the east. The Baca irrigating ditch started here and was used to water lands to the east.

He built a grainery where the convent now is and in 1869 he donated this land to the Catholic Church upon the condition that they bring Sisters here to conduct a school. It might be stated here that he had a hunger for education. He had learned to read and write from the teaching of a man whom he had working for him. All his life he was keenly interested in what was going ^{on} / around him both locally and nationally. Shortly after this he split with the Catholic Church and had his girls educated at the school operated by the Episcopalians in Denver and called Wolf's Hall.

Dr. Fecunda Baca

It was the policy of Felipe Baca to keep on friendly terms with the Indian. He made compacts with the Utes and with their enemies, the Arapahoes. Mrs. Felipe Baca tells of a visit of the Ute chief Colorow who noticed a red silk handkerchief and he could not keep his eyes off of it. She was alert and noticed this so she took it and tied it about his neck. There was one very happy Indian that evening and he always treated them and their flocks with utmost consideration.

One time Mrs. Felipe Baca went to visit her folks at Plaza Valdez on the Rio Hondo near Taos, New Mexico. While here she became sick and word was sent to Mr. Baca who started to her. He was riding an unworked horse which soon played out on him. He was left stranded on foot. He noticed a smoke rising some distance away. He tied a white rag to a stick and advanced to the campfire with both of his hands in the air. Two Indians came to meet him and conducted him to their chief whom he had befriended in the past. This chief treated him like a king and gave him an escort and a fresh horse with which he was able to hurry to the bedside of his wife, Dolores Gonzales Baca. She recovered and lived to reach the age of eighty years.

Felipe Baca died at the age of forty-six years in 1874. At that time he was the richest man in Las Animas county. He had aided greatly in development of this section of the country. He was instrumental in the formation of Huerfano county which at the time of its origination embraced all of Las Animas and Baca county, which was afterwards named for him at the suggestion of Senator Baretz, and a large part of what is now Pueblo county.

Dr. Fecunda Baca

The children of Felipe Baca and Dolores Gonzales Baca were:

- Dorisia who married Lorenzo Abeyta
- Apolonia who married Albert W. Archibald
- Lucy Baca who was a nun
- Catarina Baca who married A.A. Salas
- Rose who married Jose Trujillo

- Juan Pedro Baca - killed 1880
- Felix Baca - a lawyer - deceased 1930
- Luis Baca - civil engineer - deceased 1932
- Dr. Fecunda Baca.

Dr. Baca wished to state that he was only three years of age when his father died and that the incidents recorded here were told to him by his mother when he was a young lad.

Dated: March 27th, 1934.

- Isabelle Baca
- Isabelle Baca
- Isabelle Baca
- Isabelle Baca
- Isabelle Baca
- Isabelle Baca
- Isabelle Baca

Mr. Baca was county clerk of Huerfano county from 1881 to 1883. He relates the following interesting facts. The county was organized in 1881 and embraced all of Las Animas County, Baca county and a portion of Pueblo county. There were four large divisions of this county: Santa Fe, county seat after 1883, Fort Grant, El Moro, and High Hills. The first county seat was the house of J. B. Doyle who was one of the first county commissioners who held their organization on October 12th, 1881. The other members of the county commission were N. B. Walton and Charles Johnson.

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INTERVIEW WITH FRANK TAFOYA - WALSENBURG, COLO.
Taken by A.K. Richeson, Trinidad, Colorado

Mr. Tafoya was born in Las Animas county on October 6th, 1880. His parents came from near Mora, New Mexico. His mother was Aragon Rallios Tafoya and his father was J.R. Tafoya. There was a large family and those yet living are listed below:

- Max Tafoya - El Paso, Texas
- Frank Tafoya - Walsenburg, Colorado
- Rose Anna Tafoya Abeyta - Detroit, Michigan
- Charlie Tafoya - Battle Ax, Michigan
- Rafelita Tafoya Curran - Center, Colorado
- Ralph Tafoya - Detroit, Michigan
- Leo Tafoya - " " "
- Trinidad Tafoya - " " "
- Rudolph " " "

Mr. Tafoya married Margaret Chacon a first cousin of Eusebio Chacon now residing in Trinidad, Colorado. From this union there were the following children:

- Napoleon Tafoya
- Isabelle Tafoya Kajakalecik- Louisville, Colorado
- Hyman Tafoya
- Hope Tafoya Ramsey
- Tony Tafoya
- Olivar Tafoya
- Sylvia Tafoya.

Mr. Tafoya was county clerk of Huerfano county from 1921 to 1931. He relates the following interesting facts. The county was organized in 1862 and embraced all of Las Animas County, Baca county and part of Pueblo county. There were four large divisions of this county: Badito, county seat after 1863, Fort Bent, El Moro, and Nine Miles.

The first county seat was the house of J.B. Doyles who was chairman of the first county commissioners who held their organization meeting on December 19th, 1861. The other members of the county commissioners were N.W. Welton and Charles Autobeas.

Frank Tafoya

The taxable property of this new county was listed at \$88, 849.50/ The territorial tax was 2 mills, the county tax 5 mills and the school tax 1 mill.

Mr. Tafoya states that the records further show that all stores and business other than those pertaining to farming and stock raising were charged a licence for doing business in the county. He claims that the bonds for the various county officials were made by Felipe Baca who put up \$40,000 for this purpose.

Dated: March 27th, 1934

Pam. $\frac{359}{36}$

Richeson, A. K.
Interviewer

Reference:
White, James

BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES WHITE.

I was born in Rome, New York, November 19th, 1837, but was reared in Kenosha, Wisconsin. At the age of twenty-three, I left for Denver, Colorado, later drifting to California, and there enlisted in the army at Camp Union, Sacramento, in Co. "H", California Infantry, Gen. Carleton (some doubt as to the correct spelling of this name) being General of the regiment, the company being under Capt. Stratton. I served in the army three and one-half years, being honorably discharged at Franklin, Texas, on May 31st, 1865. From there I went to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and then to Denver. In the fall of that year I went from Denver to Atchison, Kansas, with Capt. Turnley (some doubt as to the correct spelling of this name), and his family, and from Atchison I went to Ft. Dodge, Kansas, where I drove stage for Barlow & Sanderson and there I got acquainted with Capt. Baker, also Geo. Stroll and Goodfellow. This was in the spring of '67, and the circumstances under which I met them are as follows: Capt. Baker was a trapper at the time I met him there and the Indians had stolen his horses and he asked me to ^{go} with him to get his horses and I went with him, Geo. Stroll and Goodfellow. We could not get his horses so we took fourteen head of horses from the Indians. The Indians followed us all night and all day and we crossed the river at a place called Cimarron in Kansas and we traveled across the prairie to Colorado City, Colorado.

Before going further with my story, I would like to relate here what I know of Capt. Baker's history. He had been in the San Juan country in 1860 and was driven out by the Indians. He showed me lumber that he had sawed by hand to make sluice boxes. I was only with him about three months and he spoke but very little of his personal affairs. When we were together in Colorado City he met several of his former friends that he had been prospecting with in the early sixties. I cannot remember their names. The only thing I know is that he mentioned coming from St. Louis but never spoke of himself being a soldier and I thought "Captain" was just a nickname for him. He was a man that spoke little of his past or personal affairs, but I remember of him keeping a memorandum book of his travels from the time we left Colorado City.

After reaching Colorado City, Colorado, Baker proposed a prospecting trip to the San Juan. There we got our outfit and that spring the four of us started on the trip and went over to the Rio Grande. At the Rio Grande, Goodfellow was shot in the foot and we left him at a farm house and the three of us proceeded on our trip. From the Rio Grande we went over to the head of it down on the Animas, up the Eureka Gulch. There we prospected one month. We dug a ditch 150 feet long and 15 feet deep. We did not find anything so we went down the Animas about five miles, crossed over into the Mankus. At the head of the Mankus we saw a large lookout house about one hundred feet high, which was built out of cobblestones. Further down the canyon we saw houses built of cobblestones and also noticed small houses about two feet square, that were built up about fifty feet on the side of the canyon and seemed to be houses of some kind of bird that was worshipped. We followed

the Mankus down until we struck the San Juan. Then we followed the San Juan down as far as we could and then swam our horses across and started over to the Grande River but before we got to Grande River we struck a canyon so we went down that canyon and camped there three days. We could not get out of the canyon on the opposite side so we had to go out of the canyon the same way we went down. There we were attacked by Indians and Baker was killed. We did not know there were any Indians around until Baker was shot. Baker falling to the ground said, "I am killed." The Indians were hiding behind the rocks overlooking the canyon. Baker expired shortly after the fatal shot and much to our grief we had to leave his remains as the Indians were close upon us and Geo. Stroll and I had to make our escape as soon as possible, going back down in the canyon. We left our horses in the brush and we took our overcoats, lariats, guns, ammunition and one quart of flour, and I also had a knife scabbard made out of raw hide, and a knife, and we started afoot down the canyon.

We traveled all day until about five o'clock when we struck the head of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. There we picked up some logs and built us a raft. We had two hundred feet of rope and when we first built the raft, it was about six feet wide and eight feet long, just big enough to hold us up. The logs were securely tied together with the ropes. We got on our raft at night working it with a pole. We traveled all night and the next day at ten o'clock we passed the mouth of the San Juan River. We had smooth floating for three days. The third day about five o'clock we went over a rapid and George was washed off but I caught hold of him and got him on the raft again.

From the time we started the walls of the canyon were from two to three thousand feet high, as far as I could estimate at the time, and some days we could not see the sun for more than an hour or two. Each day we would mix a little of the flour in a cup and drink it. The third day the flour got wet so we scraped it off of the sack and ate it. That was the last of the flour and all we had to eat.

On the fourth day we rebuilt our raft, finding cedar logs along the bank from twelve to fourteen feet long and about eight or ten inches through. We made it larger than the first one. The second raft was about eight feet wide and twelve feet long. We started down the river again, and about eight o'clock in the morning, (as to our time we were going by the sun), we got into a whirlpool and George was washed off. I hollered to him to swim ashore but he went down and I never saw him again. After George was drowned I removed my trousers tying them to the raft so I would be able to swim in case of being washed off. I then tied a long rope to my waist which was fastened to the raft and I kept the rope around my waist until the twelfth day. About noon I passed the mouth of the Little Colorado River where the water came into the canyon as red as could be and just below that I struck a large whirlpool and I was in the whirlpool about two hours or more before I got out. I floated on all that day going over several rapids and when night came I tied my raft to the rocks and climbed upon the rocks of the walls of the canyon to rest. I had nothing to eat on the fourth day.

On the fifth day I started down the river again, going over four and five rapids and when night came I rested on the walls again and still nothing to eat.

On the sixth day I started down the river again and I came to a little island in the middle of the river. There was a bush of mosquito beans on this island and I got a handful of these beans and ate them. When night came I rested on the walls again.

The seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth days were uneventful, but still going continuously over the rapids. And still nothing to eat so I cut my knife scabbard into small pieces and swallowed them. During the entire trip I saw no fish or game of any kind.

On the eleventh day I went over the big rapid. I saw it before I came to it and I laid down on my stomach and hung to the ropes and let the raft go over the rapid and after getting about two hundred yards below the rapid I stopped and looked at a stream of water about as large as my body that was running through the solid rocks of the canyon, about seventy-five feet above my head and the clinging moss to the rocks made a beautiful sight. The beauty of it cannot be described.

On the twelfth day my raft got on some rocks and I could not get it off so I waded onto a small island in the middle of the river. On this island there was an immense tree that had been lodged there and the sun was so hot I could not work so I dug the earth out from under this tree and laid under it until the sun disappeared behind the cliffs. This was about noon. After resting there I got up and found five sticks about as big as my leg and took them down to the edge of the island below my raft. I then untied the rope from my raft and took the loose rope I had around my waist and tied these sticks together. I slept on this island all night.

On the thirteenth day I started out again on my newly made raft (leaving the old raft on the rocks), thinking it was daylight, but it was moonlight and I continued down the river until daylight. While floating in the moonlight I saw a pole sticking up between two large rocks, which I afterward learned the Government had placed there some years before as the end of its journey. When daylight came I heard some one talking and I hollered "hello" and they hollered "hello" back. I discovered then that they were Indians. Some of them came out to my raft and pulled me ashore. There were a lot on the bank and I asked them if they were friendly and they said they were and then I asked them to give me something to eat and they gave me a small piece of mosquito bread. While I was talking to some of the Indians the others stole my half ax and one of my revolvers which were roped to the raft. They also tore my coat trying to take it from me. After eating the bread I got on my raft and I floated until about three o'clock in the afternoon when I came upon another band of Indians and I went ashore and went into their camp. They did not have anything for me to eat so I traded my other revolver and vest for a dog. They skinned the dog and gave me the two hind quarters and I ate one for supper, roasting it on the coals. The Indians being afraid of me drove me out of their camp and I rested on the bank of the river that night, and the next morning, the fourteenth day, after I got on my raft I started to eat the other quarter but I dropped it in the water. I floated that day until three o'clock and landed at Callville and a man came out and pulled me ashore.

Jim Ferry or Perry (not sure as to the first letter of this name) was a mail agent at that place. He was also a correspondent for some newspaper in San Francisco. He took me in and fed me. When I landed all the clothing I had on my body was a coat and a shirt and my flesh was all lacerated on my legs from my terrible experience and of getting on and off of my raft and climbing on the rocks. My beard and hair were long, and faded from the sun. I was so pale, that even the Indians were afraid of me. I was nothing but skin and bones and was so weak I could hardly walk. Jim Ferry or Perry cared for me three days and the soldiers around there gave me clothing enough to cover my body. I was at Callville about four weeks and a boat was there getting a load of salt and I got on that boat and went to Ft. Mojave. There I met General Palmer and told him my story.

From Ft. Mojave I went to Callville again and worked for Jim Ferry or Perry carrying the mail for three months between Callville and Ft. Mojave. Then he sold out to Jim Hinton and I carried mail for him a month. He sold out and we each bought a horse and pack animal and we started from Callville going to Salt Lake in the spring of '68. From Salt Lake City we went to Bear River. There we took a contract of getting out ties. Then I hired out as wagon boss. Then I quit and run a saloon. I sold out and then went to Omaha, Nebraska. From there I went to Chicago and then to Kenosha, Wisconsin, to visit my old home. That was in 1869. From Kenosha I went to Chicago and from there to Leavenworth, Kansas, and later to Kansas City, Kansas. From there I went to Junction City, Kansas, and then to Goose Creek. I drove stage in and out of Goose Creek for Barlow & Sanderson for whom I had worked in Ft. Dodge.

I was transferred from Goose Creek to Ft. Lyon or Five Mile Point. From there I went to Bent Canon, Colorado, and kept home station. From there I went to Las Animas, Colorado, and minor places, later drifting to Trinidad, where I have lived since 1878.

These are the plain facts. There are many minor points that could be mentioned, but did not think it would be necessary to mention here. I have never been through that country since my experience but have had a great desire to go over the same country again but have never been financially able to take the trip.

(Signed) James White.
By E.W.

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CHRONICLE-NEWS, TRINIDAD, COLO.

Old Wagon Trails

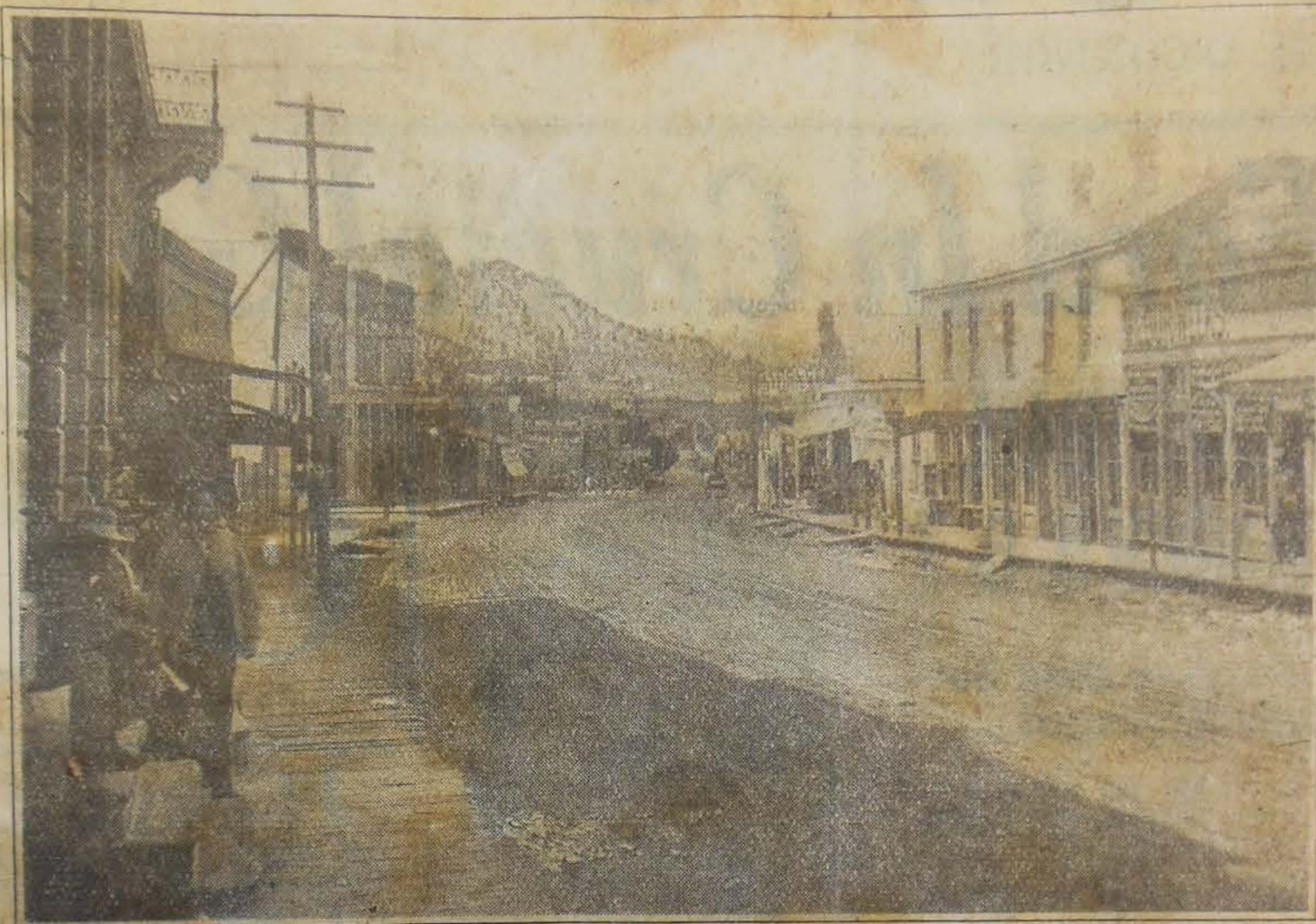
FREIGHTERS BLAZED WAY OVER PRAIRIES AND MOUNT

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1931

To Santa Fe

AINS—SOME FLASHES AT EARLY TIMES

HOW COMMERCIAL STREET LOOKED IN THE EARLY DAYS



Commercial street carried the appearance of the frontier period half a century ago when freighters were coming in over the old trails and the covered wagon settlers were arriving. There were wooden sidewalks, frame structures, and there were rough looking men who lingered and got in the camera eye when this picture was taken.

WAGON TRAIN OF FREIGHTERS HALT ON TRAIL



This is offered as a picture of a wagon caravan of pioneer days. Owing to the dangers of the overland trek, when the caravans halted for rest, the wagons formed a hollow square, leaving openings into which the animals might be driven when alarm developed. These particular wagons are drawn by mules. The period of the picture is not stated.

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Today when we enjoy the comfortable method of transportation provided by the motorized age — when we scoot back and forth over paved streets and highways in automobiles which have eliminated distance and made rural sections, once remote, literal suburbs of the city, we require the imaginative eye to visualize the Trinidad of yesteryears, the Trinidad of ox teams and covered wagons; the Trinidad of the freighters and of the settlers and the cowmen. The old Santa Fe trail became a link between the past and the present.

A century ago, and that's going back far enough, all this vast west of today from the Missouri river to those great areas washed by the Pacific ocean, was practically without name and different areas were distinguished principally from Indian tribes, from mountains or some outstanding natural feature. Mountains and plains, ranges and deserts, high elevations and barren desert were mixed and jumbled together without clear entity. The settlement of the great west had not really begun a century ago.

This great area of the country that now comprises Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and adjoining territory was referred to as the "Great American Desert," and it was that, and considered of little if any value. One Major Long about 1820 is reported to have alluded to this area as "fit only for buffalo and uninhabitable by civilized man." In his time there was no settlement between New Mexico and the mouth of the Columbia river in Oregon.

This country was the roaming and hunting grounds of various Indian tribes, given over to the buffalo, antelope, elk, wild horses, beavers, deer, bear, wolves and other of the wild creatures of hide, fur and feather, too numerous to mention. There came the epoch of the era of the trappers and the fur traders which preceded by some years the era of

the freighters and the settlers moving by their crude and primitive conveyance from the midwest river area into the desolation of the southwest. Then it was the old city of Santa Fe came into its own, and the feet of mules and oxen and horses and the wheels of wagon trains disturbed the dust of the picturesque old Santa Fe trail.

Trinidad may measure its span of life from the beginning of the 60's for it will be recalled that A. W. Archibald in his manuscript that was given for publication in an Early History of Colorado some years ago, remarked that when he first camped in what is now Trinidad in 1860 there were no others here—no permanent residents until after that designated time.

One historian of the early southwest comments that 1826 marked the passing of pack animals on the trails, and ushered in the period of wheeled vehicles, although for a long time pack animals continued to be part of wagon caravans. This was the west that Kit Carson first beheld.

The trail to Santa Fe was not one specific and recognized trail but many trails. Early historians thus described it. One has written "The country was flat and bare, and travelers kept a general direction from water to water, from camping spot to camping spot. Like any other long trail, the Santa Fe was merely a succession of convenient or necessary stages. Vehicles traversing it usually took a position of four abreast, but sometimes they stretched out in a single file for a mile or more. However the columns of four or two abreast were imperative in this country being traversed, for it was hostile Indian country, and in compactness was a condition of defense."

A mere glimpse back at the trails of the first few decades of the nineteenth century.

It is set down in many places that a journey from Franklin, which seems to have been a starting point, requir-

ed from fifty to sixty days, with loaded wagons. The distance was set down as 780 miles. It required a longer time for the journey when Kit Carson made his first expedition in 1826.

Kit's first journey to Santa Fe is perhaps best described by Edwin L. Sabin in his authentic work, "Kit Carson Days." Sabin wrote "From Franklin the Kit Carson caravan would strike away from the muddy river, and leaving Missouri thru the green prairie of the then friendly Osage Indians, now aiming for the Arkansas river would cross into the Kansas of today." Wagons were drawn by eight mules and in the wake of the "cavvy" Carson is pictured as riding his mule.

These records of the period speak of the Pawnees, the Kiowas and the Comanches—Indian tribes. Raids were frequent. At night the wagons would be drawn up or parked into a hollow square, the front wheels of one wagon touching or interlapping the rear wheels of another. An opening was left thru which the animals might be driven for safety in case of attack or sudden alarm.

There were more than Indians to menace the long and arduous journeying. There were the delays from accidents or breakdowns of vehicles making up the train. There were the elements to contend with, rain, hail or fierce sand storms. There was the danger of stampede. Anything might or did happen in those days, just as things happen now with modern conveyances.

There were streams to be crossed. There were times when wagon trains were mirrored. There were quicksands lurking. There were all the hardships of the times and weather. Spring freshets might catch them in season in their crossing of creeks or rivers. Always there was the haunting possibility of disaster to them from storm or Indians.

It appears that the early caravans enroute to Santa Fe were assured of their direction when they finally reached the Rabbit Ear mounds, about where now the Oklahoma panhandle joins New Mexico. They then might head for Taos to be reached by a branch trail. Some went that way.

Sabin says in his book "the oldest trail the 'mountain division' of the Santa Fe Trail did not cross the Arkansas until having followed its north bank clear to the Rockies; thence it turned to the south and headed for Santa Fe city. But it is likely that a fall caravan of 1826 would have sought what it considered the shortest route, and would have cut across the desert of the Cimarron to avoid the mountain snows, the sooner to reach its destination, and to be enabled to start back before mid-winter."

All accounts of the early day caravans enroute to Santa Fe relate that as the caravans

neared the city "runners" were set out in advance to announce the coming of the caravan and to stir up the market. The arrival of each caravan was a much heralded event at old Santa Fe. There were celebrations, at times. Goods packed over the long trail were disposed of. There was much hilarity and usually considerable heavy drinking.

The settlement period was at its height later, people seeking new homes in the new country came by covered wagons over these same routes. They paused in the valleys or among the hills beside the streams and threw up cabins. Towns began to form. The period of Trinidad settlement and first development was from the early sixties into the middle 90's. Things were settled then. The town spread out from the cluster of small adobes on both sides of the Purgatoire river. Business set up

and flourished on dirt streets and with none of the modern conveniences. The first merchants packed their first stocks of goods overland by ox team. Later on the D. & R. G. railroad came in as far as El Moro. In 1879 the Santa Fe laid its ribbon of steel into Trinidad and on west. Trinidad started to boom. In succeeding years and into the 90's real estate was lively. The cattle business flourished in the 80's.

* * *

Famous on the old Santa Fe Trail from the mid sixties until the early 80's was the tollgate of "Uncle Dick" Wootton. He was Richens L. Wootton, a colorful character of the covered wagon days. He collected his toll from each wagon, team or outfit that passed over the mountain trail. The site of the Wootton place is still to be seen at the old Wootton ranch near the Trinidad-Raton highway. In commemoration of this pioneer location the local D. A. R. on July 6, 1928, dedicated a bronze plate fastened to a volcanic rock on the highway. A crowd gathered at the old Wootton place that summer day. Judge A. W. McHendrie and J. M. Madrid delivered addresses. Grandchildren of "Uncle Dick" unveiled the marker.

According to records preserved Wootton was granted authority to own and operate his toll gate when on February 10, 1865, the governor of the then territory of Colorado approved an Act entitled "The Trinidad, Raton Mountain Road" Richens L. Wootton was given the power and authority to build the road and to collect such tolls as might be fixed by the county commissioners of Huerfano county, for Las Animas county did not then exist in name and entity. The road was to lead up the Purgatoire to the southern line of Colorado, thru and over

by Wootton and of his partner George C. McBride have been preserved and show itemized collections, taken in toll, from passing caravans or single outfits. Wootton some years before his death compiled a book which covers the period of his pioneering and of his tollgate experiences.

Raton pass or mountain by "or as near as possible to the old route known as the Santa Fe and Bent's old Fort Road." Some of the book records kept

The best period of Trinidad's development, according to the composite conclusion of many early settlers whose biographies have appeared on this page over the past two years, was in the 80's. The coal mining industry became well established then and up thru the 90's and into the first decade of the 1900's. Mine after mine was opened and thousands of coal miners found steady employment. Trinidad flourished as a trade center. The city was building up and improving.

Agriculture developed to some extent also. There was the city settlement in the Stone-well valley and in the Sun-flower valley. The dry land section of the east end was not known. That area was an open space with only scattered habitations. The Model tract was not in existence. Model's development begun first along about 1908.

The early day cattlemen in their heyday of prosperity and after, were among the leading citizens of the community. Some of them accumulated property interests, others did not. Trinidad was a wide open, harum-scarum town with a most half a hundred saloons and an equal number of gambling places. Any kind of a game of chance might be found and there was no secrecy about them. Frontier law was invoked at times up into the middle 80's and men were hung from trees. There is

record of a few such lynchings.

The law produced such noted pioneer figures as Bat Masterson, he who had a record at Dodge City, Kans., in its worst days; Luis Kreeger, the relentless nemesis of outlaws and crooks. There were so-called "bad men" who used their guns recklessly. There were killings never explained and for which no one was ever brought to justice. There was George Titsworth who has crowded into his life enough experiences as a peace officer to fill a volume. Of these three mentioned Titsworth alone survives. He lives peacefully at Valdez.

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One may find a lesson in contrasts of Trinidad by looking at this street scene of 50 or more years ago and one of today. Commercial street was a dirt trail then and buildings were low-roofed and primitive. Rough looking men loafed and loitered about then. Today a picture would reveal a traffic cop on the corner and a stream of nobby motor cars passing up and down the streets. One would glimpse, flaring electric or neon gas signs, elegant store fronts and classy window displays. One would note all the saloons and gambling joints are gone and in their places perhaps self-serving grocery stores or up-to-date haberdasheries. One would be glimpsing the Trinidad of today.

INTERVIEW WITH AGIPITO DURAN, 408 University, Trinidad.
Taken by A. K. Richeson, Trinidad, Colorado.

Doc 11-1933

I, Agipito Duran, born Feb. 17, 1854 at Abiqui Rio Arriva County New Mexico, had as parents P. Andre Duran and M. Dolores Saliszar. My parents were also born at the same place. The Duran family is descended from Diego Duran who came from Spain to Santa Fe, New Mexico.

I with my parents came to this county in the fall of 1861. We travelled in two ox carts to what is now Jansen, Colorado. At that time Pedro Duran, his father's first cousin, had a peaked log house and adobe one where Sipes Undertaking Parlors are now on Commercial Street.

As a boy I herded goats for my father on the Jansen place. Our meals were made up of cornmeal mush, beans, onions, corn, goat meat, and all kinds of wild game.

I had three months schooling with the Sisters and Vincent Montano, a priest later dispossessed of his church when the Colorado territory was formed. This was sometime between '64 and '70. The Sisters were Juhilin, Blandini, and Fedhila. (The spelling of their names is probably inaccurate.)

As a young man I tended cattle and sheep near Stonewall and west of Weston. When cattle were taken to market they were driven in large numbers to either Denver or to Dodge City, Kansas where the railroad ended at that period. I farmed in this county until 1900 when I moved to Troy, Colo. where I was in the sheep business until 1927, when I moved back to Trinidad.

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During the Indian uprising of 1866 I was herding cattle for Felipe Baca in a canon near by to the Guitierrez place. Juan Cristobal Tafoya was sheriff at this time. Wm. Bransford was justice of peace. Mrs. Bransford was formerly the widow of St. Vrain and her daughter by this marriage became Mrs. E. B. Sopris.

Baca Killing in 1880. The uncle of Juan Pedro Baca was Sabino Gonzales, father of Mrs J.M. Madrid yet living in Trinidad. One shepherd (?) had gone with young Baca and his Uncle to retrieve their sheep. He was some 200 yards away when he saw Juan Baca and the rancher arguing over the identity of a certain sheep. The rancher pulled out his gun and shot Baca and then Sabino Gonzales who was outside the corral. The ranchers pursued him because evidently they desired no witnesses to the affair. He escaped however.

In 1865 the Dick Wooten Toll Gate was opened and the first stage coaches made their appearances in Trinidad.

My grandfather. Thomas Saliszar, acted as interpreter with the Ute Indians. He was known as Black Dome (Tomas Negro) because his hair was very black. In this capacity he worked for Lucien B. Maxwell. He also worked for U. S. Soldiers, but I do not know under whom he served.

December 11, 1933. I certify that the above account of my conversation with Mr. Richeson is correct.

Agapito Duran

Agipito Duran
408 University St.
Trinidad, Colorado.

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. INTERVIEW WITH JAKE W. LIKE - TOBE, COLORADO.
Taken by A. K. Richeson, Trinidad, Colorado.

I, Jake W. Like, was born in Era County, Texas on June 28, 1857. My parents, Isom Like and Sue Lavender, originally came from Stoddard County Missouri.

We, in the fall of 1869, came up the Chisum Trail from Texas with other settlers who located in a region which might be designated by drawing a line on a map from La Junta to the Mesa De Maya. The second movement of settlers into this region were the dry farmers in 1916, and they ruined the stock business. It might be said here that the new highway thru this region to Kim and constructed under the supervision of the Public Works Administration will shorten the trip to Trinidad by some thirty miles.

In the Fall of 1869, when we came up, in our immediate party were John Chisum, Henry and Jess Lavender, and Charlie Goodnite. This group of men had about 5000 cattle which they drove up. Also with the wagon train, which consisted of forty wagons, were Jim and Pete Jones, Joe Dodson, Bill Follos, and Don, Bill and Tom Rose. These men also had cattle. It was very necessary for protection from the Comanche Indians to have such a large train.

Cattle at this time were worth in Texas one dollar a head. This was at the close of the Civil War and it was necessary to find an outlet for these long horn cattle and that was the reason for this migration.

In 1869 we first came to La Junta. Father was not satisfied there and we went to Pueblo for five years where he proved up 160 acres of land and then traded this land for horses. In '74 our family moved back to the vicinity of La Junta and father proved up another 160 acres of land which he again traded to Kit Cooper for horses. In '77 we moved out near Tobe, and the Carrizo creek. I proved up a section of land on the Carrizo Creek. My wife proved up 40 acre on the Mesa De Maya.

1916 saw the ends of the J.J. Land Co. owned by Jim and Pete Jones. Mr. Anaya and Jose Sapadea (Joe Bush) who worked for this ranch proved up land. But there was a lot of land in this region filed in the name of Mexicans who were never heard of, as was the fashion in those times, This was claimed by the J.J. Land Co.

In 1916 I bought 160 Acres from the J.J. Land Co. for ~~100~~\$1,000. My. Anaya of whom I have spoken, helped put in a telephone ling from the Bell Ranch at Texline to the Higbee Ranch on the Picketwire. (date?)

December 13, 1933. I certify that the above account of my conversation with Mr. Richeson is correct.

Jake W. Like

Mr. Jake W. Like
Tobe, Colorado.

Supplement: Later Charlie Goodnite had a large ranch in the Panhandle of Texas 25 miles west of Sweetwater at the Round Timbers. Here he crosses the Texas Longhorn cattle with buffalos and produced catallo.

My grandfather was german and my grandmother was a Cherokee Indian. This was on my fathers side. On my mothers side they were Americans.

Correction: Chisum should be spelled Chisholm .