

Wagon Tracks

Volume 19

Issue 1 *Wagon Tracks Volume 19, Issue 1 (November 2004)*

Article 1

2005

Wagon Tracks. Volume 19, Issue 1 (November, 2004)

Santa Fe Trail Association

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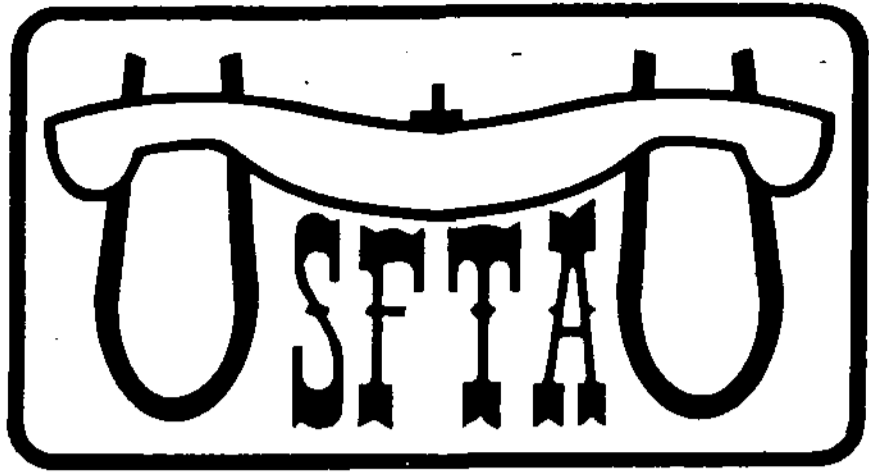


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 19

NOVEMBER 2004

NUMBER 1

MILITARY ROAD STANDS OUT

by Richard Loudon

THE Military Road, a route of the Santa Fe Trail from Fort Lyon in Colorado Territory to Fort Union in New Mexico Territory, is shown here, looking southwestward toward Cimarron Pass (present-day Emery Gap) where the road crosses from Colorado into New Mexico. While the ruts are not particularly deep here, the dramatic delineation is the result of an unusual vegetational phenomenon. Unusually high rainfall in the area during the months of June and July, along with other favorable climatic conditions, resulted in extreme, if not record, growth of sunflowers. For some reason the sunflowers did not grow in the impacted area of the Trail, and when the sunflowers lost their petals and turned brown the dramatic contrast brought new emphasis to this portion of the historic Trail.

SFTA HIRES CLIVE SIEGLE AS ASSOCIATION MANAGER

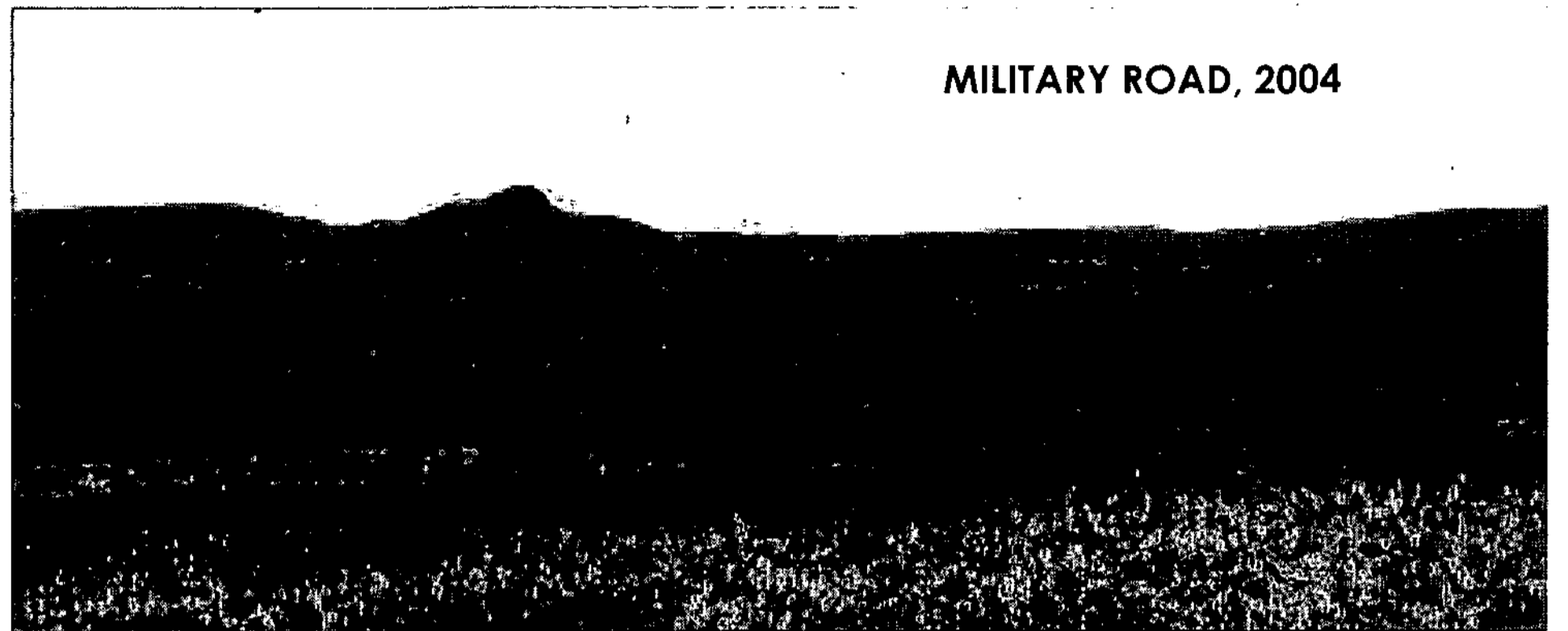
by Joanne VanCoevern

[SFTA board member VanCoevern is chair of the National Headquarters Committee.]

BEGINNING in 1997, the SFTA National Headquarters Committee, under the direction of President Margaret Sears, began to discuss the need for an Association Manager. From the discussions of the committee and at SFTA Board meetings, it became apparent that someone serving in the capacity of Association Manager would have a positive impact on SFTA and the Santa Fe Trail. Through the generous support of the National Park Service, the position of an Association Manager has been funded and SFTA's newest employee, Clive Siegle, began his duties on October 1, 2004.

Siegle joins SFTA with a strong background in history, education, business, advertising, and market-

(continued on page 3)



MILITARY ROAD, 2004

POINT OF ROCKS SITE DEVELOPMENT COMPLETED

by John Conoboy, NPS

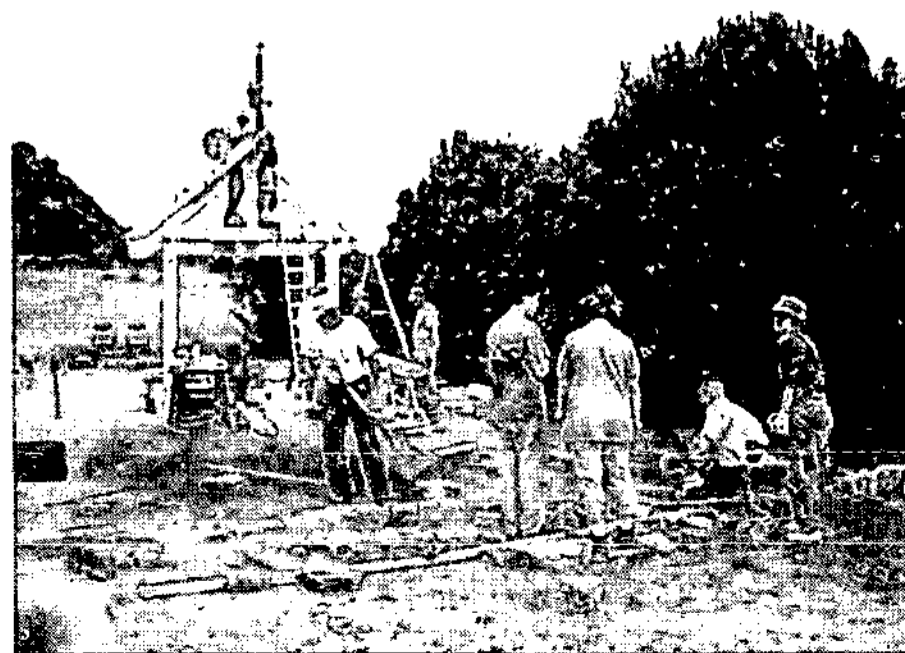
AT Point of Rocks, New Mexico, an important landmark and campsite on the Santa Fe National Historic Trail is ready for visitors, thanks to a five-way partnership among Faye Gaines, site owner and Corazón de los Caminos chapter member, the Boy Scouts, the Santa Fe Trail Association, the State of New Mexico, and the National Park Service.

For years Faye, and her late husband Pete, generously opened Point of Rocks to the public. The site was made a certified Santa Fe National Historic Site in 1992. In 2002, Faye and the Corazón Chapter requested funding for site development from the National Park Service Challenge Cost Share Program and the SFTA marker fund. A site plan and shelter design were provided by NPS landscape architect Steve Burns, whose son was one of the Scout volunteers. A maintenance crew from Fort Un-

ion National Monument poured a concrete shelter foundation at the site a few days prior to the workday.

Over Labor Day weekend, volunteers from the Corazón Chapter and Santa Fe Boy Scout Troop 53 gathered at the site to complete the project under the direction of builder Steve Mee, whose son is also a member of the scout troop. Together, the volunteers built a new picnic shelter and parking area, installed a new National Historic Trail site identification sign, and constructed a pedestrian turnstile through a cattle fence. There already was a restroom on site, funded by the New Mexico Scenic Byway program. A new way-side exhibit about the sites history, which was developed by Faye, other members of the Corazón chapter, and the NPS, was installed earlier (see chapter report).

The roof of the shelter was being finished as the rain began to pour. While the rain poured outside, the scouts, who camped at the site for the weekend, gathered in Faye's barn to listen to Harry Myers "spin a few yarns" about the history of the Santa Fe Trail and the adventures of Trail travelers near Point of Rocks. A few items for the project were left to complete, giving the excited scouts an excuse to return and spend more time exploring the site.



PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

THE latest Rendezvous went off without a hitch. Ruth Peters and her planning group put on a great weekend, one the SFTA is proud to be part of. I thought the presentations were very good and probably the best I have heard along the Trail. Our visitors from New Mexico, Charlie and Debbie Carrillo, were of particular interest. I wonder how many attendees will be making their own fired cookware after observing Debbie's demonstration?

Our board meeting was held on the Thursday preceding the Rendezvous, and I am happy to report we had many visitors. I'm pleased that so many Association members feel welcome at our usually dull meetings. Actually this board meeting was anything but dull. We now have set aside \$60,000 in an investment fund which should give the Association more financial stability. Ramon Powers will give you the details elsewhere in this issue of *Wagon Tracks*.

It was at the board meeting that I had the pleasure of introducing our new Association Manager Clive Siegle. Actually, it was the chairperson of the Selection Committee, Joanne VanCoevern, who introduced Clive. The committee spent many hours paring the 115 or so applicants down to three. These three finalists were brought to Larned where they were interviewed. Clive was the unanimous choice of the committee. See Joanne's report on Clive elsewhere in *WT*. Clive's Manager's Column will be a feature in each issue of *WT*.

I told you earlier about our successful series of teacher workshops held this past June. Now I can tell you that the National Park Service has funded a new round of workshops for next summer. These will be held in July in Independence, Larned, and Elkhart. Chris Day and Marcia Fox are the principals in this effort and are already hard at work preparing for the workshops. We all owe them our thanks for their dedication to the Santa Fe National Historic Trail, the SFTA, and the many teachers and students who benefit from these fine workshops. There will also be special education programs at the symposium in McPherson next year.

At the board meeting I reported on

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VISIT SFTA ON THE INTERNET

<<http://www.santafetrail.org>>

my conversations with the History Channel. I have been working with Gary Quigg, who is organizing a film to be made of the SFT. The History Channel is starting a series of segments on national trails and has chosen our Trail to kick off the effort. I suggested to Quigg that the segment of the SFT from Point of Rocks, NM, to Fort Union would be ideal as it is very scenic and has lots of good yarns to tell. Faye Gaines and I are working now with property owners along this segment to secure their cooperation. The "shoot" is scheduled for April or May 2005. I'll keep you posted on the progress of this very important project.

After the board meeting ended in Larned, we held a workshop directed toward helping chapters do a better job with public relations. This workshop was funded by the National Park Service and thanks to this support we were able to give each participant a small honorarium. Dawn Mermis of Fort Hays State University organized and led the workshop. Our goal was to help chapter folks get the word out about the National Historic Trail, the SFTA, and their own chapters. I have my hopes up that chapters will now aggressively expand their public relations efforts.

The pole should be erected in the center of the square of Old Franklin soon after you read this. Denny Davis has worked with the property owner and a surveyor to locate the square. The pole will have a ball on its top and should be visible from many locations. Later we will work

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Membership Categories

Life	\$1,000
Benefactor	\$1,000/year
Patron	\$100/year
Business	\$80/year
Nonprofit Institution	\$40/year
Family	\$30/year
Individual	\$25/year
Youth (18 & under)	\$15/year

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with the National Park Service and local historical groups to erect a proper marker on the road telling the public about the significance of Old Franklin and the SFT.

While working on the Old Franklin project, I remembered that the street on the south side of the square was named St. Charles. This was the road to St. Charles, across the Missouri River from St. Louis, better known as Boone's Lick Road. It turns out that this significant road has not been designated a national historic trail. Denny Davis and I are working to remedy this. We are contacting interested people along the Boone's Lick Road and expect Congress to receive our request for National Historic Trail status in the near future.

I can also tell you that the Camino Real de Tejas has been accepted as a national historic trail after a ten-year struggle. It awaits the president's signature. I tell you this because I have been working with scholars in Texas helping them create an association to support preservation and education about this trail. I also am seeking their support for our Zebulon Pike Bicentennial recognition. You remember that Pike was taken (as prisoner) from west to east along this trail in June of 1807.

Finally, I have appointed a Nominating Committee to seek SFTA members willing to serve the Association. All the officer positions are open as are half the director positions. Please take some time to think about members you know who would be willing to help us by serving on the board. We need to continue our custom of having dedicated folks on the board.

—Hal Jackson

SFTA INVESTS FUNDS

THE SFTA Finance Committee, chaired by board member Ramon Powers, recommended to the Board, at the April 3 and September 16, 2004, meetings, a plan for investment of a portion of Association funds. The Board voted at the September 16 meeting to authorize President Jackson to invest \$60,000 of Association funds with the Greater Kansas City Foundation. The moneys will be in a permanent fund with the intention of building the fund for future preservation and promotion of the Trail.



Clive Siegle at Rendezvous 2004

ASSOCIATION MANAGER

(continued from page 1)

ing. In addition, one of his favorite hobbies is participating in "living history" programs on the American West. He has been a member of SFTA for several years and has been seen recently participating in the living history activities at Fort Larned NHS.

The primary functions of the Association Manager are to support the SFTA officers, board of directors, committee members, *Wagon Tracks* editor, webmaster, and the office administrator as they carry out their duties; chapter coordination; membership services; revenue growth; fundraising; coordinate with the National Parks Service (NPS); promote SFTA; and promote the Santa Fe National Historic Trail. Clearly, all that together is more than a full-time job, but the manager will address these items in some order as he works into the position. All chapters and members are encouraged to work with the manager and call upon him whenever they see a place he can help with the missions of the SFTA.

Siegle can be reached at <cgsiegle@earthlink.net> or at 214-349-7419. His mailing address is 9908 Shoreview, Dallas TX 75238. He welcomes comments and suggestions from everyone in the Association.

BOARD VACANCY

EMERY Murray, Colorado director, has resigned from the SFTA board. This vacancy will be filled by the board as quickly as possible. Nominations may be sent to President Hal Jackson, 45 Calle del Norte, Placitas NM 87043, phone (505) 867-1742.

MANAGER'S COLUMN

I had just left from a sales call at Elk City, Oklahoma, on an autumn day in 1989 with plans to head back to Dallas. I was, in the lingo of Josiah Gregg's day, a "drummer." I was also an erstwhile amateur historian, and the siren song of historical side trips was a frequent cause of playing hooky from the seemingly endless prospecting for new accounts. In a spur-of-the-moment decision, I decided to make a detour to the Oklahoma Panhandle where, some tourist literature informed me, I could see traces of something I had never seen before: the old Santa Fe Trail.

By the time I arrived in Boise City, it was too dark to see much of anything, but armed with more directions from some obliging locals, I decided to continue west, camp, and view the vestiges of the Trail at daybreak. "Camping" in my case involved stopping at a highway rest stop, burrowing into the merchandise I carried in the back of my station wagon, and spending a fitful night periodically fending off avalanches of hunting clothes, binoculars, firearms, and other samples of my trade as they tried to reclaim the spots from which I had displaced them. After my driving to and fro over the pitch-black countryside had failed to turn up an "official" state-highway-sanctioned rest stop, I finally opted for pulling over for the night on what appeared to be a gravel county road off the main thoroughfare.

When one drives through unfamiliar territory at night, the only sense of the lay of the land is what is revealed in the glow of one's headlights—which as any old hand at motoring on the open prairie knows, isn't particularly revealing. I was, therefore, in no way prepared for what the morning light revealed. A vast and stunning panorama of prairie greeted my eye, sprinkled with a smattering of antelope, and illuminated by a dazzling sunrise.

And just a short distance away, as if by some magical power it had willed my car to stop just there, were the tracks of the old Trail, heading southwest toward New Mexico and what I would later learn was McNees Crossing.

It was an epiphany for me, and as I think back on it now, the power of that place and that instant—and the compelling epic of the entire Trail itself—brings to mind the words of one of the Civil War's most eloquent warrior-poets, Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain:

*In great deeds something abides.
On great fields something stays.
Forms change and pass; bodies
disappear; but spirits linger, to
consecrate ground for the vision-
place of souls.*

As Association Manager, I'm delighted to now be able to take a full-time role in the affairs of the Santa Fe Trail Association. In that capacity, I am going to concentrate on facilitating cooperation and communication among all members of our Association family; our strength, I believe, is in our shared passion. Thus emboldened, we can turn our attentions to both redoubled preservation efforts, and proselytizing the saga of the Trail with a vigor that would make Father Lamy proud. After all, it is largely because of the efforts of all of you, as individual members and chapters of the SFTA, that the Trail—that *Vision-Place of Souls*—remains to work its compelling magic on traveling salesmen sleeping in their cars beside its timeworn ruts.

—Clive Siegle

CALL FOR SYMPOSIUM PAPERS

THE 2005 Symposium Committee seeks proposed presentations for the program in McPherson, KS. Presentations will be scheduled during the mornings of September 30 and October 1, 2005. Proposals are due by February 1, 2005. A one-page summary of the topic is sufficient. The committee invites subject matter that reflects a variety of Trail issues as well as research findings that highlight the immediate central Kansas area. Please include biographical information.

Send proposals to Janel Cook, Coronado Quivira Museum, 105 West Lyon, Lyons KS 67554, cqmuseum@hotmail.com, (620) 257-3941.

MAKE YOUR MARK BY
REMEMBERING THE
SFTA IN YOUR WILL

RICHARD B. DRYDEN

Dr. B. Richard (Dick) Dryden, 73, died August 22, 2004, in Dodge City. He was a dentist in Dodge City since 1969, retiring in 1997. He was a longtime member of the Dodge City and Wet/Dry Routes chapters of the Santa Fe Trail Association, serving as an officer and on committees. He was a member of the SFTA National Headquarters Committee. He served in the U.S. Navy from 1952-1957. Survivors include his wife Patricia and five daughters. Sympathy is extended to family and friends.

SYMPOSIUM EDUCATION COMMITTEE MAKES PLANS

by Linda Colle, Chair

THE symposium education committee is very excited about the 2005 Symposium. We have two people on the committee, Lorna Nelson and myself, and hope to add more members in the near future. We are launching a major campaign to encourage schools to use the Santa Fe Trail in their curriculum. A copy of the flyer we are distributing to schools in this area is inserted in this issue.

We are also compiling a resource list of people and materials that teachers can use to teach Trail-related activities and we welcome any ideas. In addition, on October 15, we attended the Kansas Art Educators Association meeting in Hutchinson. We presented the idea of using the Trail and frontier history as a topic for art projects. The 2005 Symposium will have an art show where students can display their work. We also plan to contact the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and 4-H groups to promote the Santa Fe Trail for projects and as a way to earn badges.

SFTA RESEARCH PROGRAM

THE SFTA research support program is in its third year of operation. It was founded in 2002 with an allocation by the Board of Directors of \$10,000 to a Scholarly Research Fund. The program is administered by a Scholarly Research Committee, whose members at present are Nancy Lewis, Leo Oliva, Mike Olsen, and Stephen Whitmore, Chair. To date the committee has awarded a total of six grants, to five individuals.

They are Diana Dunn of State College, PA (two awards), Marcus Gottschalk of Las Vegas, NM, Charles Strom of White City, KS, Topher McDougal and Tom Windes of Albuquerque, NM. Their research has resulted in two publications, two presentations at scholarly meetings, and a book manuscript in progress. The Committee encourages applications for 2005.

SFTA RESEARCH GRANTS

THE Santa Fe Trail Association will award a limited number of grants up to \$1500 to support significant scholarly research on the Santa Fe Trail suitable for publication. Funds may be used for supplies and materials, research services (literature searches, computer use, clerical and technical assistance, copy fees), and travel. They may not be used for purchase of equipment.

In anticipation of the bicentennial celebration planned by the Association to commemorate the expedition led by Zebulon Pike from St. Louis to the Rocky Mountains in 1806, we invite proposals on this subject also.

The grants are available to anyone whose application satisfies the procedures specified below and on the application form. Proposals will be reviewed and grants awarded by the SFTA Scholarly Research Committee. The grants are for one year; funds not expended in that year revert to the Association. Applicants may receive only two consecutive awards.

A report to the committee on the results of the funded research is required. Publications should acknowledge the support of SFTA.

Applications are due by March 1, 2005. Awards will be announced by March 31. Application forms may be obtained from Stephen Whitmore, Research Committee Chair, 120 Galbaldon Rte, Las Vegas NM 87701, 505-454-0683, whitmore@newmexico.com.

DONOR HONOR ROLL

MANY members have responded to various pleas for additional donations to assist SFTA with its many projects. Special thanks is extended to the following for a recent donation in memory of Dr. Richard Dryden:

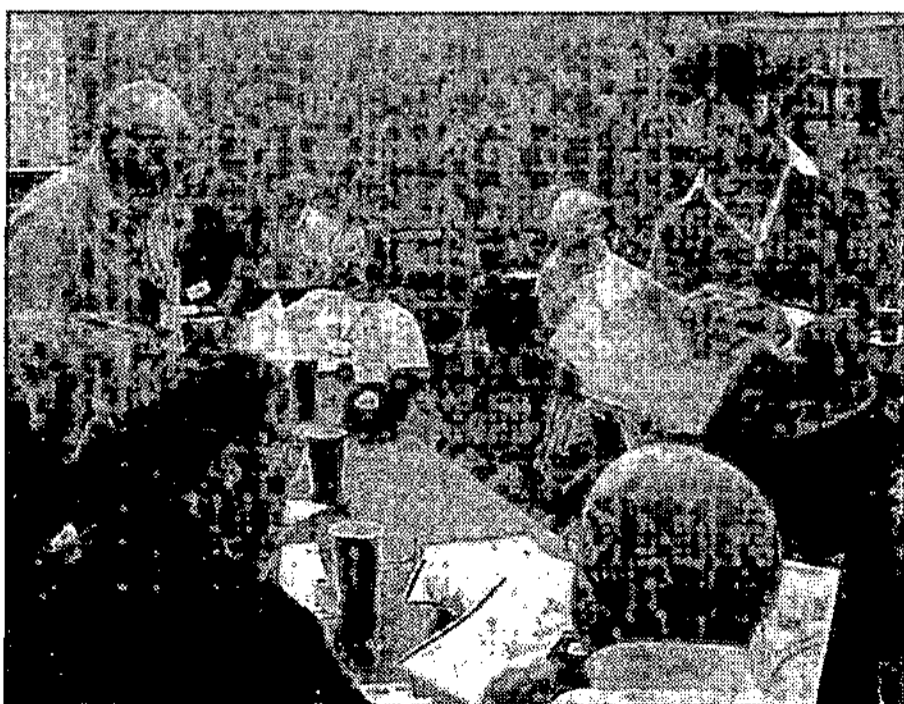
Nancy Jo Trauer, Dodge City

BOARD MEETING, SEPT. 16

Executive Summary
by Secretary Michael Olsen

AT the September 16, 2004, meeting the Board of Directors of SFTA took the following actions:

1. That the minutes of the meeting of April 3, 2004, be approved.
2. That, in addition to present procedures, in future the following Santa Fe Trail Association signatures must accompany any Challenge Cost-Share Grant application to the National Park Service: the project director, the chair of the Santa Fe Trail Association committee under whose auspices the application is being made, the Santa Fe Trail Association manager, and the Santa Fe Trail Association president.
3. That for-profit business memberships in the Santa Fe Trail Association be set at \$50.00 per year.
4. That the president of the Santa Fe Trail Association be authorized to invest \$60,000 of Association funds with the Greater Kansas City Foundation.
5. That the Santa Fe Trail Association Finance Committee pursue a moderate investment policy in the placement of the Santa Fe Trail Association's permanent funds.
6. That the Santa Fe Trail Association budget for 2005 be adopted as presented by the Budget Committee.
7. That the Board of Directors of the Santa Fe Trail Association supports the issuance of a Santa Fe Trail coin through the auspices of the Oregon-California Trails Association.



Dawn Mermis, right, presenter of the public relations workshop for chapter members during Rendezvous 2004, hands out assignments to Dub Couch, standing left, Richard Loudon, Bill Bunyan, and Jim Sherer. Jeff Trotman and Chris Day may be seen in the background. It was a good workshop.

2004 SANTA FE TRAIL RENEZVOUS REGISTRATION

by David Clapsaddle

[Clapsaddle is president of the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter and was on the Rendezvous planning committee.]

THE following information was gathered from the 2004 Santa Fe Trail Rendezvous registration roster, the 2003 Santa Fe Trail Association membership roster, and the records of the various SFTA chapters. Variables investigated included the number of registrants per state, SFTA membership, and SFTA chapter membership.

A total of 221 people registered, from the following states:

Arizona	1	Missouri	3
California	1	New Mexico	12
Colorado	13	Ohio	2
Florida	2	Oklahoma	12
Iowa	5	Oregon	13
Illinois	2	Texas	5
Kansas	148	Washington	2

Of these, 82 were SFTA members, 60 were chapter members, 49 were both SFTA and chapter members, 31 were Wet/Dry Route Chapter members, and 14 were chapter members but not SFTA members.

There were 24 registrants with the Historic Trail Flyers, only one of whom is a SFTA member; 25 registrants were Fort Larned NHS volunteers, three of whom are SFTA chapter members; 18 registrants were speakers and companions; 11 registrants were employees of the Santa Fe Trail Center and Fort Larned NHS.



Debbie Carrillo, Santa Fe, demonstrates and explains about the traditional Hispanic pottery she is making, while her husband, Charlie, a Santos carver, looks on. Their presentations, demonstrations, and exhibits were some of the highlights of Rendezvous 2004. Unfortunately, because of the wind, Debbie's pot burst while firing.

WET/DRY CHAPTER TRAIL SEMINAR, MAY 7, 2005

THE Wet/Dry Routes Chapter is pleased to announce another session of its popular Santa Fe Trail Seminar scheduled for Saturday, May 7, 2005, Fort Larned National Historic Site. As in the past, the seminar will be conducted in conjunction with the Fort Larned Old Guard's annual meeting. The theme for the seminar is "Before Becknell."

By virtue of his 1821 expedition to the Southwest, William Becknell is generally acknowledged as the Father of the Santa Fe Trail. However, the record is replete with a host of others (French, Spanish, and American) who in previous years traversed significant portions of what the first papers of incorporation in the State of Kansas called the Great Santa Fe Road. Representative of these explorers were: (1) Paul and Pierre Mallet who led a French expedition from the Illinois Country to Santa Fe in 1739; (2) Pedro (Pierre) Vial, a Frenchman employed by the Spanish government, who in 1792-1793 led a small exploratory party on a round trip from Santa Fe to St. Louis; and (3) Captain Zebulon Montgomery Pike who led a detachment of 22 men in 1806 to reconnoiter the Southwest on behalf of the United States government.

Speaking about the Mallet expedition will be Dr. Donald Blakeslee, Wichita State University anthropologist, author of *Along Ancient Trails: The Mallet Expedition of 1739*. Addressing the Vial reconnaissance will be Harry Myers, Santa Fe, Planning Coordinator for El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro National Historic Trail. Craig Crease, President of the Kansas City Area Historic Trails Association, will conclude the seminar with remarks on the Pike excursion.

The seminar will be presented during the morning of May 7, followed by lunch served by the chapter, with the afternoon and evening activities presented by Fort Larned Old Guard. Included will be a visit to the Cheyenne and Sioux village site on Pawnee Fork, a retreat ceremony at Fort Larned NHS, and dinner followed by a program about a Civil War soldier, Jeremiah Stokes, by Joseph Meany, Albany, New York.

DIME NOVELS, PURPLE PROSE, AND HISTORY

by Michael L. Olsen

[SFTA Secretary Olsen presented this keynote address at the Rendezvous at Larned, September 17, 2004.]

IN the history of the Santa Fe Trail, the story of Anne Dunn White is a familiar one. It is a tragic and heart-rending tale. It is also a classic instance of life imitating art.

Anne White was the wife of James M. White, a Santa Fe Trail trader. Mr. White headed west with a caravan in September 1849, taking his family with him. He joined up with Francis X. Aubry for the trek. Late in October, various members of the two parties decided to leave their wagons and push on ahead into Santa Fe. White, his wife, their child Virginia, and two servants who perhaps were their slaves were part of this small group. Near Point of Rocks, New Mexico, a band of Jicarilla Apache attacked them. All of the men and Mrs. White's woman servant died. Mrs. White and her daughter Virginia were taken captive.

Over the next few days, various Trail travelers encountered the grisly scene and the bodies of those killed. Word of the disaster soon reached Las Vegas, Mora, Taos, and Santa Fe. Ultimately, on November 4, a U.S. Army contingent of 90 men left Taos hoping to track the Jicarilla and rescue the captives. Kit Carson joined the expedition as one of three guides when it paused at Lucien Maxwell's Rayado settlement. On November 17, having successfully tracked the Indians, the troops attacked their camp. The Jicarilla fled, first killing Mrs. White. She was buried by troopers in an unmarked and well-concealed grave. No trace of Virginia ever was found, though rumors of her fate abounded.¹

Kit Carson described this incident and his involvement in his autobiography. One detail that emerges in his account is that a popular novel, a "dime novel" as it was called, was found in Mrs. White's baggage at the Indian camp. It was one of the earliest such novels which depicted Kit as a formidable Indian fighter. In Kit's words, "In camp was found a book, the first of the kind I had ever seen, in which I was made a great hero, slaying Indians by the hundred and I

have often thought that as Mrs. White would read the same knowing that I lived near, she would pray for my appearance and that she might be saved." He continues, "I did come, but . . ." adding that he recommended attacking the Indian camp as soon as it was spotted, advice which was not followed and may have cost Mrs. White her life.²

For historians of American culture and social life, this episode is about as interesting as it can get. Setting aside the tragedy itself—and it was a tragedy for everyone involved since it contributed to over a half-century of Indian-White confrontations in the Southwest—this is one of those coincidences in history that, if fictionalized, would hardly ring true. It is not too much an interpretation of the facts to see Mrs. White, perhaps in the long days on the Trail in Kansas, entertaining herself with this account of Kit Carson's exploits. And then she herself is captured and she manages to hang on to the very book she was reading—it could have been left behind with luggage on the wagon train, or exposed to the elements at the attack site. But no—there it was for Kit Carson to find! No wonder the whole affair, as noted above, is so well-documented and well-known.

Unfortunately, Kit did not make a note of the title of the book in question. Its identity has long been a subject of speculation and debate. Historian Darlis Miller, in her article, "Kit Carson and Dime Novels: The Making of a Legend," summarizes the situation. She says, "The first fanciful treatment of Carson, entitled 'An Adventure of Kit Carson: A Tale of the Sacramento,' was published in *Howard's Dollar Magazine* of New York in 1848. Two novels followed in 1849, Charles Averill's *Kit Carson, Prince of the Goldhunters* and Emerson Bennett's *The Prairie Flower*." Harvey Carter in his edition of Carson's memoirs opts for Averill's *Gold Hunters* as the volume Mrs. White was reading.³

The theme of this Rendezvous is "The Santa Fe Trail as Portrayed by Artists and Writers of the Period." The title of this presentation is "Dime Novels, Purple Prose, and

History." I am going to address the theme by considering the variety of literary publications touching on the Santa Fe Trail and its history available in the nineteenth century. More explicitly, I will consider the period from 1821, the opening of the Santa Fe Trail as a commercial route, to 1897, which witnessed the publication of the first general history of the trail, Henry Inman's *The Old Santa Fé Trail*. And just by way of further introduction—this time in the "purple prose" category, let me finish my look at the "White Massacre" by turning to Inman's description—it is not for the faint of heart or the politically correct. Inman wrote, "Out dashed the savages, gorgeous in their feathered war-bonnets, but looking like fiends with their paint-bedaubed faces. Stopping the frightened mules, they pulled open the door of the coach and, mercilessly dragging its helpless and surprised inmates to the ground, immediately began their butchery. They scalped and mutilated the dead bodies of their victims in their usual sickening manner, not a single individual escaping, apparently, to tell of their fiendish acts."

That prose is about as purple as you can get—as well as being highly inaccurate.⁴

As I considered the Santa Fe Trail and its reflection in nineteenth century literature, it seemed to me there was one central question that needed to be asked: "How did people at that time—the general public in the United States—know what they knew about the Santa Fe Trail?" Or, putting it another way, when Americans in 1840, or 1869, or 1891 heard mention of the Santa Fe Trail, what did they think of, what images flitted through their minds, what points of reference did they have? To put a finer point on it, we are going to see that publishers of the day flooded the fiction market with a host of cheap popular novels, some of whose titles included the words "Santa Fe Trail." Presumably these publishers used the phrase "Santa Fe Trail" because it resonated with readers—it would sell books. So, again, the question is, "How did people know what they knew about the Santa Fe Trail?"

One primary source of all informa-

tion on the Santa Fe Trail, or the American West in general for that matter, up to the end of the nineteenth century, was the federal government. Decade after decade, a variety of government-sponsored expeditions headed west, from Lewis and Clark, Zebulon Pike, and Stephen Long, to the great mapping and ethnological forays that came later. All of these expeditions issued reports, sometimes filling multiple volumes. And we can't forget John Charles Frémont, whose reports on his expeditions, as we shall be seeing, were the single most important source of public information—or disinformation—on the Santa Fe Trail.

Most people, of course, did not read government reports. The information in those reports filtered through to them via newspapers, magazines, and books—both fiction and nonfiction.

The impact of newspapers on the public's perception of the Santa Fe Trail is a topic in and of itself. I am not including newspapers in this look at literature of the Trail. With regard to the question of public information, however, several points about newspapers should be made. First, although any given newspaper might have had limited, local circulation, editors of the day shamelessly stole items from each other. For example, Matt Fields's recollections, musings, and poetry reflecting his Trail adventures in 1839 appeared first in the New Orleans *Picayune*, but were reprinted in St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, and even London. So the influence of newspapers was more widespread than we might suspect. Second, newspapers at that time printed documentary material that we might find unusual. As a classic case in point is the publication in the *Missouri Intelligencer* of April 22, 1823, of William Becknell's account of his trips to Santa Fe in 1821 and 1822.⁵

The impact of magazines, which are somewhat ephemeral and were not as ubiquitous in the nineteenth century as our own day, is difficult to assess. Many of the era's magazines were what we would consider "high-brow" publications with an audience limited to a particular city, such as Boston or New York, or to a socio-economic elite living mainly on the East Coast. Albert Pike, for example,

who published a book of sketches and poems on the Trail and the Southwest in 1834, also produced items for *The Boston Pearl and Literary Gazette* and *North American Magazine*. We will get a notion of the magazine as a source of Santa Fe Trail information in Leo Oliva's talk on "Wood Engravings in Harper's Weekly: Art in a News Magazine," later in the Rendezvous program.⁶

Having now excluded government reports, newspapers, and magazines, we are left with books related to the Trail as a source of public information. Even here, though, caution is in order. First, it is important to remember that many accounts of the Trail familiar to us were not published in the nineteenth century. When we think of Santa Fe Trail literature, certain individuals and books come instantly to mind: Susan Shelby Magoffin's *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico*, James Josiah Webb's *Adventures in the Santa Fe Trade*, Marion Russell's *Land of Enchantment*, or novels such as Ruth McLaughlin's *The Wind Leaves No Shadow* or Walter O'Meara's *The Spanish Bride*. The problem is that, even though some of these deservedly well-known Trail personalities lived and wrote in the nineteenth century, their works and most extant Santa Fe Trail novels were not published until the twentieth century. Susan Magoffin's memoirs, for instance, languished until Stella Drumm edited them in 1926.

A second caution concerns the nature of the nineteenth-century books that can be considered. Between 1821 and 1897 several hundred books about the Trail, or recounting the exploits of various individuals along the Trail, appeared—as even a casual perusal of Jack D. Rittenhouse's Trail bibliography reveals. As early as the 1830s accounts of furtrapping and trading began to proliferate, as with *The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky, Being an Expedition from St. Louis, through the Vast Regions Between that Place and the Pacific Ocean*. . . . By the late 1840s, after the Mexican War, and then with the passage of the Civil War, military memoirs became popular. Captain Philip St. George Cooke, for example, issued his *Scenes and Adventures in the Army; or, Romance of Military Life* in

1857 and his *Conquest of New Mexico and California, an Historical and Personal Narrative* 20 years later, in 1878.⁷

All such volumes as these educated the public, depending of course on their popularity and distribution, factors which are difficult if not impossible to gauge. Further, should they be considered as "literary" or "literature" in a formal sense? If we were at a gathering of English professors now would be the time to don boxing gloves. What is "literature" and what can be deemed as "literary?" One way out, perhaps the most expeditious way, is to consult the dictionary. *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* defines "literature" as "imaginative or creative writing, especially of recognized artistic value." In typical, somewhat maddening dictionary fashion, it defines "literary" as "of, relating to, or dealing with literature."⁸

With these definitions in mind, we can then sort nineteenth-century books on the Trail into fiction and nonfiction categories—even though a good number of the nonfiction memoirs or histories are so fanciful when soberly considered that perhaps they should be classified as fiction. In many of them the guiding principle seemed to be that the more Indian attacks, blizzards, prairie fires, waterless passages, and dead mules you could throw in the better—for the story and for sales.

On the other hand, there were nonfiction works of definite literary value dealing with the Santa Fe Trail available to nineteenth century readers. Obviously, the most important was Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, first published in 1844. Besides being informative in and of itself, it served as an admirable source for the dime novelists, especially when it came to providing local color. Lewis Garrard's *Wah-to-yah, and the Taos Trail*, with its marvelous depictions of Cheyenne Indian life, published in 1850, also stands out. Consider its full title and the lure that title might exercise: *Wah-to-yah, and the Taos Trail; or Prairie Travel and Scalp Dances, with a Look at Los Rancheros from Muleback, and the Rocky Mountains Campfire*.

Beyond these two, unless you are

a scholar or a "Trail junkie" who seeks out really esoteric material, the ranks thin. One representative work would be Albert Pike's *Prose Sketches and Poems*, mentioned above. This book included journal entries of trips across the plains, short sketches of individuals, places, adventures, and poetry. Pike had little admiration for New Mexicans and their culture, thus confirming American readers in their racism. As David Weber remarks in the introduction to his edition of Pike's work, "Pike's stories bristle with ethnocentricity to the point where he imbues some of his Mexican characters with a dislike for their own people and a warm admiration and envy of the 'superior' Americans."⁹

Pike's readers also got a healthy dose of the grandeur and romance of the Trail, especially in his poetry. One such poem, entitled "Dirge," is introduced with a note indicating it was composed "over a companion, buried in the Prairie, July 5, 1832." It begins, "Thy wife shall wait,/Full many a day, for thee;/And when the gate/Turns on its unused hinges, she/shall ope her grief-contracted eye,/Nor leaving hope to die,/Longingly for thee look," and ends with a scene that became implanted in America's consciousness of the Trail, "Thy grave is deeper than the wolf can go,/And wheels have rolled above thee; so farewell!/Farewell! for soon/with sad and solitary tune,/The echo of our voice will leave thy grave./Again, again/Farewell!"¹⁰

And now we come to nineteenth-century novels depicting Santa Fe Trail life. I have identified six such tales that are extant, that we can still read, though there probably were dozens more which have not survived. Also, I have deliberately excluded some titles, such as the works of Thomas Mayne Reid, an ex-military officer and world traveler whose epics were popular especially with teenage boys. His best known adventure linked to the Santa Fe Trail was *The Scalp Hunters*, which appeared in 1850.

The six novels I am going to reflect on are, the aforementioned *The Prairie Flower, or, Adventures in the Far West* and *Kit Carson, The Prince of the Gold Hunters*, both published in 1849; *The Two Hunters: or, The Cañon Camp, A Romance of the*

Santa Fe Trail, which appeared in 1865; *White Wolf, A Story of the Santa Fe Trail* from 1868, and *Black Bear; or, Girl Avenger of the Santa Fe Trail*, dated 1880. These five can be classified as "dime novels." The sixth work is more in the vein of a traditional novel—at least it was issued in hard covers—though the plot is about as fanciful as the others. Written by John Dunloe Carteret and published in 1888, it is called *A Fortune Hunter Or, The Old Stone Corral, A Tale Of The Santa Fe Trail*.¹¹

The phenomenon of the "dime novel" in American life and culture has been extensively studied. One early article, "The Dime Novel in American Life," by Charles M. Harvey, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine in 1907, nearly 100 years ago and not long after the age of the dime novel had peaked. Harvey mentions that an edition of 600,000 copies was not unheard of for one of these books. He also noted, interestingly, that "For a few years the Santa Fe trader and the cowboy ran a flourishing career among the dime novelists."¹²

Beginning in the late 1850s a number of publishers such as Erastus Beadle tapped into a market eager for stories set in the fabled new western American territories. This market was especially fertile in burgeoning urban areas created as a result of the Industrial Revolution. The new urban masses dreamed of escaping their lives for the freedom, fresh air, and open spaces of the West. In their imaginations they could go there for only a dime—the cost of one of Beadle's new cheaply printed novels. In fact, some of these tales cost only a penny—and subsequently became known as "penny dreadfuls," given the nature of their overblown and preposterous plots.

Publishers employed dozens of writers—usually dismissed as "hacks" who belonged to such-and-such a publisher's "stable" of authors—to churn out these adventures and romances. It was these writers who read the government reports seeking characters, color, and situations as grist for their mills. As far as the Santa Fe Trail is concerned, John Charles Frémont's accounts of his 1840s expeditions admirably served this purpose. One of the most highly regarded studies of the West in

American literature is Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth*. In his chapter entitled "The Mountain Man as Western Hero: Kit Carson," he writes, "The best known mountain man was Kit Carson, who owed his fame to Jessie Benton Frémont's skillful editing of her husband's reports. . . . Although these narratives had been widely read before 1846, the Mexican War created an even greater audience for them by bringing to bear on everything related to the winning of the West the yeasty nationalism aroused by the conflict."¹³

In this context it is interesting to note that when the combined edition of Frémont's first and second reports was issued, in 1845, Congress directed that 20,000 copies be printed—an unheard of number to that time.¹⁴ Just two years later, in 1847, one of the first historians of the Mexican War, James Madison Cutts, in his *The Conquest of California and New Mexico*, would write of Kit Carson, feeding Carson's legend at the same time: "Under this name, within a few years, has become quite familiar to the public, mainly through his connection with the expeditions of Fremont, one of the best of those noble and original characters that have from time to time sprung up on and beyond our frontier, retreating with it to the west, and drawing from association with uncultivated nature, not the rudeness and sensualism of the savage, but genuine simplicity and truthfulness of disposition, and generosity, bravery, and single-heartedness to a degree rarely found in society."¹⁵

Honest as that depiction of Kit might be, it brings us to the subject of "purple prose." One definition is "Writing full of ornate or flowery language." Purple prose also includes an overabundance of colorful adjectives. The concept isn't of recent origin. The Roman poet Horace railed against *purpureus pannus*—purple patches—over two thousand years ago.¹⁶ Any dime novel of the Santa Fe Trail provides ample examples. For instance, here are the opening sentences of *Black Bear; or, Girl Avenger of the Santa Fe Trail*: "In the shadowing evening of a beautiful midsummer day, toward the end of August 1861, a blue sky, a hot, burn-

g sun, and a clear, ambient atmosphere were suddenly transformed into a scene of desolation and gloom which contrasted most singularly with the far-reaching prairie, yellow and sun-browned, and the peaceful calm which preceded it. *** The air had suddenly become cold and sharp, the long grasses bent and swayed like hurricane-swept trees of a West Indian forest; a wild, roaring wind tore over the level prairie, and a dense aggregation of low, heavy clouds enclosed the landscape, as if merged into a misty November fog."¹⁷

One thing the novels I am considering have in common is a really bad plot. The stories are interesting enough, but the twists and turns leave the modern reader gasping in astonishment. In *White Wolf* the heroine, Inez, is in danger. What sinister noise does she hear there in the darkness of the cave where she has been imprisoned by the chief White Wolf?

"It was the rattling scales of a monster serpent as it dragged itself over the rough rocks toward where the beautiful girl was lying! The huge boa whose power of compression is sufficient to crush an ox into a shapeless mass and snap its strong ribs as if they were but egg-shells! *** Heaven pity and save any one that is entwined in its massive folds! Heaven guard that fair, young girl, alone and in the darkness with that monstrosity of nature before which man and beast flee!"¹⁸ Suffice it to say, Inez is united with the hero Hector at the end of the story.

In *The Two Hunters*, the hero, Louis—handsome, dashing, rich, educated, and from Boston no less—flees St. Louis, where he has been visiting friends, for the Trail after he learns that his new fiancée is really the daughter of an infamous seductress and supposed murderess of New Orleans. The young lady, Mariquita, distraught at being abandoned without explanation, agrees to accompany her brother, Pedro, to Santa Fe—only the hero thinks the brother is her lover based on a conversation he has only partly heard. The brother, by the way, is the heir to a fabulous fortune and property in Portugal. They all happen to meet up—there is the requisite grizzled old trapper along too, named Amos Buell—and

travel together, though the hero is in disguise and the heroine doesn't recognize him. Then Indians attack, the brother is wounded, and we still aren't two-thirds of the way through the adventure. But all ends well of course. As in many dime novels, the plot is resolved in one paragraph. It is as if the author had written the contracted number of words, so it was time to get the book over with. In this instance, "To the ardent and generous soul of Pedro, the discovery that the man he so loved was the lover of his sister, and likely truly to be soon 'his brother,' was like a draught from some elixir of life. Under the pleasant excitement he rapidly grew strong, so that it was but a brief time before they could resume their journey, which was, however, transposed. The whole party concluded to return to the States, where the marriage of Louis and Mariquita could most properly be consummated, the anxiety of friends relived, and the lovely bride placed under the shelter of Louis' own home. *** We will not give the particulars of the homeward journey. It was accomplished in safety; and Amos Buell had the privilege, as a reward for his many friendly services, of giving away the beautiful bride."¹⁹

As is evident, all the novels feature Indians and women. Among the five heroines there are two named Inez, both Hispanic; the aforementioned Mariquita, also Hispanic; an Ellen, who manages to travel from Boston to San Francisco via the Horn disguised as a boy; and Prairie Flower, an Indian maiden with seeming supernatural powers since she always appears where her aid is most needed, even though she was hundreds of miles away the page before. Interestingly, there are no shrinking violets among these five. One Inez, for instance, is the "girl avenger of the Santa Fe Trail." Nonetheless, as might be expected, each is beautiful and feminine to her core. All have fair complexions too, including Prairie Flower, Indian though she is. The Inez in *White Wolf*, for example, is described as "the daughter of a full Castilian mother who had died many years before," and who, "had all of the Spanish beauty combined with the more hardy constitution and rose-flushed complexion of her father's

race," her father being Anglo.²⁰

For the most part, Prairie Flower excepted, the Indians are portrayed as dirty, bestial, and conniving folk. Their men, when not contemplating pillage and murder, spend most of their time plotting to kidnap white women. The hero in *Prairie Flower*, having "lodged the contents" of his rifle in an Indian attacking him, pauses in the midst of battle to muse on the state of Indians in the West, noting: "The Indians of the Far West of the present day, are not the Indians of former times, whose wigwams once rose where now stand our cities and hamlets, and whose daring in war, when led by a Phillip, a Pontiac, or a Tecumseh, could only be excelled by their cunning and ferocity. No! Far from it. The present tribes have degenerated wonderfully. They are, take them as a whole, a dirty, cowardly, despicable set, without one noble trait, and not worth the powder it takes to kill them."²¹

There is a further telling passage in *White Wolf*, when John Graham, whose daughter Inez has been snatched by "The Coyote," a Mexican-Indian half breed, who intends to sell her to White Wolf, who "has a passion for pale-faced wives, and more than one has found her way to his wigwam only to die from ill treatment." After the dastardly sale has taken place, Graham captures "The Coyote" and proposes braining him with a hatchet. But an old trapper, Watch Eye, traveling with Graham's wagon train, restrains this impulse, saying, "Don't make a savage of yourself. . . . You are a white man and ought to act like one—not like a redskin." So instead they tie "The Coyote" to his horse and turn it loose on the open prairie, where the wolves eventually get him.²²

At most times throughout these five novels it is difficult to tell that you are on the Santa Fe Trail. In fact, if it weren't for the presence of Kit Carson, we might dismiss a Trail connection all together. In *Black Bear*, for example, every time someone needs a place to hide out—be it the hero, the treacherous bandit Black Bear himself, or Inez the girl avenger—there is always a forest handy and they shinny up the nearest tree, from which perch they usually overhear something that can carry the plot into the next chapter.

There are often caves handy too, especially for hiding gold in or where the bound and gagged heroine can cool her heels until she comes to her senses and submits to her captor.

There are some authentic touches here and there. In *Black Bear* the scene of the action occasionally shifts to the ruined *hacienda* of Don Carlos Carita. He is the father of Inez the girl avenger though neither of them realizes it. In *White Wolf* the Comanche attack Santa Fe-bound wagons in classic fashion: "The wagons were drawn up, as always the case when a halt was made, in the form of a circle, and being heavily loaded formed a partial breastwork, from behind which the companions of John Graham returned the fire of the savages, knowing that death would be their portion if they surrendered. They felt that it was better to fight to the last, and more than one adventurous savage fell before their keen aim."²³

The descriptions of Kit Carson in Emerson Bennett's *Prairie Flower* indicate why it is the novel of choice for Mrs. White to have been reading. At one point the hero, Frank Leighton, is accosted by a voice from behind him and as he turns he beholds, "A young man of small stature and robust frame, over whose clean shaven face time had not drawn a wrinkle. His features were regular and prepossessing. . . . He had light hair—a keen, restless, eagle-like grey eye, an ample forehead. . . . His limbs, though slender, were plump and wiry, with muscles of iron. . . . He was costumed in the usual mountain style. . . ."²⁴

When asked his name, this stranger replies, "I'm called Kit Carson." Ten pages later Kit proves his worth as an Indian fighter. As the hero puts it, "Now it was that I had an opportunity of witnessing that coolness and intrepidity, those almost superhuman resources and exertions, which, together with other matters, have rendered the name of Kit Carson immortal." He continues, "Discharging his rifle and pistols at the first [Indians] he came to, Carson raised himself in his stirrups, and swinging the former weapon over his head, with as much apparent ease as if a mere wisp, he brought it down upon the skulls of the dusky horde around him with fatal effect. Not less

than a dozen in the space of twice as many seconds bit the dust. . . . No wonder Kit Carson was famous—for he seemed a whole army of himself. . . . Two powerful Indians, hard abreast, weapons in hand, and well mounted, rushed upon him at once, and involuntarily I uttered a cry of horror, for I thought him lost. But no! With an intrepidity equaled only by his activity, a weapon in either hand, he rushed his horse between the two, and dodging by some unaccountable means the blows aimed at his life, buried his knife in the breast of one, and at the same moment his tomahawk in the brain of the other."²⁵

John Dunloe Carteret's *A Fortune Hunter Or, The Old Stone Corral, A Tale Of The Santa Fe Trail* has the most recognizable Santa Fe Trail setting of these novels. It takes place at Cottonwood Crossing in central Kansas, a spot we can readily identify, although the historic stone corral of Trail fame was located at the Little Arkansas Crossing. Carteret's prose is less purple than that in the dime novels too, though the plot is about as contrived. To give a more complete flavor of these novels, here is what happens at "the old stone corral" in some detail:

Two of the main characters are Colonel Warlow, a Mexican War volunteer and Santa Fe Trail trader, and his friend, also a soldier, Bruce Walraven. The action opens in Kansas in 1874 when the Warlow family moves to Cottonwood Crossing to homestead. Then it quickly flashes back to August 22, 1849, and that "old stone corral" there at the Crossing.

Colonel Warlow is the narrator. He recalls how he and his friend Bruce Warlow were in the Mexican War together and found themselves recuperating from wounds at a Mexican *hacienda*, Monteluma. While they are there, bandits attack and he and Walraven save the life of the *hacienda* heiress, Ivarene. Bruce and Ivarene then fall in love. Ivarene sells the *hacienda* for \$750,000 in gold and she and Bruce and Colonel Warlow load the gold and a casket of jewels on board wagons and head for the States up the Camino Real and along the Santa Fe Trail. By the time they reach Cottonwood Crossing, Ivarene, who is pregnant, is about to

give birth.

Then tragedy strikes. Comanches attack—in the midst of a raging thunderstorm so that the scene is brilliantly but sporadically illuminated by tremendous flashes of lightning. During one such flash, the Colonel sees Bruce in a deadly struggle with an Indian while Ivarene is pleading for her life beneath the raised hatchet of another. At that point the Colonel blacks out. He doesn't regain any memory of these events until some months later—in Los Angeles. A California-bound gold seeker has found him wandering the prairie and taken pity on him. Well, when life hands you lemons, make lemonade. The Colonel heads for the gold fields. The ship he is on sinks off San Francisco. The Colonel swims to safety. He makes a fortune at the mines. He heads back east—stopping in Cuba to visit Columbus's grave for some inexplicable reason—marries well and, as we have seen, eventually moves to Kansas, to the very old stone corral where he was parted from his friends all those years before.

Now there is an interlude while the settlers survive a locust plague and a flood. But the plot soon resumes. A phantasmagoric specter is haunting the countryside. The specter leads Colonel Warlow's son Clifford, who is blond and handsome and eerily looks like the Colonel's old friend Bruce Walraven, to the lost \$750,000 in gold and the casket of jewels—which have been buried right there at the "old stone corral" all these years. Clifford doesn't tell anyone of his discovery because he wants to buy a lot of land and get financially established before he asks for the hand in marriage of Morelia Estill, daughter of other settlers. Believe it or not, Morelia is the spitting image of the *hacienda* heiress Ivarene.

After many twists and turns, including another appearance by the specter—which turns out to be a flesh-and-blood old white man who had joined up with the Comanches to attack the Walraven-Warlow wagon train and who had killed both Bruce and Ivarene in the massacre, though not before Ivarene gave birth to a daughter. This thoroughly nasty piece of work is subsequently trampled to death by a renegade horse. Meanwhile Clifford's mother and

Morelia's mother each reveal that when Clifford and Morelia were born they, the mothers, were visited on the birth-bed by flickering lights and everyone concludes that there has been a transmigration of the souls of Bruce and Ivarene. Then the skeletons of Bruce, Ivarene, and the baby are found and given a burial. Over the open grave, Morelia and Clifford actually are possessed by the Bruce and Ivarene spirits—in private for the rest of their lives they call themselves by those names, though everyone else in town sees them as Clifford and Morelia and calls them that.

This is a fanciful tale to be sure, but as Carteret, the author, tells us, "If there is one spot on the continent that should be haunted, it certainly is the Old Stone Corral and the nearby crossing of the Santa Fe and Abilene trails; for there has been more crime and cruel devilry committed there than upon any other square mile in the Western World."²⁶

It would be a relief if we could say that Henry Inman's history of the Santa Fe Trail, mentioned earlier as having been published in 1897, served as an antidote to these fictional fantasies of the Trail, but it doesn't. Inman's account is roughly chronological, describes the Trail and its route relatively well, and includes major personalities and events. When he wrote it, however, Inman needed money. He was a failed frontier army officer who had been called before courts-martial no less than four times in his career, with conviction and expulsion from the army coming the fourth time in 1872. He turned to writing to feed his family and for a time published a newspaper. He found that the romance of the Trail sold readily and he did well financially for a time by drawing on his experiences along the Trail in its waning years.

If you haven't read Inman, I highly recommend him. He is very entertaining—though as I have said also very inaccurate. In chapter two of his *The Old Santa Fé Trail* he has William Becknell leaving Missouri in 1812; in chapter three he falls back on Josiah Gregg and puts the opening of the Trail in 1822.²⁷ Since we are at a Rendezvous here in Larned, I thought it would be fitting to end with Inman's word portrait of Pawnee Rock. He wrote:

"Pawnee Rock was a spot well calculated by nature to form, as it has done, an important rendezvous and ambuscade to the prowling savages of the prairies, and often afforded them, especially the once powerful and murderous Pawnees whose name it perpetuates, a pleasant little retreat or eyrie [*sic*] from which to watch the passing Santa Fé traders, and dash down upon them like hawks, to carry off their plunder and their scalps.

"To-day what is left of the historic hill looks down only upon peaceful homes and fruitful fields, whereas for hundreds of years it witnessed nothing but battle and death, and almost every yard of brown sod at its base covers a skeleton. In place of the horrid yell of the infuriated savage, as he wrenched off the reeking scalp of his victim, the whistle of the locomotive and the pleasant whirr of the reaping-machine is heard; where the death-cry of the painted warrior rang mournful over the silent prairie, the waving grain is singing in the beautiful rhythm as it bows to the summer breeze."²⁸

And there you have it—the answer to our original question: "How did people in the nineteenth century know what they knew about the Santa Fe Trail?" It was through the dime novel, purple prose, and a small dose of history, real or imagined.

NOTES

1. For a comprehensive review of what has come to be known as the "White Massacre," see especially Harry C. Myers, "Massacre on the Santa Fe Trail: Mr. White's Company of Unfortunates," *Wagon Tracks*, VI (February 1992): 18-25.
2. Milo Milton Quaife, ed., *Kit Carson's Autobiography* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1966), 135.
3. Darlis Miller, "Kit Carson and Dime Novels: The Making of a Legend," in R. C. Gordon-McCutchan, ed., *Kit Carson, Indian Fighter or Indian Killer* (Niwot: University Press of Colorado, 1996), 5; Harvey Lewis Carter, "Dear Old Kit" *The Historical Christopher Carson* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1968), 126.
4. Henry Inman, *The Old Santa Fé Trail, The Story of a Great Highway* (Topeka: Crane & Company, 1899), 161-162.
5. Mark L. Gardner, "Foreword," in John E. Sunder, ed., *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995), v.
6. Albert Pike, *Prose Sketches and Poems Written in the Western County (With Additional Stories)*, David J. Weber, ed. (Albuquerque: Calvin Horn, 1967), xix; Jack

- D. Rittenhouse, *The Santa Fe Trail: A Historical Bibliography* (Albuquerque: Jack D. Rittenhouse, 1986), 176.
7. *Pattie*, (Cincinnati: Printed and Published by John H. Wood, 1831); Cooke, *Scenes* (Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston, 1857), *Conquest* (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1878).
8. *American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*, Fourth Edition (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2000), 1022.
9. Pike, xv.
10. Pike, 181-182.
11. Emerson Bennett, *Prairie Flower*, etc. (Cincinnati: Stratton & Barnard, 1849); Charles E. Averill, *Kit Carson*, etc. (Boston, George H. Williams, 1849); Metta Victoria Victor, *The Two Hunters*, etc. (New York: Beadle and Company, 1865); William H. Bushnell, *White Wolf*, etc. (Boston: Elliott, Thomes & Talbot, 1868); Weldon J. Cobb, Jr., *Black Bear*, etc. (Chicago: Pictorial Printing Company, 1880); John Dunloe Carteret, *The Old Stone Corral*, etc. (Cincinnati: Printed for the Author, 1888).
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27. Inman, 38, 51.
28. Inman, 404, 405.

WATERCOLOR NOTE CARDS

THE 13 SFT watercolors painted by Doug Holdread and funded by the First National Bank of Trinidad for a special Trail calendar in 1997 have now been adapted to a special collection of note cards. The original paintings hang at the Santa Fe Trail Center in Larned. A packet of 13 cards, featuring all 13 paintings, with envelopes, is available through the Last Chance Store for \$7.50.

TWO PIONEERS: JAMES CAROTHERS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL AND ARCHIE CAROTHERS ON THE SANTA FE RAILWAY

by Robert A. Bussian

[SFTA member Bussian of Houston, TX, is the great-grandson of James Carothers and grandson of Archie Carothers. Special thanks to him for sharing this information about his ancestors on the Santa Fe Trail.]

MY great-grandfather, James Carothers (also Caruthers) was in charge of one of the wagon trains on the Santa Fe Trail in 1852. He was probably on the Trail several years, but the first record of a trip he made was 1852, recorded in Louise Barry's *Beginning of the West* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 1089, 1093, 1097, 1117, 1118.

By the 1850s many merchant and military freight caravans were on the Trail from Missouri to New Mexico, with some merchants going all the way to Chihuahua in Mexico. These wagon trains faced numerous hazards along the way. On top of the dangers from Indians, who would from time to time raid the wagon trains, there was always fear of the hostile environment, including lack of water, difficult roads, and deserts.

In spite of the dangers, there had been a steady growth in wagon traffic on the Trail since the 1820s. In 1852, the main wagon trains on the Trail, recorded in Barry's *Beginning of the West*, included my great-grandfather James Carothers as well as John Houston, Francis X. Aubry (who took three wagon trains across the plains that year), Henry Mayer, Jonathan F. McCauly, L. M. Ross, Francis McManus, George Wethered, Solomon Hauck, Santiago Hubbell, Jones & Russell, William Stone, Preston Beck, Charles Spencer & Le Blanc, Byrn, Wing, Johnson, Ewing, Bishop Jean B. Lamy's train, and "quite a number of Mexican trains were on the road, and some other Americans."

James Carothers (Caruthers) had made a trip from west to east in the spring. He along with Mr. Mayer was reported in the *Occidental Messenger*, Independence, Missouri, May 8, to arrive in a day or two from Chihuahua, bringing five wagons and a large amount of silver. The news had been received on Wednesday, May 5,

by a man arriving in advance of Aubry's party, with which he had traveled from Santa Fe, as reported in *The Weekly Tribune*, Liberty, Missouri, May 14, 1852. Carothers and Mayer's silver was taken down the Missouri River on the steamboat *Sonora*, arriving at St Louis on May 15, for the purpose of buying goods.

In the summer of 1852, Carothers and Mayer had separate wagon trains going to Chihuahua. The trains most likely followed one another, with Carothers's train going first. On September 12 the Mayer train crossed the Arkansas and left the banks of the Cimarron on September 23. Subsequently, after reaching Las Vegas, New Mexico, on October 5, the train set out for El Paso, and on November 23 left that place for Chihuahua.

The Carothers and Houston's train had with them Baptist missionary Samuel Gorman and family. The train was headed by Carothers. A Gorman account states that from Kansas City, Missouri, to Las Vegas, New Mexico, took 12 weeks. Gorman's notes in his dairy provide the following description of events on the Trail, as reported in *Old Santa Fe*, VI (January 14, 1914): 316-317:

"In the spring of 1852 he [Gorman] received an appointment by the American Baptist Home Mission Society to go as a missionary to New Mexico. On June 14th he left Dayton, Ohio with his family and started on their long, tedious journey. They went by boat down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis; then up the Missouri to Independence Landing, where the wagon trains were made up for crossing the plains. Independence Landing is now Kansas City [actually Westport Landing is now Kansas City]. At that time it consisted of two warehouses and three or four shanties. He had to care for his own team and drive it usually at the rear of the train; but if there was danger of being attacked by Indians, the leader would order him to drive in the middle of the train for safety. After they had been out a few days they came to a herd of buffalo. They were two and one-half days

passing through the herd. When they reached the crossing of the Arkansas river at Dodge City, they found about ten thousand Comanches and Kiowa Indians camped there. They arrived there Sabbath morning and went into camp till Monday morning. The Indians came about their camp in hundreds. The leader of the train (Carothers) ordered Mr. Gorman's carriage closed so that not a head could be seen, as it was not safe for it to be known that there was a woman in the company. So his wife and children had to sit there all day long without air and in the broiling sun. Monday morning they began crossing the river. The Indians came about them like flies about a sugar cask. Mr. Carothers, the leader of the train, told the Indians that a great army of soldiers was coming (at that time, he did not know there was a soldier nearer than Jefferson Barracks in Missouri). But, muskets in the distance and a company of soldiers soon came up, escorting a paymaster to New Mexico. In a very short time every Indian was out of sight and they saw them no more. He said, 'We never were more delighted at seeing soldiers than we were to see that detachment and have always felt that God saved us, by those soldiers coming just when they did, from being destroyed by that merciless crew of the desert.' When they approached the first settlement of New Mexico, they came suddenly to the top of a hill and saw some Mexican houses at its foot. One of the party exclaimed: 'There are some brick kilns.' A Mexican house looked very much like a brick kiln. The matter was soon explained. The Mexicans themselves were about as much of a curiosity as their houses. At Las Vegas they separated from the wagon train, as it was bound for Old Mexico.

"They had been twelve weeks crossing the plains from Kansas City, Missouri, to Las Vegas, New Mexico. They found two American families in the village. Here Mrs. Gorman was sick for four days, the first illness the family had after leaving Dayton, Ohio. At Las Vegas they

were met by the Reverend H. W. Read, who piloted them to Santa Fe and entertained them until it was decided where they had better locate. The way seemed to open for them at Laguna, an Indian pueblo, one hundred and twenty-five miles southwest of Santa Fe, on the military road from Albuquerque to Fort Defiance. They found an escort going out to that fort and went with them, as it was not safe in those days for a family to go alone. They arrived at Laguna October 5th, having been on the way from Dayton, Ohio, since June 14th."

It is interesting to note that Mayer and Carothers only went to Las Vegas, not to Santa Fe, on their trips to Chihuahua. They most likely followed a road from Las Vegas to Anton Chico and from there joined the Fort Smith-Albuquerque road to Albuquerque, where they joined El Camino Real and followed it to Chihuahua.

My grandfather, Archie Carothers, James's son, followed his father's footsteps along the Trail as an engineer for the Santa Fe Railway. He became a fireman for the Kansas Missouri railroad when he was 15 years old in Kansas City.

Archie was born in 1851 in Muscatine, Iowa. His family moved to Kansas City later. About 1878, he went out to La Junta, Colorado, with Dan Daly, a friend, where Archie was an engineer and Dan a fireman. They lived in La Junta and Las Animas. He told me about being the engineer on the first engine over the switch back on Raton Pass. He was also on the first train into Las Vegas, New Mexico, July 4, 1879, along with his friend Dan Daly.

Archie was a pioneer of the railroads going west as his father was a pioneer on the Santa Fe Trail. He moved back east to Fort Madison, Iowa, in 1886, and helped build the railroad to Chicago. He was an engineer on that run until 1924 when he retired. As a descendant of these two Trail pioneers, I am honored to share this information with other members of SFTA. If anyone finds more information about James Carothers on the Trail, please let me know.

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A FANTASTIC FLIGHT OVER THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by Phyllis Morgan

[SFTA member Morgan, Albuquerque, is a frequent contributor to WT.]

THE Historic Trail Flyers, an adventurous, congenial group of private pilots and their companions, chose the Santa Fe Trail for their 2004 flight. They had planned to fly over the Trail in September 2001, but 9/11 grounded commercial and general aviation. Not to be deterred, they got into their cars and headed for Larned, Kansas, where I first met them and joined the caravan of automobiles following the Trail. This year there were 30 people, 10 planes, and two automobiles. From points across the nation, they converged on Larned to attend the Sept. 16-19 Rendezvous, where I joined them for this year's flight. The leaders (Trail bosses) were Rick and Sharon Hannen of Center Point, Iowa. Sharon decided to stay in Iowa to be present for the anticipated arrival of their first grandchild. So, I got to sit in the navigator's seat in Rick's four-seat Cessna 182.

On Sunday morning, September 19, we flew out of the Larned-Pawnee County Airport into a partly cloudy sky and headed southwest to Dodge City. We caught sight of Trail ruts west of the city, and passed over Cimarron, Kansas, where the Mountain and Cimarron Routes meet. The pilots left the Mountain Route beyond Ingalls and turned south to Liberal, landing there in a light shower. We toured the Mid-America Air Museum, located at the airport. During lunch at the museum, the weather worsened into a driving rain with strong, blustery winds.

As the weather became more threatening, the decision was made, with much disappointment, to cancel our next stop at Elkhart, Kansas, where a Trail-related program had been planned. Helen C. Brown, director of the Morton County Historical Society Museum, Joe Hartman, District Ranger of the Cimarron National Grassland, and others had planned a tour of the museum and a visit to Point of Rocks and Middle Spring. One of the cars in our group did make it through the storm to Elkhart, where the travelers were given a hearty welcome and treated

to a smaller version of the program.

After waiting a few hours at Liberal, the weather to the north and northwest began to clear. We flew to southeastern Colorado to pick up the Mountain Route again and passed over Bent's Old Fort. It was late afternoon when we landed at the La Junta Airport, where rain had fallen earlier and the wind was still blowing. The following day, the 20th, was spent on the ground touring Bent's Fort east of La Junta, the Kit Carson Museum in Las Animas, and the Boggsville area.

We arose the next morning to a dismal, pewter-gray sky. Vans transported us to the airport, and we continued the flight over the Trail from La Junta, passing over Iron Spring and Hole-in-the-Rock sites, to Trinidad, Colorado. The visibility worsened as we neared Trinidad, causing us to turn back and spend a few more hours at the La Junta Airport. The weather finally showed signs of breaking, and we set out again. On our approach to Trinidad, the clouds parted and the sun's rays greeted us. It was a beautiful sight to see the town and Raton Pass below us.

The weather continued to improve as we traveled south in New Mexico. Ruts began appearing south of Raton and were seen in places along the way as we passed over the Cimarron, Rayado, and Ocaté areas. As we continued south to Fort Union, multiple ruts headed toward the fort came into view. The fort and adjacent ruts are an impressive sight on the ground, but one gains a much greater perspective from the air. For instance, the eight-pointed design of the old earthwork, erected during the early Civil War and older than the adobe Fort Union, stands out markedly when seen from the air.

Ruts continued as we headed to Las Vegas, New Mexico, where we landed at the Las Vegas Municipal Airport in strong, gusting crosswinds. From there, we were shuttled to the historic Plaza Hotel where we stayed two nights. I was surprised to find that my room (316) was the hotel's haunted room. According to the manager, the ghost was an early owner of the establishment, but I did

not have the pleasure (or otherwise) of making an acquaintance.

On Thursday, September 22, we traveled to Santa Fe by bus, coming into the outskirts on Old Santa Fe Trail, now a two-lane road, and made a stop at Museum Hill, where group photographs were taken at the Santa Fe Trail Monument. We then headed to the historic Santa Fe Plaza and had lunch at La Fonda, the Inn at the End of the Trail. After seeing the sights and shopping, the trail flyers headed back to Las Vegas. The farewell banquet was held in the conservatory of the Plaza Hotel. In spite of the weather, all had enjoyed their time in the air and on the ground.

The morning of departure day, the 23rd, dawned with a brisk coolness, a cloudless sky, and calm, pristine air—a most welcome change from the weather of previous days. The rain had settled the dust, cleaned the air, and rejuvenated the ground cover. The sky was a bright turquoise blue; the visibility was excellent. It was a perfect New Mexico autumn morning, splendid for flying the Trail.

Rick and I waited until all of the airplanes had taken off from the Las Vegas airport. It was about 9 a.m. when we boarded his plane to fly over the Cimarron Route on our way back to Larned, where I had left my car. Rick had the sectional aeronautical charts and I kept Gregory Franzwa's *Maps of the Santa Fe Trail* on my lap as we lifted off the ground. We quickly picked up the ruts of the Trail as we headed northward in the direction of Watrous and Wagon Mound. Before heading northeasterly over the Cimarron Route, we made a farewell flyover of Fort Union and north to Ocaté Crossing. The numerous ruts in this area showed up much clearer than they did when we flew over them during the afternoon two days before. We turned back and east, flying past the Pilot Knobs and Wagon Mound before heading to Point of Rocks, Round Mound, Rabbit Ears, and McNees Crossing in New Mexico.

We crossed the Oklahoma Panhandle, where we also saw impressive ruts, particularly as we flew toward Cold Spring and Autograph Rock. We passed Wolf Mountain and the Willow Bar site on the Cimarron River, which we followed along the north bank across the southeast cor-

ner of Colorado.

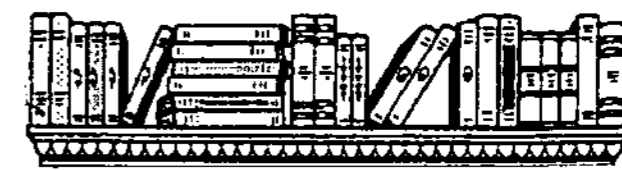
Point of Rocks in Kansas soon came into view in the distance. Before long, we passed by this famous landmark and Middle Spring, while below us were the Trail and the 19-mile companion hiking trail that crosses part of the Cimarron National Grassland. Farm land began east of the grassland, but we continued along the river and caught sight of the Lower (Wagon Bed) Spring area before heading toward Battle Ground, Cimarron, and Larned.

Flying about 500 to 1,000 feet above the ground in the slanting rays of the morning sun, the ruts and swales were distinctly visible. We were astounded at how visible they were and how numerous they are. I put my camera aside, because I wanted to see everything below with my own eyes. We looked with amazement as we flew over the Trail, taking in the incredible sight below. It was astounding to us that we could follow the Trail along our way across northeastern New Mexico. In some places, we saw three, four, five, and more ruts running parallel across the land. The Trail resembled a super highway. This brought new meaning for us to its description as a "Highway of Commerce." At times, we were speechless looking at the scenes ahead and below us, and other times we were exclaiming out loud how incredible it was.

After landing at the airport in Larned, Rick and I had lunch and talked about what we had just experienced. He talked about how dramatic seeing the Trail was—and to think that many of those ruts are over 150 years old. He said that he had not expected to see so many ruts for such a long distance. Rick added that the group had not seen so much evidence of Trail travel during their other flights, including their flight over the Oregon Trail. He believes that the more oblique the sun's rays are, the better the shadows are for viewing ruts and swales.

The exhilaration from that experience lasted the entire day as I drove home toward Albuquerque. Rick headed home to Iowa to rejoin his family and greet the newest member, Emma Elizabeth, who was born on the morning of September 21. I wish that the members of the Santa Fe Trail Association could have been

with us that wondrous morning to see the Trail as we saw it. The Santa Fe Trail, indeed, lives on.



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

—BOOK NOTICES—

Marc Simmons, *Friday, the Arapaho Boy: A Story from History*, illustrated by Ronald Kil. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2004. Pp. 56. Illustrations, map, sources. Cloth, \$18.95 plus shipping. Available from Last Chance Store.

This is Simmons's third true-story-from-history book for young readers. *Friday* joins the renowned *Millie Cooper's Ride* (2002) and *José's Buffalo Hunt* (2003). All feature the brilliant illustrations of artist Ron Kil. All three will make wonderful gifts for people of all ages.

This heart-warming volume tells about an Arapaho boy (Black Spot) who, at age nine, became separated from his people on the Cimarron River in 1831. He was near death when found by Thomas Fitzpatrick, accompanying the annual traders' caravan over the Trail to Santa Fe. The boy was rescued, given the name Friday, and went with the wagon train. Fitzpatrick later took him to Taos, then to the fur-trade rendezvous in present Wyoming, and finally to St. Louis, all the time seeking Friday's family. He left the boy in school and went back to search for the Arapahos. After finding them, Fitzpatrick returned and escorted Friday to his parents. Friday was the first of his people to learn English, and he was a friend of the Americans the remainder of his life.

Jon R. Bauman, *Santa Fe Passage: A Novel*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 2004. Pp. 323. Cloth, \$25.95 plus shipping. Available from Last Chance Store.

There have been many novels about the Santa Fe Trail, most of which tell little if anything about the historic route, but *Santa Fe Passage* is based on extensive research and is by far the best historical novel about the Trail. Jon Bauman, an international lawyer with special interest in

Latin America, has written a readable, entertaining, and informative story that rings true.

Trail historians will know the sources of many of his characters and their stories, including the first U.S. woman to travel the Trail with her family and operate a hotel in Santa Fe, a woman injured in a carriage accident who miscarries her child at Bent's Fort, a Jewish trader and merchant in Santa Fe, a Mexican woman who owns a gambling establishment and assists Mexican officials and American traders, a governor who is in and out of power in Santa Fe as changes occur in Mexico City, a village priest who opposes the Anglo influences, and the main character Matthew Collins who runs away from an apprenticeship and becomes a Santa Fe trader who marries into a prominent Mexican family and is selected by President James Polk and Senator Thomas Hart Benton to persuade the governor of New Mexico to allow Stephen W. Kearny's Army of the West to occupy Santa Fe without resistance in 1846.

Bauman has a good understanding of all three cultures affected by the Santa Fe Trail, and he creates a number of realistic characters, not stereotypes, for all of them: Anglo, Indian, and Mexican. He has researched the history of the Trail, with help from historian Mike Olsen, and the book is endorsed by historian David Weber. The interaction of the American traders with Mexican citizens is done well. Purists may argue that Bauman has moved some events in time and place (for example there was no Bowie Knife in 1826 and Raton Pass was not an option for a wagon train in that year), but this is creative fiction based on history; just enjoy it.

Not only is this finely-crafted, thoughtful, and sophisticated novel a good read, it will cause readers to want to know more about the history of the Trail. As one of the characters in the novel, Jack Marentette the mountain man, might say, "This is a splendiferous book."

Annette Gray, *Journey of the Heart: The True Story of Mamie Aguirre (1844-1906), A Southern Belle in the "Wild West."* Marker-ville, Alberta, Canada: Graywest Books, 2004. Pp. xvii + 223. Illustra-

tions, map, notes, family tree, index. Paper, \$20.00 plus shipping. Available from Last Chance Store.

This is the story of yet another remarkable woman who traveled the Santa Fe Trail (the list continues to grow). Mary Bier Bernard, called Mamie, was the child of Maryland ancestors who moved to Missouri and Kansas Territory, where her father Joab Bernard founded the short-lived town of St. Bernard which was raided by the sons of John Brown. Mamie and several siblings grew up in Westport, where her father operated a mercantile business that included Santa Fe traders. The Bernard family was connected with many well-known families through marriage. When she was 18 years old, after attending Baltimore's Female Academy, Mamie married one of the New Mexican traders, Epifanio Aguirre, even though he spoke no English and she no Spanish when they first met. Their courtship began with an interpreter.

In the autumn of 1863 the Aguirre family (Epifanio, Mamie, and baby Pedro) traveled the Trail with a wagon train which included several relatives and friends, among them Mamie's father and sister, Stephen Elkins (later U.S. Senator), and John Behan (of Tombstone fame). Because of the Civil War, the caravan was escorted part way by U.S. troops, of whom Mamie recorded, "the soldiers were nothing more than a nuisance" because they had to feed them.

The caravan was caught in a blizzard on the Trail, in which Theodore Jones became lost and was rescued by Epifanio. They all survived but lost some of their livestock. The Aguirres moved to the family ranch near Las Cruces. A second son, Epifanio Jr., was born there in 1865. They lived on the ranch while Epifanio continued his freighting business. In 1864 he received a contract to haul supplies out of Fort Union to other military posts.

In 1866 the family returned to the U.S., where a third son (Stephen) was born. The following year they again traveled the Trail, taking the railroad to Junction City, KS, and wagon train from that point westward. In 1869 one of Epifanio's wagon trains was destroyed by Indians and another was burned in a prairie fire. This brought financial

ruin to his business, and the family moved to Altar, Sonora, where one of Epifanio's brothers had a business, including a stage line.

In 1870, while driving the stagecoach from Altar to Tucson because the hired driver failed to show up for work, Epifanio and three passengers were killed by Indians (believed to be Apaches). The remainder of this book is about Mamie, how she survived, became a school teacher in Arizona, and was the first woman professor appointed at the University of Arizona, where she became head of the Spanish Language Department in 1896. There were many tragedies in her life, including the death of son Epifanio, who was struck by lightning while riding his pony, and the loss of several siblings. Mamie herself died as result of injuries suffered in a train wreck in California in 1906. She had visions of wagon trains as she died in her hospital room. Her life work was recognized when she was inducted in the Arizona Women's Hall of Fame in 1983.

This a touching story of a pioneer woman and her family, spiced with quotations from Mamie's memoirs and stories of related actions that affected the family (such as the shoot-out near the O.K. Corral in Tombstone, including Mamie's cousin Johnny Behan). The book is endorsed by Marc Simmons, who writes, "Author Gray, in this richly textured narrative, provides the first complete account of Mamie Aguirre's personal history. I can strongly recommend *Journey of the Heart* without hesitation." And so can I.

Marcus C. Gottschalk, *Pioneer Merchants of Las Vegas*. 2nd edition. Las Vegas: M. C. Gottschalk, 2004. Pp. 108. Illustrations, maps, notes, appendix, bibliography, index. Paper, \$20.00. Available from Last Chance Store.

SFTA member Gottschalk, resident of Las Vegas, NM, has compiled four of his writings into this volume, one of which was funded by a grant from the SFTA Research Fund. An earlier version of this book appeared in 2001 with the title *Pioneer Merchants of Las Vegas Plaza*. To this has been added, for the present edition, "Miguel Romero y Baca and the Early Settlement of Las Vegas,"

"Trail Freighters of Las Vegas," and "Pioneer Merchants of the Las Vegas Railtown." The result is an excellent and detailed account, with copious documentation, of the pioneer merchants, including good material on the history of Las Vegas and the Trail. It deserves a wide audience.

Because of the Trail, Las Vegas became the most important trade center in New Mexico Territory. In 1860, for example, the federal census listed only one Santa Fe merchant in the freighting business while Las Vegas listed 69, most of whom were native New Mexicans. In the section, "Trail Freighters of Las Vegas," funded in part by the SFTA research grant, Gottschalk adds significant information about many of these freighters, now published for the first time.

The "Pioneer Merchants of the Las Vegas Railtown," considers the effects of the railroad on commerce and Las Vegas merchants. The story of the railroad replacing the Trail is a topic that needs further study, along with the development and importance of the commission houses to facilitate rail commerce, and Gottschalk points the way to pursue this. In the end, however, construction of another railroad terminated the commercial prosperity of Las Vegas.

His conclusion, p. 95, is worth quoting: "Las Vegas was a town that grew in importance because it sat on the main road of travel and transport between the United States and the Southwest, and lost its importance when another road became more convenient to take. The Santa Fé Trail had transformed this Mexican outpost into the critical distribution point for American products into the Southwest and the later railtown for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad was to match the Old Town plaza in commercial significance. . . . For Las Vegas the railroad that was to be built across the Panhandle of Texas to Belen, thirty miles south of Albuquerque, was aptly termed the 'Belen Cut-Off,' which commenced in 1908 and indeed cut-off Las Vegas from the trunk line that carried the bulk of the freight cargo coming from the East. Afterwards, the town became merely a passenger stop on the A.T. & S.F. R.R." This book belongs in the library of every serious Trail aficionado.

TRINIDAD AND THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by Richard Loudon

[SFTA board member Loudon of Branson, CO, wrote the following article for publication in the Trinidad, CO, newspaper. He kindly offered to share it with WT, for which readers will extend thanks and appreciation to him. Trinidad was where the SFTA began in 1986, and it will be the site of the 2007 symposium.]

WHEN William Becknell, along with five men and a pack train of trade goods, sought a route to Santa Fe in the late summer and autumn of 1821, hoping to capitalize on the desire of the newly independent territory of New Mexico (the rumor of independence upon which they acted they were to discover was fact) to open the borders to trade with the U.S., his party bypassed the Raton Pass area and site of present Trinidad, taking a short cut through Chaquagua (also Chacuaco) Canyon and the gap through the Mesas about 40 miles east of Trinidad. However, the routes of Raton Pass and adjacent Long's Canyon were already well-known by the mountain men and other early travelers and placed the future site of Trinidad astraddle the historic trail.

Travel over Raton Pass in the earlier years was restricted to horseback and pack train movement as no road for wheeled traffic was established (although a few wagons may have been taken over the pass just prior to the Mexican War) until General Stephen W. Kearny's Army of the West improved the crude path in 1846. Nonetheless, by the early 1830s Bent's Fort on the Arkansas firmly established what became known as the Mountain Route, and travel moved up and down the trail through the Trinidad area.

Before the days of wagon traffic the main travelers through the area were associated with Bent's Fort, headed for the fort or to Santa Fe or Taos. Among those riding this trail, many associated with Bent's Fort, were some of the most illustrious of the western frontiersmen and mountain men, with names such as Kit Carson, Dick Wootton, Lucien Maxwell, the Bent brothers—William, Charles, and George, as well as Ceran St. Vrain, Jim Beckwourth, John Hatcher, and many others.

The year 1846 was a momentous one along the Trail in the Trinidad and Raton Pass region. It was probably the most dramatic episode of local trail history when Kearny's Army of the West marched through the Purgatory Valley in the summer of 1846.

The event was summarized in a 1957 speech by Arthur Roy Mitchell, local artist and historian, which he entitled "Paso Por Aqui," a takeoff on the famed inscription on a rock face in west central New Mexico left by Juan de Oñate in 1605.

Mitchell wrote: "The traffic along the trail reached its peak one day in early August, 1846, some 13 or 14 years before the first house marked the site of Trinidad. With William Bent in person along with a number of trappers riding ahead as scouts, Kearny's Army of Invasion marched along what is known to us as Main Street in Trinidad. They moved out from Bent's Fort on August 1, 1846, and passed by here six days later—an army of maybe 1950 men. And in the wake of the army, over one hundred traders and trappers hoping to be the first to unload their goods following Kearny's victory in New Mexico.

"Yes, it was an enormous caravan. Though it is hard to believe, one census makes it 1,556 wagons and nearly 20,000 stock all told—oxen, beeves, horses, and mules. They strung out five miles as they moved. Wolves followed just out of rifle range, waiting for horses to drop. The heat was intense. Rations were short. Water was scarce and bad across the prairie. Hardship haunted them.

"After the hot, dry prairie the Purgatoire was a paradise. One cavalry officer wrote, 'This lovely clear cool mountain stream!' They bathed and washed their clothes. After the hot, dry prairie the Purgatoire River was indeed a stream out of paradise.

"They moved out again, strung out for five miles, through a great cloud of dust, the Army of the West—the trooper and the half-breed scout—in a history making mass. They crept slowly past the place where you and I have made our permanent camp.

"Yes, Paso por Aqui! The great American epic picture, in a blaze of

color, headed westward along our Main Street. Paso por Aqui!"

Following close behind the military among the cavalcade of traders was one most unusual traveler for the times, a 19-year-old bride, Susan Shelby Magoffin, with her husband, an experienced trader of the New Mexico frontier. With her youthful enthusiasm, despite the tragedy of a miscarriage while stopping at Bent's Fort, she gave daily glowing reports as probably the first woman along this portion of the trail.

Camped in the valley of the Purgatoire on August 14, 1846, she wrote, "Though this stream has rather an awing name it wears a clear smooth face at present." Of Fisher's Peak (named that year for one of the officers of the Missouri Volunteers with Kearny's Army) and the adjacent area, she recorded: "It [the camp] is surrounded by most magnificent scenery. On all sides are stupendous mountains, forming an entire breast-work to our little camp situated in the valley below. To the south is what may be considered 'the pinnacle' of the mountains, a great rock towering above everything around. This, *mi alma* (her husband) calls the 'Wagon Mound' from its resemblance to one of the same kind on the old road to Santa Fe."

Maneuvering the primitive road hacked out by the military and the traders took the Magoffin party six days from the time of their arrival in the Trinidad area until they reached the open country on the south side of the pass. Of this travel, Susan wrote, "Worse and worse is the road! They are even taking the mules from the carriages and half a dozen men by bodily exertion are pulling them down the hill. And it takes a dozen men to steady a wagon with all the wheels locked. . . . We came to camp about half an hour after dusk, having accomplished the great travel of six or eight hundred yards during the day."

Another youthful enthusiast who recorded his travels through this area during that time was Lewis H. Garrard, a 17-year-old adventurer acquainting himself with Indian ways under the tutelage of John Simpson Smith, a veteran trader out of Bent's Fort. When word reached the fort of the insurrection in New Mexico and the murder of Governor

Charles Bent, a group of avengers from the fort headed for Taos, joining with a military detachment and a group of freighters entrenched and fortified up on a hill above Bent's Ranch, about 15 miles east of Trinidad. Garrard, along with Lucien Maxwell, William Bransford, and many other prominent frontiersmen passed by the site of Trinidad and headed through a snowy Raton Pass on February 13, 1847.

After witnessing the hanging of the insurrectionist leaders, young Garrard teamed up with veteran mountain men, John Hatcher and Louy Simonds, colorful frontier characters, to drive a herd of cattle back to Bent's Ranch on the Purgatoire. On Raton Pass they encountered Jim Beckwourth, the well-known mulatto mountain man, and retrieved a stolen horse of Bent's from him. Passing down Raton Creek and turning down the Purgatoire River, they succumbed to the spring day.

Garrard wrote, "It was a beautiful April afternoon in which we journeyed down the Purgatoire and halted by a snow supplied rill, who invited us to rest our wearied limbs by its side. The caballada crowding forward, and slaking their thirst; betook themselves to the crispy hill grass. A few sticks were gathered, flint and steel produced; and, as the smoke curled languidly upward from the Indian-fashioned fire, we partook the same insouciant feeling and reclined on the warm ground, with eyes half-closed, solacing ourselves with the blessed pipe."

With the crude road hacked out, the pass saw an ever-increasing volume of traffic, and by the late 1850s, coupled with gold-mining activities to the north, a great deal of travel moved over the pass. This travel through the Purgatoire Valley attracted a certain amount of agricultural interest, and by 1859 the Gutierrez family had erected a crude shelter and spent the winter near the present River Walk at Animas Street. Close behind came Felipe Baca, the Archibald brothers, William Frazier and Riley Dunton, all of whom could see the potential of the location on the branching of the Trail in the verdant little valley.

As the little village grew, so did the traffic, and old mountain man Uncle Dick Wootton, always looking

for a new opportunity, secured a franchise in 1865 from the Colorado and New Mexico territories and constructed a greatly improved road over Raton Pass, which led to a further increase in the volume of traffic. Wootton prospered, charging all comers except Indians. Even the cattle of Charlie Goodnight paid their toll in 1867, passing through Trinidad with his second herd the day before Christmas. The following summer he evaded further tolls by locating Trinchera Pass, 20 miles to the east.

The coming of the railroad to El Moro in 1876 and Trinidad in 1878 signaled the dwindling and rapid demise of the Santa Fe Trail, but it could not erase the half-century parade of frontiersmen who passed through this area into legends and memories of the past. Trinidad was a Santa Fe Trail town.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

The notice in *Wagon Tracks* that Herb Niebruegge passed away reminded me of his enthusiastic help making arrangements for our groups in New Franklin during the early years of the Santa Fe Trail Bicycle Treks. From the beginning, he was our primary contact in New Franklin and remained so for many years.

Herb would greet us when we crossed the Missouri River at the end of our trips. He gave everyone apples, a nice gesture for which we warmly thanked him. He helped arrange the whole-hog roasts the New Franklin people prepared, to which we were invited along with many of the locals interested in Trail history. Those dinners were unforgettable experiences for our riders who came from all over the USA and often from Europe and Canada.

In those days we camped along side the New Franklin Community Center where the dinners were presented buffet style. We were always seated at the head table and introduced to the crowd as having cycled the Trail to arrive in New Franklin, "where it all began." One of us always had to give a speech. When the introductions and speeches were finished, the music would start, and

everyone had a good time. Those were great experiences I'll never forget. Thank you Herb.

Willard Chilcot
885 Camino del Este
Santa Fe NM 87501

Editor:

This letter is sent to Beverly C. Ryan and *Wagon Tracks*. When my brother, Arthur Adams; sister, Shirley Laursen; and I joined the SFTA several years ago, I noted that our grandmother, Betty Gregg Adams, came over the Trail at age 3 with her parents, Dr. John L. Gregg (a nephew of Josiah Gregg) and wife, Mary P. "Mollie" Schaeffer. I received a thank you note from the Association, and they said they would put it on file.

In the meantime, it occurred to us that if there is a file, maybe they could give us some information. Then we read your (Ryan's) latest article in the August issue about Indian attacks and wondered if you might be able to fill in some of the blanks to the story of our relatives on the Trail, even though their journey began in 1876 from Missouri.

The story that has come down to us is that when "they" (we have no idea how many were in their caravan or who the leader was) reached La Junta (now Watrous), NM, rumors of Indians ahead caused them to get out their guns and pistols. While loading his pistol, the doctor accidentally shot himself in the leg. He had to remain in Tiptonville, NM, to amputate his leg and it was more than a year before they resumed their journey. In September 1877 they left New Mexico and arrived in Tempe, AZ, in October, where he began practicing medicine at Hayden's Ferry, now called Tempe. This story was told to us by our grandmother (we never knew our great-grandparents) and because she was so young at the time it took place, we are wondering if the story is authentic.

If there is anyone who can supply us with any information, we will appreciate it.

Dorothy Adams Briggs
924 W Pinon Ave
Gilbert AZ 85233

If anyone has information, please send a copy to WT as well as Dorothy Briggs. Thank you.

Editor

PARTNERSHIP REPORT

by Ross Marshall

[Marshall is past president of SFTA and the Association's representative to the Partnership for the National Trails System. He has a new bride. Best wishes to the new couple.]

THE first week of March was the annual trip to Washington D. C. for the Partnership for the National Trails System Leadership Council meeting and spending a few days calling on Congressional staffs and Administration committees. The following is a review of pertinent PNTS issues.

Appropriations: Not much hope for any increase in the '04-'05 fiscal year for National Park Service funding for the Santa Fe Trail. There may be a few increases for some of the trails, but federal budgeting remains tight. Since we got an increase last year, perhaps we shouldn't complain too much. But I will still be pursuing next February the increases in funding that we continue to need for NPS-SFTA partnering on a number of initiatives.

PNTS Strategic Planning: Representatives from all the national scenic and historic trails (the Partnership) will meet in Austin, TX, October 20-21, in a formal strategic planning session that has been in the planning for the last year. Most of the members of PNTS, including SFTA, have helped to fund the expense of this effort and this support is much appreciated. All members of PNTS as well as federal agencies and the National Trails System will undoubtedly benefit for many years as a result of this strategic planning. I will keep you posted on the results in the next issue.

10th Long Distance Trails Conference: To be held in Las Vegas, NV, hosted by the Old Spanish Trail Association in conjunction with their annual convention June 18-22. I am co-chairing the planning committee for this conference and will keep you posted on information in my coming reports. We always have several members of SFTA attend these conferences and anyone interested in attending, please contact me.

SFTA continues to be an important member of the National Trails System.

KATIE BOWEN LETTERS, 1851: PART VII

edited by Bonita and Leo Oliva

[Katie Bowen Letters (Bowen Family Papers, U.S. Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, PA) telling of a trip to New Mexico over the Trail in 1851, continues. This section begins with her letter of July 10 at Cottonwood River. From some of the things Katie says, it is probable that she had read or was reading Josiah Gregg's Commerce of the Prairies, published in 1844. The letters will continue next issue.]

Cotton Wood creek Thursday, July 10th. fifty miles from the date on the first page. We did not leave Council Grove on Monday as we expected as all the horses and mules had to be shod and could not get them done in time. We left early on Tuesday morning and came sixteen miles to a camp by "diamond spring" and indeed it is a diamond in the prairie, the water as clear and cool as ice. We had a pretty camping spot, had good nights rest, a pleasant shower to lay the dust and started on Wednesday morning in good spirits for "Lost Spring," a pretty bubbling pool, quite sunk in the ground but affording plenty of water for a thousand teams. There is not a sprout to be seen anywhere within five miles and we brought our wood from diamond spring, 19 miles back. Here at Cottonwood we have a great abundance of wood and water and must carry wood from here to last us sixty miles, allowing for long marches in case of bad traveling. We have come seventeen miles today and have got up with the big train. They have been waiting twenty days for us to come up. They started from the fort with forty days rations, expecting that we would be one week behind them and they have been out forty days today and by some mismanagement have been out of flour ten or twelve days, consequently they have been living on meat and corn, in the mean time, no danger of starving with seventy-five pigs and fifty beeves. A Great quantity of little porkers have come along these last few days for the pleasure, I suppose, of a journey across the plains. Waggon's have been

fixed with wickerwork to carry the little fellows until they get strength to walk part of the day at least. The weather is very fine and not too warm for the animals. The dews are very heavy and afford moisture enough for the teams even if there was no water. They will not taste water from the streams in the morning. We expect to reach Fort Mackey on the 25th and I will write again from there, tho I do not promise to send as much trash next time. This is green business you know, for me and I do not know how to abridge. If you do let any one read it please excuse the uneven appearance of these sheets, for I have mostly written with the paper in my lap and at times when I felt rather sleepy, from the heat. Isaac sends love and says that he considers himself in bad luck anyway, but intends to get through with all difficulties as smoothly as possible. The morning we left Council Grove, a hatchet fell from the carriage spring into the side of his knee and though a very bad cut it is healing gradually. He is very careful not to exercise on it. The same time he broke a watch crystal that he has worn eight or nine years, and I emptied a bottle of ink over a dozen yards of delicate ruffling I had just finished for pillowcases. Truly misfortunes never come singly. The last mentioned calamity was remedied by sour milk and the others are doing well. This evening is so fine that I am having our chests and trunks opened to get an airing. Everything in as good order as when we left home. We consider ourselves very fortunate to have succeeded so well this far. Although we are traveling slowly and we sometimes find it tedious, still we are all perfectly well and can endure a long trip. We met an empty train yesterday coming out. They report grass rather scanty, along the Arkansas so much so that the Indians are obliged to leave and go farther into the back country to support their ponies. Four thousand savages have been at and about Fort Mackey all the spring but will be gone before we reach there and we wont be sorry. One savage looking customer came just now into camp, but Isaac told him to go away, and he looked

mad enough to eat us up. It would not do for fastidious city ladies who faint at mention of "undressed linen" to travel across the plains and every day see these naked frights. How I do hate the painted scamps and would not hesitate a moment to run a good sharp carving knife through a few dozen of them. I verily believe that if ever the gentleman in black visits this earth it is in the form of an Indian, and but for the moccasins, I should look for the cloven foot. Do not fail to remember me most particularly to my friends. Isaac got out his paper to write to Holman but thought that he would send some time when I would not be writing. After all there is not much to say to interest anyone, but I want you to know of all that we see and hear. I have gathered a few flowers, but they are not well pressed. Tonight we found the genuine "devil in the bush" and I am pressing some now. I think of the flower blooming on that dear little grave and would give the wealth of worlds to fly to the spot if to see it but once. Only think, Mother, I never saw her grave and you will understand how earnest the desire to be there. I know what precious care you are all taking of it and thank our Father in Heaven that I have those who love her memory so well. Send me one little bud that I may know that flowers have been nurtured there. I will write often. Much love to all dear ones at home, Father and you mother will have a tedious time reading this and I know it is not well done but accept all for the love of your own true and affectionate Katie
Finished and sealed at Fort mackey
July 12th By Turkey Creek. Saturday morning. We got here yesterday at 2 oclock after making 18 ½ miles. The pigs behaved very well only three or four had to be put in the waggon. Our great worthless dog gave out and we had to take him in, quite to my disgust, for my love of dogs is not great. Water today has been very inconveniently timed, one creek 7 miles and another 26 miles and we must manage to divide the space even if we have to carry along water for the small animals. Our mules could well enough travel the whole distance but we do not like the idea of sepa-

rating from the train. A large Mexican merchant train and a government train have joined us for safety. No Indians have made their appearance in any numbers. Several squaws were hanging about our camp night before last and yesterday morning, their only intention being to plunder whatever might be scattering. We are now 187 miles from Leavenworth and this is the twenty second day out, though to be sure we have not been travelling all the time. Yet when we think of the distance and how easily we might pass over it in a day on some of our railroads at home, it seems awful to be poking along at this rate. Very little that is interesting occurs. The same routine each day. Yesterday we saw two antelopes bounding across the prairie in front of us and rabbits in abundance. Some of the men caught one. They are much larger than our rabbits and are fine eating, but Isaac said he was glad I did not get one as I would fuss all day to cook it. Fear of Indians does not prevent my sleeping very sound. These moonlight nights are too clear for mischief.

Evening. We are encamped 18 miles from our starting point this morning and no water except a pond or hole, quite good to the taste. The little Arkansas is eight miles ahead. Grass is not very substantial food to work upon and we give the animals time to fill themselves to the throat. The wind has blown hot all day, dust bad. We had great sport this morning. Our driver pointed out two Buffaloes about two miles ahead. Isaac loaded his pistol, mounted his horse and put him to his speed. I watched the chase with delightful visions of smoked tongue, and the delicious hump of one of them for dinner. When of a sudden, just before crossing a ravine, I saw Isaac turn his horse and with a disgusted pace, return to the carriage. When he got within hailing distance he said, "You man, when next you send me after buffalo be first assured that it is not a man or two on horseback." Lo and behold the two objects were men from the train hunting water, or lost cattle and my disappointed appetite must wait another and I hope more success-

ful opportunity. Indians are here, painted all over with yellow ochre, a strip about the eyes of red, and dozens of strings of beads attached all around the rim of their ears, crow feathers in the hair. Sunday evening, July 13th. We reached this place, 15 miles from our last night's camp at a few moments past 1 o'clock and although the wind has been high all day, there has scarcely a drop to breathe, coming all day along within sight of the sand hills forming the banks of the big Arkansas, the sun pouring down on the white surface, and the wind blowing over it as hot as from a burning furnace. We are encamped tonight at some large holes giving us good water, although rather warm and I would give a dollar for a lump of ice as big as a hen's egg. We have a large jug covered with flannel and if kept wet, will cool the water pleasantly. We intended making 18 miles today, but the pigs preferred remaining in a mud puddle than going a few miles farther. Tomorrow we go to Cow creek, 12 miles and take half a day's rest. We crossed little Arkansas this morning where we found springs of good water, but the river was but a rivulet with banks 20 and 25 feet high which are full at certain seasons of the year. The bottom is all quick sand and our wagon master told us that in years past he alone had put in twenty feet of logs, dirt and brushwood, but now, all is sunk. No accident occurred. Three Indians joined us a few miles back and followed us to camp-on conversing with the head one, discovered him to be an old warrior of the Osage nation. He is an intelligent man, eighty years old and laid out a map on the ground, with sticks, telling us the rivers north and west of the Missouri, correctly, where all the tribes up and down the Missouri were originally settled, and said that when we were babies, or perhaps before we were born, and he was a young man, he went to Detroit and all around the lakes occupied by the English, that they tried to buy him and his tribe, but he no go, he was captain Jim of the Osages and much like Americans, cause always good to him. His Father was more than a hundred years old

when he died and once went to Washington to see his big father. Big Father gave him a silver medal, which this son has worn 38 years, bearing the portrait of James Madison one side and on the other an American and Indian hand clasped in friendship surmounted by the pipe of peace and tomahawk crossed. The medal is five inches across and nearly half an inch thick, worn almost smooth. We asked him what he would take for it, he frowned horribly and clapping it to his heart said me no sell never. He expressed himself and tribe friendly to all whites and all Indians, except the Sioux and Pawnees, and showed us three bullet holes on his neck and legs where he had been shot by Sioux. He said there was a time when he had plenty of money, "heaps" as he expressed it, but now he had none, was poor and wanted a little "baccy." Said he had twenty seven wives and talked more than I can remember. Wolves are barking all about us and a few moments ago, Mr Martin called to us to bring him a stick to kill a rattlesnake and sure enough, he killed one seven years old. Its back was broken and the venomous thing bit itself in a dozen places and covered the end of a stick with poison. We had him securely buried and burned the weapon that killed him. Isaac got the rattles which I send to Matty. Saturday evening, July 19th. I wrote to Matty last night and tonight I sit outside my tent watching the enormous herds of buffalo, not more than a mile distant, grazing as peacefully as if no danger ever came near them. We are at Cow creek, having come 15 miles today and 60 miles from Fort Mackey, which will be more than half way by the short route to Santa fe, and about half way by the long route. Since we came into camp three buffaloes have been killed within sight of our tent. Our herd of cows attract them and they come amongst them. Two tongues have been given me and are now boiling, ready to be pickled. The meat of a calf or cow is delicious, and in this climate readily dries without salt and will keep sweet any length of time. I would give much if Holman could have one of these

hunts. One man this evening shot and wounded one in the leg, not so badly as to prevent his running right smart, but the man gave chase and being very swift, headed the animal and with a few more balls brought him down. Another soldier brought one down with a musket at the distance of one hundred yards, the hair about his head and shoulders was a foot long and would have made a fine mat if it had not been too troublesome to dress the skin. For several days we have been passing through "dog towns." They cover acres and acres, little holes a few feet apart and deeper than anyone knows. We tried this morning to drown some out and poured many buckets full of water into their holes without any success. While running down the water sounded 20 or 30 feet below the surface. They are as big as kittens a week or two old and when we approach, sit at the opening of their holes and bark right sharply, wag their little tails and disappear. We frequently see owls sitting on their holes and are told that with the rattlesnake, they form a charming society in their houses. Night before last we had wretched water. It was formerly a running stream, but now only standing in pools and the buffalo have been wallowing through them all. Judge of the extract. The same night there was scarcely a blade of grass for the animals, fortunately we had corn and more fortunate still it rained during the night and since then we have had showers which have laid the dust and made the grazing sweet. This grass, called "buffalo grass" is very short and as fine as hair and its very substantial. We travel every day now in sight of the Arkansas but its sandy bed is dry, yet we get fine water by digging. The air today is very pleasant and not too warm. If good luck attends us we will reach our destination by the first of September, allowing time for accidents and bad weather. I passed over several days of my notes because I was actually too lazy to do anything. No Indians have been seen for three days and we are told that they have always left about this time. There is to be a "big talk" at Laramie and every tribe is in-

vited. The last mail carried had some trouble with the Pawnees and they will be afraid this government train will punish them. All profess friendship except the Camanches and they swear deadly vengeance against the Mexicans. The Apaches, Arapahoes, Pimos, Pawnees, Chians, Shawnees and Camanches are all troublesome and nobody knows how many more may be one sided. At the worst we can defend ourselves.

Sunday afternoon, July 20th. Twenty or more miles today, a fine cool, airy day, but little water, and still less grass. Our camp is on the bank of the big Arkansas, not a drop of water above the sand, but plenty a few inches below the surface. We are past the buffalo country but any quantity of wolves are constantly at pistol shot. Yet no one feels disposed to waste powder and balls for them. Weeds and flowers are abundant in this horrid sand. Cactuses in great perfection. Yet I sleep all I can, nor take much notice of the "booties of nature." In two days at this rate we will be within range of civilization. The ground in many places is covered with salt and the small streams have quite a marshy smell. The cattle are frantic to feed continually. The pigs get on bravely. When no water is found in the road, the drivers empty a cask and let them wallow.

July 23, Wednesday morning. Fort Mackey. At last we are here, after toiling a month to reach 380 miles. We arrived yesterday afternoon and were most kindly received by Lieut Heth, who immediately gave up his pleasant quarters for us. We thought it not just right to turn the commander out but he insisted so strongly and the shaded rooms looked so inviting, that it was not in my power to be indifferent to his hospitality. It was very grateful to once more move beneath a roof and sleep in a civilized way, within doors. No lady is here and only one officer and a surgeon. Most of the buildings are made of sods, covered with a cement of clay and cloth roofs. This house is of adobies and plastered inside & out, a board roof covered with tarpaulin and the rooms ceiled with the same. All very comfortable and looking ex-

ceedingly neat and pretty. There is no vegetation whatever, having had no rain for a year, and the cattle are herded several miles from here, where a narrow strip of grass grows close by the river. I hope we may be as warmly welcomed and find as pleasant a habitation when we reach our destination. All the Indians have left here. Several thousand lodges were spread around here a few weeks ago, but all are now hunting and laying in their stores of furs. While here they had a Mexican woman, who has been stolen and she was so unhappy that the sutler bought her, intending I believe to send her to Chihuahua. She has an indian child about a year old and they made her carry wood all day and herd mules all night. They are very cruel to their women. She says her father and mother were killed and herself and three sisters carried off, that she has been their slave for four years. In my last letter I mentioned meeting Mrs Hoffman. She has been at this post some time and was sorry to leave. We will leave these letters to go out by the first opportunity and we may have no other chance to send in till we reach Los Vegas. At any rate we will be there before you get this. I dream very often of you all, and thought Isaacs father opening the little box of beans I sent him. He was laughing heartily. Give best love to everybody. We are impatient to see our letters at Santa fe, and do not fail to write. The mails now go once in two weeks. Holman must send occasionally. In all sincerity, every dear Father and Mother, your Katie.

Isaac sends love.

(continued next issue)

COUNCIL TROVE

-DOCUMENTS-

A LONE COTTONWOOD

Janice Scott, librarian at the Kansas Heritage Center in Dodge City, found this article in the *Dodge City Times*, April 13, 1882, reprinted here as written.

Standing on the south bank of the Arkansas river, twenty miles west of Fort Dodge, and close to the old Cimarron crossing, was a monster cottonwood tree, known

all over the west, by old plainsmen, army officers and western travelers of a quarter of a century ago as "The Lone Cottonwood." A monster tree, of more than a century's growth, it stood out upon the broad plains far away from any companion, affording a cool and refreshing retreat for many a weary traveler, witnessing in the life-time the silence of the uninhabited plains, the first faint light of a dawning civilization, the steady march of the pilgrim and his ox team, and finally the great Santa Fe road with all the attendant civilization which has so closely followed in the march of the iron trail.

The buffalo of a hundred years ago disdained to crop the tender leaves from its young branches, preferring to see the friendless and parentless little sapling develop into something more pretentious, while the savage of the plains disdained to destroy it from the face of the earth. Thousands of plainsmen, trappers and pilgrims have encamped beneath its protecting limbs not one of whom built their camp-fires against its great trunk or otherwise despoiled this well grown monarch of the plains.

Twenty-two years ago the writer of this, in company with fellow companions, enjoyed the usual meal of flap jacks and bacon beneath the umbrageous foliage of this same cottonwood. Upon its trunk and lower limbs were carved the names of hundreds who had preceded us, notably those of Kit Carson, Wheeler and Bent, with dates reaching back as early as 1847.

But with the railroad came the cow-boy, who, forgetting all that has made the tree historic, fell it to the ground, when, piece by piece, it is carted away to do the menial service of cooking the food of this despoiler of nature. As the old veteran fell beneath the stroke of the cowboy's ax, it no doubt exclaimed: "To what base uses have we come at last." - *Topeka Commonwealth*.

CORRECTION

In the last issue, p. 5, column 3, 8 lines down, the name of freighter Jerome Crow was misspelled as Drow. Please make that correction.

PIKE'S COLUMN



[This special column will continue as a series in Wagon Tracks until the close of the Pike Southwest Expedition Bicentennial activities in 2007. It features documents, articles, bibliography, and notes which tell the story of Pike, his expeditions, and related topics. Submissions are solicited for this column.]

The only item this issue is the seventh installment of Pike's journal. Keep informed with the Pike Bicentennial plans at www.pikebicentennial.org.

PIKE'S JOURNAL, PART VII

This reprint of Pike's journal of the expedition of 1806-1807 continues, starting with the entry for January 6, 1807. They were lost in the mountains near the site of present Canon City, CO, suffering from winter weather and shortage of food. It was a most trying time for the expedition as they struggled to survive. At the end of January, they arrived at the point on Rio Conejos, tributary of Rio Grande, where they would build the stockade.

Pike's Journal

6th January, Tuesday.—Dispatched the two soldiers back with some provision to meet the first lads, and assist them on, and the interpreter a hunting. About eight o'clock the doctor came in, having seen some of the men. He had been confined to the camp for one or two days, by a vertigo which proceeded from some berries he had eaten on the mountains. His companion brought down six deer, which they had at their camp; thus we again began to be out of danger of starving. In the afternoon, some of the men arrived, and part were immediately returned with provisions, &c. Killed three deer.

7th January, Wednesday.—Sent more men back to assist in the rear, and to carry the poor fellows provi-

sions; at the same time kept Baroney and one man hunting....Killed three deer.

8th January, Thursday.—Some of the different parties arrived. Put one man to stocking my rifle; others sent back to assist up the rear. Killed two deer.

9th January, Friday.—The whole party was once more joined together, when we felt comparatively happy, notwithstanding the great mortifications I experienced at having been so egregiously deceived as to the Red river. I now felt at considerable loss how to proceed, as any idea of services at that time from my horses were entirely preposterous; thus after various plans formed and rejected, and the most mature deliberation, I determined to build a small place for defence and deposit, and leave part of the baggage, horses, my interpreter and one man, and with the balance, our packs of Indians presents, ammunition, tools, &c. on our backs, cross the mountains on foot, find the Red river, and then send back a party to conduct their horses and baggage by the most eligible route we could discover, by which time the horses would be so recovered as to be able to endure the fatigues of the march. In consequence of this determination, some were put to constructing the block houses, some to hunting, some to taking care of horses, &c. &c. I, myself, made preparations to pursue a course of observations, which would enable me to ascertain the latitude and longitude of that situation, which I conceived to be an important one. Killed three deer.

10th January, Saturday.—Killed five deer; took equal altitudes; angular distances of two stars, &c. but do not now recollect which. Killed three deer.

11th January, Sunday.—Ascertained the latitude and took the angular distances of some stars. Killed four deer.

12th January, Monday.—Preparing the baggage for a march by separating it, &c. Observations continued.

13th January, Tuesday.—Weighed out each man's pack. This day I obtained the angle between sun and moon, which I conceived the most correct way I possessed of ascertaining the longitude, as an immersion and emersion of Jupiter's satellites

could not now be obtained. Killed four deer.

14th January, Wednesday.—We marched our party, consisting of 18 soldiers, the doctor and myself, each of us carrying 45 lb. and as much provision as he thought proper, which, with arms, &c. made on an average, 70 lbs, leaving Baroney and one man, Patrick Smith.

We crossed the first ridge (leaving the main branch of the river to the north of us,) and struck on the south fork, on which we encamped, intending to pursue it thro' the mountains, as its course was more southerly.

The doctor killed one deer. Distance 13 miles.

15th January, Thursday.—Followed up this branch and passed the main ridge, of what I term the Blue Mountains. Halted early. The doctor, myself, and one hunter, went out with our guns, each killed a deer, and brought them into camp. Distance 19 miles.

16th January, Friday.—Marched up the creek all day. Encamped early as it was snowing. I went out to hunt, but killed nothing. Deer on the hill; the mountains lessening. Distance 18 miles.

17th January, Saturday.—Marched about four miles, when the great White Mountain presented itself before us, in sight of which we had been for more than one month, and through which we supposed lay the long sought Red river. We now left the creek on the north of us, and bore away more east, to a low place in the mountains. About sun-set we came to the edge of a prairie, which bounded the foot of the mountain, and as there was no wood or water where we were, and the woods from the skirts of the mountains appeared to be at no great distance, I thought proper to march for it; in the middle of said prairie, crossed the creek, which now bore east. Here we all got our feet wet. The night commenced extremely cold. When we halted at the woods, at eight o'clock, for encampment; after getting fires made, we discovered that the feet of nine of our men were frozen, and to add to the misfortune, of both of those whom we called hunters among the numbers. This night we had no provision. Reaumer's thermometer stood at 18 1-2° below 0. Distance 28 miles.

18th January, Sunday.—We started two of the men least injured; (the doctor and myself, who fortunately were untouched by the frost) also went out to hunt something to preserve existence, near evening we wounded a buffalo with three balls, but had the mortification to see him run off notwithstanding. We concluded it was useless to go home to add to the general gloom, and went amongst some rocks where we encamped and sat up all night; from the intense cold it was impossible to sleep. Hungry and without cover.

19th January, Monday.—We again took the field and after crawling about one mile in the snow, got to shoot eight times among a gang of buffalo, and could plainly perceive two or three to be badly wounded, but by accident they took the wind of us, and to our great mortification all were able to run off. By this time I had become extremely weak and faint, being the fourth day, since we had received sustenance; all of which we were marching hard and the last night had scarcely closed our eyes to sleep. We were inclining our course to a point of woods determined to remain absent and die by ourselves rather than to return to our camp and behold the misery of our poor lads, when we discovered a gang of buffalo coming along at some distance. With great exertions I made out to run and place myself behind some cedars and by the greatest of good luck, the first shot stopped one, which we killed in three more shots; and by the dusk had cut each of us a heavy load with which we determined immediately to proceed to the camp in order to relieve the anxiety of our men, and carry the poor fellows some food. We arrived there about 12 o'clock, and when I threw my load down, it was with difficulty I prevented myself from falling; I was attacked with a giddiness of the head, which lasted for some minutes. On the countenances of the men was not a frown, nor a desponding eye; but all seemed happy to hail their officer and companions, yet not a mouthful had they eat for four days. On demanding what was their thoughts, the sergeant replied, on the morrow the most robust had determined to set out in search of us; and not return unless they found us, or killed something to preserve the

life of their starving companions.

20th January, Tuesday.—The doctor and all the men able to march, returned to the buffalo to bring in the balance of the meat.

On examining the feet of those who were frozen we found it impossible for two of them to proceed, and two others only without loads by the help of a stick. One of the former was my waiter, a promising young lad of twenty whose feet were so badly frozen, as to present every probability of loosing them.

The doctor and party returned towards evening loaded with the buffalo meat.

21st January, Wednesday.—This day, separated the four loads, we intended to leave and took them at some distance from the camp, where we secured them. I went up to the foot of the mountain to see what prospect there was of being able to cross it, but had not more than fairly arrived at its base, when I found the snow four or five feet deep; this obliged me to determine to proceed and cotoyer the mountain to the south, where it appeared lower, and until we found a place where we could cross.

22d January, Thursday.—I furnished the two poor lads who were to remain with ammunition and made use of every argument in my power to encourage them to have fortitude to resist their fate; and gave them assurance of my sending relief as soon as possible.

We parted, but not without tears. We pursued our march, taking merely sufficient provisions for one meal in order to leave as much as possible for the two poor fellows, who remained (who were John Sparks and Thomas Dougherty.) We went on eight miles and encamped on a little creek, which came down from the mountains; at three o'clock went out to hunt, but killed nothing. Little snow.

23d January, Friday.—After shewing the sergeant a point to steer for, the doctor and myself proceeded on ahead in hopes to kill something, as we were again without victuals. About one o'clock it commenced snowing very hard, we retreated to a small copse of pine where we constructed a camp to shelter us, and as it was time the party should arrive, we sallied forth to search them. We

separated and had not marched more than one or two miles, when I found it impossible to keep any course without the compass, continually in my hand, and then not being able to see more than 10 yards. I began to perceive the difficulty even of finding the way back to our camp and I can scarcely conceive a more dreadful idea than remaining on the wild, when inevitable death must have ensued. It was with great pleasure I again reached the camp, where I found the doctor had arrived before me. We lay down and strove to dissipate the idea of hunger, and our misery by the thoughts of our far distant homes and relatives. Distance 8 miles.

24th January, Saturday.—We sallied out in the morning and shortly after perceived our little band, marching through the snow (about two and a half feet deep,) silent and with downcast countenances. We joined them and learnt that they finding the snow to fall so thickly that it was impossible to proceed; had encamped about one o'clock the preceding day. As I found all the buffalo had quit the plains, I determined to attempt the traverse of the mountain, in which we persevered, until the snow became so deep, it was impossible to proceed; when I again turned my face to the plain and for the first time in the voyage found myself discouraged; and the first time I heard a man express himself in a seditious manner; he exclaimed, "that it was more than human nature could bear, to march three days without sustenance, through snows three feet deep, and carry burthens only fit for horses" &c. &c.

As I knew very well the fidelity and attachment of the majority of the men, and even of this poor fellow, (only he could not endure fasting) and that it was in my power to chastise him, when I thought proper, I passed it unnoticed for the moment, determined to notice it at a more auspicious time. We dragged our weary and emaciated limbs along, until about 10 o'clock. The doctor and myself who were in advance discovered some buffalo on the plain, when we left our loads, and orders on the snow, to proceed to the nearest woods to encamp. We went in pursuit of the buffalo, which were on the move.

The doctor who was then less reduced than myself, ran and got behind a hill and shot one down, which stopped the remainder. We crawled up to the dead one and shot from him as many as twelve or fourteen times among the gang; when they removed out of sight. We then proceeded to butcher the one we had shot; and after procuring each of us a load of the meat, we marched for the camp, the smoke of which was in view. We arrived at the camp to the great joy of our brave lads, who immediately feasted sumptuously, after our repast I sent for the lad who had presumed to speak discontentedly in the course of the day, and addressed him to the following effect: "*Brown*, you this day presumed to make use of language which was seditious and mutinous; I then passed it over, pitying your situation and attributing it to your distress, rather than your inclination, to sow discontent amongst the party. Had I reserved provisions for ourselves, whilst you were starving; had we been marching along light and at our ease, whilst you were weighted down with your burden; then you would have had some pretext for your observations; but when we were equally hungry, weary, emaciated and charged with burden, which I believe my natural strength is less able to bear, than any man's in the party; when we are always foremost in breaking the road, reconnoitering and the fatigues of the chace; it was the height of ingratitude in you, to let an expression escape which was indicative of discontent; your ready compliance and firm perseverance, I had reason to expect, as the leader of men and my companions, in miseries and dangers. But your duty as a soldier called on your obedience to your officer, and a prohibition of such language, which for this time, I will pardon, but assure you, should it ever be repeated, by instant *death*, I will revenge your ingratitude and punish your disobedience. I take this opportunity likewise to assure you, soldiers generally of my thanks for obedience, perseverance and ready contempt of every danger, which you have generally evinced; I assure you nothing shall be wanting on my part, to procure you the rewards of our government and gratitude of your countrymen."

They all appeared very much affected, and retired with assurances of perseverance in duty &c. Distance 9 miles.

25th January, Sunday.—I determined never again to march with so little provision on hand; as had the storm continued one day longer, the animals would have continued in the mountains, and we should have become so weak as not to be able to hunt, and of course have perished.

The doctor went out with the boys, and they secured three of the buffalo; we commenced bringing in the meat, at which we continued all day.

26th January, Monday.—Got in all the meat and dried it on a scaffold, intending to take as much as possible along and leave one of my frozen lads with the balance, as a deposit for the parties who might return for their baggage &c on their way to Baroney's camp.

27th January, Tuesday.—We marched, determining to cross the mountains, leaving Menaugh encamped with our deposit, after a bad days march, through snows, some places three feet deep; we struck on a brook which led west, which I followed down, and shortly came to a small run, running west; which we hailed with fervency as the waters of the Red river. Saw some sign of elk. Distance 14 miles.

28th January, Wednesday.—Followed down the ravine and discovered after some time that there had been a road cut out, and on many trees were various hieroglyphicks painted; after marching some miles, we discovered through the lengthy vista at a distance, another chain of mountains and nearer by at the foot of the White mountains, which were then descending, sandy hills. We marched on the outlet of the mountains, and left the sandy desert to our right; kept down between it and the mountain. . . . When we encamped, I ascended one of the largest hills of sand, and with my glass could discover a large river, flowing nearly north by west, and south by east, through the plain which came out of the third chain of mountains, about N. 75° W. the prairie between the two mountains bore nearly north and south. I returned to camp with the news of my discovery. The sand hills extended up and down at the foot of the White mountains, about

15 miles, and appeared to be about five miles in width.

Their appearance was exactly that of the sea in a storm, (except for the color) not the least sign of vegetation existing thereon. Distance 15 miles.

29th January, Thursday.—Finding the distance too great to attempt crossing immediately to the river, in a direct line, we marched obliquely to a copse of woods, which made down a considerable distance from the mountains. Distance 17 miles. Saw sign of horses.

30th January, Friday.—We marched hard, and arrived in the evening on the banks (then supposed Red river) of the Rio del Norte. Distance 24 miles.

31st January, Saturday.—As there was no timber here we determined on descending until we found timber, in order to make transports to descend the river with, where we might establish a position that four or five might defend against the insolence, cupidity and barbarity of the savages, whilst the others returned to assist on the poor fellows who were left behind, at different points. We descended 18 miles, when we met a large west branch, emptying into the main stream, up which about five miles, we took up our station. Killed one deer. Distance 18 miles.

1st February, Sunday.—Laid out the place for our works, and went out hunting.

(continued next issue)



The Lloyd Morgan family, La Junta, Colorado, recently presented Otero Junior College with a 77-print collection of Santa Fe Railroad Calendars. The collection spans from 1914 to the last calendar produced in 1993. Making the presentation to OJC President Jim Rizzuto are members of the Morgan family (l-r) Dennis, Megan and Lena Morgan, Nellie and Lloyd Morgan, holding two of the prints, and Jim Rizzuto in the back.

TRAIL TROUBADOUR

—Traffic in Verse—

Sandra M. Doe, Editor

This column seeks poetry which addresses the history, realism, romance, and diversity of the Trail and demonstrates authentic emotion, original images, and skill in craftsmanship. Please submit poems for consideration to Sandra M. Doe, Dept. of English, Campus Box 32, Metropolitan State College of Denver, PO Box 173362, Denver CO 80217-3362.

This poem is from Annette Gray's new book, *Journey of the Heart: The True Story of Mamie Aguirre* (2004), p. 203, a tribute to Mamie, a remarkable pioneer woman who traveled the Trail and whose husband was killed by Apaches. Mamie died from injuries received in a railroad accident in 1906. On her deathbed Mamie had visions of a wagon train coming to take her away. See the review of this book on p. 15. Special thanks to Annette Gray for permission to reprint this poem.

Prayers from a Departing Train

by Annette Gray

I've been a traveler all of my life
have gone where pioneers go;
have followed the treacherous Santa
Fe Trail
to where parched desert sands blow.
I've seen herds of buffalo from a door,
of a mule-driven ambulance;
I've ridden horseback through dried
sage
On a windblown Las Cruces ranch.
I've hurried by stage coach, used
pony express,
felt the pain of Apache raids.
From the ox-driven cart, to a steam
engine's start,
I have witnessed a whole era fade.
Some roads which I traveled have led
straight up hill
to a view which is grand to behold.
And some of the journeys which
started so well
have held stories too sad to be told.
I've smiled as I swayed in a Pullman's
new car
on the Southern Pacific Railways,
never dreaming a modern convey-
ance like this,
would summon an end to my days.
I am done now, they say; this train
carries me away
to Tucson's quiet graveyard to rest,
where both kin and friend will mourn

my life's end
and remember my place in the West.
God be with you my sons who are
traveling behind,
Life's cares may frequent your road.
'Tis a mother who leaves from earth's
station today
Who prays she has lightened your
load.

MORE INTERPRETIVE MARKERS PLACED BY THE WET/DRY ROUTES CHAPTER

THE Wet/Dry Routes Chapter installed interpretive markers on November 3 at Jones Point and Love's Defeat. Jones Point, located five miles southwest of Larned, Kansas, was the scene of the September 24, 1859, confrontation between Kiowa warriors and mail company personnel. Brothers Michael and Lawrence Smith were killed in the melee. Love's Defeat, located 17 miles southwest of Larned was the site where a large number of Comanche warriors attacked Lieutenant John Love's Dragoons on June 26, 1847. Love's command was escorting a paymaster, Indian agent Thomas Fitzpatrick, and a number of wagon trains, government and civilian. Five Dragoons were killed and 160 yoke of oxen were driven off. One report stated that 12 or 15 of the attackers were killed.

At this date, the chapter has installed 17 such interpretive markers. As has been previously publicized, the chapter has placed 125 limestone markers in the seven-county area. The marking project has been supported by chapter funds and volunteer labor. Thanks is extended to all who have worked with this project. Photos by Larry Mix.



Jones Point Marker



Love's Defeat Marker

CAMP TALES —CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

President D. Ray Blakeley
PO Box 222
Clayton NM 88415
(505) 374-2555
No report.

Texas Panhandle

President Kathy Revett Wade
1615 Bryan Place #14
Amarillo TX 79102
(806) 371-9309
<krevett@arn.net>
No report.

Wagon Bed Spring

President Jeff Trotman
PO Box 1005
Ulysses KS 67880
(620) 356-1854
<jtkb@pld.com>
No report.

Heart of the Flint Hills

President Carol L. Retzer
4215 E 245th St
Lyndon KS 66451
(785) 828-3739
<carolretzer@direcway.com>

We had a wonderful trail ride this year. The scenery was gorgeous, although we did get our share of rain.

Helen Ericson has retired after many years as chapter secretary. Thank you Helen for your good work. Rick Antisdell volunteered to take over that position. The chapter's membership year will now run June 1 to May 31. Members are urged to keep track of all volunteer hours so they can be reported.

End of the Trail

El Alcalde George Donoho Bayless
4000 La Carrera #526
Santa Fe NM 87507
(505) 983-6338

On October 16 Harry Myers led a chapter tour from south of Santa Fe

east to Highway 14 and then up to the Rowe Mesa area. The route was along that of Captain Don Pedro Ignacio Gallegos and his military patrol unit in 1821, before they met William Becknell on November 13 south of present Las Vegas.

Corazón de los Caminos

President Faye Gaines
HC 60, Box 27
Springer NM 87747
(505) 485-2473

<fayegaines@yahoo.com>

<<http://santafetrail.org/corazon/>>

The chapter has now filled officer vacancies, with Mitzi Frank serving as secretary and Frances Casey as a member of the board.

In August chapter members traveled to Raton where Nancy Robertson organized a tour of the Raton Museum, historic sites and buildings in the Railroad District, the Schuler Theater, and the new Wayside exhibit on Goat Hill; after lunch we traveled to Sugarite State Park where abundant fall wildflowers were in full bloom.

Point of Rocks Ranch now has a sturdy, attractive picnic shelter, parking area, and a Wayside Exhibit thanks to members of Boy Scout Troop #53, Santa Fe, and Corazón Chapter members. These projects were funded by a National Park Service Cost/Share Grant with the assistance of Steve Burns, Sharon Brown, John Conoboy, and Harry Myers of NPS, and a Scenic Byways Grant from the U.S. Highway Department. SFTA members driving between Springer and Clayton should stop in and see the fine work.

Rain, rain, rain and more rain caused problems for the September meeting, a trip to Loma Parda on the Mora River. Leroy Ledoux (Wagon Mound), Jose Lopez (Watrous), and Harry Myers (Santa Fe), took us first to an area west of Watrous called Bonney Village, Jose's ancestral home. The area has been occupied continuously since it was first settled by James Bonney in 1830s as a small farming and ranching site. All three of our leaders presented information about the Trail, the land grant disputes and the personalities of historic figures who passed through this area and mentioned the site in their diaries. We then drove west to find the unpaved county road which led us to the south bank Mora River



Morris Eiland, Jim Kowal, and Faye Gaines (Gary Gaines hiding behind Jim) admiring the new wayside exhibit at Point of Rocks.

overlooking Loma Parda. A rickety suspension bridge crosses the river to reach the almost abandoned village on the north. The river was very high and no one attempted to ford it. We crossed the foot bridge one at a time and wandered down a very muddy Main Street lined by roofless buildings—truly a ghost town, a very interesting ghost town. No one is complaining about the moisture—the blue grama grass is almost knee high all over NE New Mexico—it is simply hard to get to places on muddy, slick roads and rain-swollen rivers.

For our October meeting, Hal Jackson, SFTA President, presented an illustrated lecture on El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro. He focused on persons who traveled the trail in 1846. His wonderful photographs of sites in Mexico will be included in a book to be published next year.

Corazón's annual meeting will be held November 21 in Cimarron at the Kit Carson Inn on Hwy 64. Meet at noon for lunch off the menu followed by the annual business meeting. Please call 505-485-2473 if you need more information.

Wet/Dry Routes

President David Clapsaddle
215 Mann
Larned KS 67550
(620) 285-3295
<adsaddle@cox.net>

The fall meeting was at Burdett, Kansas, October 17, 2004. A report was given with regard to the \$518.29 profit derived from the meal served by the chapter at the 2004 Santa Fe Trail Rendezvous. A hearty thank you goes to Rusti Gardner and her helpers who prepared and served the delicious meal. In other business, the Kansas History Day Committee recommended that the chapter cease offering a cash award for entries

related to the Santa Fe Trail as there has been little or no participation in recent years. The committee will report as to other options for promoting the study of the SFT in area schools. Also, the chapter approved the creation of a memorial fund for Dr. Richard Dryden. Monkeys donated will pay for an interpretive marker to be placed in his honor. The SFT Seminar approved by the chapter is scheduled for May 7, 2005. Announcements were made with regard to the seminar's theme and the box lunch to be served.

In attendance were members of the Fort Dodge/Dodge City/Cimarron Chapter who conducted their business meeting concurrent with the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter's business session.

Following, a slide program was presented by President Clapsaddle on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road. The winter meeting is scheduled for January 22, 2005 at the Municipal Building in Kinsley, Kansas.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

President Bill Bunyan
2207 McCoy
Dodge City KS 67801
(620) 227-8203

The chapter shares the loss of Richard Dryden, who served as chapter treasurer, historian, and editor of the chapter newsletter. Dixie Oringderff has accepted the duties of treasurer, and President Bunyan will handle newsletter and historian jobs until elections.

The chapter held a joint meeting with the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter on October 17 at Burdett. After a business meeting, David Clapsaddle presented a program on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road.

The chapter will elect new officers in January.

Missouri River Outfitters

President John Atkinson
1113 Safari Dr
St Joseph MO 64506
(816) 233-3924
<atkin@mWSC.edu>

On September 25 the chapter had a bus tour, led by Ross Marshall, that went west from Independence through Kansas City to Gardner, Black Jack Park, Baldwin City, Burlingame, the Dragoon Soldier's Grave west of Burlingame, Wilmington School, and 142 Mile Creek

Crossing.

On December 11 the chapter and Grinter House Friends will hold a joint meeting at 11:00 a.m. at the Grinter Visitors' Center, located at Highway 32 and 78th St in Kansas City, KS. Craig Crease will talk about the Military Road from Fort Leavenworth to the Santa Fe Trail. A covered dish lunch will follow.

On December 14 the chapter and the Kansas City Archaeological Society will hold a joint meeting at 7:30 p.m. at the Arthur Mag Center in Kansas City, month The Center is located behind the Midwest Research Institute at 425 Volker between the Plaza and UMKC. The program by Abby Varner, an archaeologists, is about the soils within the Trail ruts in Douglas and Morton counties in Kansas.

On January 20, 2005, the chapter will join Johnson County Community College in Overland Park, KS, and the Johnson County Public Libraries to present a part of the annual Kansas Day Celebration, with a talk about the Santa Fe Trail and Kansas Territory by Leo E. Oliva at 2:00 p.m.

Quivira

President Janel Cook
815 S St John
Lyons KS 67554
(620) 257-2918
<cqmuseum@hotmail.com>

The chapter met in August and had a short business meeting which included elections before a symposium committee meeting. Two new officers came on board. Larry Mix was elected to replace Don Zwick, who had passed away, as a county representative, and Linda Colle became vice president, a slot that had been left open last year. The day ended with a tour to the prehistoric serpent site and petroglyphs.

The symposium steering committee met October 2 in McPherson, a year from the big event. Subcommittees gave reports on various projects. One such report, as seen in *Wagon Tracks*, is a call for presentations has gone out and the due date is February 1.

A new element for next year's symposium will be projects coming from the newly-created education subcommittee. They have a lot of exciting ideas to get students of all ages

involved with the symposium and the Santa Fe Trail. Committee members have just come back from talking with 250 Kansas art teachers at their annual conference.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Vernon Lohrentz
205 N Beverly
Newton KS 67114
(316) 284-2284

A chapter meeting and picnic were held on August 21 at the Steve Schmidt farm four miles north of Lehigh, KS. There were 43 members and guests to enjoy the food. Steve presented an informative talk about his farm, from when it was homesteaded up to the present. There are three sets of trail ruts/swales across the land from northeast to southwest, plus numerous water holes.

Somewhere on this quarter section of land was French Frank's Trading Ranche, maybe the exact location will someday be verified. On the north property line is a DAR marker. Those attending were able to ride a flatbed trailer or walk for a tour of the property to see native bluestem grass and the ruts. Steve and his wife went to a lot of work to host and present this program on a portion of the historical Trail. Special thanks are extended to them.

The chapter received \$1000 from the SFTA marker fund to help construct a kiosk at Cottonwood Crossing. A week before Labor Day the corner posts were set and forms prepared for a cement floor. On Sept. 7, the floor was poured. On Sept. 9, the roof supports were welded to the corner posts and metal roofing attached. Dale Brooks acquired the steel and roofing, and George Schutte did the welding. Also helping were Gil Michel, Bill Silverstrand, and John E. Wiebe. Dale Brooks and Gil Michel met with John Conoboy at the Larned Rendezvous, and the National Park Service is to provide the interpretive panels.

The executive committee met Sept. 24 to plan for the completion of the kiosk and make plans for the next meeting on November 11 in Durham, KS. SFTA V-P Anne Malinson will be the featured speaker.

Bent's Fort

President Dub Couch
PO Box 325
Rocky Ford CO 81067

(719) 254-3000
<dubcouch1@mindspring.com>

On August 28, 20 members toured El Pueblo History Museum Complex in Pueblo. On September 18, the chapter had a program on Sand Creek Massacre by Sand Creek Park Ranger Craig Moore. On October 9, 19 members and guests made a trip to Fort Garland. On November 6 the annual educational meeting was held at the Otero Museum in La Junta. Dorothy Smoker of Santa Fe spoke on "The Land of Luz" a first-person presentation of Maria de la Luz Beaubien Maxwell.

The chapter had a booth at the Arkansas Valley Fair at Rocky Ford in August, where 42 prospective members picked up forms to join, and so far four new memberships have been received.

The chapter assisted again with the teacher workshop at Otero Junior College. There were five teachers attending.

HOOFF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

SFTA Ambassador Jane Mallinson, Sargar Creek, MO, was recipient of the Meritorious Achievement Award presented by the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation on August 6 at the membership meeting in Bismarck, North Dakota. Congratulations Jane! She is a woman for all trails.

The National Frontier Trails Museum, Independence, MO, reports an increase of visitors of 32% over the previous year. The number of visitors for fiscal 2004, ending June 30, was 19,763.

Ron Parks has retired as Kaw Mission curator in Council Grove, and Mary Honeyman is the new site administrator. She has been a member of the board of directors of Friends of Kaw Heritage. We wish Ron well in retirement.

The 2004 Official Highway Map of Missouri shows the location of Old Franklin, recognition that has been sought for some time. When the marker pole is planted there soon, everyone going by will be able to see the exact location of the town square where the Santa Fe Trail began in 1821.

HELP WANTED

In the library at Bent's Old Fort NHS is a notebook entitled "General Bent's Fort Information." The author is not identified. On page 77 is the following: "Lt. Abert was particularly interested in the coal because he had found it being burned in the Fort, and . . . being taken along by William Bent on his trading expeditions down into the Comanche country. He could locate places where Bent had camped and traded by the bright black flecks in the soil." The source given for this is "Abert, J. W., Exec. Doc. 41, 30th Congress, 1st Session, p. 423." I cannot find the above information at this source, or in any of Abert's other writings. Does anyone know the origin of this material? Thank you.

Don Troyer
33155 Hwy 194
La Junta CO 81050

NEW SFTA MEMBERS

This list includes new memberships received since the last issue. Those received after this printing will appear in the next issue. If there is an error in this information, please send corrections to the editor. We thank you for your support.

BUSINESS MEMBERSHIPS

Country Inn Motel, 135 E 14th,
Larned KS 67550
Farmers & Drovers Bank, PO Box C,
Council Grove KS 66846
Palace of the Governors, PO Box
2087, Santa Fe NM 87501

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIPS

Oklahoma Panhandle State Univer-

sity, PO Box 430, Goodwell OK
73939

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Montie & Tricia Bowen, 1577 28th
Rd, Clay Center KS 67432

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

W. David Baird, 24315 Baxter Dr,
Malibu CA 90265
Steven Donor, 28919 CR 56, Walsh
CO 81090
Ken Goering, PO Box 10, Moun-
dridge KS 67107
David Goss, 621 Neola Dr, Dallas TX
75209
Linda Henderson, 304 Anne St,
Larned KS 67550
Michael Maurer, 5250 Kim Rd, Rio
Rancho NM 87124
Ann O'Hare, 712 W 121 St, Kansas
City MO 64145
Kathleen S. Pickard, 705 E Cedar St,
Lamar CO 81052
Jack Warner, 10080 Hwy 283,
Wright KS 67882

TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send notices for this section; provide location, date, time, and activity. This is a quarterly. The next issue should appear in February, so send information for March and later to arrive by January 20, 2005. Thank you.

Nov. 27, 2004: Arrow Rock Christmas Homes Tour; for tickets call (660) 837-3231.

Dec. 5, 2004: Holiday Fandango at National Frontier Trails Museum, Independence, MO, 12:30-4:30 p.m.

Dec. 11, 2004: Missouri River Outfitters Chapter meeting, 11 a.m., at Grinter Visitor's Center in Kansas City, KS.

Dec. 11, 2004: Fort Larned NHS Christmas Open House, 6:30-9:00 p.m.

Dec. 14, 2004: Missouri River Outfitters program with Kansas City Archaeological Society at Arthur Mag Center in Kansas City, MO, 7:30 p.m.

Jan. 20, 2005: Missouri River Outfitters program at Johnson County Community College in Overland Park, KS, 2:00 p.m.

Jan. 22, 2005: Wet/Dry Chapter meeting, Municipal Building, Kinsley, KS.

Feb. 1, 2005: Deadline for symposium presentation proposals.

Sept. 29-Oct. 2, 2005: SFTA Symposium, McPherson, KS.

FROM THE EDITOR

Rendezvous 2004 was one of the best. Thanks to all who worked to make it a great conference.

As we begin our 19th year of *WT*, special thanks are extended to all who have contributed material over the years. Some people are still surprised it has lasted this long.

Remember SFTA membership dues run on the calendar year and expire December 31. Please renew in December and January, if possible, for that helps our office staff and saves money from follow-up mailings. A membership form is inserted in this issue for your convenience.

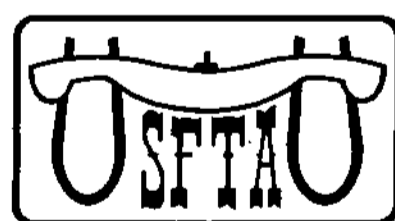
There are several new books out on the Trail, so plan now to do some winter reading when the weather is not good for traveling the Trail.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675

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