



de Stolfe Journal

13.1 : WINTER 2024



CONTENTS

13.1 : WINTER 2024

Covers activities in January, February, and part of March 2024.

(Page numbers correspond to the PDF page numbers.)

- 2** ... Contents & On The Cover
- 3** ... Comments by RG
- 4-6** ... Word for Life
- 7-9** ... Random Things
- 10** ... February Snow
- 11-12** ... First Friday Art Trails—January & March
- 13-14** ... Lubbock Electric Competition
- 15-25** ... Post Death Travel—Part III
- 26-27** ... Bluecat Travels
- 28-29** ... Bartlett Journal Drawings
- 30-34** ... New Madrid Earthquake
- 35** ... Final Thought—Food Inflation
- 35** ... The Fine Print

ON THE COVER



*Every spring in Lubbock, these trees are covered with these white flowers. They are called Bradford pears which is misleading as they are not actually pears but do have a small red cherry like berry in the fall. Called *pyrus calleryana* or callery pear, the flowers look pretty, but they smell horrible!*



On February 27, Lubbock had a strong cold front that went through the area bringing very high winds and causing a strong haboob (sand storm) making visibility only about a mile, as you can see here.

We live in the 2020s, not the 1920s! Wherever there is a web link like below, click it to go to the webpage it references! (Click it now!)

www.destolfe.com



COMMENTS BY RG



First Issue of 2024

So in my typical manner as of recent years, I am getting out the Winter issue of the journal in late April! (Sheesh!)

This is the first issue for 2024. The previous issues were still for activities in 2023 even though the issues came out rather late. So with that, I did an annual update of the journal to keep it looking different and fresh.

In early March, I went back up to Colorado Springs for a third trip after three months. I was going to go in late February, but I cancelled it as several things were not yet in order. However, this trip was only for about a week, and it was not anywhere as interesting as the November and December trips. This issue will include what few interesting things that did happen.

Winter this year was rather mild and dry with one major snowstorm and a few very minor snows and other dry cold fronts. The major snow was in mid February, almost around the same time of the deep freeze of 2021, but it was nothing compared to that one.

In January and in March, I went to the First Friday Art Trail here in Lubbock, the first one I had

been to in months.

The one in January was quiet as it was right after the holidays, but the one in March was more active and more interesting.

Winter had its minor holidays that I participated in including Pancake Day (Mardi Gras), Pi Day (3.14), and St. Patrick's Day (in buying some oxalis). We also had the first day of Spring. A couple of weeks after that, we had the major solar eclipse. I will include more about the eclipse in the next issue. We also had a time change starting March 10.

The city of Lubbock initiated its "electric competition" phase to get residents to pick out their electric providers and would formally transfer over responsibilities in late March. We knew it was coming as it was first voted on and passed during an election several years ago. This was the final phase left before it was all done. Needless to say, it was a scrambling fiasco of wolves trying to get business! Read more about it in this issue.

A couple of years ago, I was watching a channel on YouTube I have watched for many years now during a live stream that talked about ships. I got the resources

they used and provided to get the original material. It was a scan of pages from a journal kept by John Bartlett in 1790. He had some amazing drawings of ships in his journal that I have included.

The other major topic in this issue is some primary source descriptions of an earthquake that happened between December 1811 and February 1812 in the New Madrid area of Missouri, an apparent area of old volcanic activity. The descriptions showed the quakes were violent and harrowing!

Until the next issue, enjoy!

RG

WORD FOR LIFE

To Burn The Ships

For this issue of the journal, I will diverge from the Revelation topics to discuss a different topic that I have been wanting to include for a while now.

When you hear the phrase “burn the ships” today, you might think of a particular song, and an album by the same name, released in 2018 by For King And Country, who are brothers originally from Australia. On this third album, they have a song titled Burn The Ships. This is an old phrase that has seen some resurgence in recent years particularly because of this song. However, the meaning of the phrase is still similar to that old use of it. Here is some history.

An early use of this concept—but not necessarily the exact phrase—is usually attributed to the Spanish conquistador, Hernándo Cortés de Monroy y Pizarro Altamirano, usually referred to as Cortés. The story about Cortés is long and

detailed and mostly not relevant to this discussion, but note that in 1519, he was on the coast of Veracruz with a large army and an outfit that included 11 ships. By July, they overtook Veracruz. “By this act, Cortés dismissed the authority of the governor of Cuba to place himself directly under the orders of King Charles*. To eliminate any ideas of retreat, Cortés scuttled his ships.” [1] To scuttle here meant to purposely sink one’s own ship by letting in water. I suppose there are several ways to do this with one way being simply to burn the whole thing into ashes into the water! While the “history books” do not specifically state that Cortés “burned” his ships, contrary to popular belief, the idea still remains that with the ships destroyed, there is physically no option to turn back or to retreat. This meant that the only option left was to move forward—whether for success or for defeat. Of course,



Hernándo Cortés de Monroy y Pizarro Altamirano



Hernán Cortés scuttling his fleet off the Veracruz coast. Naval History Museum, Mexico City (Permanently closed)

WORD FOR LIFE

this is a very hard line that would scare even the hardest of men! So let us go back to the song by For King And Country.

The song uses the old concept to apply to modern day life. The main overall theme is to cut off the past so that you can be totally free and unrestrained in order to move forward along the path God has prepared. Now, very often our pasts are not of our own making, and sometimes our own choices had us go in the wrong direction. Most people have a combination of these. But the point here is that we are not helpless and to have “life” steamroll over us! If bad choices caused us to go in the wrong direction, then good choices will steer us back into a better direction! Let us look at some of the lyrics. Here are some verses near the beginning of the song:

Step into a new day
We can rise up from the dust and walk away
We can dance upon our heartache, yeah
So light a match, leave

the past, burn the ships
And don't you look back

Don't let it arrest you
This fear is fear of fallin' again
And if you need a refuge
I will be right here until the end
Oh, it's time to [...]

These two verses state exactly that about forgetting the past and moving forward. Paul mentions this about himself in Philippians:

Brothers and sisters, I do not consider myself yet to have taken hold of it [my goal]. But one thing I do: Forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead...
Philippians 3:13

The chorus of the song, with some variations, include:

Burn the ships, cut the ties
Send a flare into the night
Say a prayer, turn the tide
Dry your tears and wave goodbye

There is so much more to unpack with this song, and you can read the lyrics yourself to gain some of it. But one line is

repeated five times: “And don't you look back”. That is part of moving forward, not to look back at the past you are leaving behind. Specifically, it means not to long for the past you left behind and not want to go back to it. A more literal punishment for looking back is with Lot’s wife. The angels led Lot, his wife, and their two daughters out and away from Sodom and Gomorrah before God destroyed the city. However, after they fled to Zoar and the Lord sent burning sulfur down on the cities and on the plains, Lot’s wife looked back and became a pillar of salt. The angels specifically warned them not to look back, but Lot’s wife clearly longed to return to where she left and is why she looked back. Her heart’s intent is what turned her into a pillar of salt.

All of these things together tell us that we need to take the drastic step of cutting off the past, or maybe just one aspect of your life, to be able to move forward. While this could be a

small thing or changing some habits, it could also mean a very drastic step into another direction that changes every part of your life. I would never recommend that you do this without the explicit direction from God to you directly, and even then, it must be your own personal choice between you and God!

*This “King Charles” was Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor and Archduke of Austria from 1519 to 1556, King of Spain from 1516 to 1556, and Lord of the Netherlands as titular Duke of Burgundy from 1506 to 1555. (Whew!) https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charles_V,_Holy_Roman_Emperor

[1] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hern%C3%A1n_Cort%C3%A9s

<http://www.famous-explorers-facts.com/Famous-Spanish-Explorers-Facts/Spanish-Explorer-Hernando-Cortes-Facts.html>

WORD FOR LIFE

Burn the Ships

For King And Country

How did we get here?
All castaway on a lonely
shore
I can see in your eyes,
dear
It's hard to take for a
moment more
We've got to

Burn the ships, cut the ties
Send a flare into the night
Say a prayer, turn the tide
Dry your tears and wave
goodbye

Step into a new day
We can rise up from the
dust and walk away
We can dance upon our
heartache, yeah
So light a match, leave the
past, burn the ships
And don't you look back

Don't let it arrest you
This fear is fear of fallin'
again

And if you need a refuge
I will be right here until
the end
Oh, it's time to

Burn the ships, cut the ties
Send a flare into the night
Say a prayer, turn the tide
Dry your tears and wave
goodbye

Step into a new day
We can rise up from the
dust and walk away
We can dance upon our
heartache, yeah
So light a match, leave the
past, burn the ships
And don't you look back

So long to shame, walk
through the sorrow
Out of the fire into
tomorrow
So flush the pills, face the
fear
Feel the wave disappear
We're comin' clear, we're
born again
Our hopeful lungs can

breathe again
Oh, we can breathe again

Step into a new day
We can rise up from the
dust and walk away
We can dance upon our
heartache, yeah
So light a match, leave the
past, burn the ships
And step into a new day
We can rise up from the
dust and walk away
We can dance upon our
heartache, yeah
So light a match, leave the
past, burn the ships

And don't you look back

And don't you look back
And don't you look back

Songwriters:
Joel Smallbone,
Luke Smallbone,
Matt Hales,
Seth Mosley

Burn the Ships lyrics ©
Capitol CMG Publishing,
Sony/ATV Music
Publishing LLC, Warner
Chappell Music, Inc



Luke Smallbone and Joel Smallbone

Screenshot from official music video of
Burn The Ships
by For King And Country.



RANDOM THINGS

Post Christmas Lights

By late January, I finally took down the Christmas lights outside and put away most of the Christmas decorations inside, although over several days. But in its place, I did put up some different lights. Specifically, I put out a color changing LED string of lights like what you would see in a back yard. They look like bulbs on a string. I doubled them over as they each were 24" apart and I only had the one string. I found the lights at the Home Depot in Colorado Springs when I was there in December. The arrangements of colors can be with the presets or any custom color combination. They were made to be used year round. I rather like them!



Inside, I did leave one strand of Christmas lights I put on the mantle because I like the lights and wanted them up a while longer (until March).

National Pancake Day

National Pancake Day was on February 13, which is the same day as Mardi Gras. Having not eaten pancakes in a long time, I planned to eat the yummy flat things. In the morning, I went to Whataburger and got their pancakes—which are really good, by the way—and cost less than \$4 for three pancakes. That night, I made pancakes at home with the Whataburger pancake mix bought from the store. I gorged on a tall stack of pancakes!



Pancakes I bought from Whataburger in the morning.



Pancakes I made at home from the Whataburger mix.

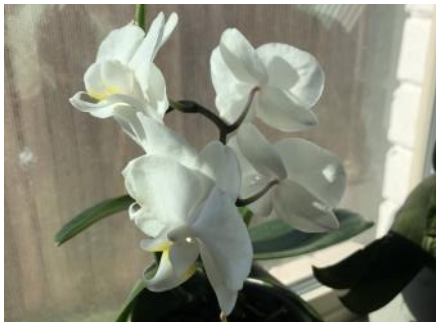
RANDOM THINGS

Lovely Amaryllises

In mid January, I bought these amaryllis bulbs from the grocery store for 25¢ each! I bought 9 of them and did not plant them, but rather put them in water to bloom, which did not take long before opening into various colors that lasted for about two months.



Despite two months of no water and being frozen to the upper 20s, Dad's orchids survived and one flowered!



Rediscovering Senetti

I went to Chick-fil-A the evening of March 4 and saw these flowers by their doors. For those who have kept up with the journal since its reboot in 2012, you might recall that I planted two colors of this same flower in Dad's yard in May of 2014. The flower is called Senetti (pericallis 'Senetti').



Below is one Senetti from Dad's house in May 2014.



RANDOM THINGS

Annual π Day

This year, I had a lemon cream pie for π day! I went with a lemon pie instead of a Key lime pie like I usually do just for something different. But, I did go with the French vanilla ice cream with it.



Convenience Stores

Maybe they did not like the color combination or perhaps changed their color scheme, but whatever the reason, DK changed their colors from the muted blue and red to a bright blue and lime green on their buildings. These used to be 7-11 stores, and there were 7-11 stores all over Lubbock. But now, I don't think there are any in Lubbock at all! They have all changed to DK, Hop In, or Quick Track, and that is besides the other competitors like Stripes, Circle K, Toot N' Totum, Yesway, &c that have expanded.



February 4, 2024



February 25, 2024

Hot Chicks

On February 25, I stopped by Gebo's to check for some things, and while I was there stopped by the area where they had fresh chicks for sale. They do this once a year in the spring, sometimes twice. Most ag stores will have chicks in the late winter/spring.



Winter Weather

We had two specific instances of very cold weather this winter where the lows were much lower than is typical for winter in the Panhandle West Texas.



January 16, 2024



February 12, 2024

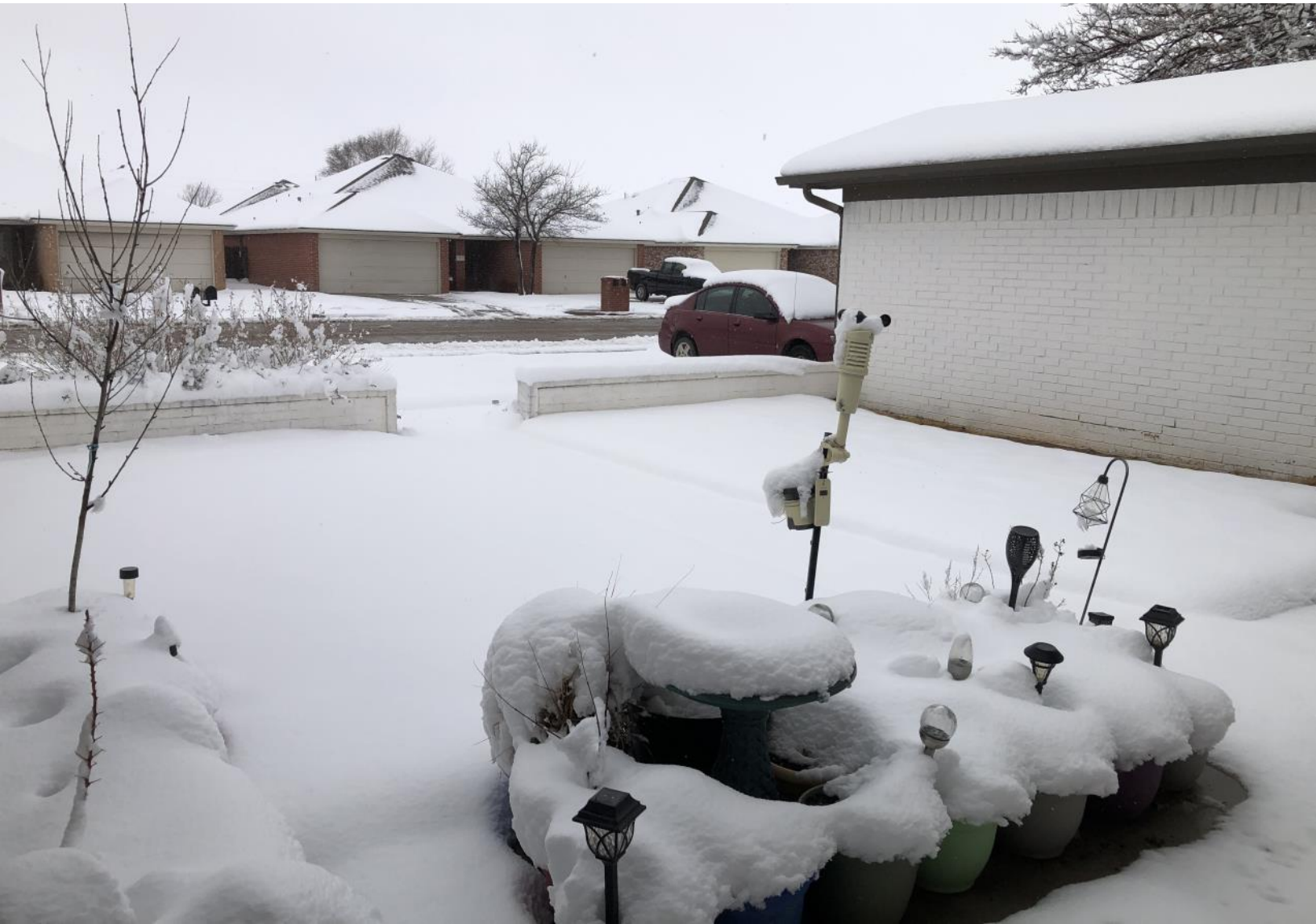
FEBRUARY SNOW

Okay, so some places get snow every year, multiple times in the winter, and it is like so what! However, Lubbock—and Texas generally—is not one of those places that gets snow very often. So when we do get it, it is a big deal, especially when it accumulates to many inches. Saturday night of February 10 was clear but was supposed to bring snow by the morning. By the early morning on Sunday, February 11, the snow started but then continued all day for at least 12 hours in waves. The temps did not get much above freezing. The accumulation varied across the South Plains from 3” to 8”. With where I live, it was probably around 4” perhaps. I chose to stay home and not go anywhere, especially since my car was covered in the snow.



As the snow was melting off the next day on Monday, February 12, I saw icicles forming outside my window! I had not seen icicles in a long time.

Snowfall on Sunday, February 11, 2024. 1:30 PM



FIRST FRIDAY ART TRAIL JANUARY

The first FFAT of 2024 was on January 5. I have reported about going on the FFAT several times before over the last few years. The last one I got to was in August, so it had been a while. Now, January usually has a lower attendance as compared to the other months since it is right after the fall holidays. I had two reasons for being in the area. In the late afternoon, I went to the Civic Center for an electric provider shopping fair. Read more elsewhere in this journal, but in short, Lubbock was just about to switch over to “retail electric competition” with the ERCOT system. The first fair was scheduled 3:00 PM to 8:00 PM, and I got there somewhere around 4:30 PM and spent less than an hour. Once done at the Civic Center, the main venue for the FFAT was only a block away, the second reason.

I went back to the car and drove to the other side of the parking lot since it was a large parking lot and right across the street from the main venue, LHUCA. I walked across the street, which was closed off, and first



went over to the Charles Adams Gallery. I like stopping in that particular gallery because they always have interesting artworks, an interesting vibe, and there’s always a lot of people in there. Then, I went over to the back of the campus where there was a flea market of sorts. Being January and cold, it was only a fraction of the size I saw in August, and there were very few food trucks in that area. I then walked back to the main area and looked around at what food trucks were there, quite a few more. I intended to find two specific ones that I hoped would be there. I did find the mini doughnuts food truck, the same one I stopped at in August, and got in line. As I was in line, I looked around and saw a Godfather’s Pizza food truck over in another area. So, I got out of the doughnut line and went over to the Godfather’s Pizza truck. I got a very big slice of pepperoni pizza for something like \$8 and

went back to the line for the doughnuts and ate the pizza while in line there. I was done eating it by the time they got to me. I made my doughnut order and waited for a little while as they were getting many other orders made before me. They were frying the doughnuts as fast as they were ordered! After I got the mini doughnuts, I slowly walked around to the main gallery building. I ate the doughnuts partly outside and partly inside. Like I said, it was cold because it was January. I briefly looked around in their galleries before leaving. I went back to the car and decided that instead of taking the trolley, I would just drive over to the Buddy Holly Center.

Normally, I would go to the Buddy Holly Center first to park, look around, and take the trolley to the other venues. But since it was already after 8:00 PM and less than an hour left, the BHC would be my last venue. Once at the Buddy Holly Center, they had cookies, cheese and crackers, and punch, as I expected from past times. While there, I talked with some of the staff for a

little while, then briefly looked around in the galleries, basically leaving right around 9:00 PM. I got back in the car and headed home driving through downtown on Buddy Holly Avenue to Marsha Sharp Freeway and home from there. This First Friday Art Trail was not terribly exciting, and some venues did not participate in January, but it was nice to get back to one after many months.



FIRST FRIDAY ART TRAIL MARCH

So, I completely forgot about the February art trail and did not even realize that I had missed it until later in the weekend! I was not certain if I would be in town to go to the March art trail until just prior to it. Now, it turned out that the company I work for contracted to work the March art trail, so I would be partly working and partly attending. Earlier in the afternoon, we got our equipment set up and ready to go for the evening. The other guy came prior to the event starting to get it running, while I came a little later.

In similar manner to past times I attended the art trail, I went over to the Buddy Holly Center first. While there, I saw a nice photography exhibit in the art gallery (the old depot building). As usual, they had their trays of cheese, crackers, fruit, and cookies along with punch. I didn't stay very long. I just wanted some snacks and to walk through the art gallery to see the new exhibit. (The FFAT website lists who is participating and what they are each showing.) I looked at some pamphlets before leaving and heading

over to the main venue, LHUCA. I could have left my car at the Buddy Holly Center and just taken the bus over, but I decided this time that I would drive over and park in the civic center parking lot.

Once I got to the civic center parking lot, the place was absolutely crowded with cars driving all over the place trying to find places to park! I was going in circles all through the parking lots and aisles myself trying to find a place to park. It took me probably 15 minutes before an unexpected spot finally opened to park. It was actually a good spot, but it was on the end of a row and cars were driving all around me, but a spot was a spot! Apparently, an event was happening at the Buddy Holly Hall of Performing Arts and Sciences, which is right across the street from LHUCA, the Louise Hopkins Underwood Center for the Arts. There might even have been something going on at the Civic Center too.

Once parked, I walked across the street to LHUCA and went down

the one side street and on to the other cross street to get to where our screen was just north of the Icehouse. I stayed by our trailer for a while, and it had gotten dark by this point. The activity was much more this time than when I went to the January art trail, which was rather slim. After a while, I wanted to go find the food truck that had the mini doughnuts and possibly get some pizza from the Godfather's pizza truck. I looked all over the place for the mini doughnuts and could not find them. I walked around the campus and did stop for a little while to look through the Charles Adams Gallery as I usually did. Assuming that the mini doughnut truck was not there, I decided to go ahead and get some pizza and stopped at the Godfather's pizza truck. I got one slice of cheese pizza that was rather expensive at eight dollars per slice, but it was good. I took it back to the trailer and ate it there. I stayed by the trailer for most of the rest of the night. But within that last hour or 30 minutes range, I still wanted something sweet. I thought about

maybe getting some ice cream from one of the ice cream trucks as there were several. There was this one ice cream truck nearby I never heard of that apparently had been around for quite a few years. It was a bright, baby blue color and fortunately, the line was not very long. The ice cream was reasonably priced and had cookie options with it. I was able to get a nice sized cup of ice cream with a cookie for five dollars. I got triple chocolate ice cream with a red velvet cookie (their last one apparently) and went back to the trailer to eat it.

By the time I was done with the ice cream, it was almost 9:00 PM and we were about to shut down. We were able to get things shut down fairly quickly, but we did have to wait for a few food trucks to leave before we could get out to leave. I then went to my car with the parking lot still rather full. The event at the Buddy Holly Hall might have been over, but it was hard to tell. Leaving was easier, and I made my way straight home for the night while the other guy took the trailer back to the shop.

ELECTRIC COMPETITION

Okay, so for several years now, Lubbock has been preparing after an election to bring “electric competition” to Lubbock instead of electric just being provided and billed by Lubbock Power and Light (LP&L). (There is another provider of electricity in Lubbock county, but this previous voting did not affect their service area.) the first time I had ever heard of this concept was when I moved to Snyder in 2018 as they had this system long established there. I was confused by it and in my time living there, I hated it and was glad to be rid of it when I moved back to Lubbock to go back to normal electric service! Well, ironically, just a few years after I moved back, Lubbock was getting the same thing!

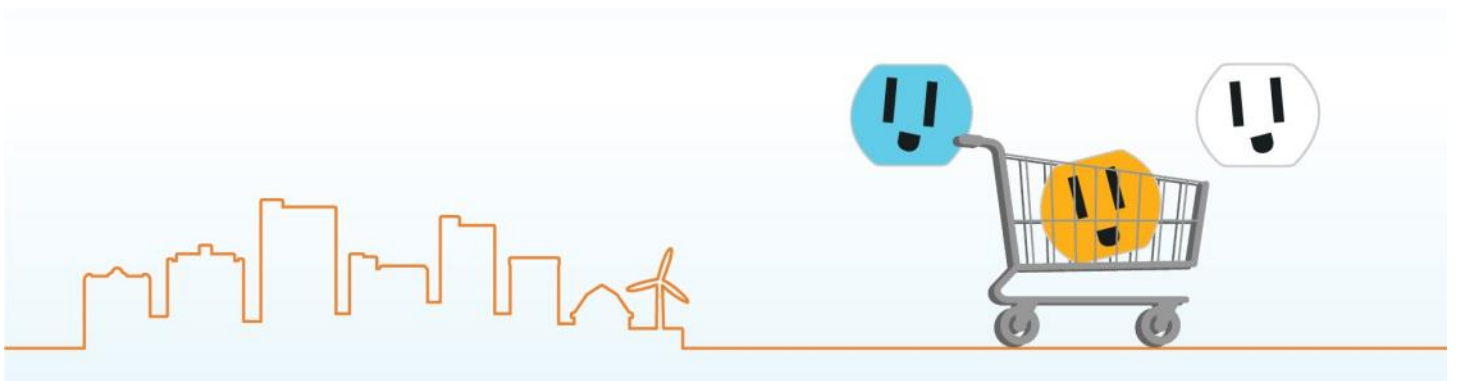
Okay, so what is this “electric competition”

anyway? So long story short, the actual providing of the power is still with LP&L as before, the only difference is that the “competition” part is in reference to who handles the reading of meters and the billing of the usage. There were around three dozen approved companies to compete for customers. Until early 2024, the work done was to get electrical service connected to ERCOT (the same system that had the dangerous outages from the 10 day polar vortex freeze back in 2021!) and to work out the details of how to transition customers. In January and February, there were retail shopping fairs at the Civic Center for the public to talk to and sign up with the electrical providers. I went to the first one in January right before I went to the January Art

Trail. I knew without a doubt that I did NOT want to go with the company I had when living in Snyder! That yo-yo of electrical plans with that company was horrific and completely unnecessary! I wanted to find a provider that would be much more stable and that would meet my two basic requirements. First, I want a paper bill mailed to me every month. Second, I want to manually pay my bill. I was surprised by how many of them would not allow these options! Most of them wanted bills sent by email and to have auto draft of payments. While many see this as a normal modern “convenience”, I find it dangerous and frankly lazy! Ultimately, I did find a provider that met these two requirements and offered similar stable rates, even if it was not the cheapest of rates. It

was somewhere in the middle of the road as compared to the others. By the end of January, I finally chose one I thought would be a good choice and signed up.

I also did not want to fall in the trap of electrical gimmicks like free electric days or time ranges or electrical plans that claimed they were “green”! These companies only handle the billing, they do not provide the electricity directly to each of their customers and therefore cannot specify that *their* electricity is specifically “renewables” or some combination of production! LP&L still provides the electricity directly to all of the customers, so if people believed that *their* electric is all green or renewable, they are sadly deceived! The overall power grid on

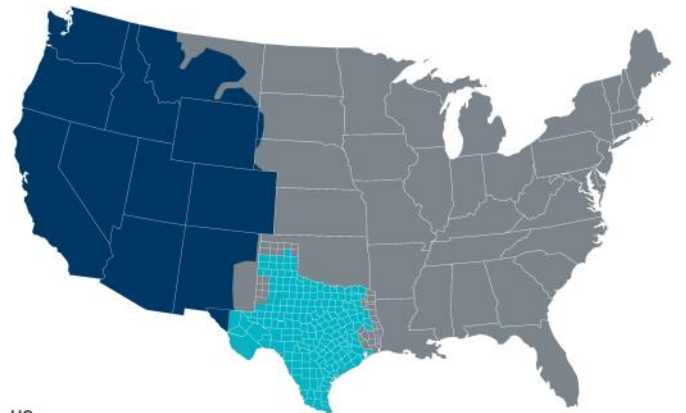


ELECTRIC COMPETITION

ERCOT is indeed a combination of generation, but it cannot be divided up by source to each customer!

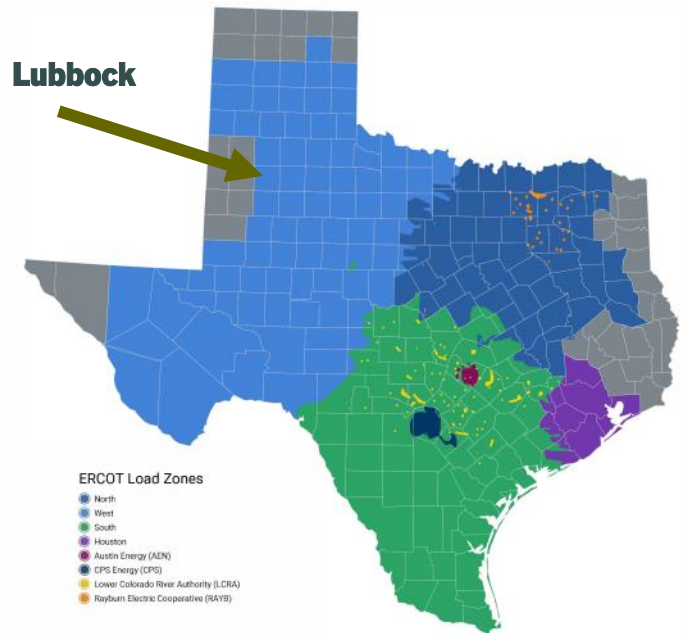
Anyway, people had until mid March to choose a provider or a temporary default of three prechosen companies would be given after that point. The fact was that no one would be allowed to stay with LP&L as they were getting out of the billing business, which was actually handled by the City of Lubbock. Now for all of us, it will be a few months before we would really know if this transition was a good idea or if we are

all just screwed from now on! Being March, we are in a typically lower usage of electricity based on weather, not cold and not really hot yet, so it proves to be a sort of “honeymoon” period for usage and electric cost until we get to the middle of summer to see just how bad our electric costs are really going to be! Now for the part of Lubbock that is not affected by this change in electricity, they will not see any changes. It also turns out that I live only half a mile away from this other electric provider that does not see these changes!



US Interconnections

- Western Interconnection (Includes El Paso and Far West Texas)
- ERCOT Interconnection
- Eastern Interconnection (Includes portions of East Texas and Panhandle region)



2024 Generating Capacity

Reflects operational installed capacity based on December 2023 CDR report for Summer 2024.

0.4% Hydro
0.9% Other*
2.7% Storage
3.5% Nuclear



The sum of the percentages may not equal 100% due to rounding.
*Other includes biomass and DC Tie capacity.

THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO

With this writing and similar to the last trip, I am not going to give an exhaustive day by day explanation of what I did as most of it is not relevant for writing as a travel log. But as before, I'll include highlights and snippets of interesting things that

I did. I will also forgo the long explanation of restaurants as most of them were the same as previous trips if I went to them at all.

I was originally planning to go to Colorado Springs leaving on Sunday

February 18, 2024. However, I quickly pulled the brakes and canceled that trip as many things were not laid out as they needed to be to justify me leaving yet, which was frustrating to no end, but it was just what had to happen if I was going

to handle things responsibly as I should. It would be another two weeks before things were lined up enough to justify finally leaving, which I did on Tuesday, March 5, 2024.

Tuesday, March 5, 2024

As with times before, I decided that I would break up the drive over two days. On Tuesday, I went to work as usual and had lunch (taco Tuesday at Rosa's Café) along with an appointment in the early afternoon and a couple of other errands. I then went home and got the car packed. It was a little later than I planned to leave, but I finally got going around 5:00 PM, but there was no real rush since I was only planning to go as far as Dalhart. Unlike the last couple of times, I went back to driving to Amarillo on I-27 just to make the drive easy and nonstop. I did make one short stop somewhere halfway for a historical marker that I have bypassed before and finally made a stop to see it. But from there, I

went all the way to Amarillo and stopped briefly at the Toot N Totum on Coulter as I have many times before for a short break. From there as the sun was setting, I made my way to Tascosa Highway to get to US 385. In the fall, this road was under heavy construction and had a bunch of delays. But the drive showed that nearly all of that construction was finished as I had no delays or slowdowns at all. Once I got to Dalhart, which was totally dark by then, I went straight to the motel and checked in. After that, I wanted something to eat and considered what few options were there. I ended up going over to Sonic, then took the food over to the other side of town to the

Love's truck stop and ate the food there before getting gas at the Love's. Surprisingly, I

needed almost half a tank of gas. Then, I went back to the motel for the night.



The only Texas historical marker I stopped at on this trip was this one titled The Stant Rhea Stage Stand. It was located on the I-27 access road (east) between Abernathy and Hale Center.

THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO

Wednesday, March 6, 2024

With a little less than half of the drive to Colorado Springs out of the way, I only needed to drive around five hours today, and I would get an hour back when crossing the time zone into the Mountain Time Zone. I finally got going around 11:00 AM and headed west to Clayton, New Mexico, about 30 minutes later. I then repeated my 11:00 hour from there. I had briefly thought about taking the plains route from Dalhart to Lamar and over to Pueblo, but that would have added more drive time than I wanted. So, I skipped going in that direction. One thing I did this time on this drive was to better record the towns I drove through. I did that

quite often when I first drove this route way back in the late 2000s when it was a new route for me. And I still do it when I travel routes I have never taken before, such as when I went to Boise last September. But, I wanted to record a fresh set of records with distances and times. (I have a list of them here.) From Clayton, I basically drove straight to Colorado Springs, even skipping the windmill and barn I usually stop at, except for two very short stops, one to get a photo of a ranch entrance sign and one on Raton Pass as a scenic view. I would get to Dad's house around 2:30 PM.

Once I got to Dad's house, I knew that I was not going to do a whole lot in the house, especially since it was the middle of the afternoon. There were a few things I did like get the three months of mail, take down the Christmas lights (in March!), and talk with several of the neighbors. After some time, I left and went straight over to the hotel, the same one I stayed in before, and checked in. I took in a few bags, then wanted to eat dinner. In my usual manner as recently and even in the years before Dad died, I went over to Culver's for dinner. I had predecided that I wanted their fish sandwich, so I got it with fries,

coleslaw, drink, and some free custard, of course! From there, I headed back and went to Costco for gas and to King Soopers for a few things. I did find something I had never seen before that was really good and got multiple times while in town. King Soopers had something in the bakery called sheepherder bread. This was a round loaf of two sizes that just had a really good flavor, crumb, and density that did not dry out as fast as other breads. I went back to the hotel for the night and did various things.



For some reason, this ranch entrance sign has been elusive to me over the past several years! But now, I finally got a photo of it!

Once you get through Raton Pass going north, this sign greets you at a scenic overlook.



THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO

Towns Between Texline to Colorado Springs

List of towns and approximate distances in between from Texline, Texas to Colorado Springs, Colorado taking US 87 and I-25.

(Notice that town signs show populations in Texas, while the town signs instead show elevations in New Mexico and Colorado.)

Texline, Texas, pop 507	0 point	Trinidad, 6017'	3 miles
Texas/New Mexico	1 mile	Ludlow	13 miles
Clayton, New Mexico, 5500'	9 miles	Aguilar	7 miles
Mount Dora	18 miles	Walsenburg	15 miles
Grenville	9 miles	Huerfano	11 miles
<i>Springhill Ranch entrance</i>	4 miles	Apache	6 miles
Sierra Grande Rest Area	8 miles	Colorado City, Rye, San Isabel	8 miles
Des Moines, 6622'	6 miles	<i>Hatchet Ranch</i>	4 miles
Capulin*	9 miles	Brantzell	5 miles
<i>T.O. Ranch entrance</i>	15 miles	Stem Beach	7 miles
<i>Hill Top Ranch, On I-25 north</i>	12 miles	Pueblo	8 miles
Raton Pass, NM/CO, 7834'	10 miles	Arkansas River (Pueblo), 4679'	
Scenic view (Raton Pass)		Porter Draw**	8 miles
Wooton	3 miles	Piñon	4 miles
Gallinas	2 miles	[<i>swinging V ranch—don't know name</i>]	3 miles
Spring Creek	2 miles	Fountain	14 miles
Starkville	3 miles	Austin Bluffs Road (Colorado Springs)	19 miles

**The windmill and barn is just east of Capulin, and the Capulin volcano is reachable on a road from the middle of town.*

***Doesn't this town name sound like an awesome country band name?! Porter Draw!*

A Note About My Week In Colorado Springs

Because of costs and not wanting to miss work any longer than I actually needed to, I only stayed in the Springs for about a week, leaving the next Wednesday, March 13. I also left on this date to skip town ahead of a major winter storm that would blanket the region for days making

it mostly useless for me to stay anyway. My week in the Springs was not particularly exciting, nor did I do anything extra. I needed to tend to some things relating to mail, banking, a few estate things, and the house itself, much like I also did in November and December. But since it had been about

three months after my last time in the Springs, it was necessary for me to get back and to regroup about a few things. Like with the last issue, I'll cover a few points of interest of the week and include a more extended description of the drive home, which I did in one day.

THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO

Some Notes About Colorado Weather

While the calendar might show that spring was just a few weeks away, weather in upper elevation mountainous climates is unpredictable at the least! One day, the weather could be sunny and mild, while the next day could be freezing cold with snow on the ground, followed by days that could go either way! The temps on this trip were overall much more mild than in November and December, but there was still the unpredictable weather.

On Thursday, March 7, the next day after I

arrived, the forecast showed a possibility of snow in Colorado Springs. At the start of the day, I looked out the hotel window and saw that it was sunny, partly cloudy, and warm looking. But by the time I left the hotel, it had clouded up quite a bit with no sun and had already snowed lightly for a while. But, that stopped and some sun came out, which melted off the snow on the roads. Now, while I was driving to Falcon, it snowed, but then stopped a little north of Falcon and had no snow at all for a few miles north of there. The rest

of the day was cloudy and relatively cool with no more snow until much later in the evening.

For the rest of the days in the Springs, the

weather was mainly mild, where it was sunny or partly cloudy with modest temps during the day and nights that stayed above freezing.



Mid day snow on March 7, 2024.

Daylight Savings Time Change

The weekend I was in the Springs was the daylight savings time change. I had unintentionally stayed up rather late Saturday night, long enough to see the clock go from 1:59 AM to 3:00 AM. I ended up waking around noon on Sunday, but having no clue what time it actually was and not expecting it to be that late! The rest of my time in the Springs had me slightly disoriented

by the time change and because I was already in a different time zone that got dark earlier than I was used to at home. However, on Sunday night, it was not quite dark yet at a certain time because of the daylight savings time change, giving an additional hour of sun, which made it closer to what I was used to at home before the time change.

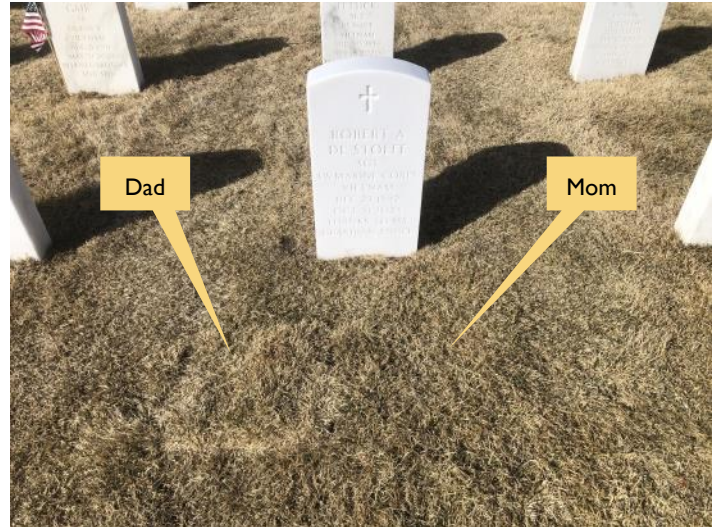


THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO

Cemetery Visit and Unexpected Development

On Sunday, March 10, I wanted to go to the Pikes Peak National Cemetery to see the new tombstone that replaced the existing one. The existing tombstone had Mom's information on it. But, Mom was not a veteran. So, after the eventual death of Dad, we knew that the stone would be replaced to show Dad's info on the front and Mom's info on the back as the ashes were buried side by side. I think they replaced it sometime in later December. But since this was the soonest I was able to get back, I had not seen the new stone.

The day was clear and sunny and fairly warm. I could still see the evidence of the little square of grass they cut out when they buried Dad's ashes. But it was almost integrated back into the lawn. I also found the grave of Dad's neighbor who died in 2017 and was buried in a section not far away. I stopped at the visitor center to get printed location sheets for the graves from the computer. As I was leaving, I saw some antelopes in the distance on a part of the property not yet developed, but then I saw a few more much closer to the exit that crossed the street right in front of me!



Cemetery plot where Dad and Mom are buried.



Grazing antelope at the cemetery.

Before



Front



Back

After



Front



Back

THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO



As I was leaving the Pikes Peak National Cemetery, I noticed some trails of smoke in the distance that looked like they got heavier in the time I was leaving the visitor center. I was not quite sure what it was or where it was, but it was obvious that it was some sort of fire. As I was driving away from the cemetery and taking the route back how I came, I very quickly found out that the smoke was coming from right beside the road I needed to take to get back to town. (The cemetery is good ways away from town in a more rural part of the county that was developing quickly.) When I drove the same route to the cemetery, there was no evidence of any fires or smoke. Just in the approximate hour I was at the cemetery, something happened in that short

time to cause a fire. As I drove past the area, it was obviously a brushfire. A small part of it was right in the grassy ditch by the road maybe 10 feet away from me that had very little smoke, while a much larger brush fire, or rather several brush fires, were off further in the distance in the field. These were the ones making the heavy smoke you could see from miles away. Fire trucks and firemen had already gotten to the scene and were getting their hoses ready. More fire trucks and police were on their way. As I was driving, the other cars were trying to figure out what to do. At first, I stopped on the shoulder a ways before getting to the fire, but I knew that would just confuse traffic as a few others did the same. So, I kept going and slowly drove past the fire and

the fire trucks with the firemen getting things unloaded. It was minorly chaotic, but with no issues. After I passed it, I went to a different area out of the way to get a few photos from a different direction.

I never found out while I was in the Springs of what caused the fire. However, after some Google searches, one news outlet reported the next day, “The Colorado Springs Fire Department gave the update on full containment Tuesday afternoon. Monday afternoon, the department announced the cause of the fire was “accidental likely due to dragging chains from a vehicle.” ”

Now, I’m not entirely sure where they got this assumed conclusion about “dragging chains”, but the grass

was yellowish brown and very dry, and so any little spark would quickly create a big blaze with a fast moving fire, especially with any amount of wind! There was a little wind. I also found out that there were no evacuations and no damages other than the field grass and shrubs and one small abandoned structure. The total area burned by the Marksheffel Fire was reported to be nearly 650 acres caused by several separate fires. I had left the area at a good time for the news outlets reported that police closed off the roads sometime after I was well past the area!

THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO



The brush fire as seen from the cemetery.



Views of the brush fire as I was driving near it.



THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO

Restaurant Roundup

Unlike in November and December, my restaurant visitation was down to basically one a day and not particularly crazy. I needed to keep my finances in check and kept my spending to a reasonable amount for most of the time.

On Thursday, March 7, I went to **Cracker Barrel** for my usual Thursday turkey special. I skipped it the previous Thursday knowing that I would go when in the Springs. So of course, I had a yummy meal of turkey, stuffing, gravy, hash brown casserole, green beans, biscuits, and tea. This is my most common arrangement of food for this meal with sometimes getting carrots instead of green beans.

For March 8, I went to get dinner after a few hours of doing paperwork and calls. I decided I would go back to **MOD Pizza** to try them again. I only time I had eaten there was in

November. They were busy considering it was Friday night. I got a medium all meat pizza they call Mad Dog which had pepperoni, mild sausage, and hamburger, and I added roasted red bell peppers. Because they were busy, it took maybe 15 minutes, as there were plenty of people ahead of me. The pizza was really good and filling. I also got their chocolate No Name Cake, which is in the shape of a small hockey puck. I got a No Name Cake in November, except that one was pumpkin.

On March 9, I had scheduled to have lunch with my realtor before she would then come by the house. We went with **Chick-fil-A**, the one near my hotel. We had a good meal of chicken and waffle fried and tea. The place was busy. While there, the cow was wandering around giving high fives and hugs! By the early evening, I was hungry

and decided to go to **Culver's** for dinner. I got their regular deluxe burger meal with fries and drink and the free custard, of course. (The custard was free with the receipt survey code.)

On Sunday, March 10, I wanted to go to **Rudy's BBQ**, and I specifically brought my plastic cups to get the drink refill (which costs much less). Once there, I had a nice dinner of my usual, a turkey sandwich, potato salad, chocolate pudding and the drink refill.

By late afternoon on Monday, March 11, I was hungry not having eaten much up to that point. Needing to save money as I was getting very low, I had one of Dad's gift cards for a place called **The Honey Baked Ham Company**. There is not one in Lubbock, and so I would only be able to use the gift card when in the Springs. I had more than enough on the gift

card to cover the meal I got and to cover a second meal as some later point. I had a turkey and ham bacon club with potato salad and a drink. I also got a chocolate chip cookie. The meal was good, not spectacular, but it was free, and I was satisfied with it.

On March 12, being a Tuesday, I would usually go to Rosa's Café for taco Tuesday. But of course, Rosa's Café is not in Colorado. I thought about going to a Mexican restaurant somewhere, but it would have cost more than I wanted to spend. I ended up going back to **Culver's** for a third time. I got exactly the same thing as the last time, a double deluxe burger with fries, drink, and yes, the free custard. That all cost about \$12, and I was not going to get any meal for much cheaper than that anywhere else!

THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO

Wednesday, March 13, 2024

I decided to leave Colorado Springs on Wednesday, March 13, 2024. For one thing, I was completely out of money, but more importantly, I wanted to leave the region ahead of a multi day snow storm that had been forecasted for days to dump a lot of snow. In addition, I would drive straight home to Lubbock with no overnights stops. I left the hotel around 11:00 AM and headed to the house to check on things for a few minutes. I did a couple of other errands, including stopping at Dutch Brothers for some coffee, before leaving. I was finally on I-25 headed south by 1:00 PM. As I was leaving the Springs, the weather was already turning cold and windy with hints of snow or rain that basically followed me to Raton and even for a good ways into New Mexico. The drive into New Mexico was basic and uneventful with no stops. By the way, Raton Pass has an elevation of 7834' at the state line.

Once I passed Raton and was going east on US 64/87, I made a couple of stops. The first one was to get a photo of a feature I never noticed anywhere else. The T.O. Ranch is about 15 miles east of Raton and has pastures for cattle to graze on both sides of the road, but the cattle never have

to cross over the road or be trucked between pastures because the road has tunnels that go underneath. I counted at least six of these tunnels while driving and found one west of Capulin where I could safely stop to get some photos. To note, the weather was quite cold and windy with the temp at

43°! These tunnels are concrete and appear high enough to easily walk through and for a horse to walk through. But they were low enough that trying to go through horseback would be tight and possibly hazardous. If a horse spooked inside the tunnel, both would probably get hurt.



Views of a tunnel connecting pastures on each side of the road.



THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO

Most likely, a hand would dismount and walk the horse through (if he wasn't lazy!). At least on the one side if not on both sides, the tunnel was fenced off to keep the pastures separate or to help in sorting, at least where the fences were still in good shape! Part of the fence at the one I stopped at had seen better days. I do recall that in the late 2000s and early 2010s when they were widening this road that I saw these concrete tunnels being made, but I just thought they were bridges or culverts. There are both of these along this road as well.

A couple of miles away on the east side of Capulin, I made the second stop very briefly to get some quick

photos of the windmill and barn I typically stop at. I almost skipped it but stopped anyway. I did notice that there were some interesting low clouds around the Capulin Volcano, which is a national park, by the way. From there, I continued through Des Moines (6622') and made another quick stop a couple more miles away to get a photo at the east entrance of the T.O. Ranch. There were several signs grouped at the entrance to this road, one of which was the Springhill Ranch sign I photographed on the way up. After some quick photos of the other signs, I did notice on my side of the road down by the fence a small stone death marker. In New Mexico, they call these descansos, which comes



Here is that windmill and barn I have photographed many times before. The Capulin volcano in the back was covered by low clouds.



This part of New Mexico was cold and rainy.



Small stone death marker on the side of the road.



"O. J. R. 1-3-90"

THIRD TRIP TO COLORADO

from the Spanish word *decanzar*, meaning to rest. In some states, it is a punishable offense to desecrate or remove them, but you will find variations of these all over the country. This stone one looked like a small tombstone and had engraved "O. J. R. 1-3-90". The death date is obviously January 3, 1990. I could not find any information about the person with the initials OJR nor about the marker itself. I am guessing by the date that maybe there was a winter weather related accident as it can snow quite heavily in this part of New Mexico.

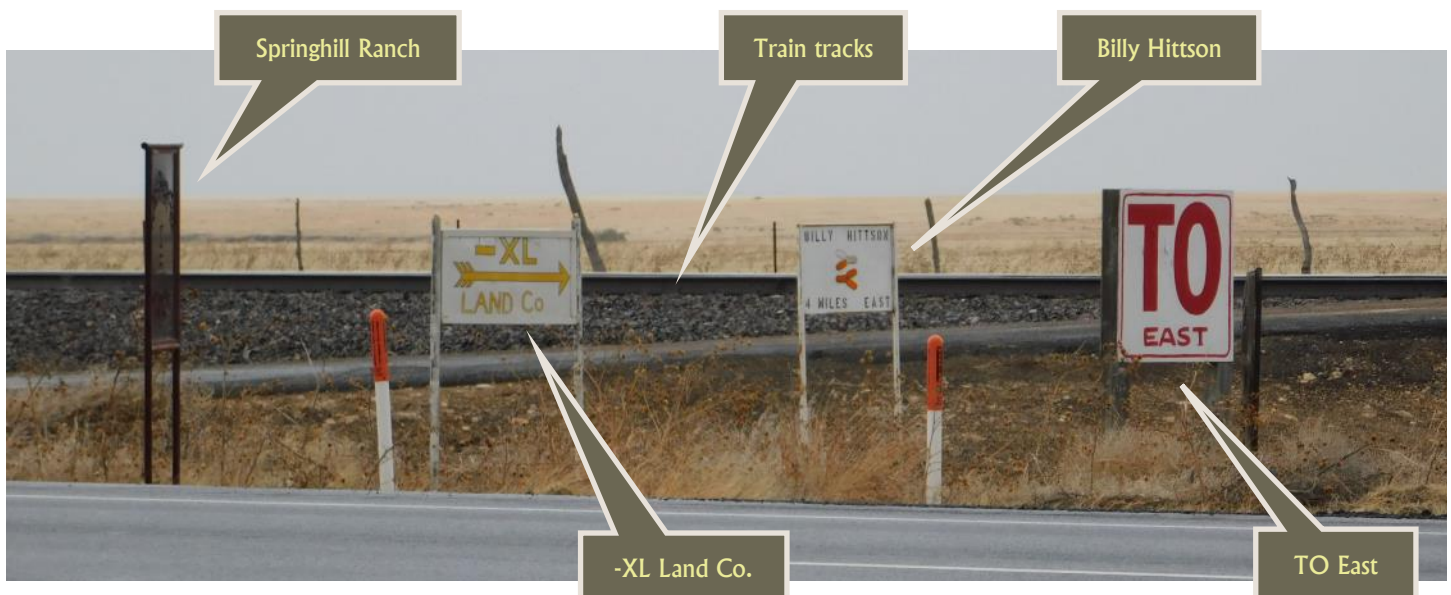
From there, I drove until I got to Dalhart crossing over the state line and likewise back into the Eastern time zone. I

stopped at the Loves in Dalhart for a short break before continuing. Once getting to US 385, I took it to Tascosa Road. In this general area slightly northwest of the entrance to the Boys Ranch was a small fire, called the Magenta fire, in early March a few days before I drove up to Colorado Springs. As it was getting dark, I had a hard time seeing exactly where the burn scar was. While any forest fire is bad, the Magenta fire here was tiny compared to the fires that burned around the same time northeast of Amarillo, with one fire that stretched to the Oklahoma border! That one was called the Smokehouse Creek fire and was well over a million acres burned in over three counties,

while two smaller ones were called the Windy Deuce fire and the Grape Vine Creek fire.

While driving, I kept thinking about where I wanted to stop to get a good meal and what place to stop at since I had only eaten lightly. I did not want to stop just anywhere for the sake of eating something. There are not many good restaurant options in Raton, Clayton, or Dalhart. I just kept driving. When I got to the 335 loop road around Amarillo around 8:00 PM, I took it along the newly constructed parts to I-40 and drove I-40 for a couple of miles until I got to Coulter Street. I had decided to have dinner at the Chick-fil-A on Coulter. I had nearly the same thing I

ate on Saturday, a spicy deluxe chicken sandwich, waffle fries, and my usual tea. That particular Chick-fil-A apparently closed at 9 o'clock, and I got there a little after eight. But, they were already in the process of end of day cleaning. After that, I drove down Coulter to the Toot 'n Totum on Hollywood Road for gas. From there, I just kept going on I-27 until I got to Loop 289 in Lubbock and home from there, arriving a little after 10:30 PM. Then, I took about an hour to unload the car, putting some things in the garage and other things in the house. I was glad to be home despite the short trip as compared to the two other longer trips in the fall.



BLUECAT GOES TO A CARWASH



Modern carwashes are much more fun than in past!



“Wash curtains” are less dynamic than “top brushes”.



The soaps come in three colors, besides the lights.



Final rinses.



Soap rinses are fun to see on the glass.



High powered blowers kick in!

MORE ABOUT BLUECAT

This is Bluecat, a blue stained carved wood figurine of a cat that I bought in the early 1990s from Pier 1 for \$7.99. The price sticker is still on it on the bottom showing that it was carved in Thailand. As I recall, I gave this little figurine as a gift to Mom for Christmas or Mother's Day or something. I don't remember the reason. After Mom died and we went to tend to the estate, I saw this in Mom's bedroom sitting by itself on the window sill. I took it home instead of packing it.

Forward to Thanksgiving of 2022, I had the idea of using this little figurine as a sort of face for photo documenting places I would go, trips I would take. I started with my Thanksgiving trip in 2022 to kick off the adventure series. Then, as I went places out of town, I took photos of the cat in the different places where I went as a fun way to document them from a slightly different perspective and in a sort of first person or third person format perspective of a travelling blue cat!



Bluecat visiting the Pikes Peak National Cemetery.

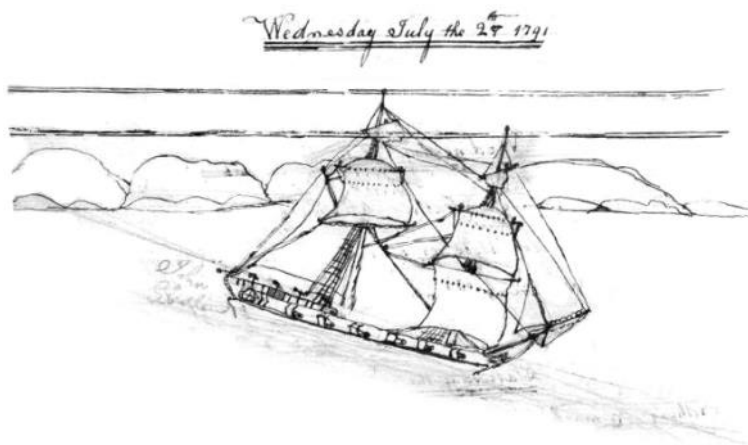


BARTLETT JOURNAL

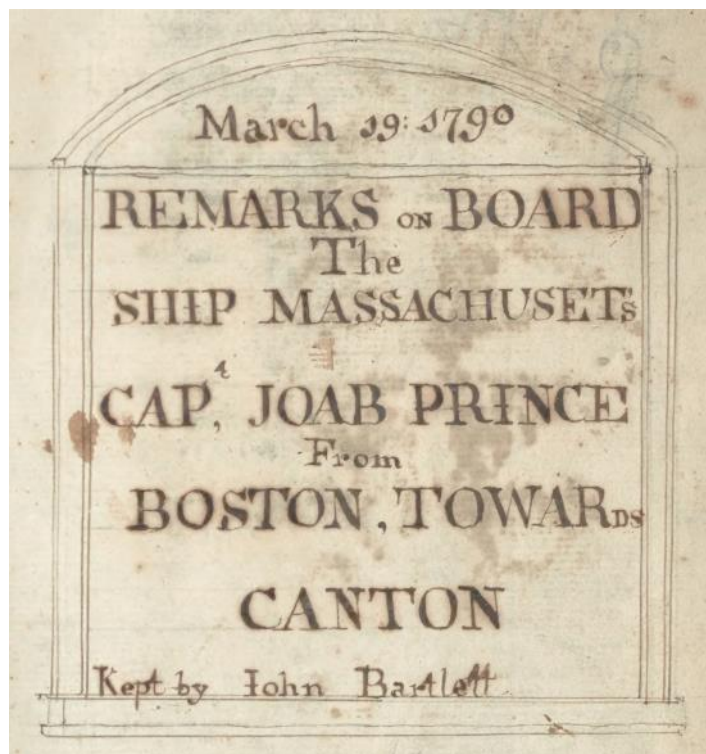
So back in 2022 in February, I was watching a Friday live stream of Townsends on YouTube. John Townsend, the owner of the James Townsend & Son company that sells 1700s products and who is the main force behind the YouTube channel, really likes old ships and decided on it as the topic for the week. They talked about various types of ships and showed many images. But one thing I found really interesting was with the images they showed of some drawings of ships from a daily journal. In the comments of each live stream, they provide sources for what they showed. Therefore, I looked it up and went to finding the original sources they used. I found what I was looking for on Internet Archive. The drawings of ships Townsends showed came from a journal kept by John Bartlett starting in March 1790 through June 1793. He documented nearly everyday things he noticed and found interesting, giving descriptions and details like wind, weather, location, fellow seamen, murder, and various other events and activities onboard ship. I personally did not read through the entire journal as there are well over 100 pages of hand written journal entries! (Understand that this is in late 1700s script with a feather quill and ink!) I was most interested in his sketches of the ships with such amazing detail! I have included here a few of the really nice ones and have cleaned up the images to make them easier to see.

Here is the source of the scanned pages of the journal in its entirety and with a transcription:

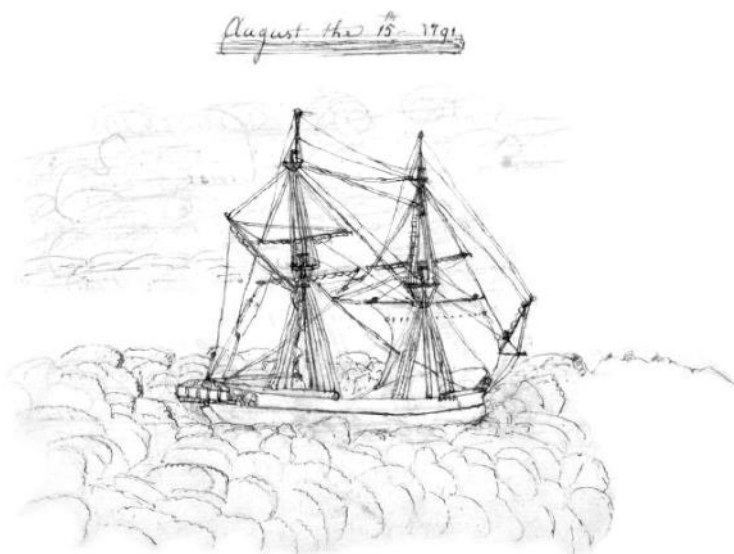
<https://archive.org/details/log1765bartlett/mode/2up>



Wednesday July the 28th 1791



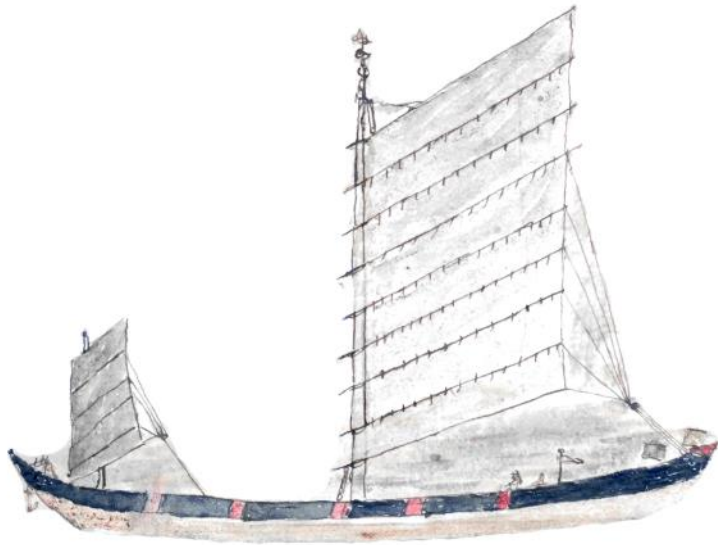
*March 19: 1790
Remarks On Board The Ship Massachusetts's
Cap, Joab Prince From Boston, Towards Canton
Kept By John Bartlett*



August the 15th 1791

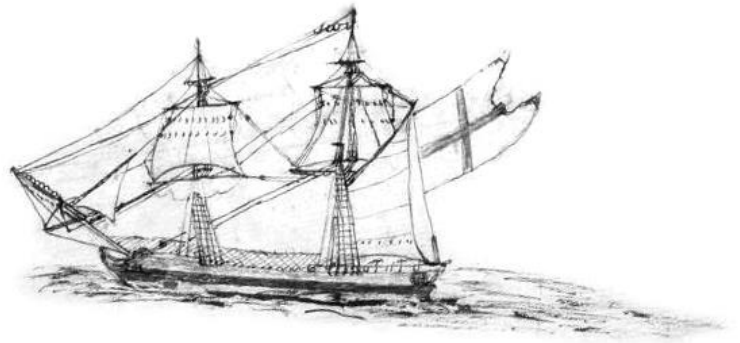
BARTLETT JOURNAL

A CHINA JUNCK



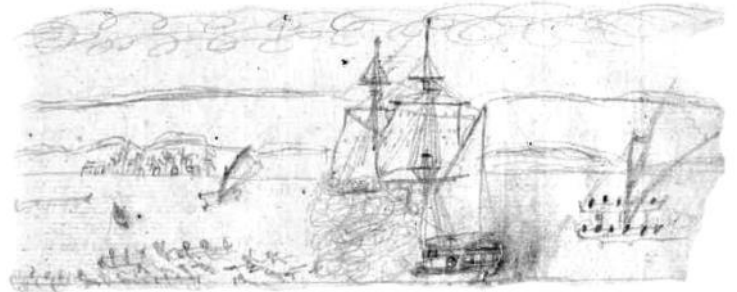
A China Junck. September 11, 1791

Wednesday August the 24 1791

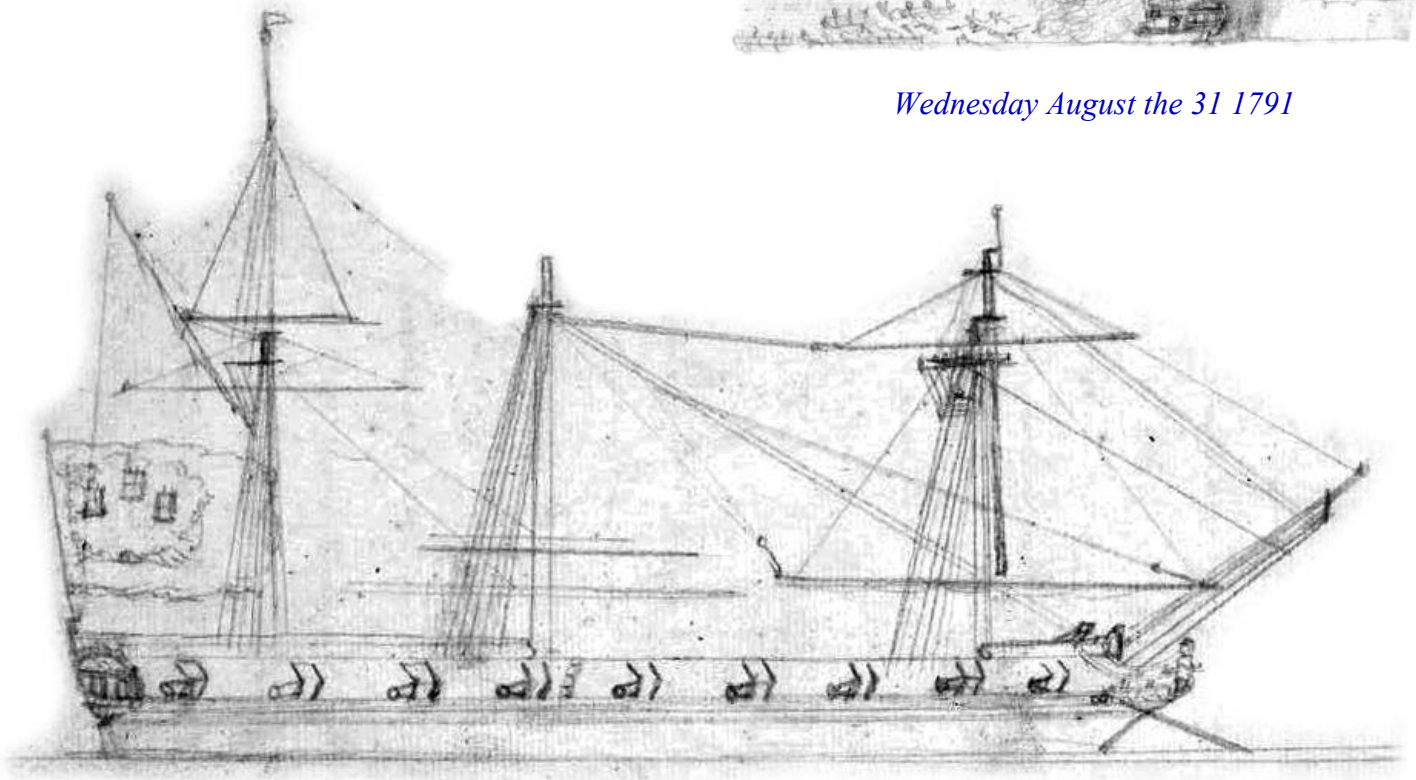


Wednesday August the 24 1791

Wednesday August the 31 1791



Wednesday August the 31 1791



NEW MADRID EARTHQUAKE

New Madrid Earthquake of 1811-1812

Have you ever heard of the New Madrid Earthquake of 1811? No? Neither have I until a couple of years ago! Apparently, it was an exceptionally violent earthquake in a place I did not know even had earthquakes! New Madrid was and is a town along the Mississippi River where Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee meet. For the time, this was “The West” until the Louisiana Purchase about a decade earlier, but settlement was still

very sparse. Today, this area is on the southern edge of the Midwest.

According to the Missouri Encyclopedia by the State Historical Society of Missouri, “Between December 16, 1811 and February 7, 1812, seven earthquakes of magnitude 6.0 to 7.5 on the Richter scale and numerous lesser aftershocks ravaged the affected area. They were among the most intense earthquakes in US history and by far the largest to occur east of

the Rocky Mountains.” [1]

There were eyewitness accounts who recorded their harrowing experiences of the earthquake. A pamphlet titled “An Account of the Great Earthquakes, in the Western States, particularly on the Mississippi River, December 16-23, 1811” was compiled, “collected from facts”, and printed and sold at the Herald office and at the bookstore of Thomas & Whipple in

1812 in Newburyport. The pamphlet gave a report of several earthquakes in different places, but the account about the earthquake in New Madrid spanned 9½ pages of the pamphlet’s 16 pages. This was a direct personal experience submitted by William Leigh Pierce. Here are some notable excerpts by Pierce about his observations of the earthquake.

Proceeding on a tour from Pittsburg to New-Orleans, I entered the Mississippi where it receives the waters of the Ohio, on Friday the 13th day of this month, and on the 15th in the evening, landed on the left bank of this river, about 116 miles from the mouth of the Ohio. The night was extremely dark and cloudy, not a star appeared in the heavens, and there was every indication of a severe rain. For the three last days, indeed, the sky had been continually overcast, and the weather unusually thick and hazy.

He went on to say that he travelled in one of “a variety of small craft, but most generally in flat bottomed boats... intended to float with the current, being supplied with oars...” Then, he described what happened next while on one of these boats.

Precisely at 2 o'clock on Monday morning, the 16th instant, we were all alarmed by the violent and convulsive agitation of the boats, accompanied by a noise similar to that which would have been produced by running over a sand bar. Every man

was immediately roused and rushed upon deck. We were first of opinion that the Indians, studious of some mischief, had loosened our cables, and thus situated we were foundering. Upon examination, however, we discovered we were yet safely and securely moored. The idea of an earthquake then suggested itself to my mind, and this idea was confirmed by a second shock, and two others in immediate succession. These continued for the space of eight minutes. So complete and general had been the convulsion, that a tremulous motion was communicated to the very leaves on the surface of the earth. A few yards from the spot where we lay, the body of a large oak was snapped in two, and the falling part precipitated to the margin of the river; the trees in the forest shook like rushes; the alarming clattering of their branches may be compared to the effect which would be produced by a severe wind passing through a large cane brake.

Exposed to a most unpleasant alternative, we were compelled to remain where we were for the night, or

NEW MADRID EARTHQUAKE

subject ourselves to imminent hazard in navigating through the innumerable obstructions in the river, considering the danger of running two-fold, we concluded to remain. At the dawn of day I went on shore to examine the effects of the shocks; the earth about 20 feet from the water's edge was deeply cracked, but no visible injury of moment had been sustained; fearing, however to remain longer where we were, it was thought most advisable to leave our landing as expeditiously as possible; this was immediately done. At a few rods distance from the shore, we experienced a fifth shock, more severe than either of the preceding. I had expected this, from the lowering appearance of the weather; it was indeed most providential that we had started, for such was the strength of this last shock, that the bank to which we were (but a few moments since) attached, was rent and fell into the river, whilst the trees rushed from the forests, precipitating themselves into the water with a force sufficient to have dashed us into a thousand atoms.

(To note, the concept of atoms was only recently rediscovered around 1800 by John Dalton and would be fresh knowledge at this time.) [2]

It was now light, and we had an opportunity of beholding, in full extent, all the horrors of our situation. During the first four shocks, tremendous and uninterrupted explosions, resembling a discharge of artillery, was heard from the opposite shore; at that time I imputed them to the falling of the river banks. This fifth shock explained the real cause. Whenever the veins of the earthquake ran, there was a volcanic discharge of combustible matter to a great height, as incessant rumbling was heard below, and the bed of the river was excessively agitated, whilst the water assumed a turbid and boiling appearance, near our boat a spout of confined air, breaking its way through the waters, burst forth and with a loud report discharged mud, sticks, &c, from the river's bed, at least 30 feet above the surface. These spoutings were frequent, and in many places appeared to rise to the very heavens. Large trees, which had lain for ages at the bottom of the river, were shot up in thousands of instances, some with their roots uppermost and their tops

planted; others were hurled into the air; many again were only loosened, and floated upon the surface. Never was a scene more replete with terrific threatenings of death. With the most lively sense of this awful crisis, we contemplated in mute astonishment a scene which completely beggars all description and of which the most glowing imagination is inadequate to form a picture. Here the earth, river, &c. torn with furious convulsions, opened in huge trenches, whose deep jaws were instantaneously closed; there through a thousand vents sulphureous streams gushed from its very bowels, leaving vast and almost unfathomable caverns. Every where Nature itself seemed tottering on the verge of dissolution. Encompassed with the most alarming dangers, the manly presence of mind and heroic fortitude of the men were all that saved them. It was a struggle for existence itself, and the meed to be purchased was our lives.

(The word meed here means a deserved share or reward. Pierce was stating that the very fact that they were still alive through the earthquakes was their reward because of their mindset and fortitude! I find it amazing that despite the violent turbulence around them—especially being on a boat in the rough waters—no one was harmed nor were the boats destroyed!)

During the day there was, with very little intermission, a continued series of shocks, attended with innumerable explosions like the rolling of thunder; the bed of the river was incessantly disturbed, and the water boiled severely in every part; I consider ourselves as having been in the greatest danger from the numerous instances of boiling directly under our boat; fortunately for us, however, they were not attended with eruptions. One of the spouts which we had seen rising under the boat would inevitably have sunk it, and probably have blown it into a thousand fragments; our ears were continually assailed with the crashing of timber, the banks were instantaneously crushed down, and fell with all their growth into the water. It was no less alarming than astonishing, to behold the oldest trees of the forest, whose firm roots had withstood a thousand storms, and weathered the

NEW MADRID EARTHQUAKE

sternest tempests, quivering and shaking with the violence of the shocks, whilst their heads were whipped together with a quick and rapid motion; many were torn from their native soil, and hurled with tremendous force into the river; one of these whose huge trunk, at least 3 feet in diameter, had been much shattered, was thrown better than an hundred yards from the bank, where it is planted into the bed of the river, there to stand, a terror to future navigators.

Several small islands have been already annihilated, and from appearances many others must suffer the same fate. To one of these, I ventured in a skiff, but it was impossible to examine it, for the ground sunk from my tread, and the least force applied to any part of it seemed to shake the whole.

Anxious to obtain landing, and dreading the high banks, we made for an island which evidenced sensible marks of the earthquake; here we fastened to some willows, at the extremity of a sunken piece of land, and continued two days, hoping that this scene of horrors was near over; still, however, the shocks continued, though not with the same frequency as before.

On Wednesday, in the afternoon, I visited every part of the island where we lay, it was extensive, and partially covered with willow. The earthquake had rent the ground in large and numerous gaps; vast quantities of burnt wood in every stage of alteration, from its primitive nature to stove coal had been spread over the ground to very considerable distances; frightful and hideous caverns yawned on every side, and the earth's bowels appeared to have felt the tremendous force of the shocks which had thus riven the surface. I was gratified with seeing several places where those spouts which had so much attracted our wonder and admiration had arisen; they were generally on the beach; and have left large circular holes in the sand, formed much like a funnel. For a great distance around the orifice, vast quantities of coal have been scattered, many pieces weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds were discharged 160 measured paces. These holes were of various dimensions; one of them I observed most

particularly, it was sixteen feet in perpendicular depth, and sixty three feet in diameter at the mouth.

On Thursday morning the 19th, we loosed our cables, with hearts filled with fervent gratitude to Providence, whose protection had supported us through the perils to which we had exposed.

As we descended the river, every thing was a scene of ruin and devastation, where a short time since the Mississippi rolled its waters in a calm and placid current. Now, subterranean forests have been ushered into existence, and raise their heads, hard and black as ebony, above the surface of the water, whose power has been so wonderfully increased, that strength and skill are equally baffled. Our boat was borne down by an irresistible impulse, and fortunately escaped uninjured. We passed thousands of acres of land which had been cleft from the main shore and tumbled into the water, leaving their growth waving above the surface. In many places single trees, and whole brakes of cane, had slipped into the river. A singular instance of this kind peculiarly attracted my observation:--- a large sycamore had slipped from its station on the bank and had so admirably preserved its equilibrium, that it has been left standing erect in the water immersed about ten feet, and has every appearance of having originally grown there.

The shocks I conceive were most sensibly experienced upon the Islands, and numbers of them have been much shattered, for I observed where the strata of earth was fairest, it did not crack, but undulated excessively. At Fort Pickering in the extremity of the Fourth Chickasaw Bluff, and 242 miles from the mouth of the Ohio, the land is strong and high. Here, however, the earth was extremely agitated, and the block house which is almost a solid mass of hewn timber, trembled like the aspin leaf.

The obstructions in this river, which have always been quite numerous, are now so considerably increased as to demand the utmost prudence and caution from subsequent navigators; indeed I am very apprehensive that it will be almost impassable in flood water; for until such time it will be almost

NEW MADRID EARTHQUAKE

impossible to say where the currents will hereafter run, what portion (if any) of the present embarrassments will be destroyed, and what new sand bars, &c. may yet be caused by this portentous phenomenon. Many poor fellows are undoubtedly wrecked, or buried under the ruin of the banks. Of the loss of four boats I am certain.

It is almost impossible to trace at present the exact course of this Earthquake, or where the greatest injuries have happened; from numerous inquiries, however, which I have made of persons above and below us at the time of the first shock, I am induced to believe, that we were very nearly in the height of it; the ruin immediately in the vicinity of the river is most extensive on the right side in descending. For the first two days the veins appeared to run a due course from W. to E. afterwards they became more variable, and generally took a N.W. direction.

Pierce continued to report specific locations about what he heard happened in those areas including New-Madrid, little Prairie, Bayou river, Long Reach, Flour Island, and Devil's Race Ground. He then went on to say:

The western country must suffer much from this dreadful scourge; its effects will I fear be more lasting than the fond hopes of the inhabitants in this section of the Union may at present conceive. What have already been the interior injuries I cannot say. My opinion is, that they are inferior in extent and effect.

The continuance of this earthquake must render it conspicuous in the pages of the Historian, as one of the longest that has ever occurred. From the time that the first shock was felt, at 2 o'clock in the morning of the 16th until the last shock at the same time in the morning of the 23rd, was 168 hours. Nothing could have exceeded the alarm of the aquatic fowls: they were extremely noisy and confused, flying in every direction, without pursuing any determinate course. The few Indians who were on the banks of the river have been excessively alarmed and terrified. All nature indeed seemed to sympathize in the commotion which agitated the

earth. The sun rarely shot a ray through the heavens, the sky was clouded, and a dreary darkness brooded over the whole face of creation; the stars were encircled with a pale light, and the comet appeared hazy and dim; the weather was incessantly varying from oppressive heat to severe cold, and during many of the shocks some rain fell.

Pierce then gave a list of the shocks in an exact order of how they occurred as taken from his noted minutes. He then gave a type of summary of his writing before concluding.

Thus, my dear Sir, I have given a superficial view of this awful phenomenon; not so much as to convey instruction upon a very interesting subject, as to gratify the curiosity of the public relative to so remarkable an event.

Should other interesting circumstances occur, relative to this Phenomenon, I will do myself the pleasure of making you another communication.

*With much respect, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
William Leigh Pierce.*

Pierce did indeed contribute a follow up letter a few weeks later of new information he obtained.

New-Orleans, Jan. 10, 1812.

Dear Sir,—Agreeable to my promise in the last communication which I had the pleasure of making you, I present a further detail of the late Earthquake.

The range appears to have been by no means confined to the Mississippi. It was felt in some degree throughout the Indiana Territory and the states of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. I have conversed with gentlemen from Louisville and Lexington, (in Kentucky) who state it was severe in both of those places. At the latter indeed it continued for twelve days, and did some injury to several dwellings. From thence it ranged the Ohio River, encreasing in force until it entered the Mississippi, and extending down that river to Natchez, & probably a little lower. Beyond that it was not perceived.

NEW MADRID EARTHQUAKE

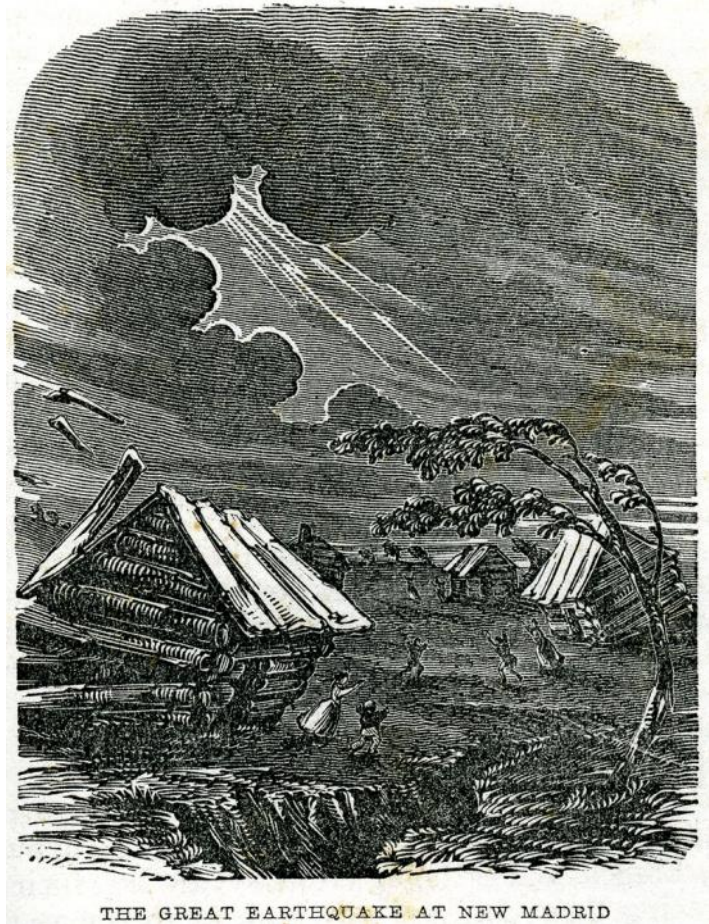
It is reported, through the medium of some Indians, from the country adjacent to the Washita, who arrived a few days since at the Walnut-Hills, some distance above Natchez, that the Burning Mountain, up the Washita River, had been rent to its base. This information I received from a Settler at the Hills, and his appearance was such as to attach credit to his information.

Yours, &c.

WM. L. Pierce

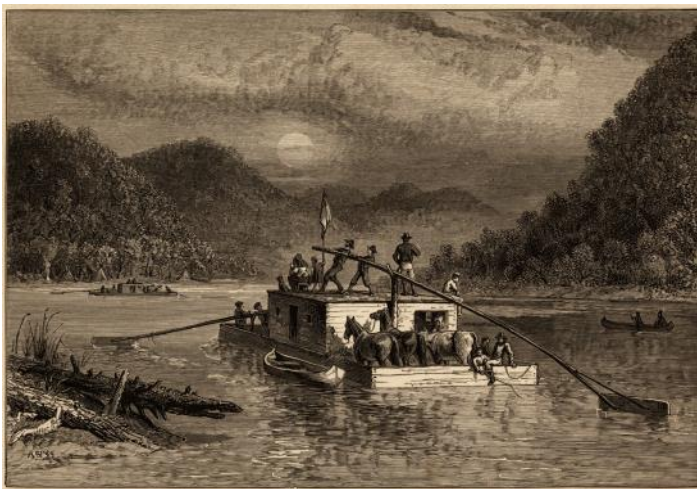
[1] <https://missouricyclopedia.org/events/new-madrid-earthquakes-1811-1812>

[2] <https://www.ck12.org/section/history-of-the-atom-%3a%3aof%3a%3a-atoms-%3a%3aof%3a%3a-ck-12-physical-science-for-middle-school>



THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT NEW MADRID

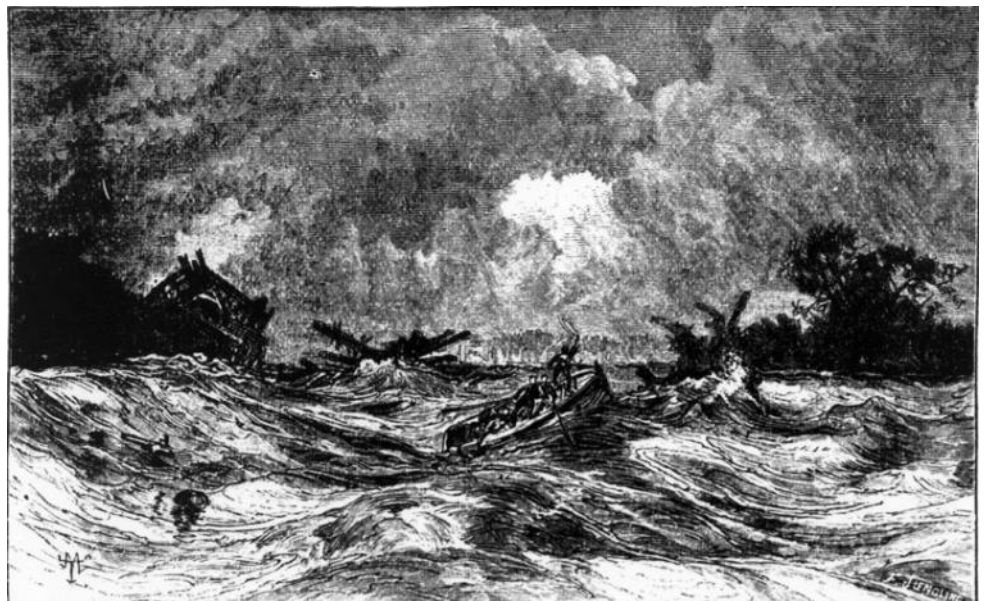
*“The Great Earthquake at New Madrid”
Woodcut illustration of an active earthquake that
happened in 1811 in New Madrid, Missouri.
Henry Howe, Historical Collections of the Great West
(Cincinnati: H. Howe, 1851)*



*An example of a flatboat.
Traveling By Flatboat.
Circa mid 1800s.
Wood engraving by
Alfred R Waud (1828–1891)*

*Illustration showing boats on the
turbulent waters of the Mississippi
River during an active earthquake
as what happened in New Madrid,
Missouri.*

*R.M. Devens, Our First Century
(Springfield, Mass.: C.A. Nichols
& Co., 1877)*



FINAL THOUGHT

If you have gone to the grocery store anytime in the last 12 months, then you have obviously gotten sticker shock for what food costs now! So let's take a trip back to May 7, 1900. Here is what the Ames, McCollum, & Son of Leadville, Colorado were charging for the following items. Today's inflation equivalent (2024) is shown next to the 1900 price.*

Per can

2 cans Good Corn...\$.15	\$5.58	\$2.79
Per case..... 1.75	\$65.07	
3 cans Crown June Corn..... 25	\$9.30	\$3.10
Per case 1.95	\$72.51	
3 cans Rosebud Peas .25	\$9.30	\$3.10
Per case 1.95	\$72.51	
4 cans Pioneer Tomatoes... .35	\$13.01	\$3.25
Per case.... .2.10	\$78.08	
2 cans Silver State Tomatoes..... .25	\$9.30	\$4.65
Per case..... 2.75	\$102.25	
12 cans superb Cream 1.00	\$37.18	\$3.10
Per case.... .3.75	\$139.43	
2 cans Calif. Fruit.. .25	\$9.30	\$4.65
Per case.... .2.90	\$107.83	
6 cans Domestic Sardines25	\$9.30	\$1.55
Per case..... 3.90	\$145.01	
10 sacks Salt... .25	\$9.30	\$0.93
25 pounds Salt20	\$7.44	
First-class Japan Tea .40	\$14.87	
Best English Breakfast Tea..... 45	\$16.73	
Imperial Tea.... .25	\$9.30	
Bottled Pickles, Chow-Chow, etc... 20c and up	\$7.44 +	



The *de Stolfe Journal* is a publication made by Robert-George de Stolfe. The first issue was published in March 1986 as the *de Stolfe Journal* and published irregularly until 1998 (17 issues total). The *Candid* version of the Journal started in July 2012 through December 2018 (over 60 regular and special issues). Now back to the original name starting in 2019, archives of all issues—including the original ones (1980s-1990s)—are available on the website: www.destolfe.com

Publisher/Owner/Editor

Robert-George de Stolfe

Graphics/Layout*

Robert-George de Stolfe

**Unless otherwise accredited, the graphics and photos are by Robert-George de Stolfe. Some images are from the public domain or from an original source that cannot be rightfully determined.*

This publication is published solely as a digital format. All content—unless attributed to some other source, including web sources, or from public domain sources—is original content by Robert-George de Stolfe. Public domain and undeterminable sources might or might not be specifically attributed.

The reader of this content has right to download and view the content for personal enjoyment. However, if one wants to use the content for any other purposes, permission must be requested in writing and approved by Robert-George de Stolfe.

Copyright © 2024, Robert-George de Stolfe

**Ames, M'Collum
& Son,**

'Phone 125. 7th & Alder

The Herald Democrat. Monday, May 7, 1900. Page 6.

*<https://www.in2013dollars.com/>

ROBERT-GEORGE de STOLFE

PO BOX 16156

LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79490

806.470.5867

rgdestolfe@yahoo.com