

FORWARD

It took considerable persuasion and coaxing on the part of the children, especially daughter Myrtie, to get Father Clarke to record in writing some of the experiences of his youth. Due to the fact that he had very little formal education, if any, it was a long process for him to put it down in writing. The following story is a reconstruction of his manuscript for the benefit of the printer, but it is factually correct.

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Dedicated to the memory of Lylah Clarke Odden, who was killed in an automobile accident, together with her husband, Norman R. Odden, on August 16, 1967, while enroute to visit their son, Clarke and wife, Penny, living at Ogden, Utah. Lylah was instrumental in promoting the reconstruction and printing of this narrative, with the idea in mind of putting a copy in the hands of all the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Isaac Clarke.

Lylah was a talented musician, both vocal and instrumental. Her husband's occupation, Master Mechanic for a construction company, took them to Alaska, both Eastern and Western Canada, and many points in the States for temporary residences. In every locality Lylah's talents were in great demand, both as a soloist and as an instructor, and she gave of them generously. She had hundreds of friends across the country who mourn her loss.

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I, Isaac Clarke, was born in the town of Eriswell, Suffolk Shire, England, November 15, in the year of our Lord, 1839.

My father was at that time in England, called a shepherd. He was in charge of a flock of sheep. I presume the sheep belonged to the landlord, and father probably received a share of the increase for his services, as that was the custom during that period.

However, be as it may, that is immaterial. There is one thing that I do recall quite vividly, and that is that as soon as I became old enough to work, which was about nine years old, it was my job to tend the sheep.

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I had to get up at half past three o'clock in the morning in the summer time, and carry my breakfast and dinner with me. In the winter it was five o'clock a. m. I was not allowed to leave the sheep until the sun went down at night.

At the age of fourteen father hired me out to another shepherd for one year for the sum of three pounds and ten shillings, which would be about Sixteen Dollars and Ninety-five cents in American money. The next year father received four pounds and ten shillings for my services, and the following year a little bit more.

3

During that time, due to the lack of anything constructive to do, or even to keep me interested, I had acquired a very bad habit. A habit that was sure to land the perpetrator in jail if continued for any length of time. In England, the game was all owned by the wealthy land owners and a poor man had no business meddling with it.

In taking care of the sheep, I had plenty of chances to kill rabbits and of course there were always places in town to dispose of them. That was the way I got my spending money during the last two years I was there. My last year I was on my own, and I did not draw any of my wages until the year was up and then I got it all in one lump sum.

4

At last I was caught in the act and only by promising to stop that sort of thing, did they let me off. But I was

told that if caught poaching again I would surely land in jail. Well, being a boy, I saw but one thing for me to do, and that was to leave the country. To stop killing rabbits and continue to live there, to me, was impossible.

My brother, James, had left England five years previously, and had emigrated to America, so I decided to do likewise. On the 12th day of August, 1857, I bid goodby to all my friends and relatives, and to my native land, and boarded the "City of Washington," destination New York City. There were a few days of sea sickness, and life in steerage was not any too comfortable, but I was not accustomed to many of the comforts of life, so got along fairly well. We landed in New York on the 24th day of August and I stayed there for three days, recuperating.

5 I then took a boat to Albany, and then by rail to Buffalo, New York. From there I took another boat to Kenosha, Wisconsin. There I found my brother, James. I stayed there with him until October, when we both started south to look for work for the winter.

6 We took the boat at St. Louis and went down the river to the State of Mississippi, where we got work chopping cord wood for the steamboats. We were paid one dollar per day and board, which consisted mostly of side pork and grits. We stayed there until the last of March, when we returned to Kenosha.

In the meantime my brother's wife's folks had traded their property near Kenosha for land in Iowa and wanted my brother to go along with them. He went with them to Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, and I went along to help drive out some of the cattle. Our final stopping place was Nora Springs, Iowa, as the property they had traded for was nearby.

7 At this point I will relate a little incident that happened to me while at Nora Springs. One day six of us tried to cross the river in a boat that was more suitable for two, and as soon as we struck the current over we went into the river. I was picked up on the dam more dead than alive. However, apparently my time had not come to go, and I was soon around as well as ever.

My brother's wife's folks had rented a house in Nora Springs, and planned to stay there until they could build a

house on their own land. Times were very hard and there was no work to do, and I soon realized that I would have to hunt for another locality to find work.

8 So I started off but I did not find anything to do until I got to Waverly, in Bremer County, where I arrived just as the harvest began, and with no money in my pockets to pay my way, I took the first job that was offered to me. This was a job on a farm at seven dollars per month. I worked there until fall and was then turned off without any pay. The man I had been working for was in debt, and he was closed out and lost all that he had, as well as I.

9 I was in no shape to start off looking for work with winter coming on very soon. A man by the name of Smith, who lived on an adjoining farm came to me and wanted to hire me to work for him through the winter. He said he would give me seven dollars per month and my board, and to me that sounded very good under the circumstances. So I took the job and went to work for him at once. I liked it very much at this place.

10 Then came the spring of 1859 and the great excitement of the gold strike at Pikes Peak, Colorado. Many men were going to try their luck in the gold fields and Mr. Smith made up his mind to go also. He wanted me to work his farm and as I had no team of my own, he offered to board me, furnish me with a team and machinery, and all the seed grain I would need, so that I would be at no expense whatsoever. I would receive one-third of all I could raise on the place.

11 So I rented the place and he went to Pikes Peak, or at least started for there, but he, like a good many others that started out in 1859 never got there. They got discouraged and after going almost through to Denver, Smith and his party turned back. They said they had seen the "elephend", that was what they all said when they turned back, and returned home.

12 Mr. Smith and his party took their time in coming home, and spent the entire summer in hunting and did not get back until late in the fall, and the farm work was all done for the season. We did not raise much grain in Iowa in those days,

and there was no railroad in the State to haul it out, what little we did raise. What wheat you raised you had to sell to the grist mill, where it was only worth about thirty cents a bushel. Oats you could not sell at any price. So you see I did not get very rich that summer, but I did enjoy myself very much, and so I hired out to Mr. Smith for the winter, and took two colts for my pay.

13 Mr. Smith was very good to me. I was not afraid of hard work and I imagine he appreciated that. At any rate we made a deal and I was to work the farm the next year.

You will note that up to this time, money and I were comparative strangers. As a matter of fact, we never did become real intimate acquaintances.

There was a fever in the air, the germs of it were everywhere. Wherever men gathered it spread from one to another like wildfire. Even those who had previously succumbed to it and recovered, (like Mr. Smith) were not able to counteract this fever, and soon it raged through the countryside. It was the Pikes Peak gold fever.

14 It was the spring of 1860 and I had started the spring work on the farm. Some of the neighbors got the fever and as they talked it up, I also caught it, and decided that I too, must try my hand at gold mining. Mr. Smith tried to talk me out of the idea. He advised me to give up such silly nonsense, that I would be much better off to stay where I was. But the more I thought about it, the more determined I was to go.

15 There was a man living only a mile from the Smith place who was going to Pikes Peak, so one day I went over to see him, and he offered to let me ride with him all the way out there and board me for fifty dollars. Before I left him that day we had made a bargain. He was to take the two colts I had received for my winters work and allow me thirty-five dollars for them and he agreed to wait on me for the other fifteen dollars until we reached Pikes Peak, and I was to earn it.

So I traded off all the grain I had left from my previous summers work, and purchased some clothing I thought would be suitable for the trip. Then I collected what I had and made ready. I had just five dollars in money to spend on the road. I thought I

16 could go through without spending any money, but that was where my troubles first began and I was extremely sorry for it.

Chapter 2.

The man with whom I was riding and with whom I had made the deal, had only one yoke of cattle and one cow, and it certainly looked like it would be a long, long trip, but I would not have cared about that, if everything else had gone alright. And everything did go alright until after we had crossed the Missouri River at Omaha.

17 As soon as we left Omaha he began to act differently towards me, but he still did not have anything very offensive to say, and we got along without any trouble until we struck the Platte River, about fifty miles west of Omaha.

The agreement was that he was to carry me through, all the way to Pikes Peak, and he was to wait on me for the fifteen dollars I still owed him until we got there and I was able to earn it. Nothing was said about any security for the debt.

18 I had purchased a new overcoat and a pair of heavy boots that I intended to wear in the mines, and I had a satchel full of other clothing that I would need. These things, plus the five dollars, made up my entire possessions. This man got the idea that he wanted my overcoat and boots, and he insisted that I should give them to him as security for the fifteen dollars I owed him. I told him I would not do it, as I needed them myself. That is where our trouble started, as he was determined to have them, and I was equally determined to keep them.

19 He told me that if I did not give him the coat and boots I could not ride with him for the rest of the trip. I told him I did not care, as I could walk as far as his oxen could go any day. This seemed to make him more angry, so after my walking until noon, he stopped and made camp for dinner. He then said if I would not give him those

20 things he would throw them out of the wagon. I told him, alright, to go ahead and throw them out if he wanted to. So after driving on for a while after dinner, he stopped his team and wanted to know if I was going to give up the coat and boots. I said no, so he threw them out of the wagon. I picked them up and followed him.

There was nothing more said until night, and I was helping to get our supper, then he told me that from that time on I was to milk the cow, and whenever the cattle got too far from camp I was to go out after them. I was afraid to object in any way, as he was carrying a large revolver strapped around him, and the thought occurred to me that he might use it on me.

21 I think that this is a good time to tell you why I do not care for mush and milk. That was all we had to eat from the time we left Omaha until we got to Denver City. It was corn meal mush and milk for one meal and milk and mush for the next, with cold mush for our dinner at noon. I can still taste it to this day.

Well things went along this way for two days, when apparently he could stand it no longer, so he stopped his team, got out of the wagon and came back to where I was, and after swearing and cursing and doing everything possible to scare me, he asked me if I was going to give up those things. I said no, so he turned and went back to the wagon, took out my valise and threw it on the ground, and then drove on.

22 I picked up the valise and tied that and the other things together and started along after him. This went on for a couple of days and I wondered what would be the next move. It did not come as I expected, for I fully expected that my mush and milk would be taken away from me, and in that case I would be obliged to give in, but it did not work out that way.

23 We were traveling along one day, when he suddenly stopped the team, got out of the wagon, and came back to where I was. I knew there was something up and feared for the worse. I did not have long to wait. He pulled out his revolver and swore he would shoot me if I did not give

him the coat and boots for the fifteen dollars that I owed him. Now this was the first time I had ever had a revolver shoved in my face and it was almost too much for me, but it stirred my temper so quickly that I would have died rather than give in to him then.

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So I just threw my things on the ground, straightened myself up, looked him squarely in the face, and told him to go ahead and shoot if he wanted to, but that I would never give them up as long as I lived. I think that my coolness was too much for him, for after calling me all the dirty names he could think of, he turned around and went back to the wagon, crawled in, and drove on.

25

Now it was my turn to get mad, and the more I thought about it, the more enraged I became, and if I could have found anyone with a gun that day I would have gladly given the coat and boots for it. But of course that was impossible at that time. However please take my advice, and don't ever tempt anyone to shoot you when he is so enraged, for sometimes he will and it has always been a mystery to me that he did not. Apparently, his nerve failed him, or he doubted his ability to get away with it.

26

But it was different with me, the more I thought about it, the more enraged I became, and the more determined I became to take the life of this man. The only question seemed to be, how was I going to do it without a gun. The only way possible was for me to take advantage of him when he was not expecting it.

It is difficult for me to record the thoughts that passed through my mind, but you must remember that this aggravation had been going on for weeks, and this plan finally developed. We had a small hatchet that we used for cutting kindling wood, and that was the weapon I decided upon to carry out my intentions.

27

We always made our bed under the wagon and we slept together there. It was my plan to take the hatchet to bed with me, and then dispatch him while he slept. It was a most cowardly thing, even to think about, but I did follow it to the extent of taking the hatchet to bed with me. Then as I lay there, I thank God that my courage failed me, and I could not do it. I finally put the hatchet from me, but I could not sleep that night, at least until almost morning, when it was time to get up.

28

What was it that caused me to change my mind? Certainly there had been plenty of provocation. Certainly it was not the fear of the law finding me out. There was no such thing on the plains at that time. How grateful I am not to have such a deed on my conscience all through the years. Not to have been able to look another man in the face without a guilty feeling.

29 From that time on he never said anything more to me about giving up my coat and boots to him. The next day other teams caught up with us, and the fact that I was carrying quite a load caused them to ask me the reason, and I told them the whole truth of what had happened from the time we left Omaha, up to the present time. They said they would have a talk with him, and make him promise to behave better, but they had horse teams and would soon leave us behind.

30 I was afraid that such a procedure might make it worse for me after they had departed, so I asked them not to say anything to him about what had transpired, and I would try to stand it through to Denver City. For then I could look out for myself, and I would be free from this man, if man I am permitted to call him. In my judgement he was not entitled to that privilege.

Chapter 3.

31 Well, eventually we did reach Denver City. We got there about four o'clock in the afternoon and we took quite a little stroll around the town before dark. The town consisted of practically all tents at that time, there were very few houses in the place. We were about eighty miles from Pikes Peak and as my contract called for him to take me through to that point, I was very much surprised that night while we were eating our mush and milk to hear him say, "Well Ike, you can stay until after breakfast, then you will have to go on your own hook, as I have filled my part of the contract".

32

You will recall that when we started from Waverly in Breamer County, Iowa, I had but five dollars in money, and now that was all gone but fifty cents. Here I was turned loose among strangers, forty miles from Central City, where there was some mining going on.

33

I decided that I would start for the mine as soon as I had eaten my breakfast. So I went up to a store and bought a pound of crackers, and was told the price was fifty cents. I said to the storekeeper, "There goes my last cent". He only laughed at me.

34

I went back to the wagon and picked up my things and started for the mountains by way of Golden City, which was only fifteen miles from Denver City. I had been in the habit of traveling with oxen for so long that I could not make more than ten or fifteen miles in a day to save my neck.

35

It was all I could do to get to Golden City my first night out of Denver. Here I found more houses than in Denver and I soon found a hotel. What good was that to do me, without a cent in my pocket? I was hungry and I went into the house, where I found a rough looking man. My heart almost failed me as I looked at him, but what chances a man will take when he is hungry.

So I put on a bold face and asked him if I could stay all night. I told him I was without money, but wanted to get into the mountains to try to find work. He asked me where I was from and what I wanted to do. I told him I would do anything to earn a little money. He said all right, I could stay all night, and he would see in the morning, perhaps he could give me work.

36

That night I had the best supper I had eaten since leaving Iowa, and he gave me some blankets and told me to make my bed on the floor, as there were no more beds to be had in the house. I did just that and was soon fast asleep, and slept good until morning, when he came in and called me to breakfast. I got up and went in and had a good breakfast, and then went out to look around. He came to the door and called me, so I went in. He said he was going to build a house, and wanted someone to dig the cellar. He said if I wanted to go to work for him he would give me one dollar and fifty cents per day and my board. Now it was not long before I had a shovel and went to work, for that was the most pay for a day's work I had ever received from anyone.

37

I dug the hole and helped him haul the rock to wall it up. After we got that done he wanted me to lay up the wall. I told him I did not know anything about laying stone,

but he would not take no for an answer, so I went to work and laid the first cellar wall that was built in Golden City.

38

When I was through I had thirty dollars coming to me, and you can just imagine how I felt. Thirty dollars was the most I had ever had at one time, and I felt that I was rich. When I left him to go up in the mountains, he gave me a letter of recommendation to some friends of his at Gregory Gulch. So I went up there, found his friends, and went to work for them the next day at the same wages I had been getting at Golden City.

39

Here I had my first introduction to those nice little things called "graybacks". They got so thick on me that they tried to carry me away while I slept. I was ashamed to say anything about it until they got so bad I could not stand it any longer, so I told one of the boys who was working with me, and he told me what to do, and it did not take me long to get rid of them. I kept stuff to put on my clothes, and was not bothered by them but once after that, and I will bring that up later on in the story.

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I stayed there and worked for them for about three weeks, and one night whom should I meet but the man I had crossed the plains with. He asked me how I was getting along, and if I had made enough money to pay him for bringing me out. I told him that I had, but I would never pay him another cent, and as soon as I thought I was big enough to whip him, I would surely do it. I never saw him again, but if I had I would have kept my word.

41

I worked for these men until I had about fifty dollars coming to me. Then I began to feel that I wanted to do a little prospecting for myself, and there was a group forming a company to go over to Clear Creek, just below a little town called Idaho. We put fifty dollars each into the treasury, and went over to our claim to go to work.

42

Some of us sawed lumber for sluice boxes, while others worked on ditches to bring the water to our claim. Before we were ready to start washing dirt our provisions gave out, and there was no money in the treasury to buy more. Some had put in more than the original fifty dollars, and would have advanced more if they had possessed it.

43

The boys decided that there was but one thing to do, and that was to go find work to earn money to operate on. So they all started out but one other and myself. That day I was taken quite sick and the next morning I was feeling so much worse I decided that the best thing for me to do was to get over to Central City. It was twelve miles over there and some very high mountains to cross to get there. I started early in the morning and did not get there until most of the men had quit work for the day.

44

I had been caught in two showers of rain on the way over, I was wet through, and had no place to go, and no money, but I had to have some place to stop. Surely someone up above must have been watching over me in my predicament, for just at this time a young man came along and called me by name. It was a young man from the same town I was from in Iowa, and we were well acquainted with each other.

45

He asked me what was the matter; and I told him I was sick and had no money. He took me to his cabin and put me to bed. There was another man stopping there with him who was a doctor. He came in shortly after I had gone to bed. He came up to me and looked me over for a few minutes, then said I had the mountain fever.

46

There were a great many people that died of it at the same time I had it, and for three weeks I did not know anything of what was going on, but this young man nursed me and took the best of care of me, and the doctor furnished the medicine. They both told me that they never expected me to live through it, but after a while I began to get better. I was so weak I could not walk across the room for two weeks, and it was a month before I was able to get out of doors.

It was in the fall before Lincoln's election and news from the states was sought after as fast as it came in. The doctor opened a news depot and sold all the papers he could get at thirty-five cents each, and I attended to the selling of the papers when he was out. After I got so that I was able to get outdoors a little, I would take papers and go out on the streets and sell them for fifty cents each, and I could have sold many more if I had been able to get them.

47

Just about this time this young man sold his claim and decided to go back home. I then began to wonder how I could pay them for all they had done for me, and I spoke to them about it. Both the doctor and my young friend said they had done nothing more than was their duty, and what they would expect of me if they were in like circumstances. They could not take anything and did not expect to receive anything.

48

I think the morning that young man started for home, that if I had been in possession of enough to pay my way back, I would certainly have gone with him. But I had practically no money at all and it was getting quite late in the fall, and high time for me to be looking for a job for the winter. So we bade each other a sorrowful (for me) goodbye and that was the last time I ever saw him. He got back within fifty miles of home, was taken sick, and died among strangers. You can imagine how badly I felt that I could not have been with him to give him the care that he had given me. But it was not to be so.

49

The morning he left for home I started out to find work, and it did not take me long to find a job. I hired out to a man who was running a quartz mill, to drive two yoke of oxen for him at thirty-five dollars per month and board. I was to haul the quartz to the mill. I liked the job very much, though it was my first experience in driving cattle.

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I worked for this man until Christmas morning. It turned out that he did not own the mill. It belonged to people back in Racine, Wisconsin, and he had been sent out with the mill to operate it. After they got it set up and running it did not pay expenses.

51

On Christmas morning our boss came into the room where we were eating breakfast, and said, "Boys, we will not work today, and probably not any more this winter, and you will have to look to Mr. Townsman for your pay, as I have been obliged to make an assignment to save the mill". There were some of the longest faces there that I have ever seen, as most all work had stopped for the winter, and some of the men had two hundred and others three hundred dollars coming to them, and now they were turned off without a cent of money to live on.

52 We went over to see Mr. Townsman and he said,
 "Boys, I am sorry for you, but all I can do is to take your
 time and send it back to Racine, Wisconsin." At that time
 there was no railroad west of the Mississippi River, and
 all the mail had to be hauled by stages. Mr. Townsman
 said it would be at least three months before we could get
 our pay and there was nothing for us to do but make the best
 of it.

53 So another young man and myself went back to the
 house, and after looking around we found a part of a sack
 of corn meal and a side of bacon. We took this and a frying
 pan and went to a little shanty and set up housekeeping. We
 thought that our meal and bacon would last us about two
 weeks, but we soon had company, as two other boys came
 down to our shanty and wanted to stay with us. On New Years
 morning we ate the last bite we had in the house for break-
 fast, with no money to buy more, and no credit at the store.

54 What a way to start a New Year. For the next four
 days when I ate one meal I did not know where the next one
 was coming from, but during that time I never missed a meal,
 for I always dropped in somewhere at meal time, and it was a
 custom with the miners to always ask a man to eat with them.
 On the fourth day, I stopped with a man over night that knew
 the firm that owned the mill. He said he knew they would pay
 the men every cent they had coming as soon as they could get
 things straightened out, but it would take a long time to get
 the money out there.

55 He wanted to know how much they owed me, and I
 told him seventy dollars. He said he would make me an offer
 if I wanted him to, and this was his offer. He would board me
 from that time until spring for my account. I thought it over
 for a few minutes, and then I said all right, you can have it,
 as I thought it would be better to make sure of my board, than
 to be running around not knowing where the next meal was
 coming from. So I went over to the shanty, got my account
 and my few duds, went back and signed the account over to him.

56 I thought it was fine to have my board paid until spring
 anyway, and everything went alright and I was feeling quite
 happy until one day I was down at the mouth of Gregory Gulch.
 Then I heard that a man who owned the richest mine in the
 Gulch wanted to hire men to go over to Trail Creek to do
 some prospecting for him. He had bought quite a lot of claims

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over there and he wanted to see if any of them were any good.

58 I had no desire to lay around all winter and do nothing, so I went to see him. He said he would give me two dollars and fifty cents per day and my board, and I could go over and go to work any day I wanted to. I went back to the place where I was boarding and told this man what I had been offered. He said; "You can do as you please, you are welcome to stay here until spring if you want to, or you can go. I have your time for seventy dollars, and I shall keep it whether you stay or not, so do as you please".

59 Now seventy dollars was a pretty large amount to pay for less than one week's board, but I thought if I stayed there until spring I would be no better off than I was at that time, and if I went to work I would have at least as much money earned as I had given this man, so I went over the next day and went to work for two dollars and fifty cents a day and board. I worked there from that time until October 4th, 1861.

Chapter 4.

60 War between the North and the South had now become a very serious thing, and the papers were telling of the big battles being fought and other things of that sort, but I had not had any serious thoughts of giving up my job, to go enlist as a soldier, and I probably would not have, had not the recruiters arrived on the scene, with their fife and drum, trying to drum up recruits for Uncle Sam.

61 Now the sound of the fife and drum stirred my blood, and after they had played a few pieces and we had our supper, we went over to where they were going to hold a meeting that night. We listened to stories of the big battles being fought, and one of the speakers told us about his brother being killed in Baltimore, and he wanted to raise a company to avenge his brother's death. After he had talked for a while the band played a few more pieces, and then they called for volunteers. Four or five of us went up and put our names down to fight for the Union, and this is how I gave up my two dollar and fifty cents a day, with board, job, and went to work for Uncle Sam at thirteen dollars per month.

Quite often you will hear men say, "Well he probably joined the army for the money there was in it". Some men

62 might have joined up for that reason, but I don't think that any one can say that in my case, as there is quite a bit of difference between two dollars and fifty cents a day and thirteen dollars a month. So whenever I hear men talk that way, I always set them down as rebels or too big cowards to join the army.

Now to go back to the recruiting. After they had all the men they could get to sign up in Trail Creek, they took us over to Central City where the rest of the company were camped. We stayed there some four or five days and then we got orders to go to Denver, or rather to Camp Wells, which was up the river about two miles from where Denver was at that time. Now it is in the heart of the city of Denver.

63 That was where the regiment was in camp, excepting two companies that had not yet come in from the mountains, but in three or four days they arrived, and the next thing was to get the regiment mustered into the service. It did not take them very long to do that, and we soon got down to doing soldiers' duty in the form of drilling and standing guard duty. It was a nice winter and we had a good time, but we did not know when we were well off, for we were all anxious to get to the States and try our hand at the rebels.

64 In February we got our orders to march, but it was not to the States where we had been wanting to go, but to New Mexico. It was reported that a body of about three thousand men were marching from San Antonio, Texas, for California, by way of New Mexico and Fort Union, that being the supply depot for all the soldiers in that part of the country. It was reported that they expected to come up through New Mexico, raise new recruits, and plunder and destroy everything they could get their hands on.

65 By the time they would get to Denver they would have an army large enough to sweep everything before them. Then on to Salt Lake City, and by the time they got to California they would have an army sufficient to conquer the whole of the west coast. But it did not work out that way, for as soon as General Canby learned of their intentions, he took all of the troops from Fort Union that could be spared and started for Fort Kreag down on the Rio Grande River, almost to the line of Arizona and the corner of Texas.

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Now General Canby got to Fort Kreag before General Sibley got there. General Sibley was the Rebel general and he was in command of all the Rebel forces in that district and they numbered about three thousand men. General Canby had about one thousand regular soldiers, and about three thousand Mexican volunteers, and he got to the Fort several days before the Rebels showed themselves. When they did show up they were on the other side of the river from the Fort.

67

I think that I should explain here that General Sibley had been a General in the Regular Army when the war broke out, and he was in command of New Mexico, with General Canby under him. Then came the war and General Sibley went with the south, leaving General Canby in command of the Territory of New Mexico and Colorado. Thus General Sibley was just as well acquainted with the lay of the land as General Canby, and knowing just how Fort Kreag was situated he did not want to attack Canby at the Fort. So he had crossed the river, and came up on the opposite side, so that Canby would have to leave the Fort and meet General Sibley's forces in the open field.

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69

To do this General Canby would have to cross the river, and that was what General Sibley wanted him to do, as he knew the Mexicans would not stand against a heavy charge. The fighting did not last very long before General Sibley ordered his men to charge, and that was too much for General Canby's Mexican troops, for they broke and ran in every direction. That was the last of General Canby's Mexican volunteers, for most of them ran into the river and were either drowned or shot, and those that did get away, according to General Canby, "are running yet".

70

That charge finished the battle between Canby and General Sibley, and left the Rebels in charge of the field. That was all the Rebels wanted for after the battle, General Sibley started on up the river, and left General Canby in the Fort to do as he pleased. You will note that now the Rebel forces had gotten between General Canby and Fort Union, which was the main supply depot for the whole country around.

Now where were the 1st Colorado boys, when all of this fighting took place? We had started for Fort Union on the same day that the above mentioned battle took place, and

71 we did not know anything about it until we had almost reached Pueblo. Here we got orders from General Canby to make all possible haste to Fort Union, and to hold it at all hazards, that he had met the enemy and they had driven him into the Fort and had left him behind. Also they were marching up the river to Santa Fe, and from there to Fort Union, and for us to get there first, for if that Fort was lost, the whole country would go with it.

72 I think that I should mention here a little incident that had happened on our trip. The second night after we left Denver, a man also left Denver for the south and he stopped at a shanty to stay all night. He had a very nice span of young horses with him, and some of our officers wanted them to ride, so they took two of the boys and started out to capture him as a Rebel spy, and keep the horses. This is the way they went about it. They went out and took him prisoner and brought him to camp, but one of the men remained with the horses outside of the camp, so that in case the Colonel saw fit to release the man he could not get the horses.

73 The horses were kept outside the camp until the night we camped at Colorado City, now called Colorado Springs. Here the Colonel made so much fuss about them that the horses were brought in and tied to the Colonel's wagon. Here is where I came in for a rather active part in the proceedings, as our Lieutenant was one of the officers who had been trying to keep those horses out of camp. The officers made up their minds to take them again that night. This is the plan they adopted. There had to be a guard to stand guard over the whole camp while the others slept. Who could they get that would let them get away with it? When the detail was made I was the one selected for that purpose.

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75 It may be necessary to explain just how the guards detailed for duty are drawn. While on the march it is not necessary to have guards during the day, but as soon as camp is set up for the night, they have what is called a guard mount. They know just how many are needed to form a circle around the camp, then there are just three times that number detailed from all the companies in the camp.

Then one-third of them are called each, for first relief, second relief, and third relief. The first relief is at once stationed around the camp with orders to not let anyone in or out of

76 the camp without the countersign. This relief stands guard for two hours while the others sleep. Then the second relief takes over with, of course, the same orders, and then the third relief. In this way they are on guard two hours and off four.

77 I was on first relief and was placed on guard over the Colonel's Headquarters. After I had been on duty for a short time the two horses that had been kept out of the way, were brought into camp and tied to the Colonel's wagon. After they were secured the Colonel came over to me and said; "Don't you let anyone go near those horses or take them from here without an order from me, and you turn these orders over to the next relief". I did what I was told to do when my relief came on duty and it was his responsibility to pass the order on to the next relief.

78 When it came my time to go on guard again, and before I went on duty, the Corporal of the Guard took me one side and told me they would be after the horses while I was on guard, and for me to stay as far away from the wagon as possible, so that I would not see anyone take them. Here was where I made a great mistake, one that might have cost me my life, or at least a long time in the Guard House, I finally consented, and allowed them to take the horses. They were to try to convince the Colonel they were taken on some other relief. Where I made my mistake was that I should have allowed them to get some distance away, then to have called "Halt" once or twice and fired off my gun. This would have aroused the camp, and possibly might have saved my skin.

80 In the morning we all went to our breakfast and I had just gotten through, when the Adjutant came over and asked for me, and said that the Colonel wanted to see me at the Guard House as soon as I could get there. I trembled in my boots for I knew that the old Colonel would be mad, but I had made up my mind not to give the boys away, no matter what he might do to me. I did not have long to wait until he came over on his horse and asked for me, and as I stepped out to meet him, his first word was an oath, and a question as to what his orders had been the previous night. I told him and then he wanted to know why I did not obey those orders. I told him that I did, and with that he called me all of the names he could think of, and at the same time drew his revolver, rode up close to me, stuck the gun in my face, and with another oath said; "You tell me who took those horses or I will blow your brains out right here".

82 It was a very trying moment for me, to say the least, but I had made up my mind not to give the men away, even if I died for it, and it was a wonder that I was not killed then and there. I did not know just what kind of a man he was, and I think he knew it would not do for him to shoot me, as he did not have a friend in the whole regiment. After he had held his revolver in my face for a few moments and called me more names, he stopped for a second or so, then asked me again if I was going to tell him who took those horses. I straightened myself up, looked him in the eye, and told him he could shoot me if he wished, but I could not tell him as I did not see anyone take them. This seemed to be too much for him, as he put his gun away, ordered me put under arrest, and rode away. After he had gone one of the men who had stood by and seen the whole thing, said to me; "Clarke, I would not have given a pin for your life when the old man drew that revolver, for I saw him shoot a man in Kansas once when he was not half as mad as he was just now".

84 This was the second time I had had a gun shoved in my face, in an effort to make me do something I did not want to do. I made up my mind right then that I would take no more such chances, and if the old Colonel had returned and demanded that I tell him, I think that I would have told him all I knew about it. I was placed under arrest, and had to march with the Guard for the next two or three days, and that brought us to Pueblo.

CHAPTER V

85 Here at Pueblo we got word of General Canby's fight at Fort Kreig, and orders for us to make all possible haste to Fort Union and to hold it at all hazards. Here we were ordered on a fast march and men were sent out to bring in all the horses and mules they could find to help us on the road. The two horses that nearly cost me my life were brought into camp, and our Lieutenant took one and Captain Downey took the other. That was the last that was ever seen of them, and I was ordered to report to my company for duty, so there were 86 no charges preferred against me for disobeying orders.

87 After four days of fast marching we got to Fort Union, and here we learned that the Rebels had not yet reached Santa Fe. After we had been there a few days and had some rest, we were anxious to go on and meet the Rebels and try our hand with them. However, our Colonel was under General Canby's orders to hold Fort Union at all hazards, and he did not dare move on any further. We were getting

reports almost every day that the Rebels were in Santa Fe, that they were plundering and taking everything they could find with them, and intended to lay the whole country in waste. These reports made the boys all the more anxious to go on and meet them, and show them that they could not make us run like they did the Mexicans that were with General Canby at Fort Kreig.

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The boys got so anxious for a showdown that they called a meeting of the regiment to take a vote on whether we should go on to meet the Rebels or not, and when it was put to a vote, the boys to a man, wanted to go on. So the Colonel was sent for. When he came over and was told what the boys had decided to do, he got up on an old barrel, made a speech, and told us he was just as anxious to meet the Rebels as we were, but that he did not dare disobey orders or he would lose his commission and be turned out of the service.

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That however did not satisfy the men, and so at last he said; "Well boys, if you are determined to go, I will go with you, even if it does cost me my commission." So we got orders to be ready to march by noon the next day. We were ready to go when the time came and got started immediately. If the men had been going to a circus or on a picnic they could not have been more pleased, then when we left Fort Union to meet the Rebels. Knowing full well at the same time that some were going to meet death on the way, and never return.

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It was nearly one hundred miles from Fort Union to Santa Fe, and that is where the Rebels were when we left Fort Union, and about fifteen miles from Santa Fe the road ran through a range of low mountains. The fourth night after being on the march we camped within about four miles from this range of mountains, and no Rebel had been seen up to this time.

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I think it would be well here to tell of the strength of our command. We had a full regiment, and that meant ten hundred men. We also had two companies of artillery, making a total of twelve hundred. We had not been in camp very long that night when some of our scouts brought in ten Rebel prisoners they had captured that afternoon. They were a hard looking lot of men, and the boys were real pleased, for it was soon noised around

92 that the Rebels were camped on the other side of the mountains, and that was only about five miles away, following the road through the canyon. The mountains on each side of the road were so steep that only a man on foot could travel on them.

93 It was decided to divide our forces up and send half of the men around to the Rebels' rear and to try and capture their supply train. So the Major took five companies of our regiment and started around the mountains. That left the balance of us and the artillery to meet them and to whip them if we could. It was our lot, that is my company, to be in the rear that morning to guard our own supply train, and the rest of the command had to get into the fight before we got started and as soon as the train got as close as considered safe, our company was ordered to go forward to protect the battery.

94 It was here that we lost one of our boys. Before we got into the thick of the fighting I think that some of the boys began to realize that it was not going to be so much fun after all. I, for one, would have given almost anything to have been some other place, but I was there and I was certainly going to do my duty. Let me say here that after we got into the fighting, there is something about it that drives away all fear, and as some of the boys said, "it was lots of fun to let them shoot at you."

95 However I did not see much fun in it. As I have said the fighting was in the mountains. The artillery could not get up on the sides of the mountains, so we had to stay in the ravine. But it was the same with the Rebels, they had to keep their guns in the ravine, so the artillery fighting was all with each other, trying to disable each other's guns. Our company's place was to lie on the ground behind our guns and watch the fighting, which was not so interesting as it could have been if we had been able to do some of the firing ourselves. Our chance came later in the day, and for a while we had our hands more than full.

96 The Rebels formed their whole force in the canyon to charge our battery and to take the battery if possible. Our Commander saw their intentions and ordered all our available forces to go and help protect the battery. But the first charge was made before any assistance could get to us, and it was there

97 that we really had to work fast. We had no time to think or to help any of the boys that were shot. It seemed as though bullets flew as thick as hail, but after they got within about fifty yards of us, they could not stand the fire and began to fall back. The firing ceased for a few minutes, but it was evident that they were regrouping for another charge.

During that time two more companies came to our assistance, and they formed on either side of us, and when they did make the second charge they did not get any nearer than they did the first time. But they had killed or wounded so many of our battery boys, that our officers had to call for volunteers to man the guns. Most of them went from our company as we were the closest to them.

98 After they made the second charge and had been defeated, we thought that they would not try it again, but we were doomed to disappointment, for they did. The next charge, however, decided the fight, and gave us the victory. The supposition is that the Rebels had learned that their whole wagon train of supplies had been destroyed by the other part of our Command, and now they had to take ours or the fight would be lost to them. They brought all their forces together to try to destroy us. In the
99 meantime our forces were all brought in to help hold our position, and when the charge came we were ready to receive it. The order was given not to fire until we could see the whites of their eyes, and I think we saw all that we wanted to see, before they gave up, for some of them were so close they could almost touch our guns.

100 The Captain in charge of the artillery gave the order to his men to spike the guns and fall back, but instead the gunners put in double charges, and it brought the Rebels to a halt, and our boys fired into them so fast that they began to fall back for the last time. When they started to retreat, we were ordered to charge them, but our forces were so few that the charge was abandoned, and an order was given to fall back, which was accomplished in good order, and we took up a new and better position. It was now almost sundown.

101 In a very short time the Rebels sent over a flag of truce, asking for a cease fire for twenty-four hours, to give them time to gather up their wounded and bury their dead. The request was granted. The Colonel sent word back that we would give them until

daylight and no longer, and we would reopen the engagement at that time.

102 It has been previously stated that we left Fort Union to go into this fight contrary to orders, but when we did leave there a messenger was dispatched to inform General Canby of what we were doing. As soon as this messenger arrived another was sent right back ordering us to return to Fort Union, and await further orders.

It was after we had been in camp some little time, before we got word from the Major. We had not heard from him since he had left us in the morning, and we had begun to think that they had all been taken prisoners. Just imagine our joy when they came in to camp and reported that they had captured the whole Rebel train and destroyed it.

103 We knew then for certain that the enemy was whipped and that they would have to retreat. So while we were on the retreat back to Fort Union, the Rebels were on the retreat the other way, but we had to go just the same. We did go back as far as the Fort, but the very next day after our arrival we got orders from General Canby to follow the Rebels in their retreat.

104 So we started right back over the same road again and passed over the battle field, and saw where there had been a new grave yard started by our boys, who but a few days before were so anxious to get into a fight, knowing full well that some would never live to tell the story. We passed through the canyon where we had camped and also where the Rebel train was burned. Here the boys went around and picked up lots of little things for souvenirs. Some had lots of fun reading the letters from the Rebels' girl friends, and the things they requested their lovers to bring home for them. One girl wrote: "John, I want you to bring me enough Yankees' ears to make me a necklace to hang around my neck". Another asked her man to bring home enough Yankee noses to make her a necklace. 105 There were many silly things in such letters to make us laugh and wonder if the girls ever got what they had asked for. If they did I am sure it must have been in some other battle, for our boys never lost any ears or noses. 106

After being on the march for three days we came to the Rio Grande River. The Rebels had gone down the river ahead of us. Now what had General Canby been doing all of the time since the

107 fight at Fort Kreag? Well, after the Rebels left him at the Fort, he stayed there for a week, and then followed them up the river at a safe distance behind them. After our fight with the Rebels in the canyon they started back down the river. Of course Canby did not want to meet them, so he, with his troops ran out into the mountains and allowed them to pass.

108 It was sixty miles from where we were camped on the river to where Canby was in the mountains. We waited one day in camp for orders from him, and in the afternoon we received orders to join his command the next day. Being sixty miles apart, we had to be ready to start at midnight. Before we started, word had been sent around that it would not be necessary for us to fill our canteens here as there was water ten miles up the road, and then there would be no more until we got to General Canby's camp. Most of the boys filled their canteens anyway, and then when we got to where the water was supposed to be, it was all dried up, and fifty miles to go before we could expect to find any more.

109 We pushed along as fast as possible and by noon we had covered about half of the distance, but our water supply was about all gone, and by the middle of the afternoon, the men were giving out and lying down by the side of the road, as they could not go on any further. They were picked up and put on the wagons until the wagons were full, and at last the rear guard had to stop, as they could not go on and leave any men behind them.

110 In the meantime two or three teams had been sent on ahead to get water for the men who had passed out on the road, and by the time the teams had gotten back to them and helped them into camp, it was daybreak. They had hardly arrived in camp when the order was received from Canby to be ready to march in one hour. It seemed pretty tough to go on again after the trip we had just made and it was here that our Colonel left us. It seemed that General Canby undertook to haul him over the coals for disobeying orders and it made the Colonel so mad he just handed in his resignation, and General Canby accepted it. Our Major was appointed Colonel and as we formed in line that morning, when getting ready to march, the old Colonel came along the line, and, with tears in his eyes, he bid us all goodbye. That was the last we ever saw of him, for he went to Washington, and was appointed Military Governor of Alexandria, and held that post until the end of the war.

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112 We were now under General Canby's command and we started out to follow him, and we marched until three o'clock that afternoon, and then camped for dinner. We stayed there until almost five o'clock, and then started on again. We marched all night and went into camp just at daybreak. We were ordered to have our breakfast as soon as possible as the Rebels were camped in a little town about one mile from us. Just as we were about ready to eat, the Rebels ran out two or three pieces of artillery and opened fire on us. We had to fall into line without our breakfast and march around the town. We were under fire all that day until after dark, without anything to eat.

113 The boys were getting pretty hungry, as we had not had anything to eat since three o'clock the day before, but we had plenty of water that day and we could stand it longer without food than we could without water. We lost only three or four men that day as the Rebels threw their shells too high to hit us, and we went into camp that night at the same place where we had started to get breakfast in the morning. We had plenty to eat and a good night's sleep. We got up in the morning to find that the Rebels had crossed the river during the night and left us on the opposite side. So we continued down the river on the side we were on, and caught up with them about noon. They were on one side of the river and we on the other. We camped that night on the bank of the river.

115 We traveled by the side of each other for three days, and most of the time were within shouting distance of each other. General Canby did not want to get into a fight with them, for fear they would surrender to him, and provisions were very short with us. We soon found that out, for in less than a week we were put on half rations, and in less than three weeks we were cut to one-fourth rations, and that was all we had for about three weeks more. We were getting pretty hungry and that was the reason Canby did not want to take any prisoners. He said it was better just to drive them out of the country.

116 So after traveling beside them for three days, we came to a place where our road crossed the river, and we would have to cross over on their side. That night the Rebels buried all their artillery, and destroyed all of their wagons. They packed their supplies on their mules and started across the mountains, a dis-

117 tance of about eighty miles to where they would strike the river again. There was no water on the whole trip and they lost nearly half of their men before they got across. We did not leave our camp that day, and then we went down the river to Fort Kreag and stayed there for almost a week. Then we started on after the Rebels and followed them to where they crossed over into Old Mexico. We went no further, but turned back to Fort Kreag and stayed there for a month or more. Then we were ordered back to Fort Union and this finished our fighting with the Rebels.

Chapter 6.

118 From that time on our work was entirely with the Indians, and we had plenty of that for a while. After we got back to Fort Union we were not there very long before we got orders to return to Colorado. When we were almost to Pueblo, we received orders to divide up the regiment, one half was to go to Fort Lyons on the Arkansas river and the other half was to proceed on to Denver. It was the lot of my company to be one of those to go to Fort Lyons. We arrived there in due time, but stayed there only a very short time before being ordered down the river to protect the settlers and the immigrants, who were being attacked and slaughtered by the Indians all along the way. Two companies started and mine was one of them.

119 After we had proceeded about 100 miles on our way, one company was ordered to stop there and the other was to go to Fort Larned, Kansas. This was my company. It was getting rather late in the fall, and it started to rain and the rain continued for seven days and nights, without any let up to it. The whole country was flooded and we could not find a dry place to sleep at night. Our tents were flooded with water, and when we bedded down for the night the water would almost cover us while we slept. We did not have a dry dud on us for all of that time. Finally when it did stop raining, the water disappeared almost as fast as it had come, and the weather turned nice and warm for a while.

120 It was here that I nearly lost my life again, and I must give a comrade in arms full credit for saving it for me. After lying around for a while we got tired of the monotony and we

121 wanted something for excitement. There were a few buffalo on the other side of the Arkansas river, and three of us decided we would like to go across for a little hunting, and also to have a little fresh meat. So we went to headquarters and got permission to make the trip. One of the boys said he would take some strychnine along, and if we killed any buffalo, after we had taken what meat we wanted, we would poison the rest and see how many wolves we could get in the morning. As the weather was quite warm we did not take any extra clothing along, but started off on the trip with nothing but a cotton shirt and pants and a light blouse. Two of us were dressed that way, but the other man, being older, had on more under clothing than we did. What followed did not hurt him as it did us.

122 After leaving the camp, we had to go about two miles to the river, and then wade it to get across to the other side. It was almost a half mile across, and about hip deep, so we took off our trousers and crossed over. After going about a mile we sighted three buffalo. After working our way around windward and doing lots of crawling, we got near enough for a shot, and got one of them. After taking out all the meat we wanted, we poisoned the rest, and went off about a half mile from it, to a point near the river and made camp there for the night. We gathered up a pile of buffalo chips, plenty we thought to cook our supper and give us all the fire we would need. Then we went to work cooking our supper, and we thought we were really going to enjoy ourselves. But it just did not work out that way.

123 About nine or ten o'clock the wind started to blow so hard that our fire did not do us much good and it turned so cold we could not keep warm to save our necks. It kept getting colder, and our fuel soon gave out. We would go out and feel around with our feet for buffalo chips, and when we got our arms full, would carry them back and put them on the fire in an attempt to keep warm. While one side was getting warm, the other side would freeze. While we did not freeze, it chilled us through, and about three o'clock in the morning the young fellow gave up and lay down to go to sleep. We did our best to keep him awake, but he would not try to help himself, and at last I gave up myself.

126 If it had not been for the older man, we would both have been dead by daylight, but he kept working on us and would not let us go to sleep. When it began to get daylight, he wanted us to get up and get started for camp. It was a long time before he could get enough life in us to travel, but as I was not quite as bad off as the other young fellow, I carried his gun and my own, and the older man helped him along until he got so he could walk. We had to cross the river, and we thought we would never be able to make it. When we got to it, he said he would cross first and if he thought we could not stand it, he would not ask us to, but would go on to the Fort and get help and come back and get us. So we lay down in the tall grass and watched him until he got across, and then he called for us to come.

127 It was hard to get the other young fellow to go into the water, but at last we got started, and as soon as I got into the water it was so much warmer than the wind, that by the time we got across I was feeling so much better that I was almost back to normal again. But it did not help the other young fellow much, and when we got to camp the boys put him to bed, got some whiskey for him to drink, and he was in bed for a week before he was able to get around again. It left him with a bad cold, which soon turned into quick consumption and in about two months he died from the effects of the disease.

128 I believe that night out there in the cold was the hardest night I ever put in, until I gave up and wanted to go to sleep. I did not feel the cold after that or realize anything else, and all that saved me was the continuous work on the part of the older man in the party.

129 It was here that I saw two men, or rather one man and a boy, who were brought into the Fort. They had been scalped by the Indians. The man had been shot three or four times and left for dead. He and the boy were picked up the next day by some soldiers, and brought in for treatment. Their scalps had been removed so that they had none left on their heads, but a little on the back of their necks. It was thought that the man would not live, but he did get well, and the boy was not hurt, excepting the loss of his scalp.

130 About this time we got orders to go to Denver to be mounted, and we started off feeling very much pleased to think we were going to get our horses, after being in the service a little over a year, counting the time it would take us to get back to Denver. We had been away from Denver about ten months. During that time we had marched about two thousand miles, besides doing considerable fighting. When we got within a hundred miles of Denver, we were met by a detachment with our horses, and a happier lot of men you have never seen. The next morning we drew our horses, saddles and complete outfit, and that day we were to try them out and see how we liked them. It was lots of fun in anticipation.

131 The next day we started on the march, and by night some of the boys were so sore they could hardly sit in their saddles. By the next night there were not many of us that did not wish we had never seen the horses, for they were the sorest crowd that ever got together. We were not allowed to walk, and every step the horses took seemed to rub off a little more of the flesh. After a few days we began to get accustomed to it and by the time we got to Denver we were beginning to feel we could stand all the riding they could hand out to us.

132 It was nearly Christmas when we got to Denver, and the rest of that winter all we had to do was to drill on our horses, so as to learn how to execute the different movements, and to teach the horses at the same time. In the spring we were ordered to go north to Salt Lake, but we never got there as the orders were being continually changed. We were kept busy all of the time looking for the Indians, but we never got close enough to them to get into a fight. Finally we were ordered back to Denver to winter there. While there I was detailed for provost guard work. It was our duty to patrol the streets and keep order. It was not easy as there were lots of gambling houses, and other houses still worse, and saloons everywhere. We were always running into danger. I, with others, have gone into places many times when there were bullets flying from five or six revolvers at the same time. We would have to use our own guns to make the arrests and take the offenders to jail. In the morning they would be taken into court, probably fined twenty-five dollars, turned loose to get full of gin, and repeat the same process the

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following night. I got tired of every day taking the chance of getting killed, asked to be relieved from duty, and was sent back to my company. Shortly after returning to my company I had the misfortune of having my horse fall with me, breaking my leg. I was confined to the hospital and did not report for duty all of that summer.

Chapter 7.

135 I had just reported back to my company from the hospital, when there was an order posted, giving all of the boys that wanted to, a chance to re-enlist, and of course efforts were made to induce them to do so. We were promised three months' furlough and our transportation paid back home. I, with many others, re-enlisted and took our furlough and a chance to come back to America, as some of the boys said. It took almost a month of my time to get home, or rather the home of my brother, and while I was there I came down with the measles and was quite sick for a month. So when I should have started back to join my regiment I was not able to go. I went to Mason City, Iowa, and saw a Mr. McCord, who was acting Provost Marshall there at that time. He took my furlough and sent it to Fort Dodge to have it extended for thirty days.

136 All the mail had to be carried by team, and it took a long time to get the papers to Fort Dodge and back, and when they did get back my time was up and two days over. So as not to be arrested as a deserter, I started the next day, and when I got to Saint Joseph, Missouri, I had to wait almost two weeks before I could get transportation across the plains.

137 The Quartermaster hired a team to send out six of us, and we had a good time until we got to Fort Kearney. When we got there the Commander did not want us to go on as the Indians were killing every small party on the road, but we talked him into letting us have guns and ammunition, and we told him we were not afraid to go on as we were accustomed to dealing with Indians, and we wanted to get back to our companies. So he let us go on, and from that point we had to be on the watch night and day, as the

138 Indians were sighted quite often. One of the party was chosen Captain, to have charge of the outfit, and I was chosen as such, to work out details for guard duty while the others slept.

139 When we got up near Jewelsburg, Nebraska, on the Platte River, the Indians were getting quite thick and we began to look for trouble. One afternoon we saw about twelve Indians come out of the bluffs, and start down toward us. We kept watch of them and at last they started their ponies into a run for us, and they were much disappointed, for they expected us to start our team into a run to get away from them. Instead of running we stopped our team and all got out and waited for them to come on up closer. When they saw they could not scare us they pulled up and did not dare come any closer, and just sat on their horses and looked at us. They were too far away for us to shoot at them, and after a little while they turned their ponies around and rode off.

140 As we were in a good place we made camp for the night. We kept a good watch out for them all night, but they did not bother us any more. The next morning we started on and traveled until the middle of the afternoon, when we came upon three wagons where the owners had evidently been killed and the stock run off. There were apparently ten or twelve men in the party, and we supposed they had all been killed, but after we had stopped and were looking the ground over, four men gathered themselves up out of the grass and came over to us. They said they were traveling along the day before and not thinking anything about Indians, when they were attacked and all killed but these four, and they had been hiding in the grass ever since. They were 141 afraid to come out for fear the Indians might come back and find them. After burying the dead, we went into camp for the night.

142 The next morning we started on our journey, but had not gone far when we met a squad from our own regiment. They had been camped up the river some fifty miles and hearing that there was trouble down stream, they had been sent down to investigate. There had been so many reports without foundation, and the soldiers did not believe half the reports that came in to them. If they did, they would be kept on the run all the time.

143 You can imagine that we were quite pleased to see some of our own regiment, and to get the news of what had been going on while we were away. I had been gone almost five months. When I began to inquire as to the whereabouts of my own company, imagine my surprise to learn that they had been sent to Fort Lyons on the Arkansas River. So when I got to Denver City I was still a long ways from my own company. However I did not have to wait but a short time until I got a chance to go to Fort Lyons, and I was very glad to be back with them. Was somewhat surprised to learn that I had been reported as a deserter, as my furlough was for only three months. I had been gone over six months, and they had not heard anything from me, but it was soon straightened out, and all was well.

144 We soon had plenty of riding and scouting to do, and we were kept going all the time after the Indians. That is, we were sent out in small parties. Also we had to escort the stages from Fort Lyons in Colorado to Fort Larned in Kansas. It usually took about three days and nights to make the trip, and we did not stop more than about two or three hours at a time at either end. There were always two coaches together, and they had six mules on each coach. We usually trailed two or three mules, in case anything should happen to any of those in the team, they would have other mules to fill their places. It was their plan to drive about fifteen miles and then unhitch, turn the mules loose, let them roll and feed for two or three hours, and then go on again. This is the way we went from one fort to the other, and when we got to our destination we would wait there until the stage arrived from the other direction, then it was our job to take over as armed escort.

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146 It was while we were at Fort Lyons that our company had quite an exciting time, and it might have gone hard with us had there been more soldiers at the Fort. As it was, we finally came through all right. At this time there were only four companies there, two of our regiments, one of Mexicans, and one of Missouri troops. The Captain of the Missouri troops believed in lots of drill, and the rest of us did not believe in drill at all. As our Major was the ranking officer, he did not make us drill at all, and we made lots of fun of them going through their maneuvers.

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However this did not last very long as our Major was ordered to report to Denver, and the Missouri Captain, being the next ranking officer, took over command of the Fort, and he thought he could do as he pleased with the men. He soon found out that he could not handle the Colorado boys in that manner, as they did not believe in continued drilling. The first night after he assumed command, he issued orders for dress parade. This we did not object to, and when the time came, we all turned out and went to dress parade. There, orders were issued for company drill in the morning and battalion drill in the afternoon. All together we would have about four roll calls a day, and that was too much for us, so when the parade was dismissed and we marched back to our quarters, some of the boys proposed three cheers for the Commander of the Post, and instead of cheering, we gave three groans, and they were pretty loud ones too.

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The old Captain heard it all, and that night there were not more than a dozen men who went out to answer roll call, but they answered for all, and it was the same the next day. When it came time to drill, we said we would not go and the other company said they would stand by us, and they did. In the afternoon when the call came for battalion drill our two companies would not go out. At night when call came for dress parade we went out all right, and then there was another order issued for all companies to turn out in the morning for drill, and if any refused they would be arrested for mutiny.

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As far as being arrested was concerned that did not worry us, for we knew that as long as the other company would stand by us they could not arrest us. So that night after we were dismissed, someone shouted "three cheers for the Commander of the Post", and instead of cheers, it was one of the worst kind of groans, and as the groans were being given, one of the boys drew his revolver and fired a shot right over the Commander's headquarters. That made him mad, and he ordered the company arrested and put in the guard house.

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The Mexican company was ordered to carry out his command, so we all fell in line with our guns and said we would fight before we would be arrested by them. They marched up to within about twenty paces of us and halted, and the Captain said, "Men, who is your

151 Commander", and one of the boys stepped out and said, "I am, what will you have". The Captain said, "Order your men to lay down their arms, and surrender to me". Our man told him we had decided not to lay down our arms or be taken prisoners by him or any other company in the Fort. After talking for a few minutes, he took his company back to quarters, and told the Commander of the Post that he could not take us. The old fellow said he would take us dead or alive, so he sent for his own Missouri company. With a Lieutenant in charge, they came over and marched up to within about twenty paces. Our man asked him what he wanted and he said he had orders to arrest us, and if we did not lay down our arms he would shoot us down like so many dogs.

152 Our man refused to surrender, and the Lieutenant ordered his men to load. Then our man stepped out a few steps nearer to the Lieutenant, and told him he had better not give the order to fire, if he did he would be the first man to fall. At the same time he told two or three of the boys to cover the Lieutenant with their revolvers and to shoot if necessary. At this the Lieutenant weakened and tried to coax us to give up, but he soon found out that this did not work either, so he took his men and marched back to headquarters and told the Captain if he wanted us arrested he would have to do it himself, as he (the Lieutenant) was not ready to die yet.

153 As there were no more soldiers to arrest us, the idea was abandoned, and after a short time our Lieutenant came over and asked us if we did not think we had carried it far enough, and we had better turn in our arms and go to the guard house. So we turned our arms over to the Orderly Sargent and he marched us to the guard house and locked us up. Now they could not keep Non-commissioned officers locked up, so soon an order came to release all of the Non-commissioned officers.

154 Now came some fun when we all got in and the door was locked. We were crowded in so close we could not move, and it was not long before some of our Non-commissioned officers came to the windows and passed in two buckets of whiskey in canteens, through the grates. Some of the men soon began to feel pretty good, and then someone proposed to set the guard house on fire. It was no sooner said than done. Now the guard house was made of stone and covered with hay. It was not long before the whole roof was on

155 fire on the inside of the building, and it took a long time (it seemed to us) to make the guards on the outside understand what had happened and unlock the door.

156 It was a pretty close call for us, but we all got out. Some of the men got burned a little and we all went back to camp and went to bed. We stayed there for about two weeks, and there were charges made out against us for mutiny, which is a very grave charge in the army, but about that time our Major came back to us, and we were glad to have him back again. The same day he returned he sent word to our Orderly Sargent to have the Company form in line as he wanted to talk to us.

157 So we formed in line and as he drew near us, some one proposed three cheers for Major Winkoop, and we gave him three good cheers. After the cheers, he came up to us and said; "Well men, what has been the trouble with you? I am sorry to hear such reports about you, as you have never refused to do anything I asked of you". One of our men stepped forward and said; "Major, you have never asked us to do anything, but what you thought was in the best interest of all, and we were always willing to obey you, and we are yet. But we could not let that Missouri Captain come out here and try to run over us".

We gave the Major to understand that we would do anything he asked us to do. He stayed and talked to us for a long time, and showed us wherein we had been wrong in disobeying orders, and that we had placed ourselves in a position to be tried by Court Marshall, and that charges had been filed against the whole company for mutiny.

158 He said that if we would go to work and fix up the Guard House as good as it was before, he would destroy the charges, and we would be excused from all other duties until the job was done. We never had any trouble after that.

159 It was only a few days later that the Missouri Captain got orders to return to the States, and he prepared to leave the following morning. Of course we were all glad to see him go. Now he had a very fine saddle and bridle his friends in Missouri had given him, in fact it was about the nicest saddle I had ever seen, it had cost at least one hundred and fifty dollars when it was new. He

had it on his horse the morning they left Fort Lyons, and as his company left, he tied his horse to the flag staff and went over to headquarters. This was our chance for revenge.

160 Another young fellow and myself started across the parade grounds, and as we passed the horse, I took the saddle and the other fellow the bridle, and it did not take us long to hide them, and be back on the parade grounds when the Captain came out and discovered they were gone. He made quite a fuss about it, but that was all the good it did him. They could not find them, and it made the Major pretty mad too. I have no doubt but what if they could have found the guilty parties they would have been arrested for stealing, but they never did find out. We traded the articles off after a while. Did not get much for them, but the idea was revenge for what he had done or tried to do to us, and we were well satisfied.

161 It was just about this time that the Indians were causing more trouble down the road and more troops were sent out to be stationed along the way. We had lots of riding to do for quite a while. There had been a lone Indian seen around the Post, and we found it difficult to believe those that reported it. One day one of the boys was out for a ride when he sighted the Indian coming after him and he started to run. The Indian started after him and they had about a three mile chase, before the Indian stopped, as he did not dare to come any nearer the Post for fear the boys would shoot him.

163 We found out that the old Indian was a Chief of the Cheyenne tribe, or a part of that tribe, who had become tired of fighting the soldiers and wanted permission to bring his followers in close to the Fort on Government property, for protection from the rest of the tribe, as they were out to kill them. After he was unable to catch the boy, he turned and fled as he knew they would be out searching for him. He had so much of a head start that the soldiers could not catch him, although they did get sight of him two or three times that afternoon. After a chase of about twenty miles, the soldiers gave up and came back to camp.

164 It was but a few days after this chase that a company of soldiers were riding up the river, and when about a mile from the

165 Fort a lone Indian came out of the bluffs and rode straight up to where they were. He was carrying a white flag, so the soldiers came to a halt and waited for him to approach. He came up to them on the run, and they brought him in to the Fort. His name was One Eye, and it was a good name for him as he had but one eye, having lost the other when he was a boy. He made his wants known to the Major, and then he said he had one woman and a girl prisoner and he would give them up if the Major would go out to his camp and get them, and let him move in onto the Military Reserve.

166 He said he wanted to give up fighting the white people, and he had pulled out from the tribe, taking about five hundred men, women and children with him. He said the rest of the tribe were mad at him, and he wanted to be protected from them. He said he was camped on a little creek about sixty miles from the Fort and he wished to move in much closer to the Fort, in case the other Indians molested them. After the Officers had thought about it and talked it over, they decided to go out and get the woman and girl, and then see after that what should be done about letting them move in any closer, as the Major could not give them permission without it coming from the Commander of the Department.

Chapter 8.

167 Orders were given for our two companies to be ready to march the next day, and the following morning an order was sent to my company to detail a man to carry dispatches down the river to Fort Larned. I had one of the best horses in the company for a long trip, so I was detailed for that purpose, and ordered to report to headquarters. I went over to headquarters and reported to the Major. He said he wanted to send a dispatch to Fort Larned, and as it was rather dangerous for one man to travel by daylight, he did not want me to start until it began to get dusk the following evening. There were some soldiers stationed about fifty miles down the river, and I could make that distance in the night, without being noticed by the Indians, if there were any scouting parties out. When I got ready to go I was to report to headquarters and pick up the dispatches and make the trip during the night, and if the Indians were bothering

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below that camp, they would send two or three men on with me to Fort Larned.

169 When the boys got all ready to start for the Indian village, I was left in camp and I did not feel very happy over that either, but soldiers could not do what they wanted to do all the time, so I had to obey orders, and I was rather glad that my duties led me elsewhere, after I returned and heard of their experience with the Indians.

170 They took the old Indian Chief One Eye with them, and started for his village. They got within twenty miles of the village that day, and then camped for the night. The next morning they started on again and by ten o'clock they came within sight of One Eye's camp and to their surprise the whole Cheyenne tribe had moved over and were camped but a short distance away. As soon as the Indians saw the soldiers they began to circle around them, and at last even the Major began to think there was going to be trouble.

171 They came to a halt and One Eye went forward and met the Indians and called on them to halt, and if ever a man talked and begged, he did. He told them the soldiers were his friends, and they did not come over to fight, and if the Indians molested any of the soldiers he would take his men and join with the soldiers in fighting the Indians, as long as he lived. He said all they wanted was the prisoners and he had promised to give them up to the soldiers, and as soon as that could be arranged the soldiers would go back to the Fort and no one would be hurt. He talked and argued with them for over an hour.

172 After awhile they began to go back to their own camp and the soldiers moved on down to the creek, supposing that they would not be bothered any more. However, they were mistaken, as the Indians out-numbered them about five to one, and they were not of the mind to let the soldiers get away from them. They planned it another way and it looked to the boys as though it was going to work. They began to come back into the camp and asked for everything and anything they wanted, until there were at least four Indians to every soldier, and it made no difference where the soldiers went or what they went to do, the same four Indians would follow them. At last they got so impudent that they would ask the boys for tobacco, and if they did not give it to them they would put their hands into their

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174 pockets and take it any way. The soldiers saw what they were up to, and did not dare to refuse them anything, for they were simply trying to get the boys mad enough to strike one of them, and if they had the war whoop would have been given, and every man would have been killed before he could have drawn a gun or anything else.

175 About this time some of the boys made their way up to where the Major and the old Chief were, in his wigwum, and called them out. As soon as old One Eye came out and looked around, he saw at once what they were up to, and he began to run around among them and he talked and cried at the same time, and they answered back like they were very angry at him. After talking to them for some time, they began to go away, but they made a great deal of fuss about it before they left. The boys were well pleased to get rid of them, for they realized that their time had come, and they were more than willing to give the old Indian Chief the credit for having saved their lives.

176 As soon as all of the Indians got out of One Eye's camp the boys told the Major they wanted to get the woman and girl prisoner held there, and get as far away from that camp as possible before night. They were probably the happiest bunch of men there could possibly be, to escape from what seemed certain death. From that time on our two companies would have done anything for Chief One Eye that he might ask of them, and he was told by the Major that he might move his camp over to Sand Creek and he could stay there until he could get permission from headquarters to let them come in closer to the Fort.

177 Now to get back to the dispatch rider, myself. I started for Fort Larned the evening of the same day that the soldiers left for the Indian camp, and I made the first stopping place before daylight. I stayed there for breakfast. After breakfast I went to the Lieutenant in charge and asked him if it was all right for me to go on alone with my dispatches. He said; "Yes, there are no Indians on the road between here and Fort Larned".

178 So I took a fresh horse and started on and got within about ten miles of the Fort when I looked up at the bluffs and saw four Indians and they were apparently making for a certain place where I had to cross the creek. There was no other place I could cross and they were trying to head me off at that point. It was certainly a race for life and the only thing that saved me was better horse flesh. Most of the horses the Indians had were of the "pony" type, and they did not compare with the army horses. Occasionally they had horses that they had stolen or acquired by killing the wagon train owners, but this was the exception. They had one advantage however, and that was usually having a better knowledge of the terrain. When I crossed the creek they were barely a quarter of a mile away, and they did not attempt to follow me.

179 I went on to the Fort and delivered my dispatches. I had no further trouble on the way. I stayed at Fort Larned for two days before starting back to Fort Lyons, and it was not until after my arrival at Fort Lyons that I learned of the trouble my comrades had at the Indian village, and of their narrow escape.

180 For about two months whenever Chief One Eye came over to our camp all of the boys who were on that trip would take him over to their quarters, and when he went home he was loaded down with everything they could spare, sugar, coffee, and many other things. I think the boys would have divided anything they had with him, and they were just as welcome in his camp. Occasionally they would go over and spend two or three days on a game hunting trip, but it made no difference how long they stayed. However this condition did not last long. Other Indians had been very troublesome all summer, and much worse on the Platte River than on the Arkansas.

181 Department Headquarters in Denver had been trying to raise a regiment of "100 Day men"; that is men to take the place of the boys of the first regiment of Colorado cavalry whose time had expired and had not re-enlisted. The men whose time had expired and had not re-enlisted were ordered in to Denver to be discharged. The Colonel apparently wanted to do something with this new regiment, so after hearing about our boys going over to

182 the Indian village and finding so many Indians there, he thought here might be a chance for those hundred day men to try their hand at Indian fighting. The first thing our boys at Fort Lyons knew about this was when the Colonel and his regiment of "100 Day Men" came marching into Fort Lyons, and the Colonel gave orders to have all the men that could be spared from the Fort ready to march at seven o'clock that night. As the other two companies were infantry, our two companies were the ones ordered to go with him.

183 A part of my company was acting as an artillery unit, and we were ordered to take two pieces of artillery with us, and we were ready at the time set to march. We all started and they took the trail that led to old One Eye's camp. As soon as the boys found out where they were going they sent one of our officers to the Colonel to tell him of what One Eye had done for them, how he had saved their lives, and they did not want him or any of his band harmed in any way.

184 He promised not to harm them, but would take them prisoners and leave a guard with them, so that they could not send a messenger to the other Indians to inform them that the troops were looking for them. We were satisfied, as we believed the Colonel would do as he said. We expected him to pass on to where the band was camped that had attempted to kill our men just two months prior to this occasion. As our two companies were at the rear of the command we did not know of any change in plans until the next morning. The head of the command got in sight of the Indian village just at the break of day, and they surrounded it before the Indians knew that the troops were anywhere near them.

185 The "100 Day Men" opened fire and began to shoot the Indians down as fast as they appeared. About this time a messenger was sent back to us, telling us to hurry up with the artillery. We supposed that the rest of the tribe had moved into One Eye's camp and we would have the whole band to fight, So we hurried up and to our surprise there were none there but One Eye's band. The hundred day men were shooting the Indians down as fast as they appeared. The Colonel ordered us to go to a high hill and turn our artillery fire loose on the village. We went to the place ordered, but when we got there we refused to unlimber our guns, and so we sat there and watched the massacre. That was what

it was, for as far as we could tell the Indians did not fire a shot.

186 This had not been going on very long before we saw an Indian come out of his wigwam waving a white flag in his hand, and he started running straight toward us with the flag in his hand. The company of hundred day men began shooting at him and some of our boys rushed over trying to get them to stop shooting, as they all well knew that this same Indian had saved their lives but a short time before, and they were doing their best to save his. While they kept shooting at him, one of our boys put spurs to his horse and started out to meet him, but before he got to him the old Chief was shot down with a white flag in his hand. As the boy that started out to meet him was turning his horse around to come back to us, some of the hundred day men shot him, and both he and the horse fell dead.

188 This came very near making our two companies turn against the whole regiment and it was all our officers could do, to keep us from turning our artillery loose and we would have done our best to kill every hundred day man in the bunch, for if the old Indian had been our brother we could not have felt worse over it. Besides, a brave boy and comrade had lost his life in trying to save the old Indian Chief from their gun fire. We felt we would rather fight the whole hundred day regiment than any Indians.

189 After the battle was over and they had shot all the old women and little children they could find, I will relate one incident that came under my own observation. One of the hundred day men was walking around in the camp and he found a little baby wrapped in some old blankets. He took it by its feet and held it out at arm's length and shot it through the head. It was the most dastardly, cowardly act I ever saw, and this was what is recorded in history as the Great Sand Creek Battle. The truth of the matter was that it was a band of friendly Indians massacred by a regiment of white savages, the hundred day men.

190 If the Colonel had not left us that day, I have no doubt but what he would have been left there with the dead Indians. He certainly deserved it, for he had lied to us and had deliberately engineered the whole thing. We learned afterwards that his time of service was about to expire and he was in debt to the Government

for supplies that he could not truthfully account for, to the extent of about fifty thousand dollars, so he went back to Denver and settled with Uncle Sam by reporting the supplies lost in action. He had settled his bill with the massacre of a band of peaceful Indians.

193 It took us two days to get back to the Fort, and these hundred day men were the worst thieves we had ever seen. When we reported it to our Officers they said it served us right, and if we could not keep even with them we ought to be beaten. So on what was to be our last night with them, the boys made up their minds to come out ahead if possible. Some of them started in by taking saddles, bridles and revolvers, while others of us were at work, taking care of their horses. We ran off with about three hundred head that night and they never knew what became of them. There was a great fuss made about it in the morning, and the Colonel went to our Commanding Officer, who was our Major, and demanded a search be made in our camp for saddles, bridles, blankets and revolvers, in fact everything that soldiers would be likely to have with them. The Major said; "Sir, you cannot search my men, for if you attempted that, you would not have any men left in a very few minutes". So the Colonel gave that up, and did not make the attempt. I and four other men of our company took the horses down the river, and kept them there until they went back to Denver, and that was the last of the hundred day men around where we were.

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So now we will leave the Battle of Sand Creek, or rather the Massacre at Sand Creek, as I and all of my comrades preferred to call it, to its fate. If anyone should ask you if I was there, please say no, I guess not, for I am ashamed to say that I saw what took place.

Chapter 9.

196 Well, after the Sand Creek Affair, we did not have much of anything to do that winter, except stay at the Fort most of the time, and escort trains to the States, whenever there were wagon trains to escort. In the spring we did considerable scouting and riding, but we had no more trouble with the Indians.

197 Later in the summer we were ordered to Fort Larned, down in Kansas, and after staying there for a short time, we were again ordered to Council Grove, Kansas, to be in attendance at the signing of an Indian treaty. After staying there for about a month we were moved again to Fort Riley, Kansas. We were not there very long until receiving orders to go to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to be discharged. That was good news to all of us. To know that the greatest war ever recorded in history had at last come to an end, and that the Union forces had gained the victory, even at the enormous sacrifices that had been made.

While there were thousands of dear boys and fathers left on the battle fields, there were none so deeply mourned as was the loss of our beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, the man who was so cowardly assassinated by a southern sympathizer.

198 In due time we arrived at Fort Leavenworth, and there we waited until the 14th day of November, 1865, and then our discharges were handed to us. Once more we became free men to do what we pleased and to go where we pleased, without having to ask permission from some shoulder-strapped man to get the required pass. Sometimes you would get it without question and sometimes not, depending upon the mood he happened to be in. However I have no reason to complain of our various officers, they were probably far better than the average as far as we had a chance to see of them.

199 After staying in Fort Leavenworth for about a week, I took the stage back to Fort Riley to pick up a horse that I had left there. I started back to Fort Leavenworth with him, intending to bring him home, but instead I sold him, and then took the stage back to Fort Leavenworth. Here I found Jed Brown waiting for me, as his folks lived in northern Iowa. We decided to come home together, so we looked around and bought us another horse each, and then started for Iowa. We arrived in Mason City about the first day of January, 1866.

200 My brother, James, had been inducted into the Union army, even though he had three children at the time, and he had been involved in several engagements with the Rebel forces in the eastern States. He received his discharge about the same time that I did. His family had suffered considerable hardship while he was away, and I did what I could to help him get re-established.

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It took me from that time until October 4th, 1873, to find the girl that I wished for a companion for the rest of my life. I wish to say that as far as I am concerned it has been a very happy union.

I think that from that time up to the present, our dear children can relate most of our experiences as well as I can. So now I will close this story and bid you all goodbye and may God Bless you all.

I. Clarke.

Swaledale, Iowa.
January 23, 1892.

POSTSCRIPT

There are many questions that came to mind in reviewing Father Clarke's narrative, for example; How long did it take them to make the trip across the plains to Pikes Peak? Father states that he had just started the spring farm work when he decided to make the trip, and that winter was approaching when they arrived in Denver. Also he mentioned the fact that they were only able to make ten or fifteen miles a day with the oxen. This would lead you to believe that they must have been at least five months on the road. Under such circumstances it is readily understandable why these two men so detested the sight of each other that they were almost at the point of committing mayhem. There are many cases on record wherein persons so closely confined, with practically no contact with the outside world, have been driven almost to the point of destroying each other. The coat and boots were but the motivating factor.

In most instances Father Clarke failed to mention the names of the officers who were involved in the many engagements and activities that took place. The only exception being in the case of Major Wynkoop, who apparently was held in great esteem by all of the enlisted men. Whether the names had been forgotten, due to the lapse of many years, or the omission was intentional is not known.

In the magazine "Frontier Times", published quarterly by Western Publications, P. O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th Street, Austin, Texas, their 1960 Winter Edition, Vol. 35, No. 1, Series No. 13, contains an article entitled "Permission to Murder", by Mitchell J. Strucinsky, which covers without a doubt, the story of the Sand Creek Massacre, as Father Clarke described it. The same location, Sand Creek, in Colorado Territory, is the locale for Strucinsky's article. He also mentions the fact that the Indians' weapons had been restricted just sufficient for hunting purposes by Major Wynkoop, also that this particular group of the Cheyenne Tribe had been assured that they would not be attacked, and had permission to make camp in Sand Creek.

In the December-January issue of the same magazine, Vol. 41, No. 1, New Series No. 45, an article entitled "Pikes Peak versus Texas Rebs", by Ray Golabiewski, tells the story of the engagement between General E. S. Canby and General Henry H. Sibley. This article gives in detail the story of the battle in Apache Canyon as described by Father Clarke in his narrative. Also the destruction of the Rebel supply train by Major Chivington. This engagement is called the end of the war on the Rio Grande, and a turning point in the rebellion.

To the best of our knowledge Isaac Clarke and Gracia. Ida Corning were married at the Corning home in Charles City, Iowa on October 5, 1873. Her father was a wagon maker and owned a shop in that city. They took up residence in the vicinity of Mason City, Iowa. Farming was at that time practically the only occupation in that locality.

The only recollections any of the family have of their early life, was their living on a farm apparently leased from a bachelor, by the name of Harry Loring. There was a creek running through the property, and considerable open unsettled land good for grazing purposes adjoining, and Father Clarke pastured cattle for a fee. He employed a herder to look after them. He also operated an auger for putting down water wells. He had the ability to locate underground water by means of a willow wand, which was of much assistance to him in his well drilling work.

Mr. Loring boarded with the Clarkes, so Mother Clarke

had the preparation of all the food for Father, Mr. Loring, the herder, and also a farm hand, employed to assist in the operation of the farm. She certainly had her hands more than full, especially when the children began to arrive on the scene.

The first child, Myrtie. Idella Clarke, was born October 4th, 1874. Her girlhood days were spent at home and attending the local schools. Having the desire to become a teacher, she went to Nora Springs, Iowa, and attended the Nora Springs Seminary for two years, and was given a certificate to teach in the Elementary schools. She returned home and taught school for one year at least.

While attending the Seminary at Nora Springs, she had boarded at the parental home of Lewis Daniel Bishop, who became her future husband. They were married at the home of the bride's parents, which was at that time a farm mid-way between Clear Lake and Thornton, Iowa, on November 28, 1895. "L. D." as he preferred to be called, was a licensed embalmer, but found that employment detrimental to his health, and went into the lumber handling business, and became a yard manager or Agent, as they were called.

Their first child, Verna M., was born February 3, 1897, at Nora Springs, Iowa. She became the wife of Ernie Thompkins, in April, 1915.

The second child, Henry Lewis, born July 3, 1899, at Nora Springs, Iowa, died in infancy on July 29, 1900, at Terril, Iowa.

Clark, Allen, the third child in the "L. D." Bishop family, was born April 20, 1903, at Terril, Iowa. He was wedded to Helen M. Higus on July 14, 1923, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, but this marriage was unsuccessful and was later dissolved by the Courts. Clark was married to Lucile H. Nelson on August 3, 1935, in Minneapolis, in which city they made their home. Lucile died on July 13, 1960.

Ray Urban Bishop was born October 27, 1908, at Culbertson, Montana. He was married to Fredereca Brown, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, June 14, 1932. They also made

their home in Minneapolis. Fredereca passed away November 10, 1965.

Myrtie Clarke Bishop, mother of the above children, died September 13, 1913, at their home near Culbertson, Montana, and burial is at Culbertson.

Lewis Daniel Bishop married Clara Drake February 1, 1917, at Lime Springs, Iowa. They became the parents of Eleanor Mary, born February 24, 1919, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Eleanor was married on August 17, 1942, to Arthur E. Conrad, in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Lewis Daniel Bishop died February 4, 1944, and burial is at Lakewood Cemetery, in Minneapolis. Clara Drake Bishop died July 20, 1963, and burial is also at Lakewood Cemetery.

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The second child of Isaac and Gracia Clarke, a boy, George Henry, was born June 16, 1876, on the Harry Loring farm. He lived at home until he reached maturity, and assisted in the farm work. He had an ambition to volunteer for army service during the early part of the Spanish-American War, but apparently the sound of wedding bells had a greater influence, for he was married to Essie M. Ford at the bride's home in Thornton, Iowa, on February 22, 1899.

Henry and Essie Clarke departed for South Dakota that spring and lived on a farm near Harrison in that State. Their first child, Thelma M., was born at this place on December 28, 1899. Thelma was joined in matrimony to LaVerne Huffman, June 2, 1918. LaVerne entered the Forest Service at an early age, transferring later to the Soil Conservation Department, with which he was connected until the date of his retirement.

Fern, the second child in the Henry Clarke family, was born at Terril, Iowa, May 20, 1901. She was married to Earl Oman May 25, 1921, and died in July, 1931.

Lois, third child in this family, was born December 27, 1903. She was married to Miner Davis September 13, 1922. They made Chewelah, Washington, and vicinity their home for many years. They moved to a dairy ranch near Marysville, Washington, eventually, and lived there until retirement and taking up residence in the city of Marysville.

Merle, the fourth daughter, gladdened the Henry Clarke home in Spokane, Washington, on November 28, 1907. She was united in marriage to Arthur Crozier, May 14, 1924.

Howard, fifth child and only son in this family, was born at Chewelah, Washington, February 1, 1917, and has never married. He is Research Specialist with the Boeing Company in their Scientific Research Laboratories in Seattle.

Essie Clarke, after an extended illness, passed away December 27, 1965. Henry reached the age of ninety-one years, and died in a hospital at Auburn, Washington, December 10, 1967. Both burials are at Marysville, Washington.

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Howard Parkman Clark, second son in the family of Isaac Clarke, was born September 29, 1878. They were still living on the Harry Loring farm, near Mason City, at this time. He also remained at home until reaching maturity and assisted with the farm work. He went to South Dakota in the spring of 1899 and operated a farm and stock venture, jointly with Brother Henry. This South Dakota venture was not too successful and both returned to Iowa.

Howard maintained a certain relationship he had established while residing in South Dakota, he eventually returned there and was married to Daisy Emeline Chaney at the bride's home on June 8, 1904. At this time they took up residence on a horse ranch, in Zan Valley, South Dakota. They returned to Armour, South Dakota, in the spring of 1905, and then filed on a homestead near Kodaka, South Dakota, in the spring of 1906.

Verena May Clarke was the first-born in the Howard Clarke family, arriving May 27, 1905. She received her preliminary education in the local schools, and upon qualification attended Linfield College, in McMinnville, Oregon. After graduation, she taught school in the States of Washington and California. Verena was married to Robert Jenkins October 9, 1938. Robert was Chaplain in the United States Navy, and served in this capacity in many locations until his retirement in 1966. They now reside in San Diego, California. Verena has accepted a position teaching at a San Diego High School. She is working with juniors in a program with the educable mentally retarded. As most of these students are either Negro or Mexican she is doing her bit to alleviate the race problem.

Victor Z. Clarke was born October 6, 1907, at Kadoka, South Dakota. Howard and Daisy Clarke sold their holdings in South Dakota in 1910 and packed the belongings they wished to take with them in a covered wagon, and wended their way to Montana, with their two children, Verena and Victor. Howard worked at whatever jobs were available.

Victor started working for the Great Northern Railway Company in the local freight offices, at an early age. He was married to Mildred Lee Nelson April 6th, 1935. Victor has continued his Great Northern service through all the years, and received many promotions, one such being General Livestock Agent, in Saint Paul, Minnesota. Having a yen for the west he accepted the position of Sales Manager in the Traffic Department in the spring of 1952, with Headquarters in Kalispel, Montana. This is his position and home at the present time.

Lloyd Dale Clarke was born November 28, 1915, in Antelope, Montana. The Howard Clarke family home was in Great Falls, Montana, when Lloyd was old enough to find employment, which he did as a shoe salesman. While engaged in this occupation he became interested in chiropody and made that science a study, and eventually became a Doctor in the Science of Chiropody.

While pursuing his studies he became acquainted with Kathleen Teer, whose interests were in the same field. Duplicate interests eventually led them to the altar, and Kathleen became Mrs. Lloyd D. Clarke. They live in North Arlington, New Jersey, and maintain offices in their own home.

Howard Clarke was able to obtain work with the Great Northern Railway Company in Great Falls, and became a train baggage agent in 1916. He transferred to the Railway Express Agency in 1918, and had many varied experiences and handled many valuable parcels in the Railway Express cars on the road in this service, until his retirement in 1952. Throughout all the years they had retained their Great Falls property, and live there now in the old home, surrounded by old acquaintances.

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Guy Burean Clarke, third son and fourth child of Isaac and Gracia Clarke, was born August 14, 1883, in the farm home about four miles from Swaledale, Iowa, which farm was later called the "Kerr Place". This because of the fact that Father Clarke sold this place to A. D. Kerr. When this occurred the family home became a farm mid-way between Clear Lake and Thornton, Iowa.

The boyhood life of Guy consisted of attending school and doing the usual chores of a farm boy of that period. With the departure of Henry and Howard to South Dakota, Father Clarke disposed of the latter farm in 1899 and moved to Swaledale. Guy attended the local school and, upon reaching the age of 18, he passed a Civil Service examination, and was assigned a position as rural mail carrier, which service was just being inaugurated throughout the country. While thus engaged Guy became more or less familiar with merchandising by assisting in the General Store where the Post Office was located.

Guy Clarke and Betty Elora McFall were united in matrimony September 20, 1905, at the bride's home in Fremont, Iowa. They/ ^{made}

Swaledale their home until the spring of 1910, when they moved to Montana. Guy filed on a homestead near Plentywood, Montana, and worked in a department store in Culbertson and also later on, one in Plentywood, Montana.

In partnership with his brother-in-law, Dave McFall, they built and operated a Department store in Dooley, Montana, when that town was incorporated in 1915 and did a good business there until a spark from a trashburning fire, together with a high wind, rendered the bone-dry building and its entire contents, including all accounts and records, to smoldering ashes in a matter of minutes.

The task of rebuilding was impossible at this time, as this was at the start of the depression, and also a series of crop failures in eastern Montana. So Guy moved his family, first to Williston, North Dakota, where he worked as sales representative on the road for a meat packing firm, and then moved to Fargo, where he traveled for a wholesale grocery firm.

Newell Wayne Clarke, the first child in the Guy Clarke family, was born October 12, 1906, at Swaledale, Iowa. Wayne received his formal education at Fargo, North Dakota, and attended College at North Dakota, Agriculture College, and received his degree as a Civil Engineer in 1929. Wayne was united in matrimony to Lydia Kurle, December 15, 1936, at Fargo, North Dakota. They have no children. Wayne is County Engineer in Morton County, and they make their home in Mandan, North Dakota.

Muriel Claudine Clarke was the second child of Guy and Elora, born August 23, 1908, at Swaledale, Iowa. She also received her formal education in Fargo, and attended North Dakota Agriculture College. After graduation in 1930 Muriel was associated with the United States Bureau of Air Commerce in Fargo, until she resigned to be married. She was married to Jesse A. Reynolds on November 28, 1935. They make their home in Richmond, Virginia, where Jesse is Superintendent of the City Parks and all recreational facilities.

After the children were educated Guy and Elora left Fargo,

having acquired a small store at Sebeca, Minnesota, and there they enjoyed the patronage of the people in the vicinity, and made many lasting friends. Still having a yen for the land they finally disposed of the store and bought a farm nearby, and started raising sheep, as Guy had become interested in the wool business. They made this farm their home until they decided it was time for them to retire from such an active life. They purchased a residence in Wadena, Minnesota, and make that town their home now, a place that can be reached without too much difficulty by their children.

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Allen Ray was the fourth son in the Isaac Clarke Family, born December 2, 1887, while the family was still living on the farm near Swaledale, later called the Kerr Farm. With the departure of Myrtie, Henry and Howard, and the move to Swaledale in 1899, there is not much that he can recall of farm life. There is one thing that he does remember and that is of eating many strawberries from the garden, that they made him deathly sick, and he could not bear the sight of strawberries until he reached adulthood.

He, of course, attended the local school, and in some manner obtained a job in the local newspaper, where in his leisure hours, he learned to set type, ink the press, and all the other jobs assigned to a "printer's devil". He must have been a rather restless person, for we find him working for the Terril Tribune, the Buffalo Center Tribune and the Thornton Enterprise, when the bank at Swaledale took over the Swaledale Record, and prevailed upon Allen to act as editor.

In some manner this incident got into the Des Moines Daily News, and Allen was advised that a scholarship in Journalism was available for him at Iowa State University, this due to the fact that he was supposedly the youngest editor in the State of Iowa. (Not yet seventeen). He was interested in a business education however, and in the fall of 1904 went to Kansas City to attend Spaldings Commercial College, where he absorbed as much of Gregg Shorthand, typing and bookkeeping as is possible in nine short months.

Due to the shortage of funds he got a job in the office of an insurance company, and then with the Missouri Pacific Railway, where he remained until the spring of 1910, when he became infected with the homestead fever, prevalent in Montana, and found himself located on a half-section of land near Plentywood. It was here that he met Signe Constance Peterson, daughter of a neighboring family, and they were united at a double wedding ceremony including Allen's brother, Lyle, and Signe's sister, Blenda, on November 26, 1914.

Gracia Carol Clarke was the first child to gladden the home of Allen and Signe, born September 9, 1915. Carol received her elementary and High School education in Portland, Oregon, and attended Albany College, Albany, Oregon. It was here that she met Robert M. George and they were married September 1, 1935. Robert was killed in a sawmill accident February 3, 1943. Carol was married to Horace Clear in October, 1946. He died after a lingering illness in July, 1948. On June 25, 1955, Carol was married to Armando A. Spediacci. They have made San Francisco and Milbrae, California, their home. They share a mutual interest in the growing of begonias and fuchsias, and have visions of a green house in their retirement years.

Irma Marcella Clarke was the second daughter to arrive in the Allen Clarke home, born November 24, 1917, at Dooley, Montana. Irma also received her elementary and High School education in Portland, and attended Saint Helens Hall in Portland. She was married to John Edward Kreitzer November 2, 1940. John was a graduate of the University of Washington, but was associated with his father in the brick business, until severe competition forced them to dispose of it. John returned to the classroom and received his Masters Degree from Portland State College, while at the same time teaching at Multnomah College. Irma does secretarial work at Sunset High School in Beaverton, Oregon.

Ray Allen Clarke was the only son in the Allen family, born December 15, 1919, in Portland, Oregon. Ray also received his education in the Portland schools, and his Bachelor's Degree from Reed College. He attended Oregon State University and received

his Master's and Doctor's Degree from that school. He was married to Shirley Fay Owen on December 27, 1941. Ray accepted employment with the DuPont Company in August, 1947, and has been with that company continuously since that time. They make their home in Pitman, New Jersey.

Allen and Signe Clarke sold their home in Montana in October, 1919, and moved to Portland, Oregon. Employment was obtained by Allen in the office of the Northern Pacific Terminal Company. Signe died in May, 1923, and burial was in the Rose City Cemetery. Allen is greatly indebted to Blenda and Lyle Clarke for their assistance in caring for and rearing his three children during a part of the seven years that elapsed before his marriage to Ruth Ardelle Sturtevant, May, 17, 1930. He retired from railroad service in March, 1950. They make their home near Beaverton, Oregon.

Lyle Elton Clarke was the fifth son and last child in the Isaac Clarke family, born September 10, 1892, on the farm mid-way between Clear Lake and Thornton, Iowa. Father Clarke moved the remainder of his family to Swaledale in 1899. Lyle attended the local school and assisted Father Clarke in the work at the local livery stable, which was owned by him at that time.

Lyle was, without a doubt, thrilled at the thought of moving to northeastern Montana in 1907. The hard work on the homestead helped develop the muscle needed in "breaking" the wild bronchos, which were the native horses used in the farm work. Great patience and perseverance were the requisites of this work and Lyle really enjoyed it and became very adept at it. Due to the death of Father Clarke in 1909, the responsibility of operating the farm near Culbertson fell to him, and he assumed it without a complaint.

In 1910 Mother Clarke filed on a homestead in her own right near Plentywood, Montana. The farm near Culbertson was sold and the necessary requirements in the way of buildings and the clearing of the rocks and preparing the land for cultivation on this new homestead was made. This work was also assumed by Lyle.

Lyle was united in marriage to Blenda S. Peterson on November 26, 1914, at the home of the bride's parents near Dooley, Montana, in a double wedding ceremony with his brother, Allen and Blenda's sister, Signe. Shortly thereafter Lyle filed on a homestead in his own right in the vicinity of Wolf Point, Montana.

Lylah Sapphire was the first child in the Lyle Clarke family, born January 4, 1916, at Dooley, Montana. She was united in marriage to Norman Odden on July 13, 1936. Lylah, together with her husband, Norman, was killed in an automobile accident near Idaho Falls, Idaho, on August 16, 1967, while enroute to visit their son, Clarke, and wife, Penny, at Ogden, Utah.

Mozella Esther was born to Blenda and Lyle Clarke on October 5, 1917, at Volt, Montana. She was married to Allen Madison June 19, 1938. Allen is employed in the Engineering Department of the Washington State Highway Commission, at Olympia, Washington, and at the same time attending night school in the process of obtaining his Master's Degree. They make their home in Tumwater, Washington. Mozella does Secretarial work at the Tumwater High School.

Vivian Irene, third child in the Lyle Clarke family, was born May 12, 1920, at Volt, Montana. She became greatly interested in Girl Scout work and was a delegate to an International conclave held in Switzerland in 1937. She is still interested in this work and is called upon to take charge of annual encampments in their district. She was united in marriage to Paul Nalivka on July 24, 1943. They operate a pizza parlor in Havre, Montana, where they make their home. They assumed the rearing of Lori Lynn Odden, age 11, when she was left an orphan due to the tragic death of her parents. This in addition to their own family of eight children.

Robert Elton, fourth child and only son in the Lyle Clarke family, was born May 28, 1922, at Volt, Montana. He married Gertrude Ball on June 16, 1943. They make their home in Wasilla, Alaska, and Robert is employed in the train service of the Alaska Railway.

Due to poor crops and the approach of the depression in the early part of the 1920's Lyle was forced to find other employment. He worked as a fireman for the Great Northern Railway Company, at Havre, Montana, until such a time as he was eliminated from the train board due to the seniority system. In 1923 after the death of Allen's wife Signe, they removed temporarily to Oregon, where they remained until November 1st, 1928, when they returned to Havre. He was in the train service but a short time thereafter until he decided that the railway police work would be more lucrative, and he entered that service. He continued in this line of work, receiving numerous promotions, and eventually became Chief Special Agent for the Great Northern Railway, Butte Division. He held this position until retirement in 1957. They make Havre, Montana, their home.

Isaac Clarke loved his adopted country probably more than many native born citizens. He was always interested in politics and in current affairs. He belonged to the G. A. R. and received that organization's periodical, published at Washington, D. C., regularly.

When it was possible he attended the G. A. R. Conventions or re-unions, as they were called, and although travel was mostly by horse and buggy, there were occasions when old comrades got together for an over-night visit, to recall long past exciting events. It was only by eaves dropping on such occasions that the children ever gained any knowledge of the past, as Father Clarke never talked about or mentioned his eventful youth to them.

Pioneering held no fears for him. When approaching his three score and ten years, he decided to dispose of his holdings in Swaledale and go to northeastern Montana, where Government land was being opened for settlement.

The Bishops at that time, 1907, had been transferred to Culbertson, Montana, where "L. D." was agent or Manager for a lumber firm, and they had decided to "take up" a homestead. As all the adjoining land in that section of the country had not been surveyed, it was necessary to pick out your own prospective

quarter-section of land, and "squat" on it. In other words, build a shack and establish your residence rights to that quarter-section when the final survey was made.

After the survey was made it was necessary at that time to live on the property for five years and have a certain number of acres under cultivation, before title could be obtained. The Bishops had "squatted" on a quarter section six miles north of Culbertson, and there was adjoining land available.

Father Clarke had four years of service in the Army to his credit, and under the law at that time, it would only be necessary for him to live on a quarter-section one year after the final survey, to obtain title. So with a little encouragement from Daughter Myrtie and "L. D.", Father and Mother Clarke, with Son Lyle, the only one of the family remaining at home, shipped a few belongings to Culbertson, and "squatted" on a homestead adjoining the Bishops.

Northeastern Montana was a "wild" country at that time. There were ten or twelve saloons in Culbertson, a town of about five hundred people. Cattlemen had occupied the open range and had at first resented the settlers. But the "old-timers" accepted the inevitable and picked out what they considered to be the best farm land and awaited events.

The final survey was made in 1908 and shortly thereafter Congress passed a law allowing each settler one-half section of land and reducing the time of residence to three years. The rush for land really started and as each "squatter" tried to increase his holdings to one-half section, many disputes resulted, and as tempers soared and neighbors took sides, bloodshed was on occasion the inevitable.

The Clarkes and the Bishops however were able to settle their boundary lines amiably with their neighbors, each with a half-section of land, and the hard work of digging and hauling off the rock so that the sod could be turned, really began.

Father Clarke had always been a hard worker and he did not allow his age to interfere with the habit. But, after all, even a strong heart can take only so much pushing, and this one gave out on December 27, 1909, the result of a hard summer's work. He was buried in the cemetery at Culbertson. Mother Clarke, being a few years younger, survived him by twenty-four years, and passed away at the age of eighty, on September 6, 1934. Burial was at the Rose City Cemetery in Portland, Oregon.

Postscript to the Postscript

We hope that we may be forgiven for any errors that, without a doubt, will appear to individual members of the various families portrayed in the above Postscript. We did our very best to obtain the correct dates of special occasions, through the medium of long distance phone calls and the U. S. Mail Service, but without a doubt errors were made.

It was necessary that the narrative relative to each family be curtailed to the minimum, otherwise reams of paper could be consumed and a year's time expended in research. No doubt but what each member of the Isaac Clarke family could write a story almost as long as Father Clarke's narrative, if given the opportunity, and that is surely his privilege.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to Howard F. Clarke, 3735 South 152nd Street, Seattle, Washington, for the reproduction of most of the photographs used in this book, and for his financial assistance in its production. His help was very much appreciated.

A. R. C.

Beaverton, Oregon
December 31, 1967