

Wagon Tracks

Volume 17

Issue 4 *Wagon Tracks* Volume 17, Issue 4 (August 2003)

Article 1

2003

Wagon Tracks. Volume 17, Issue 4 (August, 2003)

Santa Fe Trail Association

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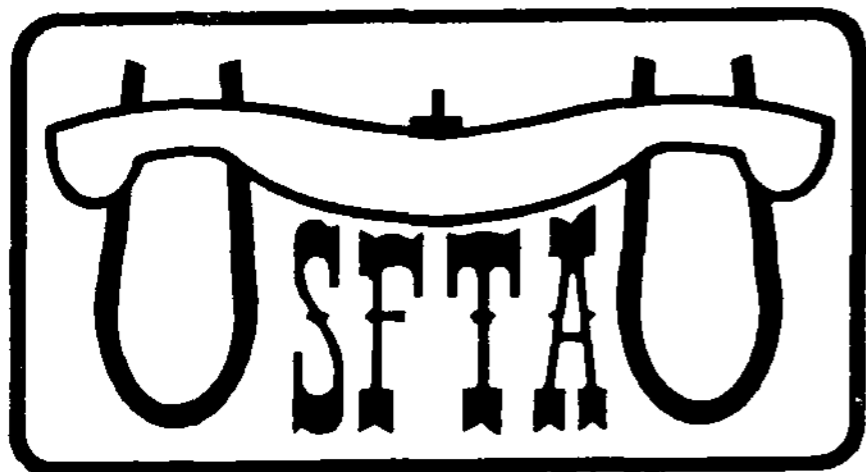


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Recommended Citation

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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 17

AUGUST 2003

NUMBER 4

INDEPENDENCE: QUEEN CITY OF THE TRAILS

by Jane Mallinson

[SFTA Ambassador Jane Mallinson is a charter member of SFTA and a frequent contributor to WT.]

INDEPENDENCE, MO, will be one of the host cities for the 2003 symposium. While visiting Independence, noted author David McCullough said, "I can't think of another piece of landscape of similar size where so many things have happened that have been more significant in the story of America." He was speaking of Jackson County, Missouri, and the integral part it played in westward expansionism.

Previous to 1775, the entire continent of North America was divided among France, England, Spain, and Russia. The area now known as Jackson County, by earliest records, was claimed by the French, and then acquired by Spain in 1763. It was ceded back to France and became a part of the territory purchased from Napoleon by the United States in 1803.

The "Province of Louisiana" contained Missouri, which was designated as a territory in June 1812, and admitted to the Union as a state in August 1821. Jackson County was named in honor of Andrew Jackson, the seventh president of the United States.

Serving as highway for transportation, the Kansas (or Kaw) and Missouri rivers exerted a vital influence on growth and prosperity within the county. The first settlements were at Sibley (near Fort Osage), Independence, and Westport. All were located near timber and within easy traveling distance to water. Sibley was on the Missouri River, and Independence had big springs. Rivers represent an exciting part of the nation's past. Before the hoof and the railroad replaced water highways, river

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August 2003

SEPTEMBER 7, 2003
DAR MADONNA REDEDICATION AT COUNCIL GROVE, KS

SEPTEMBER 24, 2003
SFTA BOARD MEETING
KANSAS CITY

SEPTEMBER 24-28, 2003
SFTA SYMPOSIUM
KANSAS CITY AREA

NOTICE

THE OFFICES OF WAGON TRACKS AND SFTA LAST CHANCE STORE WILL BE CLOSED UNTIL AUGUST 20, 2003.

For symposium reservations, please note correct phone number for Days Inn South East Motel in Kansas City:
(816) 765-4331

SIX WESTERN CHAPTERS GATHERING AT SANTA FE, JUNE 14-15

by Inez Ross

SUNNY weather promoted a gala gathering for the Six Western Chapters meeting, hosted by End of the Trail Chapter. Early arrivals on Friday evening attended the Ghost Walk Extraordinaire led by Donna Padilla into the haunted corners around the Santa Fe Plaza. As she told each tale, a "ghost" appeared attired in its earthly garb.

At Saturday's registration in the Palace of the Governors, New Mexico authors offered and signed their Trail books. In the patio guests were welcomed by EoT President Pam Najdowski and Fran Levine, Director of the Palace Museum. Levine and Archaeologist Stephen Post explained the museum expansion and the continuing digs at the rear of the complex.

Mike Najdowski led a bus group to view the Trail crossings on the south side of Santa Fe and the new SFT sculpture which features a wagon drawn by six mules and includes four life-size human figures.

On the half-mile hike down Apache Ridge toward Cañoncito, Mike chose a rougher arroyo than planned, giving the group some extra exercise and a chance to tease him about getting lost on the Trail.

The delicious dinner at the Presbyterian Church that evening was graced

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SFTA hikers climb down the arroyo at Apache Ridge, June 14.

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

I am writing my message somewhat earlier than usual because I'm headed into Mexico for a few weeks. I will be researching the Camino Real for a guidebook that I have been working on for over a year. The Camino Real had real importance for the Santa Fe Trail. Opened in 1598, the Camino Real connected Mexico (New Spain) with its distant province of New Mexico.

It was but a few years after the opening of the SFT in 1821 that most trade goods coming over the SFT were destined for Chihuahua or farther south. Josiah Gregg tells us all about this traffic in his *Commerce of the Prairies*. A most important traveler on the Camino Real was Zebulon Pike. Pike, as a "guest" of the Spanish authorities, was escorted down the Camino in 1807 with stops in Santa Fe and Chihuahua City. His account of the Camino and New Mexico was the first by an American and did much to open the SFT in 1821 and eventually the conquest of the Southwest in 1846-1847.

I managed to visit three, or maybe it was four, chapters in the last few months. The Quivira Chapter in Lyons, KS, invited me over in early spring and I attended the Fort Larned Old Guard/Wet-Dry Chapter meeting in Larned on the same trip. Later I traveled to Marion, KS, for a meeting of the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter. And in June I was asked by Helen Brown to speak at the Grassland Heritage celebration in Elkhart, KS. My visitations tell me that our Association and chapters are doing very well. Folks remain committed to the SFT and its preservation.

The Six Western Chapters meeting was held in Santa Fe in June and had some 100 attendees. Planning was accomplished by Margaret Sears. Margaret suffered a fall shortly before the meeting and was unable to attend. Her careful planning was clearly in evidence however. Pam and Curly Najdowski were the "visible" hosts and did a great job.

Pike's biographer called Pike the "Lost Pathfinder." Curly Najdowski is Pike reincarnate! He took us on quite a trek over Apache Ridge getting lost but once. We all had a great time wandering around and eventu-

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ally made it down safely. Thanks to Pam, Curly, and the others.

This is the last issue of *WT* before the September symposium, and everyone should have received details and registration forms by now. The SFTA board will meet September 23, and all members are invited to attend. Results of the election will be announced at the meeting. We look forward to a great program in Kansas City, and I hope to see you there. Get those reservations in before September 1 and save the late registration fee.

Our board meeting and chapter president workshop in Trinidad in March was reported in the last issue of *WT*. One important issue, you'll recall, was an attempt to increase substantially our business memberships. There has been a modest increase in such memberships with Dub Couch of Bent's Fort Chapter leading the charge. About half of our new business memberships are a result of Dub's efforts.

Finally, I can report that we are to receive funding for three education workshops. Chris Day and Marcia Fox wrote the proposal for the assistance, and the NPS saw the value of these training sessions and matched our money. Planning is scheduled for this summer with three workshops to be held in 2004. The tentative locations for the workshops are: Lamar, CO; Council Grove, KS; and Santa Fe, NM. This, by the way, was the summer that Chris Day and Janet Armstead took their students on the SFT. I don't know how many such summer trips they have completed, but it's a lot. They required every student to join the SFTA as well. Bravo!

—Hal Jackson

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Membership Categories

Life	\$885
Benefactor	\$1,000
Patron	\$100/year
Institutional	\$40/year
Business	\$40/year
Family	\$30/year
Individual	\$25/year
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BETTY BRADDOCK

Betty (Cobb) Braddock, retired director of the Kansas Heritage Center in Dodge City, died June 11, 2003, following surgery in Rochester, Minnesota. She was 80 years old. She was a charter member of SFTA and founding member of the Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron Chapter. A native of Dodge City and graduate of St. Mary of the Plains College there, Betty was a teacher for many years in Dodge City elementary schools and then served as assistant director of the Kansas Heritage Center, 1968-1982, and director, 1982-1992. She continued to visit and volunteer at the Heritage Center after retirement.

Dave Webb, assistant director at the Heritage Center, wrote these words about her: "Under Betty's direction, the Kansas Heritage Center broadened its focus from being primarily a library and resource center to become also a retail sales outlet with learning supplies for schools and libraries, as well as a publisher of materials relating to Kansas and the Old West. Our research files are crowded with information Betty gathered, our bookshelves are full of books she selected, but her enduring legacy here will surely be 'Betty's Notes.' Compiled from thousands of notations Betty made as she read copies of Dodge City's newspapers, this database is often the first source we check when questions arise about early Dodge City. Currently, there are over 6,200 pages in her "Notes," covering a time frame from the late 1870s to 1930. As we discover additional pertinent information, we periodically add to her work."

She is fondly remembered by Leo Oliva, who served as a consultant to the Kansas Heritage Center for several publication projects and taught a number of workshops for teachers there during Betty's tenure. She loved history, encouraged its study, and made the resources of the Heritage Center available for teachers, students, and the general public. She was an authority on the rich history of Dodge City.

Condolences are extended to her family and friends. Memorials may be sent to the Kansas Heritage Center, PO Box 1207, Dodge City KS 67801.

August 2003

DONOR HONOR ROLL

A form for donations to SFTA was included in the last issue and will be a regular insert in *WT*. Those who contribute will be recognized. Special thanks is extended to the following for recent donations:

Milton and Bette Dobkin
Beverly Jackson
Laura Jackson
Leone and Robert Moore
Mary Morton

NPS SHARES AWARD WITH TRAIL ASSOCIATIONS

JERE Krakow, superintendent of the National Trails System Office in Santa Fe, recently announced that his office was awarded this year's Intermountain Region Garrison Gold Award. This is an internal National Park System award for the best overall interpretive program. The nomination was based on the total program for both the Santa Fe Trail and Trail of Tears. The award includes a pottery storyteller by Mary and Leonard Trujillo from Cochiti Pueblo and \$2,000 for the interpretive budget.

Supt. Krakow has graciously shared this award, presenting \$1,000 to the Santa Fe Trail Association and \$1,000 to the Trail of Tears Association. Congratulations and thanks are extended to Krakow and his staff.

PARTICIPANTS SOUGHT FOR SYMPOSIUM BOOK EXHIBIT

by Dorothy Kroh

(Dorothy Kroh is book exhibit coordinator for the symposium.)

YOU are invited to be a part of the ever-popular Book Room Sales Display. Reservations for participation should be placed with Dorothy Kroh, 8812 West 6th St, Shawnee Mission, KS 66202 or e-mail to kroh@planetkc.com. Questions, phone 913-722-4241.

Submit name, address, zip code, phone, e-mail, FAX.. Request the number of tables you desire and additional space for displays. Reservations are limited to space available, so reserve early. There will be no charge for tables; but you are asked to donate two items to the SFTA Auction, proceeds to benefit the SFTA Scholarship Fund.



Don Alberts explains the confrontation at Glorieta Pass at the site of the battle as Curtiss Frank listens.

SIX WESTERN CHAPTERS

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by the presence of Doña Tules in a lively retelling of her life, accompanied by music, singing, dancing, and banter with the audience. VanAnn Moore was the performer.

On Sunday Mike Najdowski led the car caravan to the Civil War battlefield sites of Apache Cañon and Glorieta, where Don Alberts, historian and author, explained the events of the battle called "The Gettysburg of the West." The lecture on the narrow busy road proved the necessity of continuing our push to relocate Highway 50 and preserve the battlefield site.

At Pecos National Historic Park Superintendent Dennis Ditmanson and Ranger Lorenzo Vigil showed the ruts and explained Trail sites. The day ended with a visit to San Miguel del Vado, the village where the wagons crossed the Pecos River.

Everyone declared the weekend a grand success with seeing old friends, meeting new ones, and learning more about the Trail.



VanAnn Moore as Doña Tules.

WOLVES, COYOTES, AND ROADRUNNERS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by Phyllis Morgan

[This is fifth in a series about wildlife on the Trail by SFTA member Morgan. She extends thanks to Wyman Meinzer for permission to use his coyote photograph. Next topic in this series will be mustangs on the Trail.]

GREENHORNS taking their first trip with trading caravans on the Santa Fe Trail may have had little knowledge of the differences between wolves and coyotes when they first started out. It would not be long, however, before they could distinguish between the two species. Wild members of the large dog family *Canidae*, these canids were found across the North American prairies, particularly on the buffalo ranges.

The gray wolf (*Canis lupus*), or Mexican lobo, was emblematic of the open prairies. Like the buffalo, antelope, prairie dogs, and other animals of the plains, wolves were found in incredible numbers. Also like the buffalo, they were almost hunted to extinction. Formidable predators, they roamed great distances hunting buffalo and other large mammals along the Santa Fe Trail. They live and hunt in family groups, or packs, in a social order called a dominance hierarchy. Adult males weigh from 75 to 110 pounds, measure 5 to 6½ feet long (tail included), and stand 2½ feet tall at the shoulder. Adult females are smaller than males.¹

The presence of large numbers of wolves on the prairies indicated to Trail travelers that buffalo were also close by. Stanley Vestal described the scene in the heart of the buffalo country in his book *The Old Santa Fe Trail* (1939). "Far and wide, on every hand, the sign of those majestic animals was to be seen, and at all seasons. Everywhere the short grass was dotted with dried buffalo chips. Everywhere the turf was crisscrossed by narrow trails leading to and from the river. Everywhere bleaching bone, broad skulls, and hoary, flaking horns marked the sites where savage hunters or more savage wolves had thrown their prey to earth. Everywhere the soil had been scooped into shallow, saucer-like depressions by wallowing bison. . . in any season, those wallows were an unfailing sign that buffalo ranged the country. And now, as gray wolves



Gray Wolf.

were seen insolently trotting along the ridges, everyone knew that the herds could not be far off. Every man in the caravan felt his blood begin to heat with buffalo fever."²

The gray wolf, although generally gray in color, may also be white, brown, or black. Trail travelers wrote about seeing both gray and white wolves and about their large numbers. James Ross Larkin of St. Louis, like a number of young men of his time, took the Trail west to seek a cure for his ailments. He made a note in his "memorandum book" on October 6, 1856: "Wolves—white & gray—ranging about the prairies in plenty."³ Almost two years later, on September 30, 1858, gold-seeker David Kellogg, on his way to Colorado, wrote in his diary at Cow Creek: "Caught some fish in this stream. The country well watered and grass luxuriant. Buffalo and their attendants, big white wolves, very plentiful."⁴ Other Trail observers mentioned seeing packs composed entirely of white wolves. As time passed and the Trail became more and more heavily traveled, only gray wolves were mentioned in travelers' journals and diaries. The white wolves seem to have disappeared. There is no explanation in the literature, including biological literature, for this occurrence.

Travelers on the Trail often wrote

about wolves following their wagons. They would usually lope along behind the caravans at a safe distance, having learned early to stay out of rifle range. In 1850, John James Cleminson traveled with his wife, Lydia Ann, and six children in a wagon train of emigrants headed over the Trail from Independence, Missouri. Their final destination, San Diego, California, was safely reached after a grueling trip lasting three days short of a year. Cleminson wrote in his journal at Lower Cimarron Spring on August 31, 1850: "There are on the plains a great number of wolves. They are around us every day more or less, and sometimes come quite near to our wagons."⁵

In 1831 Albert Pike, traveling with a caravan led by Charles Bent, noted the abundance of wolves on the Trail. He wrote, "Our oxen, from hunger and drought, began to fail, and we were, every day or two, obliged to leave one behind us. The hungry jaws of the white wolves soon caused them to disappear from the face of the earth, and by thus affording these voracious animals food, we had a continual train of lean, lank and gaunt followers, resembling Hunger-demons, following us stealthily by day, and howling around us by night." Pike continued, "Our oxen were daily decreasing in number, and our train of wolves enlarging. I can give the reader some idea of their number and voracity, by informing him that one night, just at sunset, we killed six buffaloes, and having time to butcher and take to camp only three, we left the other three on the ground, skinned and in part cut up. The next morning there was not a hide, a bone, or a bit of meat, within fifty yards of the place."⁶

An earlier Pike, Zebulon Montgomery on his 1806 expedition to the Southwest, said little about wolves, but he recorded a method his party tried to prevent wolves from taking their game. On October 15, 1806, near Walnut Creek in present Kansas, Pike wrote: "Killed two buffalo and left part of our clothing with them to scare away the wolves." The next day, when they returned to the buffalo, Pike noted that the human scent was ineffective: "found a great

many wolves at them, notwithstanding the precaution taken to keep them off." They dined on what remained, "some marrow bones."⁷

William N. Byers, co-publisher of the *Rocky Mountain News*, wrote from Fort Aubry (established in the fall of 1865) after arriving in an east-bound stagecoach from Bent's Fort in January 1866. He described how the "excessively cold" weather and deep snow had forced wagon trains to lay up for the winter along the Aubry and Cimarron roads to Fort Union and Santa Fe. Some freighters had lost as many as two-thirds of their cattle. He added: "Wolves follow and hang about the buffalo herds in incredible numbers."⁸

Another trail letter was written by Dr. Michael Steck on December 11, 1852, after reaching Santa Fe. He had left Independence on October 10, 1852, to assume his post in New Mexico as agent for the Mescalero Apaches. His small party of 23 people traveled in mostly inclement weather in three mule-drawn carriages with three wagons for baggage and provisions and several animals for riding. Describing their progress toward Fort Atkinson (located on the Arkansas River west of present Dodge City), Dr. Steck wrote: "We continued on . . . without anything to interrupt us except an occasional squall of snow. We killed several Buffalo and occasionally a Wolf when we thought he showed too much impudence. They are generally shy, but we see immense numbers of them. A common thing to see [is] 50 at a sight and in the region of the Buffalo. In the daytime, never out of sight of them, see hundreds in a day. They live upon the Buffalo, the [calves] and old ones. They select [one to run down], surround it and keep snapping it in the hind leg until they hamstring it. This accomplished, they get him down and frequently in an hour devour the largest Buffalo."⁹

Lured by the account of John C. Frémont's tour to the Rockies in 1842 and 1843, 17-year-old Lewis Garrard, started out as a greenhorn in 1846. With youthful exuberance, he quickly took to the life of the frontiersman and became a full-fledged member of the buffalo-hunting party—once he was able to figure out some essential skills, such as how to

catch his horse Paint, "an animal given to all sorts of malicious dodging." Garrard recounted in his classic account *Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail* (1850): ". . . a band of buffalo ran across our path with two hundred or more large wolves, who, with outstretched necks and uplifted sharp heads, were in sure, noiseless, though swift pursuit. It was a magnificent sight to watch them dashing along—the poor buffalo straining their utmost to elude the sharp fangs of their persecutors—the wolves gaining at every stride. On they went, now out of sight, now in the river, where the buffalo had the advantage; a cool swim invigorated the pursuers, who, loping with dripping hair, howled, as they pressed on to victory."¹⁰

After butchering a buffalo where it had fallen, Garrard related: "Loading our animals with choice pieces of the tender cow, we left for the Trail, much to the apparent satisfaction of some wolves, loping and howling or sitting on their haunches, seemingly resolved to bide their time. Looking back, after we left a short distance, we saw them fighting, with their tails whisking about quite lively, in the struggle for 'spoils.'"¹¹

Frank Edwards, a Missouri Mounted Volunteer in the Mexican-American War, recounted in his book *A Campaign in New Mexico with Colonel Doniphan* (1847): "Large gray wolves abound in all parts of the prairies and in Mexico, but particularly about the buffalo range. They are generally seen in packs, and will scent fresh meat or blood at a great distance (as much as a mile or more); and being exceedingly cowardly they never attack man—and unless driven by hunger will not kill any animal, preferring dead carcasses. It was almost impossible to get any sleep during the night after we had killed any cattle, as these animals would assemble around our camp, and, sitting upon their haunches, howl in the most mournful manner all night long. Captain Fisher having been obliged to leave a sick horse behind one morning, sent back two men to kill him about an hour afterwards, his feelings for his tried steed making him wish to spare him further suffering. When the two men reached the spot where he had been left, a few picked bones, sur-

rounded by a pack of snarling wolves, were all they found."¹²

Edwards expressed the belief held, or observation made, by a number of Trail travelers that wolves would not attack human beings. Josiah Gregg, for instance, stated in *Commerce on the Prairies* (1844): "I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, [to] extend their attacks to man, though they probably would if very hungry and a favorable opportunity presented itself."¹³ A few men, however, told of very close encounters with wolves on the prairies. For example, Captain James McClure walked ahead of his supply train, only to be chased back by wolves. "I will never forget the terrible ordeal," he later declared, "and the relief I felt when I found myself safe from their fangs."¹⁴ Even Gregg had an encounter with a gray wolf, although it was not as threatening as McClure's, and he admitted that he had been the one to make the first challenge.

Richens Lacy "Uncle Dick" Wootton detested the wolves who pestered him, although he did not fear they would attack him. He recalled, "When hunting buffalo, I have sat many a time all night by a blazing fire, throwing the red-hot brands every now and then at a pack of wolves, to keep them from stealing the game which I had slaughtered." He noted one incident when "there must have been hundreds of the vicious brutes in the pack that kept me company all night. They would come so close that I could see their eyes shining like balls of fire in the darkness, and all the time they kept up a snapping and snarling which would have set a man crazy who did not know what cowardly brutes they were." Wootton stated he did not usually waste ammunition to kill wolves, but that time "I killed three or four during the night and the dead wolves were at once torn to pieces and devoured by the balance of the dirty gang of cannibals. They sneaked away just before daylight came in the morning, but they had given me a might lively all-night serenade."¹⁵

The wolf's four fangs at the front of the mouth may be as long as two inches from root to tip and are specialized for grabbing, wounding, and killing prey. The other 38 teeth per-

form other specific functions, including sharp side teeth to cut tough muscle and flat teeth in the back of the mouth to crush bone so that it can be swallowed easily.

An incident involving a wolf in the 1860s was told by Theodore Weichselbaum in his recollections of experiences as a merchant on the Santa Fe Trail: "In one of my contracts out at Fort Larned, I hired [James M.] Harvey and his ox team. He was with me thirty days on the trip. I saved his life near Larned. A large white wolf frothing at the mouth had attacked him when I happened to be near. I drew my revolver and killed the wolf."¹⁶ Years later, Harvey would become governor of Kansas. The attacking wolf could possibly have been rabid, and as anyone on the prairie knew, a rabid animal, whether wild or domesticated, was apt to attack and kill a human being—or inflict a wound that would cause the injured person to suffer a horrible, painful death from hydrophobia.

That happened at Fort Larned in August 1868 when a rabid wolf invaded the post and attacked several people, including Corporal Mike McGuillicuddy, who was a patient in the post hospital. The other victims were treated by the post surgeon and survived, but Corporal McGuillicuddy refused to have a torn finger amputated, and he died from hydrophobia a month later. A dog at the post was also bitten by the wolf and died from hydrophobia.¹⁷

Considering the overwhelming numbers of wolves, they seldom threatened the lives of travelers on the Trail. Nevertheless, wolves could be very troublesome, adding to the annoyances faced by travelers along their routes. An "annoying" situation was caused by a wolf when Hezekiah Brake took the Trail in 1858 to the Fort Union area where he became a manager of a dairy. Brake wrote about it in a narrative of his experiences: "We crossed the Cimarron that night and drank a cup of tea on the opposite bank. Wrapped in our blankets, we lay down as usual to sleep, but something kept me awake: I did not know but what it might be prairie dog or antelope [his dinner]. Louis [a member of his party] was the sleepest headed of mortals. Once asleep, nothing short of an

earthquake would have disturbed him. As I slept lightly and wakened easily, I always kept my boots and my only pony bridle under my head, in order that I might be prepared for any emergency that might arise. I had just fallen asleep, when I felt something move under my head. I put up my hand: one of the boots and the bridle were gone. I sprang up in time to see in the dim light, the outline of a large wolf, but the yell I gave must have disconcerted his wolfship, for he ran, leaving the boot and bridle. My companion knew nothing of it the next morning, and but for the condition of my property, would have kept on insisting that it was all 'a bootless dream.' I had no fancy, however, to ride into Fort Union on a pony wearing a rope bridle, myself minus one boot, and I praised the Fates that I had recovered my confiscated goods."¹⁸

A young British adventurer, George Frederick Ruxton, chronicled his travels from Mexico through El Paso, across New Mexico, and into Colorado in his celebrated book *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains* (1847). Continually amazed at the brazen boldness and sagacity of wolves and coyotes, he recalled camping along "a stream in a thickly-timbered bottom that was soon infested with wolves": ". . . I could scarcely leave my saddles for a few minutes on the ground without finding the straps of raw hide gnawed to pieces; and one night the hungry brutes ate up all the ropes which were tied on the necks of the animals and trailed along the ground. [The ropes] were actually devoured to within a yard of the mules' throats."¹⁹

In *Life in the Far West* (1849), his highly-acclaimed account of mountain men and the fur trade, Ruxton observed: "Wolves are so common on the plains and in the mountains, that the hunter never cares to throw away a charge of ammunition upon them, although the ravenous animals are a constant source of annoyance to him, creeping to the campfire at night and gnawing his saddles and apishamores [saddle blankets made of buffalo-calf skin], eating the skin ropes which secure the horses and mules to their pickets, and even their very hobbles, and not unfrequently [sic] killing or entirely dis-

abling the animals themselves."²⁰

On his way to Colorado, Ruxton was followed for days by a lone wolf, "a large grey wolf": "Every evening, as soon as we got into camp, he made his appearance, squatting quietly down at a little distance, and after we had turned in for the night helping himself to anything lying about. Our first acquaintance commenced on the prairie where I had killed two antelope, and the excellent dinner he then made, on the remains of the two carcasses, had evidently attached him to our society. In the morning, as soon as we left the camp, he took possession, and quickly ate up the remnants of our supper and some little extras I always took care to leave for him. Shortly after he would trot after us, and, if we halted for a short time to adjust the mule-packs or water the animals, he sat down quietly until we resumed our march. But when I killed an antelope, and was in the act of butchering it, he gravely looked on, or loped round and round, licking his jaws, and in a state of evident self-gratulation. I had him twenty times a day within reach of my rifle, but he became such an old friend that I never dreamed of molesting him."²¹ A century later, Southwestern folklorist and author J. Frank Dobie commented on Ruxton's sympathy toward the lone wolf: "No American contemporary of Ruxton's on the frontier would have resisted killing that wolf."²²

There are few references to hunting wolves in Trail literature, but their pelts were valuable in the fur trade. Most of the wolf hunts were conducted by hunters rather than Trail travelers, and there were hunters on the Trail. James J. Webb, a prominent merchant engaged in the trade with New Mexico who recorded his recollections, gave the following description of hunting wolves: "To give some idea of the numbers of wolves on the prairie in the buffalo range, I will give an account of two men formerly conductors of the mail from Independence to Santa Fé. I think it was in 1854 or 1855 they went to Walnut creek and built a small mud fort, and in summer they would sell what few knickknacks they could to traders and other passing travelers, and in winter their business was to kill wolves for the skins. They would kill a buffalo and

cut the meat in small pieces and scatter it about in all directions a half a mile or so from camp, and so bait the wolves for about two days. Meantime, all hands were preparing meat in pieces about two inches square, cutting a slit in the middle and opening it and putting a quantity of strychnine in the center and closing the parts upon it. When a sufficient amount was prepared, and the wolves were well baited, they would put out the poisoned meat. One morning after putting out the poison, they picked up sixty-four wolves, and none of them over a mile and half from camp. The proceeds from that winter's hunt were over four thousand dollars."²³

Countless travelers wrote about the howling of wolves and coyotes. Larkin was among the numbers who recorded their dislike for the noise: "Wolves howling & crying near our camp makes a hideous noise."²⁴ The adjective "hideous" seems to be the word of choice among Trail travelers in their descriptions of the howling, which caused many sleepless hours and nights for travelers along the Trail, or at least until the fatigue from the long days' journeys, sometimes extending until late after dark, inured them to the nightly "serenades."

Edwards told about an ear-offending incident caused by a wolf while he was standing as sentinel on the outer side of his company's horses at Big Timber on the Arkansas: "I was leaning upon my carbine, with my back to a small ravine along the edge of which my post extended and my mind in a quiet reverie, when, suddenly, from behind a bush, not three feet from me, a big gray wolf set up his dismal cry unconscious of my presence. It, annoyingly, took me by surprise;—snatching up a stone, I hurled it after his howling wolfship as he dashed precipitately down the ravine. I would have given something to have been allowed to shoot him, but as orders were to shoot nothing of less size than an Indian, I dared not alarm the camp by a shot."²⁵ It was customary for Trail companies to have a regulation that no one could fire a gun in or around camp unless one's life or the safety of the company depended on it.

The wolf's howl has a long, mourn-

ful slide from a high note to one down an octave or more. The howl of the coyote, heard particularly at dawn and dusk, was considered more "melodious" by some. Garrard described their "song": "For the first night or two after entering the buffalo region, we were serenaded by the coyote wolf, a species of music much like a commingled bark, whine, yelp, and occasionally a spasmodic laugh, now tenor, now basso; then one would take a treble solo, and, after an ear-piercing prelude, all would join in chorus, making an indescribable discord."²⁶

Marion Russell remembered hearing the howling of coyotes during her travels over the Trail in the 1850s and 1860s, when she was a young girl in the company of her mother and brother: "While most of the drivers slept under the wagons, the women and children slept inside the wagons or in tents. Each night we pitched the tent close to the wagon and it spread its dark wings over the three of us. . . . I would awaken to hear the coyote's eerie cry in the darkness. I would creep close to mother and shiver. Sometimes one of the mules would start a great braying, and others would take it up making the night hideous."²⁷

Years later in the 1910s when the federal government and others were waging a war of extermination against coyotes on all fronts, the great naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton wrote in his *Wild Animals at Home* (1917): "I must confess that if by any means they should succeed in exterminating the Coyote in the West, I should feel that I had lost something of very great value. I never fail to get that joyful thrill when the "Medicine Dogs" sing their "Medicine Song" in the dusk, or the equally weird and thrilling chorus with which they greet the dawn; for they have a large repertoire and a remarkable register."²⁸ Researchers who study coyotes believe they howl for several reasons: to communicate with other coyotes; as a warning to other coyotes; and to announce a weather change—studies point to a falling barometer as a cause of howling. Some are convinced that coyotes also do it for pure enjoyment.

Although able to compete with the gray wolf in noise-making, the coyote (*Canis latrans*, literally meaning



Coyote howling (photo courtesy of Wyman Meinzer).

barking dog) is smaller and less powerful than his fearsome relative. Frequently called the prairie wolf or coyote wolf by frontiersmen, the coyote was also known as the prairie jackal.

Adult males on the plains are about 4 feet long (includes tail about 14 inches long), stand about 2 feet at the shoulder, and weigh about 25 to 40 pounds.²⁹ Most live alone or in pairs, although they may form a pack of three to eight members. On the buffalo range during Trail days, they fed on the remains of carcasses left by wolves or men. They prey on smaller mammals, such as pronghorn, goats, sheep, and cattle, in particular the young or infirm, and on rabbits and rodents, including prairie dogs, gophers, mice, and rats. They also eat a variety of reptiles and insects. Well-known for their taste for chicken, other fowl or birds will do for a meal. They will eat what is available in their environment or in season, such as juniper berries, mesquite beans, watermelons, and other fruit. J. Frank Dobie once commented: "The coyote's favorite food is anything he can chew; it does not have to be digestible."³⁰

James Brice, employed as a mail carrier on the Santa Fe Trail in the 1860s, described in his Trail reminiscences how a few coyotes brought down a buffalo: "When I was conductor running with the mail, I saw three coyotes attack a lone buffalo on the Arkansas, opposite Fort Mann. One kept jumping at his head as if trying to catch his nose and two kept

jumping at his hamstrings until they severed them. Then he became powerless, falling down, and they pounced upon his body and began to devour him."³¹

Coyotes were also observed taking turns running down larger prey. In his descriptions of "'the cayeute' of the mountain men, the 'wach-unkamnet' or 'medicine wolf' of the Indians, who hold this animal in reverential awe," Ruxton stated: "[The cayeute], whose fur is of great thickness and beauty, although of diminutive size, is wonderfully sagacious, and makes up by cunning what it wants in physical strength. In bands of from three to thirty, they will not unfrequently [sic] station themselves along the 'run' of the deer and antelope, extending their line for many miles—and the quarry being started, each will follow in pursuit until tired, when it relinquishes the chase to another relay, following slowly after until the animal is fairly run down, when all hurry to the spot and speedily consume the carcass."³²

Ruxton continued: "The cayeute, however, is often made a tool of by his larger brethren, unless, indeed, he acts from motives of spontaneous charity. When a hunter has slaughtered game, and is in the act of butchering it, [the cayeute] sits patiently at a short distance from the scene of operations, while at a more respectful one the large wolves (the white or gray), lope hungrily around, licking their chops in hungry expectation. Not unfrequently [sic] the hunter throws a piece of meat towards the smaller one, who seizes it immediately, and runs off with the morsel in his mouth. Before he gets many yards with his prize, the large wolf pounces with a growl upon him, and the cayeute, dropping the meat, returns to his former position and will continue his charitable act as long as the hunter pleases to supply him."³³ When meat was available, the wolf, capable of killing a coyote with one crush of its jaws, always ate first.

In his vivid description of Bent's Fort, visited in the spring of 1847, Ruxton noted the presence of coyotes: "Outside the fort, at any hour of the day or night, one may safely wager to see a dozen coyotes, or prairie wolves, loping round, or seated on their haunches, and looking gravely

on, waiting patiently for some chance offal to be cast outside."³⁴

According to Vestal, coyotes also gave "good sport" on the Trail for "the hunters who would ride a little ahead of the caravan, with their hounds at heel": ". . . in chasing coyotes the hunter had to ride hard, that animal not being given to silly tricks like waiting on his enemies. He was gone to cover, and generally quite literally 'gone away,' before the horsemen came near enough to see anything of the chase. . . ." ³⁵ Vestal added that this "sport" was too hard on their horses during the hot summer.

Once living only on the plains of western North America, coyotes now live throughout most of the United States. Their range, unlike the ranges of many animals of the plains, has significantly increased. Their incredible adaptability has been an important factor in their survival and the expansion of their range under seemingly impossible odds. They live in many types of habitat today—deserts, plains, mountains, woodlands, suburban and urban areas.

While many travelers loathed wolves and some were not particularly fond of coyotes (although Vestal opined that "most men on the Trail had a sneaking fondness for the coyote"³⁶), most were pleased to encounter roadrunners. Considered a symbol of good luck by many in the Southwest and Mexico, they were frequently seen on the Trail, especially in New Mexico, where they are now the state bird. Their range extends across the Southwest from central Texas to California and in southern Kansas, southeastern Colorado, and parts of Oklahoma.

Roadrunners got their name from racing down trails and roads ahead of horses and wagons, seeming to challenge those behind them to a race, and then darting like a flash into the brush. Marion Russell remembered seeing them when she traveled the Trail: "Birds with long tails would walk the trail before us; walk upright and faster than our mules could walk. The drivers called them road-runners."³⁷ Travelers especially enjoyed this colorful bird's fascinating behavior, hunting antics, and curiosity about human activity.

The subject of legend and lore for

centuries, roadrunners (*Geococcyx californianus*) are ground-dwelling birds belonging to the cuckoo family *Cuculidae*. They have been given a variety of names over the years: the chaparral, or chaparral cock; the prairie pheasant; the ground cuckoo; snake killer or lizard killer; *paisano* (Spanish for fellow countryman or compatriot), and *corre camino* (Spanish for "runs the road"). Among these and other names, *paisano* has been one of the most popular and is still commonly used in parts of the Southwest and in Mexico.

Measuring about two feet long, half their length is tail feathers which assist them in rapid braking. Unlike their cuckoo cousins, they do not fly long distances, although they glide, or volplane, very well. It is on the ground where they excel. Long, sturdy legs and a streamlined body and tail give them the ability to maintain 15 miles per hour for a running distance of 300 yards.³⁸ Walking stride measures 6 to 8 inches, lengthening to 20 inches when running, with head, body, and tail stretched out almost as straight as an arrow. Like all cuckoos, roadrunners' feet are zygodactyl, meaning two toes point forward and two point backward. Their strange tracks have added to the mystique surrounding them over the centuries.

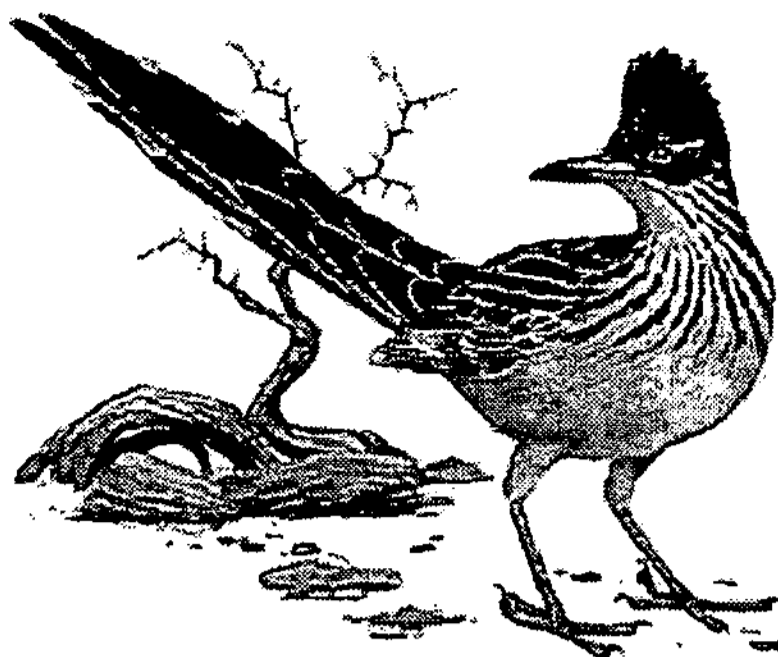
American Indians, in particular Pueblo Indians, have long considered the roadrunner a bird of great magic, a "medicine bird" or "war bird," symbolizing bravery, strength, and endurance. Stories have long been told, first by Indians and Mexicans and later by frontiersmen and settlers, of the roadrunner's courage and ability to attack and kill rattlesnakes. For years, those stories were not believed by scientists until they had witnessed for themselves the skill used by roadrunners, sometimes working in pairs, to kill a rattlesnake. The roadrunner crouches low, circling the snake, and drops his wings to test the snake's quickness. When the snake strikes, the roadrunner leaps out of the way, and then immediately leaps forward, grabbing the rattler by the head. In a flurry of activity, the snake is killed and swallowed head first. Usually, the roadrunner will not attack a snake over two feet long.

The largest part of a roadrunner's

diet is composed of a variety of insects, in particular grasshoppers and crickets. It also eats lizards and smaller rodents, such as mice and rats, which are beaten on a rock or hard surface to make them easier to swallow whole. They have been found to be good mousers; Josiah Gregg mentioned this in his descriptions of wild birds: "There is to be found in Chihuahua and other southern districts a very beautiful bird called *paisano* (literally 'countryman'), which when domesticated, performs all the offices of a cat in ridding the dwelling-houses of mice and other vermin."³⁹

In the early 1900s, a bounty was placed on roadrunners because they were thought to prey on quail. Shot on sight, many were killed before research proved that roadrunners do not prey on them. Today, they are protected by state and federal laws.

The roadrunner and coyote have become linked in the minds of many people today. In one of his syndicated history columns, Marc Simmons stated: "Strangers to the Southwest are nearly always amazed to learn that there really is such a feathered creature as the roadrunner. Apparently, the movie cartoons about a running bird that outwits the coyote have led many people to believe that the whole thing is a joke invented by the filmmaker."⁴⁰ Simmons, of course, is referring to Wile E. Coyote (*Eatimus Anythingus*) and the Road Runner (*Accelerati Incredibilus*) of "silver screen" fame. Created by the late Director Chuck Jones and writer Michael Maltese, their first fast-paced adventure, "Fast and Furryous," appeared in 1949. It set the pace for over twenty years of episodes, followed by years of television reruns and video-tape replays. Each adventure faithfully held to the same formula—a classic ritual, as popular today as the old tales told around campfires for centuries, of the most determined predator in pursuit of the fastest prey. Award-winning photographer and author, Wyman Meinzer, connects the tales of long ago with the modern in his outstanding book *Coyote*: "The coyote in legend is portrayed as a trickster, often changing identity in order to achieve a less than honorable end. The butt of jokes, the coyote falls victim to his own ploys, similar to the



Roadrunner.

central plot of the popularized cartoon series. . . ."⁴¹

Whether or not it is because of the widespread appeal of Wile E. Coyote and the Road Runner, a tour guide at the Arizona-Sonoran Desert Museum outside of Tucson was recently queried regarding which animals foreign visitors ask about most frequently. After a moment's thought, the guide answered "the coyote, the roadrunner, and the rattlesnake." The response makes one wonder what the travelers on the Santa Fe Trail might have thought of their far-reaching fame.

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PAWNEE RIVER CROSSINGS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by David K. Clapsaddle

[SFTA Ambassador David Clapsaddle, Larned, KS, is a frequent contributor to WT. This is another in his occasional series on stream crossings on the Trail.]

THE Pawnee River has its source in northwest Gray County, Kansas, and flows north into Finney County and east through Hodgeman County before veering northeast to the southeast corner of Ness County. From that point, the stream returns southeast to Hodgeman County and proceeds eastward through Pawnee County to Larned. There, the Pawnee completes its 100-mile journey and empties into the Arkansas River. In the historic period, the Pawnee's confluence with the Arkansas was located near the present US Hwy 56 bridge at the south edge of Larned. Later, the fickle Arkansas changed its course, and today the rivers merge several hundred yards east of the nineteenth-century confluence.¹

Officially designated the Pawnee River, early settlers in the region called the stream Pawnee Creek to distinguish it from the Arkansas River. The tradition still persists. Spaniards knew the river as *Rio de Pananas*.² Anglos called the stream Vulture Creek in the early 1800s.³ Later, Pawnee Fork became the common designation. Matt Field wrote, "The place is called by traders Pawnee Fork from its being an abrupt elbow or point of land forming a turn in Pawnee Creek."⁴ Field was mistaken about fork. Fork has reference to the Pawnee's tributarial relationship to the Arkansas, not to the configuration of the river channel. Pawnee Fork was the common designation of this stream during Trail days.

There were other names. During the 1852 reconnaissance of the Pawnee Valley, Lieutenant Israel Woodruff labeled the stream as the north branch of the Pawnee River and named it Heth's branch in honor of 2nd Lieutenant Henry Heth then stationed at Fort Atkinson, a little post near present Dodge City.⁵ Cheyennes came to call the stream Red Arm Creek for the Comanche chief of that name who was killed during an attack on a Bent/St. Vrain caravan

somewhere along the river in 1847.⁶ Rufus Sage wrote that Indians called the river Otter Creek "because of the great number of those animals found upon it."⁷

By whatever name, the stream, its confluence with the Arkansas River, and the crossing at that point combined to make a notable landmark on the Santa Fe Trail. Such repute was derived, in part, from the timber which populated the Pawnee. Contrasted with the nearby Arkansas and its straggly stand of cottonwoods, the Pawnee had an extensive growth of several species. Camping near the confluence on September 1, 1825, George C. Sibley noted the timber as follows, "Elm, Ash, Elder, Cotton Tree, Willow, and Grape Vines." On the same day, Sibley rode to the top of a ridge overlooking both the Arkansas and Pawnee valleys. He wrote, "I could distinctly trace the course of the Pawnee River for a great distance by the fringe of trees along its banks."⁸

Such timber did not go unnoticed. When Fort Atkinson was suffering through its first winter (1850-1851) with the nearest tree growth twelve miles distant, Captain William Hoffman, the commanding officer, recommended that the post be relocated on the Pawnee River where timber was readily available.⁹ That move did not take place; but in 1859, Camp on Pawnee Fork, Fort Larned's predecessor, was established about six miles upstream from the mouth of the Pawnee.¹⁰ Henry Stanley, a correspondent with the Hancock Expedition of 1867 observed "patriarchal trees" near Fort Larned.¹¹ Lieutenant M. R. Brown, the expedition's engineer, sketched a line of trees on both sides of the river as he documented the expedition's itinerary upstream along the Pawnee.¹²

Other evidence of the timber along this stream is derived from the sawmill constructed by Fort Larned personnel some four miles west of present Rozel in 1861¹³ and the toll bridge built of local timber three miles east of Fort Larned in 1868.¹⁴ Additional testimony to the Pawnee's tree growth is associated with the march of Colonel Stephen W. Kearny in 1846 at the onset of the

Mexican War. Arriving at the Pawnee on July 15, Kearny found 1200 men held up because of high water. On the following day, the resourceful colonel ordered that trees be felled across the river to serve as foot bridges for the soldiers.¹⁵ On the same day, Lieutenant William H. Emory, topographical engineer, ferried his equipment across the swollen Pawnee by way of a raft. 2nd Lieutenant J. W. Albert's watercolor painting of that event shows the Pawnee Crossing to be situated in a well-timbered copse.¹⁶

Also of note were the high banks of the Pawnee. In 1825, Sibley described the Pawnee near its mouth as "forty yards wide, banks pretty high, bottom sandy."¹⁷ The steep banks made the Pawnee Crossing one of the most treacherous in the entire length of the Santa Fe Trail, as the following two examples illustrate.

On his first trip to Santa Fe in 1844, James Josiah Webb observed, "The second day after, we arrived at Pawnee Fork, and, as the crossing was very difficult, we concluded to turn out, repair the road, and prepare for crossing the next morning. The east bank must be from twenty to thirty feet above the water and very steep – so much so, that we were compelled to lock both hind wheels, hitch a yoke of good wheelers to the hind axle, and all the men that can be used to advantage to assist in holding back and prevent the wagon from turning over. Even with all these precautions, accidents frequently happen, and the descent is so rapid the teams get doubled up and oxen run over. The next morning we began crossing; and when the wagons were about half across, one of Wethered's wagons turned over into the stream. The west bank was steep but not so high as the east one. Yet we had to double teams to get out and make a short and very difficult turn up the stream; so the wagon fell into deep water, and bottom up. All hands took to the water and in two or three hours succeeded in getting dry goods and wagon to camp on the opposite bank. The next two days were spent in opening the goods, and spreading them on the ground to dry,

repacking, and loading up."¹⁸

Two years later members of the Mormon Battalion had a similar experience. Sergeant Daniel Tyler recorded: "On the evening of the 9th we camped on a stream known as Pawnee Fork, the crossing of which was very difficult, and occupied some time. Each wagon had to be let down the bank with ropes, while on the opposite bank from twenty to thirty men with ropes aided the teams in pulling the wagons up. The water was muddy, very much like that of the Missouri river."¹⁹

The difficulty occasioned by the Pawnee's steep banks was further confounded by its periodic raging floodwaters. Normally the stream ran three to five feet deep; but during the flood season, its deep channel ran full to overflowing.²⁰ Such was experienced by Colonel Kearny, as noted above, and by a Bent/St. Vrain wagon train detained for a full month in 1844.²¹

Regardless, the Pawnee River crossing was a popular stop as characterized by Matt Field in 1840, "a delightful wood and watering place at an abrupt turning of the Pawnee River."²² A similar sentiment was expressed by Henrich Mollhausen in 1848: "The wide prairie with its sublime tranquility and its majestic expanse certainly has an appeal to receptive and contemplative minds. But when, after a long trip through the endless grassy meadows, one suddenly finds himself in a region where mighty walnut trees, sycamores, oak trees and willows of many kinds crowd the dark masses of their tops together, decorated with lianas and grapevines—where, in other words, the earth's inexhaustible productive force is revealed in the luscious vegetation, in the knotted trunk as well as in the tender twig—then the enjoyment is doubly great. The smallest wooded strip extends nature's kind greeting to the wonders of the prairie."²³

As such, the Pawnee River crossing was a well-known campsite on what came to be known as the Wet Route of the Santa Fe Trail.²⁴ Commemorating the crossing are a bronze marker and an interpretative sign placed near the US 56 bridge at Larned by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter of the Santa Fe Trail Association. The chapter has also set

gravestones at that location to honor Privates Robert Easley and Arthur Hughes who died and were buried near the crossing during the Mexican War.

The original Dry Route of the Santa Fe Trail turned off from the Wet Route three and one-half miles southwest of the Pawnee River crossing at a place called Forks in Santa Fe Road (also marked by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter). But with the advent of the Hall-Porter mail station and the subsequent establishment of the Camp on Pawnee Fork some six miles west of the Pawnee River crossing in the fall of 1859, the Dry Route's eastern terminus was shifted to a location about one mile southwest of Ash Creek crossing.

Departing the regular route of the Santa Fe Trail which ran south to the Pawnee River crossing, the new variant of the Dry Route took a southwesterly orientation to strike the Pawnee River three miles east of the mail station and nearby Camp on Pawnee Fork. There it crossed the river and continued up the south bank to the mail station and the little outpost. When Camp on Pawnee Fork, renamed Camp Alert in February 1860, and later renamed Fort Larned and relocated one-fourth mile southwest of the original site as a permanent post in early June 1860, the Dry Route crossing began to experience heavy traffic.²⁵ The reasons were three. First, by the time of Fort Larned's establishment, most of the American freight plying the Santa Fe Trail was military in nature. Commercial freighters under contract to the army provisioned Fort Larned before proceeding on to other posts southwest. Second, as both the mail station and later the post office were located adjacent to the post, the stagecoaches of a necessity took the Dry Route. Third, because the Dry Route was shorter than the Wet Route, it became the preferred path of the mail companies.²⁶

Near the Dry Route crossing situated at the west edge of the present Larned State Hospital campus, a cut-down of huge proportions remains on the north bank of the river. On the south side, a short distance from the crossing, is the site of a trading ranche established by Samuel Parker in 1865. Parker also oper-

ated another ranche just west of the Wet Route crossing (also marked by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter). Parker sold the Dry Route ranche and it changed hands several times before being operated by a man known only as Wagginer. Indians raided the ranche in 1867, and Wagginer sold the burned out remains to A. H. Boyd in the following year.

Boyd proved to be a successful entrepreneur, catering both to civilians and soldiers from nearby Fort Larned.²⁷ A bronze marker placed by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter identifies the ranche site. The crossing site is also memorialized by a bronze marker and an interpretative sign, compliments of the chapter. A DAR Santa Fe Trail marker is also located at the crossing site.

By 1866 another variant of the Dry Route was developed due to the post office being transferred from the mail station to the sutler's store located at the southwest corner of Fort Larned.²⁸ Beginning at the same point previously discussed, one mile southeast of the Ash Creek crossing, the road ran southwest to the north bank of the Pawnee and followed its course as it curled south around the west side of the post. There, a crossing adjacent to the sutler's store came into use.

In June 1866 the Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern Division, reached Junction City near Fort Riley. At once, the little municipality became the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe Trail. Merchandise and mail previously dispatched from the Kansas City area on the original route of the Santa Fe Trail through Council Grove were shipped by rail to Junction City. From there, the freight and post were transported on an established mail route to Walnut Creek and westward on the original route of the Santa Fe Trail to Fort Larned. This route came to be called the Fort Riley-Fort Larned Road. In the subsequent summer, the Union Pacific rails reached Fort Harker, and the little post, superseding Junction City as the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe Trail, continued to relay merchandise and mail to Fort Larned. In October 1867, rail service was extended to Hays City, and that newly-founded town became the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe Trail, dispatching freight wagons

and stagecoaches on the 75-mile Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road to Fort Dodge and on to Santa Fe. Thus, overland traffic on the Santa Fe Trail east of Fort Dodge through Fort Larned ceased, and the Pawnee River crossing at the fort was used only for local traffic.²⁹ East of Fort Larned National Historic Site one mile is a bronze marker and an interpretative sign placed by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter which explains the Dry Route variant which crossed the Pawnee River at Fort Larned.

The westward push of the railroad to Hays City and the initiation of the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road led to a fourth Pawnee River crossing. Running southwest from Hays City, the road crossed Big Creek, the Smoky Hill River, Big Timber Creek, and Walnut Creek before reaching the Pawnee River in present Hodgeman County. There a modern bridge spans the stream where Santa Fe-bound freight wagons and stagecoaches once forded. Overland traffic on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road came to a halt when the railroad extended its tracks to Phil Sheridan, an end-of-the-tracks town in present Logan County. From there, a new road was developed running west to Fort Wallace before turning southwest to strike the so-called Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail at Fort Lyon. Thus, after a brief eight-month tenure, Santa Fe travel stopped on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road and traffic at this Pawnee River crossing became limited to local citizens and the transport of military personnel and supplies, which continued until the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway reached Dodge City in 1872.³⁰ At the crossing site, a profound cut-down remains on the north bank of the river. To the south, several faint ruts can yet be detected. The Wet/Dry Routes Chapter has placed a bronze marker at this location to commemorate the crossing.

From the early 1820s through 1868, when the westward expansion of the railroad rung the death knell for the Santa Fe Trail east of Fort Lyon, the four separate crossings of the Pawnee River witnessed multiple tons of freight and mail deliveries numbering in the thousands. Yet, physical evidence is limited to the Dry Route crossing east of Fort

Larned and the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road ford in Hodgeman County, slight tribute to the crossings which served the Santa Fe trade for nearly five decades.

NOTES

1. The original township map of 1871 plainly shows the crossing of the Santa Fe Trail close by the confluence located about 500 yards southeast of the US 56 bridge. David Clapsaddle, comp., *A Directory of Santa Fe Trail Sites* (Larned: The Wet/Dry Routes Chapter of the Santa Fe Trail Association, 1999), C4-C5.
2. John E. Sunder, ed., *Matt Field On The Santa Fe Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma, 1960), 291.
3. Louise Barry, *The Beginning Of The West: Annals Of The Kansas Gateway To The American West, 1540-1854* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 92.
4. Sunder, *Matt Field*, 96.
5. "Records of the Office of the Chief Engineer", part of map 140, National Archives.
6. George E. Hyde, ed., *A Life of George Bent Written From His Letters* (Norman: University of Oklahoma, 1968), 268.
7. Barry, *Beginning of the West*, 512.
8. Kate L. Gregg, ed., *The Road To Santa Fe: The Journals and Diaries of George Champlin Sibley* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1995), 72-73.
9. Leo E. Oliva, "Fort Atkinson on the Santa Fe Trail, 1850-1854," *Kansas Historical Quarterly* XL (Summer 1974): 215.
10. Leo E. Oliva, *Fort Larned On The Santa Fe Trail* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1982), 9-11.
11. Henry M. Stanley, *My Early Travels and Adventures In America* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1982), 27.
12. The Hancock Expedition, Letters Received by the Office of the Adjutant General, 1869, Record Group 94, microfilm roll 563, National Archives.
13. Henry Booth, Centennial History of Pawnee County, unpublished manuscript, Santa Fe Trail Center, Larned, Kansas.
14. David K. Clapsaddle, *A. H. Boyd Entrepreneur Of The Prairie* (no publisher, no date), 14.
15. John Taylor Hughes, *Doniphan's Expedition* (College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1997), 28-29.
16. John Galvin, ed., *Western America in 1846-1847: The Original Travel Diary of Lieutenant J. W. Abert Who Mapped New Mexico for the United States Army* (San Francisco: John Howell-Books, 1966), 14 ff.
17. Gregg, *The Road To Santa Fe*, 72-73. Sibley's width of the Pawnee at forty yards seems unlikely. Jacob Fowler's estimate of forty feet seems more plausible. Elliott Coues, ed., *The Journal of Jacob Fowler* (Minneapolis: Ross and Haines, Inc., 1965), 24. The crossing used by Sibley was not at the confluence. For whatever reason, Sibley crossed the Pawnee some distance from the location destined to be on the established route. He wrote, "Yesterday, I turned off from the direct course and struck the Arkansas on the mouth of this river [Pawnee], and

then coursed it up about a mile to the fording place near which we are now camped." Earlier he had written, "The creek appears to be too full now to venture to cross it with waggens." Perhaps the usual fording place was forsaken for one less flooded. Sibley continued, "Apprehending more rain and fearing to be detained by high water, we set to work cutting down the banks and preparing the ford for the waggens to cross." Such would suggest this site had not been previously used as a crossing.

18. James Josiah Webb, *Adventures In The Santa Fe Trade 1844-1847* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995), 51-52.
19. Sergeant Daniel Tyler, *A Concise History Of The Mormon Battalion In The Mexican War 1846-1847* (Glorieta, New Mexico: The Rio Grande Press, Inc., 1980), 148.
20. H. B. Mollhausen, "Over the Santa Fe Trail Through Kansas in 1858," *Kansas Historical Quarterly* 16 (November 1948): 352.
21. Barry, *Beginning Of The West*, 512.
22. Sunder, *Matt Field*, 72.
23. Mollhausen, "Over The Santa Fe Trail," 351. Mollhausen was correct with regard to the thicket-like appearance of the crossing but was incorrect regarding the species of trees there present. Walnut, sycamore, and oaks would not have been on the Pawnee.
24. For a full treatment of the Wet Route, see David K. Clapsaddle, "The Wet and Dry Routes of the Santa Fe Trail," *Kansas History* 15 (Summer 1992): 98-115.
25. Oliva, *Fort Larned*, 7-11.
26. For a full treatment of the dry routes, see David K. Clapsaddle, "The Dry Route Revisited," *Overland Journal* 17 (Summer 1999): 2-8.
27. Clapsaddle, A. H. Boyd, 9-20.
28. Robert W. Baughman, *Kansas Post Offices* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1986), 46. Lt. M. R. Brown labeled this Dry Route variant as the Santa Fe Stage Route. Hancock Expedition, RG 94, National Archives.
29. David K. Clapsaddle, "Conflict and Commerce on the Santa Fe Trail: The Fort Larned-Fort Riley Road, 1860-1867," *Kansas History* 16 (Summer 1993): 124-137.
30. David K. Clapsaddle, "The Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road, A Ladder of Rivers," *Overland Journal* 18 (Fall 2000): 8-12.

NEW INTERPRETIVE MARKER AT PAWNEE CROSSING

THE Wet/Dry Routes Chapter recently placed a new marker at the Santa Fe Trail Wet Route Crossing of the Pawnee River near Larned to commemorate the ford's usage by Spanish and American travelers prior to the opening of the Santa Fe Trail. Following is the text of the marker:

EXPEDITIONS AT THE PAWNEE RIVER CROSSING PRIOR TO THE ADVENT OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL

Previous to the opening of the

Santa Fe Trail, the Pawnee River was forded near this point by Spanish expeditions: Francisco Vasquez Coronado, 1541; Fray Juan de Padilla, 1542; and Lt. Facundo Melgares, 1806. Within weeks of Melgares return trip to Mexico, Lt. Zebulon Pike here crossed the Pawnee and traced Melgares' route to the southwest. Pike's 1810 report subsequently directed other American expeditions to the crossing: Robert McKnight, 1812; Capt. John Bell, 1820; and Hugh Glenn-Jacob Fowler, 1821.



Wet/Dry Routes Chapter President Rusti Gardner and new interpretive marker at Pawnee River Crossing.

DAR MADONNA REDEDICATION AT COUNCIL GROVE SEPTEMBER 7, 2003

by Shirley Coupal

[SFTA member Coupal is state historian of KSDAR.]

THE Kansas Society Daughters of the American Revolution will host a 75th anniversary and rededication celebration of the Madonna of the Trail statue in Council Grove, KS, September 7, 2003. See enclosed flyer in this issue for program.

There are twelve Madonna of the Trail statues standing sentry to national overland trails, from Maryland to California. Those along the Santa Fe Trail are found at Lexington, MO; Council Grove, KS;

Lamar, CO; and Albuquerque, NM. The idea of preserving the old trails grew out of the Kansas Daughters 1903 decision to mark the Santa Fe Trail. The Missouri Daughters followed in 1909 with the preservation of the old wagon trails in that state. In 1911, the National Society DAR established the National Old Trails Road Committee to institute a great National Memorial Highway with monuments from coast to coast. A year later, the National Old Trails Road Association was organized to study the old trails and post roads that were used in the westward expansion: the National Pike, the Santa Fe Trail, the Boone's Lick Road, the Washington or Braddock Road, the Cumberland Road, the old trail from Santa Fe to California, and other westward roads. Their stated purpose was to help the Daughters mark the Old Trails and to promote the construction of a modern highway along their path.

Following World War I, Mrs. John Trigg Moss of St. Louis was appointed NSDAR Chairman of the National Old Trails Road Committee and Judge Harry S. Truman of Independence, MO, was elected President of the National Old Trails Road Association.

A plan to erect 5,050 signposts proved to be too expensive (\$30,000). In 1924, the DAR decided that the Old Trails Road would be marked with twelve large statues, one for each state through which it passes. The statue of Sacagawea in Portland, OR, was the inspiration for the monuments. Mrs. Moss, with her son's help, presented final sketches to St. Louis sculptor, August Leimbach. Leimbach's finished model, depicting a pioneer woman, was named The Madonna of the Trail by the Old Trails Road Committee.

The statues are ten feet high on a six-foot base with a concrete foundation which stands two feet above the ground. Made of algonite stone (a poured mass) of which Missouri granite is the main aggregate, the monument weighs seventeen to twenty tons. The twelve monuments were all poured in the same mold. They were shipped to their respective sites and erected with local funds. The statues cost \$1,000 each, the total \$12,000 being paid for by assessments of all DAR Chapters.

Each Chapter receiving a Madonna assumed the expenses for the freight, mounting, and dedication ceremonies. Today the twelve DAR State Societies bear the cost of maintenance and restoration of their Madonna. The Kansas Madonna has recently undergone restoration and weather proofing by the Save Our Statuary Foundation.

The City Selection Committee, made up of members from both organizations and headed by Judge Truman, met at the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City, MO, on Thursday, September 29, 1927. Nine Kansas cities had petitioned the committee, but Council Grove on the Santa Fe Trail was chosen as the most important and worthy place in Kansas for the erection of a Madonna.

The old campground, where the freighters gathered for their last touch with "civilization," seemed to be the perfect site. The area now known as Madonna Park, with the Post Office Oak at one edge and the Madonna in the center is a tribute to enterprising adventurers and merchants; a solemn reminder that all progress in civilization is the result of the faith and hope of a free people.

A member of the Council Grove DAR chapter, Lillah Brigham, was commissioned to make the inscription of local history that appears on base. The inscriptions read: "HERE, EAST MET WEST WHEN THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL WAS ESTABLISHED AUGUST 10, 1825 AT A COUNCIL BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS AND OSAGE INDIANS" and "1825-1866 TRAILSMEN CAMPED ON THE SPOT. 1847-1873 KAW INDIANS LIVED HERE. 1847-FIRST WHITE SETTLER SETH HAYS. 1847-COUNCIL GROVE A TRADING POST."

The Kansas Madonna was dedicated September 7, 1928. Thousands attended the festivities, which included speakers, a parade, a picnic, a wild-west show, and much more. The Kansas Daughters invite you to join in celebrating our 75 years of recognizing our trail heritage and the importance of the Road to Santa Fe.

**LEAVE YOUR LEGACY: PLAN A
BEQUEST TO THE SFTA**

KATIE BOWEN LETTERS, 1851: PART III

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 after a hiatus of one year caused by lack of space. She was still at Fort Leavenworth, awaiting departure for New Mexico. Her troubles with a servant girl were typical in the frontier army. This series will continue in the next issue.)

Fort Leavenworth, April 28, 1851

My dear Mother,

Your very welcome letter of March 29 I received on Thursday. It had been detained in St. Louis, was advertised and forwarded from there. So of course it was longer in reaching me than the next one will be. I expect to get one tomorrow. Mails only come and go every other day so that I have to send my letters to the office when the man goes to Weston for the mail, and in consequence have not time to answer until next time. I was much pleased with the news you write and am always so glad to know that you are all well. The lock of hair will be prized more than any gift you could have offered. There is no prospect of our starting for some days yet as Col. [Edwin V.] Sumner has not arrived and all the stores are not up. It is very fortunate that we came as we did, for the water has fallen so much that very few boats are small enough for the shallow water, consequently are continually running on sand bars. A very large command is going out and we will make quite a show when we get started. Six hundred men well be mounted, a nice little horseback party. The country about here is very fine. I see some new beauty every time I go out. Saturday we took a long drive with Maj. [James H.] Carleton and lady. You have seen him I presume, for he was with the party who were sent to protect the frontier in the time of the Aroostook war [1839]. His version of Treat's and Priscilla's love affair is quite different from anything I ever heard. He says that one of his sergeants fell desperately in love in with Pris and used to

go and whistle around the house at night, and she was very encouraging to him. When they went to Aroostook the poor fellow nearly died of despair, and as some one had to come back for provisions he begged on his bended knees, with tears in his eyes, to be the one chosen, and he was sent, but oh horror! when he arrived the bird had flown, in other words, Treat had sent her to Bangor. Was it not rather too bad to have a poor fellow so drastically disappointed. Maj Carleton confesses to having been very tender on the subject regarding Miss Elizabeth Smith, but says that when he found out that she was in debt for a shop full of goods, it took all the romance from the thing, and when I told him that she had six boys (I called the expected a boy of course) he held up his hands and thanked his stars that they were not his. He has a nice wife and one little daughter a month older than our little one [daughter Amelia who died November 26, 1850, at the age of 13 months and 2 days], and will have another when this is two years old. This is his second wife, so you see he has been pretty busy these past ten years, notwithstanding the Mexican war. I am glad there is a prospect of Julia prospering. She deserves a good fortune and I hope Hasey may kick the bucket before he reaches her again. What do you think Willard is going to do if not to go to California. Perhaps he is coming out west, and if he settles in any of these new states, he will spend his lifetime before he sees any of the towns as flourishing or as easy to live in as Houlton. I would like to see some of our grumblers settled on Missouri's bottoms, and if they would not pray for cold Maine, with some its good land, then I won't guess again. The highland here are fruitful, but the bottoms are miserable, and the squatters look the color of the mud and dust. This river water is very sweet and healthy, only it is dreadfully muddy and needs a great deal of care to filter it. There are springs of pure water, but not very healthy, and so they are not used at all. I

have commenced today to melt down my butter, and of all the froth and curds I, nor any one else ever saw. The butter was as sweet and pure as olive oil after skimming and pouring gently the oil from the curds. I know it will keep and always mean to put down my butter in this way. If I had known this way when at Fort Mifflin I could have saved a winters supply. We will probably have three or four cows in Santa fe and I shall experiment. You try the experiment with the eggs, for Susan Bowen said she kept them for a year and does not know but they would have kept for any length of time, had she enough to try with. I have not seen Mrs. Haskin for several days, but heard a report this morning that she had a little one, whether true or not I must find out. I wish we were on our way, for I am anxious to get settled so to write you how we look at housekeeping. Mary [the Bowens' servant] gets lowspirited sometimes, but I guess she will stick fast. Isaac says if she gets married that he will certainly buy a wench, and then he can feel secure. If I remain as well in future as I now am, I can do my own work and snap my fingers to any wench, white or black. You would be astonished to see how robust I have got since leaving home. My flesh is as hard as a bullet and my cheeks are as red as ever they were. My hair too is getting thick and looks as it used to. Every body concurs in giving Santa fe a good name for health, and an old gentleman, Maj [Enoch] Steen who has just come from there says that he had as fine a vegetable garden as ever he saw in the United States. He says that in planting his beans he found seven grains of oats and put them in a corner of his garden, and that as they ripened he picked them off and counted them he came away before they were all ripe but he had gathered seven thousand and three or four. So you may judge of the yield. his garden was near a stream and was not irrigated Next year we will go in for something of the sort.

Tuesday morning. This morning is

very dark and the wind is high, threatening rain and I hope we may have it for every thing wants it much, grass in particular. The farmers have been burning the grass on the prairies, and the sight on a clear evening was fine, to see the flames rolling over the hills like clouds. I rode through a field of long dry grass the last time we were out, and one would suppose that the sun would never get to the ground through it sufficiently warm to bring up the new grass. Report came up last night that another boat has run up against a snag at Independence landing and sunk. We did not hear particulars, but the Indian agent was on board just coming up to pay off the indians, and we do not know whether any lives were lost. Two or three days ago the steamer Cora was sunk below here on her way to St Louis, but the passengers were all taken off by another boat. In low water these snags seem so numerous that it is almost impossible to find a clear channel. I hope the indians will come in to be paid off before we go away for it must be a funny sight to see so many together. They appear very harmless. Isaac is having a grocery chest filled with tin boxes to contain everything needed in a family and then I will have everything under control, boxes of different sizes made to fit perfectly into the chest, three tiers deep and the cover of the chest, when let back, makes a table for any purpose. A thin board fits in over the boxes which will be a grand bread board, and so we carry a whole kitchen in one chest. Candles, soap, flour, sugar, spices, everything has its own box, and a nest of milk pans finish the top. Our cow gives a good mess of milk and I have no misgivings with regard to the future. Day after tomorrow I shall think much of all for it will be Father's birthday. I do not forget anything, but even at night I dream of you all and dear little pet too [Katie's reference to her lost daughter, Amelia]. One night I put out my hands to prevent her from rolling out of bed, but did not find her. Love to all I will write every thing I can think of and make as dutiful a daughter as possible.

your Katie

I am sorry Mrs Hodgdon has had a mishap. I would give all the world if she could have a baby.

Fort Leavenworth, May 10, 1851
My dear Mother.

Your letter of April 20th has come safely and I answer today, fearing that some of my letters have miscarried. I wrote on Tuesday to Susan and hope she will answer it some time. Col. Sumner came yesterday morning and there is a prospect of our going about the 20th. He is in excellent spirits and says there are so many ladies going out that he will have to give them the command day about. Eight are already here and more expected, two are young ladies, daughters of Gen. Green and going to live with a married sister in Santa fe. The Col thinks of having his head quarters this side of the mountains at a point called Los Begas and about 180 miles nearer home. Every little helps, beside it is a fine country and the whole army will be turned into the farming field instead of fighting. Uncle Sam is going to try farming on a grand scale, and I hope he may succeed. Isaac has purchased 500 cattle and is going to Weston today to buy a large quantity of winter wheat to experiment upon. You will be astonished as well as pleased if we succeed in making a farm. Among other novelties Mary has been behaving very badly and hired herself to another woman, a camp washer woman before telling us she had changed her mind. You know she is very easily influenced and this woman was from same county in ould Ireland so that accounts in a great measure. Mary was very impertinent for some days and grumbled continually, although her whole duty was only to wash for us. I think she tried hard for us to discharge her for being saucy. She missed her aim however for I was very kind to her, and the Capt. did everything he could to please her. Beside her fare which was \$40, we bought her shoes, stockings, cloth for underclothes, and everything to make her comfortable but she never thanked us and said we gave her no money, altho she had not been a month from Philadelphia. She stole away her trunk, and we told her to go herself, as she was not doing enough to pay her

board. She evidently wanted to live in clover while we stayed but she had to take up lodging with her new friend. She said many hard things which I never would take from anyone and two thousand dollars would not tempt me to have her in our house, since she has found her tongue. I do not blame her entirely because I know she has been talked into it, but she had no right to change her mind at our expense. I think she has money or she would not dare to be so independent although she came to me yesterday and asked for money to take her to St. Louis. I told her to get her money from her friend, as she considered us her enemies. She has told people that we treated her badly, and she knew that we intended to make a drudge of her after we got her away. I think she is bewitched after the man who wanted her on the boat, but she will get her reward if she goes to him, for he is a notorious rake, and the lady of this house told her he only wanted a bedfellow when he asked to marry her. I am convinced she has a bad heart, and I have written a long letter to Mrs Irvine, giving her a faithful account. It was an expense that we could little afford just now, but we have bought a valuable negro woman of middle age and who is an experienced nurse, and I assure you I feel rich, not one bad feeling have I on account of Mary's going. She was selfish. I am perfectly well and told Isaac I could do my own work but he would not listen to it, and as there is not a white servant in garrison I am well pleased to have a slave too. We can always sell for as much as we paid, and their clothes are a small item, the way they dress. Mary got violently angry the other day because I would not buy a set of false curls and a parrasol. You know she would spend a fortune on cotton edgings, and she is poorly off for clothes. I cannot think what becomes of her money, unless she hoards it up or gives it to the priest for pardoning her sins. A negro woman has just come in to tell me that Mary went on board with an old officer who is going to resign, that she boasted that he had given her money and was going to marry her when he went to live on

a farm. She has been seen in his room after tatoon, and now I guess the murder is out. She has been coaxed to go off with him and he will pay all expenses. You cannot tell how glad I am to get rid of her and no money will tempt me to trust a white girl again very soon.

We have everything most complete and our journey I think will be pleasant. I will write just as often as I get a chance to send to you. We have had rains and vegetation is looking finely. I rode out several miles on the plains a few days since and wish you could see the pretty scenery. The ladies here are very agreeable and we have been out several evenings. Mrs. Haskin has no baby yet, though every day it is expected. Give my particular regards to all my many friends. I am glad that all are prospering at home. I hope Adelaide will not think it is my fault that she get no letters from Buffalo. I never opened my lips; for I did not see enough of them to say anything. Holman shall have a letter sometime. I am rejoiced that Father is well again, tell him not to do anything so foolish again but live at his ease and drive his pony. I expect to ride a mule sometimes, their gait is very pleasant, an easy pace. Much love to all the family & tell Matty I am glad he is such a good boy.

Ever dear Mother your Katie

Fort Leavenworth, May 17, 1851
My dear Father and Mother.

Your kind letter and pretty lace came safely on Thursday. I read over and over all particulars from home and am very thankful that letter come so direct. The weather here has been too warm to take any comfort and we have had terrible thunder storms. One is raging now and the lightning is one continued blaze. I am glad Shepard does not live here, for he would stand in fear of the clouds all the time. We are gathering up everything expecting to be off about the 25th but the Col cannot tell whether or no it will not be the first of June before he gets off so many men drilled to move. Trains are starting every day, and some of our goods have gone. Isaac's mules came a day or two ago but we have not tried them yet. They are

warranted to be well broken, and a stately appearance we will make in our big waggon drawn by four mules. I don't think any persons, even the commander, will be as comfortable as we will. Isaac has fixed up every little convenience that can be imagined and even if we have to live in tents, until we can build an adobe house, we will be very well off in warm weather. It is not entirely settled yet where headquarters will be but at any rate we will be wherever it is, and at present you had better direct all letter to Santa fe, New Mexico, via Independence, as all mails are made up there once a month, but you must write as often as once in ten days so as be sure of some hitting the monthly package. If you only wrote once a month, it might be a day or two late, and have to lay over till next time. Even if I knew the day, which I do not, that the mails start, you would have to allow three weeks for it to reach Independence, so please write often until we can discover how regular the carriers start. These frequent showers are making fine feed for us and we will go through quite rapidly after setting out. A lady and two children with her husband and a small escort started this morning for Ft Scott, a journey of 12 days to the Arkansas. It is such a common occurrence for ladies to cross the plains that nobody thinks anything of it. Maj [Ebenezer S.] Sibley is here with his third wife, a bride of a few months, and going with us. She says she is ignorant as a baby about housekeeping and hopes to live near me to learn something. Don't you think she is to be pitied if she has to take lessons from me? Mrs. Haskin has a third daughter, a fair fat baby of 8½ pounds. She is smart as a cricket and will travel in three weeks. her youngest boy is two years old today and cannot walk, some weakness in one leg occasioned by teething. I have commenced a letter to Holman and will send it off on Tuesday. How I do want some of his maple sugar just eat a few pounds for me. Green gooseberries are being brought in and I mean to bottle a few to make pies of in Mexico. Stemmed and corked tight in bottles and kept in a cool damp cellar, or stuck into

holes in the bottom of the cellar, will keep them fresh a year. A lady here had a nice pie made from some she had kept over and one could not tell the difference from fresh ones just from the bushes. They grow wild here and are very large. Climbing roses and snow berries grow in the greatest abundance all through the woods, and yet the people here take so little interest that they do not transplant any shrubs into their yards. I am very glad Lydia Cook is getting on so well, give my love to her and tell her I hope you two may take a good deal of comfort together. I was not surprised to hear that Margaret had left her, after my experience I will never trust a white servant again. Our darky has not come yet, or rather we do not want her until we are ready to start, as I have nothing for one to do, and it costs much less to have our washing done than to pay board for a girl. Mrs. Smith will feel very lonely when Louise is gone, but it will be good for her to see something. Have you heard from Millard? and when is Mr Jo. Holton coming home? I think of everybody but cannot ask after each one. Always give my love to whoever remembers me. I have received no letter from Mrs. Hodgdon, but if it went to Buffalo Dennis will forward it. I will keep a letter ready to send out at any opportunity and will tell everything that I see. The dragoons are encamped three miles from here preparatory to going, and their tents do look so white and cool on a sunny day, but must be rather damp in wet weather. We will prize our waggon on a rainy night. I wish you could see it, so big and comfortable. Null [a friend from Fort Mifflin whom the Bowens hoped to have drive their mules to New Mexico] has come though I have not see him to ask any particulars. He went to Philadelphia for his wife and she died somehow. I did not hear what was the matter with her. he then came on to St. Louis, determined to be with us, and getting out of money was obliged to enlist in a company of dragoons coming up the river. He will not drive our team, but will be on hand if wanted. The Col wants all his mounted men together and would

not spare him to drive our mules, but Isaac has an excellent teamster, used to the road, and camping plans. Some of the stores have come up this week. The rains we have had in ten days has risen the river 8 feet so that most of the sand bars are covered now. Susan will get sewed up so tight that she will have nothing to do after a while. I am as busy as if I never had a stitch taken for me. Always something to do if one is disposed to do it. All of us ladies will wear calico wrappers on the march and most of the gentlemen wear flannels. Shepards hint shall be regarded. I will not fail to send that rattlesnake. I heard a lady say yesterday that she had killed a number with twelve rattles but I suppose Shep would want twenty at least, a real old one. Our mess chest is grand. I have everything under my thumb and can tell where things go to. Gen [Henry] Stanton is here, the old officer who has commanded at the arsenal eight years. He is a fine old man and we had a pleasant talk about the arsenal and all the people there. I guess Capt [Edward S.] Fayssoux will be here before we leave, and then I can write you all about the folks. I wish I had something to send in this but there is nothing here, and you must take the write for the deed. When Mary Whitaker comes up you must remember her from me. I'll write often. Ever affectionately Katie.

Isaac sends his love to Aunt Sally and says we shall certainly expect you to tea us. I hope Mrs Whitaker will have the good sense to stay in her own house and not go to live with any of her children. If Henry gets married let him build for himself, but she is independent and happy and had better have her girls visit her than to go to them. I admire Miss Linds pudding and shall try it.

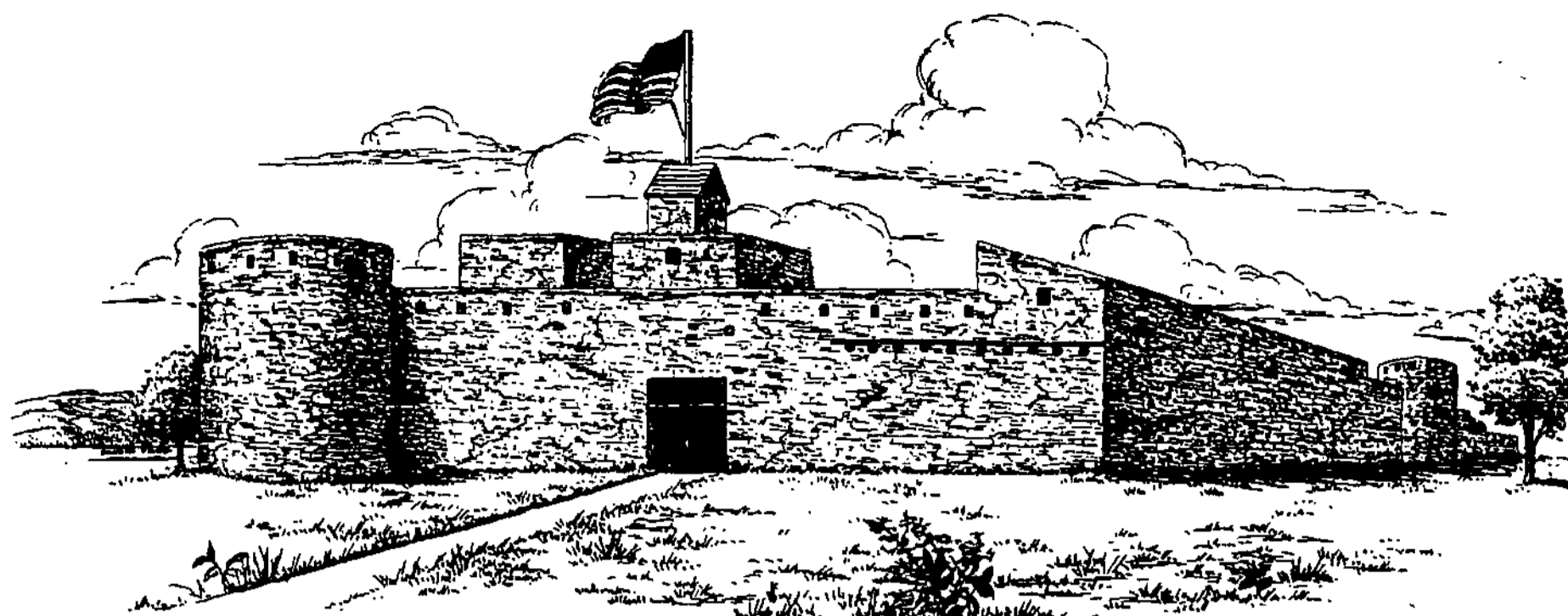
TRAIL TROUBADOUR

—Traffic in Verse—

Sandra M. Doe, Editor

This column is on vacation this issue. 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.

August 2003



Bent's Old Fort - Colorado

(From an old sketch by Le Roy Boyd)

SKETCH OF BENT'S OLD FORT

by Mary Stevens Humphreys

[SFTA member Mary Stevens Humphreys, Colorado Springs, sent this story and copy of the sketch. She states she does not know if the stationery is still available. She wrote the 50-year history of the Las Animas Branch of American Association of University Women before moving from there in 1985.]

LEROY Boyd, a veteran of WWI and a graduate of Simpson College in Iowa, came to Fort Lyon in 1926 as a very ill TB patient. At that time, Fort Lyon, located six miles east of Las Animas, CO, was a TB hospital for the Veterans Administration. Good care, dry air, and rest effected a cure, and he lived a long, useful life in Bent County for 50 years. He died suddenly of a heart attack at age 76, after having served as a VA chaplain for 33 years, and as an Arkansas Valley correspondent for the *Pueblo Chieftain* for 46 years.

In 1931 Rev. Boyd wrote a feature article about Bent's Fort for the newspaper, and he needed a picture. A photograph was not possible—only piles of adobe ruins could be seen at the site. An elderly woman in Las Animas, a Mrs. Macy, gave him permission to come to her home to make a sketch of a picture she would not let out of her home. The picture was possibly the watercolor of the fort done by Lt. J. W. Abert in 1847.

In 1963 Boyd gave the sketch to the Las Animas Branch of American Association of University Women to use on stationery, and it was a fundraiser for many years. People in the community were excited to watch Bent's Old Fort rebuilt for the National Park Service before their very eyes in 1976, and there it was—just like Rev. Boyd's sketch!



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

—BOOK NOTICES—

Lowell M. Schake, *La Charrette: Village: Gateway to the American West*. Lincoln: iUniverse, Inc., 2003. Pp. xix + 240. Illustrations, appendix, references. Paper, \$19.95 plus \$4.48 shipping. Order from <www.iuniverse.com> or (877) 823-9235.

La Charrette was the westernmost settlement in the Louisiana Purchase, located some 90 miles upriver from St. Louis on the north bank of the Missouri River. The village was founded by French and Indian settlers and later taken over by Anglo-Americans (including several members of the Boone family) before it was superseded by the town of Marthasville after 1817.

This village was the last settlement visited by Lewis and Clark on their way west in 1804 and the first place they celebrated on their return in 1806. Zebulon M. Pike stopped here, visited with three residents who had been to Santa Fe, drew a map with their information, and wrote a letter from there to General James Wilkinson in which he mentions going to Santa Fe.

Schake grew up on a family farm that included a portion of the village site, and this is the first book about this historic settlement. He carries the story down to the present Katy Trail that runs nearby. Despite a few errors of fact (wagons were first used on the road to Santa Fe in 1822, not 1828) and a number of typographical errors that should have been caught by a proofreader, this is an important book and recommended.

COTTONWOOD RIVER CROSSING SWALE

by Dale E. Brooks

HUNDREDS of wagon trains crossed the Cottonwood River in present Marion County, KS, and many of them camped immediately south of the river where they could gather wood and contain their livestock. As they left the campground, they pulled up a long grade to the hilltop approximately one-half mile south of the river, leaving a deep and wide swale.

Recently the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter toured this Trail remnant. The swale is four to eight feet deep and thirty to fifty yards wide. Property owner Dennis Youk says the area has always been in native grass. The photo at right illustrates this huge Trail swale.



INDEPENDENCE

(continued from page 1)

towns were the main points of social contact and trade. The Santa Fe Trail became a route of commerce in 1821, when William Becknell left the Franklin area (on the Missouri River) for westward trade. Goods bound for Oregon, Santa Fe, and California (and points in between) were unloaded at the Wayne City Landing and transported by a primitive railroad into Independence. There wagon trains organized for western destinations. Francis Parkman, in his book *The Oregon Trail*, spoke of people in Independence, "a multitude of healthy children's faces peeping out from under covers of wagons . . . the men, very sober looking country men, stood about their oxen."

As trade with New Mexico increased, a landing was established downriver (northeasterly) on the Missouri River at the site of the busy Blue Mills Ferry. This became known as "Lower Independence Landing," or "Blue Mills Landing." There, many boats unloaded goods and passengers bound for Santa Fe, Oregon, or California.

A separate location carrying the Blue Mills name was the Blue Mills site where both a flour mill and a lumber mill were built. Located barely ten miles from Independence, the Mills area had been settled since 1820, before Missouri became a

state. Robert Aull, Sam Owens, and Isaac Peace built a water-powered flour mill there in 1835.

Information from the Blue Mills Daybook reveals that Captain James Kingsbury, the commissary officer at Fort Leavenworth, bought all the flour used at the fort—400 barrels a month—from the mill at Blue Mills Landing. Records show that George Wallis and Company, contractors for the Little Osage Indians, ordered 600 barrels in April of 1836. Flour processed at the mills was transported by water on the Little Blue River for a short distance to the Blue Mills Landing on the Missouri River. Then the goods traveled downstream to the Mississippi River and on to New Orleans where they were bound for the markets of Europe

Wayne City Landing (Upper Independence Landing) later became popular with the riverboat captains because a firm rock ledge offered safer footing for unloading goods. Located upriver from the Blue Mills Landing, supplies and travelers could easily traverse the two miles into Independence, away from the mosquitoes and moisture of the river.

Founded in 1827, the town of Independence became important as one of the eastern termini for outfitting wagons. Early travelers stopped there. Daniel Morgan Boone trapped in the area. He followed a well-worn Indian trail that entered the future Jackson county southeast of the

present Levasy area. The path continued northwesterly to Fort Osage, and followed the Blue Mills and Atherton roads to the area of the Salem Church (established in the 1820s.) The road, at one point known as the old Lexington road, continued on to "Big Spring," the name by which present-day Independence was known, for Independence was blessed with five major springs of good water which supplied travelers and settlers.

Long before the white pioneers set foot in Jackson County, the road was known as an Indian Trace. Early travelers found it a path beaten hard by the feet of the generations of inhabitants and native traders who had used it as the main route between the villages of east and west. In 1833, a large group of Kickapoo and Pottawatomie stopped nearby on their way to new lands in the Indian Territory of Kansas. Their path led directly to the springs of Independence.

The present location of one of the remaining springs is on the site of the National Frontier Trails Museum. It was claimed that once a wanderer tasted the waters of Independence, he (or she) would surely return. Perhaps that is so, for the Queen City of the Trails continues to welcome those in quest of riches or knowledge, regardless of what trail they follow or what means of transport they use. Few come by water, even fewer by hoof, yet if any eager

traveler wishes to learn of the historical legacy of westward expansion, a taste of the waters of Independence makes a fair beginning for the journey.

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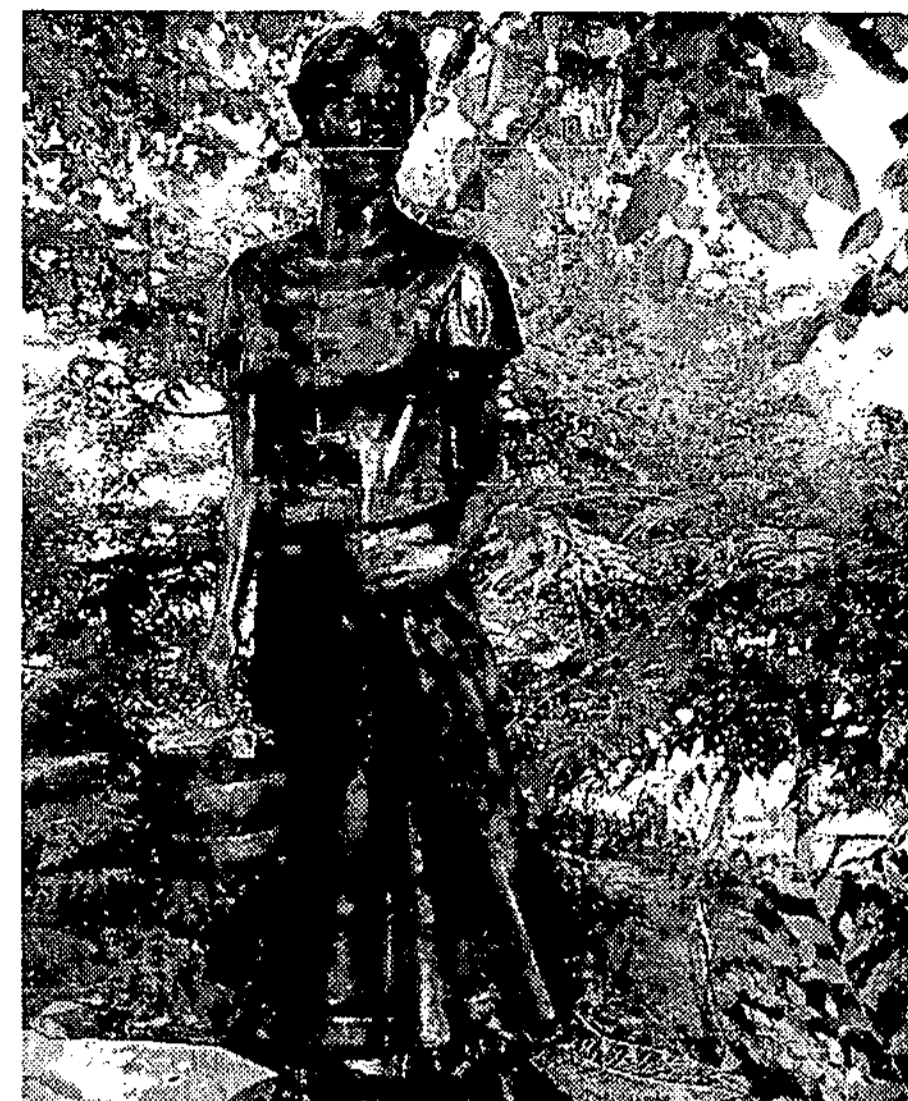
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SPRINGS OF INDEPENDENCE

by Jane Mallinson

TWO bronze statues, "A Young American Indian" and "Stella at the Spring" highlight the importance of water to early settlers and travelers in the Independence area. The Indian boy kneels, gazing upon water as it trickles from the palm of his hand into a stream meandering through a Missouri landscape of prairie plants. The pioneer girl carrying a bucket stands back, waiting respectfully for her turn. She seems to sense that the young boy has prior claim to the water.

The artist, Mischell Riley, portrayed a time when the Osage Nation and other American Indian tribes traveled along a path known



Photos of statues courtesy of Sandra Kuny, Independence, Mo.

as the Osage Trace. To memorialize the era, the Truman Heartland Community Foundation funded the Old Spring project located at the confluence of Truman and Noland Roads east of the square in Independence, Missouri. The message is not of a clash of cultures, but of a convergence of cultures as water was one of the common bonds of need.

The Independence area, known as "Big Spring," attracted a myriad of travelers and was recognized as a crossroads and a meeting place. Kachenga, a Kaw Indian Chief, brought his band to Big Spring annually to camp and to gather persimmons and paw-paws. The tribe made a type of persimmon bread, called staninca, by mashing the pulp of the fruit and mixing it with powdered corn. Staninca was used for winter food. During a bitterly cold winter in the 1850s, the old chief Kachenga took pneumonia and died while camping near the spring.

Four-legged wild animals made our first trails. They knew the easiest route and the best places to find food and water. Later, two-legged travelers followed the trace, making their own way as suited their needs. Today we follow those same paths, except in a different medium. Instead of the pointed toes of deer or the imprint of moccasin or boot, we observe yellow painted lines and reflective signs on the roadways. Many Independence routes follow a similar path, as did the deer, the natives, the settlers, and the traders. All the major Independence roads—Lexington Street, 24 Highway, Noland Road,

Maple Avenue, Liberty Road, and River Road—began as native corridors which led to some early spring or to the Missouri River.

On March 29, 1827, local settlers seated themselves on a fallen tree west of the Big Spring site and recorded that the "southwest quarter of section 3, Township 49, Range 32" would legally be named Independence. In June 1827 the county court reserved lot #143 (an area along the Santa Fe Trail) for a public spring. This site is north of the National Frontier Trails Museum just south of Independence Square. Wagons heading for Santa Fe, California, Oregon, or other points westward gathered at the spring to fill water kegs before starting. Today, deep ruts may be seen on the Bingham-Waggoner estate south of the museum.

In the 1850s John Overfelt used water from the spring south of town to operate his steam-powered flour mill. Peter Waggoner later purchased the mill. It then became known as the Waggoner-Gates Milling Company. (George Gates was the grandfather of Bess Truman.) The Waggoner family resided across the street south of the mill, where at one time noted Missouri artist George Caleb Bingham lived and painted. From the grounds he could see caravans passing on their way west. Bingham's paintings reflected the political and social events of his day.

There were sixteen springs in the 240 acres that became Independence. One was at the site of Maple and Noland. It flowed from a rock bluff into a trough, which overflowed

and formed what became known as Spring Branch Creek. This continuous stream was once used to supply a nearby distillery. In 1846 it supplied the Robinson and Crook Foundry. Local lore claims that the Robinson and Crook Foundry manufactured a wind wagon for William Thomas. In 1884 blasting in the area disrupted the water flow at this spring and the water retreated underground. In 1971, the Independence Study Club funded the relocation of the Brady Log Cabin to the site. Today a simulated spring symbolizes the earlier water source.

Another large spring was located on what is now East Linden Street near Woodlawn Cemetery on South Noland Road. Samuel Gregg utilized water from this source for his slaughterhouse, which supplied meat for townfolk and travelers.

Forbis Spring was located at River Road just south of Truman Road (formerly Blue Avenue). Sources documented the spring as running a hundred and fifty gallons per hour. Some claimed the waters held medicinal value. The Independence Bottling Company later used this spring water in its production process. Many Independence natives remember looking forward to a cold bottle of Polly's Soda Pop on a hot day.

McCoy Lake was at the south end of Main Street. This spring-fed lake was a popular source of entertainment for the town's young people. Later the lake was renamed Douth's Lake, but it eventually succumbed to developers and is now a paved area.

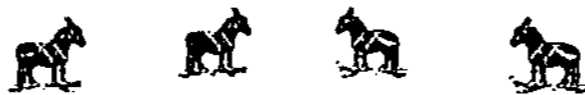
Springs supplied Mill Creek, a source of clean water for travelers who camped nearby. The campground was between Mill Street and Spring Street, opposite the Truman Library on 24 Highway. Mill Creek flowed into Sugar Creek, so named because of the numerous maple trees growing along its banks. Springs also supplied nearby Rock Creek, another ready source of water for travelers on the Trail.

Water is the life force of civilization. Whether the water is in the form of a clear spring or a flowing river, it supplies all according to need. The two bronze statues at Big Spring remind us that water is as vital today as it was when the inhabitants of a fledgling nation recognized

water as the key to survival and to success—the Indian boy and the pioneer girl, pilgrims at the water.

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HOOF PRINTS —TRAIL TIDBITS—

SFTA charter member Mel Cottom, Manhattan, KS, recently had five-way bypass heart surgery. He is home and recovering. We wish him well.

SFTA Board member Helen Brown, Elkhart, KS, was featured in a recent article in the *Hutchinson News* (and other papers), including her work as director of the Morton County Historical Museum.

Former SFTA member Stanley Kimball, 76, died May 15 at St. George, Utah, after a lengthy illness. He was a charter member of SFTA and an authority on the Mormon Trail. Sympathy is extended to his family and friends.

El Camino Real Association (CARTA) has published the first newsletter (available via e-mail) and announced the first membership meeting at Socorro, NM, on September 20. Charter memberships are still available; see insert in this issue.

FORT LEARNED —TEACHER'S TRADING POST—

Chris Day, Editor

Mary Thoman Trail Diary, 2003

Mary Thoman teaches fourth grade at Concordia, Kansas, and her husband Lowell farms. She has two children, a son named David and a daughter named Megan.

Mary was a chaperone on the 2003 Santa Fe Trail trip along with 52 fifth- and sixth-grade students (including Megan) from north central Kansas. Mary teaches westward expansion and took this trip to learn more about the Santa Fe Trail. The following entries are excerpts from her diary:

June 1st, 2003

This is just the first day and I have a hard time believing we have already done so much. Our first stop was a tour of Council Grove. Chris Day, co-director of the tour, instructed students in the process of "running for office" at the DAR Madonna of the Trail Statue. The students voted for the work-crew leaders by running and lining up behind their choice. The next stop was the Coronado-Quivira Museum in Lyons. I learned the importance of Coronado in first using the trail as Spanish influence was spread. Ralph's Ruts show evidence that the wagons traveled through the area. Ralph Hathaway is a gracious man and he wants to preserve the past for future generations.

June 2nd

What a way to spend our first evening! The tents had been set up at Camp Aldrich and then a warning of threatening weather prompted the taking down of all the tents. We slept inside, but at least everyone had practice in setting up and taking down the tents. After leaving Camp Aldrich we visited Pawnee Rock, the Santa Fe Trail Center, and Fort Larned. Traveling to Elkhart was a treat since the Morton County Historical Society donated wagon rides and a delicious spaghetti dinner. We are camping at the Morton County Fairgrounds.

June 3rd

What a night! The tents were blown down in a windstorm at 2:00 in the morning. After herding the

kids into a Quonset hut for an hour, we put everyone on the bus and stayed up for the rest of the night. The Oklahoma state line was crossed and onward to Autograph Rock at Sharp's Ranch. Viewing the names that had been carved in to the sandstone by travelers on the trail gave me goose bumps. The sight made up for last night's hardships. A visit to Camp Nichols and an ironic tale told of Kit Carson. Kit had a tent blow down on top of him during a storm and had to be helped out by other soldiers. That story certainly sounds familiar!

Bad weather must be following us! Storm warnings are out, so the decision has been made to stay at the Clayton New Mexico National Guard Armory. The good news, the facility has showers!

June 4th

The long stretch of road has as many antelope as passing cars (the bus passengers tallied). The first stop of the day was Lee Daniel's ranch. Mr. Daniel owns somewhere between 20,000 to 30,000 acres. He explained that it took around thirty acres to keep a cow/calf pair. I can't imagine checking the fences! The wagon ruts can be described as pristine. A short stop was made at the town of Wagon Mound to sing at the city hall and then a walk through the Catholic and Protestant cemeteries. Onward to Fort Union to see the remains of the adobe fort and tomorrow, Santa Fe!

June 5th

The ranger at Pecos Ruins explained the history of this area and the students walked the tour to see the ruins and the mission church. On to Santa Fe and the first stop was the Loretta Chapel, which is the site of the Miracle Staircase. What a beautiful piece of carpentry! The students were thrilled to shop on the Plaza for four hours. Silver jewelry, blankets, T-shirts, and postcards were the most sought after items. Believe it not, the students actually spent their money wisely and were pleased with their purchases. In the evening, Natasha Williams, a re-enactor came to the Pojoaque Middle School. What a story from the Civil War Era! Tears came to my eyes as she told how her son was killed in the Battle of Glorieta.

June 6th

Bandelier National Monument has to be one of the most magnificent sights I have ever seen. The natural beauty and the ruins of the "ancient peoples" are well protected by rangers. If there are a few places that have not been changed by modern man, then this must be one of them.

A demonstration at the Bradbury Science Museum taught us about cryogenic technology and then on to Santa Fe National Cemetery. One unique gravestone was of Private O'Leary. He carved his own stone before committing suicide on the exact date marked on the rock. Buffalo Soldier re-enactors came to the Pojoaque Middle School in the evening. What a tough and determined group of people!

June 7th

After two days in the Santa Fe area, we will take the Mountain Route home. We departed camp and left for El Rancho de las Golondrinas, a living-history museum of Spanish Colonial New Mexico. A festival was taking place inside the walls. I washed my hands in lye soap, made a tortilla, and also helped make a quilt.

Next stop, Las Vegas, New Mexico. We drove to the top of a privately-owned mesa and viewed the wagon swales coming into Las Vegas. The vastness of the land is incredible and the thought that men and women walked the trail alongside their wagons is mind-boggling. What difficulties they must have encountered along the way.

June 8th

After departing camp, we went to Capulin Volcano National Monument. We split into tour groups and walked around the rim of the volcano. Some of my girls were frightened and didn't want to continue the hike. We finally made it to the highest point of the rim, and we were rewarded with a spectacular view. One could see several states from here.

The next stop was the Mountain Man Rendezvous located on the National Rifle Association grounds near Raton, New Mexico. Friendly and accepting people dressed in authentic costumes and staying in period shelters met us. The students were delighted to find blankets, fur skins, and jewelry to buy.

June 9th

We proceeded over Raton Pass and drove the Highway of Legends Tour. With the mountain range creating a natural barrier, it was evident why the town of Stonewall was given its name. Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site was our last learning activity for the day. The large trading fort has been reconstructed and lies on a vast and open prairie.

June 10th

This is the last day of the trip. There was stormy weather, glitches in accommodations, and the bathroom facilities were not the best. Was the trip worth the trouble? Absolutely! I have never learned or seen so much in a ten-day period. My body will catch up on sleep and the memories will last forever. I felt it a privilege to be a chaperone on the 2003 Santa Fe Trail Trip. I am proud to be a survivor!

TEACHERS LEARN HISTORY AT OJC SUMMER ACADEMY

LA JUNTA - Each year in June, Otero Junior College hosts a Summer Academy for K-12 teachers from throughout southeastern Colorado. The Academy gives teachers the opportunity to obtain credits for recertification locally, without having to travel to larger metro areas.

For the second year, teachers had the opportunity to take a course titled, "Archaeology and History in your Own Backyard, The Santa Fe Trail, Boggsville and Southeastern Colorado." The course was held at the Boggsville Historic Site in Bent County, Colorado, on June 16 and 17. Over a two-day period, teachers were provided with a detailed perspective concerning the historical events that played out in Southeastern Colorado beginning in the 17th century. Instructors for the course included John Carson, history teacher, professional historical interpreter, and great-grandson of Kit Carson; and Richard Carrillo, resident historical archaeologist and Educational Director at Boggsville. Carrillo is also president of the Bent's Fort Chapter of the Santa Fe Trail Association.

Day one of the course covered the basics of historical archaeology and how to incorporate practical involve-

ment with students in the classroom. The group then took a look at the historical overview of Southeastern Colorado, including periods from the Pre-European, Spanish, Mexican, Fur Trade, Trans-Mississippi Trade, and Southern Rockies Fur Trade.

Day two expanded the historical overview to cover the Santa Fe Trail era, including the physical trail, life on the trail, and Bent's Fort. The course concluded with an overview of the development of Boggsville and a historical archaeology tour of the site.

The historic Boggsville site is located on the Purgatoire River, two miles south of present-day Las Animas on Colorado Highway 101. The settlement was founded on a branch of the Santa Fe Trail about 1862 by Thomas O. Boggs, his wife Rumalda Luna Bent (a stepdaughter of Charles Bent), L. A. Allen, and Charles Ritc. The site is open daily and group tours are offered by reservation. For more information on the historic Boggsville site, contact Richard Carrillo at 719-384-8113 or the Las Animas Chamber of Commerce at 719-456-0453. The website for the site is: <www.secolo.org/business/boggsvil.html>.

AERIAL PHOTOS OF THE TRAIL

INEZ Ross, Los Alamos, NM, recently had an opportunity to fly over portions of the Santa Fe Trail, and she shared these two photographs.



Wagon Mound, looking southeast, with village at lower right and State Highway 120 shown through town and across the center of picture. The Trail was to the left of this photo.



PIKE'S COLUMN

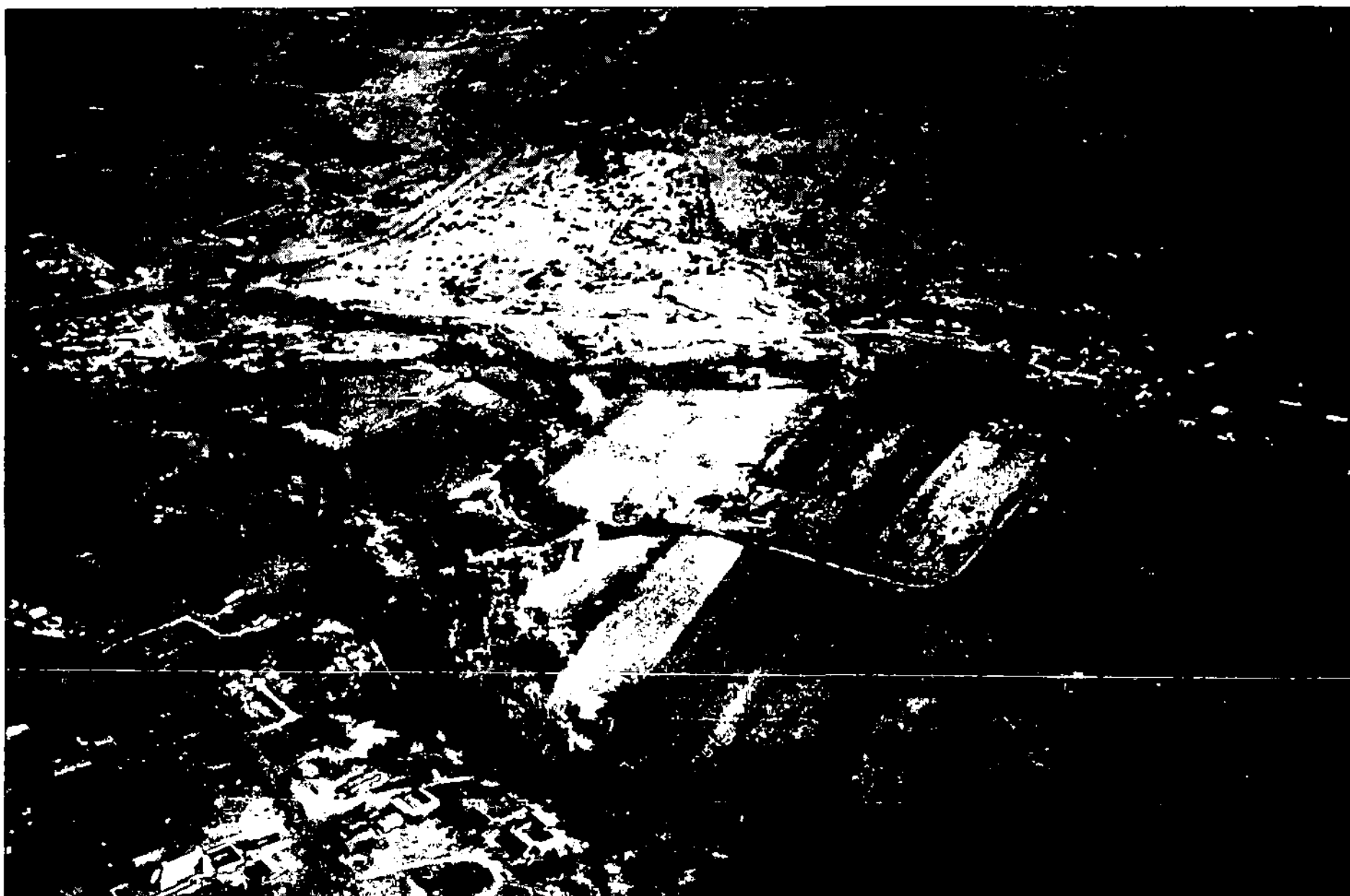
[This special column will continue as a series in Wagon Tracks until the close of the Zebulon Montgomery Pike Southwestern Expedition Bicentennial activities in 2007. It features documents, articles, bibliography, and notes which tell the story of Pike, his expeditions, and related topics. Submissions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

There are three Pike items in this issue: (1) a brief item and photo regarding Pike family settlers in Larned, KS, (2) a story and photos of a new Pike monument in Pueblo, CO, and (3) the second installment of Pike's journal. Keep informed with Pike Bicentennial plans at <www.pikebicentennial.org>.]

ZEBULON M. PIKE'S NIECE HONORED AT LARNED

by Alice Clapsaddle

WITH the upcoming bicentennial anniversary of Zebulon M. Pike's Expedition to the Southwest, the First Presbyterian Church of Larned sponsored the marking of the graves of his family in the Larned Cemetery. Pike's niece Sarah Wardell Sturdevant and husband Rev. Charles Sturdevant, and some of their children, were instrumental in the early development of Larned and particularly the founding of the



San Miguel del Vado, with village church at lower left and Pecos River center left to lower right. The line of trees matches map designation of Trail locale.

Presbyterian Church in 1873. In their honor the church has placed new stones at the family cemetery plot near the east entrance of the cemetery. Pictured below are Pastor Jim Hawthorne and Alice Clapsaddle at the dedication of the grave-stones on May 25, 2003.

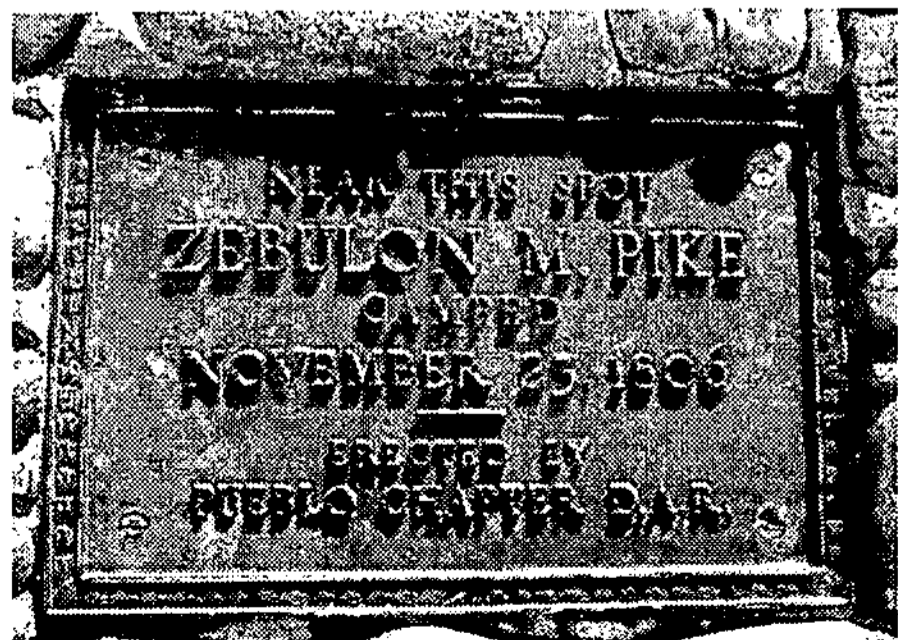


PUEBLO'S NEW MONUMENT TO ZEBULON M. PIKE

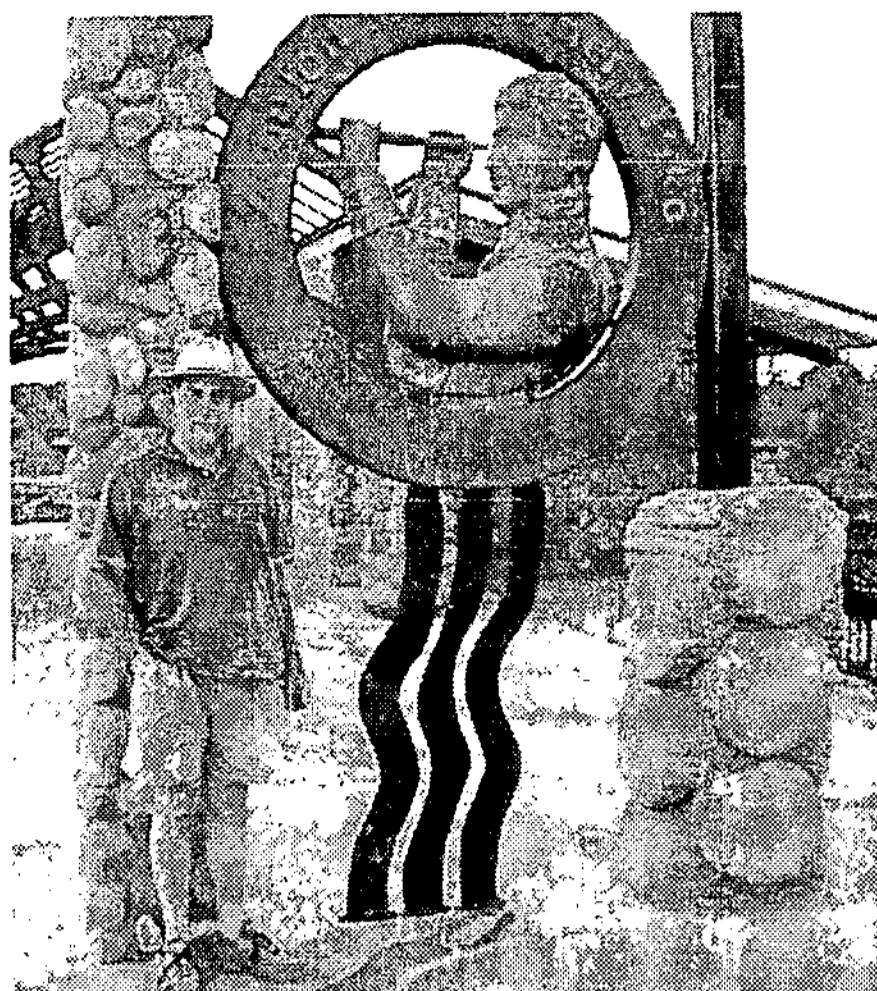
by Peyton Abbott

[SFTA member Abbott, Pueblo, CO, is working on the Pike expedition route through his area.]

STANDING alongside the waterway in Pueblo's Historic Arkansas River Project (HARP) are two monuments commemorating the visit to the area of Zebulon Montgomery Pike's party in the late autumn of 1806. The older of the two is a river-cobble pillar holding a brass plaque placed by the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR), which tells of the event. This monument was moved from a nearby location when HARP was completed. There is no indication when it was first placed. The new monument, by Pueblo sculptor Ken Williams, is an interpretive monument with a central stand holding a brass bust of Pike circled by a ring bearing his name and a quotation from Pike's diary. Pike is peering through a tele-



Bronze plaque on the DAR monument.



Sculptor Ken Williams by the central stand of his memorial to Pike's visit to Colorado.

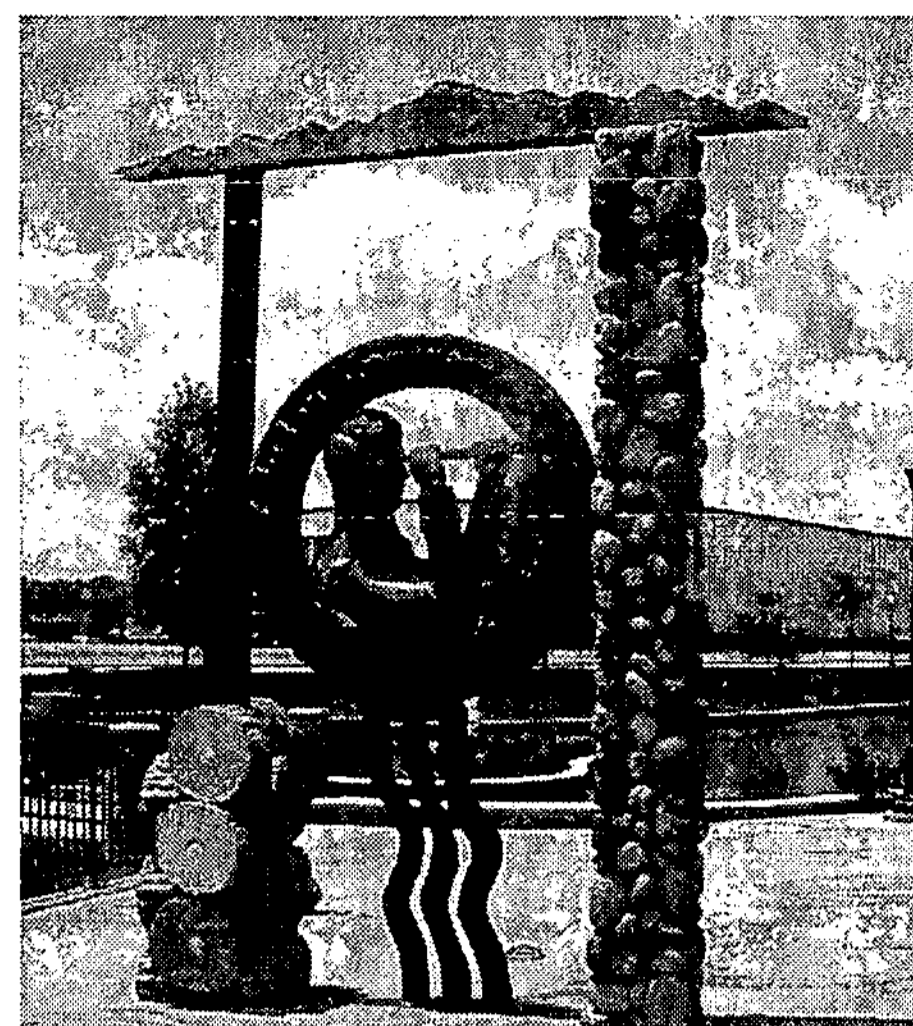
scope toward the mountain that bears his name. A silhouette of the Front Range tops the central stand.

Imbedded in the sidewalk on either side of the central stand is a schematic of the Arkansas River. Pike's route up the Arkansas and into the mountains is shown by a line of small round porcelain medallions that copy the ring on the central stand. Off to the side are boulders representing "The Grand Peak" (Pikes Peak) and the "Blue Mountains" (Pike's name for the Front Range and the Wet Mountains).

At a number of spots along Williams's sidewalk river are larger medallions illustrating quotations from Pike's diary and located at or near the place on the Arkansas where the diary entry was made. For example, near the confluence with the "First Fork" or Purgatoire River, is a large medallion with a turkey and cottonwood leaves. In the ring around the medallion are quotations from the November 13, 1806, diary entry: "The river banks began to be entirely covered with woods on both sides, but no other species than cottonwood." And "Discovered signs of war-parties ascending the river" and "Killed one turkey."

The river and riverbanks are decorated with representations of wildlife: fish, buffalo, deer, bird tracks, and the like. The schematic covers Pike's entire route through what is now Colorado, including his visit to the South Platte in South Park and the Rio Grande in the San Luis Valley.

Ken Williams is the sculptor who



Another view of the central stand of Williams's monument; note schematic of the Arkansas River in the pavement beneath the stand.

designed and worked to create the monument, but he will quickly name a large number of other individuals within his studio and in the community who aided in its concept and development. Ken is well known in Pueblo. With his wife Judith, also an artist, his daughters Gwyn and Alison, and studio assistant Steve Jarrett, he works out of The Williams Studio at Thirteenth and Erie Streets in Pueblo. Williams works in a number of media; the sound barrier along the south side of State Highway 47 near the University in Pueblo is Williams's work. The ceramic-covered wall separating Interstate 25 from the railroad and Fountain Creek near Thirteenth Street in Pueblo was designed by Judith Williams. The studio also makes beautiful pottery, but their specialty is sculptured brick. Williams's deep-relief brick structures can be found throughout the United States and in Mexico on or in churches, civic buildings, shopping malls, and private residences. Visitors to Pueblo can see examples of his brick sculpture on the facade of the School District 60 administration building and on the Pueblo Transportation Center. He enjoys working with historical themes.

The new monument is an attractive addition to the HARP area and an appropriate commemoration of the upcoming bicentennial of the Pike Expedition, 1806-1807. Everyone traveling in the Pueblo area is urged to stop and look at this new memorial.

PIKE'S JOURNAL, PART II

This reprint of Pike's journal of the expedition of 1806-1807 continues, starting with the July 31, 1806, entry. They were on the Osage River in Missouri.

Pike's Journal

31st July, Thursday.—We embarked early, and passed several rapids pretty well. Dined with the Indians. Two of them left us in the morning for the village, and they all had an idea of doing the same, but finally concluded otherwise. One of the Osage, who had left the party for the village, returned and reported that he had seen and heard strange Indians in the woods. This we considered as merely a pretext to come back. I this day lost my dog, and the misfortune was the greater, as we had no other dog which would bring anything out of the water. This was the dog Fisher had presented to me at Prairie des Chiens. Killed three deer and one turkey. Distance 18 miles.

1st August, Friday.—It having rained all night, the river appeared to have risen about six inches. We spread out our baggage to dry, but it continuing to rain, by intervals, all day, the things were wetter at sundown than in the morning. We rolled them up, and left them on the beach. We sent out two hunters in the morning, one of whom killed three deer; all the Indians killed three more—Total, six.

2d August, Saturday.—The weather cleared up. The loading being spread out to dry, Dr. Robinson, myself, Bradley, Sparks, and Brown went out to hunt. We killed four deer; the Indians two. Having reloaded the boats, we embarked at five o'clock, and came about two miles. The river rose, in the last twenty-four hours, four inches.

3d August, Sunday.—Embarked early, and wishing to save the fresh, I pushed hard all day. Sparks was lost, and did not arrive until night. We encamped about 25 paces from the river, on a sand-bar. Near day I heard the sentry observe that the boats had better be brought in, when I got up and found the water within a rod of our tent, and before we could get all our things out it had reached the tent. Killed nine deer, one wild-

cat, one goose, and one turkey. Distance 18 miles.

4th August, Monday.—We embarked early and continued on for some time, not being able to find a suitable place to dry our things, but at length stopped on the east shore. Here we had to ferry the Indians over a small channel which we did not before observe; all of them, however, not arriving, we put off and continued our route. Finding our progress much impeded by our mast, I unshipped it and stripped it of its iron, and, after lieutenant Wilkinson had carved our names on it, set it adrift, followed by the yards. This mast had been cut and made at Pine creek, Upper Mississippi. After proceeding some miles, we found the Indians on the west shore, they having rafted the river. We stopped for them to cook, after which we proceeded on. The navigation had become very difficult from the rapidity of the current, occasioned by the rise of the water, which rose one foot in an hour. Killed two deer. Distance 10 miles. Rainy.

5th August, Tuesday.—We lay by this day, in order to give the Indians an opportunity to dry their baggage. Dr. Robinson and myself, accompanied by Mr. Henry, went out to hunt; we lost the latter about two miles from camp. After hunting some time on the west shore, we concluded to raft the river, which we effected with difficulty and danger, and hunted for some time, but without success. We then returned to the party and found Mr. Henry, who had been lost, had arrived one hour before us: he had met one of the soldiers, who brought him in. To-day in our tour I passed over a remarkably large rattlesnake, as he lay curled up, and trod so near him as to touch him with my foot, he drawing himself up to make room for my heel.

Dr. Robinson, who followed me, was on the point of treading on him, but by a spring avoided it. I then turned round and touched him with my ram-rod, but he shewed no disposition to bite, and appeared quite peaceable. The gratitude which I felt towards him for not having bitten me induced me to save his life. Killed four deer. River rises thirteen inches. Rain continues.

6th August, Wednesday.—We embarked at half past eight o'clock, it having cleared off and had the ap-

pearance of a fine day. Passed Gravel river on the west. About three miles above this river the Indians left us and informed me, by keeping a little to the south and west, they would make in 15 miles what would be at least 35 miles for us. Dr. Robinson, Mr. Henry, and serjeant Ballenger accompanied them. Killed two deer. Distance 13 miles.

7th August, Thursday.—Not being detained by Indians, we are *for once* enabled to embark at a quarter past five o'clock. The river having fell, since yesterday morning, about four feet, we wish to improve every moment of time previous to its entire fall. We proceeded extremely well, passed the Saline river on the east, and encamped opposite *La Belle Roche* on the west shore. This day we passed many beautiful cliffs on both sides of the river; saw a bear and wolf swimming the river. I employed myself part of the day in translating into French a talk of general Wilkinson to Cheveux Blanche. Distance 21 miles.

8th August, Friday.—We embarked 20 minutes past five o'clock. Found the river had fallen about two feet during the night. At the confluence of the Youngar with the Osage river we breakfasted. Encamped at night on a bar. Distance 21 miles.

9th August, Saturday.—We embarked at five o'clock, and at half past six o'clock met the Indians and our gentlemen. They had met with nothing extraordinary. They had killed in their excursion seven deer and three bear. We proceeded to an old wintering ground, where there were eight houses, which were occupied last winter by _____, who had not been able to proceed any higher for want of water. Passed the Old Man's Rapids, below which, on the west shore, are some beautiful cliffs. Dined with the Indians, after which we passed Upper Gravel river on the west, Pottoe river on the east. Sparks went out to hunt, and did not arrive at our encampment, nor did the Indians. Distance 25 miles.

10th August, Sunday.—Embarked a quarter past five o'clock, when the sun shone out very clearly; but in 15 minutes it began to rain, and continued to rain very hard until one o'clock. Passed the Indians, who were encamped on the west shore, about half a mile, and halted for

them. They all forded the river but Sans Oreille, who brought his wife up to the boats, and informed me that Sparks had encamped with them, but left them early to return in search of us. We proceeded after breakfast. Sparks arrived just at the moment we were embarking. The Indians traversing the country on the east had sent Sparks with Sans Oreille. About two o'clock A. M. split a plank in the bottom of the batteaux. Unloaded and turned her up, repaired the breach, and continued on the route: by four o'clock found the Indians behind a large island: we made no stop, and they followed us. We encamped together on a bar, where we proposed halting to dry our corn, &c., on Monday. Killed four deer. Distance 18 1-2 miles.

11th August, Monday.—We continued here to dry our corn and baggage. This morning we had a match at shooting: the prize offered to the successful person was a jacket and a twist of tobacco, which I myself was so fortunate as to win; I made the articles, however, a present to the young fellow who waited on me. After this, taking Huddleston with me, I went out to hunt: after travelling about twelve miles we arrived at the river, almost exhausted with thirst. I here indulged myself by drinking plentifully of the water, and was rendered so extremely unwell by it, that I was scarce capable of pursuing my route to the camp. On arriving opposite it, I swam the river, from which I experienced considerable relief. The party informed me they had found the heat very oppressive, and the mercury, at sun-down, was at 25° Reaumer. This day, for the first time, I saw trout west of the Allegheny mountains. Reloaded our boats, and finished two new oars, which were requisite.

12th August, Tuesday.—Previously to our embarkation, which took place at half past five o'clock, I was obliged to convince my red brethren that, if I protected them, I would not suffer them to plunder my men with impunity, for the chief had got one of my lads' tin cups attached to his baggage, and notwithstanding it was marked with the initials of the soldier's name, he refused to give it up. On which I requested the interpreter to tell him, "that I had no idea that he had purloined the cup, but sup-

posed some other person had attached it to his baggage; but that, knowing it to be my soldier's, I requested him to deliver it up, or I should be obliged to take other measures to obtain it." This had the desired effect; for I certainly should have put my threats into execution from this principle, formed from my experience during my intercourse with Indians, *that if you have justice on your side, and do not enforce it, they universally despise you.* When we stopped for dinner, one of men took his gun and went out; not having returned when we were ready to re-embark, I left him. Passed the Indians twice when they were crossing the river. Passed some very beautiful cliffs on the west shore; also Vermilion and Grand rivers, the latter of which is a large stream, and encamped at the _____.

Immediately after our encampment a thunder storm came on, which blew overboard my flag-staff and a number of articles of my clothing, which were on top of the cabin, and sunk them immediately. Being much fatigued and the bank difficult of ascent, lay down in the cabin, without supper and slept all night. It continued to rain. The man I left on shore arrived on the opposite bank in the night, having killed two deer; but was obliged to leave the largest behind. Finding he was not to be sent for, he concealed his gun and deer, and swam the river. Distance 24 miles.

13th August, Wednesday.—It continued to rain. In the morning sent a boat over for Sparks's gun and deer. Embarked at half past 9 o'clock. Stopped to dine at two o'clock. During the time we halted, the river rose over the flat bar, on which we were: this, if we had no other proof, would convince us we were near the head of the river, as the rain must have reached it. We made almost a perfect circle, so that I do not believe we were, at night, three miles from where we encamped last night. This day, for the first time, we have prairie hills. Distance 13 miles.

14th August, Thursday.—Embarked at half past five o'clock. Passed the *Park*, which is ten miles round, and not more than three quarters of a mile across, bearing from S. 5° E. to due N. At its head we breakfasted, and just as we were about to put off

we saw and brought to a canoe manned with three engagees of Mr. _____, who informed us that the Little Osage had marched a war party against the Kans, and the Grand Osage a party against our citizens on the Arkansaw river. Wrote by them to the general and all friends. Gave the poor fellows some whiskey and eight quarts of corn, they having had only two turkeys for four days. We left them and proceeded, passing on our east some of the largest cedars I ever saw. Came on very well in the afternoon, and encamped on an island above Turkey island. Distance 28 miles.

15th August, Friday.—We embarked at five o'clock, and at eight o'clock met the Indians and the gentlemen who accompanied them. Found all well. They had been joined by their friends and relatives from the village, with horses to transport their baggage. Lieutenant Wilkinson informed me that their meeting was very tender and affectionate—"Wives throwing themselves into the arms of their husbands, parents embracing their children, and children their parents, brothers and sisters meeting, one from captivity, the other from the towns—they, at the same time, returning thanks to the *Good God* for having brought them once more together;"—in short, the *toute ensemble* was such as to make polished society blush, when compared with those savages, in whom the passions of the mind, whether joy, grief, fear, anger, or revenge, have their full scope: why can we not correct the baneful passions, without weakening the good? Sans Oreille made them a speech, in which he remarked, "Osage, you now see your wives, your brothers, your daughters, your sons, redeemed from captivity. Who did this? was it the Spaniards? No. The French? No. Had either of those people been governors of the country, your relatives might have rotted in captivity, and you never would have seen them; but the Americans stretched forth their hands, and they are returned to you!! What can you do in return for all this goodness? Nothing: all your lives would not suffice to repay their goodness." This man had children in captivity, not one of whom we were able to obtain for him.

The chief then requested that lieu-

tenant Wilkinson and Dr. Robinson might be permitted to accompany them by land, which I consented to. Wrote a letter to Cheveux Blanche, by lieutenant Wilkinson. When we parted (after delivering the Indians their baggage) Sans Oreille put an Indian on board, to hunt, or obey any other commands I might have for him. We stopped at eleven o'clock to dry our baggage. Found our biscuit and crackers almost all ruined. Put off at half past four o'clock, and encamped at three quarters past five o'clock. Distance 15½ miles.

16th August, Saturday.—We embarked at five o'clock and came on extremely well in the barge to a French hunting camp (evacuated), twelve miles to breakfast, the bateaux coming up late: we exchanged hands. About twelve o'clock passed the grand fork, which is equal in size to the one on which we pursued our route. Waited to dine at the rocks called the Swallow's Nest, on the west shore above the forks. The bateaux having gained nearly half an hour, the crews are convinced that it is not the boat, but men who make the difference: each take their own boat, after which we proceeded very well, the water being good and men in spirits. Saw an elk on the shore, also met an old man alone hunting, from whom we obtained no information of consequence. Encamped on the west shore at Mine river. Passed the place where the chief, called the Belle Oiseau, and others were killed [by Sac Indians in 1804]. Distance 37 miles.

17th August, Sunday.—We embarked at five o'clock and came twelve miles to breakfast. At four o'clock arrived at ten French houses on the east shore, where was then residing a Sac, who was married to an Osage femme and spoke French *only*. We afterwards passed the position where Mr. Chouteau formerly had his fort, not a vestige of which was remaining, the spot being only marked by the superior growth of vegetation. Here the river bank is one solid bed of stone-coal, just below which is a very shoal and rapid ripple; from whence to the village of the Grand Osage is nine miles across a large prairie. We came about two miles above, and encamped on the west shore. This day the river has been generally bounded by prairies

on both sides. Distance 41 1-2 miles.

18th August, Monday.—We put off at half past five o'clock. Stopped at nine o'clock to breakfast. Passed the second fork of the river at twelve o'clock, the right hand fork bearing N. about 30 yards wide, the left (the one we pursued) N. 60° W. and not more than 50 or 60 feet in width, very full of old trees, &c. but plenty of water. Observed the road where the chiefs and lieutenant Wilkinson crossed. We proceeded until one o'clock, when we were halted by a large drift quite across the river. Dispatched Baroney to the village of the Grand Osage, to procure horses to take our baggage nearer to the towns; unloaded our boats, and in about two hours lieutenant Wilkinson, with Tuttasuggy, arrived at our camp, the former of whom presented me an express from the general, and letters from my friends. The chiefs remained at our camp all night. I was attacked by a violent head-ache. It commenced raining, and continued with great force until day. Distance 19 1-4 miles.

19th August, Tuesday.—We commenced very early to arrange our baggage, but had not finished at one o'clock, when the chief of the Grand Osage, and 40 or 50 men of his village, arrived with horses. We loaded and took our departure for the place where Manuel de Liza had his establishment, at which we arrived about four o'clock, and commenced pitching our encampment near the edge of the prairie, when I was informed that three men had arrived from St. Louis, sent by Manuel de Liza. I dispatched lieutenant Wilkinson to the village, with Baroney, who brought to camp the man who had charge of the others from St. Louis: he having no passport, I detained him until further consideration. Our reception by the Osage was flattering, and particularly by the *White Hair* and our fellow-travellers. This evening there arrived in the village of the Grand Osage an express from the Arkansas, who brought the news that a boat, ascending that river, had been fired on, and had two white men killed and two wounded, and that the brother-in-law of the Cheveux Blanche, who happened to be on board, was also killed. This put the whole village in mourning.

20th August, Wednesday.—About

twelve o'clock I dispatched Baroney for the chiefs of the Grand village, in order to give the general's parole to the Cheveux Blanche, also a young man to the village of the Little Osage. The Cheveux Blanche and his people arrived about three o'clock, and after waiting some time for the *Wind* and his people, I just informed the chiefs that I had merely assembled them to deliver the parole of the general, and present the marks of distinction indeed for the Cheveux Blanche and his son, hanging a grand medal round the neck of the latter. The packets committed to my charge for the relations of the deceased Osages, were then delivered to them, the widow making the distribution. It must be remarked that I had merely requested the Cheveux Blanche to come with his son, and receive the general's message; but instead of coming with a few chiefs, he was accompanied by 186 men, to all of whom we were obliged to give something to drink. When the council was over we mounted our horses and rode to the village, and halted at the quarters of the chief, where we were regaled with boiled pumpkins: then we went to two different houses, and were invited to many others, but declined, promising that I would pay them a visit, previous to my departure, and spend the whole day. We then returned to camp. After enquiring of White Hair if the men of Manuel de Liza had any ostensible object in view, he informed me that they had only said to him that they expected Manuel would be up to trade in the autumn. I concluded to take the deposition of Babtiste Larme as to the manner in which he was employed by Manuel de Liza, and forward the same to Dr. Brown and the attorney-general of Louisiana, and permit the men to return to St. Louis, as it was impossible for me to detach a party with them as prisoners.

21st August, Thursday.—In the morning White Hair paid us a visit, and brought us a present of corn, meat, and grease, and we invited him, his son, and son-in-law to breakfast with us, and gave his companions something to eat. I then wrote a number of letters to send by express, and enclosed the deposition of Larme. In the afternoon we rode to the village of the Little Osage, and

were received by our fellow-travellers with true hospitality. Returned in the evening, when a tremendous storm of rain, thunder and lightning commenced, and continued with extraordinary violence until half past nine o'clock. It was with great difficulty we were enabled to keep our tents from blowing down. The place prepared for an observatory was carried away.

22d August, Friday.—Preparing in the morning for the council, and committing to paper the heads of the subject on which I intended to speak. The chiefs of the Little Osage arrived about one o'clock, also the interpreter of the Grand Osage, who pretended to say that the Grand Osage had expected us at their village with the Little Osage. The Cheveux Blanche arrives with his chiefs. The ceremony of the council being arranged, I delivered them the general's *parole* forwarded by express. My reason for not delivering it until this time was, in order to have the two villages together, as it was equally interesting to both. After this I explained at large the will, wishes, and advice of their *Great Father*, and the mode which I conceived most applicable to carry them into effect. The Cheveux Blanche replied in a few words, and promised to give me a full reply to-morrow. The Wind replied to the same amount; after which the Cheveux Blanche addressed himself to the Wind as follows;—"I am shocked at your conduct, Tuttasuggy, you who have lately come from the States, and should have been wise; but you led the redeemed captives, with an officer of the United States, to your village, instead of bringing them through my town in the first instance." To this the *Wind* made no reply, but left his seat shortly after under pretence of giving some orders to his young men. I conceived this reprimand intended barely to shew us the superiority of the one and inferiority of the other, and originated, in my opinion, from an altercation of lieutenant Wilkinson and the Cheveux Blanche, in which allusions were made by the former, on the friendly conduct of the *Little Chief*, (alias the Wind) when compared to that of the latter. I must here observe that when the chiefs and prisoners left me, accompanied by lieutenant Wilkinson, I did not

know the geographical location of the two villages, but conceived that, in going to the *Little Village*, they would pass by the *Grand Village*, and of course that lieutenant Wilkinson and the chief would arrange the affair properly.

23d August, Saturday.—I expected to have received from the chiefs their answers to my demands; but received an express from both villages, informing me that they wished to put them off until to-morrow. I then adjusted my instruments. Took equal altitudes and a meridional altitude of the sun, but, owing to flying clouds, missed the immersions of Jupiter's satellites.

24th August, Sunday.—Was nearly half the day in adjusting the line of collimation in the telescopic sights of my theodolite. It began to cloud before evening, and although the sky was not entirely covered, I was so unfortunate as to miss the time of an immersion and (although clear in the intermediate period) an emersion also. I was informed by Baroney that the Little Village had made up eleven horses for us. In the evening, however, the interpreter, accompanied by the Son-in-law and son of the Cheveux Blanche, came to camp, and informed me that there were no horses to be got in the village of the Big Osage.

25th August, Monday.—In the morning we were visited by the Cheveux Blanche and three or four of his chiefs, who were pleased to accord to my demands. He found much difficulty in informing me that, in all his village, he could only raise four horses, but that we should be accompanied by his son and son-in-law. I then expressed to him the difference of our expectations from the reality. He remained until after twelve o'clock, when I went to the Little Osage village, and was received with great friendship by the chief. Remained all night at the house of Tuttasuggy. Took the census.

26th August, Tuesday.—Rose early and found my friends in council, which was merely relative to our horses. The chief then declared their determination to me, and that he himself gave me one horse, and lent me eight more to carry our baggage to the Pawnees. Sold the old bateaux for 100 dollars, in merchandise, which I conceived infinitely prefer-

able to leaving her to the uncertain safe-guard of the Indians. About this time we received news that the party of Potowatomies were discovered to be near the towns. I gave them the best advice I was capable of giving, and then returned to our camp.

27th August, Wednesday.—Spent in arranging our baggage for the horses. Received four horses from the Little Village and two from the Big Village. In the evening lieutenant Wilkinson rode to the Grand Village. I observed two immersions of Jupiter's satellites.

28th August, Thursday.—Writing to the secretary at war and the general, making arrangements for our departure. Visited by the Wind and Sans Oreille.

29th August, Friday.—Forenoon writing letters. In the afternoon Dr. Robinson and myself went to the Grand Village, at which we saw the medicine dance. Remained at the village all night.

30th August, Saturday.—Returned to the camp after settling all my affairs at the town. Sealed up our dispatches and sent off the general's express. In the afternoon we were visited by the principal men at the Little Village and the chief, to whom I presented a flag, and made the donations which I conceived requisite to the different Indians, on account of horses, &c.

31st August, Sunday.—Arranging our packs and loading our horses, in order to fit our loads, as we expected to march on the morrow. Up late writing letters.

1st September, Monday.—Struck our tents early in the morning, and commenced loading our horses. We now discovered that an Indian had stolen a large black horse, which the Cheveux Blanche had presented to lieutenant Wilkinson. I mounted a horse to pursue him; but the interpreter sent to town, and the chief's wife sent another in its place. We left the place about twelve o'clock with fifteen loaded horses, our party consisting of two lieutenants, one doctor, two sergeants, one corporal, fifteen privates, two interpreters, three Pawnees, and four chiefs of the Grand Osage, amounting in all to 30 warriors and one woman. We crossed the Grand Osage fork and a prairie N. 80° W. five miles to the fork of the

Little Osage. Joined by Sans Oreille and seven Little Osage, all of whom I equipped for the march. Distance 8 miles.

2d September, Tuesday.—Marched at six o'clock. Halted at ten o'clock, and two o'clock on the side of the creek, our route having been all the time on its borders. Whilst there I was informed by a young Indian that Mr. C. Chouteau had arrived at the towns. I conceived it proper for me to return, which I did, accompanied by Baroney, first to the Little Village; from whence we were accompanied by the *Wind* to the Big Village, where we remained all night at the lodge of Cheveux Blanche. Mr. Chouteau gave us the news; after which I scrawled a letter to the general and my friends.

3d September, Wednesday.—Rose early, and went to the Little Village to breakfast. After giving my letters to Mr. Henry, and arranging my affairs, we proceeded, and overtook our party at two o'clock. They had left their first camp about four miles. Our horses being much fatigued, we concluded to remain all night. Sent out our red and white hunters, all of whom only killed two turkies. Distance 4 miles.

4th September, Thursday.—When about to march in the morning, one of our horses was missing, and we left Sans Oreille, with the two Pawnees, to search for him, and proceeded till about nine o'clock; then stopped until twelve o'clock, and then marched. In about half an hour was overtaken and informed that Sans Oreille had not been able to find our horse; on which we encamped, and sent two horses back for the load. One of the Indians, being jealous of his wife, sent her back to the village. After making the necessary notes, Dr. Robinson and myself took our horses and followed the course of the little stream, until we arrived at the Grand river, which was distant about six miles. We here found a most delightful basin of clear water, of 25 paces diameter and about 100 in circumference, in which we bathed; found it deep and delightfully pleasant. Nature scarcely ever formed a more beautiful place for a farm. We returned to camp about dusk, when I was informed that some of the Indians had been dreaming and wished to return. Killed one

deer, one turkey, one raccoon. Distance 13 miles.

5th September, Friday.—In the morning our Little Osage all came to a determination to return, and, much to my surprise, Sans Oreille amongst the rest! I had given an order on the chiefs for the lost horse to be delivered to Sans Oreille's wife, previously to my knowing that he was going back, but took from him his gun, and the guns from all the others also. In about five miles we struck a beautiful hill, which bears south on the prairie: its elevation I suppose to be 100 feet. From its summit the view is sublime to the east and south-east. We waited on this hill to breakfast, and had to send two miles for water. Killed a deer on the rise, which was soon roasting before the fire. Here another Indian wished to return and take his horse with him, which, as we had so few, I could not allow, for he had already received a gun for the use of his horse. I told him he might return, but his horse would go to the Pawnees. We marched, leaving the Osage trace, which we had hitherto followed, and crossed the hills to a creek which was almost dry. Descended it to the main river, where we dined. The discontented Indian came up, and put on an air of satisfaction and content. We again marched about six miles further, and encamped at the head of a small creek, about half a mile from water. Distance 19 miles.

6th September, Saturday.—We marched at half past six o'clock, and arrived at a large fork of the little Osage river, where we breakfasted. In the holes in the creek we discovered many fish, which, from the stripes on their bellies, and their spots, I supposed to be trout and bass: they were twelve inches long. This brought to mind the necessity of a net, which would have frequently afforded subsistence to the whole party. We halted at one o'clock and remained until four o'clock. Being told that we could not arrive at any water, we here filled our vessels. At five o'clock arrived at the dividing ridge, between the waters of the Osage and Arkansaw (alias White river), the dry branches of which interlock within 20 yards of each other. The prospect from the dividing ridge to the east and south-east is sublime. The prairie rising and falling in

regular swells, as far as the sight can extend, produces a very beautiful appearance. We left our course, and struck down to the south-west on a small creek, or rather a puddle of water. Killed one deer. Distance 20 miles.

7th September, Sunday.—We left this at half past six o'clock, before which we had a difficulty with the son of the chief, which was accommodated. At nine o'clock we came on a large fork and stopped for breakfast. Proceeded on and encamped on a fine stream, where we swam our horses and bathed ourselves. Killed four deer. Distance 15 miles.

8th September, Monday.—Marched early, and arrived at a grand fork of the White river. The Indians were all discontented: we had taken the wrong ford; but, as they were dispersed through the woods, we could not be governed by their movements. Previously to our leaving the camp, the son of the Cheveux Blanche proposed returning, and offered no other reason that that he felt too lazy to perform the route. The reason I offered to prevent his going was ineffectual, and he departed with his hunter, who deprived us of one horse. His return left us without any chief or man of consideration, except the son of the Belle Oiseau, who was but a lad. The former appeared to be a discontented young fellow, and filled with self pride: he certainly should have considered it as an honor to be sent on so respectable an embassy as he was. Another Indian, who owned one of our horses, wished to return with him, which was positively refused him; but fearing he might steal him, I contented him with a present. We marched, and made the second branch, crossing one prairie twelve miles, in which we suffered much with drought. Distance 22 miles.

9th September, Tuesday.—Marched at seven o'clock, and struck a large creek at eleven miles distance. On holding a council, it was determined to ascend this creek to the highest point of water, and then strike across to a large river of the Arkansaw. We ascended four miles and a half, and encamped. Killed one cabrie, two deer, two turkies. Distance 12 miles.

10th September, Wednesday.—Marched early. Struck and passed the divide between the Grand river and

the Verdegris river. Stopped to breakfast on a small stream of the latter; after which we marched and encamped on the fourth small stream. Killed one elk, one deer. Distance 21 miles.

11th September, Thursday.—Passed four branches and over high hilly prairies. Encamped at night on a large branch of Grand river. Killed one cabrie, one deer. Distance 17 miles.

12th September, Friday.—Commenced our march at seven o'clock. Passed very ruff flint hills. My feet blistered and very sore. I stood on a hill, and in one view below me saw buffalo, elk, deer, cabrie, and panthers. Encamped on the main branch of Grand river, which had very steep banks and was deep. Dr. Robinson, Bradley, and Baroney arrived after dusk, having killed three buffalo, which, with one I killed, and two by the Indians, made six; the Indians alledging it was the Kans' hunting-ground, therefore they would destroy all the game they possibly could. Distance 18 miles.

13th September, Saturday.—Late in marching, it having every appearance of rain. Halted to dine on a branch of Grand river. Marched again at half past two o'clock, and halted at five, intending to dispatch Dr. Robinson and one of our Pawnees to the village to-morrow. Killed six buffalo, one elk, and three deer. Distance 9 miles.

14th September, Sunday.—The doctor and Frank (a young Pawnee) marched for the village at day-light; we at half past six o'clock. Halted at one o'clock. On the march we were continually passing through large herds of buffalo, elk, and cabrie; and I have no doubt but one hunter could support 200 men. I prevented the men shooting at the game, not merely because of the scarcity of ammunition, but, as I conceived, the laws of morality forbid it also. Encamped at sun-set on the main branch of White river hitherto called Grand river. Killed one buffalo and one cabrie. Distance 21 miles.

15th September, Monday.—Marched at seven o'clock passed a very large Kans encampment, evacuated, which had been occupied last summer. Proceeded on to the dividing ridge, between the waters of the

White river and the Kans. This ridge was covered with a layer of stone, which was strongly impregnated with iron ore, and on the west side of said ridge we found spa springs. Halted at one o'clock, very much against the inclination of the Osage, who, from the running of the buffalo, conceived a party of the Kans to be near. Killed two buffalo. Distance 18 miles.

16th September, Tuesday.—Marched late, and in about four miles and a half distance, came to a very handsome branch of water, at which we stopped and remained until after two o'clock, when we marched and crossed two branches. Encamped on the third. At the second creek a horse was discovered on the prairie, when Baroney went in pursuit of him on a horse of lieutenant Wilkinson, but arrived at our camp without success. Distance 13 miles.

17th September, Wednesday.—Marched early and struck the main south-east branch of the Kans river: at nine o'clock it appeared to be 25 or 30 yards wide, and is navigable in the flood seasons. We passed it six miles to a small branch to breakfast. Game getting scarce, our provision began to run low. Marched about two o'clock, and encamped at sun-down on a large branch. Killed one buffalo. Distance 21 miles.

18th September, Thursday.—Marched at our usual hour, and at twelve o'clock halted at a large branch of the Kans, which was strongly impregnated with salt. This day we expected the people of the village to meet us. We marched again at four o'clock. Our route being over a continued series of hills and hollows, we were until eight at night before we arrived at a small dry branch. It was nearly ten o'clock before we found any water. Commenced raining a little before day. Distance 25 miles.

19th September, Friday.—It having commenced raining early, we secured our baggage and pitched our tents. The rain continued without any intermission the whole day, during which we employed ourselves in reading the Bible, Pope's Essays, and in pricking on our arms with India ink *some characters*, which will frequently bring to mind our forlorn and dreary situation, as well as the happiest days of our life. In the rear of our encampment was a hill, on

which there was a large rock, where the Indians kept a continual sentinel, as I imagine, to apprise them of the approach of any party, friends or foes, as well as to see if they could discover any game on the prairies.

20th September, Saturday.—It appearing as if we possibly might have a clear day, I ordered our baggage spread abroad to dry; but it shortly after clouded up and commenced raining. The Osage sentinel discovered a buffalo on the prairies; upon which we dispatched a hunter on horseback in pursuit of him, also some hunters out on foot, and before night they killed three buffalo, some of the best of which we brought in and jerked or dried by the fire. It continued showery until afternoon, when we put our baggage again in position to dry, and remained encamped. The detention of the doctor and our Pawnee ambassador began to be a serious matter of consideration.

21st September, Sunday.—We marched at eight o'clock [sic], although every appearance of rain, and at eleven o'clock passed a large creek remarkably salt. Stopped at one o'clock on a fresh branch of the salt creek. Our interpreter having killed an elk, we sent out for some meat, which detained us so late that I concluded it best to encamp where we were, in preference to running the risk of finding no water. Lieutenant Wilkinson was attacked with a severe head head-ache and slight fever. One of my men had been attacked with a touch of the pleurisy on the 18th, and was still ill. We were informed by an Osage woman that two of the Indians were conspiring to desert us in the night and steal some of our horses, one of whom was her husband. We engaged her as our spy. Thus were we obliged to keep ourselves on our guard against our own companions and fellow-travellers, men of a nation highly favored by the United States, but whom I believe to be a faithless set of poltrons, incapable of a great and generous action. Among them, indeed, there may be some exceptions.

In the evening, finding that the two Indians above mentioned had made all preparations to depart, I sent for one of them, who owned a horse and received a gun and other property for his hire, and told him, "I

knew his plans, and that if he was disposed to desert, I should take care to retain his horse; that as for himself, he might leave me if he pleased, as I *only* wanted *men* with us." He replied, "that he was a *man*, that he always performed his promises, that he had never said he would return, but that he would follow me to the Pawnee village, which he intended to do." He then brought his baggage and put it under charge of the sentinel, and slept by my fire; but notwithstanding I had him well watched. Killed one elk. Distance 10 miles.

22d September, Monday.—We did not march until eight o'clock, owing to the indisposition of lieutenant Wilkinson. At eleven waited to dine. Light mists of rain, with flying clouds. We marched again at three o'clock, and continued our route twelve miles to the first branch of the republican fork. Met a Pawnee hunter, who informed us that the chief had left the village the day after the doctor arrived, with 50 or 60 horses and many people, and had taken his course to the north of our route; consequently we had missed each other. He likewise informed that the Tetaus had recently killed six Pawnees, the Kans had stolen some horses, and that a party of 300 Spaniards had lately been as far as the Sabine; but for what purpose unknown. Distance 11 miles.

(continued next issue)

UPPER INDEPENDENCE (WAYNE CITY) LANDING WHERE FOUR NATIONAL TRAILS CONVERGE

by Jane Mallinson

THE National Park Service announced in the February 2002 issue of *Santa Fe Trail News*, "This is the first time we have completed a certification agreement at one site for four national historic trails." The four are Lewis and Clark, Santa Fe, Oregon, and California trails.

Wayne City was the threshold of the westward trails for thousands of settlers streaming toward open spaces. The Santa Fe Trail began at Franklin, Missouri, and roughly followed the Missouri River to the area, where it was later joined by other trails. Wayne City Landing was used by many Santa Fe Trail merchants to unload commodities from steam-

boats and load the wagons for the trip to New Mexico. Independence is located two miles south of Wayne City Landing, and it grew rapidly because of the trails.

In January 1983 the Sugar Creek Board of Aldermen passed a resolution recognizing the historical significance of Wayne City and Wayne City Landing, and in February the Independence City Council did the same.

On August 9, 1983, delegates to the first Oregon-California Trails Association (OCTA) were present at the dedication of a commemorative marker on the Wayne City Overlook above the landing site. This was placed by the Independence Pioneers DAR and the Sugar Creek Business and Civic Club. The Wayne City Landing became a National Park Service certified historic site in 2001.

This site will be visited during the Santa Fe Trail Symposium, September 25-28, 2003.

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

[Editor's note: Many chapter reports are not available for this issue because the meetings occurred after the early deadline date for submissions.]

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
<carolandrick@grapevine.net>

No report.

End of the Trail

President Pam Najdowski
1810 Paseo de La Conquistadora
Santa Fe NM 87501
(505) 982-1172
<mikenaj@cnsnp.com>

No report.

Corazón de los Caminos

President Mary Whitmore
120 Gabaldon Route
Las Vegas NM 87701
(505) 454-0683
<whitmore@newmexico.com>
<www.nmhu.edu/research/sftrail/corazon.htm>

We extend our accolades to President Pam Najdowski, her husband Mike, and all the members of the End of the Trail Chapter for their many months of hard work in putting together the excellent Six Western Chapters program over a wonderful June weekend for us.

Here are the details for our last two chapter events of the year:

Oct. 19: Field trip up Round Mound with Faye Gaines and Dixie Odom. Bring your picnic lunch and meet at 10 a.m. at Faye's home, Point of Rocks Ranch. (If you are starting from Springer, go east on Hwy 56 toward Clayton 23.5 miles, between mile markers 23 and 24, go north 7 miles, east 2 miles, north 1 mile.) After lunch and a program, we will follow the SFT to Round Mound. We have permission to climb the Mound for those who want to; it is a strenuous hike up uneven ground. The site is open, no trees. Could be hot or cold so come prepared. Josiah Gregg, in his *Commerce of the Prairies*, describes Round Mound as "a beautiful round-topped cone, rising nearly a thousand feet above the level of the plain by which it is for the most part surrounded." It is thought that Gregg's famous sketch of the "March of the Caravan" was done from this high vantage.

Nov. 16: Meet at 11 a.m. at the St. James Hotel in Cimarron. There will be a short business meeting to elect directors for 2004-2005, followed by a dinner buffet (\$12) of green chile chicken enchiladas, tacos, and all the trimmings plus dessert. After dinner we will tour the historic Aztec Mill. Please let Tibor Remenyik know by October 25 if you are having dinner, as he must notify the hotel. Tibor's phone number is (505) 454-1307; e-mail is <jtrem@newmexico.com>;

and mailing address is PO Box 928, Las Vegas NM 87701.

You are welcome to join us!

Wet/Dry Routes

President Rusti Gardner
801 Vernon Dr
Larned KS 67550
(620) 285-3433
<jaxrus@larned.net>

The summer meeting was scheduled for July 12, 2003, at the Clapsaddle residence in Larned.

See report on new marker erected by the chapter on p. 13.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

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

The chapter sponsored, for the seventh year, a living-history program as part of Fort Dodge Days on July 5. The event was held in Eisenhower Hall at Fort Dodge. Joyce Thierer, with the Kansas Humanities Council, presented a most enjoyable program as Calamity Jane. A large attendance of Kansas Soldiers Home and Dodge City residents were treated to a lively visit with Calamity Jane.

The chapter and the Ford County Historical Society hosted a reception for Robert Haywood in May. Dr. Haywood, a historian, retired professor, and western Kansas author, has presented his private library to the Historical Society. The collection is housed at the Kansas Heritage Center in Dodge City and available to the public for use there.

Missouri River Outfitters

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

The next chapter meeting is Sunday, July 27, 2:00 p.m., at the National Frontier Trails Museum in Independence. MRO Vice-President Mary Conrad will present a slide program on the recent June 2003 excavations at the Multnomah mansion site, a house completed in 1855 on the Liberty to Fort Leavenworth Road.

John Dougherty, who had been both a fur trader and an Indian agent in the 1800s, took up residence along the Liberty to Fort Leavenworth Road, where he managed busi-

ness enterprises in both the Liberty and St. Louis areas. Dougherty built a "commodious" house before building the mansion he named Multnomah after the falls on the Columbia River in Oregon country.

The proposed alignment of the new Shoal Creek Parkway would cut through the mansion site. Archaeologists Mark Kelly and Bert Wetherill organized recent excavations to document that substantial structural features still exist beneath the ground surface. Also some swales are present in the pasture surrounding the mansion site. Archaeologists hope the recent documentation will convince the Kansas City Missouri Parks and Recreation Department to add Multnomah to the city park system. If this happens, the remnants of one more trail-era site would be preserved.

Jane Mallinson reports that landscaping work on the Wayne City site has begun. Steve Kidwell of Lafarge and Sharon Brown (NPS) have been working with the sign committee to complete interpretive panels. MRO has applied to SFTA for a grant to help defray expenses for other sign projects in progress. The work will be completed by September.

The chapter will host the September symposium and looks forward to you being there.

Quivira

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

The chapter met April 6 at the Coronado Quivira Museum in Lyons to election officers and plan future programs. Officers are President Janel Cook, Secretary Carol Near, Treasurer Nancy Marteney, and Program Chair Pat Hall. A possible program discussed is a tour to the west, including Fort Wallace and the Sand Creek Massacre site if there is enough interest. The chapter is setting up committees and working on arrangements for the 2005 symposium, which the chapter will host.

On May 1 the chapter hosted a dinner for SFTA President Hal Jackson. He presented a program about the Zebulon M. Pike Expedition and plans being made to celebrate the bicentennial of that important event.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Gil Michel
605 Park Place
Newton KS 67114
(620) 284-0313

With leadership by President Gil Michel, the chapter has made progress on the auto tour route in Marion County. Former President Dale Brooks developed the concept of the tour route. Numerous unused signs were acquired from the local highway department. Brooks and Michel sawed them to the desired shape and size, and they were painted and lettered by Michel. The highway department also donated good used 4"x4" posts for the signs.

On May 6 some of the signs were erected west of Durham. The workers (Michel, Brooks, Bill Siverstrand, and John E. Wiebe) were rained out near Tampa and waited out the storm in Lost Springs. The county highway department dug the holes at the planned locations.

A second work day was on May 14 when signs were erected starting at Highway 77 east of Lost Springs and working west toward Tampa. George Schute was an additional helper. The project is not quite complete, and a few more signs remain to be erected.

On May 15 approximately 40 members and guests met at the Kingfisher Inn at Marion County Lake. Following dinner and a short business meeting, SFTA President Hal Jackson presented a program on the Zebulon M. Pike Expedition and connections of that trip to the Santa Fe Trail.

On June 3 President Michel called a special meeting of the executive committee to discuss submitting an application to the National Park Service for preparation of a wayside exhibit at the Cottonwood River Crossing site. Design ideas were discussed.

The next chapter meeting is planned for September with a tour of Trial ruts on the Scully land west of Durham.

Bent's Fort

President Richard Carrillo
718 W. 2nd St.
La Junta CO 81050
(719) 384-8054
<cuartejejo@centurytel.net>

No report.

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/INSTITUTIONAL

Bel Air Motel, 2000 E Wyatt Earp,
Dodge City KS 67801

Days Inn/Super 8, MHS Hospitality
Group, 6101 E 87th St, Kansas
City MO 64138

Dodge City Convention & Visitor Bu-
reau, 400 W Wyatt Earp, Dodge
City KS 67801

Econo Lodge/Inn Pancake House,
1610 W Wyatt Earp, Dodge City
KS 67801

Edwards Economic Development
Corp., PO Box 161, Kinsley KS
67547

First National Bank of Las Animas,
535 Bent Ave, Las Animas CO
81054

La Fonda Hotel, 100 E San Francisco
St, Santa Fe NM 87501

Plaza Hotel, Wid Slick, 230 Plaza,
Las Vegas NM 87701

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Carl & Beatrice Putman, 11096
Havendale Ave, Sparta WI 54656

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Jean Brittingham, PO Box 199, An-
ton Chico NM 87711

James Howk, 9849 Shepherds Dr,
Kansas City MO 64131

Jimmie Mitchell, 1408 Meadow
Lane, Midlothian TX 76065

Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675

Change Service Requested

Symposium 2003

Independence/Kansas City MO
"A Highway Between Nations"



September 25,26,27,28

Join us for a tour of Lexington, Missouri
And the Santa Fe Trail west of Independence

GPS Chair – John Schumacher



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 November, so send information for December and later to arrive by October 20, 2003. Thank you. Dates of additional events may be found in chapter reports.

Aug. 17, 2003: Corazón Chapter field trip to see Trail ruts, hosted by Daniels Family; meet at 10:00 a.m. at the Kruse'N Café, Wagon Mound.

Sept. 7, 2003: KSDAR rededication of Madonna statue, Council Grove, KS.

Sept. 11-12, 2003: Fort Riley, KS, special program commemorating 150th anniversary of the post.

Sept. 13-Oct. 3, 2003: Santa Fe Trail Bike Trek.

Sept. 20, 2003: El Camino Real Association (CARTA) first membership meeting at Ranchers Steakhouse, Socorro, NM, 1:00-5:00 p.m.

Sept. 21, 2003: Corazón Chapter field trip to Rayado; meet at Kit Carson Museum in Rayado at 1:00 p.m.

Sept. 24, 2003: SFTA board meeting, Kansas City, MO.

Sept. 25-28, 2003: SFTA Symposium, Kansas City, MO.

Oct. 19, 2003: Corazón Chapter field trip to Round Mound; meet at Point of Rocks Ranch at 10:00 a.m.

Nov. 16, 2003: Corazón Chapter meeting at St. James Hotel in Cimarron, NM, 11:00 a.m.

FROM THE EDITOR

The offices for *Wagon Tracks* and the Last Chance Store will be closed until August 20, 2003. The demand for membership rosters at this point (two so far) certainly confirms the board's decision to stop distributing rosters to the entire membership.

We hope to see you at the symposium in September. Visit the Last Chance Store booth at the book exhibit.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva



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