

Wagon Tracks

Volume 11

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Santa Fe Trail Association

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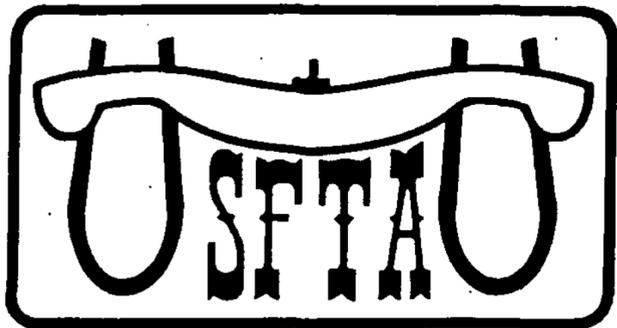


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 11

NOVEMBER 1996

NUMBER 1

RAMON POWERS NEW V-P

AT press time President Ross Marshall announced that the governing board has elected Ramon Powers, Topeka, KS, to complete the term of vice-president vacated by the resignation of Mike Olsen. Powers, executive director of the Kansas State Historical Society serves on the Santa Fe National Historic Trail Advisory Council. He has been a member of SFTA since 1990. His expertise and perspective are welcome additions to the board.

PAT O'BRIEN REPLACED BY EARL CASTEEL

PAT O'Brien, Lakewood, CO, resigned his office as SFTA director from Colorado. He was unable to devote the time necessary to fulfill the obligations of the position. The SFTA board elected Earl Casteel, Alamosa, CO, to fill the vacancy. Casteel is president of the Bent's Fort Chapter. We wish O'Brien well and welcome Casteel to the governing board.

1997 SYMPOSIUM PLANS

COORDINATORS David Hutchison and Dan Sharp report that the Cimarron Cutoff Chapter, host of the 1997 symposium, is on schedule with preparations for an exciting and educational conference. Members and supporters from Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico have met and made tentative plans. The theme for the symposium is "The Cimarron Route—Travel, Trade & Tribulation." The SFTA governing board will meet prior to the program.

An "Early Bird Reception," hosted by Baca County, CO, members will be held on Tuesday evening, September 23, at the Morton County Historical Society Museum in Elkhart, KS, for members of the board, their families, and other interested

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RATON PASS COMMITTEE WINS NATIONAL AWARD

ON August 14 the Mayor's Committee for Old Raton Pass, Raton, NM, was honored with the Trails for Tomorrow Award sponsored by DuPont Cordura® nylon. The award recognizes outstanding efforts put forth by trail organizations on National Trails Day, held annually on the first weekend in June and sponsored by the American Hiking Society.

Sticks and stones and garbage and graffiti could not keep a good pass down. The city of Raton wanted to close Old Raton Pass, on the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail, which had suffered from years of neglect and vandalism. A mayor's committee was formed and called for emergency measures to control off-road access, trash, fire, erosion, and ways to keep the pass open to the public. For its efforts, committee representative Nancy Robertson, SFTA member from Raton, was flown to Salt Lake City to receive the 1996 Trails for Tomorrow Award.

This award honors ten trail clubs for outstanding efforts to raise trail awareness on National Trails Day. The June 1 celebration this year included about one million people in more than 3,000 events nationwide. National Trails Day was started four years ago by the American Hiking Society to provide Americans a positive trail experience and increase public awareness of trails and cooperation among trail users.

The award includes a trip to the ceremony, \$500 cash from Cordura®, and nearly \$2,000 of donated packs, hikers and outdoor apparel, constructed from Cordura®, from such manufacturers as JanSport, Eastpak, Vasque, and North Face.

To create awareness for its goals, the Raton Committee leveraged National Trails Day with a celebration at Climax Canyon Park and



Nancy Robertson, representative of the Mayor's Committee for Old Raton Pass, receives the Dupont Cordura® Trails for Tomorrow Award from Wayne Shufelt.

the Old Raton Pass Scenic Highway. Events included a mountain bike ride, cleanup of the site, and Boy Scouts' camping demonstration. Participants were then treated to a picnic and a talk by consulting geologist Chuck Pillmore on the "Death of the Dinosaurs" and the "Old Raton Pass Iridium Layers."

Due to the committee's actions, instead of closing the pass, Mayor Joe Apache and City Manager Eric Honeyfield set up evening police patrols, erected a fire danger gate, and asked the Raton road department to grade the roads and block off badly eroded four-wheeler trails.

Robertson, who has always been an outdoor enthusiast and advocate for trails, believes this event was chosen a winner because "we're a town of 8,000 who were about to lose a trail and the event brought many people together." The group is still deciding how best to use the cash and product awards for fundraising efforts. Congratulations to everyone involved in this award-winning activity.

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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

I just returned from the recent SFTA board meeting at the Trail Center near Larned, which was our third all-day meeting this year. I am very excited about the courage the board is displaying in meeting the challenges on several fronts.

We spent the majority of the day grappling with the ongoing problem of low revenues which hampers our ability to accomplish the objectives of our Association. Without a dues increase we were facing a 1997 budget which was 50% over revenues. The board unanimously approved a revised dues schedule (which is detailed below) as submitted by our membership committee, chaired by Deanne Wright, that will enable us to avoid the deficit we are experiencing in 1996.

One of our problems is that 95% of our revenue is generated by membership dues. Dues should not be over 50-60% of total revenue. To begin to address this issue the board approved a recommendation from Joy Poole, chair of the revenue task force, to implement a revenue advancement plan beginning in 1997 which will give our membership an opportunity to contribute toward several designated funds in such areas as mapping, marking, trail preservation, education, publications, etc. Joy's task force has worked hard on the plan and you will all soon be receiving a detailed explanation of the opportunities provided in this plan.

Other streams of revenue are being examined for feasibility as the board continues to address some inevitable future needs such as an executive director (at least part time), and/or more headquarters staff.

On a lighter note, Dave Hutchison presented exciting plans for the symposium next year as coordinated by the Cimarron Cutoff Chapter and involving trail segments in three states. This event will be a fitting climax to the two-year 175th anniversary of the Santa Fe Trail. Time to mark your calendar now for September 1997!

At that symposium we will be celebrating our 10th anniversary with special ceremonies. Marc Simmons has been compiling the Association's history for our first 10 years, and it will be available to

each of you by then.

SFTA membership is on the increase, the 175th is bringing new attention to the Trail, and I hear from many of you about your renewed enthusiasm as we increase our focus on marking, mapping, and preserving the Trail. The Santa Fe Trail certainly does live!

—Ross Marshall

BOARD REVISES DUES

THE SFTA governing board, at the meeting on October 26, approved a revised dues schedule for 1997 as follows:

Youth (18 and under)	\$15/year
Individual	\$25/year
Family	\$30/year
Business/Institutional	\$40/year
Patron	\$100/year
Benefactor	\$1000

This is the first increase since 1993 and will enable the Association to have a balanced budget. A letter inserted in this issue explains the increase, and a membership renewal form is included.

Please note that the mailing label on *WT* shows the expiration date of your membership. Remember that your membership is vital to the continued success of SFTA.

TRAIL CALENDARS

THE 1997 calendar commemorating the 175th anniversary will soon be ready for delivery (order forms in this issue). The SFTA Last Chance Store was able to purchase 500 of these from the First National Bank in Trinidad, CO, and they will be sold to members on a first come-first served basis.

Doug Holdread, Trinidad artist has created an original painting for each month, depicting some aspect of Trail history. Each of these is suitable for framing after the calendar is used. There are quotations from Trail personages, highlights of Trail history, and important Trail dates.

First National Bank of Trinidad has donated the original art work to SFTA. Plans are for these to be available as a traveling exhibit for display at museums, historic sites, and libraries along the Trail. Please take advantage of the opportunity to purchase this special keepsake of the Trail anniversary. There will not be anything else like it.

All matters relating to *Wagon Tracks* should be sent to SFTA Editor Leo E. Oliva, PO Box 31, Woodston KS 67675.

Telephone: (913) 425-7312

FAX: (913) 425-6865

Headquarters of the Santa Fe Trail Association are located at the office of Secretary-Treasurer Ruth Olson Peters, Santa Fe Trail Center, RR 3, Larned KS 67550.

Telephone: (316) 285-2054

FAX (316) 285-7491.

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Membership Categories

Benefactor	\$1,000
Patron	\$100/year
Institutional	\$40/year
Family	\$30/year
Individual	\$25/year
Youth (18 & under)	\$15/year

Editor: Leo E. Oliva, PO Box 31, Woodston, KS 67675 (913) 425-7312, FAX (913) 425-6865

President: Ross Marshall, 6624 Craig Rd, Merriam, KS 66202 (913) 262-6445

Vice-President: Ramon Powers, 7121 Watling Ct, Topeka KS 66604 (913) 478-9526

Secretary-Treasurer: Ruth Olson Peters, Santa Fe Trail Center, RR 3, Larned, KS 67550 (316) 285-2054

1995 Symposium Coordinators: David Hutchison, HCR 1 Box 35, Boise City, OK 73933 (405) 426-2457

Dan Sharp, HCR 1 Box 83, Boise City, OK 73933 (405) 426-2710

Publicity Coordinator: Michael E. Pitel, New Mexico Dept of Tourism, PO Box 20003, Santa Fe NM 87503 (505) 827-7400

Directors:

Earl Casteel, Colorado
William Y. Chalfant, Kansas
Virginia Lee Fisher, Missouri
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Phil Petersen, Colorado
Joy Poole, At Large
Margaret Sears, New Mexico
Dave Webb, At Large
Deanne Wright, Kansas
Tim Zwink, Oklahoma

SYMPOSIUM PLANS

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persons arriving early. The board will meet on Wednesday, Sept. 24. Following the board meeting all early arrivals will be bused to Wagonbed Spring historical site for a meal and entertainment hosted by the Wagonbed Spring Chapter.

On Thursday, Sept. 25, the symposium will officially commence, hosted by Morton County, KS, members. Marc Simmons will be the keynote speaker, followed by additional Trail site lecturers and tours of the Cimarron National Grassland, DAR markers, Point of Rocks, Morton County Historical Society Museum, and Santa Fe Trail modular exhibit, followed by wagon rides and a chuck wagon barbecue at Middle Spring.

Participants will follow the Trail to Cimarron County, OK, on Friday, Sept. 26. A pancake breakfast will welcome all registrants, followed by tours to various Trail sites in the county. Lecturers at each site will tell the history. A hamburger feed will be held at the park at noon. Afternoon plans include more tours. This will be a rare opportunity to see many sites located on private property and, for many, this may be a once-in-a-lifetime experience. This day will conclude with an "Oklahoma Banquet" and a birthday celebration party for the SFTA.

Events for Saturday morning, Sept. 27, are still being formulated, but there may be additional tours in Cimarron County and a breakfast at the site of Camp Nichols. Saturday afternoon the symposium will travel to Clayton, NM, with tours to McNees Crossing and other sites in Union County and lectures. Saturday evening the awards banquet will be held in Clayton.

Plans for Sunday, Sept. 28, include an "all you can eat" breakfast, bus tours, church service on the Trail, and a historical dramatist portraying Susan Shelby Magoffin. There may be opportunities to visit other Trail sites as people head home.

Registration materials will be sent to all SFTA members well in advance of the symposium. Those planning to attend should make room reservations as soon as possible. For more information write to 1997 SFTA Symposium, PO Box 655, Boise City, OK 73933.

RILEY G. PARKER

by Marc Simmons

Riley G. Parker, 63, died of a brain tumor in Albuquerque on August 30, 1996. He and his wife Betty had been loyal SFTA members since 1987.

Born in Casa Grande, AZ, Riley spent his early years on the Pima Indian Reservation where his father was employed by the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. He graduated from Baylor University, Waco, TX, in 1954.

In 1980 Riley moved to Santa Fe and started Parker Books of the West, which had its last location on Palace Ave. He was the chief organizer of the outstanding book exhibit at SFTA's 1989 Santa Fe symposium. Several years ago he delivered an interesting talk to the End of the Trail Chapter about rare and unusual books dealing with the Santa Fe Trail.

Recently, Riley and Betty sold their Santa Fe shop and moved to Albuquerque where they helped organize an antiquarian department in a large bookstore. They arranged for the purchase of the stock of the famous Los Artesanos Bookstore on the Las Vegas, NM, plaza, long operated by SFTA members Joe and Diana Stein.

Riley Parker was well-known and admired by book people, historians, and Santa Fe Trail buffs. Sincere condolences are extended to his wife Betty and son Justin.

Memorials may be addressed to Riley Parker Memorial, c/o Tom Chávez, Palace of the Governors, PO Box 2087, Santa Fe NM 87504. Checks should be made out to Museum of NM Foundation, memo: Parker.

PEGGY LOU BUTTON

Peggy Lou Button, 63, died August 2, 1996, at her home near Great Bend, KS, where she and her husband Robert engaged in farming. She was an active member of the Trinity Lutheran Church and her community. She and Robert were charter members of SFTA and the Quivira Chapter. Condolences to Bob and their family.

JIMMY SKAGGS

Jimmy Skaggs, 56, a member of the Wichita State University fac-

ulty since 1970, died Aug. 25, 1996, of cancer. A transplanted Texan, his speciality was economic history. He was the author of a number of books on a wide range of topics. His *Broadcloth and Britches: The Santa Fe Trade*, 1977, which he coauthored with Seymour V. Conner, is lauded by Trail scholars as an indispensable study.

NATIONAL AWARD

(continued from page 1)

The other 1996 Trails for Tomorrow winners are Ontario Pathways (New York), Trail Mix Inc. (Alaska), Connecticut Forest and Park Association, Greenway Network Inc. (Missouri), Coastwalk (California), West Virginia Rail-to-Trails Council, Saratoga Springs Open Space Project (New York), Georgia-Carolina Connection, and Apalachee Chapter of the Florida Trails Association.

For more information about National Trails Day contact the American Hiking Society at (301) 565-6704.

TRAIL SONGS AVAILABLE

MARK L. Gardner, former SFTA vice-president, Trail historian, and talented musician, has released a compact disk and cassette recording of songs of the Santa Fe Trail and the Far West. He is accompanied by a group called the Skirtlifters who utilize historic instruments and playing styles.

The variety of tunes make delightful listening, especially while driving along the Trail or anywhere. Marc Simmons declared, "Hooray! At last we have a tape of authentic trail songs . . . [which] catch the spirit of the old, covered wagon days. I love it and so will you." An order form is included with this issue.

PAPER TRAILS

by Mike Olsen

HERE are a couple of more novels dealing with the Trail. If anyone knows of more, please let me know at 1729 Eighth St, Las Vegas NM 87701.

Grey, Zane. *The Lost Wagon Train*. New York, Grosset & Dunlap, 1922. There are many subsequent editions.

Vestal, Stanley. *Dobe Walls*. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1929.

SUSAN MAGOFFIN'S ROCKAWAY CARRIAGE

by Harry C. Myers

(Ambassador Myers is a frequent contributor to WT. A photocopy of a drawing of a Rockaway would not reproduce for inclusion with this article.)

EARLIER this year, Doug Holdread, artist for the First National Bank in Trinidad 175th anniversary Santa Fe Trail calendar asked what kind of carriage Susan Shelby Magoffin used on her 1846 trip and what it would have looked like. We were in contact with Doug Thamert of Patagonia, AZ, who is a horse-drawn vehicle consultant, historian, blacksmith, wagon maker, and bookseller. In the course of one of our discussions, I asked him if he had any idea about Susan's carriage. He did not but volunteered to do some research on the question.

A couple of weeks later Thamert called and said that a letter was in the mail along with a drawing of a Rockaway Carriage which was most likely the type that Susan had. He had skimmed through her journal, which he had previously read, and noted on page 80 that she called her carriage a "*catrin* [carreton---little carriage]." Because of other circumstances he discovered in his search, Doug suggested that the conveyance might be a "Rockaway." His letter, reproduced below, laid out a well-reasoned case for his belief, and I passed on the drawing of the Rockaway to artist Holdread.

In late May I attended the Rendezvous at Larned, KS, and heard the wonderful presentation by VanAnn Moore as Susan Shelby Magoffin. Imagine my surprise when I heard VanAnn, as Susan, mention that she had a Rockaway carriage. Lucy Romo of Fort Union checked for me after I returned and, sure enough, on page 25 of Susan's diary she wrote: "We drove all of our concern, that is, the little *Rockaway carriage* we are travelling in, Jane's dearborn and the baggage wagon" [italics added]. Without actually re-discovering page 25, Doug used his collection of trade references along with some social analogies and came up with a Rockaway as well. I guess that's why we and others consult him in these kinds of matters. The text of his letter follows:

The Rockaway, a new style of vehicle in 1846, was created by a carriage maker in Jamaica, Long Island, New York. It quickly became popular with the upper middle class in New York and in Philadelphia where it was marketed. This private light carriage was a spin-off of the Germantown, a popular light enclosed coach of the day, whose relative was the Coachee, a smaller version of a larger private coach used by the wealthy. Susan's Dearborn wagon and another popular conveyance of the day, the Jersey wagon, were less expensive spin-offs from these types of vehicles as well.

An interesting evolution occurred here in that a coaching-class vehicle influenced the development of a carriage-class vehicle which in turn influenced the creation of vehicles in the wagon-class. The Rockaway is in the light wagon class but at this point in its evolution it can also be classified in the carriage class due to its amenities.

The Rockaway was drawn by two horses and was probably ordered by Samuel with heavier axles, fifth wheel, reach, springs, and hitch equipment. I'm sure his previous experience over the rough SFT would have dictated these improvements.

Since Susan & Samuel spent their first six months of marriage in New York & Philadelphia, where Samuel was buying merchandise for his next trip to Mexico and enjoying a honeymoon with his new, young bride, the new Rockaway was a logical choice for this lovely, proper lady.

We know they had their servants in attendance and Susan, being the lady that she was, had a driver. The Rockaway had two seats, the rear being comfortable and somewhat higher allowing her a clear view of the scenery and including roll-up curtains that could be lowered or raised depending on the weather and her mood.

I am convinced that of all the "private light carriages" available at the time, this would be a probable style choice for her purpose and comfort.

NEW MEXICO TRAIL TOUR

MAGGIE Greenwood, SFTA member from Angel Fire, NM, has prepared a self-guided auto-tour tape and booklet for the Trail in New Mexico, from Santa Fe to Raton Pass. Published by Down the Road in New Mexico, the tape provides historical narrative as well as descriptions of what can be seen.

This is the fourth self-guided auto-tour package released by Greenwood. The others are *The Enchanted Circle* (Taos, Red River, & Angel Fire), *Los Alamos to Bandelier*; and *Santa Fe to Chimayo*.

For more information about these programs or to order, contact Maggie Greenwood, Down the Road in New Mexico, PO Box 981, Angel Fire NM 87710 (505) 377-6870.



Deanne Wright, Agnes City Cemetery, beside marker of great-grandparents Perry.

A BOARD BIO

Deanne D. Wright

DEANNE D. Wright, Council Grove, KS, was elected to the SFTA board of directors in 1995. She traces her connections to the Trail back to her great-grandparents Perry who settled along the Trail. Wright attended Abilene High School and earned degrees from both the University of Kansas and Kansas State University. She has extensive experience in communication and marketing. She worked at Kansas State University radio station, KKSU, for 22 years. During this time she hosted and produced her own show, "Ideas Unlimited," in which she interviewed knowledgeable people about pertinent topics.

As part of that program she produced a series on the Santa Fe Trail, interviewing persons all along the Trail. For this work she received the SFTA Award of Merit in 1995. In 1994 Wright was awarded first place by the Kansas Association of Broadcasters, Public Affairs Programs, Non-Commercial, for her production of "Kansas, The Place to Be."

She retired from her radio career in 1995. Deanne and her husband Earl live in Council Grove, where they have become involved in many community activities relating to and promoting the Santa Fe Trail. In 1995 Deanne became curator of the Kaw Mission State Historic Site at Council Grove. She is an active member of the Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter of SFTA.

150 YEARS OF SOLITUDE

THE 150th anniversary of the occupation of Santa Fe by General Stephen W. Kearny's Army of the West on August 18, 1846, passed almost without notice. That event, however, was as significant, perhaps much more important, as the opening of commerce over what became the Santa Fe Trail 175 years ago.

Marc Simmons wrote several of his weekly "Trail Dust" columns about the march of Kearny's Army and the conquest. Otherwise little attention was given to the occasion. An exception was the publication of two items in the *Albuquerque Journal* about the anniversary of Kearny's conquest, both of which follow. The first, an editorial printed August 18, 1996, reviews the magnitude of the event. The second, a column by Larry Calloway printed August 20, 1996, tells about the unobtrusive observance involving Kearny descendants and two SFTA members.

Kearny Took Santa Fe 150 Years Ago Today

One hundred and fifty years ago today, Brig. Gen. Stephen Watts Kearny led a column of U.S. troops into Santa Fe and formally declared the territory of New Mexico a part of the United States. It was a pivotal event in the history of this state, but one curiously being ignored.

One can argue, with justification, that the conquest of New Mexico by Kearny's tiny army of 1,558 men and 16 cannons was but a chapter in a sordid war of aggression by the United States against the fledgling Republic of Mexico—which had secured its Independence from Spain scarcely more than two decades before in 1821.

But, it nonetheless happened, and it shaped the subsequent history of this place as surely as did the colonizing *entrada* of Juan de Oñate in 1598—or, for that matter, the arrival of the Navajo and Apache Indians in approximately the same century. Of such events are multicultural societies built.

Kearny was served refreshments in the Palace of the Governors by Gov. Juan Bautista Vigil y Alarid, and the stars and stripes was hoisted over that then-already, venerable building.

Not surprisingly, Mexican officials in Santa Fe expressed regret at the declaration of American sovereignty, according to historian Ralph Emerson Twitchell. He quoted Gov. Vigil as saying, "Do not find it strange if there has been no manifestation of joy and enthusiasm in seeing this city occupied by your military forces. . . . No matter what her condition, she [the Mexican Republic] was our mother."



At Kearny Monument, Santa Fe Plaza, August 18, 1996, l to r: Mark Gardner, Hans van Sachsen-Altenburg, Stephanie Kearny, Marc Simmons, Susanna Kearny, & Larry Calloway.

However, Twitchell reported that certain of the Indian tribes had a different reaction: "Meanwhile Kearny had been visited by the chiefs of several Pueblo Tribes, who gave in their submission and expressed great satisfaction over the arrival of the American forces. At the interview they stated that it had been a tradition with them that the White man would come from the far east and release them from the bonds and shackles which had been imposed upon them by the Spaniards."

Kearny instructed his engineers to commence the construction of Fort Marcy, on the high ground above the Plaza the following day to cement the American authority.

Different groups (and individuals) have different perspectives on the events set in motion 150 years ago than those of Kearny's contemporaries in 1846, but nobody remained unchanged by the fact of Kearny's imposition of American sovereignty.

So, regardless of whether we in New Mexico mark that occasion of a century and a half ago, most of us live where we live and how we live as a result of that event.

Many New Mexicans of Spanish colonial descent note that their families didn't come to the United States, the United States came to them. That's true, and it came 150 years ago today.

150 Years of Solitude

by Larry Calloway

Sisters Stephanie and Susanna Kearny of Albuquerque, slim and poised in their bright summer dresses, were a little shy about creating a scene on the Santa Fe Plaza in the midst of Indian Market. But nobody cared.

On Sunday afternoon they brought champagne discreetly in a brown bag to the low stone monument that bears the name of their great-great grandfather,

Stephen Watts Kearny, the American general who took Santa Fe.

Southwest historians Mark L. Gardner of Cascade, Colo., and Marc Simmons of Cerrillos brought an old red, white and blue streamer. A European writer-publisher named Hans von Sachsen of Dallas brought a photo copy of the Santa Fe proclamation in which Kearny took possession of the Mexican territory and guaranteed civil rights and religious freedom. (Later, another sister, assistant Albuquerque City attorney Adelia Kearny, would bring her children Anna and Stephen Kearny Wakeland.)

Pictures were taken. Simmons draped the streamer. Susanna Kearny read aloud from her great-great grandfather's handwriting. Champagne was drunk from plastic cups.

And that was it. The 150th birthday of the American Southwest. Nobody paid much attention, and as the Kearny sisters left, a large oblivious man sat on the monument.

In the morning, Gardner and Simmons had been to Cañoncito in Apache Canyon, near Santa Fe, where they read the testimony of soldiers, as Simmons put it, "to the wind." Nobody cared there either except maybe one Hispanic man, who yelled at them.

See, the two Anglo historians were standing beside a New Mexico historical marker that says, "This is where Gov. Manuel Armijo prepared to defend New Mexico against the American Army in 1846.

They were orienting a copy of a 150-year-old map—a document recently discovered by Gardner—that showed Armijo's aborted defense preparations, when a big pickup slowly rumbled by.

The driver leaned out the window and yelled: "Go home!"

Simmons was delighted. "That adds to it," he said.

MEMOIRS OF J. C. (BUCKSKIN JOE) PROCTOR

edited by Robert E. Yarmer

(Yarmer, SFTA member from Ellinwood, KS, found the following memoirs of J. C. Proctor in the September 13, 1945, issue of the Ellinwood Leader. Proctor had died in 1942 and his widow later provided selections from his published recollections of life in present Barton County in the 1860s. His obituary from the July 2, 1942, issue of the same newspaper appears below, providing an overview of his life.)

INTRODUCTION

ONE of the first settlers in the Ellinwood area of Barton County was J. C. Proctor, an Iowa farm boy who came to Kansas in 1867 or 1868. He worked at Fort Zarah on the Santa Fe Trail for a time and later drove cattle from Texas to Kansas railroads. He was a resident of the area when Barton County was organized in 1872. In 1876 he married Martha Bailey. He later built wagon roads and railroads in the West. Late in life he wrote a book about his early-day experiences under the title of "Buckskin Joe."

The portion of that book telling of his adventures in the county was reprinted in 1945, courtesy of Martha Proctor, and is reprinted again. The newspaper editor, Martin Glenn, at that time provided a few explanatory notes: Dick Strew's ranch probably was first located on Plum Creek, where he traded with travelers. He later moved to the vicinity of Fort Zarah where he conducted a road ranch. Homer H. Kidder came to Kansas from Michigan in 1863 and operated a trading post near the place where Fort Zarah was built the following year. The road ranch mentioned by Proctor may have belonged to Kidder. Nate Hudson was an early day frontiersman in the area, working for the army and various contractors.

The memoirs are printed below as they appeared in the newspaper. At the end of the newspaper article the editor noted that Proctor herded cattle for a time at Fort Larned. The latter part of Proctor's book turned from history to fiction, relating a romance with a Southern girl who had been kidnapped by Mexicans.

PROCTOR OBITUARY

July 2, 1942—One of Barton county's



J. C. and Martha Proctor wedding photo, 1876.

earliest pioneers, J. C. Proctor, who drove Texas cattle over the Ellinwood townsite before the town was organized and whose life included adventure of all types, from the life of a cowboy to authorship, passed away recently in Harbor View Hospital, Seattle, Washington.

Mr. Proctor was employed by a big Texas cattle company for a number of years as a trail herder, and his herds often came through here on the way to Union Pacific railhead north of here. While on these trips he met Martha Bailey, daughter of an early day Ellinwood business man and the couple were married here in 1876. Bailey and Proctor ran a livery stable for several years on the corner now occupied by Wagner Bros. store.

Mr. Proctor turned to new pioneering in about 1880 when he left Ellinwood to build roadbed for the Great Northern in Montana, Utah and Idaho. He was a railroader for a time in Montana and Oregon and then took a contract to build wagon roads in Yellowstone National Park. Sometime after this venture he became a farmer on an extensive scale in western Oregon. In his later years he produced a book, his life story, a very interesting volume which he never brought up to date, after its first publication.

In 1905 Mr. and Mrs. Proctor established a home in Seattle and in 1908 Mr. Proctor gave up his wide flung activities and settled down to spend the rest of his life there.

MEMOIRS

September 13, 1945—BARTON COUNTY IN THE SIXTIES, From "Buckskin Joe," a story by the late J. C. Proctor.

When I was a youngster I desired to go West. After my mother's death father had remarried so home life did not mean

much to me. I started on my journey from the Southern part of Iowa, and the first place I stopped was at Junction City, Kansas. It was there I began to see sights. I saw a big freighting outfit. The building of railroads was in progress and some of the outfits were laid up. I asked the men in charge the best way to get a job to work my way across the plains. They told me and in a few days I went to "the front" as it was called.

The Kansas Pacific railroad was building west of Ft. Hayes. I arrived at the Fort in the evening. Since there was only one boarding house, tents were used to take care of those who were unable to find a place to sleep. "Buffalo Bill" Cody had just killed a buffalo for the grading camp. I ate some of it and thought it was the finest meat I had ever tasted.

When I was in Iowa I was told that I might be able to get a team to drive from Ft. Hayes, but to my disappointment there was nothing going from that point. However, they told me that if I had stopped off at Ellsworth I would have had a better chance to have gotten a team to drive westward.

While waiting to decide which way I would go, a six horse stage coach drove up. This was a great sight to me because I had never seen six horses driven by one man. As soon as I was told that the driver got \$150 per month for driving the team, I went up to him and asked him what the fare was to where the coach had just come from, the Lone Tree Stage Ranch. I asked him if he would be starting back in a short time. When I asked him what the fare was to the place where the stage came from, he asked me why I wanted to go there. I told him I wanted to go across the plains.

The driver's reply was, "Where is your gun and your six shooter? Is the hide on top of your head on tight? Boys do not travel in that part of the country without something to protect themselves with. If you were at the Lone Tree ranch you would see a few outfits going west. But each of them would have all the help they needed, and you would be worse off than you would be here."

Shortly after this the track laying gang got in from their work. There was a gentle breeze that came up just like the ones they have out in Kansas. There were about 200 men in this bunch. About half of the men lost their hats. All of the empty barrels and boxes got loose and joined the race. The men who had not lost their hats were busy turning spike kegs loose so they could join the race. When the ones who were chasing their hats got out three or four hundred yards they discovered that they had lost the race. The wind was so strong they were not able to go against it and were forced to lie down and hold onto the grass. I had to do the same as they did.

By this time I was satisfied that I was on the wrong track. I dropped back to Ellsworth. I stayed here one day and night. About every other house was a

saloon. Everyone seemed to have money. I tried to learn something about the new country, that I was about to tackle to make my living. I found a man here who had an order to hire two men to drive teams to Ft. Zarah. I was told that I could go out with a freighting outfit. I took this job and the first place we stopped was at Dick Strew's ranch. About all he had to sell was whiskey, which was priced at twenty five cents per drink, and everyone seemed to have plenty of money to pay for it. I met many of the men coming in from the Fort and Mr. Kidder, the man I was going to work for, was among them. He told me to go out and report to Hank Martin, the wagon boss.

The next evening, just about supper time, I found him. He was in a dug out with seven or eight men, preparing the evening meal. All of them treated me very nice. Soon we sat down to a good wholesome supper. There was lots of buffalo meat, sourdough biscuits and lots of strong black coffee. That made an enticing meal for a hungry boy. After supper, they smoked awhile, and then started to initiate the tenderfoot.

BARTON COUNTY IN THE SIXTIES Buckskin Joe Part II

"What do you expect to do in this God forsaken country?" one of them asked.

"Well," I answered, "I thought I would ask some of you gentlemen who have been here some little time about that."

Then they started in by telling of seeing a man killed and scalped and how it would be necessary for me to have my six shooter strapped to my waist all of the time. After a while I found out that some of this was true.

The next morning I looked around. Ft. Zarah had two hundred soldiers. The cavalry and everything else was in good shape. It looked like it would be a very good place to live.

We accomplished very little the first day. I met Nate Hudson, about whom I has heard so much. He was staying at the Road Ranch, which was a stopping place for travelers. He asked me where I was from and I told him that I came from the southern part of Iowa. Then he told me he was from the northern part of Missouri.

I told him I was going to drive a team for Kidder and Parker. He told me not to pay any attention to anything the teamsters told me, but to listen to Hank Martin. Anything that he might say would be worth listening to. As I left him he called to me and said, "Say boy, I will see Hank. He will be your boss in the wood hauling."

The next morning we left to go up Walnut Creek and bring in some wood. Hank Martin, who had been driving one team, was to ride a saddle horse, because they had a new man working for them. This arrangement left Hank's team for someone else.

One of the fellows said to Hank, "To whom are you going to give your team?" "I think that I am to give it to the boy," he said. "I will drive with him until I see how he is going to get along."

The following morning Hank helped

me to harness the mules and hitch them to the wagon. Then I got on the near wheeler, gave the jerk line a little shake, and halloed, "Gee Kit." We moved out just as if we were going to haul wood. As we passed the Road Ranch Nate Hudson came out on his brown horse named Dick. Dick was known and admired by everyone in that part of the country. Nate Hudson joined our group. As we traveled up the creek I noticed that these men kept watching all the time. When we got to the wood that we were to haul, they went on up the creek.

"What are those fellows looking for?" I asked.

"Don't you know" one replied.

"Well to make a long story short they are looking for something that we don't want to find, and that's Indians."

After we got back I heard a lot about Indians. All about how they were in the habit of scalping all of the white men they caught. I thought all of this was talk for my benefit. Once in a while I would ask Hank or Nate and they would tell me the straight of the thing.

We got back from the first trip at three o'clock in the afternoon, as we had no dinner the men began to prepare the meal for us immediately. I could not cook very well so I got the wood and helped all I could in this way. After dinner I told them I could wash dishes like an expert. That pleased them very much. However they instructed me to be very careful of their china, and that I should not break any of it. All of the dishes were of tin. I could see that my standing with them was growing because I liked to do dishes.

The next day we went after more wood. Things looked more favorable to us, but in spite of this the wagon boss was not enthusiastic. He was always on the lookout for Indians, even when Nate was not. That evening while we were getting supper, Nate came around and took Hank out. They talked for along time. I had heard Nate was working for the government and his business was to keep tab of the Indians and bring the report to Captain Nolan, the Commander at the Fort. Many of us understood that we were being watched by the Indians, and of course we had to watch them.

Nate Hudson had worked with an Indian trader. Nate and this trader had exchanged beads for buffalo robes and furs. Nate could talk their language well enough to get along. He had learned many of the traits of the Indian. He knew that when they were getting ready to go on the war path they were sullen and prone to pouting. By these signs he was able to know what they were planing.

Shortly after I came to the Fort I heard that Captain Nolan had received permission to hire a scout at \$150 per month and rations. There were two longhaired, desperate looking men on hand, desiring the job. One of them was named Hurricane Ball. There was a lot of speculation among the men as to whom the job would be given. It was said that Nate was eligible for the job, but he was already a government employee. No one knew what his salary was, or how long

his job would last.

Everyone was speculating as to the time of an outbreak by the Indians. Because of the fear of an attack Nate was on the go all of the time. However, Nate reported the conditions only to the Captain and to Hank. All of us were equipped with guns cartridges, in case we needed to use them.

For the first days of wood hauling there had been but very little excitement, but this morning when we moved out, there were twenty mounted soldiers ready to go with us. It was current gossip that there were fifteen hundred Cheyenne Indians up the creek and out over the Cheyenne Bottom. They were beating their tom-toms and making a great noise all through the night. All the men who had been on the Plains any length of time knew this meant to look out because the Indians were on the war path. Sam Parker, who was then with us, went after wood. Everyone seemed to put on extra six shooters.

This went along for about a week. When we were loading the wood another detachment of soldiers came out to help escort us in. The next morning we were not permitted to go out after wood. But instead we had orders to help move everything up close to the Fort. The Fort was built of sandstone and looked like a very good place to live but we had to stay out with the mules and wagons. All of the wagons were put into a corral shape. They were put into this shape to keep the stock inside.

After everything was in readiness we lay in suspense. The two men that wanted the Scout job were around and told us that country was literally alive with Indians. They said there was no telling what would happen. Their idea was that the Indians would try to run the stock off if they got a chance. That, of course, was one of the reasons for moving in close to the Fort. We were told that Nate Hudson knew more of the conditions than anyone else, but he did not reveal anything to us except Captain Nolan.

The men that we called teamsters were asking me what I would do when the Indians came. "Well I will have to wait until they come, and see what you do," was my reply. "If you run I'll run right with you."

Everything seemed to be at a standstill until one evening two Indian boys came slipping around. No one paid much attention to them. Suddenly someone called to Sam Parker that the Indians were riding his saddle horse off. Both of the boys were on the horse. Parker picked up a gun and shot both boys with one shot. Trouble began.

The Captain took Sam into the Fort to protect him. The Indians came with their interpreter, who was a Mexican. He told the Captain that the Chief demanded that they turn over the man who shot the boys. If he did not the Chief would come and take the Fort and kill everyone there. The Captain told the interpreter to tell the Chief that in two hours he would tell him what he would do.

Immediately every man in the Fort was put to work getting ready. They got the

cannon out, the ammunition in place, and the port holes in shape. Fifteen hundred Indians were approaching and only two hundred soldiers in the Fort. It looked very one sided to me. The Captain told the Chief to come ahead.

Then the Captain sent for one of the would-be scouts. He needed to send a dispatch to Fort Harker, which was forty five miles away. The first one said he had hurt his back and could not ride horseback. The other one offered some other excuse. The Captain was in dire need of a man to go to Harker that night. With fifteen hundred Indians over the country Nate Hudson said that he would go if Captain Nolan would ask him. As soon as the Captain heard of this offer he sent for Nate to come immediately to the Fort. But Nate sent word to the Captain to come and see him if he wanted a man to go to Harker that night. His reason for doing this was that the other men had been waiting six weeks for the job and he did not want to be accused of taking their place. As soon as the Captain got this answer he said to the orderly, "Is this another bluff, or will he really go?" The Captain went to see Nate and asked him if he thought he could take the dispatch to Harker that night. "Yes Sir, I know I can, but what is there in it for me?" was Nate's question.

"There will be \$150 and rations as long as we need you as our scout and dispatcher. You can have your choice of the horses in the garrison," he said.

Nate went out to pick the one he wanted to ride, but the soldier who took care of the horses was not satisfied. He told Nate that he would whip him before he let him take that horse. Before any fighting had begun the orderly was there and stopped him.

Night was approaching fast and the new scout was almost ready to leave. Everyone was discussing the matter. Some even thought that Nate would not get five miles from the Fort before the Indians would have his scalp. That was hard for me to hear because Nate was my special friend and I thought he was the greatest man in the world. When he was ready to start I went up to him and asked him if he thought he could get through all right. He told me he realized what he was up against, but that he was able to handle the situation.

"Will you let me know as soon as you get back?" I asked. "I will surely be glad to see you get back safe and sound."

"That's all right," he said. "I will surely hunt you up when I get back here."

After he had gone many were speculating on whether he would return or not. There was no sleep for me at all that night. When daylight came I would have been happy if I had only known where Nate was and whether he was safe or not. The men all knew that I was thinking about Nate more than I was thinking about myself. They even asked me what I would do if Nate were killed by the Indians.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Parker as he came up to me.

The men told him that I was crying for fear Nate was killed. Parker said, "You need not worry about him because he

has been in many tight places before and he has always got through."

The day passed slowly on. Nothing of importance happened. The night came silently. The gang told me to go to sleep and if Nate got killed they would make me the scout. I did not like to hear such talk. I just had to bear it. We had the mules all tied to the wagons and we all stood guard. The boys told me that I might just as well be on guard all night because I could not sleep anyway. I was appointed guard.

About eleven thirty Nate was back. He went directly to the Captain's quarters. After he had spent fifteen minutes with the Captain he came over to the wagons. He did not have to look long for me. I was surely glad to see him. Everything went along as well as could be expected and nothing happened. The soldiers were scouting around a little, but did not bring in any news. If they had any news at all they must have kept it to themselves. We had begun to let the mules loose to get a little grass.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the Indians swooped down on us and circled the mules. Nate was at the Road Ranch where he boarded. He was the first one to see them at their mischief. He grabbed his gun and ran toward them. As they got around them Nate fired away. One Indian fell off his pony so Nate got both of them. We all went out and took a good look at him. In a short time the Mexican interpreter came and told the Captain that they would take the mans body for burial. The Captain gave orders that no one was to do anything to disturb them. When they came for the body they had a stretcher on two ponies. It took them only two minutes to load the body and get away. It was all done so quickly that if you had not been watching you could not have seen them.

In the next two weeks there came a good many men with teams who had been laid up there by the Captain's orders. Parker bought two four animal teams and he had a four mule team at Ellsworth. It had been sent after supplies for the camp. The soldiers were sent out to escort it in as the teamster would not come without them. We had three teams and plenty to eat. The contractors got some mules from the government and we began to haul wood again. We went up the creek about seven miles with an escort of about 25 armed soldiers. Each time, when we had gotten within two or three miles of the Fort the soldiers would run off and leave us without any protection. Hank Martin could have made them stay with us until we got in, but he did not think that there was any danger.

The Captain told Parker that he would have to get more stock as the government mules could not haul wood for the contractors. The new wood and hay contract was soon to be let and it was up to them to make a good showing. This they did. We were getting along fine with Nate on the lookout all of the time. He interviewed every outfit that came along. Nate was the best posted man in the country.

Parker told Hank Martin that he must

hurry the wood in as the contract was to be let in six weeks. We worked along very fast. In three weeks time we were almost done. We were all laying off one afternoon and Parker was going to look at the prospect for hay. He had a man going with him.

"Do you want to go along?" Parker asked me. "Yes" I said.

"Well, you get old Pidgen Toes," he said.

Pidgen Toes was a good saddle horse. They told me to be sure and get a six shooter. Each of the others had two. As we went past the Road Ranch there was a man, a Dutch woodcutter, who wanted work cutting wood. Parker told him to go ahead, but to look out for Indians. Since I was not used to this country I had forgotten them. We got up where they expected to make hay. The grass here looked fine. We were on the bank of the Arkansas river. I had not heard any noises, but Mr. Parker's trained keen ears had heard the sound of approaching Indians.

"Get along boys," he cried, "they're after us."

You can be sure we got along without being told twice. The Indians were about two hundred yards from us. We were about fifteen feet from the bank of the river. I was just moving into first place when my horse went down. I hit the ground rolling and rolled right into the water. There happened to be a cottonwood log floating where I went in. Fortunately it was forked so I could get my nose up to breath. I did not hurry things at all. I soon discovered that, with my feet on the river bottom, I could moor the log and stay under it. I did not abuse my luck. I stayed right where I was.

When they got through chasing the other two fellows, they came back where my horse had fallen down, but they did not take much interest in looking for me. They didn't have much of an idea whether I was with my horse or whether I had gotten away. I stayed in the water until it was dark. Then I started to move the log slowly down the river. I went very slowly so as not to attract any attention. As I went along, said to myself, "I think I can go out on the bank of the river and walk." But something within me seemed to say "Stay in and make a good job of it." I obeyed and made a success of it. When I got to camp the eyes of the soldiers bulged out because they thought I had been caught by the Indians and killed and scalped. As soon as the Captain heard of my return he sent Nate after me, saying he wanted to see me. Nate came to the dug out and called me out and told me the Captain wanted to see me. Both Nate and I went to the Captain's office. His first words were, "You are a lucky boy to be here." About this time work came in that the Dutchman who went out to look at the wood chopping prospects had come back in. The Captain soon sent for this man and heard his story. He told us when he heard shooting, horses running and war whoops, he knew what it meant. He climbed up a tree. There had been a few trees spared by the great prairie fires and they were the only things that he saw

that would give him any refuge from the Indians. The tree that he picked out had some vines that he could hide in. It made a very good hiding place because he was not only entirely hidden but he could see all over the river bottom land. He could see the two men and the horse with a saddle, but no rider. When the Indians had gotten as close to the Fort as they dared they started back up the creek and rode under the tree in which he was hiding. "This was the greatest escape that I have ever heard," the Captain said. "If I had not heard this from the source I most certainly would never have believed it."

The next thing considered was my mysterious escape from the Indians. The Captain sent a detachment of soldiers with a Lieutenant and Nate to look over the ground where the incident had occurred. They came back with the report that there were no tracks at all going into the water from where the horse fell. When the Captain heard this he sent for me again and asked me how I got in the water. I also told him I hit the ground rolling and rolled right into the water. I told him the Indians came back to look for my tracks, but found none and gave up.

The Captain said, "All right boy, when I need another Scout I'll remember you."

That made me feel good and I thought I might amount to something after all. We got to hauling wood again. A little Indian excitement always stopped work a bit.

It was not long until the hay was all ready for cutting. Kidder and Parker had the contract for furnishing wood and hay to the government. We soon established a camp in the meadow and had the hayracks built. The hay operations were to begin. They had three mowing machines and two rakes. I was told to be the rake boy, but that did not last very long. There was no one in camp who could put on more than half a load. Hank Martin said to me, "Did you ever load hay on a wagon?"

"Yes" I answered him.

"You can get ready to load wagons," he replied.

He asked me how big a load I could put on and I told him all the team could haul. Some of the older men seemed to think I was taking a great deal of responsibility. In spite of that I made good. We had fourteen men in the hay field. We were camped on the banks of the river. We had four teams hauling all of the time. Parker was out with us most of the time. He would shock, or pitch on the wagon. We were getting started fine. We had finished our noon meal and Parker had gone out to shock while the teamster was hitching up the wagon. The man was going out with the rake horse.

Suddenly we heard a roaring noise and here came about one hundred and fifty Indians right down on us. Well, it was a scramble to get things in shape. As a matter of fact everyone was looking out for no one but himself. Hank Martin was giving orders, but no one seemed to pay any attention or listen to what he said.

We looked to where Parker had been shocking hay a short time before and he was gone. We were frightened for him because we thought he had been captured, but we were also interested in our own welfare. Soon it seemed as if the Indians had lost something. From the way they were carrying on we did not know what to think. The Indians set fire to some of the shocks of hay. Hank Martin thought they had lost Parker. One man told us the last he had seen of Parker was when he was right in the midst of the Indians.

Everyone was still wondering what had become of Parker, but each one was so frightened for himself that they had little time to think of him. All of the men began to dig holes for a breastwork. We used tin pans for shovels. Shortly the Indians moved out of our gun range, although we had not used the guns yet. We had been trying to get in a position to defend ourselves. Just at this crucial moment we heard a sound that was very welcome to our ears. Fifty soldiers, a Lieutenant and Nate trying to keep in the lead. It looked very similar to a horse race. We had hardly time to think when they were up to us. I have liked soldiers very much since that day. The very first thing they asked us was if we were all right. Hank Martin told them all of us were all right except Sam Parker who was missing.

Nate Hudson and the Lieutenant got off their horses and went down to the place where Sam had last been seen. The opinion of nearly everyone was that he had been taken by the Indians and scalped. Nate and the Lieutenant looked where the Indians had burned the hay. There was an old well there that some immigrants had dug for water when the Arkansas river had gone dry some time before. The mowing machine, going around it, left a half circle and it looked like it was the only place to hide. Nate Hudson began to look in the well for him. By this time Parker had heard their voices and began to shout for help. They went over and helped him out. He was a little wet, but none the worse for the experience. They asked him who told him to jump in the well, but he told them it had been an accident.

We went to hauling hay again. The teamsters were expecting trouble, but nothing happened. Nate Hudson was sent out with a few soldiers on a scouting party. What they saw or learned was never revealed to any of us. I was still on the hay loading job and Nate told me if they got after me to go and jump in the well that Parker had discovered.

We went along without any interruption until we got the hay all in. We started off to finish up the wood. The work was getting close to the finish. Nate told me he could get me a job at Ft. Larned with John Harvey who had the contract for furnishing beef to the post for the soldiers. Nate told me, as the wood hauling was about done, the boys were wondering what they were going to do next. The men asked me what I was going to do. I told them I had a job waiting for me.

"Where did you get a job," they asked in chorus.

I told them I had a job herding cattle

with Harvey at Ft. Larned. I was asked if I knew anything about cattle. I told them I had been reared on a cattle ranch.

WET/DRY ROUTES CHAPTER PLANS MURDER SEMINAR

MURDER on the Santa Fe Trail is the subject of a seminar to be offered by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter on Saturday, June 14, 1997, at the Town Square Mall Ballroom in Larned, KS. The seminar was inspired by Marc Simmons's book of the same name.

While Simmons will not be able to participate, he has graciously granted to William Y. Chalfant, Hutchinson author, a license to discuss the subject of his book, the murder of José Antonio Chávez on Owl Creek near present Lyons, KS, in 1843.

Other presenters will include Ray Schulz, Great Bend authority on Walnut Creek, speaking on the murder of Francis Boothe at the Walnut Creek Ranche in 1857; Randy Thies, Kansas State Historical Society, speaking on the 1862 murder of A. I. Baker at Rock Creek; and Tom Goodrich, Topeka author, addressing the murder of Augustus Howell in 1863 at Diamond Spring. Leo E. Oliva will introduce the seminar with a discussion of social conditions on the frontier which contributed to such violence. Books by the authors will be for sale during the seminar.

The cost of the seminar, including lunch, will be \$10.00 for Wet/Dry Routes Chapter members and \$20.00 for nonmembers. Registration forms will be included in the next issue of *WT*.

NEW MEXICO HISTORY CONFERENCE

THE Historical Society of New Mexico will hold its annual conference in Deming, April 10-12, 1997. Proposals are now being accepted for papers, panels, and discussion groups related to New Mexico history, including the Santa Fe Trail. Papers should be 20 minutes in length.

Proposals, one page only, should be sent to Robert J. Torrez, Historical Society of New Mexico, PO Box 1912, Santa Fe NM 87504 or faxed to (505) 827-7331. Deadline for proposals is December 31, 1996.

WILLIAM JAMES HINCHEY: AN IRISH ARTIST ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL, PART III

edited by Anna Belle Cartwright

(The editor's introduction and background for Hinchey's diary and sketches appeared in the previous two issues. The diary continues below, beginning with the entry for November 25, 1854, covering his stay in Santa Fe and return trip over the Trail to Missouri in the spring of 1855. In a brief afterword, Cartwright tells what Hinchey did following his Santa Fe Trail ventures. The outstanding exhibit of Hinchey's Trail sketches, notebooks, paintings, and artifacts may be seen at the National Frontier Trails Center in Independence until the end of 1996. Special thanks to Cartwright, the National Frontier Trails Center, and others who made this rare and valuable record available for publication.)

DIARY NO. 7

Sunday 25th of November 1854 Santa Fe.

The mail came in but brought me not one letter.

The past week was gone over in a poor routine of short walks and introductions. I had seen all the town in the first three or four days, consequently there was but little to interest me for the remainder unless I was to set about admiring or contemplating the great variety of character in this small metropolis.

Yesterday afternoon I took a ride around the entire borough in a little more than two hours, keeping on the hills and rising grounds in the neighborhoods. Expected to have a good sunset view of the town, but 'twas one of the worst I had yet seen; the miserable low houses not showing to any advantage in the deep distance.

Well today I have been to church, and there we had high mass by the "Le Pere Vaillie" {Avel?} and a sermon, Pere LeBrun, of course in Spanish.

Having gone this evening with Monsieur DeLongle to visit Monsieur Augustine we were shown into the apartment of the Pere LeBrun and there with Monsieur Augustine spent the evening. Found Mr. LeBrun very good company. We chatted about France, England, and other countries in which we had travelled. And he, being somewhat of an artist, of course his ideas were of some moment to me. An observer may learn much by observing little things in persons to whom they are yet strangers.
Saturday 1st of December 1854----Santa Fe.

The mail out with two letters for England, Rebecca and Father Weston; also one for Brother Tom, in New York, and one for Dr. Myle.

Wednesday 20th of December 1854. Santa Fe.

I think I have now something to do to

make up for the long time I have allowed to pass away without opening my notebook.

I may say first that the cause has been my losing one Volume full of very interesting matter gleaned of the voyage from the States. This has so much annoyed me that it made me dilatory on still continuing to scribble my little worth remarks. But 'twill not do to allow myself by so trifling a circumstance to be turned from a practice which I have now followed up for several years, and from which I may one day derive some pleasure in reading these notes made by me in the very presence of events and occurrences well worthy treating of, if one had but the ability for so doing.

So now that I have finished the reading of those loose volumes which I carried from Paris (containing Emile Berthese' "Tale of Antonio") and Soise "Famile Jufroi" and which have so closely engaged and much pleased me for the last fortnight, I may now once more commit to paper a few remarks on life I have led in Santa Fe.

Well I must now tax my memory for what I have been about during the unwritten interval of twenty days.

Now let me see -----

I visited the "little farm", or as they call it here, "Rancho," belonging to the Bishop, and where DeLongle is now "Boss." It is about four miles from this place. The country is picturesque but very barren, hilly and sandy. I borrowed a big mule from the blacksmith where the mailmen's horses, mules and carriages stop; his name is Gilcrist. On this mule I have ridden around Santa Fe, keeping to the hills all the way. A poor place indeed!!

Also I rode out to the "big farm" with the Vicar General {Joseph Priest Machebeuf, Lamy's lifelong friend and lieutenant} in a carriage on a Sunday afternoon and stayed all night at the farm, distance about sixteen miles. Next day returned to Santa Fe, having first made two little sketches of the farmhouse. My object in making that journey was to look for my lost notebook, for the recovery of which I offered five dollars.

Well, I have had several walks and long chats with Mr. Augustine the schoolmaster, and like him very well. Was told at length he was a Protestant and had been accused of telling tales, etc. I kept dark 'til I heard it from himself, which I did a week after.

I have been lent a pony by Mr. Whonse {Owens?}, civil storekeeper who lives on the Plaza. This pony is now at the little farm with Mr. DeLongle.

I have cleaned some pictures and put them up in the church on the Plaza called "the Castrense." I have also painted the two small altars of that church and the Bishop is much pleased with them. 'Twas on Saturday last I finished them.

This week I am occupied in my own room painting a transparency for the

same church. Subject "The Nativity", and to be put up on Christmas Day.

The weather has been very frosty and we had several days snow at the beginning of the month, but not since. Nevertheless the frost is so great that the snow still lies on the ground and is likely to lie. There have been several bad accounts come in lately on the deprivations committed by the Indians on people and property a few miles out from Santa Fe. Amongst them was all of Major Russell's oxen, five hundred; and Beck's sheep, two thousand. Four or five persons killed and carried off, for the Indians like to take prisoners. This is the state of the Territory and the old Governor {David Meriwether} takes it easy.

I saw him last evening in the Exchange playing cards in a corner. He is said to be both niggardly and a poltroon.

Somewhere about the tenth I heard of a rupture between the Bishop and Pere LeBrun, the parish priest; caused by the schoolmaster who complained the worthy little artist priest of being a drunkard. This he did in private. I had also learned that the schoolmaster, Monsieur Augustine, is a Lutheran, etc., etc., This made no apparent change in me but I did certainly keep a reserve 'til he himself tells me he is a protestant. I found him very agreeable company. He entertained me with many tales of Germany. I must say though I thought I detected some inconsistencies in his accounts of himself and friends.

Thursday 21st of December 1854. Santa Fe.

Locked up in my room all day, as every day this week, preparing the transparency of the Nativity for the church at Christmas morning.

I was invited to go to the ceremony of Blessing the new Bells today but had not the time. Mr. and Mrs. Wasser went.
Friday 22nd of December 1854. Santa Fe.

Today I was hard at work on the Nativity Transparency for the church which is called, "Casterenze" (Gold Ram).

This evening I began some little practices in geometry for artists. In my room was young Durmody reading novels as is his constant pleasure. This young man is only in his nineteenth year, but has been "working the timber" about two years. He now fancies himself a man and a workman; and of course he is big enough at least; but being full of his parent's ignorant disposition, and puffed by their praise he is not worth his salt and has no taste for improvement. He has been receiving the large sum of \$40.00 a month, but the Bishop cut him \$10.00.

Saturday 23rd of December 1854. Santa Fe.

This day hard at work, and in the dark, trying to finish the transparency, but did not. Went downtown this evening with Mr. Wasser and noticed some bonfires and shooting. Some Mexicans fools must have mistaken today for the Eve of

Christmas. Well, they'll know better tomorrow I suppose.

The mail being in today I called at the office but was disappointed in not getting anything. It's an awful long time to be without hearing from Rebecca, now five months since I left her. Well! Well! I hope 'tis well.

I returned to my room and set to a little practice in geometry. This evening also, and this evening alone. So much the better, sometimes.

Sunday 24th of December 1854. Santa Fe.

Not having finished the transparency yesterday I set at it this morning, after the Bishop's mass at the Sisters where I attended.

At three p.m. I got my work done and then rode out, making a tour of the town. Monday 25th of December 1854. Santa Fe.

CHRISTMAS DAY

In the first hour of the morning I found myself crowded into a snug corner of the "Castrense," in front of the Sisters and hemmed in by some pretty Mexican women, I was watching my transparency, lest it should take fire from the candles behind it.

At half past three, or from that 'til four, I returned to Mr. Wassers' where I supped. 'Twas a pretty long time for morning services. Through the day I walked with James Collopie, and after dinner walked with DeLongle. James and I accompanied DeLongle a part of the way back to his little farm. After coming back I brought James to see Mr. Augustine and presented him. Mr. Augustine entertained us with some very amusing descriptions of the Mexicans and of his first arrival in the country.

Tuesday 26th of December 1854. Santa Fe---Big Farm.

This morning after breakfast I rode out to the Big Farm in company with James and was well treated there by him and Davie. We clambered up the rocks of the canyon and returned by a pretty road back to the farm house. After which we took a ride of a few miles and passed a pleasant evening after tea.

Wednesday 27th of December 1854. Big Farm

This morning after breakfast I strolled out and through the Canyon (ravine) where I made some little sketches. After dinner I rode to Galisteo, a little town about eight miles to the south. Took tea at the farm and passed a pleasant evening.

Thursday 20th of December 1854. Big Farm---Santa Fe.

This morning I rode to a mountain in the valley about three miles south from the farmhouse. Having tied my horse to a cedar tree at the eastern base I ascended and made a little sketch from the summit. The view was beautiful indeed. I returned to the farm and had dinner after which I took leave of my friends there and left for Santa Fe. Passing through the woods on the road about four miles on I met a wagon driven by Michael Smith and containing with the furniture of Pere LeBrun, his adopted son, his goat, his dog, etc., and followed

by a tame young deer, conducted by a Mexican.

Soon after I met the Reverend himself with his clerk riding on to take his abode on the farm. After a few polite remarks I rode on and was in Santa Fe before sundown.

Having heard from Mrs. Wasser that the Bishop had said I should not have gone to the farm etc., I went to his room. However, instead upbraids from him 'twas rather with pleasure he received me and told me what he wished done with respect to my moving over to the quarters in the Parish Church, which I was to do the next day.

Friday 29th of December 1854. Santa Fe.

This morning with the Bishop I visited my intended abode, and marked out two rooms for my use. I was promised a boy to wait on me and I am to take my meals at Mr. Wasser's. I made some little arrangements for changing but still kept my old abode.

Saturday 30th of December 1854. Santa Fe.

Today I moved my furniture in a wagon with Mike Smith from my old to my new residence. Being installed I set my things in some shape, and did some little jobs over at Mr. Wassers'; a chair for the Bishop, a table for Mrs. Wasser, etc. Walked down town this evening.

Sunday 31st of December 1854. Santa Fe.

A letter sent with three dollars for subscription to Harper's New Magazine.

Had my first meal at the "Mess" this morning and found it a cold and cheerless one. There was Monsieur Pollet and three Mexican students, young Baptiste, and some school boys; the teacher and his assistant. The professor, Monsieur Eguillon, was confined to his room by a boil. I was placed at the head of the table.

Called on by Monsieur DeLongle. With him I went to church after which we walked together. Then we separated, he to dinner at Wassers' and I to the "Mess."

After Vespers walked with Mr. Augustine over the hills to the north, on one of which we saw and saluted the Sisters with their scholars.

We had tea at our different abodes and met again in the evening. Having gone downtown with Mr. Augustine, made some provisions for a carouse to bring in the New Year, which we did in company with Monsieur DeLongle, David O'Neil, one of the men who came with us from the states and is a cousin to James Collopie.

We drank, smoked, and sang 'til near one o'clock after midnight. Then to bed. Monday 1st of January 1855 (New Year's Day). Santa Fe.

This morning on getting up about seven A.M. I found that the two gentlemen, DeLongle and O'Neil, who slept in Augustine's room adjoining mine had already decamped and so after breakfast which I took with the community, I again saw them. At that moment O'Neil (Davie) was about starting for the big farm in company with the Bishop and

young Durmody.

Today I attended high mass at the Castrense and observed very many pretty Mexicans.

After mass I walked with DeLongle and after dinner I walked with Augustine, DeLongle being gone to his farm soon after dinner.

Took a miserable supper with the community. No tea or coffee being allowed. Sat with Augustine until half past nine, telling our tales of love and adventure.

Tuesday 2nd of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Today I painted a table at the Bishop's and two chairs for Mr. Wasser.

I had my paints etc., carried to the room allotted for the purpose at the parish church.

I have nothing favorable to say of the food here. 'Tis cooked by some lazy Mexicans and a dirty old woman, who with the others enjoys her tobacco.

Wednesday 3rd of January 1855. Santa Fe.

This morning, before breakfast, I studied a little Spanish. After breakfast I did some work for the Bishop and Mr. Wasser. After supper I sat reading and talking with Mr. Augustine. We go to bed at a tolerable late hour. A heavy fall of snow today.

Thursday 4th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Today it is cold and snowing all day. I worked partly at the Bishop's and partly at my own place. Sat for the evening with Augustine.

Friday 5th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Snowing again. Today I refused to partake of the bad food for dinner; and was therefore served far better at supper.

Sunday 7th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

A very cold day. On the ground a good deal of snow. Went to high mass, and was there joined by Monsieur DeLongle. Walked and talked with him. After his dinner at Wassers' he went out to his farm and I went to Vespers.

The day being cold I did not stir out after. Passed the evening with Mr. Augustine.

Monday 8th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

The weather cold and frosty. I received a Tabernacle to paint for Pere Avel; as well as some old oil pictures to clean and touch up.

Tuesday 9th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Worked on a head of Christ for door of Tabernacle.

This evening, Mr. Augustine not being well, I went for some brandy and eggs, so we had a fine dose which we both enjoyed. There was some music, he playing and I singing 'til midnight. At which time we went to bed in a tolerably "good condition".

Thursday 11th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Working for Pere Avel's Church.

This evening little Sebastian got a severe fall. I visited Mr. Wasser who was just entering his new room.

Friday 12th of January 1855. Santa Fe---Little Farm.

Worked for Pere Avel today.

This evening rode out to Mr. DeLongle's at the "Little Farm" having heard he was unwell. I found him well and stopped there all night.

Saturday 13th of January 1855. Little Farm---Santa Fe.

This morning left Monsieur DeLongle and rode into town to breakfast.

Worked at the Tabernacle.

In the afternoon walked with Mr. Augustine and another German.

News came this evening that there had been sixty head of mules and fifteen horses belonging to Mr. Beck (the late loser of sheep through the same cause) carried off by Indians from the town of Galisteo. At 10 PM nineteen dragoons and six citizens went in chase: There were some keepers killed.

Sunday 14th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Today after the doctor had visited Sebastian, the little sufferer from his fall on Thursday evening, I went with DeLongle to church. After Vespers he started on foot for the farm. The Bishop, James Durmody, and a young Mexican went on horses.

In the evening I climbed the Fort Hill with Baptiste.

Monday 15th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Today at work on some deaths heads for Pere Avel. Some crosses and the like to serve at a dead mass.

This evening walked down to the Plaza and heard that there were some volunteers being rounded up to chase the Indians.

Saturday 20th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Today there returned to town the party of soldiers and citizens who had chased the Indians for a hundred and seventy miles, and as a trophy had taken the scalps of three, and recovered all the cattle and mules.

This, however, cost them the wounding of three of their party. The Indians were but nine with bows and arrows while the whites had about four hundred shots amongst them.

Monday 22nd of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Spent the Sunday as usual about town with DeLongle and Augustine. Heard that the former was likely to get the situation of Durmody who would go to the States.

I had been up nearly all night painting for a grand Dead Mass, which mass I went to today. 'Twas a young lady, step-daughter of Dr. Connelly, who is a member of the Legislature here, and is married to a Mexican widow. 'Tis said he is very rich.

It appears Kit Carson, now in town, did not give any more credit to the soldiers than I did for their fight with Indians a few days ago.

Tuesday 23rd of January 1855. Santa Fe---Little Farm---Santa Fe.

This evening after work I took Padre Avel's horse and rode out to see DeLongle at the Little Farm. Having taken tea with him and the others I returned to town by the light of a resplendent moon.

This evening I talked publically of my

intention to return to the States by the first train.

Wednesday 24th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

This day I commenced a letter for Rebecca. Padre Avel came to complain to me for taking his horse.

Thursday 25th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

This evening I made arrangements with the Bishop to go back to Europe by the Vicar's train.

Saturday 27th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Great commotion in town by the reason of the Volunteers to fight the Indians.

Sunday 28th of January 1855. Santa Fe.

With DeLongle walked about town and explained my intention in private to him. He is now to stay in town at thirty a month.

Wednesday 31st of January 1855. Santa Fe.

Posted a letter to Rebecca telling I was soon to leave.

Thursday 1st of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Today finished the altar in the Castrense and from the top of that church saw the Volunteers, a strange and motley crowd, assembled on the Plaza below. Saw the mail go off.

Friday 2nd of February 1855. Santa Fe.

What with the church services for "Lady Day," and the volunteers there was great movement on the Plaza today. DeLongle went to the Big Farm today for the first time. He accompanied Pere LeBrun thither and is to come to town in ten days.

Saturday 3rd of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Walked this afternoon with Augustine Hayne, and another.

Today I made a sketch for the walls over the altars in the Castrense Church.

This evening went to a fandango with James Durmody. I was much amused to see the girls breaking eggs on the heads of one another, but did not think it much fun.

Sunday 4th of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Today instead of going to Vespers I went a little way out of town and made a sketch of Santa Fe from the South.

The evening I spent at the house of Durmody.

Tuesday 6th of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Today I began my fresco painting on the walls of the Castrense Church.

Wednesday 7th of February 1855. Santa Fe.

News came to town that the three companies of Volunteers have got as far as Pecos. No fights yet.

Thursday 8th of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Each day working on the walls of the church. Each evening and morning walked with my little dog. This afternoon went with Padre Avel to get a painting from the Mistress of an artist who had repaired it. This evening walked over the hills with Augustine Hayne.

Friday 9th of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Worked in the church today. Same job and a very troublesome one it is, for the paint won't stick to the confounded "jose," the only color here.

This evening in Mr. Wasser's swapping tales.

Saturday 10th of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Well! well! what a fine country! I've been all day working on those horrid walls of the old church and a pretty hard job it is. The "muchacho," one of my boys, has been scraping off old paint from the fine carved work taken out of the old church of San Jose. The other Baptiste (French) has been priming. I find I can do more work alone than with the assistance of either.

This evening having worked until half past six, I stepped into Owen's (store) and there stood while he plied his craft with the natives.

In came a fine tall young Mexican to sell a pair of badly made knitted gloves, a spade and a couple of sticks, for which he got in exchange some cottons to make dresses, no doubt for his sister, wife, or mother. Turning from him the dealer attends to a little girl who pledges a fine massive gold earring carving with shield shape stone for five pounds of sugar. And then again to the young man whom he invites to sell his blanket, the only covering outside his shirt except his old straw sombrero, his buckskin trousers and his raw dog or deerskin buskins! Such is business in this Capitol.

The storekeeper tells me himself that in forty-eight and forty-nine he cleared all his house expenses by the sale of unredeemed pledges.

Thus 'tis a fine country!!!

I have visited Mr. Wasser this evening. Wednesday 14th of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Today as I was passing along the Plaza with DeLongle I saw a cruel attack made by an old rascal on a poor Mexican whom he beat with a saw; and this for simply demanding a piece of money dropped by the Mexican and picked up by this brave American carpenter.

Saturday 10th of Feb. 1855 continued:

I wrote a letter to the Santa Fe Gazette on the subject of the cruel treatment given to the Mexicans by the Americans.

Friday 16th of February 1855. Santa Fe Canado (Canyon).

This morning set out in company with Collopie, Durmody, and Gorman on a hunting party to the Rio Grande. We three rode some mules of Gilchrist. Gorman rode his spirited mare.

We took breakfast on the bank of the "Suque," about fifteen miles north of town, and passed some strange looking battlement of rocks and natural pillars. Also some pretty villages, Indian or Mexican. Having crossed the mighty and rapid stream of the Rio Grande several times without success in killing game (both ducks and geese were plentiful though very shy) we followed up its course 'til, in a snow storm, we arrived at the town of Canado, where we were hospitably received and entertained for the night at the house of the Padre

Truleau, Mexican. But the old gentleman, being absent, his nephew did the honors. We ate and slept well.

Saturday 17th of February 1855. Canado, San Ildefonso.

This morning we took breakfast and afterwards started for San Ildefonso which we reached after a ride along the river 'til about four o'clock. Then we were stopped by a Mexican who told us that at the desire of Padre Damaza we were to be accommodated at his house for the night. Accordingly we stopped there, but were not well treated, and had it not been for a goose we killed and some chickens we bought we should not have had much to eat.

About three p.m. we crossed the Suque and went to visit in a Mexican's house where we were very merry. I made some likenesses and we left there after midnight, going to our lodging.

Sunday 18th of February 1855. San Ildefonso---Santa Fe.

This morning we left our mean lodgings early and crossed over to the town of Canado where we saw the Padre Damaza with whom we took breakfast. Heard him preach and say mass.

About noon we left for Santa Fe, passing over a hilly country, thickly wooded with pine and cedar brush. At three O'clock we took dinner (on the green sward), and at five we got into Santa Fe, having been well pleased.

Monday 19th of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Today commenced the Saint Joseph side of the Castrense Church.

Wednesday 21st of February 1855. Santa Fe.

Today the mail came in and I received a letter from Tom, containing one from my parents and brothers.

Saturday 24th of February 1855. Santa Fe.

All this week I had been working on the fresco in the church and today I proposed finishing it on Tuesday.

In the "Gazette" today has appeared one of my letters calling on the Americans to treat the Mexicans better. It has made some excitement but is generally liked.

Monday 26th of February 1855. Santa Fe---Big Farm---Apache Canyon.

This evening I got Gilchrist's big mule and rode out to the Big Farm to learn the cause of DeLongle's not coming to town. I started about 6 P.M. Having lost my road several times, I arrived at the farm about ten instead of eight. But I was well received by Father Brown.

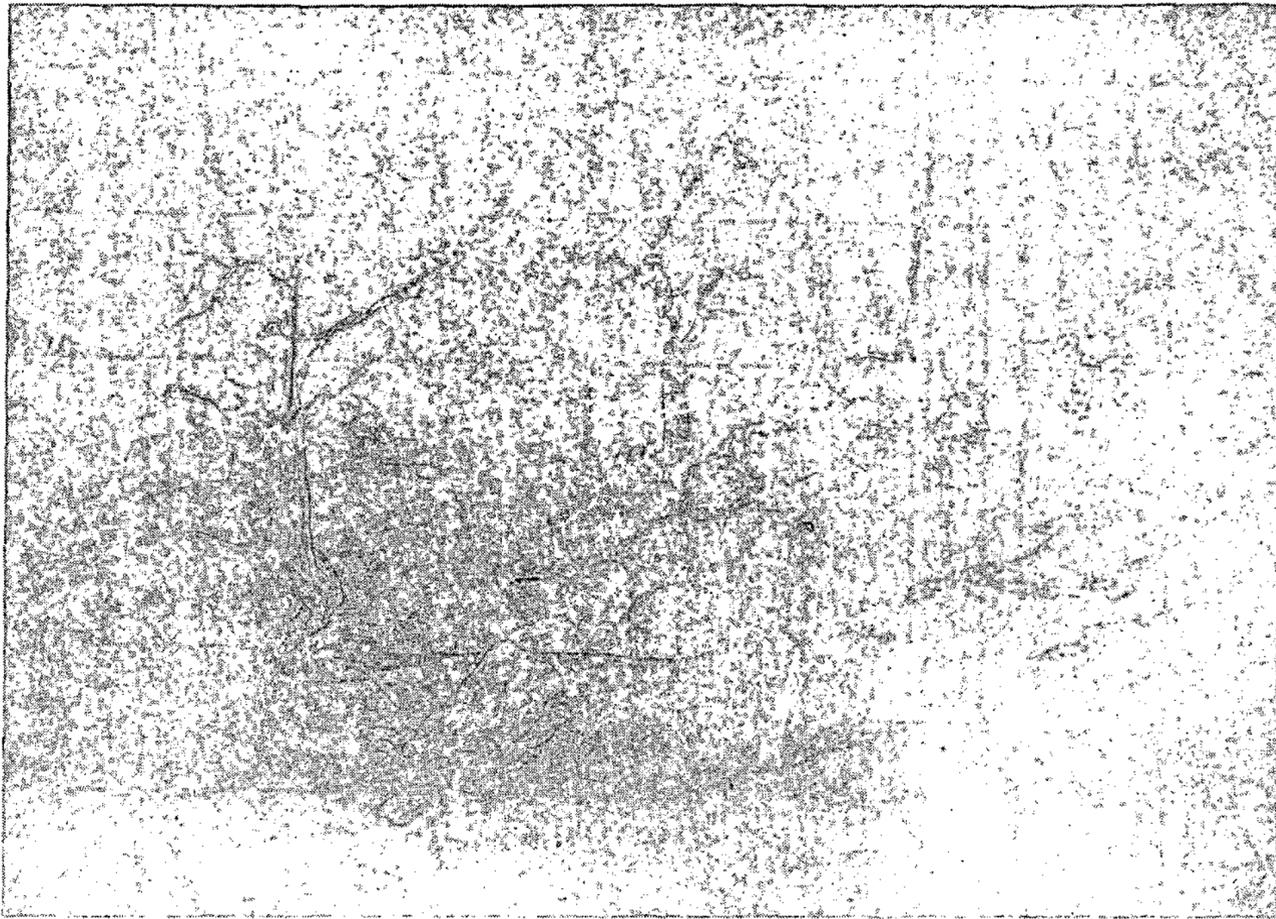
Tuesday 27th of February 1855. Apache Canyon---Santa Fe.

With Monsieur DeLongle set off for Santa Fe after breakfast, arriving there in time for dinner at Mr. Wasser's.

Today Monsieur DeLongle made a new agreement to finish his year in the Bishop's services.

I am not quite pleased with DeLongle and I am wholly disgusted with Dermody.

Finished my work at the Church today. Wednesday 28th of February 1855. Santa Fe---Valdeses' Farm.



"Pajarito—Pecos—San Jose," February 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the National Frontier Trails Center.

About two P.M. our party of travellers for the States set off. It consisted of Augustine Hayne and me, on horseback escorted by half a dozen of his scholars and some of my acquaintances, James Collopie, James Dermody, and my friend DeLongle etc.

A carriage with a nun and her little Mexican companion; and a carriage for Augustine and me; also a wagon for the luggage and provisions. Dave, Tom, Smith, John, and Wibidot of our former train came with us also for the States.

All went well for some twelve miles when on reigning up my horse from a gallop he stumbled, threw me and I had my head and arm hurt.

Thursday 1st of March 1855. Valdese's Farm---River near Pecos.

Having spent another night with DeLongle and Augustine under a corn stand, I got up early and after breakfast accompanied DeLongle through the wood towards the Big Farm. We bid adieu and I returned to the camp where we were soon joined by the Vicar and visited by Pere LeBrun.

We soon after started and stopped for the night between the Farm and Pete's house. Here we supped and slept on the open ground. The mail passed us.

Friday 2nd of March 1855. Pecos.

Moved ahead pretty early. Breakfasted at the beautiful Rock Spring. Supped and slept on a woody slope a few miles on. Slept in the little tent.

Saturday 3rd of March 1855. San Jose---Burnell---Vegas.

Started early. Passed San Jose. Breakfasted at Burnell Spring, and stopped at Las Vegas where we supped and slept at the house of the French Parish Priest, a regular miser.

Sunday 4th of March 1855. Las Vegas---Shapio {Sapello}.

Breakfasted, mass, dined and visited

at Las Vegas. About two p.m. went on without the Vicar and the Nun.

It rained heavily. We camped on a dirty hillside near the wood of Shapio. I slept in the carriage with Augustine Hayne. The other men had the tent.

Monday 5th of March 1855. Montou (Mountain) de Alamos---Fort Union---Pine.

This morning as we were preparing to start at midday, the Vicar came up and we went on our way over a large tract of prairie. Soon after crossing the Moro Creek we climbed a hill on the opposite side, descended to Fort Union. And here we spent a few days comfortably camped, having plenty of fresh meat to eat.

I had my arm dressed and each evening Hayne and I walked up and down listening to the band playing in the Fort.

Friday 9th of March 1855. Fort Union---Barclay's Fort.

This afternoon we start from the Fort and go to camp at Barclay's Fort where we are joined by forty-one wagons of a Mexican train from Albuquerque, and principally with Army goods.

The weather is fine and the sight of so many wagons and such a number of mules is very pleasing. We supped in the tent.

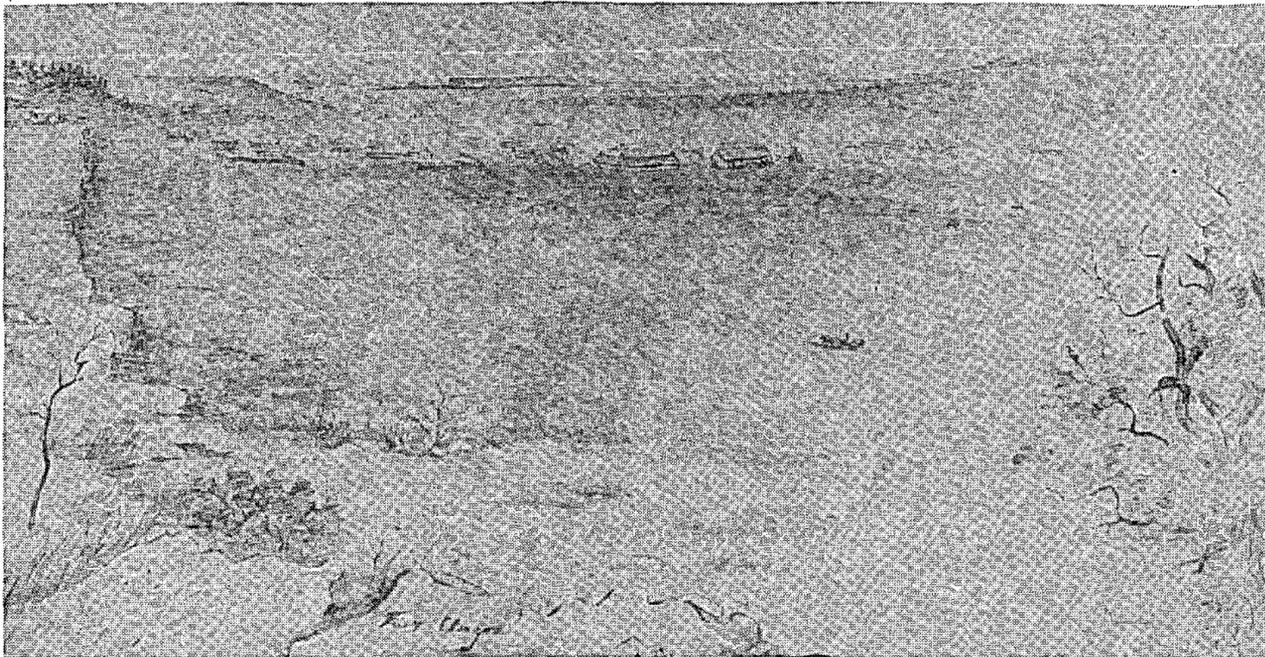
Saturday 10th of March 1855. Barclay's Fort---Wagon Mound.

Had breakfast and started by six o'clock. Our mighty train camped at the Wagon Mound at five p.m.

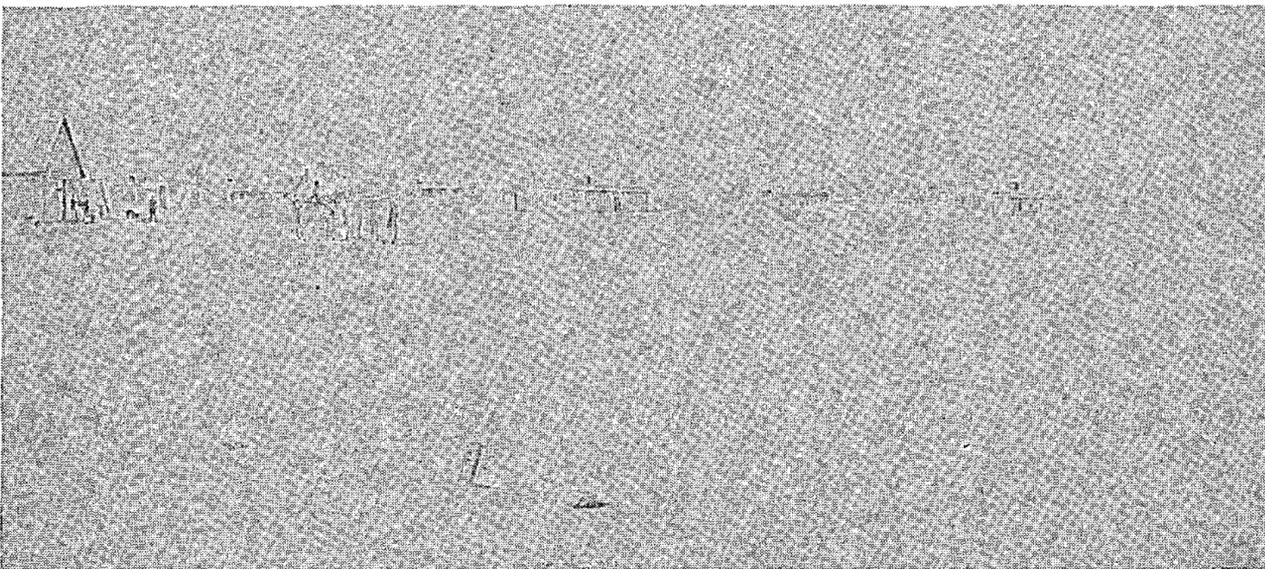
Sunday 11th of March 1855. Wagon Mound---Okate River.

This morning had mass by the Vicar in the little tent at which he spoke several times about noise. After breakfast we set off. 'Twas then seven O'clock. At four P.M. we camped at the "Rio Okate."

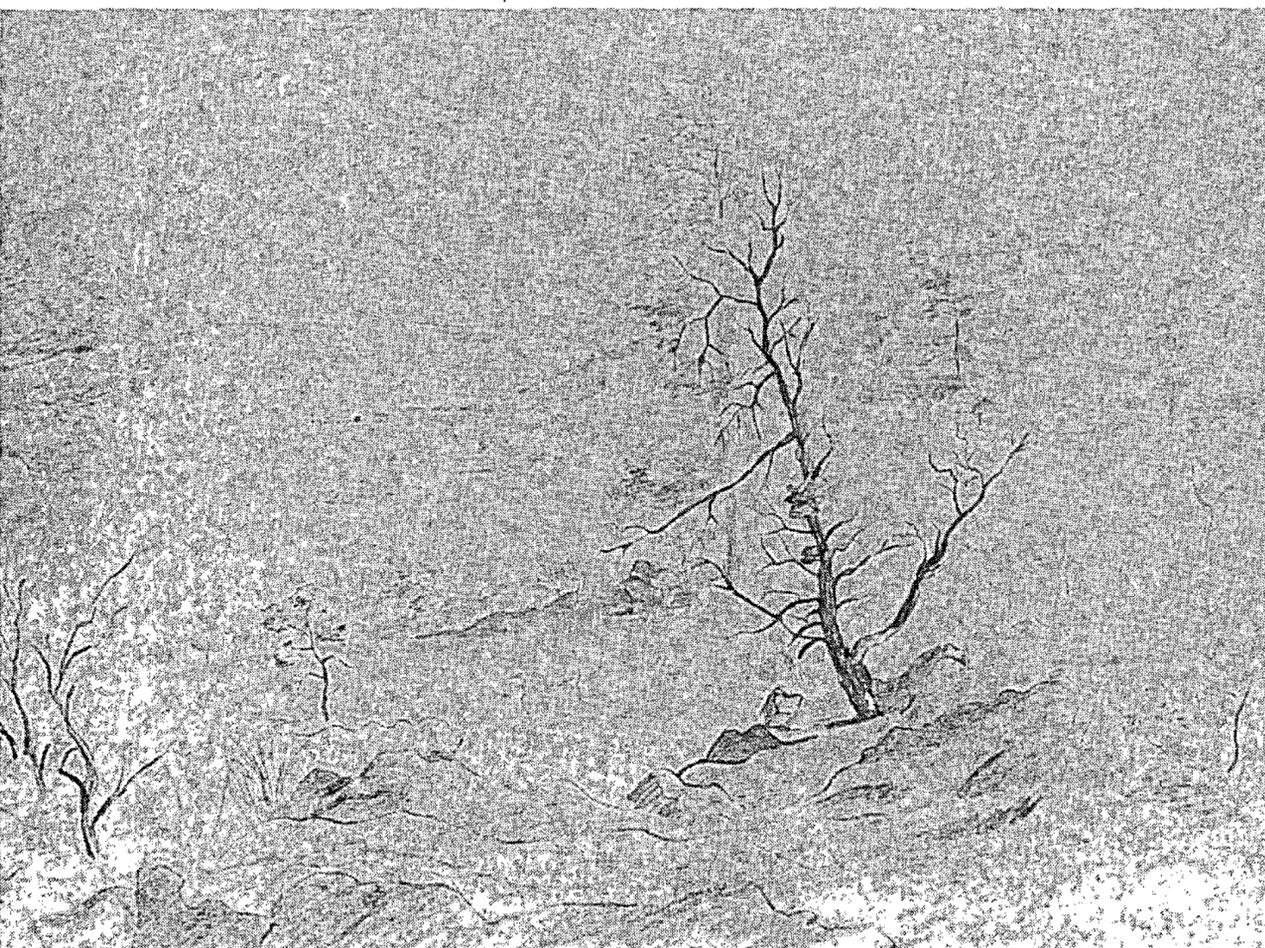
Monday 12th of March 1855. Okate---



"Fort Union from the Southwest," February 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the National Frontier Trails Center.



"Fort Union from the Southeast," 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the St. Louis Art Museum.



"The mail house" (near Fort Union?), February 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the National Frontier Trails Center.

Point of Rock.

This morning breakfasted and started early and got to camp at Point of Rock about six P.M.

Tuesday 13th of March 1855. Point of Rock---Alamosa.

We did not make a mighty long journey today, nor indeed any day do we go far. For though our starting is about six or half past, and our stopping about five p.m. yet no day do we go more than twenty-five or thirty miles. Such is the Mexican crawling.

Tonight for supper we are treated to a piece of an antelope found on the ground in our travel. It had been killed and half eaten by the wolves. So having gallantly beaten off the rest of the herd of weeping antelopes our huntsmen (Mexicans) gathered up the spoils and cooked them!

Wednesday 14th of March 1855. Alamosa---Disappointment Camp.

Start very early and camped in a sheltered spot where we expected to find plenty of wood and water; but no, we were disappointed in both, and of water we had very little and bad. For wood we had to send far. We had some fun in Camp, for one of the Vicar's Mexicans, who had been a prisoner eight years among the Indians, gave us a specimen of their singing and dancing tonight.

A great deal of snow fell tonight.

Thursday 15th of March 1855. Camp Disappointment.

This morning on awakening we find the country all covered with snow and the sky quite hidden by the falling flakes.

It was thought most advisable to remain all day in our present camp, as the breezes from the North are insufferable.

It left off snowing in the afternoon and the Vicar gave entertainments to all the bosses of the train.

Friday 16th of March 1855. Disappointment Camp.

Started pretty late this morning. 'Tis extremely cold and snowing all day.

Two Indians rode up to our Camp about midday and all our Train armed to receive them; but having been given a little food they went back. Next day we had a visit from seven more.

Sunday 18th of March 1855. Entered on the Cimarron.

We chased a herd of wild horses and one of the Mexican hunters got a very young Mustang colt.

Very cold day.

Tuesday 20th of March 1855. On the Cimarron.

Nothing very remarkable, except the intense cold we suffer all morning and night. And sometimes even through the day there blows a piercing wind from the North. However, today is finer than usual. We are now more than half way over the Cimarron which is generally dreaded for its bad weather. The days are fine and sunny, the nights cold and frosty. A bright new moon and frosty stars.

Today in giving a light from my pocket handkerchief to Augustine I put it in my pocket which soon took fire and ere I knew of it my great coat was burned right through; as also an undercoat, my

waistcoat, and my trousers. For this was I laughed at.

Thursday 22nd of March 1855. On the Jornada.

Rather pleasant day, but frosty in morning and evening. We burn, as we have done for three or four days past, the wood which we have been obliged to carry in our wagons, as in this neighborhood there is none to be had.

Tonight we travel all night.

Friday 23rd of March 1855. Jornada---Arkansas River.

Having travelled all night and slept as best we could in wagon and carriage we had breakfast about seven on the side of the road. About nine a.m. set off and reached the Arkansas about twelve. Here on the South bank of the river we camped for the night. The evening is particularly fine. After supper I amused myself and others by sketching the camp and some of its people.

There has been seen a buffalo on the opposite bank of the river and several hunters have crossed and go after it.

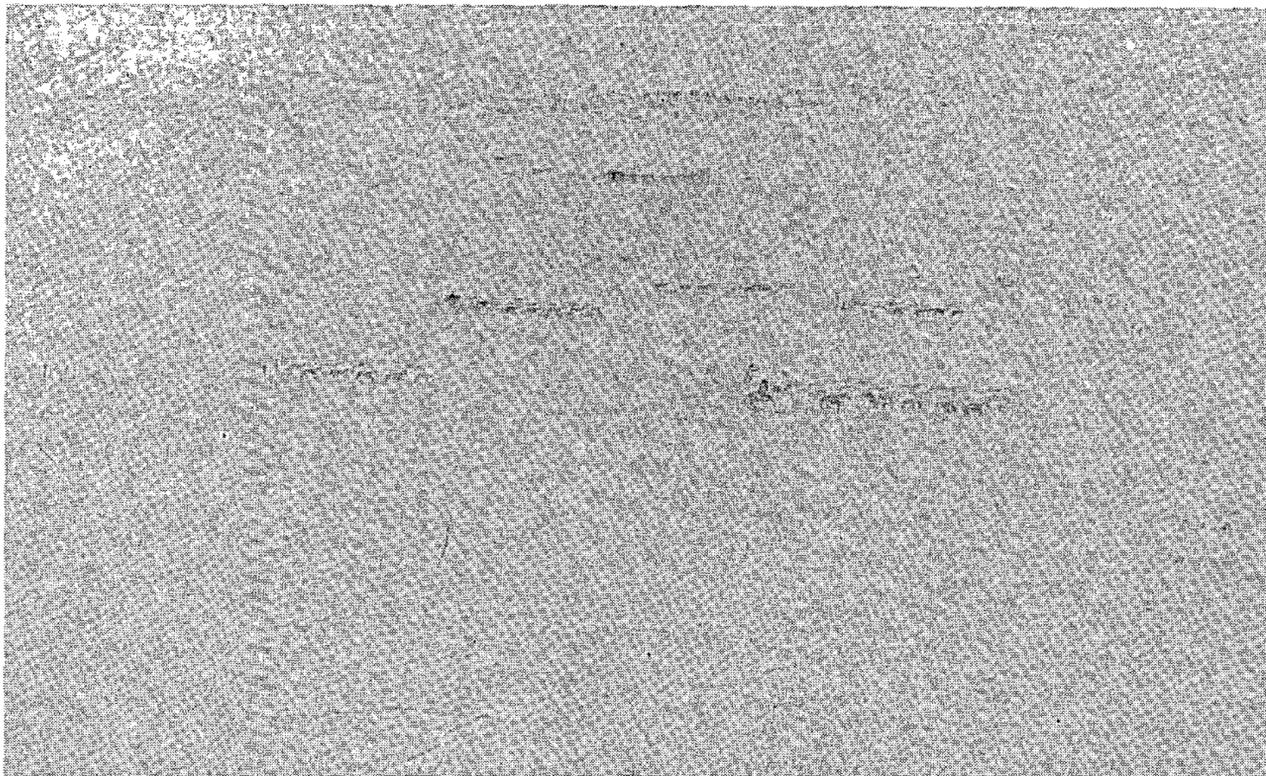
Now 'tis quite dark and the hunters have come back. The old man who caught the colt is washing his lance as he passes the river. The Buffalo is dead. He sent us the tongue.

Saturday 24th of March 1855. South side---crossing---North side of the Arkansas.

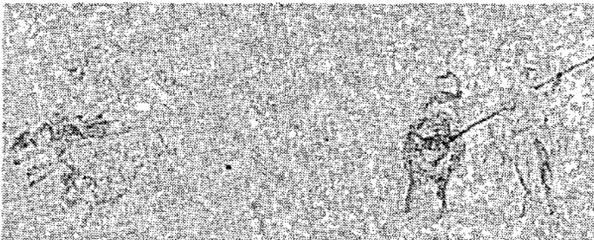
This morning having had breakfast we pushed along the river a few miles and then crossed over to the North side. Kept on towards the East until about four p.m. when we camped on the river bank in sight of Fort McKay. This latter I visited with the Vicar and of it made a little sketch. Today we had for food the flesh of the Buffalo killed yesterday. 'Tis rather tough.

Sunday 25th of March 1855. River Brink---Fiery Glen---Camp Change.

Today we had mass and breakfast on the banks of the river. Immediately after,



"Barclay's Fort from the East," 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the National Frontier Trails Center.



"Buffalo Hunt," March 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the National Frontier Trails Center.

we turned to the left and crossed some elevated lands. For dinner we stopped in a little glen between rocks, and which had fine long grass. The day being dry and windy the grass took fire and in spite of all of our efforts to put it out it came near consuming our camp. However, we

did succeed in saving it, and in getting dinner. After this the train set out and some of our people went to hunt buffalo, of which they killed four. The afternoon was fine and warm and the evening beautiful.

Monday 26 of March 1855. Camp Change---Holy Camp.

I have named our last night's camp "Change" for though the evening was extremely clear and beautiful with a lovely moon, scarcely had we been two hours in bed when there blew a storm from the North which lasted all the night, and all this day 'till we camped at some holes of water on the road, about four or five p.m. When as dinner was ready the weather became calm.

Today there have been ten buffalos killed by one of our hunters who is an



"On Arkansas—Southern Bank," March 23, 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the St. Louis Art Museum.



“Mann’s Fort or Atkinson—Northern Bank of the Arkansas River,” March 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the National Frontier Trails Center.

experienced horseman and lancer. With the lance he kills all by sticking them between the ribs. “Don Immanuel Barelo”.

Tuesday 27th of March 1855—Holy Camp—Arkansas River—Great Bend.

Today the weather was passable 'til towards evening it grew very cold, and was so through the night.

This night we spent on the Arkansas at the Great Bend. Today I had left the carriage and rode in one of the wagons where I could stretch myself at ease on the straw.

There were ten buffalos killed today, also, and by the same man. The Captain of the train lassoed a young buffalo quite near camp. He had chased it for a mile or so till he got it in camp, where it stoutly resisted but at length was overpowered by numbers and ridden on the back by one. 'Twas landed into a wagon and there tied.

Wednesday 28th of March 1855. Great Bend—Pawnee Fork.

We have a pretty camp on the Pawnee

Fork. Today, as for the last four or five, I was astonished and pleased with the various phases of the mirage reflecting trees and buffalos.

Ten or twelve buffalos killed today.

Thursday 29th of March 1855. Pawnee Fork—Thick Wood.

Today has turned from fine to cloudy, cold, and a snow. So instead of going on to Cow Creek we stopped for the afternoon and night in a thick wood a little off of the road. Here we made ourselves as comfortable as possible. It snowed all day, and through the night. Was very cold. One man, a Peon (Mexican laborer) was left to butcher a buffalo on the road. The poor fellow was lost and out all night.

Friday 30th of March 1855. Thick Wood—Cow Creek—Chavez Creek.

This morning was hazy and cloudy in the extreme. Nevertheless after breakfast on buffalo meat and soup we started in company with the trains of Arignau, Delores Monyez, (the captain) and Barelo, the great hunter, who killed a

couple of buffalo today, also; making the number fifty killed by his own hand since last Friday.

The other slow trains having been left behind we travelled somewhat quicker past the Cow Creek in which there was plenty of water, and camped at Chavez Creek, so called from the name of a Mexican killed here by Indians.

The lost man came up with us this evening in camp.

We had a nice little camp here and a deep dry creek with plenty of wood; but for water we had to send far. The night was calm and with moonlight.

We heard from the man who was lost that the other trains which had composed our caravan had got to the Cow Creek, about four miles behind us, and there camped for the night. Our informant, poor fellow, came to our camp in a very weak state having been all the preceding night walking to keep himself warm, otherwise he might have slept and perished in the snow. He brought his mule still laden with the meat he had gone for.

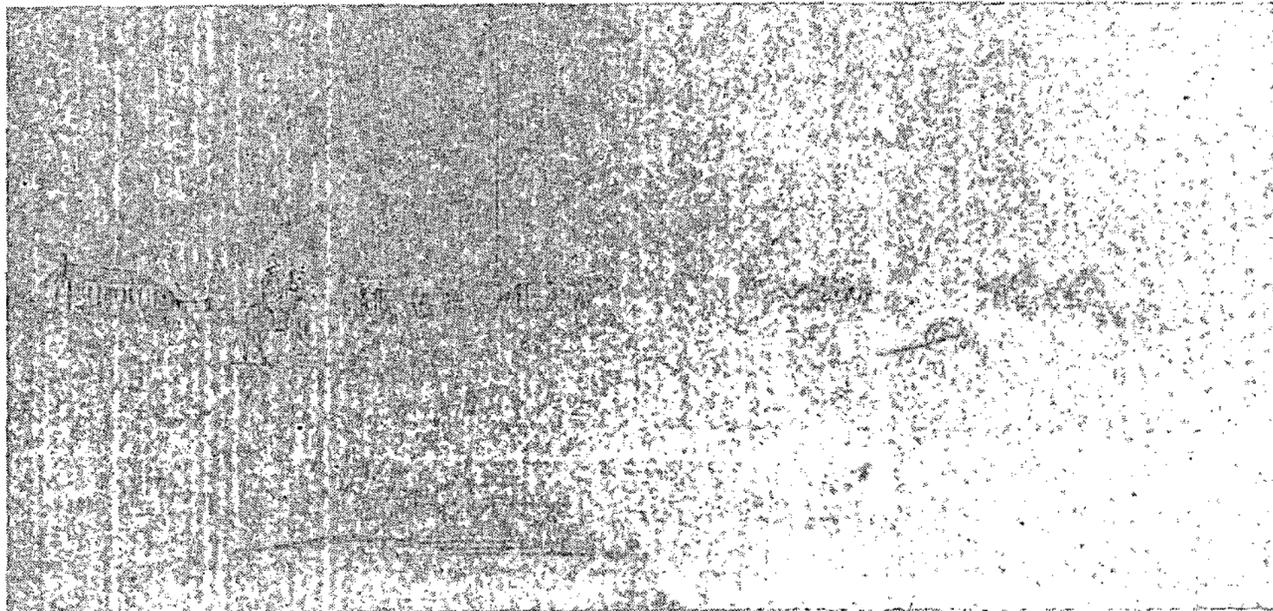
Saturday 31st of March 1855. Chavez Creek—Little Arkansas River—Camp Chase.

We got up at three a.m. and started at half past. We travelled till ten a.m. when we stopped at the Little Arkansas where we breakfasted; and at one p.m. we set out again. Just as we were leaving the camp in came the other trains although we thought we had left them behind far enough not to see them again.

Today there were some fine fat female buffalos killed. And the young pair caught last Thursday and Friday in the lasso were let out to air. The one caught on Wednesday was let go, as it had been bitten by wolves.

Our little train too found itself in possession of two very little ones caught by Britteau, the Indian; but too young to keep so we gave one away and killed the other for the skin.

Having had a fine day and pretty quick



“110 Mile Creek Stage Station,” April 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the National Frontier Trails Center.

travelling we stopped about six p.m. for dinner on the side of the road; but scarcely had we lit our fires when by the aid of a telescope I discovered that the other train was in sight, giving us close chase. However, they did not get into camp until just as we were about to start again. So once more we have the advance.

We are to travel all night. The moon shines brightly through some mirky clouds, and we are in great spirits because of our lively movements and our apparent success. But this latter is short lived, for though traveling quickly some of our drivers sleep and one of them got his wagon thrown into a muddy ditch. This was not discovered by us till the other train came running up and told us to go back two leagues and help our man out! So they passed us. We got him out but we have lost in the race.

Sunday the 1st of April 1855. Camp Chase---Cotton Wood Creek---Wood, near Diamond Spring.

As we had been travelling all night and had been overtaken in the race, by the light of morning we are still on the road proceeded and followed by some of the other trains confusedly.

Our little train stuck hard by the foremost of the others and passed another wagon upset on the road. After breakfast all the trains stopped in the neighborhood of the Cotton Creek. The Vicar's had the best spot, being on a high grassy bank quite surrounded by trees and water. Here he said mass.

After breakfast we had our things packed up and Augustine and I put our trunks into a wagon destined by Armignau to accompany him to Westport. Then at midday we set out our fast little train composed of our two carriages and one wagon; also a wagon of Armignau, and one of another Mexican, with about eight horsemen. We started off at a brisk trot but we soon found our carriages would not be able to keep up with the others, which were all fresh, so we let the others go ahead. But scarcely had they camped at a nice little wood beyond the Diamond Spring when we came up with them. They started at midnight, we remained all night.

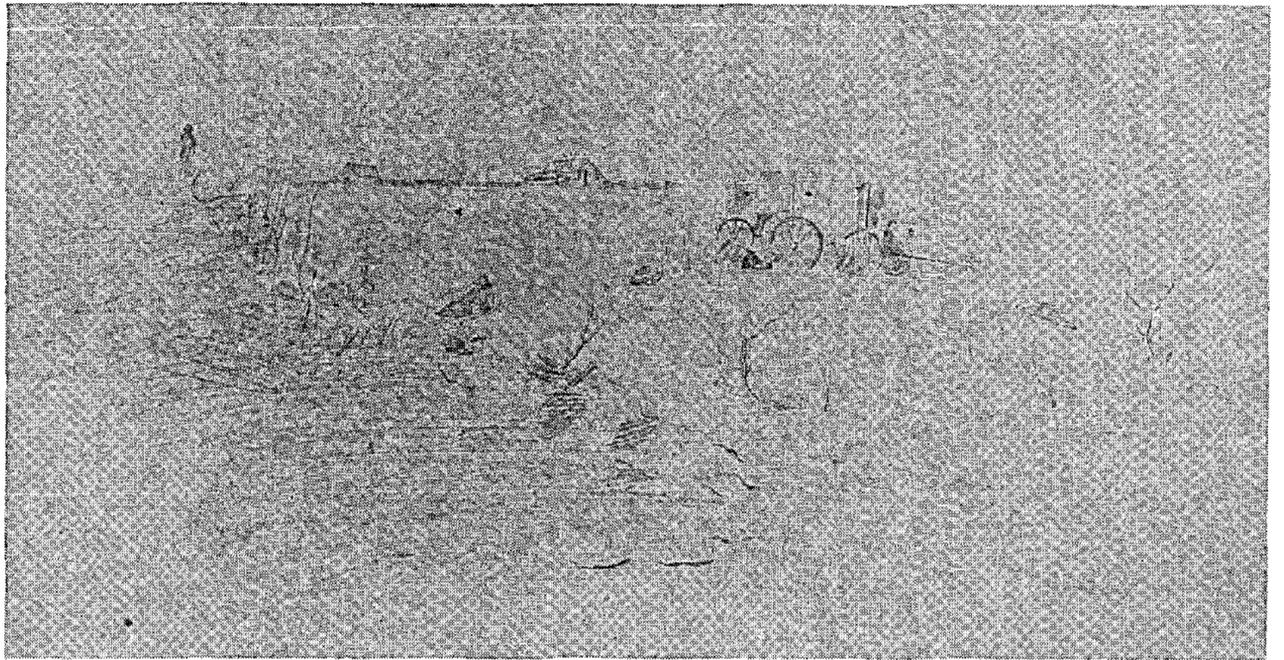
Monday 2nd of April 1855. Diamond Spring---Council Grove---Indian Camp.

We started rather late today having first had breakfast, and about 2 p.m. to our joy we arrived at Council Grove. The weather was cloudy and threatening rain, as for the last two days. Here we bought a supply of different commodities, such as cigars, tobacco, sardines, etc.; also corn for the animals. We had plenty of Indians in the camp.

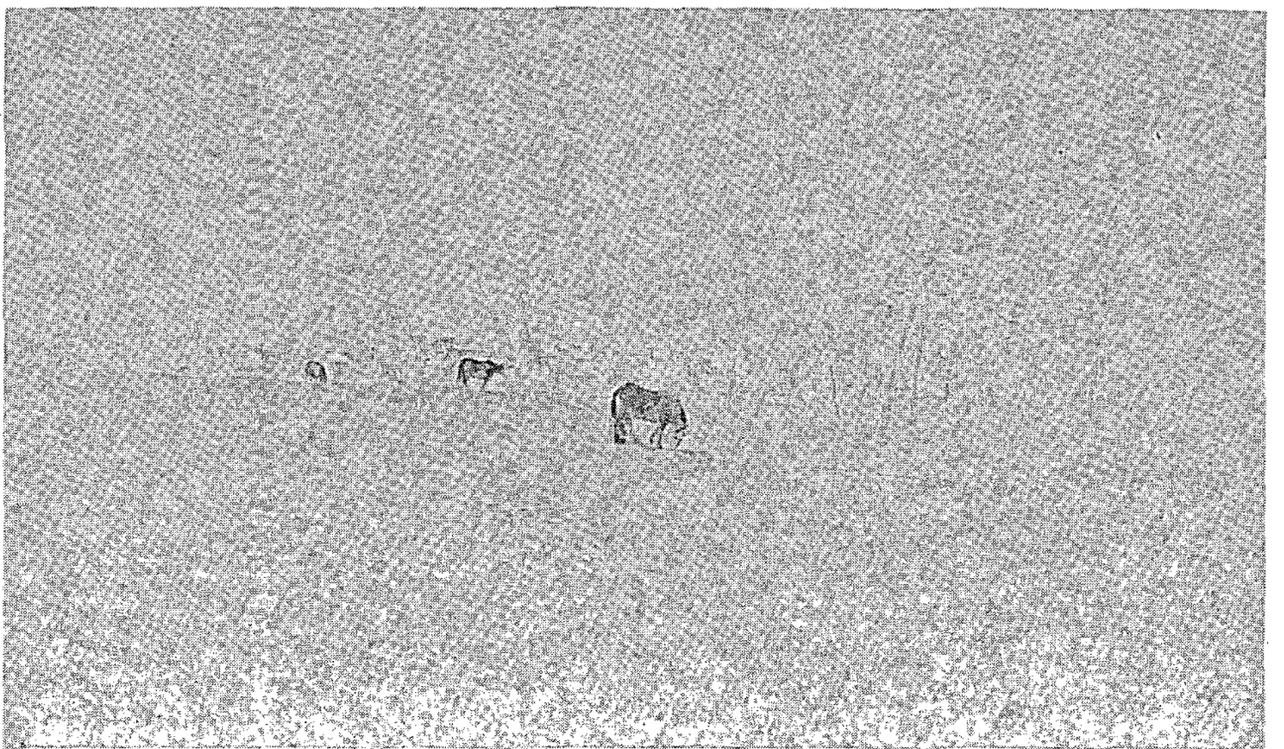
I wrote a letter to my friend, DeLongle, in Santa Fe.

About two p.m. we started again and traveled until evening, when we came to a creek containing water on the edge of a fine woods, where we camped. The night is fine, but cloudy. A moon!

Some Indians, three in number, visited our camp and sat some hours by our fire. Augustine and I kept watch on the animals tonight; for the Indians are about. They have a little wigwam in the neighborhood. We kept our watch until



"Willow Spring," April 4, 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the National Frontier Trails Center.



"Independence, Missouri," c. 1855, by William J. Hinchey, courtesy of the St. Louis Art Museum.

one a.m. but we have had no trouble. We passed the time in chatter. He accounted to me a part of his history in passing through the States.

So we went to bed and slept well.

Tuesday 3rd of April 1855. Indian Camp---One Hundred and Ten.

This morning we set out from our little camp after breakfasting, and passed Rock Creek about midday (where I bought liquor). At six in the evening we got into One Hundred and Ten. Camped in the wood.

With Augustine I went to see McGee and found him in a bad humor for the Indians in his vicinity are inclined to mischief and have been killing each other, as there are two tribes---the Kaws and the Sacs. Just one hour since he has discovered a Sac in a field behind his dwelling.

Wednesday 4th of April 1855. One Hundred and Ten---Willow Spring---Black-Jack.

Though we supped miserably and late and went to bed early this morning, I got

up early and made a little sketch of the new arrangements made by the proprietor McGee since last I had passed that way.

Having returned to camp I found the train started, so I went and breakfasted with McGee for which he would not accept any money.

Dined at the Willow Spring and supped at Black-Jack, where we camped for the night. It began to rain, but soon gave over. It blew very hard for a while. We had met the mail in the dark, fifty minutes before, about six p.m.

Thursday 5th of April 1855. Black Jack---Cedar Creek---Indian Creek.

This morning we got up joyous in having escaped a drenching through the night; and after breakfasting we set off.

About noon we came to a pretty woods where we found some ponds of pure water. Here we had dinner.

At this camp we met some others going out as emigrants to the Nebraska and Kansas territories, and adding to the numbers we have been meet-

ing for the last two days. They are about to build cities on places that have not even a tree cut or trench dug at present. We made our way to Indian Creek about dark, and there found the train of Frenchmen with whom we had met at Cedar Creek in the morning. We camped at the back of an Indian farm in the wood, and at night were visited by three of the Frenchmen.

'Twas strange to see the trains of settlers camped here being composed of different nations; French, German, American, and, in our little camp, Irish, Mexicans, etc. At the Vicar's table were five persons, each from a different nation.

Friday 6th of April 1855. Indian Creek--- Good Springs --- Westport.

On this morning did we not get up glad to know that it should be the last day of our weary journey! Oh yes! Hardly anyone cared for eating more of our poor prairie food. We got up at six, though we did not go to bed till two; and off we start at seven.

At nine or ten we got to the old "Good Spring Camp" where we took some breakfast; and about midday the Vicar, the sister, her little companion, Augustine Hayne, and I set out in a carriage for "Westport."

The other men travel in the wagon and so we all go joyously along the road for the four miles that separate us from that little town, our most anxiously wished for port.

When I came in sight of it, it seemed to me as though the houses were all illuminated from within; so did they shine in my eyes after the miserable huts of Santa Fe, etc.

AFTERWORD:

HINCHEY'S LIFE AFTER SANTA FE

After Hinchey's return from Santa Fe, he spent a year in Independence, Missouri, then found a position teaching art and French conversation at the Arcadia Valley Seminary, 90 miles south of St. Louis. He married Lucinda Holloman there August 3, 1857, and went on to establish himself as a portrait painter in St. Louis among a group that included George Caleb Bingham and Manuel de Franca. Hinchey's diaries ended in 1864, but not before he had time to record and sketch the Civil War battles and troop maneuvers taking place in the Arcadia Valley for *Harper's Weekly* and *New York Illustrated News*. In later years he spent time in Mississippi and Washington, D.C., painting portraits of some of the statesmen and famous people of the era, including Jefferson Davis, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, and Bishop Kendrick of Baltimore.

William and Lucinda had five sons and one daughter. During the growing years of the young family,



William J. Hinchey, c. 1890, when he was 60 years old, courtesy of the National Frontier Trails Center.

they divided their time between Arcadia and St. Louis and eventually moved to DeSoto, Missouri, in the 1880s when the two youngest children were in high school. The large Eastlake house with the wrap-around porch that Hinchey built there still stands today. The wide steps to the veranda were an ideal site for family portraits, and the ample yard is testimony to the tennis and croquet matches that the family enjoyed together. The children and grandchildren of the artist have lovingly cared for his diaries, sketches, and other personal effects. They have cataloged his work, translated his shorthand, and placed his paintings and sketches in museums where they may be enjoyed by all.

William Hinchey died in St. Louis on September 20, 1893, as a result of an accident. He was thrown from a cable car and a wheel severed one leg. He died in the city hospital two days after surgery. On the operating table before the anesthetic was administered, he requested (with typical flair and a sense of history) the opportunity to state his great appreciation of Prime Minister Gladstone's leadership in securing a greater amount of Home Rule for the people of Ireland. A St. Louis newspaper gave prominence to this request and the article was mailed to Gladstone who conveyed his sympathies to the Hinchey family.

Today, the "regionalist" work of William J. Hinchey is owned by several outstanding museums, including the Boston Museum of Fine Art,

The St. Louis Art Museum, and the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis, as well as many discerning collectors. His 1874 painting of "The Dedication of Eads Bridge" traveled in Europe along with other famous Americana in the 1950s and was shown in Washington, D.C., during the nations bicentennial. Both the St. Louis Art Museum and the Kansas City Nelson Gallery of Art had the exhibit "The Rediscovered Work of William J. Hinchey" during 1976.

The National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO, is currently displaying images of Hinchey's Trail sketches, sketchbooks, paintings, and artifacts in a special exhibit, "Scenes From the Road to Santa Fe: Sketches by William J. Hinchey," until December 31, 1996.

COUNCIL TROVE

—DOCUMENTS—

HINCHEY LETTER

William J. Hinchey mentioned a letter to the editor. Bonita Oliva located the letter, signed "Eastward," in the *Santa Fe Weekly Gazette*, Saturday, February 24, 1855, available on microfilm. It is reprinted here with original spelling. The editor, W. W. H. Davis, printed a short response to Hinchey's letter, also reproduced below. Clearly Hinchey possessed an unprejudiced sense of justice.

(For the Gazette.)

In the name of justice and humanity, Mr. Editor, what are supposed to be the rights of the natives in this unfortunate territory, at the hands of the United States citizens resident here?

Are they to be treated as brutes, unworthy the least consideration; and unpossessed of the slightest attribute for good; or despised and trampled on by their conquerors as beings unworthy even the exercise of toleration, on the part of a people boasting the citizenship of the freest country in "the world."

Might not these persons who talk so much of that liberty which they seem so well to appreciate, be expected to exercise sympathy for those less fortunate individuals, who though living under the "glorious constitution" are not yet fully cognisant of all the advantages to be derived from the glorious State of things, consequent on such a constitution.

Might they not remember, that their own country---now so preeminently free, was once governed by a distant power which ruled it from afar---which formed its then existing constitution and dictated its laws which, believing itself mas-

GEORGE BENT LETTERS

by Bill Pitts

ter, tried to oppress it, its own offspring; kindred in blood, in language and religion yet, that out of such wrongs, arose the rights, the glory and the brilliancy which now America enjoys, and which shining afar o'er every sea gladden the heart, illumine the features, and enliven the hopes and aspiration of every lover of liberty?

Might they not remember this, and think that people of a different race and tongue, should be treated leniently, or at least justly, in order the sooner to be induced to avail themselves of the blessings offered them by an union with those liberty loving philanthropists?

But to what I would say---this morning I saw in the plaza a proceeding which shocked me as an instance of foul treatment on the part of an "Americano" toward a native Mexican, whom he struck several violent blows with the edge of a large hand saw. Thrice did the blows descend on the outstretched hands of the poor fellow; and now his blood flows! Once again it comes down with crushing force on the bare head of the poor sufferer. At each stroke the thirsty executor recedes a step the more determinedly to effect his purpose on the cranium of his ever advancing victim---who having at length, though unarmed, succeeded in getting him against the wall, held the saw, and seemed to expostulate with him as coolly as though he would reason with him on a matter of far less importance than his apparent intent to kill him.

On the interposition of third party the intended murderer walked away, still threatening to "cut him more" should he come near him again.

The last I saw of the affair, was the American was walking off threateningly and the Mexican following, determined still to assert his right to a quarter dollar dropped by him, and pocketed by the other!

The "quarter" it appears had been intended for another Mexican standing by, and later a [line missing] derstanding between two natives, the coin found its way to the ground, and, like the fox in the fable, up comes the cutting carpenter to take advantage of the dispute and pay himself for the trouble of settling it, ringing out, by way of change, for the Mexicans, something in harder cash!!!

The man's name I am told, is Goodfellow!

The Mexican never once struck him, but insisted on having *los dos reales*.

EASTWARD.

If the facts, above related, actually took place as seen by "Eastward," the assault was, certainly, wholly unprovoked and very aggravated. The law provides for all such cases, and could the facts, as stated, be proved in a court of justice, the punishment would be quite severe. Such outrages should not go unpunished, and we would suggest, to Eastward, the propriety of his lodging a complaint before a justice of the peace, and have the assailant arrested and bound over to answer at the next term of district court.

(Pitts is past president of SFTA and director of the State Museum of History in Oklahoma City.)

SFTA members may be interested to know that there is a collection of letters from George Bent to Joseph B. Thoburn in the Oklahoma Historical Society Archives. The file is about 1/2-inch thick. This correspondence appeared serendipitously while I was reviewing correspondence of Thoburn, an early-day Oklahoma anthropologist and historian.

From about 1910 to 1918 Thoburn composed typed pages of questions which Bent answered in longhand in the space below each question. Bent also wrote other letters to Thoburn in answer to some of his queries. As a former English teacher, I was impressed with George Bent's excellent sentence structure. He was very well educated. Bent lived near Geary, OK, at the time, having been placed there by the federal government for joining other Cheyenne fighting against the U.S. Army.

Some of the topics covered in these letters include Bent's Fort and the fur trade, the Bent and St. Vrain families, several military officers (Hancock, Sherman, Custer, Boone, Fitzpatrick, and Wynkoop), and individual Indians such as Bull Bear, Tall Bull, White Horse, Little Raven, Roman Nose, Little Robe, and Black Kettle.

The OHS archival files also contain correspondence from Standing Out, George Bent's wife. In December 1931 Standing Out submitted an "Application of Indigent Widow of Confederate Soldier or Sailor for a Pension Under the Laws of the State of Oklahoma." In the application she stated they were married in 1878 at Darlington, Indian Territory, and George died on May 19, 1918, at Colony, OK. Indian Territory became Oklahoma State in 1907.

Standing Out had undoubtedly asked about a pension before submitting the above application, because a May 25, 1931, letter to her from Maj. Gen. C. H. Bridges of the Oklahoma Confederate Records Department stated "Muster roll for July and August, 1862, shows that

he (George Bent) deserted August 26, 1862." Later correspondence insists George was a Union prisoner captured at Memphis, Tennessee, on August 30, 1862, and was received at St. Louis, Missouri, federal prison on September 3, 1862.

Another letter signed by Maj. Gen. Bridges states Bent was discharged by the Federals on September 5, 1862, on "Oath and Bond." Bridges undoubtedly considered the oath not to again take arms against the Federals as desertion from the Confederate Army.

As George Bent's activities were not my reason for searching these archival files, I did not determine whether Standing Out received her pension from the State of Oklahoma.

My initial reason for searching the correspondence was to check on a legend that Pueblo Indians once lived with the Cheyenne in Oklahoma and built adobe houses on the Arkansas River. An October 7, 1913, letter from George Bird Grinnell does ask Thoburn to keep a watch for such ruins during his archaeological excavations in the State.

There is also 1920s correspondence between Thoburn and George E. Hyde of Omaha, NE. Hyde was collecting information for a publication on the Cheyenne tribe, which was published by the University of Oklahoma Press in 1968 under the title *Life of George Bent Written from His Letters*. Hyde was the author of several books about Plains Indians, including *Red Cloud's Folk*, *A Sioux Chronicle*, *Indians of the High Plains*, *Spotted Tail's Folk*, *Indians of the Woodlands*, and *The Pawnee Indians*. The Bent letters at OHS were not cited in that publication, although information in them may have been provided by Thoburn.

The archives department of the OHS has no restrictions on the use of information from the Thoburn Collection. However, William Welge, department head, requests authors to give the society credit in publications. Specific information relative to the George Bent letters can be obtained by telephoning Welge at (405) 522-5206.

A few examples of George Bent's letters follow.

September 23rd 1910

Dear Sir

I received your letter of Sept 19. My Sister has our father's picture and will write to her for the picture and she also has pictures of Lean Bear, Standing on Water, War Bonnett and John Smith old time Interpreter. These Cheyenne Chiefs went to Washington in 1862. John Smith was with Black Kettle's party in 1864 when they went to see Governor Evans. Maj. Edward Wynkoop was in charge of this party he was appointed Agent afterwards for Cheyennes, Arapahoes & Apaches. friend of mine who lives in Omaha Neb sent me some pictures of Indian Chiefs White Horse, Crazy Mule, White Shield and Little Chief. these pictures I gave to their friends. Write to George Hyde 3019 Burdette St. Omaha Nebr tell him that I told you to write to him. I think he got these pictures from Washington, they were copied from larger pictures there. he is nice man he will tell you how to get them. Little Robe and Stone Calf had their pictures taken in Washington in 1872. I dont think Bull Bear and Heap of Birds have any pictures there they were never in Washington. I will write to George Bird Brinnell of Forest and Stream publishing Co of New York to send me the picture of Bents Fort he had the picture of the Fort in Forest and Stream some time ago it will take little time to get these pictures from these parties.

Respectfully
George Bent

September 29th 1910

Dear Sir

Yours of Sept 24th received. I have not heard from Maj. E. W. Wynkoop for long time. I presume he is dead. I do not know if his wife is living. He had 2 children in 1868. I was Maj. Wynkoop's Interpreter for year. When the Cheyennes broke out in fall of 1868, I went home at my father's place, mouth of Las Animas river that fall and have never seen Maj. Wynkoop since. Wynkoop was best friend Cheyennes and Arapahos ever had. Maj. Wynkoop done everything he could to keep Genl. Hancock from going to Dog Soldier Village on Pawnee Fork in Spring of 1867 with big body of Troops and stampede the Village when there was no cause for it. "Roman Nose" you speak volunteered to kill Gen. Hancock when Hancock was marching to the Village. Roman Nose, Bull Bear, Little Robe, Tall Bull and White Horse and Wynkoop talked with Gen. Hancock when he got half way to the Dog Soldier Village but Hancock would not listen to none of them. He was at the head of his Troops with only his Staff, his Troops in line of battle. The Chiefs asked him why formed his Troops that way. he told them he wanted the Indians to see them. right then Roman Nose told the others (Chiefs) that he was ready to Kill Gen. Hancock, for the Chiefs to get away. Bull Bear and Tall Bull coaxed him not to do it. Gen. Hancock was all to blame for that Outbreak that year. Gen. Hancock moved to the Village and burned it. he

ordered Gen. Custer to follow the fleeing Cheyennes. Roman Nose was Northern Cheyenne. he was War Chief. Roman Nose was nice Indian, and was brave warrior. When I was with Cheyennes up North in 1865, Roman Nose and myself belonged to same Society called Crooked Lances. I Knew him well. he came down in 1866 and lived with Dog Soldiers up to the time he was killd. Col Ceran St Vrain was partner of my Father at Bents Fort. St Vrain build Fort on South Platte River, called St. Vrain's Fort. This Fort was built to trade with Northern Cheyennes, Northern Arapahoes and the Sioux. This was branch of Bents Fort. I remember well when my Father used to go up there to this Fort and trade with these Tribes. Southern Indians traded at Bents Fort that is Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches. These Forts send their Traders to different Indian Villages. Indians Camped where there was most buffalo, wood and water. These Forts were headquarters large supplies of Goods were stored at these Forts. Buffalo Robes were stored at these Forts until they were shiped to St Louis MO. Felix St Vrain, son of Ceran St Vrain is living at Strong, Huefano Co. Colo. I got letter from him not long ago. Felix and myself went School together near St Louis before the war. you mention my name when you write to him. I was Brinton Darlington's Interpreter when he was Agent and knew Jesse Townsend well. he came down to Camp Supply with the Old Man in fall of 1869.

Respectfully yours
George Bent

Nov 2nd 1910

Dear Sir

I received your letter of Oct 29th I will be very much pleased to get picture of Bents Fort. I was born at Bents Fort in 1842. I dont think there is any picture of Roman Nose in fact there isnt any picture of him that I know of. I will write to Felix St. Vrain right away. We went to school together in St Louis MO. before the war. When the war broke out in 1861 I went South and Felix went to Mexico to his home. I will be pleased to hear from you any time.

Respectfully
George Bent

Feb 26th 1913

Dear Sir

White Antelope that died near Waponga was son of Chief White Antelope who was killed at Sand Creek in 1864. he was with Black Kettle when they went to Denver to see Gov Evans. Maj. Wynkoop took them there. This White Antelope Jr was Chief but was not prominent among Cheyennes and Whites. I am sending you Maps of Council Grounds at Medicine Lodge Creek and Sand Creek battle. I will be awful glad to get Engravings of these both Maps. I will have these in the Book. I have never thought about this before I am glad you spoke of it. I want you to draw these Maps yourself. I did not make these Maps nice but are all right you can draw good Map from it.

Your Friend
George Bent

ALPHONSO WETMORE: TRAIL DIARIST AND FRONTIER HUMORIST

by Jami Parkison

(Parkison is the author of the recently-published *Path to Glory: A Pictorial Celebration of the Santa Fe Trail and a new member of SFTA.*)

ALPHONSO Wetmore does not make it into many history books, except those dealing with the early history of the Santa Fe trade. This is unfortunate. A Missouri transplant from New York, his May 28-August 2, 1828, diary of a trip over the Trail displayed a keen wit, a sharp eye, and an ebullient spirit. In short, he is a delight to read.

While compiling *Path to Glory: A Pictorial Celebration of the Santa Fe Trail*, I discovered Wetmore on the Internet. His diary is part of New Mexico Highlands University web site. It was first printed as a government document in 1832, appeared as an article in the *Missouri Historical Review* in 1914, and was included in Archer Butler Hulbert's *Southwest on the Turquoise Trail: The First Diaries on the Road to Santa Fe* in 1933.

Unlike many 19th-century diarists who were the literary equivalent of an old rotogravure portrait, stiff and self-consciously serious, Wetmore's lively account of the long trip over the Trail is punctuated with humor. Chosen captain of the 1828 caravan, Wetmore wrote jokingly about his election, comparing it to the dubious distinction of a church deacon's promotion: "There may be some honor in it, but not much profit."

Wetmore could remain light-hearted in the most dire situations. His entry for July 18 stated, "seven miles to our camp, on the bank of a muddy pool, around which one hundred and sixty mules are pressing; a puddle is reserved for ourselves, which is deemed a luxury, after having drunk unto pickling the salt water of the Semiron; our long eared stoics opened their konks half an hour before we halted, inviting this humane measure."

When Secretary of War Lewis Cass requested information about the Santa Fe Trail, Wetmore attached his diary to the report which became part of Senate Document No. 90, 22nd Congress, 1st session

(Serial 213). Not only did Cass gain strategically useful details about the international highway---such as the political instability of the Mexican government---but, because Wetmore meticulously documented personal tales, Cass gained a rich understanding of the frontier life faced by the characters whose livelihoods centered on the Trail.

Long before Mark Twain defined American humor as tongue-in-cheek hyperbole, Wetmore was writing the tall tale. June 26, after days plagued by rain and mud, Wetmore reported seeing "a hare, larger than the English animal of that name," and then added "We have bigger thunder here, too."

Born in Winchester, Connecticut, February 17, 1793, Wetmore grew up there. He moved to New York where he joined the army as an ensign and went off to fight the British in the War of 1812. In one of the many clashes along the Canadian/U.S. border, Wetmore's right arm was blown off. Military policy allowed Wetmore to remain in the army and, in 1819, after four years as paymaster, he set out with Major Stephen Long on the "Yellowstone Expedition."

One day, while stationed in Franklin, MO, Wetmore was returning up river with the army payroll, \$12,000. His canoe capsized in the turbulent Missouri River, and Wetmore struggled to swim ashore with his one good arm, all the while clutching the army's payroll bag under the stump of the other. Though he saved himself, the army's money was lost.

Writers like Mark Twain and Bret Hart, especially ones living west of the Mississippi River, were undoubtedly familiar with Wetmore's sketches of frontier life---the wool-gathering tall tales of mountain men, Indians, and settlers. While still in the army and often under the pen name of "Aurora Borealis," Wetmore wrote regularly for the *Missouri Intelligencer*, a Franklin publication and the first newspaper west of St. Louis. His three-act play, *The Pedlar*, probably written in 1819, was produced three times during Wetmore's life. It was performed at the 1991 SFTA symposium at Boonville, MO.

Drawing heavily on stock characters and plot twists (disguises, hidden identities, eloping couples)

well-known to 19th-century audiences, *The Pedlar* is a rollicking burlesque set in a small frontier settlement.

Though lacking in originality, Wetmore's lively dialogue is full of historically significant tidbits. At one point, an auctioneer itemizes the trade goods found in a confiscated peddler's cart: "Three wool hats - One case of family medicines, consisting of doctor Rodgers' vegetable pulmoniac detirgent decoction, Lee's Scotch Ointment, Relf's cough drops, Lee's patent Windham bilious pills, warranted not to stick in the throat, Redheiffer's patent cathartic perpetual motion, &c. &c. - four and a half cards of gingerbread - John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress - One odd volume, of select Tricks upon Travellers - three boot Jacks, and a small keg of pickled herring - one gallon bottle of Cider Brandy - three pounds and a half of dried peaches - one Merino sheep skin - four tin pans - three hundred and twenty five rifle-flints - one package of artificial nutmegs and garden seeds, with a quantity of stone coal Indigo - several newly invented patent bee-hives, and thirty-three unfinished powder-horns."

Mention of the Merino sheep skin is a reoccurring dig at Nutmeg, the clever and cunning peddler who tries to court the virtuous Mary. Old Prairie, Mary's agitated father, calls Nutmeg a "villainous 'scape gallows," full of "dam'd yankee tricks," and accuses him of selling "wooden nutmegs . . . love potions . . . cockle for onion seed, stone coal for indigo, and a common ram, with a merino skin sewed over his own pretty carcase."

Wetmore's characters are wild-west cliches. Opposum, Old Prairie's son, embodies the stereotypically unrefined, muscle-headed frontiersman. Wetmore's male characters proudly comb their hair and beards with bear grease. Immediately after meeting Nutmeg, Opposum says, "You've got a heap of larnin stranger, but I can out-jump, out-shoot, out-hop, and out-run [you]." Devoted to fighting, hunting, and drinking, the swaggering Opposum has no time for "larning" and habitually promotes himself as either "half horse," "half steam boat," "snapping turtle," "whirlwind," or "shark."

During his life, Wetmore was best

known for writing and compiling the *Gazetteer of the State of Missouri*, published in 1837. The book was a handy guide for settlers, providing geographical information, with a large foldout map, and detailed narratives of each county in the state. The *Gazetteer* was appended with seven short stories. Though not credited, historians generally attribute these seven to Wetmore.

The funniest of the stories is "Sketch of Mountain Life," a lengthy apologia and celebration of frontier life. Gall Buster, the tale's hero, is a good-natured soul who craves the solitude of the frontier.

Determined to find bountiful hunting lands and "a quiet life" farther west, the bucolic Buster, whose rifle is nicknamed "Sweetlips" because "the way she whispered was curious," bids farewell to his protesting wife. "Patsy allowed I mought as well stay at home," he says, "and live a quiet life, and be independent; but there was little to be made in raising a crop in the summer, and eating it up in the winter. Both ends might be made to meet in this way. . . . When I left Patsy and the children, I told her . . . that I was tired of being poor; beaver was rising, and there was a smart sprinkle in the mountains. She desired that I would write her, if anything happened. . . . She said it wouldn't bring me to life if the Indian scalped me, or I should starve, or freeze, or get drowned, to be struck with lightning, or chawed up by a grizzly bear; but it would be such a satisfaction to know that I died easy. 'Take pen and ink,' said Patsy. 'That would be a pretty how-de-ye-do!' said I. 'It is hard work enough for me to write when I am alive and well, and have all the fixings in order, so as to 'gin out my pot-hooks in raal schoolmaster lines well ruled; but after I am dead, Patsy, I fear it would take a better scholar than I am to read my hand write.' But I told her I would take a piece of paper with me, and I put it into the bottom of my tobacco-box, to keep it dry. If I needed a pen I could shoot a bald eagle, or a swan, and make a little ink with gunpowder."

Many of Wetmore's literary efforts were published anonymously, but a careful reading can identify Wetmore as author of many anonymous pieces. Known to have writ-

ten verse satire, Wetmore's humorous style and intimate knowledge of Santa Fe trade is evident in "The Book of the Muleteers," published in two parts in the *Intelligencer*, August 5 and 19, 1825. This was printed in *Wagon Tracks*, vol. V, no. 4, August 1991, pp. 1-3.

As astute witness, Wetmore had a front-row seat to the explosive growth of the Santa Fe Trail. He was there when Becknell triumphantly returned to Franklin in 1822, and no doubt also experienced the horrors which beset frontier life. He certainly witnessed the devastation of cholera. When that terrible scourge swept through St. Louis in the summer of 1849, Wetmore became its victim. He died on June 13. His 1828 diary remains an important source on the early history of the Trail.

FORT LEARNED

—TEACHERS' TRADING POST—

Patti Olsen, Editor

AS I write this column I am looking forward to November, which will bring a couple of important Santa Fe Trail 175th anniversary events here in New Mexico. Both of them provide ideas for future lesson plans and projects for teachers. First, just south of Las Vegas on November 13, there will be a ceremony recognizing the meeting of William Becknell and Don Pedro Ignacio Gallego, the event that signaled the opening of the Santa Fe Trail as a commercial route. Besides the dedication of a highway marker and a new DAR marker, local officials will speak, there will be a reenactment, and the New Mexico Highlands University Mariachi Band will play.

Next, in Santa Fe on November 16, is the *entrada*, reenacting the arrival of Becknell on the Plaza, followed by speeches, exhibits, music, and an "open house" at the Palace of the Governors. Videos of various aspects of these events will later make for good viewing in the classroom.

There is good news, too, for those teachers and Trail buffs with access to the Internet. Nancy Sween, at the University of Kansas, has set up a Santa Fe Trail "bulletin board" (she calls it the "Cybertrail") so news items and queries about the Trail can be exchanged, as well as

lesson plans, new sources for materials, and other information of particular interest to teachers. For further information or to join the bulletin board, contact Nancy Sween at "nsween@falcon.cc.ukans.edu."

Ralphea Daggett Hill, Goodwell, OK, sent the following suggestions for classroom projects which could be adapted to Santa Fe Trail materials. I agree with her that we need to get students to write (and read!) as much as possible. In my sixth-grade language arts class I have students read excerpts from Susan Shelby Magoffin's diary, and they are always especially gripped by her descriptions of the daily round of life on the Trail.

Ralphea Daggett Hill

For two years I worked as a docent for the No Man's Land Historical Museum in Goodwell, OK, and used two program ideas in conjunction with local elementary schools that might adapt well to Santa Fe Trail projects.

The sixth graders in Goodwell get a unit each year on library research and writing a research paper. I prepared a list of topics and people from the Oklahoma Panhandle pioneer times and a list of some books in the Panhandle State University library for reference sources. The teacher let each child choose a subject and spent some time with them at the college library helping with research. The children wrote four- to five-page reports and gave oral presentations to the class.

After the reports were written, we displayed them at the museum, and the sixth-grade class visited the museum to look at Indian and pioneer artifacts. I presented a workshop for them, teaching them Indian-loom beading and discussing the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Comanche, and Kiowa tribes in the area after the Civil War.

Another program we used with area third graders involved pioneer-day Christmas celebrations. I recommended that the chapter about Christmas in *Little House on the Prairie* be read aloud to them as background. The pupils wrote a letter from a pioneer to a relative "back East" describing his/her Christmas celebration.

The children could pretend to be a child, adult, cowboy, buffalo hunter, or any character they liked. I never cease to be amazed at the imagination these kids have. Their letters were displayed at the museum and judged by a group of college faculty for most historically accurate, most original, and most humorous. Certificates were given to the winners. This idea could be adapted to celebrating Independence Day on the Trail.

I hope these ideas may be of some help. I am a chemistry lab supervisor at Panhandle State and recommend all the writing experience students can possibly get.

TRAIL TROUBADOUR

—TRAFFIC IN VERSE—

Sandra M. Doe, Editor

IT is a pleasure to assume the position of guest editor for this column which seeks to publish the poetry and song of the Santa Fe Trail, works by historical and contemporary authors. We seek quality poetry in open or traditional form which addresses the history, realism, romance, and diversity of the Trail. We seek poetry that demonstrates authentic emotion, original images, and skill in craftsmanship.

Please submit items for consideration. Send no more than five poems of moderate length, typed, with a brief biography, to Sandra M. Doe, WT Poetry Editor, Dept. of English, Campus Box 32, Metropolitan State College of Denver, PO Box 173362, Denver CO 80217-3362.

This issue presents a series of poems in the voice of Yellow Woman, written by Kyle Laws, Pueblo, Colorado. Yellow Woman, a Cheyenne, was William Bent's second wife; his first wife was Yellow Woman's sister Owl Woman. These poems imagine Yellow Woman as living in two different worlds, and the poet tries to touch on the "emotional accuracy" of that predicament. Kyle Laws's first collection of poems, *Apricot Wounds Straddling the Sky*, was published in 1988 by Suburban Wilderness Press. In 1997 Kings Estate Press will publish her next volume of poems about the fishing village where she grew up on the Jersey shore and a Mexican painter, Frida Kahlo.

YELLOW WOMAN

THE BARK OF A WOLF STIRS MY DREAMS

the only sound
that pierces
this lodge of pine
all else is muffled
like the cry
of a child
into its mother's
swollen breast
my husband breathes
deep the heavy
air beside me
I touch the curve
of his eyes in sleep
remember how he used
to unbraid my hair
as each strand unwound

so did I into the
hollows of his skin
hours spent in the morning
with the untangling of ends
this is how the seasons passed
into the untangling of all things
on this wind swept plain

I LIFT THE IRON LATCH

on the side door and
step out onto the plain
it is here that the
world begins for me and
I sweep my hands across
the rim of my day
touch the edge of
hills rising into
sacred mountains
the sweet prairie
wind twists my hair
as yesterday's snow
leads into the
roots of sage
no extremes last in
this hollow of hills
it is raw with marrow
everything is stripped
away broken down until
all that remains is
that final bloody
push toward a child's
first scream

THE LOOK ON HIS FACE

when he returned
with the news of his
brother's Taos death
I was afraid it would be
more than he could bear
birds circling the
top branches of
the cottonwood
the cloth of indigo
and crimson wrapping
the spirit of my sister
a stone flute beads
of abalone and an
earthen jar stuffed
with blue corn meal
I handed him his
newborn son and
studied my beaded
moccasins when the
cry of the birds
broke his questions
into blue shards of
death song murmurs

ON DAYS WHEN THE FLOW

of the Arkansas rushes
too quickly over the stones
as I kneel with cloth
in the slow rubbing
and the shadows of willows
twist in the wind not blown
my sister Owl Woman
takes flight from the
tallest of trees and
her sleek feathers
shimmer in the sun
as I carry the wash home

I whistle her little bird song
her son on my back
then sit before
the reflecting glass
oil my hair deep
wait for my husband

MY BREASTS SWAY INTO BUCKSKIN

as I gather red willow branches
from the bed of the Purgatory
these will dry in the dark
stirred with bitter tobacco
the smoke drift up through
the tying of lean pines
chase the scattering sky-lights
like wild seeds in the wind
as my body tracks the
familiar scent of milk
your fingers still with
the pulse of the drum

THE MOON JUST ABOUT DOWN

and horses already start
to pull from their tethers
the fort not yet running
with the song of trade
my stone flute begins morning
lodge fire stirred hot for
coffee and unrisen bread
buffalo and antelope hides
will be exchanged for
flour and sugar this
white fiber of my life
laid in dusty sacks on sun
blistered buckboards low
through heavy wooden gates
and carried back out along
trails littered with an
old wise woman's death



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

—BOOK NOTICES—

Marc Simmons, *The Old Trail to Santa Fe: Collected Essays*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996. Pp. xvii + 200. Maps, illustrations, notes, bibliography. Cloth, \$24.95; paper, \$16.95.

Every member of SFTA, to whom this collection is dedicated, will delight in having many of Simmons's writings (articles and newspaper columns) about the Trail gathered under one cover. The text is enhanced with 65 illustrations. It is clear why Simmons is renowned as the preeminent living Trail historian. He is truly in love with its stories, and his passion will inspire others.

A few items are dated because

recent research has shed additional light. The only real shortcoming, for those who will use this over and over, is the absence of an index. Every member and anyone with the slightest interest in the Trail should read this book.

Jami Parkison, *Path to Glory: A Pictorial Celebration of the Santa Fe Trail*. Kansas City: Highwater Editions, 1996. Pp. xi + 132. Maps, illustrations, appendix, bibliography. Cloth, \$29.95.

This handsome volume was produced by the Jackson County (MO) Historical Society and First Business Bank of Kansas City to commemorate the 175th anniversary of the Trail. It provides the finest collection of Trail illustrations published to date. The text provides a general overview of Trail history. An appendix lists museums, historic Trail sites, and the chapters of the SFTA. New Mexicans should feel especially honored to live in glory land.

David J. Weber, *On the Edge of Empire: The Taos Hacienda of los Martínez*. Photographic essay by Anthony Richardson, with text by Skip Miller. Santa Fe: Museum of New Mexico Press, 1996. Pp. 120. Maps, illustrations, notes, appendix, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$24.95; paper, \$17.50. Order from Museum of New Mexico Press, PO Box 2087, Santa Fe NM 87504 (505) 827-6454.

This finely-crafted book will delight anyone interested in the complex society and culture of New Mexico at the western end of the Trail. It focuses on the prosperous household of the Martínez family, near Taos, to portray the many influences and changes that occurred "on the edge of empire" under successive control of Spain, Mexico, and the U.S.

Severino (1761-1827) and María (ca. 1773-1829) Martínez established the hacienda in 1804. Among their six children was Antonio José, 1793-1867, best known as Padre Martínez, "one of the most striking figures in the nineteenth-century Southwest." This story, however, concentrates on Severino and the making of his hacienda and fortune. It also tells the story of the decline of the 21-room adobe manor and its restoration by the Kit Car-

son Historic Museums.

As always, Weber's research and insights are impeccable. The detailed endnotes are as interesting to read (and in some chapters nearly as long) as the text. The photographs provide a detailed, room-by-room tour of the restored structure. Don Serverino's last will and testament in the appendix reveals fascinating details about the material culture of northern New Mexico at the time the Santa Fe Trail was established.

Stewart L. Udall, *Majestic Journey: Coronado's Inland Empire*. 1987; reprint, Santa Fe: Museum of New Mexico Press, 1995. Pp. x + 166. Maps, illustrations, index. Paper, \$19.95.

This paper reprint of Udall's *To the Inland Empire*, published in cloth by Doubleday & Co. in 1987, offers a new selection of photographs (some in color), maps, and a new preface by the author. It remains an outstanding volume on Coronado's great venture, 1540-1542. Coronado was the first known European traveler to cover a portion of what became the Santa Fe Trail.

Kenneth L. Holmes, ed., *Covered Wagon Women: Diaries & Letters from the Western Trails, 1851*. Introduction by Susan Armitage. Reprint, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1996. Pp. 291. Illustrations, index. Paper, \$13.00.

This reprint of volume three of the series *Covered Wagon Women* includes the writings of eight women who crossed the plains. These reprints are inexpensive and highly recommended.

Don J. Usner, *Sabino's Map: Life in Chimayó's Old Plaza*, 1995. Pp. viii + 264. Map, illustrations, notes, index. Cloth, \$24.95.

This book recounts and celebrates the history of the Plaza del Cerro, the most fully intact colonial plaza remaining in New Mexico. With its lively oral histories and rare historical photographs, it is the first in-depth look at what may be the best-known Hispanic village in the Southwest. William de Buys calls this "the best history yet made of a northern New Mexico community. . . . If you want to understand our

rich and troubled region, use *Sabino's Map* to find your way."

J. J. Methvin, *Andele, The Mexican-Kiowa Captive: A Story of Real Life Among the Indians*. Introduction by James F. Brooks. 1899; reprint, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996. Pp. vi + 133. Map, illustrations. Paper, \$16.95.

José Andrés Martín was abducted near his home in Las Vegas, NM, by Indians in 1866. He was adopted by Kiowa Chief Many Bears and was known as Andele. He lived the life of a Kiowa through the last days of freedom and went to the reservation in present Oklahoma in 1875.

In the 1880s he attempted to return to his family in Las Vegas but found he preferred living with the Kiowas. He returned to the reservation, taught school, and helped anthropologists who were studying Kiowa culture. His narrative was first published by Methvin, a Methodist missionary. It provides an invaluable eyewitness description of the twilight years of Kiowa life on the Plains and early reservation life.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

I noticed with interest Mark L. Gardner's letter in the last issue regarding use of the Mountain Route of the Trail. Susan Shelby Magoffin's description of the difficulties of taking a wagon train over Raton Pass in 1846 raise some doubts about its general use prior to that time. The Mountain Route may not have been used much even after the Mexican War. I submit the following quotation from Percival G. Lowe's *Five Years A Dragoon*, pp. 136-137, recalling his trip over the Mountain Route in the summer of 1854 with two companies of Dragoons and 600 horses and other supplies for Fort Union. Lowe makes it clear that the Mountain Route was not always used. He wrote:

"And now we moved off up the north side of the Arkansas by easy marches for several days, on up the river to Bent's Old Fort, and crossed; thence south to Timpas, Water Holes, Hole in the Rock, Hole in the Prairie, crossing Purgetwa—generally pronounced Picket-

ware—below where Trinidad now is.

"It is nearly one hundred miles farther by this than by the Cimarron route to Santa Fé, hence it had been abandoned; had not been traveled since the Cimarron came into general use. Trees had fallen across the trail, mountain torrents had made great gulleys, and it took Lieutenant [William] Craig's pioneer party—details from B and D Troops—several days to make the road passable."

This statement makes it seem doubtful that the Mountain Route saw much traffic until the Civil War, when it was used more and stagecoach service shifted to that route. Even then, however, as Fort Union post sutler William H. Moore testified regarding the freighting of supplies to New Mexico during the Civil War, most wagon trains followed the Cimarron Route (as noted in your *Fort Union and the Frontier Army in the Southwest*, p. 268). The great shift of freight wagons from the Cimarron to the Mountain Route probably came at the close of the Civil War when Richens Lacy "Uncle Dick" Wootton opened his toll road there. That was more than 40 years after Becknell opened trade with Santa Fe in 1821.

Paul F. Bentrup
SFTA Ambassador
PO Box 595
Lakin KS 67860

Editor:

Mrs. Potter and I enjoyed the Smithsonian Santa Fe Trail tour under your leadership. After returning home we were suddenly startled to notice in a photo in *Santa Fe Trail, Voyage of Discovery*, p. 41, that one of the names cut into Autograph Rock is the name of my grandfather, "B. F. Potter 1856." Another Potter name, my grandfather's cousin Thomas (1833-1896), appears below that. My grandfather, 1834-1924, lived in Lone Jack, MO, in 1856. Family history relates that he made two trips to the West, and we believe now he was on the Santa Fe Trail in 1856.

If anyone has additional information that might confirm his Trail travel, I would appreciate hearing from them. One of grandfather's older brothers, Stephen (1822-1862), was a wagon master for the

firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell in the late 1850s.

Also, my great-grandfather, Benjamin F. Potter, Sr., age 75, was murdered along with five other innocent men by Union troops from Kansas near Lone Jack on September 9, 1863, during the time of Order No. 11. They were packing to leave the area under terms of the order and would have been on the road in less than one hour, several hours in advance of the deadline of sundown that day. This was one of the many tragedies of border warfare and the Civil War.

J. Leith Potter
200 Sheffield Place
Nashville TN 37215

Editor:

The End of the Trail Chapter's Entrada Committee thanks you and Bonita for mailing the Entrada flyer to SFTA membership via the Association's bulk-rate permit. We thank Bonita for making a trip to Larned to pick up the flyers, delivered there by Marilyn Earp. It was generous of you both to apply the labels, sort and bundle the mailing, and get it out in a timely manner. We are impressed you would provide this service. We receive much for the minimal dues we pay, but I doubt most members are aware of this. The End of the Trail is now aware of such, specifically what you two do for us. The Entrada committee, Jack Barnes, Betty Cooley, Marilyn Earp, Louann Jordan, Vi Navrot, and myself are most grateful for your help.

Margaret Sears
Entrada Committee
1871 Candela
Santa Fe NM 87505

Your kind words are appreciated. Although we prefer to include such information as inserts in WT, our goal is to be of service to the membership and chapters when possible. We have offered several times to volunteer to help with such mailings when they are eligible under the terms of the nonprofit-organization mailing permit.

I should mention, in this connection, that the postal service has recently indicated it will investigate the qualifications of the inserts we have included in WT during the past decade. The rules are strict. We expect no problems with inserts relating SFTA and chapter information to the membership, and we

hope that inserts for merchandise supplied by the SFTA Last Chance Store and other nonprofit institutions (such as university presses) will be approved. However, there is the possibility that we will have to pay first-class postal rates and interest for advertisements of any merchandise offered by individuals or for-profit businesses. It also appears that the present permit does not cover separate mailings for dues and fund-raising projects.

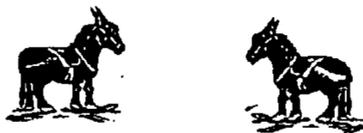
It was never our intent to deprive the postal service of any revenue. We plan to take care of this since we are responsible. Thereafter, however, if I continue as editor, we may need to limit what can be sent with WT or change to a regular bulk mail permit which carries a higher postage rate but does not limit so much the types of materials which may be sent. If we must change to a regular permit, the extra postage expense could be covered by establishing a fee for including inserts. Perhaps a fee schedule, giving special rates to chapters and members and higher rates to commercial advertisers, could cover all postage expenses for WT.

Editor

Editor:

Once more I am writing to thank you for publishing information about the annual Santa Fe Trail Bicycle trek in *Wagon Tracks*. Because of space limitations, this year we limited the trek to 50 riders leaving Santa Fe and accepted more beginning at Trinidad. We had riders from all over the USA and a couple from England. We expect a large group from England's Cycle Touring Club to ride with us next year. Again, thank you for WT's support.

Willard Chilcott
SFT Bicycle Committee
885 Camino Del Este
Santa Fe NM 87501



HOOF PRINTS —TRAIL TIDBITS—

SFTA Ambassador Paul Bentrup was out to meet the Elderhostel tour of the Trail at the Kearny County Historical Society Museum in Lakin, KS. Since then he has had

surgery and is recovering at his apartment. He will enjoy your cards and letters at PO Box 595, Lakin KS 67860.

The recently-organized New Mexico Heritage Preservation Alliance is a nonprofit organization dedicated to the protection, preservation, and stewardship of New Mexico's cultural properties. Objectives include building public awareness, promoting preservation legislation, exchanging information, and raising funds for preservation projects. Membership dues are \$15 for students and seniors, \$25 for individuals and families, and \$50 for institutions and businesses. Send to NMHPA, PO Box 2490, Santa Fe NM 87504.

The Oregon-California Trails Association board of directors recently voted to increase annual dues \$5.00 each for individual and family memberships in order to meet rising costs of operation.

A Mormon Battalion monument erected between Santa Fe and Albuquerque in 1940 to commemorate the march of the 500 Mormon soldiers who marched from Fort Leavenworth to California during the Mexican War was taken down in 1982 to make room for a rest stop along Interstate-25. After a 14-year absence the monument was recently reconstructed near the original location with new stone and the original brass plaque.

Mrs. William Rehl, Daughters of the American Revolution Historian General, was the featured speaker at the rededication of the DAR Trail marker at Schumacher Park in Kansas City, MO, on September 15. The marker was originally dedicated in 1913, and it had been moved because of highway construction. It is now back on the Trail.

The newest DAR Trail marker in Kansas, located at Ralph's Ruts west of Chase as noted in the last issue of *WT*, was dedicated on September 18. The old DAR marker that had been moved to Ralph's Ruts and recently returned to its original site was rededicated the same day. A large contingent of

Kansas DAR members were on hand.

On October 5 the Cimarron Heritage Center, Boise City, OK, conducted several bus tours of Trail sites in Cimarron County. This was a "practice run" for the 1997 symposium.

SFTA Ambassador Harry Myers was featured speaker at a joint meeting of the Missouri River Outfitters Chapter of SFTA and the Friends of the National Frontier Trails Center, at the Center, on September 29.

Ellen Dudley and Eric Seaborg have completed their book *American Discoveries* about the American Discovery Trail, a coast-to-coast hiking trail which includes a portion of the Santa Fe Trail. It may be ordered from the publisher, Mountain Books, for \$24.95 plus shipping. Call (800) 553-4453.

Arrow Rock State Historic Site presented a special exhibit during September to commemorate the 175th anniversary, noting that William Becknell left from Franklin and passed the site of Arrow Rock in September 1821. The display included a wagon, trade items, and horse equipment.

H. Denny Davis's *Fayette Advertiser*, September 25, 1996, contained a lengthy article and many photographs of the 175th celebration held in New Franklin, MO, on September 21, the day Governor Mel Carnahan proclaimed "Santa Fe Trail Day in Missouri." The original town of Franklin and William Becknell's 1821 venture to Santa Fe were commemorated in speeches by Senator Kit Bond, Lt.-Gov. Roger Wilson, and Davis.

The grand opening of the Fray Angélico Chávez History Library and Photographic Archives was celebrated at the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe on November 7-9, 1996. A series of programs and speakers filled the program, including a lecture by Helmut Schmidt on "The Santa Fe Trail: Path to a New Nation." Be sure to see the new library when you are in Santa Fe.

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

President Helen C. Brown
PO Box 1400
Elkhart, KS 67950
(316) 697-4597

No report.

Texas Panhandle

President Kathy Revett
3505 Cinderella
Amarillo, TX 79121-1607
(806) 358-7320

No report.

Wagonbed Spring

President Ed Lewis
602 E San Jacinto
Ulysses, KS 67880
(316) 356-2141

The quarterly meeting was held October 10, 1996, at Hugoton. President Lewis presented information about moving the DAR markers. The register contains the names of 417 visitors at the Wagonbed Spring site so far in 1996.

Heart of the Flint Hills

President Donald B. Cress
RR 1 Box 66
Council Grove, KS 66846
(316) 767-5826

No report.

End of the Trail

President John Barnes
2213 Calle Cacique
Santa Fe, NM 87505
(505) 983-5553

The chapter met on September 21 to visit the twelve Trail sites within the city that our marker committee has determined most worthy of being marked with an official "crossing" sign. Originally we had hoped to have the signs in place for the 175th anniversary, but we are now aiming at next summer.

Prior to the tour we held a short, business meeting. One order of business was to fill the positions of treasurer and newsletter editor, vacant by resignations. Vi Navrot and Tom Steele, respectively, have agreed to fill those posts.

A handsome Pendleton Santa Fe Trail blanket, designed by Ramona Sakiestewa, prominent Hopi weaver, had been donated to the chapter by Ray Dewey, owner of the Dewey Trading Company of Santa Fe. Raffle tickets were sold to raise funds to help finance our Entrada celebration, and at our meeting a drawing was held. Bunny Huffman

was the fortunate winner.

Members of the chapter who have been diligently working out the many details of our November 16 ceremonies to commemorate the anniversary of William Becknell's arrival in Santa Fe were introduced by Entrada chair, former president Margaret Sears. These are Louann Jordan, Marilyn Earp, Vi Navrot, Betty Cooley, Carol Klawa, and Jack Barnes. And it does appear that adequate funding will be in place for the celebration, thanks to private and business donors, the City of Santa Fe, and Santa Fe County. Numerous newspaper articles and letters to the editors of our local papers have made the community aware of the event and our needs. It has been quite a struggle, as any who have been involved in fund raising will surely appreciate.

We are very grateful to Leo and Bonita Oliva and the SFTA for distributing our walking tour brochure and schedule of events to every member of the Association.

Corazon de los Caminos

President LeRoy LeDoux
PO Box 94
Wagon Mound, NM 87752
(505) 666-2262

About 50 people showed up at Point of Rocks for the August meeting. Thanks to hosts Faye and Pete Gaines, to Harry Myers for his talk, to Gary Gaines for setting up the tent, tables, and fireplace, to Fort Union National Monument for lending the tent, and to Linda Rankin of the Santa Clara Cafe for arranging for the buffalo.

Accompanying the buffalo was a plethora of good food prepared from recipes in Sam Arnold's *Eating up the Santa Fe Trail* and other sources. Many thanks for all the great cooks and cook-historians for participating in the feast at Point of Rocks.

Forty-five members and guests attended our September meeting at Ocate, featuring "Words and Music of the Santa Fe Trail." Special thanks to J.D. Schmidt, who showed a video recording of the reenactment of the Gallego-Becknell encounter 175 years ago at our June meeting at Kearny Gap, and Richard Bodner and Carl Bernstein for a superb program. Bodner is a poet and humanities scholar who performs frequently as a Chautauqua speaker for the New Mexico

Endowment for the Humanities. Bernstein, a resident of Ocate, is a musician who teaches guitar at New Mexico Highlands University. They are working on a project sponsored by the New Mexico Endowment for the Humanities to produce a series of radio programs of "Words and Music of the Santa Fe Trail."

Thanks also to Anne Swenson and Darlene and Bob Sumpter for making the local arrangements, to the Ocate Community Association for the use of their splendid new Center, and to Patsy Littleton, Terry Mares, Darlene Sumpter, Karen Bernstein, and Patti and Mike Olsen for the nutritious and delicious refreshments. The "Words and Music" from Bodner and Bernstein, much of it original, certainly enhanced our appreciation for the Trail. And they say there is more to come. The chapter has made a donation to the New Mexico Foundation for the Humanities to support their work.

Walter and Theresa Pickett have volunteered to clean the DAR markers in the chapter area, and Leo and Mary Gamble have made a splendid Corazon de los Caminos sign. *Mil Gracias.*

The anniversary of the meeting between Gallego and Becknell at Kearny Gap will be commemorated November 13 with various dignitaries present. The DAR will place a marker where Gallego's pickets first met the Becknell party.



Tom Golden and LeRoy LeDoux with the new chapter sign, Ocate, NM, September 15, 1996.

Wet/Dry Routes

President Janice Klein
3008 Anna Ave
Dodge City, KS 67801

The chapter met for the fall meeting on October 13, 1996, at the Stafford County Historical Museum in Stafford, KS. Reports were given

concerning the Lime Kiln Project, the 175th Santa Fe Trail anniversary programs conducted by the chapter, the Murder on the Santa Fe Trail Seminar, and new chapter members. Following the business meeting, the program on the recent archaeological dig at Fort Harker-Fort Ellsworth was presented by Margaret Kraisinger, Halstead, KS.

The winter meeting will be conducted at the Municipal Building in Kinsley, KS, January 5, 1997.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge

President A. Ted Mueller
508 Annette
Dodge City, KS 67801
(316) 225-2371

Donald Blakeslee, associate professor of anthropology at Wichita State University, presented the program on August 15, 1996. Blakeslee's program reviewed his book, *Along Ancient Trails: The Mallet Expedition of 1739*. The 312-page text traces ancient Indian trails used by virtually everyone from Coronado to the travelers of the Santa Fe and Oregon trails. This most interesting narrative and slide presentation would be of interest to other chapters close to Wichita.

Our November 8 meeting was equally informative. Keith Chadd, trail historian and DC/FD member, shared his findings for his map with historic points of interest in Fort County. The map depicts the deadly clashes involving Indians as well as the historic trails (Santa Fe, Rath, and Western or Dodge City trails), the Fort Dodge reservation, early post offices, school houses, and more. Chadd's research continues to expand his historical Ford County map and he plans to publish his findings in the near future.

Our chapter members wish other chapter and SFTA members a joyous upcoming holiday season and happy trailing 176th year in 1997.

Missouri River Outfitters

President Anne Carter
964 NW 600
Centerview, MO 64019
(816) 230-7228

No report.

Quivira

President Linda Colle
724 Penn Drive
McPherson, KS 67460
(316) 241-8719

No report.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Dr. Gil Michel
605 Park Place
Newton, KS 67114
(316) 284-0313

No report.

Bent's Fort

President Earl Casteel
5666 S 106 Rd
Alamosa, CO 81101
(719) 589-2061

The 175th auto tour started at Amity, CO, and ended in Cimarron, NM. Approximately 500 attended part or all the July tour and activities along the route.

September 7 saw a combined BFC tour with "Boggsville Days" activities. Everyone enjoyed entertainment, games, and tours plus a program given by John Carson (great-grandnephew). His "The Last Years of Kit Carson and Boggsville" was informative and interesting.

A delightful autumn day (October 5), enhanced the BFC tour to Stonewall, CO, for a visit to the grave of Marion Russell. A brown bag lunch was enjoyed in the old schoolhouse turned fire station. Noreen Riffe, a great-granddaughter, gave an excellent slide presentation on the Marion Russell family history/genealogy.

Teresa Kesterson and her quartet provided music that was reminiscent of the era during our visit to the lovely cemetery.

An extra special highlight of the day was the attendance of our BFC member Charley Taylor and his wife from Bloomington, IN. They joined the other 55 members for our wonderful tour.

HELP WANTED

I am seeking information on a Richard Campbell, born 1800 in Virginia, son of John Campbell. He crossed the Santa Fe Trail many times between 1819 and 1860. Any information or leads you could supply would be greatly appreciated.

Douglas S. Daniels
721 W Whittier Blvd, Suite B
La Habra CA 90631

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.

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIPS

Arrow Rock Country Store, Arrow Rock
MO 65320

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Rick & Mary Altenberg, 7105 Coors Trail
NW, Albuquerque NM 87120

Alfonso & Donna Archuleta, PO Box 848,
Rociada NM 87742

Fred & Lynn Borchardt, 7300 E Stone
Canyon Dr, Tucson AZ 85750

Ralph & Janice Decker, 7501 Jacobo Dr
NE, Albuquerque NM 87109

Harry & Sally Ditty, PO Box 1015, West-
cliffe CO 81252

Allen & Darlene Grabenstatter, 781 Sch-
wartz Rd, Lancaster NY 14086

John & Kathy Green, 3143 Santa Fe
Terr, Independence MO 64055

Harold E. & Beverly Jackson, 45 Calle
del Norte, Placitas NM 87043

Lloyd & Pauline Joyce, 809 Davis, Gar-
den City KS 67846

Mike & Lois Keith, 1307 W Trail, Dodge
City KS 67801

John & Jami Parkison, 7337 Terrace,
Kansas City MO 64114

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Sue Anderson, 1584 Locust Ln, Provo
UT 84604

Robert A. Buck, 14 Hillside Ave, New
Milford CT 06776

Julie A. Daicoff, 11621 S Penrose St,
Olathe KS 66061

Doug Daniels, 721 W Whittier Blvd Ste
B, La Habra CA 90631

Ronald Dietzel, 321 E 2nd St, Newton
KS 67114

Patricia Black Esterly, 1531 Camino
Cerrito SE, Albuquerque NM 87123

Ron Grimes, 9002 Colesbury Pl, Fairfax
VA 22031

Dennis Johnson, 159 N Mulberry St,
Martinsville IN 46151

Laurie H. Kleen, 6427 Minnesota Ave, St
Louis MO 63111

Carol Koroghlanian, 1351 E Amberwood
Dr, Phoenix AZ 85048

Rod Milne, 702 James, Maize KS 67101
Peggy L. Moore, 1720 Nueces Trail, Ar-
lington TX 76012

Robert M. Oberdorfer, 2129 Osuna Rd
NE Ste 200, Albuquerque NM 87113

John E. Paschke, 200 Sierra Point Rd,
Brisbane CA 94005

Gerald M. Schmidt, 1405 Lilac Lane,
Wamego KS 66547

Bonnie Jean Stoner, 525 Classen Dr,
Dallas TX 75218

Bob Terwilleger, 517 Cantril St, Castle
Rock CO 80104

John Tetter, 1000 W 92nd Pl, Overland
Park KS 66212

TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send notices for this section; provide location, date, time, and activity. Events scheduled as part of the 175th anniversary celebration are included here. Remember this is a quarterly. The next issue should appear in February, so send information for March and later to arrive by January 20, 1997. Thank you.

June 1, 1996-Oct. 31, 1997: El Rancho de las Golondrinas, NM, special exhibit, La Junta, meeting of the trails, on the Chihuahua Trail (Camino Real) and the Santa Fe Trail, with emphasis on their impact on Santa Fe and its people. This bilingual exhibit will include period artifacts and hands-on activities. Contact Louann Jordan (505) 471-2261.

June 8, 1996-Dec. 31, 1996: National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO, special exhibit, "Scenes From the Road to Santa Fe: Sketches by William J. Hinchey."

Dec. 6, 1996: National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO, Sam Arnold, authority on Santa Fe Trail food, will give a presentation

and taste treat. (816) 325-7577.

Dec. 10, 1996: First annual Christmas party for volunteers at the Cimarron Heritage Center, Boise City, OK, 7:00 p.m.

Dec. 14, 1996: Christmas on the Trail, Morton County Museum, Elkhart, KS (316) 697-4597.

Jan. 5, 1997: Wet/Dry Routes Chapter meeting at the Municipal Building in Kinsley, KS.

Sept. 24-28, 1997: SFTA Symposium, Boise City, OK, Elkhart, KS, and Clayton, NM. Contact 1997 SFTA Symposium, PO Box 655, Boise City, OK 73933.

FROM THE EDITOR

As you read elsewhere, SFTA annual dues have increased. This can be good for the organization, especially if it provides more resources and support for the chapters where most of the real work of SFTA takes place (the chapters have been neglected for too long), makes possible more worthwhile publications (an important mission), facilitates public programs, and covers essential administrative expenses.

Membership in SFTA is still a bargain, and every member is important. Please continue to support the only national organization dedicated to the preservation, protection, and promotion of the historic Santa Fe Trail. Unless you are too far removed from the region, participate in chapter activities. There is much to be done.

This begins the second decade of SFTA and *WT*. The first ten years were great. Thank you.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

WAGON TRACKS
Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675



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