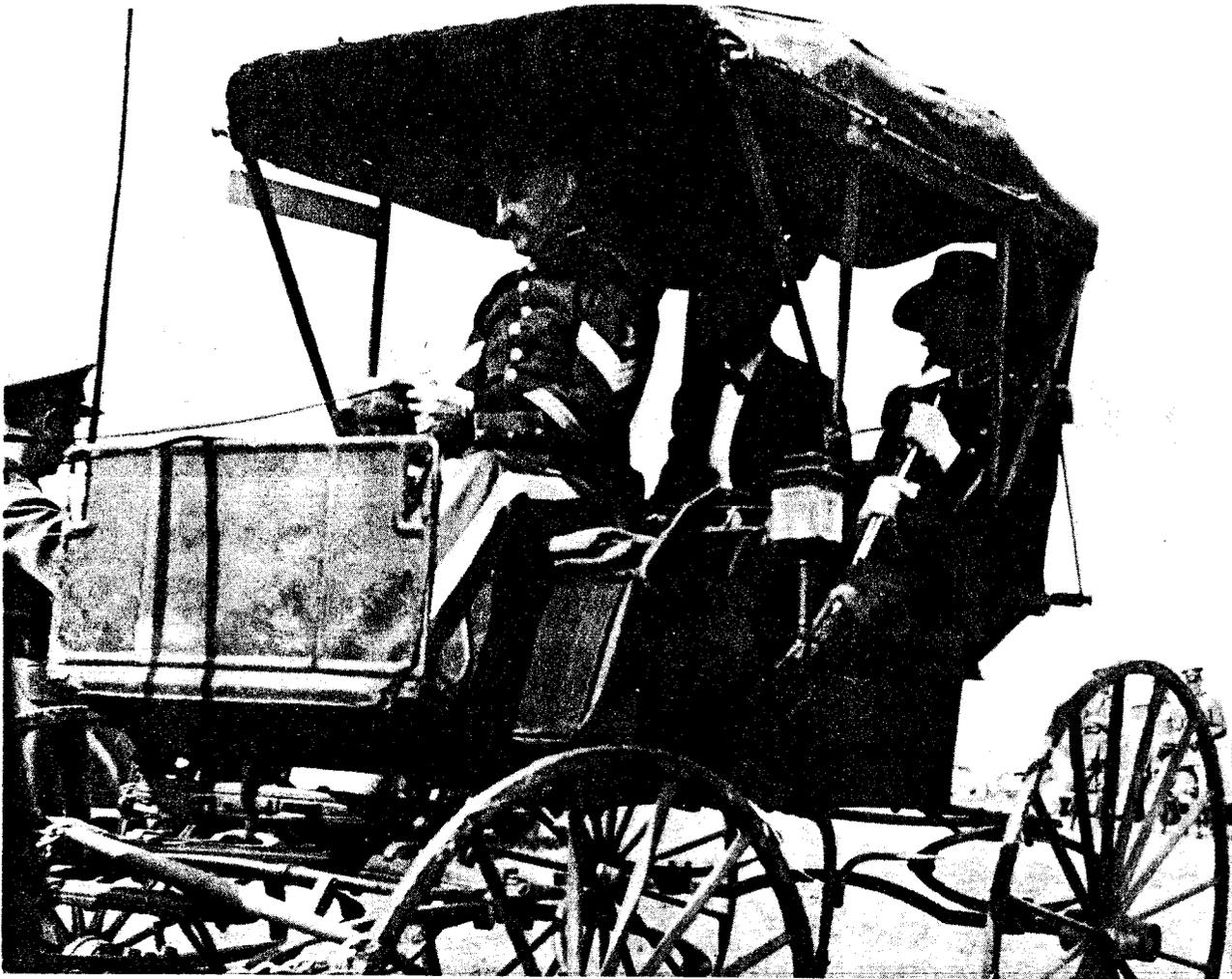


The ABRAHAM LINCOLN, a two-seated, box and spring buggy, although not a spectacular carriage, is of great historical interest and value to the museum. The buggy was used by Mr. Lincoln when he visited Kansas Territory in 1859. It still is roadworthy and is turned out on very special occasions.

Included in the museum's large group are Conestoga and ox-drawn prairie schooners, Dougherty wagons, buckboards, handsome cabs,

many sleighs, the most important being two cutters. One was formerly owned by General Nelson A. Miles, a top figure in the Indian pacification period of the West. The other cutter was owned by George Armstrong Custer, who went to glory in the battle of the Little Bighorn.

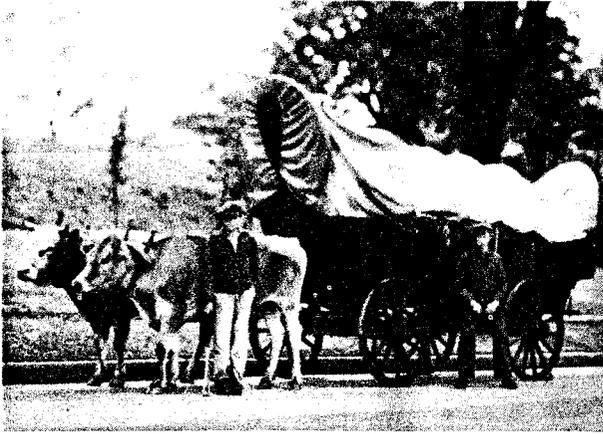
It was hard work searching for and gathering in the old vehicles. They were found broken down, rotting, and abandoned in many strange



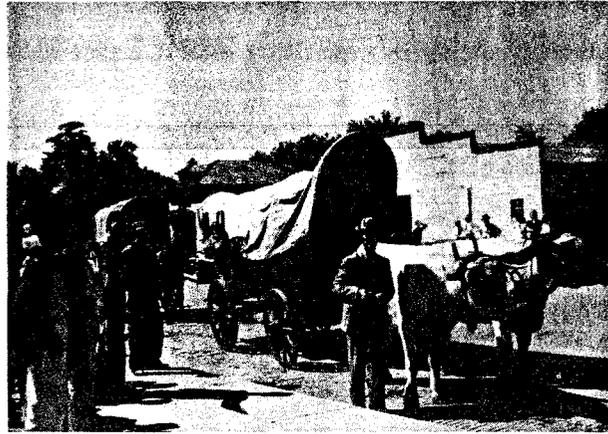
Carriage used by Abraham Lincoln

traps, victorias, cabs, buggies, wagonettes, landaus, coupes, beach wagons, surreys, roof and body brakes, Lennox carts, drags, broughams, and four-in-hands. In addition to the wheeled vehicles, the museum boasts of

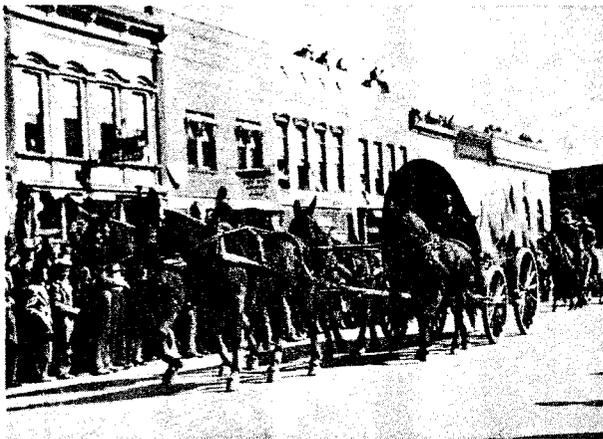
places. Rarely was a wagon anywhere near complete when it was dug out of a farm creek bed or pulled out of the back of an old barn. Many came from old warehouses and a few from elite old carriage houses on big estates.



Prairie Schooner, 1830-1938. The Ruark brothers driving



Prairie Schooner



Civil War type of cargo wagon, 1865



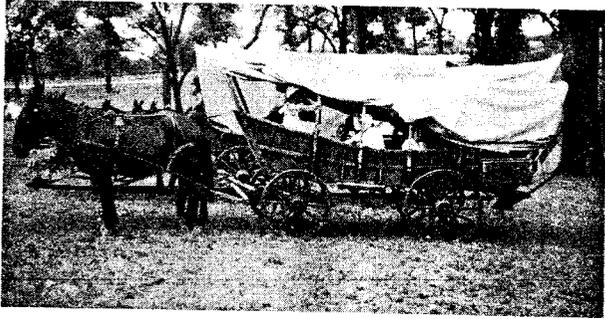
Prospecting Cart



Prairie Schooner (1848). Tom Ruark and his oxen



Horse and Buggy



Wilkinson Prairie Schooner



Robert Grape driving the Yellow Mountain Hack

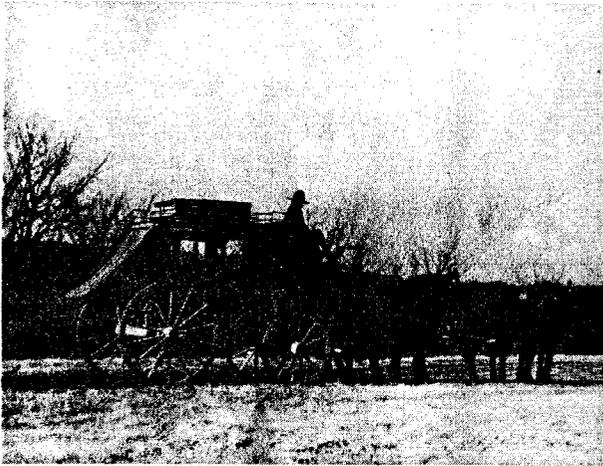


Short-Haul Stage Coach, Star Line, 1870

WHEELS

The museum had many civilian friends and supporters who located and purchased badly damaged vehicles for the museum. Mr. Joe Zack Miller III was responsible for getting many of the valuable pieces.

When the broken pieces arrived at Fort Leavenworth, researchers went to work. Pictures, specifications, and descriptions were obtained from manufacturers or from libraries. The salvaged pieces were repaired; missing parts were made by hand, put together, and painted in the shops at Fort Leavenworth during hours that did not conflict with regular



Coachmaster "Wink" McGlinn on the box of the Concord Coach driving along the trail at the base of Sheridan Ridge, near Blue Cut

post work. Such shops as blacksmith, wheelwright, wagonwright, carpenter, paint, saddle, and harness worked nights, with donated labor, to restore the vehicles so that they would be capable of the duty or heavy work that they were originally built for. Fortunately, the reclamation jobs came in one by one, with time between arrivals.

The McGlinn brothers, "Wink" and "Johnny," were leaders in the restoration of the vehicles. The McGlinns, civilian employees at Fort Leavenworth, and their father before them, were a long time in charge of transportation, shipping, and allied operations. In the Old Rolling Wheels organization of the museum, Wink was Coachmaster and Johnny was Wagon Boss.



John McGlinn, Wagon Boss of the Old Santa Fe Trail Pioneer and Wild West Show. He helped to keep the old wheels rolling

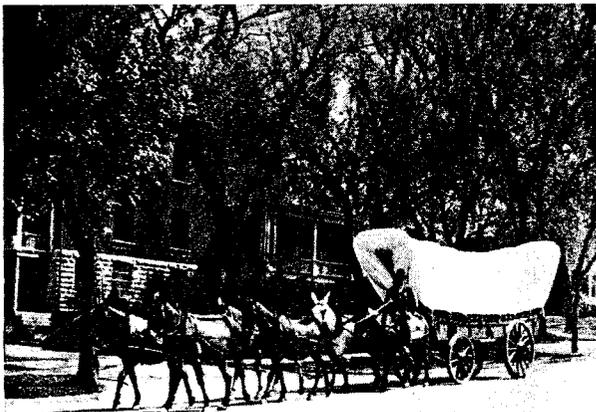
One other oldtimer at Fort Leavenworth who had very much to do with the museum in its beginning and development was "Cleve" Williams. Mr. Cleveland Williams, Warrant Officer of the highest grade, managed the Book Department with its functions of printing,



"Cleve" Williams (Warrant Officer Cleveland Williams). He ran the Book Department

lithographing, bookbinding, engraving, merchandising of stationery and books, and consolidation of officers' accounts. Secretaries of the College came and went, but Mr. Williams went on continuously. He really ran the Book Department. When the museum was started, Mr. Williams took it under his big wing, along with all the other functions, and it profited by his management. He was the honorary US Marshal of the Old Rolling Wheels.

Let's, for the sport of it, imagine that we are at Fort Leavenworth in the old days. We take the old Concord coach, with a six-horse hitch, with the McGlenn brothers on the driver's seat, and Johnny riding shotgun. We drive down to the west bank of the "Wild Missouri-i-i," by the railroad station, near the site of the old boat-landing. There we arrange to have "Buck" Keegan, with the great beard and his long bullwhip, meet us. Buck, with his father, drove teams of oxen on the old trails. Also, Fritz Schillo meets us. He has lived a long, long time on the trail just west of the reservation and Blue Cut. Fritz will guide us over the route.



Fritz Schillo driving the six-mule, jerk line Conestoga wagon on street of Fort Leavenworth that once was the Santa Fe Trail.

"We have to climb the bluff from here at the river, up along that part of the ravine which looks as though the old road was still there," Fritz informs us. "It is an old road with the grass covered ruts still visible. Thousands of wheels rolled up the grade from the river when the trails were active.

"Up here, on the top of the heights, overlooking the river, we are in the main residential part of Fort Leavenworth, and the heart of the original old Frontier Post," Fritz explains. "Going west, on our left was the Sutler's Store, now the Assistant Commandant's quarters. On the right is a very old wall with gun ports. This wall was built with salvaged stone from the original wall and blockhouse of the fortified compound. Beyond the wall were the barracks of the Dragoons—the first cavalry troops stationed at Fort Leavenworth. It is now officers



"Buck Keegan, hale and hearty after 80 years. He had traveled the Santa Fe Trails with his father, who drove mules and oxen for a living along the many trails of the West

quarters. Still going west, on the right side there used to be six log stables for the cavalry horses. A guard house and a small hospital were on the left.

"Right here [Fritz will point out on the right hand] in that building was old Post Headquarters and later the original College building. Nearby was a place called 'Bedlam.' It was a bachelor officers' quarters and a lively place for parties and raising the devil on weekends."

WHEELS

From "Bedlam" the trail cuts across a wide field, which has always been called the West Parade, to Sheridan Ridge. The trail turns south along the foot of Sheridan Ridge and passes, in turn, the kennels of the Fort Leavenworth Hunt and then the National Cemetery.

"If you want to stop at the cemetery," Fritz says, "I will show you the grave of General Henry Leavenworth, who founded this place in 1827. Also, the graves of Captain Tom Custer, twice awarded the Medal of Honor in the Civil War. He is flanked by the graves of Lieutenants Smith, Yates and Calhoun of the Seventh Cavalry. All of them were killed by the Indians, with Tom's brother, General Custer, in his last stand at the Little Bighorn. General Custer is buried at West Point."

Beyond the cemetery, the old trail follows along the base of the ridge for a couple of miles until it reaches Blue Cut. There, to avoid a long, hard climb, it passes through the ridge.

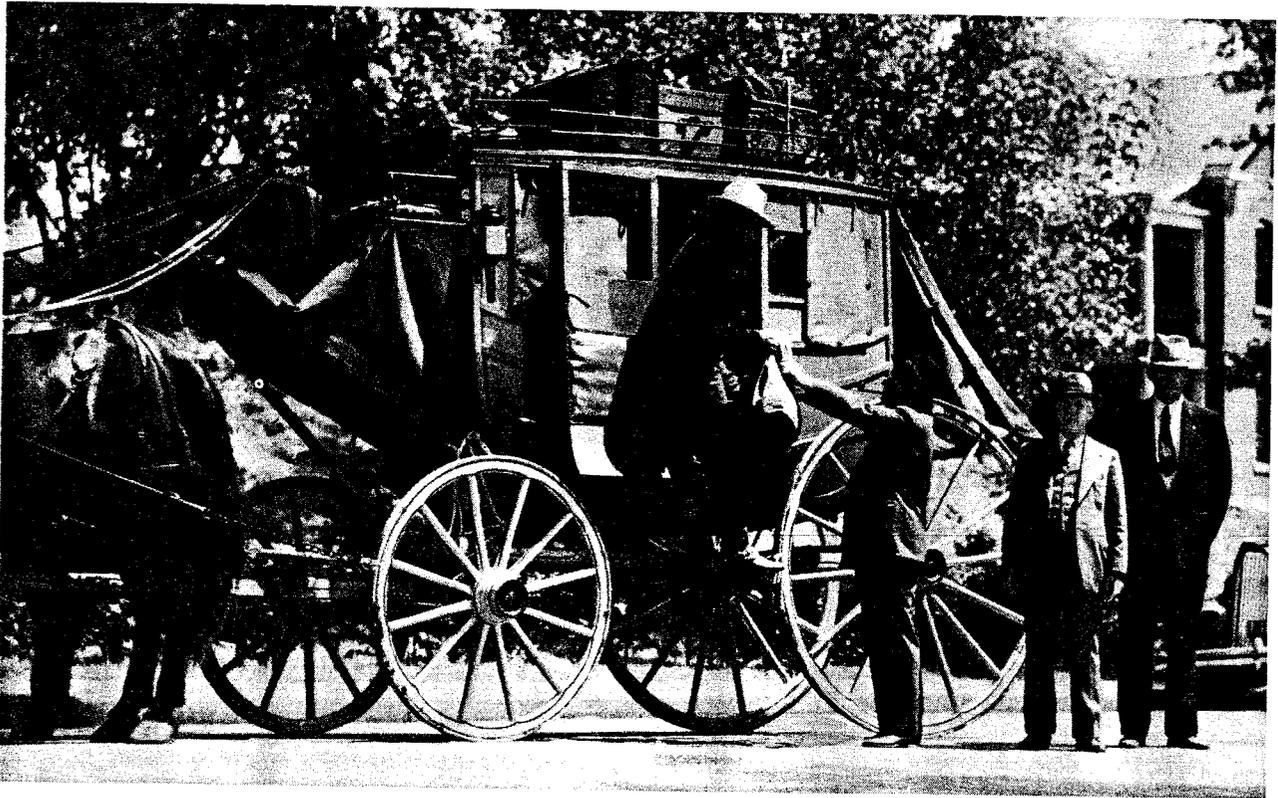
"Blue Cut is famous, too," Fritz would say. "There is a story that in the Cut, Jesse James

once held up the overland stage for the gold it was carrying from some western town to a bank in the town of Leavenworth.

"This is my little farm" Fritz would say, pointing to a few acres just beyond the Blue Cut and adjacent to the Fort Leavenworth reservation. "I'll be getting off here. Buck Keegan will show you gentlemen Buffalo Bill's farm and where he killed his first Indian, on beyond, in the valley of Salt Creek."

Buck Keegan was one of a very few people who could take over the guide's job from Fritz Schillo, but with difficulties. The trail is almost lost in the cultivated farms and section roads, with only markers, where it crosses main highways, to indicate its snake-like crawling path across the plains.

About five miles west of Fort Leavenworth, we turn back. A ten-mile haul is enough for the six-horse hitch. We thank the McGlenn brothers and Buck Keegan for the interesting ride. Our short, nostalgic interlude with Old Rolling Wheels is ended.



Concord Coach, 1836-1939

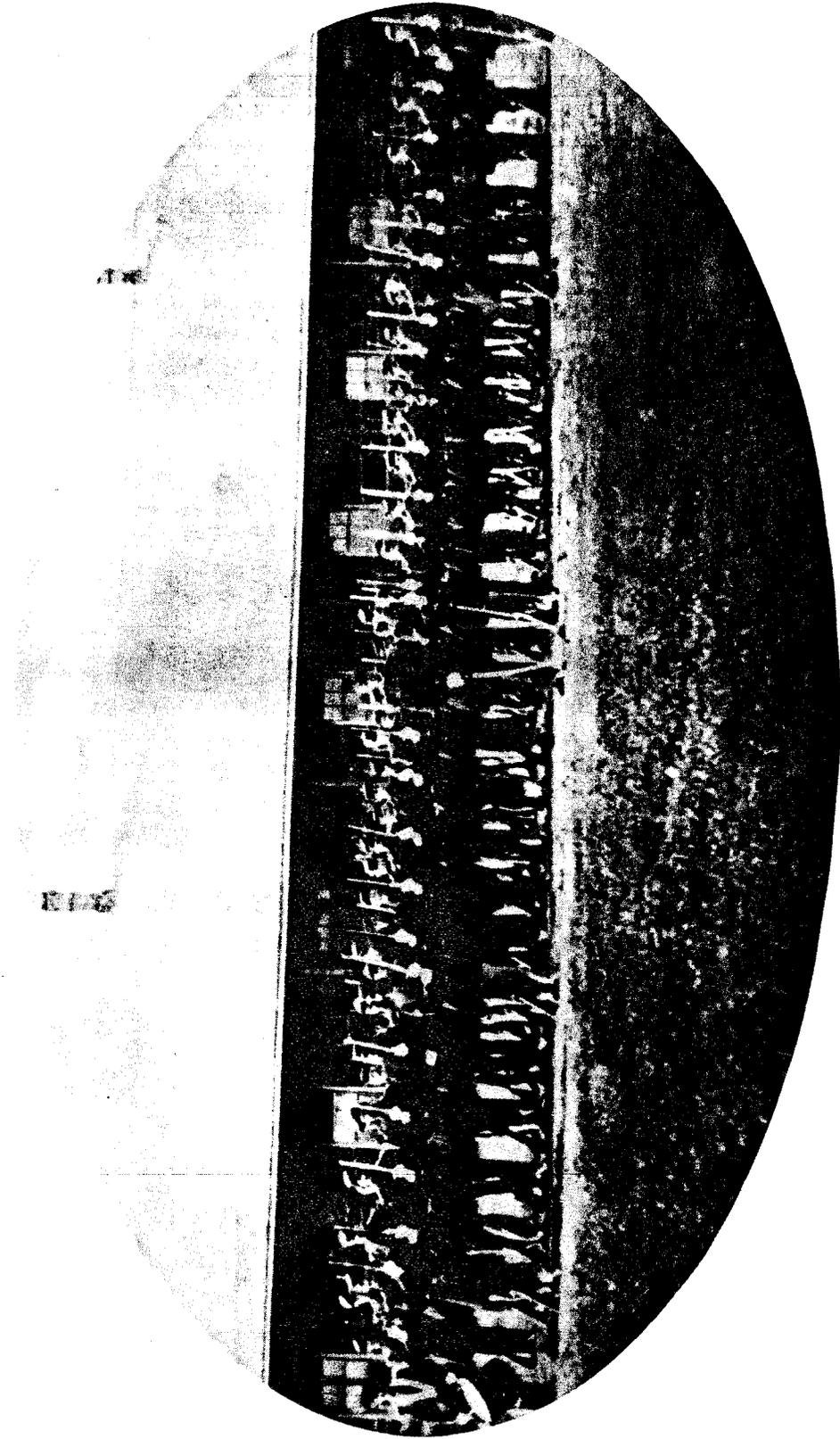
It wasn't the steamship that tied the whole world together; it was the sailing ship. Windjammers circled the globe, spreading civilization, commerce, religion, disease, luxuries, pestilence, love, bathrooms, and spices all around the world. Sails plied in and out of the big spots, the little spots, the wet spots, the dry spots, and all the odd spots.

Likewise, it was not the railway train, the motor vehicle, or the airplane that spread progress around the North American Continent. The spreading was done, along with the initial development of America, by wheeled contraptions powered by oxen, horses, or mules. The

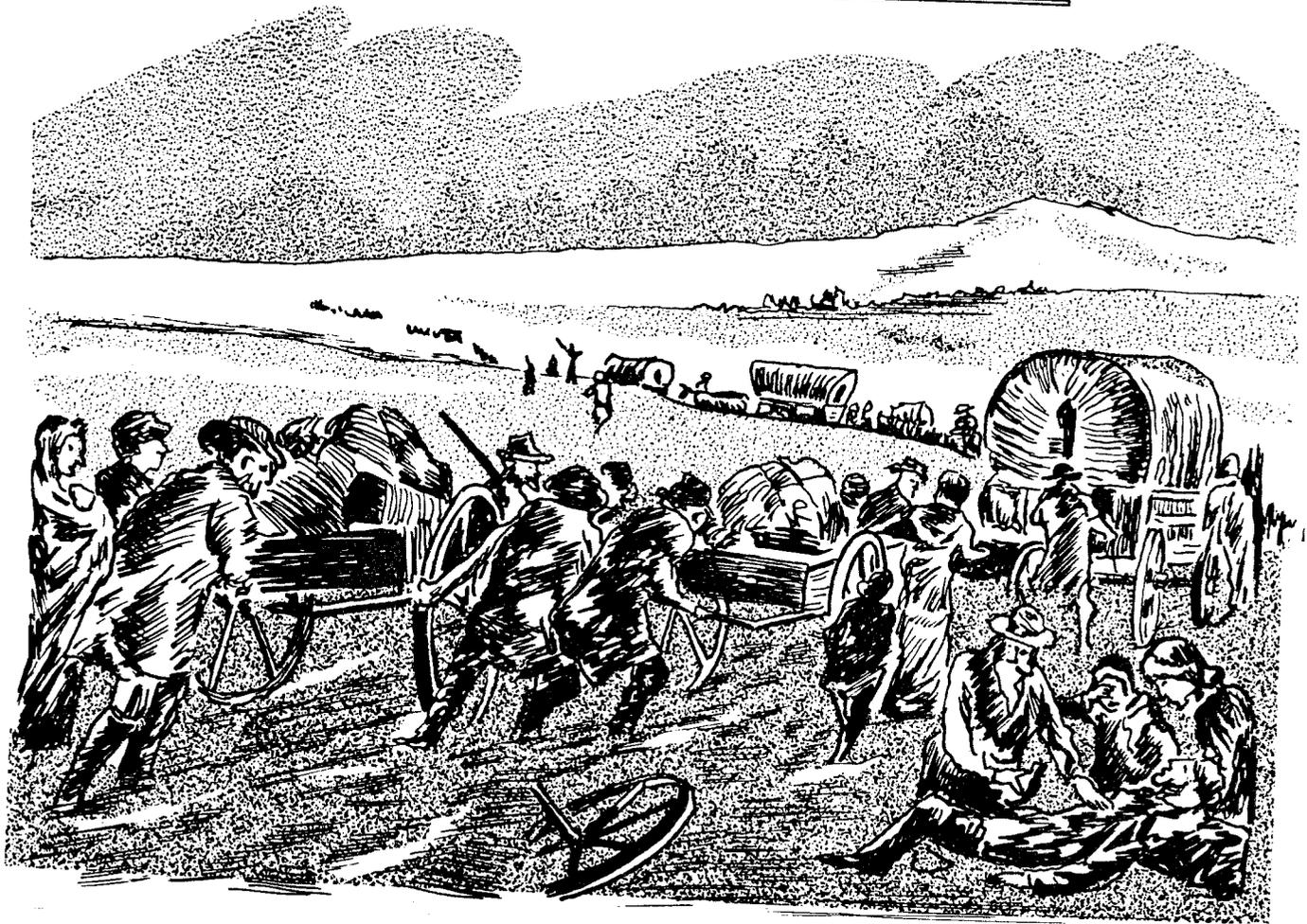
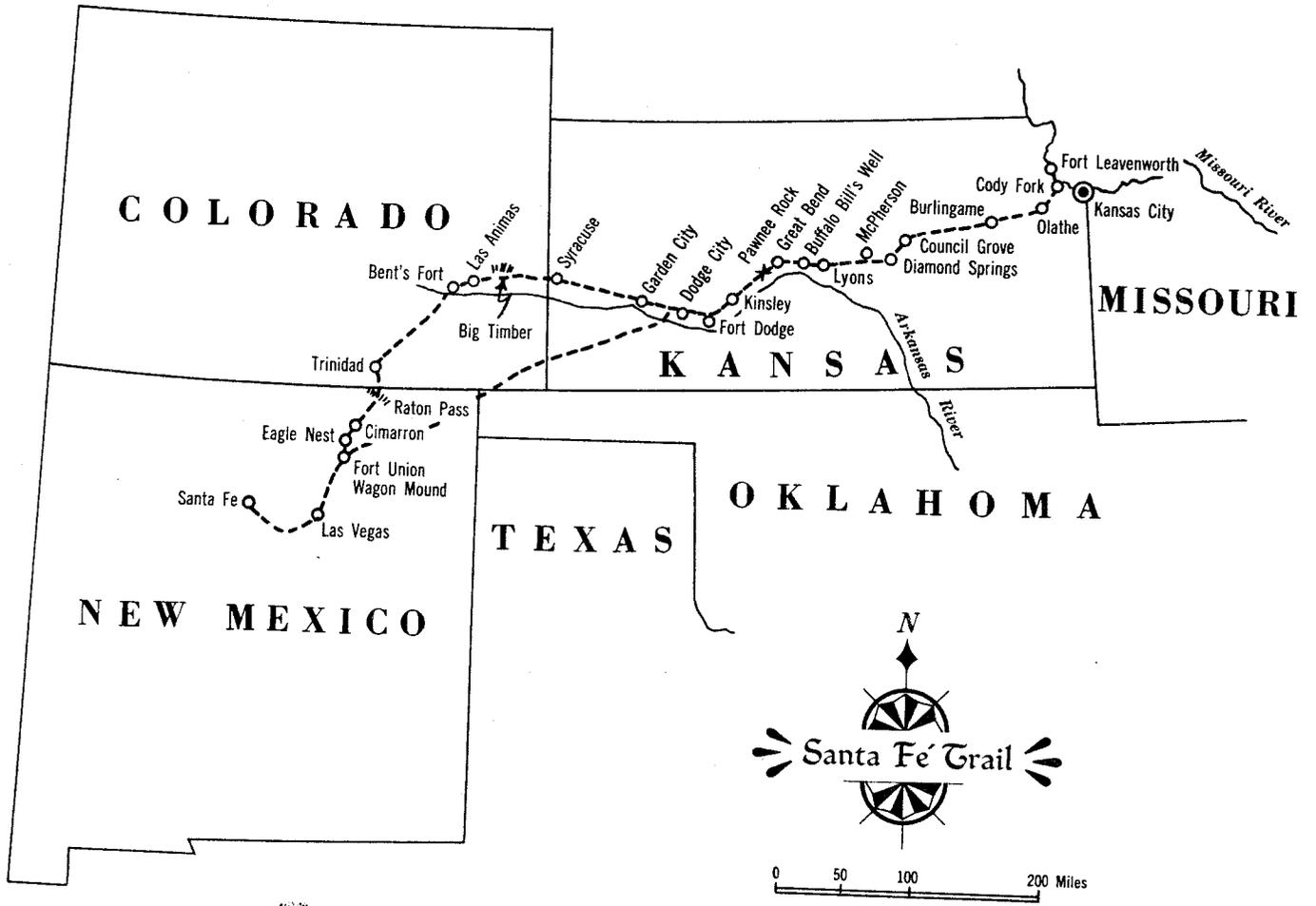
Old Rolling Wheels were not entirely dependent on roads and bridges while crawling between the odd spots on the earth.

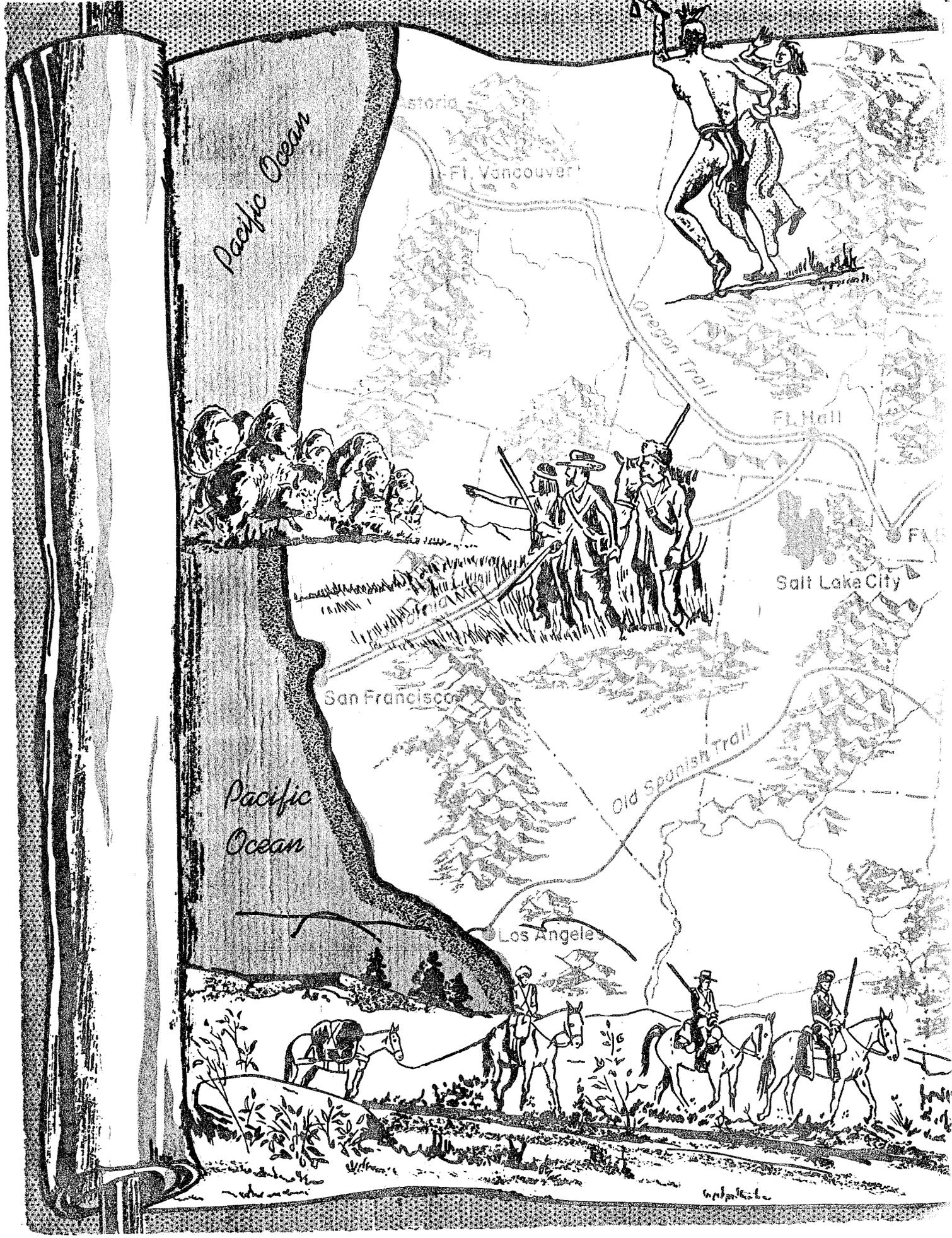
Looking at the quietly resting but sturdy collection of Old Rolling Wheels in the museum makes a strange thought come to mind. What if some nuclear folly might upset the applecart, eliminate mechanization, and draft the Old Rolling Wheels back into action again? God grant that no such a thing ever happen. But, if it does, the old animal-drawn contraptions are bound to serve as splendidly as they did in their "hay" day.





Co. C, 3rd Infantry, Fort Larned, 1867





Pacific Ocean

storia
Ft. Vancouver

Oregon Trail

El Mall

Salt Lake City

San Francisco

Old Spanish Trail

Pacific Ocean

Los Angeles

