

Wagon Tracks

Volume 24

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Santa Fe Trail Association

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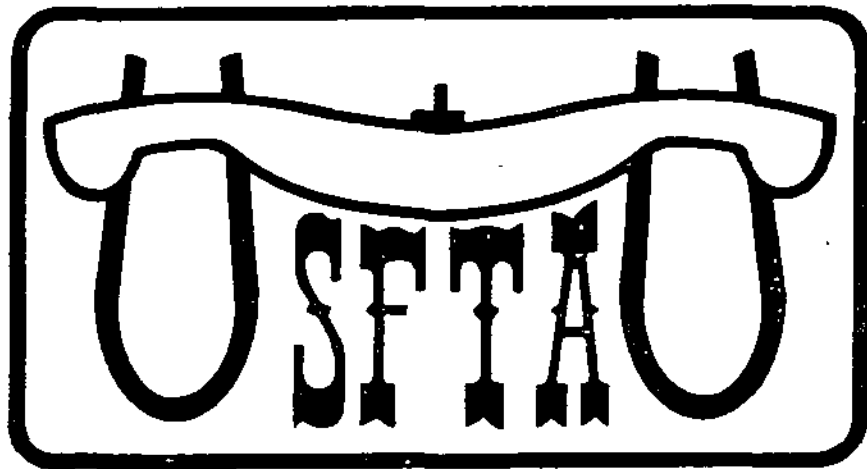


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 24

AUGUST 2010

NUMBER 4

RENDEZVOUS SEPT. 16-19

by Ruth Olson Peters

RENDEZVOUS 2010 is fast approaching and final preparations are being made. Speakers, activities and a bus tour are all lined up to make this year's seminar, "Communication on the Santa Fe Trail," a memorable experience. In early August all members of the Santa Fe Trail Association were sent a program and registration information in the mail. If you do not receive the mailing by mid-August or have any questions, please contact the Santa Fe Trail Center at 620-285-2054 or e-mail museum@santafetrailcenter.org.

You may also register online through the Last Chance Store link on the Association's web site: www.santafetrail.org. We hope to see you in Larned in September!

HALL OF FAME PROJECT STILL NEEDS DONATIONS

YOU saw details in the last issue and received the special appeals letter sent to all members. At present less than half the funds needed for the Hall of Fame Exhibit have been received.

Linda Revello, SFTA office manager, recently reported donations to date total \$3,577.50. Donations were received from 49 members representing 11 different states: KS - 21 donors; NM and CO - 7 each; MO - 6; OK - 2; and, AZ, CT, NY, PA, TN, and TX - 1 each. Of these, 14 donations were less than \$50, 17 were \$50, 3 were between \$50 and \$100, 11 were \$100, 3 were \$200, and one was \$500.

The Special Appeals Committee notes that fewer than 10% of the members have contributed to this special project and urges everyone to consider a donation (large or small, they all add to the total). The rewards for gifts above \$50 continue. A list of all donors will be published later. Many thanks to those who have helped with this important project.

August 2010

**SFT RENDEZVOUS
LARNED, KANSAS
SEPTEMBER 16-19, 2010
SFTA SYMPOSIUM
DODGE CITY, KANSAS
SEPTEMBER 20-25, 2011**

**PLEASE CONTRIBUTE TO THE
SFTA HALL OF FAME PROJECT**



Milnor Louis Rudolph

MILNOR RUDOLPH: SANTA FE TRADER AND PROMINENT CITIZEN OF NEW MEXICO

by Doyle Daves

[Doyle Daves received a grant from SFTA to research Anglo-American traders who married Hispanic women in New Mexico. This is another in the fine series of articles resulting from his investigation.]

MILNOR Rudolph, born in Maryland of German-American ancestors, traveled to New Mexico via the Santa Fe Trail¹ shortly after General Stephen Watts Kearny and the Army of the West claimed New Mexico as United States territory in 1846.² Milnor freighted on the Santa Fe Trail, operated stores in Santa Fe, Santa Cruz de la Canada and other communities, ranched and farmed in both San Miguel and De Baca counties, enlisted in the New Mexico Volunteers during the Civil War, served as a postmaster and as a leader in the territorial legislature.

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Red St. Vrain Bransford

Photo courtesy Western History Department, Denver Public Library, #X-31899

THE MANY LIVES OF RED ST. VRAIN BRANSFORD

by Priscilla Shannon Gutiérrez

[Priscilla Gutiérrez is an educator at the New Mexico School for the Deaf in Santa Fe and adjunct faculty at New Mexico Highlands University. She has published a biography of Charles Beaubien, and her fine article about Thomas Boggs appeared in the May 2009 issue of WT. She is indebted to Christine St. Vrain and Jeff Bransford, both descendants of Red, who have been invaluable in providing information and insight. Christine was kind enough to review the manuscript prior to submission.]

IN general, the historical record has not been very kind to women, in spite of the critical role they have played in how history turns out. Many of the male figures synonymous with the Santa Fe Trail and the history of the West cemented their ties with one another through marriage as well as business. And it was not uncommon for them to become related through their wives. But very little information about the women they married is in print and often requires extensive research to bring their stories to light. One of the most fascinating

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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

In the February 2010 edition of *Wagon Tracks*, I informed readers about "education grants" that our chapters were receiving through our cooperative agreement with the National Park Service (NPS). In that issue I told you how the chapters were using the funds received to educate people about the Santa Fe Trail in their areas. In addition to those projects, the chapters and the entire Trail will benefit from a project that is also part of the same funding.

Association Manager Harry Myers is creating a tabletop display for each chapter. These displays will be three panels and will be used by the chapters to provide a visual, educational experience about the Santa Fe National Historic Trail (SFNHT) and each chapter's area. Panels one and two will concentrate on the SFNHT, its history and use, as well as information about the Santa Fe Trail Association and our endeavors to preserve, protect, and educate about the Trail. The third panel will focus on each chapter's area of the Trail. In addition to the tri-fold tabletop displays, each chapter will receive a carrying case, as well as printed information to hand out which will include the Santa Fe Trail placemats, SFTA membership brochures and the official Map & Guide of the Santa Fe Trail brochures provided by the NPS.

Because of their popularity, SFTA has reprinted placemats, also with funding from NPS. These placemats are distributed with the help of the chapters and have proven to be very popular with teachers, school groups, for use in restaurants along the Trail, and also as a resource to hand out to the public with basic information about the Trail. The front side of the placemat has a map of the Trail, with many sites marked, as well as some artwork that can be colored in and can be used by both adults and children. On the back are a couple of SFT-related puzzles, some basic information about the Trail, SFTA membership information, and websites where you can get more information about the Trail. Those attending Rendezvous will have the chance to see these and take some along to distribute if you choose.

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

Toll-free Phone: 888-321-7341

FAX: 785-425-6865

E-Mail: <editor@santafetrail.org>

Headquarters of the Santa Fe Trail Association are located at the office of Treasurer Ruth Olson Peters, Santa Fe Trail Center, 1349 K-156 Hwy, Larned KS 67550; Office Manager Linda Revello.

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VISIT SFTA ON THE INTERNET

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

The tabletop displays, printed materials, and the placemats are intended to be used at chapter functions, in the classroom, at school programs, at civic meetings, at community events, at trade shows, at conferences-anywhere a display can be set up to educate the public about the Santa Fe Trail. In addition, Harry has designed a "general" display, which has general information on the third panel that highlights how the modern visitor can experience the SFNHT. These will be used by the President and Vice-president of SFTA and the Association Manager as they travel and spread the word about the Trail. There will also be one available at the Santa Fe Trail Center that can be "checked out" and used as needed. We will have an example of this display at the upcoming Rendezvous.

Make plans now to attend this year's Rendezvous! After a great meal at the Trail Center, your President will present "Letters of Fort Dodge: The Letters of Isadore Bowman Douglas." Isadore was the wife of the commanding officer of Fort Dodge, Maj. Henry Douglas. These letters were written to Isadore's mother and give the reader a glimpse at what life was like at the newly-established Fort. I came across copies of these letters in the Fort Larned Archives while doing research on women and the Santa Fe Trail. It is interesting to hear about life from her point of view during this time period. After attending Rendezvous, all participants will have a better un-

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Membership Categories

Life	\$1,000
Patron	\$100/year
Business	\$50/year
Nonprofit Institution	\$40/year
Family	\$30/year
Individual	\$25/year
Youth (18 & under)	\$15/year

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derstanding of the importance of communication along the SFT and how it was accomplished in the days before cell phones, laptops, and Facebook!

Speaking of Facebook-I invite any of you to visit my page and view the video clip of the rededication of the Lost Spring monument that took place on July 3, 2010. Just go to Facebook and search for, Joanne VanCoevern. It is not a common name, so you should be able to locate me. I recently purchased a "Flip," which is a high-definition, digital recording device, designed to record short segments and makes it easy to post on the Internet. I plan to post clips as I travel the Trail. I also have a clip of Fort Larned during an intense rainstorm, taken June 7, 2010. Rod Podszus and Jeff Trotman also post some wonderful photos of their chapters Santa Fe Trail activities on Facebook.

Harry and I recently met with the coordinators for SFTA Symposium 2011 and 2013, Jim Sherer and Jeff Trotman. Planning is well-underway for what sounds like two very good symposiums. Although both will be held in Kansas, Jim and Jeff are working together to make sure there are no repetitions between the symposiums, especially since they are located so close together. These two symposiums will cover a huge area of Western Kansas that we previously have not visited and attendees are sure to learn a great deal, as well as have a very enjoyable conference.

Your President has been keeping busy visiting chapters, helping plan the rendezvous, attending the conference in Cody, WY, working on the SFTA budget, the NPS funding agreement, Challenge Cost Share grants, and making plans for our upcoming Board of Directors meeting/General Membership meeting held in conjunction with the Rendezvous. If any members have any items of concern or items to be placed under new business at these meetings, please let me know.

Remember to sign up for Rendezvous and I hope to see you there!

—Joanne VanCoevern

YOUR MEMORY CAN LIVE ON
REMEMBER THE SANTA FE TRAIL
ASSOCIATION IN YOUR WILL

MANAGER'S COLUMN

SANTA Fe Trail kiosks are alive and well. SFTA and the Boothill Museum of Dodge City have a Challenge Cost-Share Project with the National Park Service to place a Trail orientation kiosk at the Boothill Ruts to the west of town. This kiosk will orient visitors to Santa Fe Trail sites to the east, to the west on the Mountain Route, and to the Southwest on the Cimarron Route. At the board meeting in Elkhart this past spring, the kiosk committee met and drafted up which sites would be featured on the three panels. The orientation kiosk at the Boothill Ruts will be similar but not the same as what is at Gardner.

In early June a team comprised of Sharon Brown, Carol Clark from the National Park Service (NPS) trails office in Santa Fe, Susie Haines from the NPS Harper's Ferry Design Center in West Virginia, and contractor Alex Connor hit the road and visited the four NPS parks along the Santa Fe Trail.

NPS received a grant several years ago to place orientation kiosks in the four parks, Pecos National Historical Park, Fort Union National Monument, Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site, and Fort Larned National Historic Site, to tie in with and connect to the SFTA planned orientation kiosks. The team met with the park superintendents and their staffs and drafted out the panels for each park. They will consist of three panels. One will be specifically about the park and its relationship with the Santa Fe Trail and the two others will highlight the sites that can be seen to the east and the west of the park.

And the New Mexico Santa Fe Trail Scenic Byways Alliance has money to place wayside exhibits and kiosks in New Mexico. Thus there is a planned orientation kiosk at regular intervals along the SFT from Fort Larned to Santa Fe. We will be working with John Atkinson, chair of the kiosk committee, to plan for the areas not covered so far. It will probably take several years to complete this project, but it is in progress. It is planned to dedicate the Boothill Ruts kiosk at the Dodge City Symposium in September 2011

—Harry C. Myers

JANE MALLINSON

Sarah Jane (Short) Mallinson (age 87) died May 22, 2010. Jane was born in Independence, MO, on January 26, 1923. Her paternal grandfather was Independence businessman Ellis Short, Sr., who helped his father Charles W. Short freight goods on the Santa Fe Trail. Jane married John William Mallinson, Jr. in 1944. They lived on a farm at Sugar Creek, MO.

Jane grew up in a family interested in history and maintained that interest throughout her life. Her favorite mantra was "primary source only."

She was the first President of the Jackson County Genealogy Society begun in 1979 and was the chairperson in Jackson County for the Restoration of the Statue of Liberty committee. She was a member of the Independence Pioneers Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and served as Regent from 1984 through 1986. She served on the Santa Fe National Historic Trail Advisory Council and was an active member of SFTA. In 1991 she helped organize the Missouri River Outfitters Chapter and served on its board of directors. Among her many projects was preservation of the Wayne City Landing Overlook, for which she recently received an award. She was the first president of the Friends of National Frontier Trails Center.

Jane contributed articles to *Wagon Tracks* and other publications. She received many awards for her historical work, including SFTA Award of Merit in 1993 and SFTA Ambassador in 2001. She was a living legend and now greatly missed. Sincere sympathy is extended to her family and friends.

MIKE SLATER

Mike Slater, Alva, OK, former member of SFTA board, died July 19 at age 77. A native of Baltimore, he served in the U.S. Army, received a degree in animal husbandry from Oklahoma State University, and became a livestock inspector for the USDA. He retired in April 1995, moving from his office in the Alfred P. Murrah Building in Oklahoma City a few days before it was bombed. He held great interest in

the American West and the Santa Fe Trail. Condolences are extended to his family and friends.

TRIBUTE TO MIKE

by Hal Jackson

Mike Slater and I became friends when we served together on the Santa Fe Trail Association board. He was a real delight to have as a colleague on the board. Always smiling and attentive, Mike's knowledge of trail history and things western was a great benefit to our organization.

Occasionally I attended other western trail organization meetings and wandering around in the display area I would suddenly run into Mike who was there because he truly loved the West and its history. Mike and I shared this love of history but it went beyond reading about it because we wanted to see the places, walk in the swales, and get a feel for the land that the trails traversed. I forgot to mention the other bond between us was our birth day. We were born on the same day in 1933.

My last time with Mike was in 2008 when he came to stay overnight at our house in Placitas. We hopped in my Jeep the next morning and headed south to El Paso. In El Paso we met up with 34 others of a like mind. Next day we boarded a large tour bus and were off to Mexico to visit the Camino Real. Mike had never been to Mexico and was anxious to see and experience the Camino Real first hand. He knew this was the mother trail having been established in 1598.

Mike and I were "roomies" on the trip south through Chihuahua, Durango, and Zacatecas. The 8000 foot elevation of Zacatecas set Mike back and he was confined to quarters with an oxygen bottle for companion. He told me that he became an expert in CNN News as that was the only English language station on TV.

When we headed north towards the border we lost some elevation and Mike could get his breath again. We visited other sites and Mike enjoyed them all.

We finally made it back to El Paso and my Jeep. A ride north to my house and Mike hopped into his truck and was off to new adventures.

What a wonderful guy! I will truly miss my old roomie.

NEW EDITOR NEEDED FOR WAGON TRACKS

by Joanne VanCoevern

WAGON Tracks is the official publication of the Santa Fe Trail Association (SFTA). This quarterly journal has been published since November 1986, edited by Leo E. Oliva. Upon completing 25 years in this capacity, Dr. Oliva will retire from this position after the August 2011 issue is completed.

Wagon Tracks features a combination of scholarly articles, letters and diary excerpts from historic Trail travelers, book reviews, and a wide variety of current information pertaining to the SFTA, our chapters, and other Trail-related events. *Wagon Tracks* is nationally recognized as the premier periodical devoted exclusively to the Santa Fe Trail and is included in the permanent collections of more than 100 university and public libraries. It has become an essential source for scholars doing research on the Santa Fe Trail.

The SFTA bylaws specify that the editor of *Wagon Tracks* shall be appointed by the president of the Association with the approval of the board. In February 2010, the president of SFTA and the Publications Committee decided that the current format of *Wagon Tracks* will remain the same, at least through 2011. This will give the new editor a chance to become familiar with the publication, as well as the process involved in producing it.

Dr. Oliva has agreed to invite the new editor to work with him on creating the August 2011 issue so the new editor has a good understanding of the current processes involved in creating the publication. It was further decided that an Editorial Board consisting of four persons will be appointed, whose responsibility will be to proofread and evaluate scholarly articles submitted for publication.

The job description for the editor follows: The editor will be responsible for the creation of each issue of *Wagon Tracks*. The work will include all phases of publication, from the conception of each issue through the layout, final assembly, printing, and distribution of the four issues each year. The editor will have the final authority and responsibility for the

content and format of each issue. Specific responsibilities include: (1) Solicit and encourage submissions of quality articles that are relevant, informative, scholarly, newsworthy, and of interest to readers of *Wagon Tracks*. (2) Seek articles that uphold the high scholarly standards that *Wagon Tracks* has established. (3) Work with contributors and the Editorial Board to ensure that articles considered for publication are free of libel, perjury, slander, and plagiarism. (4) Work with contributors to execute changes, rewrites, and corrections to articles. (5) Select and acquire additional text, illustrations, captions, and other material as needed to complete or enhance articles. (6) Keep contributors informed about the status of their submissions and promptly responding to all inquiries. (7) Create the layout, format, and organization of the journal in a manner that is visually engaging, interesting, error-free, and consistent with contemporary publishing standards. (8) Conceive themes for future issues and solicit content for those issues. (9) Work with printers and mailing services to guarantee that the journal is produced in a professional and timely manner. (10) Work with printers, mailing services, and SFTA staff to control costs of publication, printing, and mailing. (11) Maintain a mailing list in a format such as Excel that can be exchanged with SFTA staff, directors, and chapters.

The job title for this position will be Editor, *Wagon Tracks*, and the editor will serve as a nonvoting member of the board of directors of SFTA. The location for the editor will be from a home-based office with periodic travel as needed for SFTA business, such as attending Rendezvous, Symposia, or SFTA board meetings. It is desirable that the editor live in close proximity to the Trail. The salary for this position is \$10,000 per year, payable upon completion of each of the four issues in the amount of \$2,500. Starting date will be July 2011, working in cooperation with Dr. Oliva to complete the August 2011 issue. The editor is supervised and evaluated by the SFTA president and the Personnel Committee and will meet with the president and representatives from the Personnel Committee at least

twice yearly to evaluate performance, establish goals, and measure progress from prior evaluations. Job requirements as editor are considered a part-time position. The current editor spends approximately 120 hours producing each issue.

Additional requirements include: (1) Must own up-to-date computer equipment, including a computer, printer(s) scanner(s), current desktop publishing software, high-speed Internet access, and digital camera(s). (2) Must be or become a member of SFTA and at least one SFTA chapter. (3) Must be knowledgeable about the Santa Fe Trail and its time period or willing to learn about the subjects. (4) Must be knowledgeable about the National Park Service, National Historic Trails, and the Partnership for National Trails or be willing to learn about these organizations.

Qualifications and skills needed to fulfill the job as editor are as follows: (1) A BA in Mass Communications, Journalism, English, History, American Studies, Social Science, or equivalent work or professional experience. (2) Demonstrable work experience as editor or copywriter of scholarly articles and/or books and/or significant experience conducting historical research and writing scholarly essays. (3) Demonstrable ability to create modern publications using contemporary desktop publishing tools. (4) Good time management skills, including ability to meet deadlines and to coordinate projects with contributors, Editorial Board, and printers. (5) Good command of the English language, including grammar, punctuation, spelling, and vocabulary. (6) Able to work with wide variety of people: writers, scholars, SFTA staff, officers and board, and volunteers. (7) Able to express ideas clearly, both orally and in writing.

Following is a list of examples of some of the "Duties and Responsibilities" of the editor. This list is not intended to be a comprehensive list of all duties and responsibilities of the editor but gives examples of what some of these responsibilities are. (1) Solicit submissions: The editor should network and establish relationships with other organizations and individuals that may submit articles. Examples include colleges and

universities; state, local, and national historical societies; state, local, and national museums; and, prior contributors to *Wagon Tracks*. (2) High scholarly standards: The SFTA has many nationally-known historians, educators, and scholars in its ranks. These people have established a priority of well conceived, well researched, well documented, and well written articles that are prized by other scholars, libraries, museums, and colleges and universities. Our readers expect these standards to continue. (3) Conceive themes for future issues: In 2011 the SFTA will celebrate its 25th anniversary. In 2021 the Santa Fe Trail will be 200 years old. Both events might call for a special edition of *Wagon Tracks* to celebrate the occasion. A special issue was published to celebrate the 20th anniversary of SFTA in 2006. (4) Contemporary Publishing Standards: the SFTA understands that the look of journal publishing has changed since *Wagon Tracks* was created in 1986. Current models use more graphics, photos, illustrations, and different layout schemes to create journals that appeal to contemporary readers. We understand that the editor will eventually change and update the look of *Wagon Tracks*. We also know that publications are now designed to be suitable for both print and online editions and expect that the new editor will be willing to work with both formats. (5) Printing and Mailing: The current editor edits and lays out each issue, sends camera-ready copy to a commercial printer for printing and assembly, adds inserts such as membership forms, applies mailing labels, and prepares bulk mailing for post office. The new editor should investigate printers and mailing services that may perform all of these functions and may also gain additional presorted mailing discounts.

How to Apply: All applications should be sent to Joanne VanCoevern, President, Santa Fe Trail Association. E-mail to: <president@santafetrail.org> or mail to Ms. VanCoevern at the Santa Fe Trail Association, 1349 Hwy K-156, Larned KS 67550. Deadline for applications is February 1, 2011. If an applicant has questions for the current editor, please contact Dr. Oliva directly at <editor@santafetrail.org>.

PARTNERSHIP FOR NATIONAL TRAILS SYSTEM REPORT

by Ross Marshall

[Former SFTA President and SFTA Ambassador Marshall is SFTA representative to and president of the PNTS.]

I was not able to get a report in time for the last issue, so let me bring you up to date.

FY10 Appropriations - Although the National Park Service base funding has received substantial increases in the last few years, not so with the current year of FY10. And probably an FY11 increase is wishful thinking.

But the real bad news is that the President's FY11 Budget submitted to Congress earlier this year deleted the Challenge Cost-Share Project funding for NPS, the BLM, and U.S. Fish & Wildlife; in other words for the entire Department of the Interior. The irony is that CCSP is some of the best money Congress appropriates since this money is matched by the private side and multiplies itself many times. And a further irony is that CCSP projects for trails were praised in the General Inspector's report. We are working hard to get it restored by Congress.

Advocacy Week in WDC during February - Shirley and I spent February 19-26 in Washington D.C. with PNTS for the annual Trails Advocacy Week initiative. It was a very successful week for several reasons:

- About 100 of us "Hiked the Hill" on Monday morning. We gathered at the Lincoln Memorial and hiked over two miles as a group along the Mall past the Washington Monument to the steps of the Capitol. There we were greeted by a couple of congressmen who spoke to the group. We had local TV and news coverage of the whole event.
- Most of the 30 National Scenic and Historic Trails were represented.
- The PNTS Board and Leadership Council meetings went very well. The Partnership now has rented office space and has three part-time people working with Gary Werner, our Executive Director, which has significantly increased PNTS's capacity to address our Strategic Plan and the Decade for the National Trails goals and ac-

tion plans.

- My visits (with Shirley) with various offices of the House and Senate members from the SFT states went very well. The National Trails System is a topic that is always well-received and especially so for the Santa Fe NHT since it goes through those members' districts. All were aware of the CCSP deletion by the President's budget and were concerned.
- Our visits with various agencies, congressional subcommittees, and executive branch entities were especially upbeat. The recognition of PNTS as the "voice" for the National Trails System is solidly in place. Both the House and Senate Interior Appropriations subcommittees are working to reinstate the CCSP funding.

The popularity and appreciation continues by Congress concerning our annual report of the large volunteer hours and dollar contributions by all SFTA members as well as the other PNTS trail organizations. The accumulated totals that you sent to me in January for the Santa Fe Trail was up over a year ago and totaled over 54,000 volunteer hours. Coupled with mileage and dollar donations, our total 2009 contribution to the trail was valued at over \$1,400,000! The totals for the entire National Trails System exceeded \$30,000,000 for 2009 and for the last 15 years has totaled more than \$250,000,000! No wonder Congress is impressed. Please start now to accumulate these totals for 2010.

The Decade for the National Trails:

This initiative by the Partnership that runs from the 40th anniversary of the passage of the National Trails System Act by the U.S. Congress in 1968 until the 50th anniversary in 2018 has resulted in many actions by the trails already. In the next issue, I will cover in detail all the action plans which have been adopted.

National Historic Trails Workshop in San Antonio May 12-14:

Sponsored by the El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro NHT and the El Camino Real de los Tejas NHT, this workshop addressed the theme of: Cultural and Heritage Tourism: Trails as Destinations.

We also had several sessions that addressed issues of trail preserva-

tion that continued from the 2008 workshop in Phoenix.

It was a very successful and well-attended workshop with nearly 100 registered. Harry Myers, Roger and Sandy Slusher, and Shirley and myself attended from SFTA.

As a bonus, the venue of San Antonio is spectacular! The San Antonio River valley has a unique place in the early history of Texas.

TRAIL HALL OF FAME NOMINEES AND MONEY NEEDED

by Roger Slusher

[SFTA Vice-President Slusher chairs the Hall of Fame Committee.]

AS many of you know, a few years ago Leo Oliva proposed and the board created the Santa Fe Trail Hall of Fame. As chair for two years or so, Mike Olsen and his committee got things off to a good start. William Becknell, Pedro Ignacio Gallego, Kit Carson, William Bent, William Gordon, James Aull, Josiah Gregg, Susan Magoffin, Marion Russell, and Ceran St. Vrain were inducted.

However, Leo's dream of honoring hundreds of people who lived, preserved, or researched the Trail remained a dream, maybe due to somewhat complicated rules. Last year President VanCoevern appointed Leo, Tim Zwink, and me to explore a new approach. We recommended simpler rules which were accepted by the board on April 16, 2010.

The main revisions are the following: (a) inductees will be selected by a committee of five—now Ruth Olson Peters, Bonita Oliva, LaDonna Hutton, Clint Chambers, and myself as chair; (b) in 2015, or sooner if nominations fall below 10, deceased individuals who made significant contributions to the study and/or preservation of the Trail will be eligible; (c) only a 100+ word justification, rather than a full page, will be sufficient to nominate a person; (d) the committee will be responsible for nominating persons as well as for encouraging chapters and members to do so; and (e) rather than individual pictures and citations being hung in some way at the Santa Fe Trail Center in Larned, the Hall of Fame will be contained in a touch-screen computer as part of an exhibit honoring particularly significant persons in the history of the Trail, as well as on the SFTA web site.

We are happy to say that the Funding/Special Appeals Committee chose our project for their special appeal this year and next. As of this writing, we have received more than \$3,000 toward the roughly \$10,000 project, so we are confident that the Hall of Fame computer and exhibit will be unveiled at the 2012 Rendezvous. This year Dan, the exhibit designer at the Trail Center, is helping us construct an exhibit panel that we can use at the Rendezvous and next year's symposium at Dodge City to publicize our project and to ask for contributions.

If you haven't donated to the Hall of Fame project yet, or would like to donate more, please do so. A letter of appeal for funds for the new exhibit was sent to all members. Donations may be made online through Last Chance Store or sent directly to SFTA, 1349 K-156 Hwy, Larned KS 67550. This exhibit will not only be of great interest to Trail enthusiasts but it will be designed to interest the general public of all ages. Of equal importance, whether as a member or chapter, please send me nominations at <rslusher@yahoo.com>.

SANTA FE WOMEN HONORED

THE lives of several Santa Fe women—remembered for their contributions to the arts, charitable causes, and shrewd business practices—were honored on five Official Scenic Historic Markers dedicated at a ceremony, June 15, at La Bajada Rest Area on I-25 ten miles south of Santa Fe. First Lady Barbara Richardson, instrumental in launching the New Mexico Historic Women Marker Initiative, attended the dedication. The five markers are the last of 64 markers installed under the Initiative, a project of the New Mexico Women's Forum.

The five markers honor women from Santa Fe's past. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati are commemorated for their work in the New Mexico Territory founding St. Vincent's Hospital and St. Elizabeth's Orphanage and Shelter. Mary Cabot Wheelwright and Amelia Elizabeth White share a marker and are remembered by friends and members of the Wheelwright Museum and the School for Advanced Research. Laura Gilpin is celebrated for her magnificent photographs of the

Southwest and Navajo people.

Thanks to SFTA member Mary Jean Cook's recent biography, Maria Gertrudis Barcelo, aka Doña Tules, is remembered for her colorful business acumen. Known for running a gambling house in Santa Fe and supporting worthwhile causes, she bequeathed substantial funds to the Catholic Church and her funeral was presided over by Archbishop Jean Baptiste Lamy. Finally, three generations of one family, Eva Scott Fenyes, Leonora Curtain, and Leonora Paloheimo are commemorated for their work preserving Hispanic culture culminating in the founding of Ranchos de las Golondrinas.

The five markers are part of 64 which tell the stories of more than 100 women.

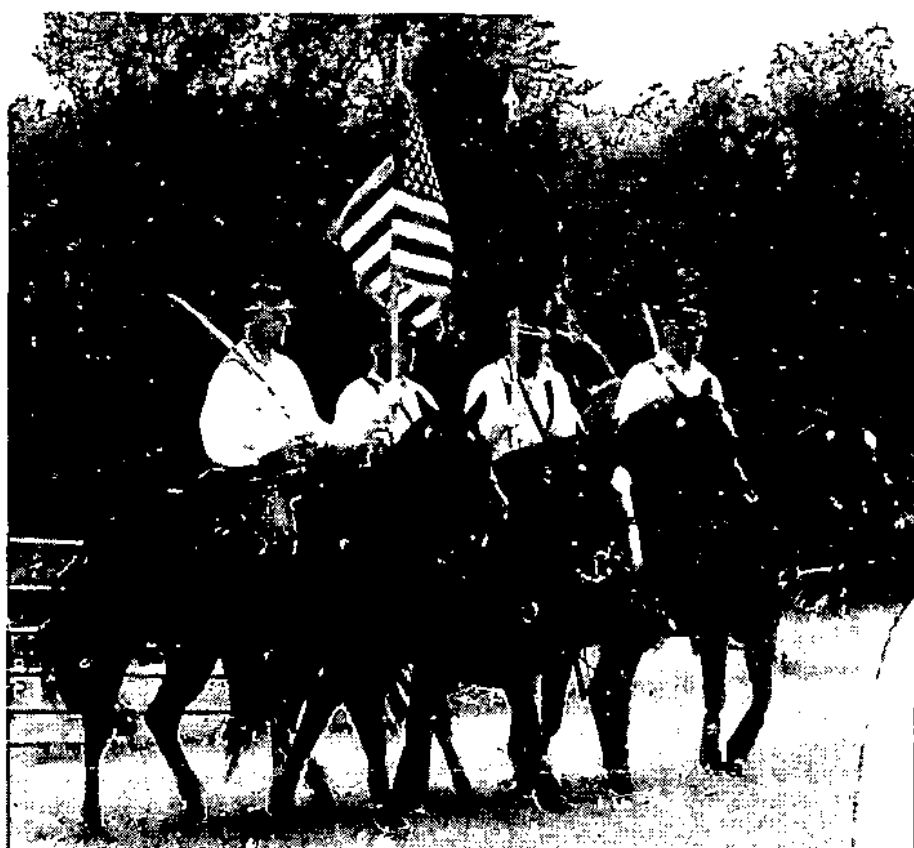
LOST SPRING CEREMONIES

by Steve Schmidt

[Steve Schmidt is president of the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter.]

ON July 3, 2010, the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter and the Virginia Shields Family hosted an event to rededicate the Lost Spring Station monument, dedicate the new time capsule to be installed in the base of the monument, and dedicate a new Lost Spring Station historic interpretive plaque. The event was held at the historic interpretive site being developed jointly by the Virginia Shields Family and the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter. Among the dignitaries present were SFTA President Joanne VanCoevern and Vice-President Roger Slusher.

Approximately 100 people gathered 2.5 miles west of today's town of Lost Springs on a mild, cloudy day as a drizzly, misty rain dissipated just



Fort Riley Commanding General's Mounted Color Guard at Lost Spring.

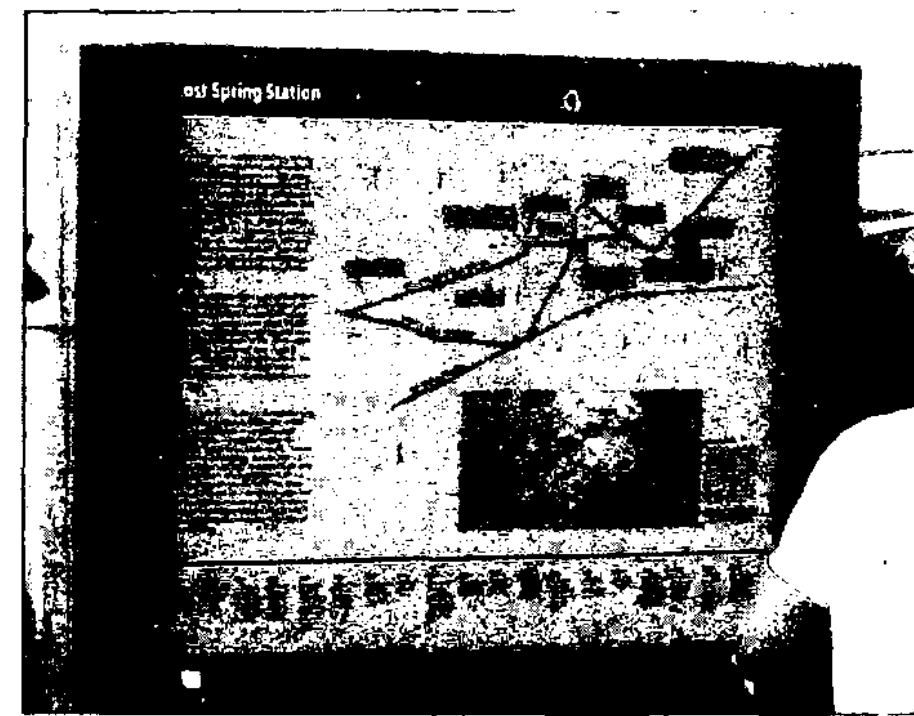


Lost Spring time capsule ready to install under relocated monument.

as the event began. Greg VanCoevern described the cavalry camp and ambulance wagon he and Joanne brought for the event and introduced the other camp re-enactors. A speech was made presenting a brief history of the military's involvement with the Santa Fe Trail, with emphasis on Major Bennet Riley and Fort Riley. There are period accounts of the trail from Fort Riley joining the SFT at or near Lost Spring. And with that, the Fort Riley Commanding General's Mounted Color Guard appeared from behind a grove of trees a few hundred yards from the crowd, riding in from the north, as if coming from Fort Riley. They rode in a precision formation to the monument, and presented the colors while the spectators recited the Pledge of Allegiance. What an awesome sight and experience that was! After an invocation, the Color Guard performed its mounted maneuvers, including precision formations and mounted use of sabers and pistols --- all much to the delight of the crowd.

The Cottonwood Crossing Chapter extends its sincere thanks to the Mounted Color Guard and the VanCoeverns for supporting the event. We were all truly honored to have enjoyed their participation.

A speech was then given reviewing the history of the Santa Fe Trail in general and the Lost Spring Station in particular, followed by the rededication and unveiling of the Lost Spring Station Monument. The monument was first erected in 1908 by J. B. Shields and was relocated July 3, 2009, to its present location in a historic interpretive site. The site is located in an easement donated to Marion County by the Virginia Shields Trust. As part of the rededication, a new time capsule was



New Lost Spring interpretive sign.

installed in the base of the monument.

Next, a ceremony was held to dedicate the new Lost Spring Station historic interpretive plaque. A short history of the development of the historic site was presented. The plaque is similar in style and design to the National Park Service interpretive plaques located at various places along the Santa Fe Trail. The National Park Service provided review and comments on the contents of the plaque; however, the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter designed the plaque, and all costs for the plaque were covered by private donations and the chapter.

To close the event, the Color Guard presented another exciting program. Many attendees then visited at length with the Mounted Color Guard, inspected the cavalry camp display, walked down to view the Lost Spring, and enjoyed a picnic lunch --- and reflected on the history of the SFT, the Lost Spring Station, and the legacy of the Shields Family.

Certainly at Lost Spring, "The Santa Fe Trail Lives On!"

NEWSPAPER PUBLICATIONS

THE article "A Frail Thin Line: Trading Establishments on the Santa Fe Trail" by David K. Clapsaddle, which was printed in the last two issues of *Wagon Tracks* is presently being published in a serial found in the *Great Bend Tribune*. Also being published at this time in a weekly series of the *Larned Tiller and Toiler* is Clapsaddle's series "A River Runs through It." These installments speak to the Pawnee River which borders the south edge of Larned and describes events related to the river in conjunction with the Santa Fe Trail, Fort Larned, and the establishment of the City of Larned.

MIRAGES ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by Phyllis Morgan

[Phyllis Morgan, member of SFTA Board, is a frequent contributor to WT. Many readers will remember her series about wild animals on the Trail that appeared in issues from August 2002 to February 2004. A new series written by her about domestic animals on the Trail will begin in the November issue.]

FIRST-TIME travelers on the Santa Fe Trail had many new and incredible experiences awaiting them. A common expression used by them was that they were going to the West to “see the elephant,” meaning they expected to see unusual and impressive sights. One of those sights was the mirage. Their first encounter with the mirage generally occurred on the hot, dry, wide-open land of the plains and deserts. In particular, the boundless region beyond the Pawnee Fork, located at the western edge of present Larned, Kansas, and the Cimarron Route were the best places for seeing a mirage.

A word from French, *mirage* is used to describe one kind of optical illusion in which the image of a distant object is made to appear different from what it is in reality. Mirages can cause objects on the horizon to look nearer, much larger, inverted or upside down, or to be floating in the sky. They may be seen on land, in deserts or hot, dry places, at sea, and in Arctic regions. Also, they may last for a few minutes or linger for a longer period of time, and disappear with the setting of the sun. Throughout history, people have experienced the oasis mirage. When they reach the site of the beautiful oasis, there is nothing but sand under their feet. Common mirages on the Trail were ponds and lakes that appeared blue and beautiful to travelers, who in the intense summer heat had thoughts of clear, cool, refreshing water on their minds. Buffalo, pronghorn antelope, and other animals would appear gigantic on the horizon.

In 1834, traveler Albert Pike told his “dear readers” about the impressive and unforgettable sights he saw on the grand prairie, which he called “the illimitable plain,” during his travels from 1831 to 1832. Pike remarked: “I have seen the prairie un-

der all its diversities and in all its appearances. . . . I have seen the mirage, too, painting lakes and fires and groves on the grassy ridges near the bounds of Missouri, in the still autumn afternoon, and cheating the traveler by its splendid deceptions.”¹

Some travelers to Santa Fe got their first impressions of what they might be seeing on their long trip over the Trail from trader Josiah Gregg’s famous book about the overland trade, *Commerce of the Prairies*, first published in 1844. Gregg made four round trips over the Trail. He told in his book about a beautiful round-topped cone on the plain that some of the travelers wanted to climb to see the surrounding area. They set out on foot and began their walk toward the mound thinking that it was less than a mile away. After walking a long time, they realized that the distance was much greater than they had ever expected, and many, worn out by the long walk, returned to the wagon train. They had been deceived by a mirage about the true distance of the mound. It is thought by historians that Gregg referred to Round Mound, now called Mt. Clayton, located west of Clayton, New Mexico.

Gregg also wrote about some of the different mirages he had seen while on the Trail: “I have often seen flocks of antelopes mistaken for droves of elks or wild horses, and when at a great distance, even for horsemen, whereby frequently alarms are occasioned. I have also known tufts of grass or weeds, or mere buffalo bones scattered on the prairies, to stretch upward to the height of several feet, so as to present the appearance of so many human beings. Ravens in the same way are not unfrequently taken for Indians, as well as for buffalo; and a herd of the latter upon a distant plain often appear so increased in bulk that they would be mistaken by the inexperienced for a grove of trees. This is usually attended with a continual waving and looming, which often so writhe and distort distant objects as to render them too indistinct to be discriminated. . . .”²

The type of mirage called “false pond” or “false lake” by Trail travel-

ers was described by Gregg as “the most curious, and at the same time the most perplexing phenomenon, occasioned by optical deception. . . . The thirsty wayfarer, after jogging for hours under a burning sky, at length espies a pond—yes, it must be water—it looks too natural for him to be mistaken. He quickens his pace, enjoying in anticipation the pleasure of a refreshing draught: but lo! as he approaches, it recedes or entirely disappears; and when upon its apparent site, he is ready to doubt his own vision—he finds but a parched plain under his feet.”³

Gregg also provided an explanation regarding the false ponds: “They have usually been attributed to *refraction*, by which a section of the bordering sky would appear below the horizon: but there can be no doubt that they are the effect of *reflection*, upon a gas emanating perhaps from the sun-scorched earth and vegetable matter. Or it may be that a surcharge of carbonic acid, precipitated upon the flats and sinks of those plains, by the action of the sun, produces the effect. At least, it appears of sufficient density, when viewed very obliquely, to reflect the objects beyond: and thus the opposite sky being reflected in the pond of gas, gives the appearance of water.”⁴ Known as an intelligent observer of the natural world, Gregg explained correctly some of the natural phenomena seen on the prairies. He was not correct, however, that reflection causes a mirage.

A mirage is caused by refraction, the bending of light rays as they pass through air that has different temperatures. Mirages, including those of ponds, lakes, or an oasis in the desert, are caused by a ray of light from the sky passing first through the cooler air high above the ground and then passing into the hotter air close to the ground. The speed of the light increases as it enters the warmer air because fewer air molecules get in the way of the light. This change in the light ray’s speed causes the ray to change direction, bending upward before it reaches the ground. A person cannot see the path the light ray takes and thinks that it came from a spot on the ground. The color of the

light causing the mirage is blue because it comes from the sky. The person seeing the blue "pond" or "lake" concludes that what he or she sees must be water. Often, the water looks as though it has ripples or small waves, which add to making the scene look real. This is because the hot air causes the ray of light to move or wiggle. This effect is sometimes referred to as "shimmering."

Like Josiah Gregg, Adolph Wislizenus, a medical practitioner, had a keen interest in science and the natural world. He came to Missouri from Germany and joined trader Albert Speyer's caravan to Santa Fe in 1846. Recording his observations along the Trail, his journal entry of June 11, 1846, reads: "Traveled about 18 miles before we halted, without seeing wood or water. Buffalo have entirely disappeared; not even buffalo chips, the usual substitute for fire wood, were to be seen. The high plain between the Arkansas and Cimarron [rivers] whose elevation above the sea is about 3,000 feet, is the most desolate part on the whole Santa Fe road. . . . Within the distance of 66 miles, from the Arkansas to the lower springs of the Cimarron, there is not one watercourse or water pool to be depended upon in the dry season. . . .

"But, for one quality this desert is distinguished. When your patience has been worn out by the long ride and the monotonous sameness of the scenery; when your lips are parched from thirst and a friend at your side in cruel consolation reminds you of the luxuries of cultivated life—to all of which you would nevertheless prefer a refreshing draught of cold water—there emerges in the plain before your astonished eyes a beautiful lake. Its surface looks like crystal; the wind moves but slightly the wide sheet of water; but the faster you hurry forward, the nearer you approach it, the sooner you will be disenchanted; the lake disappears again before your presence; and when you arrive at the very spot, you perceive nothing but the same dry, hard, parched soil over which you have traveled all day. This is the celebrated 'mirage.'"⁵

At age 17, Lewis H. Garrard, a native of Ohio, was ready for adventure. He recounted his great adventures on the western plains and

mountains, at Bent's Fort, and on the Mountain Route of the Trail, in his classic book *Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail*. In his introduction, Garrard told of tossing away his schoolbooks and traveling down the Mississippi River and along the Mexican Gulf, spending a couple of months on the Louisiana Coast. After returning home to Cincinnati, he read about John Charles Frémont's tour to the Rocky Mountains from 1842 to 1843, and talked his parents into letting him travel to the West. He headed to St. Louis and Westport Landing, where he joined the caravan of the famous mountain man and trader Ceran St. Vrain of the firm of Bent, St. Vrain and Company. On October 6, 1846, Garrard wrote in his journal: "We met a government train from Santa Fe, which reported buffalo in plenty ten miles ahead. The buffalo were soon disappearing in the *mirage*, which transformed them into huge, shapeless masses. The first time I ever witnessed the *mirage* was in Texas. The friend with whom I was riding pointed toward the illusion, with the remark: 'What a beautiful lake'; and it was not until we found it to be receding at our approach that we were undeceived."⁶

"The *mirage*," continued Garrard, "threw its optical illusion around everything; a buffalo seemed a shapeless mass, and, browsing or running, its side or front turned to us, it would, at times, dwindle to a transparent shadow, or stalk forth in magnified proportions. The heat glimmering up from the parched ground dazzled the eye, and we rode as if on the ocean—so shut up were we by the plain stretching away on all sides, no object to break the monotonous view except a stray bison or antelope."⁷

Garrard referred to the mirage as both an "illusion" and a "delusion." After deciding to take a different way from Bent's Fort to Hole-in-the-Rock, a deep water hole in a rocky canyon near Timpas Creek [between La Junta and Trinidad, Colorado], rather than following the Purgatoire River, Garrard's party discovered that the way they had chosen was devoid of water. They saw a mirage on the hot, dry land: "The oft-seen optical delusion—*mirage*—showed that the glassy lakes on that prairie were a 'vain and fleeting show.'"⁸ They

traveled until sunset and waited until the sun went down, continuing in the evening until they reached Hole-in-the-Rock: "We rushed to the puddle of lukewarm water, burying our burning faces in it and striking back the impatient mules from intruding their dry, ugly mugs alongside of their masters'. Both man and beast drank nigh unto bursting, as they well might, after fourteen hours' abstinence in a sweltering sun."⁹

Marion Sloan Russell saw a number of various types of mirages during her five trips over the Santa Fe Trail with her mother and brother, the first beginning in 1852 when she was seven years old. She recalled in her memoirs, *Land of Enchantment*: "Looking back now it seems to me that we had a thunder storm almost every day. There, too, was the wonder of the skies. Morning after morning we watched the great land flare into beauty. Evening after evening we watched the prairie sun go down in its glory, and then watched the white stars shine in the night above us. There was the desert mirage, a will-o'-the-wisp that beckoned and taunted. Sometimes it would look like a party of mounted Indians and the women would cry and begin counting their children. Sometimes it would look like a tall castle set among the trees, or a blue lake with waves lapping white sand. It danced ever before us through the hot hours and only disappeared at sunset."¹⁰ She also remembered that "sometimes a cactus, an old bone, or a bunch of red grass caused the desert mirage to assume gigantic proportions."¹¹

Marion's mention of seeing "a tall castle set among the trees," may mean that she saw the most complex type of mirage, which is called the *Fata Morgana*, the Italian translation of Morgan le Fay, the name of the enchantress and shape-shifting half-sister of King Arthur. Such a mirage is considered the most impressive and rarest, consisting of vertically-stacked images, which may look like castles with towers and parapets or an enchanting city situated close to a lake with lush islands.

In early 1865, Marion married Lieutenant Richard D. Russell, who was ordered to report to Camp Nichols, located in present Oklahoma and

established along the Trail to protect wagon trains going to and coming from Fort Union. She was brought to Camp Nichols by Colonel Kit Carson, her husband, and a small detachment of soldiers. Years later, she remembered the day that Colonel Carson left the camp: "I watched him as he rode away. The picket on the western lookout arose as he passed and saluted. The black horse mingled with mirage on the horizon and thus it was that Kit Carson rode out of my life forever. I was destined never to see his face again."¹² Her old friend and "protector" on the Trail died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, on May 23, 1868.

In the late 1850s, a caravan of Cherokee settlers headed out of Indian Territory for Kansas and the Santa Fe Trail. When they were about 20 miles from the Trail their scout appeared far off on the prairie. He was riding toward them, "hell bent for leather, with hundreds of Indians in hot pursuit." Panic seized the people. They quickly moved their wagons into a circle and gathered up their guns. The women hid their children and then took positions by their men, ready to reload the weapons. The scout hurried into the safety of the circle. With their guns aimed at the rapidly advancing Indians, the people waited as the Indians drew nearer. Then, in an instant, the Indians were gone, and in their place were dozens of quail, all flapping their wings in pursuit of the grasshoppers that were swarming in the area. The people realized they had been deluded by a mirage. All were relieved and resumed their journey.¹³

Teenager Henry Smith was 16 years old in 1863 when he left his home in eastern Kansas for a job on a government supply train headed to Fort Union in New Mexico. He wrote his "recollections" years later, in which he credited his time on the Trail as a transforming experience, changing him from "a frail, pale-faced store clerk in a paper collar" to a young man "seasoned to outdoor life, bronzed and strong."¹⁴ He recalled frequently encountering "mirages of beautiful lakes of water" on their return trip along the Cimarron Route and the dry stretch known to him and his fellow travelers as the "hornada"—the dreaded *Jornada del*

Muerto. Those mirages must have teased and tormented his group, because they found little water and the 60-plus-mile drive before reaching the Cimarron Crossing was "entirely without water, only the little we carried in a couple of kegs swung under the wagon."¹⁵ Their cattle had no water at all during the long drive—a primary reason why so many cattle, horses, and other domestic animals accompanying the caravans perished along the Cimarron Route.

The son of a prominent Hartford, Connecticut, family, Joseph Pratt Allyn, wrote a letter home from Fort Larned, Kansas, in 1863. His letters were published in the *Hartford Evening Press* during the last several months of that year. Allyn had been appointed an associate justice for the new Territory of Arizona, and traveled from Washington, D.C., to New York to join other officials bound for Arizona. They traveled west by steamboat and train to Leavenworth, Kansas, and from there overland by wagon on the Santa Fe Trail. In his letter written from Fort Larned on October 11, 1863, Allyn described the view seen from where they had camped overnight: "This morning the view was novel and beautiful. From the bluff just beyond our camp a perfectly level, treeless plain, stretched out for fifteen miles across, and more than that in length. The range of hills that encircle it had been burned over, and produced in the landscape an effect similar to that of the shadows of clouds at the east. There was quite a mirage over parts of the plains that would have deceived an unpracticed eye."¹⁶

As would be expected, most sightings of mirages occurred in the summer months, with locations ranging widely over the flat, hot, evenly lighted plains and deserts. Old-timers commented that a person living on the plains or desert over period of time could often tell when the rays of light were conducive to seeing a mirage. While observers in recent times have questioned whether it is really possible to be deceived by a mirage, the accounts of Santa Fe Trail travelers prove that mirages in their wide variety of forms did delude many travelers, at least until mirages became so familiar to them that those optical illusions were readily dismissed as being unreal.

Josiah Gregg remarked about this in *Commerce of the Prairies*: "Even the experienced traveller is often deceived by these [false ponds] upon the arid plains, where a disappointment is most severely felt . . . It is not until he has been thus a dozen times deceived, that he is willing to relinquish the pursuit."¹⁷ Occasionally, travelers were so often deceived by mirages that they began to ignore reality. Gregg mentioned that after repeated deceptions, travelers on the Santa Fe Trail sometimes bypassed a real pond "for fear of another disappointment."¹⁸

It will never be known how many thirsty travelers died after leaving the established trails in an attempt to reach beckoning mirages. According to one report, some mirages looked so real that even a wagon train's horses whinnied at the sight.¹⁹ However, no mention was uncovered in the research for this article that horses or mules ever broke away and ran toward any of the false ponds and lakes, as they would sometimes do if their keen sense of smell told them there was a real creek or other body of water in the near distance.

The story has been told about a prospector who almost lost his life because he was deceived by reality. He had managed to survive for a few days by drinking the juice from a desert plant or cactus, but was in dire need of finding water to drink. As he struggled along his way, he saw "a mangy-looking camel drinking at a pool." So sure that he saw a mirage, he continued on his way in search for water. He collapsed but was rescued by another traveler who gave him water. He told his rescuer that he had "lost his mind and imagined that he had seen an incredible mirage of a camel at a pond." His rescuer exclaimed: "You damned fool. It was a camel and you saw water."²⁰ The camel was probably one of those that had roamed the region after the U. S. Army disbanded a short-lived experiment in the use of camels in desert areas.

Hiking the old Trail on the Cimarron Route in the 1990s and early 2000s with the group known as the Santa Fe Trail Hikers, I recall seeing two mirages in particular. One occurred on the eastern horizon as we were preparing on a very hot morn-

ing to begin our hike on a county road in western Kansas. We saw a large, nondescript figure, looking very tall and rather ominous headed toward us. All of us saw it, but we could not determine what the unusual shape might be. We finally realized that the mirage was someone riding a bicycle, and it turned out to be the very hospitable lady who had invited us the day before into her home for a cup of tea. She was riding down the road toward us on a bicycle to greet us and wish us well on the next segment of our hike over the Trail. Another example was a large roundish-looking blob on the horizon of the barren plain as we hiked in a westerly direction. That turned out to be a single cactus, which was only a little over a foot high, although it was the largest object in our sight on that flat land.

As settlement and cultivation of the prairies and plains increased, mirages were seen less and less, because changes to the land altered the conditions that produced those optical illusions. Although in our travels today we may see only the highway or road mirage, the pool of water that is always ahead of us on the road, we are fortunate to have the impressions and descriptions left by some of the travelers on the Santa Fe Trail.

NOTES

1. Albert Pike, "Narrative of a Journey in the Prairie," *Prose Sketches and Poems, Written in the Western Country* (Boston: Light & Horton, 1834), 15.
2. Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies* (1844: reprint, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), 68.
3. *Ibid.*, 69.
4. *Ibid.*
5. Frederick A. Wislizenus, *Memoir of a Tour to New Mexico in 1846 and 1847* (Washington, D.C.: Tippen and Streeper, 1848), 11-12.
6. Lewis H. Garrard, *Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail* (1850: reprint, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955), 32.
7. *Ibid.*, 32-33.
8. *Ibid.*, 244.
9. *Ibid.*, 245.
10. Marian Sloan Russell, *Land of Enchantment* (1959; reprint, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1981), 16. Although her given name was Marion, the book was published with her name as Marian.
11. *Ibid.*, 26.
12. *Ibid.*, 105.

13. Angie Irons, "Mirages of the Plains," *True West* (October 1991.): 39-40.
14. Marc Simmons, ed., "Henry Smith's Recollections, 1863," *On the Santa Fe Trail* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1986), 65.
15. *Ibid.*, 71.
16. David K. Strate, ed., *West by Southwest: Letters of Joseph Pratt Allyn, A Traveller Along the Santa Fe Trail, 1863* (Dodge City: Kansas Heritage Center, 1984), 69.
17. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 69.
18. *Ibid.*
19. Sally Zanjani, "Phantasmagoric Visions Lured Pioneers," *American West* (July/ August 1986): 61.
20. *Ibid.*

MANY LIVES OF RED

(continued from page 1)

stories is that of Red St. Vrain Bransford, whose life spanned five decades across Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico territories.

Red came onto the historical scene in 1840 at the age of 13 as the bride of Marcellin St. Vrain, youngest brother of Cerán. She was born in 1827, somewhere near Pine Ridge, South Dakota, into the Oglala-Teton family of the famous Lakota Chief Red Cloud. Red was likely a cousin or niece of the chief, either by kinship or blood. Some accounts have her name as Spotted Fawn when Marcellin married her, but she quickly became known as Red. This may have been a reference to her reddish colored hair or a name that Marcellin gave in reference to her family lineage. Whatever the origins of the name, it wasn't long before Marcellin began calling her Royal Red because he considered the tender young bride his princess.

The exact location where Marcellin paid for Red to be his bride is not known, but probably occurred in the Fort Bridger area in present western Wyoming. Fort Bridger was located on the traditional hunting grounds of the Oglala-Teton and represented the western terminus of the Taos Trappers' Trail. At the time, Marcellin worked as the majordomo at Fort St. Vrain, another trading post on the trail near present Platteville, Colorado. The expanding trade business frequently brought Marcellin north to Fort Bridger. On one of his trading forays Red caught his eye, and as was customary with the La-

kota, Marcellin paid for her with horses.

At some point shortly after the marriage, the couple headed back to Fort St. Vrain. Built in 1837 by the St. Vrain-Bent enterprise, the trading outpost was a scaled-down version of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. For a number of years Fort St. Vrain was a prominent way-station on the trail that often hosted well-known figures. John C. Fremont, with Kit Carson as guide, stopped at the fort in 1842 during his first expedition. And Dick Wootton ran the first courier service between Bent's Fort, Fort St. Vrain, and Fort Laramie around the same time.

When Red arrived at the fort as a tender young bride, the Bent-St. Vrain enterprise was doing a brisk business in the area with traders such as Calvin Jones and William Bransford carrying freight back and forth between the trading posts. Whether managing the fort or out on the trail, Marcellin was known for his antics, his drinking, and his wrestling ability. As the youngest son, he'd been the last to leave; and his indulgent youth meant Marcellin was accustomed to having a good time.

He apparently treated Red well and it wasn't long before she found herself in love with the Frenchman. Two years into the marriage, the couple welcomed Felix, their first son, into the world. A second son, Charles, was born in 1844, and daughter Mary Louise arrived in 1846. All three children were born at the trading post.

During 1849 their playmates included George Bent. A cholera epidemic on the Southern Plains had brought William Bent and his family north to the trading post where the group remained for several years, alongside the St. Vrain family, and the trappers who worked for them. George Bent fondly recalled the years he lived at Fort St. Vrain as happy ones.¹ Charles St. Vrain had a somewhat different view of his childhood, recalling his frustration over being penned inside the post. The gates were perpetually shut, cutting off any opportunity to play or explore beyond the fort's walls. One occurrence that did get him outside was the suicide of a young Indian woman who hanged herself on one of the

nearby cottonwoods.²

As if that wasn't enough to shake things up, shortly after Mary Louise's birth, Marcellin began to show signs of mental instability. A wrestling match with one of the Cheyenne braves who had come to the fort the previous summer had culminated in the Indian's death, throwing Marcellin into a panic that he would be killed in revenge. Given the Indians' special respect for people who were "touched" by mental illness, Marcellin may have used this as a means to avoid further confrontation. But his condition continued to deteriorate to the point where he was incapable of fulfilling his responsibilities at the trading post. Cerán, fearing for his safety, arranged for his youngest brother to be escorted back to Missouri. On March 1, 1848, with William Bent and Alexander Barclay at the helm, Marcellin began the trip east, spending most of the trip laid up in a Dearborn.³ By the time they got to Missouri, Marcellin was in a state of complete mental exhaustion.

Meanwhile Red and the children remained in Cerán's care, anxiously awaiting Marcellin's return. Day after day, Red climbed the rise above Fort St. Vrain and stood for hours gazing east, looking for some sign of her husband. Unbeknownst to her, Red's vigil for her man was in vain. A mere year after he left his frontier family behind, Marcellin married a local Missouri woman by the name of Elizabeth Jane Murphy. Likely, the St. Vrain family beseeched Marcellin to abandon the West that had seemingly broken him and remain in the "civilized" world. For years after, Red still climbed the rise, hoping the man she loved would return.

He didn't, and in 1851 Marcellin sent for Felix and Charles, determined that his sons be raised as St. Vrain men of breeding. Realizing that Marcellin was leaving her behind for good must have been heart-breaking for Red, especially after faithfully holding vigil for him. And as her two sons rode out, she must have wondered if their lives would ever intersect again. As fate would have it, Red was not to see Felix again. The Civil War 12 years later would claim him, a victim of smallpox at Vicksburg while a prisoner of the Union Army. And though Char-

les would return west in 1901, eventually settling in Sopris, CO, there is no existing evidence that Red ever saw him again either.

With Marcellin and his nephews now gone, Cerán took on the well-being of Red and niece Mary. Remaining at the old trading post was out of the question. The fur trade was in decline and the partnership with Bent had long been dissolved. Cerán could better provide for Red and Mary if they were close by. He made arrangements for them to be brought to his home in Taos. Her departure from the fort must have been an emotional one for Red – she was leaving behind the place where she had come to womanhood and known so much happiness. She would not return to the Fort St. Vrain area during her lifetime. Fate had others plans for her farther south.

When Red got to Taos she met up again with William Bransford, who had left Bent's employ and was now clerking for St. Vrain. Back when he was trading at Fort St. Vrain, Bransford couldn't help but notice the pretty young woman. It didn't take long for him to become smitten and several offers of marriage to Red went unheeded. But Bransford refused to give up, especially now that Marcellin was officially out of the picture. As the months passed, Red began to consider Bransford's proposals, wondering if perhaps it was time to move on herself.

For one thing, they wouldn't be staying in Taos very long. Cerán had begun constructing a home in Mora, on the other side of the mountains, and preparations to move there were underway. Fort Union had recently been established 15 miles east of Mora and presented an opportunity to expand business. When completed, Cerán's large adobe home sat alongside the main road in town at the juncture with the road north to the Moreno Valley. A mill was completed nearby in 1855. Initially a white frame building, after a fire the mill was rebuilt of stone and continued to operate under various owners until 1922.⁴ Remarkably, the building remains standing to this day alongside the banks of the Mora River. Cerán's adobe is still there as well, converted some years ago into a tavern and liquor store.

After following his employer, St.

Vrain, to Mora, William Bransford began to pursue Red in earnest and managed to convince the woman he could provide a good life for her. She was still young and deserved at least that much. Red and Mary left the elder St. Vrain's home and took up residence with William in a nearby adobe. Not long after, in 1854, the first of the seven Bransford children was born, a boy named Alexander. Virginia followed three years later, then another daughter Annie arrived in 1859. The couple officially tied the knot just before the 1860 census where Red was duly recorded as Maria Manuel Rel Bransford.⁵ She was still a young woman at 24 but already had brought six children into the world.

The Bransford family remained active in the Mora area for the next decade. They added another daughter, Amelia, in 1861, and two more sons – William in 1863 and Charles B. in 1865. As the years passed, Bransford's business ventures continued to grow as well as his family. In addition to his work with Cerán, William clerked at Fort Union and Cimarrón for a time, then ran cattle for Lucien Maxwell up on the Purgatoire River at the extreme northern fringe of the vast Beaubien-Maxwell Grant. He knew the area from earlier forays with livestock for Bent and St. Vrain, and Bransford had liked what he saw. The fledgling town of Trinidad on the Vigil-St. Vrain Grant and on the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail was rapidly expanding and there was some good pasturage along the river bottoms nearby.

Back in Mora, Mary Louise had matured into quite a young lady. In 1863, at the age of 15, she married John R. Skelly, a Trinidad businessman who had been in the area since the 1850s. After the wedding, the couple moved to Trinidad. Later on Mary would run a boarding house for her mother and stepfather while Skelly continued to manage his popular gambling room and dance hall – also used as a courthouse whenever the territorial judge was in town. Later Skelly would add a bowling alley to his list of establishments throughout Trinidad. They would have two children – William and Cora. But the marriage was not meant to last. Skelly died in 1879

when William was only nine years old.

Several years into the marriage, Mary Louise decided to make her first trip east to Missouri to visit Marcellin and her brothers.⁶ Many years had passed since their last encounter and we are left to wonder what sort of recollections she had of Marcellin. Her father now had a farm and gristmill along Spencer Creek in Ralls County where he lived with his second wife and their numerous children. Charles, now a grown man, would marry a local girl by the name of Mary J. Cope. Felix was gone – their goodbyes at Fort St. Vrain had been their last. Given the changes that had taken place in the intervening years, the reunion at first must have been overwhelming for the extended St. Vrain family. Mary evidently enjoyed the trip enough to return for a second visit later.

In 1865 William Bransford, Sr., was ready to make a move. After loading up their possessions the Bransford clan trekked north over Raton Pass and took up residence in Trinidad, joining Mary Louise's family. Not long after their arrival, Red and William began operating a boarding house where they rented several jacals or small residences on the property to visitors. Boarders often sat around the front porch – a favorite spot for watching passersby, especially during the warm weather. And Red's good cooking brought in a steady stream of paying customers. Later, when the Bransfords moved out of town to a nearby ranch, Mary filled in for them. The Columbian Hotel that currently stands at First and Commercial Street in Trinidad was built on the site of the old Bransford boarding house.

Another arrival in the Trinidad area around the time was Casimiro Barela and his family. The future Colorado politician migrated there from Mora where he had completed his schooling under the local priest and also ran a store for his father in the Los Luceros area near present Española.⁷ Barela was destined to become the first Latino legislator in Colorado. The Bransford and Barela families would later become neighbors when both built ranches in San Francisco Canyon, a few miles east of Trinidad.

In 1867, while still a newcomer to the Trinidad area, Red gave birth to Jefferson, the last of the St. Vrain-Bransford brood. She may have been pregnant before they left Mora. Amazingly, Red was 44 years old at the time, had birthed seven children from two very different fathers, and had lived in three different territories. With the exception of Felix, all of Red's children would survive both her and William.

Trinidad quickly grew in population and size, numbering some 200 residents by 1868.⁸ That year the territorial legislature voted to detach much of the southern section of Huerfano County and create the new county of Las Animas, with Trinidad as the county seat.⁹ William was appointed the first postmaster and became known for making the rounds with the mail tucked under his hat. In addition to postmaster, Bransford's later civic roles would include school treasurer, country treasurer, and police magistrate.

The family's financial prospects continued to improve, especially when the territorial legislature officially incorporated the mercantile group of Trinidad Town Company, organized by Bransford, Juan Ignacio Alires, and Felipe Baca, among others. By then, William had enough means to build something more accommodating for his large clan. He and Casimiro had been eyeing the canyons just outside of town for potential homesteads. They found what they were looking for on the Rito del Ogadero, 20 miles east of town. Its canyon had good drainage to the Purgatoire, there was a dependable supply of game, and enough forage for livestock to be raised there. Bransford laid claim and gained title to some land just upstream from Barela. Two groves of trees and a cornfield separated the two homesteads. Not long after moving there, at Bransford's and Barela's urging, the canyon's name was changed to San Francisco.

William's spread eventually grew to include several thousand head of cattle. Later, Casimiro would become known for his horses, and many a race was held at his ranch, including a famous one against Lucien Maxwell's quick steed. Later the community would take the name of Barela in honor of Casimiro's promi-

nence in local and state politics.

After Skelly's death, Mary took the children and moved to the ranch with her mother and stepfather. Red was spending most of her time there and took grandson William under her wing. He already was very familiar with the ranch, having spent several years earlier living there. Red doted on him, often favoring William over her own sons, some of whom were near her grandson's age. She had already made William a handsome dressed deerskin outfit, complete with beads. And on the rare occasion that candy was to be found, grandson William always got a piece even if it meant one of Red's own sons went without.

William later recalled that visitors to the ranch included Buffalo Bill Cody, whom Red had known as a young girl in Wyoming and at Fort St. Vrain. Cody was stationed at Fort Lyon at the time and enlisted Red to accompany him to parlay with the Utes and Cheyennes. Trouble was brewing and the two tribes planned to meet up with the Apaches and Comanches from the south to rise in revolt. Accompanying Red and Cody was a small Ute boy who worked on the ranch and had been raised by Red. Somehow Cody managed to find the two tribes and Red reportedly was able to convince them, at least temporarily, against an uprising.¹⁰

When talking about Red, William expressed fond memories of the ranch in the canyon. Often his grandmother would take William out for long walks, pointing northeast in the direction of Bent's Fort and beyond or north where her Lakota relatives roamed above the Platte. And although she had never been there, Red told him of New Orleans, where the mighty Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. The walks with his grandmother represented young William's first geography lessons.¹¹

In 1876, when news of the Battle of the Little Bighorn reached her, the news hit hard. Jefferson, her youngest, recalled a night when his mother sat crying beside the fire, mourning the dead on both sides. For days afterward Red kept to herself, weeping often. She had been aware of the battles raging across the territories to the north, but long ago had recognized how futile it was to try to fight



Red in old age.

Photo courtesy of Christine St.Vrain.

the white man. Many of the chiefs she had known since childhood would perish in the fighting and Crazy Horse, her nephew, would meet his end long before he ever got onto a reservation.

To make matters worse, her husband's health had been deteriorating. Time was catching up to both of them. On December 6, 1881, at 71 years of age, William Bransford suffered a massive stroke. He never regained consciousness. His obituary in the *Trinidad Observer* commented on how many hearts across Colorado and New Mexico would be touched by his passing.

After William's death, Red was never quite the same. She often would wonder off into the foothills early in the morning, staying for hours at a time. As she roamed the hillsides, Red must have revisited the decades, looking back on the many lives she'd had since that day long ago when Marcellin had taken her for his bride. So much to think on – her life had taken so many different turns.

At some point, deteriorating health forced Red to move back into town. For some time, Red regularly attended Mass at the Catholic Church in town. It was a short walk from her home.

On April 12, 1886, Red St. Vrain Bransford died at the age of 59. Her obituary appeared in the *Trinidad Advertiser* the following day, listing her time of death as 7 p.m. The writer, a one-time boarder with Red and William, proclaimed his great respect for her, but somehow confused Marcellin with his more fa-

mous brother, and listed Red as the widow of Colonel Cerán St. Vrain.¹² Today a large stone monument stands in the older section of the Catholic Cemetery in Trinidad, commemorating the lives of both Red and William Bransford.

All of Red's children, with the ex-



Red's monument in the Catholic Cemetery in Trinidad, CO. Photo courtesy of Jeff Bransford.

ception of Felix, survived her passing. The youngest, Jefferson, would cowboy in Arizona and New Mexico, and gain a bit of notoriety as witness to Billy the Kid's demise at Pete Maxwell's house near Fort Sumner. William and granddaughter Cora would take the name Sopris when their mother, Mary Louise, married Trinidad businessman General Elbridge Sopris¹³ in 1889. Charles had fond memories of Sopris as a stepfather, stating he and his sister were well cared for. The family moved west of town where the community became known as Sopris, in honor of the general's many accomplishments. The town continued to have residents until the damming of the Purgatoire for Trinidad Lake State Park in 1977 forced them out.

In 1889 Charles St. Vrain moved his family out west, spending the rest of his days in the Trinidad area, riding and walking the very same paths his mother had just a few years before. It may well be that Mary Louise, during her earlier visits to Missouri, tried to convince Charles to return with her to visit their mother. Alas, perhaps too much time had passed, too much

change had left its mark, and Charles felt things were better left as they were. There is no indication that he came to Colorado prior to Red's death. But Red's descendants continue to hope that one day documents will surface that confirm whether Charles ever did see his mother again.

In the meantime, we can admire the incredible woman, Red St. Vrain Bransford, who played such an important, although little-known role in the St. Vrain and Bransford families and who contributed much to history and to the development of the town of Trinidad and Las Animas County. Hers is a long overdue story that deserves to be told.

NOTES

1. David F. Halaas & Andrew E. Masich, *Halfbreed. The Remarkable True Story of George Bent* (Cambridge, MA: DaCapo Press, 2004).
2. William R. Sopris, "My grandmother, Mrs. Marcellin St. Vrain," *Colorado Magazine*, XXII (March 1945): 63-68.
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6. Francis W. Cragin, *Early Far West Notebook* (The Francis Whittemore Cragin Collection, Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum), IX, 23-25, 40.
7. José E. Fernández, *The Biography of Casimiro Barela*, translated by A. Gabriel Meléndez (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2003), 8-9.
8. Morris F. Taylor, *Trinidad, Colorado Territory* (Trinidad: Trinidad State College, 1966).
9. Ibid
10. Sopris, "My grandmother," 63-68.
11. William Sopris, Red St. Vrain Bransford (Oral History, Huerfano County Colorado), Karen Mitchell, <http://www.kmitch.com/Huerfano/oral_180.html>.
12. *Trinidad Advertiser*, April 13, 1886.
13. Elbridge Sopris, 1843-1936, enlisted in the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers in 1862 and fought at Glorieta Pass. Later he joined the Third Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, led by Colonel John M. Chivington, and participated in the Sand Creek Massacre. In 1929, when he was 86 years old, he was reportedly the only surviving veteran of both regiments.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL, 1800 MILES IN AGGREGATE

by David K. Clapsaddle

[SFTA Ambassador Clapsaddle is president of the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter and a frequent contributor to WT. This article emphasizes the fact that the SFTA has a mission to preserve, protect, and promote the entire Santa Fe Trail network, not just the portion that was included in the Santa Fe National Historic Trail, which is approximately one-half of the network.]

MOST maps of the Santa Fe Trail depict the trade route as a single artery running from Missouri southwest to New Mexico. Such cartography belies the many variants of what Thomas Hart Benton called a highway between nations. There are several points at which an intersection developed, spawning numerous variants of the trail, sometimes operating at different periods, at other times simultaneously. One such place was present Larned, Kansas, where the trail evolved into five separate routes: the Wet Route, three variants of the Dry Route, and the route which ran from Fort Larned to strike the Wet Route near the Coon Creek crossing of the Wet Route.¹

The Leavenworth Roads

Perhaps more profound are the roads which ran from Fort Leavenworth. Crossing the Kansas River at three different locations, they proceeded on to merge with the established route of the Santa Fe Trail at three separate junctions.

The first of the three ran from Fort Leavenworth to Round Grove (later called Lone Elm). The first expedition to use this road was that of Captain William Wickliffe in May 1833. Reaching Round Prairie (another name for Round Grove) on May 23, Wickliffe's Sixth Infantry escort continued on to Council Grove where it rendezvoused with the annual spring caravan from Independence. Two years later at the conclusion of a 1,645-mile expedition to the Rocky Mountains, Colonel Henry Dodge and his First Dragoons passed Round Grove before turning north to trace Wickliffe's course to Grinter's crossing and back to their point of origin at Fort Leavenworth.

In 1837, the route used by Wickliffe and Dodge was greatly en-

hanced by the establishment of the Fort Leavenworth-Fort Gibson Military Road. Surveyed by a party under the command of Colonel Stephen W. Kearny, the military road replicated the course followed by Wickliffe for its first 29 miles before veering southeast to follow the border of western Missouri to the site later occupied by New Santa Fe and then southward to Fort Gibson. Such was the route taken by Captain Philip St. George Cooke and his First Dragoons in their celebrated escort of an American and Mexican caravan in 1843. Leaving the military road south of the Kansas River, Cooke's command continued southward to strike the Santa Fe Trail a little east of Lone Elm on May 30 and thence proceeded on to rendezvous with the traders at Council Grove.

Subsequently, the road experienced heavy traffic, both troop movements and freight shipments, during the first two years of the Mexican War. The length of the road was calculated by Private Ben Wiley at 50 miles. Brevet Major Henry L. Kendrick's measurement by viameter was 44 miles.²

The second road emanating from Fort Leavenworth was first used by Brevet Major Bennet Riley on his return trip from the first military escort on the Santa Fe Trail in 1829. At some point east of 110 Mile Creek (probably about 35 miles), Riley's men left the Santa Fe Trail, marched northeast to the Kansas River, and continued on to what was at that time called Cantonment Leavenworth.³ A similar route was pursued by Colonel Kearny on his return trip from the Rocky Mountains by way of the Santa Fe Trail in 1845. Departing the Santa Fe Trail near Willow Spring, the troops crossed the Kansas River at Fish's Ferry near present Eudora and pushed on to Fort Leavenworth. In the following year, at the outbreak of the Mexican War, the route used by Kearny saw extensive use by both military and civilian traffic.⁴

The third road from Leavenworth, established in 1850, ran west from Fort Leavenworth to present Topeka, where it crossed the Kansas River at Papan's Ferry and pro-

ceeded on to strike the established route of the Santa Fe Trail at Soldier Creek. Percival G. Lowe put the distance between Fort Leavenworth and the Soldier Creek at 86 miles. The road was heavily utilized in 1851 when Brevet Colonel Edwin V. Sumner and the First Dragoons led a sizable expeditionary force to establish Fort Union in northern New Mexico.⁵

Arkansas-Cimarron Routes

There were at least two popular routes between the Arkansas and Cimarron rivers, which were used from the mid-1820s onward. Several articles in *Wagon Tracks* have discussed these better-known routes. One crossed the Arkansas west of present Dodge City (at various points commonly called the Cimarron Crossing and sometimes the Middle Crossing) and angled southwest approximately 60 miles from present Ingalls to what became known as Wagonbed Spring south of present Ulysses. It was also known as the Cimarron Desert, *Jornada*, or *Jornada del Muerto* because of the frequent lack of surface water. The other, usually called Upper Crossing, crossed the Arkansas west of present Lakin, proceeded south through Bear Creek Pass about 40 miles to join the other route at Wagonbed Spring. There were occasional variations on these two routes..

The Aubry Route

Often overlooked is the road from the present Oklahoma panhandle to the Arkansas River reconnoitered by Francis X. Aubry in 1851. Seeking a better route than the dry jornada, Aubry left the regular route of the Santa Fe Trail near Cold Spring in search of a better-watered road to the Arkansas. In the subsequent fall, he made a second such exploration, this time locating "an excellent wagon road, well supplied with water and grass." This route which reached the Arkansas some 110 miles west of Fort Dodge was subsequently used by Aubry and others beyond the date of his untimely death in 1854. Later, it saw increased traffic with the establishment of a mail route between Fort Aubrey established in 1865 and Camp Nichols in the present Okla-

homa panhandle.⁶

The Bent's Fort Road

When the Post Office Department initiated mail delivery between Independence and Santa Fe in 1850, the route taken by the mail wagons was the same as that pursued by the freighters, southwest to the Arkansas River and on to Santa Fe by way of the Cimarron Route. Such was the case with the mail wagons until 1861 when the Missouri Stage Company changed the mail route to the Bent's Fort Road (Mountain Route). Although the change added 87 miles to the route, it allowed for mail deliveries to the post office at Fort Wise established in September 1860 at the site of Bent's New Fort at the Big Timbers near present Lamar, Colorado. A post office was opened at the post in the following month.⁷ Until that time, the Bent's Fort Road originated in 1834 had seen limited traffic until the start of the Mexican War when the Army of the West marched up the north bank of the Arkansas River to Bent's Fort.⁸ Following the war, freighters did use the road to some extent; and with the gold rush to the Rocky Mountains in 1858-1859 it experienced another surge of travel. However, the Cimarron Route still claimed most of the traffic as it did following the change of the mail route in 1861. Jack Rittenhouse was correct in labeling the Santa Fe Road "A Trail of Commerce and Conquest." However, a third dimension could be added. The Santa Fe Trail was also a trail of communication catering to the postal needs of frontier America.

The Roads from Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division Railheads

In June 1866 the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division reached Junction City, Kansas. At that point, freight, mail, and passengers formerly transported from the Kansas City area through Council Grove on the established Santa Fe Trail were thence dispatched from Junction City on a former military and stage route to strike the established Santa Fe Trail at Walnut Creek in present Barton County, Kansas. This 120-mile route which became known as the Fort Riley-Fort Larned Road was the first of four such roads which emanated from Union Pacific railheads to connect with the Santa Fe Trail at various points.⁹

By October 1867 the railroad reached Hays City which immediately became the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe Trail. Repeating the process at Junction City, freight wagons and stage coaches rumbled down the newly-developed Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road 75 miles to strike the established Santa Fe Trail at Fort Dodge.¹⁰

In May 1868 the Union Pacific tracks were extended to a new end-of-the-tracks town in present Logan County, named Phil Sheridan, most often known as Sheridan. From that railhead, a new road of 120 miles was developed running southwest to strike the established Santa Fe Trail at Fort Lyon on the Bent's Fort Road. There the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe Trail remained until 1870 when the Union Pacific constructed its tracks to Kit Carson in Colorado Territory. From the Kit Carson railhead two roads issued: the stage route which ran due south to strike the Bent's Fort Road to Fort Lyon; and the freight road developed by George McBride and Dick Wootton which ran south and then southwest to merge with the Bent's Fort Road at the site previously occupied by King's Ferry near present La Junta. Both roads, the stage and the freight, measured 55 miles.¹¹

The Fort Union Road

While the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division was building across Kansas in an east-west orientation, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad was laying tracks southwestwardly across Kansas; and in July 1873 the railroad arrived at the newly established town of Granada in Colorado Territory.¹² From there, tons of freight were dispatched on what was sometimes called the Fort Union Road. The road had its roots in the route explored by Brevet Major John Pope in 1851 between Fort Union and the Arkansas River. Though apparently never used, it was followed by a similar route used as early as 1857, perhaps the same road observed by Major Richard I. Dodge during his survey of a road between Forts Union and Lyon in 1870. The length of the Fort Union Road remains moot, but the route Dodge surveyed from Fort Union to Fort Lyon (60 miles west of Granada) was 199-plus miles.¹³

The Purgatoire Stage Route

The Bent's Fort Road, which paralleled Timpas Creek southwest of Bent's Fort to Trinidad, was eschewed by Barlow, Sanderson and Company in 1871 in favor of a new route along the Purgatoire River. Departing the established route at the Iron Spring Station, the new route traveled to Bent's Canyon, then southwest to Trinidad. In 1875, the Southern Overland Mail and Express Company lengthened the road by initiating a route out of West Las Animas, past Boggsville, to Vogel Canyon and on to Trinidad. The length of the route from West Las Animas was 103 miles.¹⁴

Should all the distances of the above-mentioned roads be totaled, the mileage would be about 900 miles, the same distance of the initial Santa Fe Trail between Franklin, Missouri and Santa Fe, New Mexico. This writer finds it remarkable that these above-mentioned roads have received but little notice. The single exception is the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road marked at 25 locations by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter.

Hopefully, this study will challenge Santa Fe Trail enthusiasts to recognize that the trade route was far more than a single line across the countryside, that it was a constellation of roads, constantly changing to meet the traveling needs of the commercial, postal, and military entities of the nineteenth century. Also, it should be noted, most of these important routes of the Santa Fe Trail network were not included in the Santa Fe National Historic Trail. The SFTA is encouraged to seek additional legislation to correct this omission.

Editor's Note: The Smoky Hill Trail Association is seeking legislation to add the Smoky Hill Trail to the National Trails System and to include all the connecting routes from the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, railheads on the Smoky Hill Route that connected with the main Santa Fe Trail.

NOTES

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 4. Louise Barry, *The Beginning of the West* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 545-547, 558, 559.
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MILNOR RUDOLPH

(continued from page 1)

He married two local Hispanic women and founded a family with numerous present-day descendants in New Mexico, the Southwest, and across the country.

Milnor Rudolph's German Forebears Settle in Maryland.

Milnor Louis Rudolph's parents, Zebulon and Marianne Gilpin (Wallington) Rudolph lived in Elkton in Cecil County, Maryland. Elkton, earlier called Head of the Elk, is located at the site where the Elk River enters the extreme north end of Chesapeake Bay.³ Michael Johannes and Anna Marie Rudolph, both born in Prussia, immigrated to America and first settled in Delaware about 1720. They soon relocated to Cecil County, Maryland, which remained the family seat for a century or more.⁴ The German surname, Rudolph, persisted until well into the nineteenth century before being changed to the present Rudolph; some members of Milnor's family in New Mexico con-

tinued to use "Rudolph" until after 1900. During the Revolutionary War several Rudolphs served with distinction in Light Horse Harry Lee's Legion in campaigns against the British in the southern states.⁵

Milnor, who was born August 26, 1826, in Elkton, Maryland, was named for his paternal grandmother, Martha Milnor. He was a member of the fourth American-born generation and was the fourth in a family of six children. Milnor's father, Zebulon Rudolph, in about 1841, moved the family from Maryland to Memphis, Tennessee. Zebulon was a writer of both prose and poetry. In 1847 he published a book "the object [of which] was to inculcate the tenets of that denomination [Universalist]." "He was a voluminous writer, and the author of a large number of fugitive poems, many of which are said to have been quite humorous and possessed of much literary merit."⁶

Milnor's third cousin, Lucretia Rudolph, married James A. Garfield in 1858 in Hiram, Ohio, where her father had been the cofounder of the Eclectic Institute (now Hiram College). When Garfield became president of the United States in 1881, Lucretia became First Lady, a job she did not particularly relish and one beyond her physical ability as she had contracted malaria and was in convalescence.⁷ She did not serve long as First Lady; President Garfield was shot by assassin Charles J. Guiteau on July 2, 1881, and died two and a half months later on September 19,⁸ elevating Vice-President Chester A. Arthur to the presidency.

Milnor Rudolph Travels to Santa Fe, Marries, and Establishes Businesses.

Milnor, 15 years old when his family relocated to Memphis in 1841, grew to early manhood there. Little is known about this period in his life although it is said he received a good education, including college study of pharmacy.⁹ It has not been determined just when or why he traveled by ox-drawn wagon train over the Santa Fe Trail to settle in New Mexico. He was in Santa Fe by 1850. The census record for that year lists him as a boarder in the home of Rose McFerran, working as a clerk in a store, and possessing assets of \$1,000, a great deal of money for a young man at that time and place.

There is some confusion about this early period of Milnor's life in New Mexico. Charles Coan¹⁰ implies that Milnor originally settled in the village of Santa Cruz de la Canada north of Santa Fe and established a successful mercantile business. However, an anonymous and undated Rudolph family genealogy states "Milnor operated a store [in Santa Fe] and sent trade wagons to Saint Louis and Kansas." This source also indicates that "Milnor's first business went bust."

Milnor was living in Santa Cruz de la Canada in 1851, when a lawsuit, indicating that he lived there, was filed against him and Rodrick Smith, presumably a business partner, for failure to pay a debt.¹¹ Milnor's first child, Eugenio, was born in Santa Cruz on January 11, 1853. Eugenio's mother, Maria Quirina Archuleta, apparently died soon after he was born. By 1857, Milnor and his small son were living in Rociada, a community in a beautiful high mountain valley across the Sangre de Cristo Mountains from Santa Cruz and some 25 miles north of Las Vegas. Milnor had secured 3,000 acres in the Rociada community and began ranching. There "[h]e ranged sheep, cattle and horses, and did an extensive stock business."¹²

It was in Rociada, in 1857, that Milnor married Maria Candelaria Trujillo y Gomez, daughter of Martin Rumualdo Trujillo and Juana Maria Gomez. Martin and Juana were both born in Rio Arriba County but had relocated to the Rociada area shortly after Candelaria's birth. Milnor's marriage to Candelaria is surprising because, at the time it occurred, Candelaria, who was born January 28, 1844, was just 13 years old. Why would Milnor, at age thirty, choose a bride so young and immature? Similarly, why would Candelaria's parents consent to the marriage of such a young girl? We cannot know the answers to these questions, although Irene Blea, in her novel "Suzanna"¹³, indicates that it was not uncommon for New Mexico Hispanic families to arrange early marriages of daughters to well-established older men. And "Milnor was one of the most desirable bachelors of the valley. He had been her [Candelaria's] teacher in school, and was well respected in the community, having been justice

of the peace for a brief spell, while running his mercantile business and ranching at the same time."¹⁴

Milnor was apparently aware that, when they married, Candelaria was not ready to be fully a wife. Milnor called Candelaria his *companionita*,¹⁵ and, for several years, probably treated her more like a daughter than a wife. One wonders how Milnor and Candelaria coped with young Eugenio; it seems likely that Milnor arranged for the help of an older servant woman.

The first child born to Milnor and Candelaria, Charles Frederick, arrived in 1861. Six more children were born: Milnor Louis in 1864, Virginia in 1869, Matilda Marguerite in January 1873, Isabel in 1874, Rosenda in 1876, and Emilia Juana on November 13, 1879.¹⁶ In addition, the Rudolphys adopted two Indian children, Maria Guadalupe and Juan de Dios Rudolph.¹⁷

Milnor Rudolph as Civil War Soldier and Fort Union Supplier.

When the Civil War started in 1861 and a Confederate (Texan) Army threatened to invade New Mexico, Rudolph joined the New Mexico Volunteers, as did thousands of other New Mexico residents. He enlisted October 1, 1861, at Fort Union, not far from his Rociada home, and served first as a sergeant in the third regiment of infantry. Later, he became a captain in the quartermaster corps.¹⁸ Following this promotion, he was assigned to the small military post at Hatch's Ranch a few miles above the junction of the Gallinas and Pecos Rivers¹⁹ near Anton Chico in what is now Guadalupe County. Milnor served in the military for only eight months and was mustered out in June 1862, a few months after the Confederate defeat at the Battle of Glorieta Pass and the Confederate retreat back to Texas. After completion of his military service, Milnor returned to his many civilian pursuits. In a final act relative to this service, Milnor applied for a military pension in August 1879, claiming that he was an "invalid."²⁰ Shortly thereafter, in the 1880 census record, Milnor indicated the nature of his disability, reporting that he was "suffering from rupture."

Probably, both before and after his military service, Milnor con-

tracted with Fort Union to provide hay and other commodities for use by the military. Following its establishment in 1851, Fort Union needed civilian services, building materials, and food for both men and animals, which greatly stimulated the local market economy.²¹ While this new market helped all the people of the surrounding area those like Rudolph who were already experienced businessmen were best able to take advantage of the opportunities. Responding to the opportunity to provide Fort Union (and his neighbors) with sawed lumber, Rudolph constructed a water-powered mill, fabricating the water wheel himself.²² Much of the output of this sawmill was used by the military at Fort Union in the construction of quarters for enlisted men and officers and for other similar building projects.

An event reported by Leo Oliva, illustrates another way the established businessmen sought to maximize their advantages. He notes that "The bidding for the hay contract at Fort Union became so competitive in 1874 that the leading producers and contractors [including Milnor Rudolph] combined to fix prices and refused to sell hay to anyone who underbid them."²³ This gambit did not work as the quartermaster department (of which Rudolph had been a part during his military service) was able to find a supplier who, albeit with great difficulty, did provide the needed hay at a price lower than what the "combination" demanded. Competitive bidding was quickly re-established and the price Fort Union had to pay for hay dropped dramatically in the following year.

Government Service, Political Career, and Masonry.

Rudolph was among the relatively small group of educated and successful businessmen in New Mexico Territory. As a result, it is unsurprising that he was a well-respected and leading citizen in the communities in which he lived or that he served in a variety of governmental roles. As noted above, shortly after moving to Rociada, Milnor had served as both a teacher and as a justice of the peace. Over the years, Milnor served in a number of other official capacities. Coan notes that he acted as a guide for government surveyors in their work in and around Fort Union and

Mora County.²⁴ Milnor served as postmaster for the Tecolote-Rincon-Rociada community in the mid 1870s and later for the village of Sunnyside near Fort Sumner.

On one occasion, Milnor became directly involved in elective politics. He ran for and was elected as a representative from San Miguel County to the New Mexico Territorial Legislature. More importantly, he had the special honor of being elected speaker of the House of Representatives for the twentieth assembly, 1871-1872. The session was unusually contentious. It began in December of 1871 normally enough but, on January 14, 1872, Milnor reported to Henry Wetter, Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico that, following the adjournment of the previous day's session, "the key to the Hall of said House of Representatives was violently, and by force taken from the doorkeeper by Mr. John R. Johnson, a member of this said House [representing Grant County in southwestern New Mexico], who, thereupon, locked the door of the Hall, and carried off the key."²⁵ Milnor survived this contretemps but, two weeks later on January 29, he resigned as speaker in order to "reunite the House."²⁶ For the remainder of the session, Gregorio N. Otero of Valencia County was speaker.²⁷

A number of military officers stationed at Fort Union were Freemasons, and they established the first Masonic Lodge in New Mexico, Chapman Lodge Number 1, located at the Fort in early 1862. The newly-established lodge was named for post commander Major William Chapman. On March 27, 1862, Milnor Rudolph, who was then an officer stationed at Fort Union, petitioned the lodge seeking membership. Milnor's application was approved and he became the first new member to join those who had founded the lodge. For the remainder of his life, Milnor was active in Masonic affairs and was instrumental in the founding of Chapman Lodge Number 2 in Las Vegas.²⁸

The Move to the Fort Sumner Area and Association with Billy the Kid.

For reasons unknown, in 1878 Milnor Rudolph sold his ranch in Rociada to Jean Penderies, a Frenchman who had come to New Mexico and settled in San Miguel County. Milnor then relocated to the Fort

Sumner area, now in De Baca County but at that time in Lincoln County. There he settled about five miles north of Fort Sumner on the Pecos River. David Pike writes that "settler Milnor Rudolph dubbed [the nearby springs] Sunnyside Springs when he made his home there in the late 1870s. . . . [W]hen a post office opened in 1878, Rudolph [became postmaster and] named the town after the springs, Sunnyside."²⁹ He bought a ranch and reestablished his mercantile, farming, and livestock operations in this new location.

As a result of this move to the northern edge of old Lincoln County, Milnor and his family became well acquainted with Billy the Kid (William H. Bonney)³⁰ and many of Billy's outlaw associates who spent much of their time in and around Fort Sumner. Indeed, the Rudolchs were prominent in many events of the last two years of Billy's short but adventure-filled life. Milnor also was acquainted with Sheriff Pat Garrett who devoted himself to the task of bringing Billy to justice. Ironically, Billy and Sheriff Garrett, who were mortal enemies, both trusted Milnor and considered him and the Rudolph family to be friends.³¹

The last time Billy was captured—which resulted in his final escape from jail—Milnor Rudolph's son, Charles, was a member of Sheriff Garrett's posse.³² Shortly before Christmas in 1880, Sheriff Garrett set an ambush in Fort Sumner for Billy and some of his gang. Things did not go as well as the sheriff had hoped; outlaw Tom O'Folliard was killed but Billy and the others escaped. After some delay, Garrett learned that the outlaws had gone to a ranch some 12 miles from town. When the posse set out after them, the outlaws left the ranch, but the posse was able to follow a clear trail across the snow-covered grasslands which led to a nearby abandoned sheep camp at a place called Stinking Springs. Billy and his associates had bedded down there without posting a guard. During the night, the posse surrounded the old rock and adobe building at Stinking Springs where Billy and the others were sleeping and spent several hours lying in the snow in bitter cold weather waiting for daylight. During this siege "posse member Charlie Ru-

dolph suffered frostbite to his feet."³³ Shortly after daybreak, there was a brief gun battle in which a gang member, Charlie Bowdre, was killed. Soon after, the other outlaws, including Billy the Kid, surrendered and were escorted first to Fort Sumner and then, via Puerto de Luna on the Pecos River south of present Santa Rosa, on to Las Vegas where, the day after Christmas, 1880, Billy the Kid and his companions were locked in the San Miguel County jail.

From Las Vegas, Billy was taken to Santa Fe and then south to Mesilla where he was tried for murder, convicted, and ordered by the trial judge to be hanged. He was then returned to the town of Lincoln where the murder for which he was convicted had occurred. After many weeks in jail, on April 28, 1881, Billy made a desperate and daring escape which involved his wresting a gun from a guard, then killing him and another guard who tried to prevent his escape. All this set the stage for another manhunt by Sheriff Garrett, which involved Milnor Rudolph in a central way and which led to Billy's death at the hands of Garrett. Inexplicably, following his escape from the jail in Lincoln, Billy promptly returned to the Fort Sumner area where he had been captured the previous December. Sheriff Garrett learned of this and soon followed.³⁴

On the night of July 13-14, 1881, Sheriff Pat Garrett shot and killed Billy in the Maxwell home in Fort Sumner. Earlier that same day, the sheriff had sent a deputy, unknown in Fort Sumner, to the Rudolph ranch in Sunnyside to gain information. There Milnor and his wife, Candelaria, had received the stranger warmly and Candelaria had prepared a meal for him. The man pressed the Rudolchs for information about Billy's current whereabouts. The Rudolchs, well informed but cautious with the stranger, did not provide the information he sought. Nevertheless, their obvious unease led the man to conclude that Billy was nearby and he left the Rudolph home to relay this conviction to Sheriff Garrett. As a result, Garrett and his deputies staked out the Maxwell home, known to be a favorite haunt of Billy who, in fact, did appear there during the night, resulting in his death when Garrett shot

him inside the dark Maxwell home.³⁵

Milnor Rudolph had one more central role to play in the saga of Billy the Kid. After Pat Garrett shot and killed Billy, Rudolph was asked to head the coroner's jury to review the event. The jury viewed the body, examined the bedroom of the Maxwell home in which he was killed, and interviewed Pete Maxwell, who was the only person present when Billy was shot. After a brief deliberation the jury, with Milnor Rudolph as spokesman, delivered a verdict "that the action of Garrett . . . was justifiable homicide and we are united in opinion that the gratitude of all the community is due to said Garrett."³⁶

The Return to Rociada and Milnor's Last Years

The Rudolph family stayed in Sunnyside near Fort Sumner but a short time. In the early 1880s Milnor sold his holdings there and returned to Rociada where he purchased a small place. He and Candelaria lived out the remainder of their lives in the community where they had begun their marriage. Milnor died November 11, 1887, at age 61; Candelaria lived until February 5, 1904, dying at age 60. The Rudolph children and grandchildren continued to live in and around Rociada; today there are many Rudolph descendants still in the area, the legacy of this early Santa Fe Trail pioneer and New Mexico settler.

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TRAIL TROUBADOUR

—Traffic in Verse—

Sandra M. Doe, Editor

This column continues "Santa Fe, Santa Fe" by Albert Edmund Trombly. In Part II the traders reach Council Grove, and Part III portrays the death of William Ashlock. See last issue for introduction to this Trail poem.

SANTA FE SANTA FE

II

Late afternoon of the twelfth day out
When we came up.
Billowing country, a climb,
A final ridge from which the trail
sloped off
To river bottoms; and there before us
flanking
Council Creek on either hand, mask-
ing
Its upper reaches, making the lower
seem
To spring from the woods, rose Council
Grove
Wooded island in a rolling sea of
plains,
Richest strip of timber from Missouri
To the mountains, and the last;
henceforth
As we already knew or soon
should learn
Occasional cottonwoods might
edge the streams,
Not every stream nor any one for
long
And nestling in the shelter of the
Grove, the camp;
The white tops of the clustered wag-
ons catching
The sun, as might the linen a house-
wife
Has scattered on the dooryard hedge
to dry.
Scouts sent ahead days before
Had announced our coming. At sight
of us
The camp and uproar
like an Indian village
When with winter past, provisions
low,
A courier comes hard-riding, cry-
ing:
"Buffaloes!"
men streaming out
From here, from there, leaving chore
or pastime,
Dogs howling, men shouting their joy:

"Tomorrow we'll be off! Tomor-
row...tomorrow..."
For ours was the last contingent in,
two
Or three days late
delayed from the very first
By quagmires taking us unawares;
Treacherous, dry-surfaced they
appeared;
Wagons sinking belly-deep, teams
Doubled, every shoulder to the
wheel
Of wagon after wagon
delayed at a ford
For more than a day by a vicious
rise
After rains
delayed by cattle straying
Bewildered in the plains, unbroke-
n yet
To sense our column as their only
home.

Tomorrow...tomorrow...
What day remained
We put to grazing cattle, shoeing
horses,
Trimming cargoes, making them ship-
shape,
Profiting by the Grove's hard woods
oak,
Walnut, hickory, ash
felling, dressing
Timber, lashing it under the wagons
against
Need of repairs
mighty need when it comes!
Startled by their very shadow
oxen
Bolt at right-about
and where's your wagon
Tongue?
Or summer going dry: days
Weeks of desert-like sands, ford-
ing streams,
Sun as only the plains can know,
and hubs
Dry out, felloes crack, spokes
stagger,
A tricky ford, your wagon lurches,
settles
In mid-stream
journey's end to your profits
And if you can you might as well
turn back.

That night around the campfires
cool
Winds teasing the embers to
crackle and flare;
Overhead the stars
campfires of the gods
The fiddlers fiddled *Old Zip Coon*
And *Old Brass Wagon*; and Jean-
Pierre
Sang as he fiddled
"La fill' du roi d'Espagne
Mon joli cœur de rose!
Veut appendre un metier
Joli cœur de rosier
Veut appendre un metier
Joli cœur de rosier!"
Wagons brimmed to the canvas
But always room for a fiddle.
Some would as soon
Journey without a gun as without
fiddle
"Veut appendre un metier

Joli cœur de rosier ..."

When all were gathered, seven or
eight
Score, fiddles were hushed for elec-
tioneering;
The whippoorwill's cry drifting in
When the speaker paused for short-
ness of thought or breath.
And wind and wind; for there no less
than elsewhere
Were men enchanted with their own
mouthing
And making others hear it; happily too
Fun-loving men, not to be duped,
Laughing down the pompous, laugh-
ing down
The windy; some shouting they
wanted Zeke
For captain, old Zeke

ex-trapper
With a whimpering gait and long
white beard
Save that around the mouth it
was tawny, stained
With tobacco drool and the tart
fumes of his breath
And hearing his name bandied about
Zeke
Spat for scorn and his beard mumbled
threats;
Others calling
WE...WANT...MISTER
Fellow who never before had
been
West of the Hudson, wore gloves,
cause
Of the nickname Mister, but later
showed
Under the gloves a warmly hu-
man hand.

The vote for captain going to
McCabe
From Westport
veteran of the trail, caravan
Captain once before; tall, spare,
An arrow scar over his right eye;
In gait and speech deliberate;
asking
More of himself than of others;

uncle Peter
Chosen one of four lieutenants along
With Collins, Boggs, Richards
all tempered

Plainsmen
Richards ex-militiaman
Able enough but seeming a trifle
touched
With endless talk of van, frontal
attack,
Outflanking the enemy; as if
there were
An enemy and he as corps com-
mander
Were writing daily reports to su-
periors;
Collins tactful, not easily ruffled;
A deft hand with horses; and doubly
precious
On the plains for his practical sense of
medicine;
And Boggs hardly older than I but al-
ready
Seasoned Indian fighter; steel and
leather
Fellow with no nonsense about Indi-
ans:

Folly to treat them as you would a
white man;
They thought you dupe and coward,
scorned you; rather
As Indian to Indian, lie for lie, blow
For blow, yours falling swifter, harder.

The booming order: "Off at sunup!"
Cheers.

"Oh Susanna"
sings a fiddle;
Voices take it up and all together
"Oh Susanna, oh don't you cry for
me
I've come from Alabama wid my
banjo on my knee."

Overhead the westward rolling stars;
And arrowing west, southwest by west
And throbbing madly through our
veins

the Trail.

III

From the easy stage that led from
Council Grove
For days
almost like a road from town
To town
how guess the stage ahead?
The rain-crows
wailers of death at birth,
Defeat in victory
had croaked of perils,
And were crest-fallen when they saw
us ford
With effort, but no mule-killing strain,
The Little Arkansas, though its banks
were high
And we must gouge them down to
get across.

Safely over we camped. A day's
march
Farther with Cow Creek less than half
A day away, it rained in the night; and
when
Near noon we reached it, its banks
were soft,
Six or eight feet high, steep,
The waters fast and muddy though
falling.
Threat of further rain decided us
To try an immediate crossing. We cut
back
The bank enough for a horse to
scramble down
And Ashlock and I rode ahead
To sound the waters, attempt the far-
ther bank.
Much together we two since meeting
In Independence. He older than I,
Maybe thirty. A Southerner tired of
cotton,
Needing adventure, he had tasted
river-boating;
And drawn by the plains, had hunted
buffaloes
And served as scout. Rarely out of the
saddle
In more than a year except to eat
and sleep.
Good singing voice; and many a yarn
Up his sleeve; trying on Jean-Pierre
Bits of *petit-negre* caught from field-
hands.

He rode a bay stallion, called him Jas-
per
And I, remembering him, have
twice had
A Jasper
mettlesome but well in hand,
A blue grass strain with Indian pony,
Fast, strong, broken to buffalo hunting
And taking fords as readily as the best.

Well short of mid-stream, the water
Saddle-high, the horse stumbled
throwing
His rider headlong, crushing his skull
With an iron-shod hoof pawing for a
foothold;
And riderless plunged on; and several
times
Rebuffed by the slippery bank, finally
climbed it
And stood neighing, sensing some-
thing amiss.

We carried Ashlock
dead before
We reached him
under a cottonwood. Rain
Still threatening, we feared another
rise,
Softer banks, delays. No time
To lose; no hand to spare to bury
A comrade. That could wait; not the
crossing.

Little was said; but all fell to with a will;
Some to cutting the far bank, some
The near; others to gathering grasses,
brush,
To mat the earth and keep the wheels
from sinking.
We felled a cottonwood or two; and
trunk
And limbs we used as footing; over
this
Twigs, grasses; the whole covered with
earth.

Easy enough for the first wagons
across;
But as wheels cut deeper and deeper,
and rain
Drizzled in, the pass became a bog.
We doubled, sometimes trebled the
teams;
But mules standing for hours were cold
in the collar
And we must drive them a mile or two
in the plain
Before they warmed to the work and
gave their all
Where all was needed. As day wore
on
The work begun in silence crackled
with lashes,
Oaths, commands
All together...now!

Left rear wheel!
Give them their heads!
Grouille-toi donc, sacre enfant de
garce!
And man, beast, wagon, mud, all
Were one, even to Mister's boots and
gloves.
Dusk; the rain had ceased; the clouds
were lifting;
A faint afterglow north of west

When the last wagon crossed. We
had lost
A man, but not a single wagon; nor
had we
A damaged cargo.

Camp was desolate
That night; the fires of sappy sodden
branches
Only hissed and smoldered. A hurried
meal;
Then by the light of a torch we buried
the dead;
Tamped the earth hard, threw the sur-
plus
Into the creek and over the grave
scattered
Refuse and ashes to hide all trace of
it.

For marker, on a nearby cottonwood
We cut the words

William Ashlock
And the date of his death; his birth
none of us knew.
We stood around the grave and un-
cle Peter
Prayed, and read from the Book
about green
Pastures and still waters; and in the
pause between
Prayer and psalm we heard a horse
whinny.

TRAIL SYMPOSIUM AT NORTH- WESTERN OKLAHOMA STATE UNIVERSITY, OCTOBER 1-2

by Larry Justice

THE Northwestern Oklahoma State University Santa Fe Trail Symposium in Woodward, Oklahoma, will be October 1 and 2 (with the 2nd being a trip to Fort Larned NHS). Papers may be submitted to me or Dr. Aaron Mason at NWOSU until September 1. However, if you would like additional time for research, please feel free to contact me. Topics for consideration may include any phase of concern related to the development and expansion involving the Santa Fe Trail from its inception.

Also, as a reminder, we would love for you to join us in Woodward for this inaugural event for our university. A block of 25 rooms has been reserved in both the Hampton Inn and the LaQuinta Inn in Woodward. Those wanting to reserve a room should contact either hotel and tell them they are part of the Santa Fe Trail Symposium.. We have representatives from Fort Larned and Bent's Fort coming to be presenters. We hope you can attend, and we encourage those interested to submit a paper. Our goal is to encourage people to develop a strong interest in the Santa Fe Trail. We will have a table available for SFTA

membership and the Last Chance Store will have books for sale. We really believe this will be a fun event, as well as educational. If you have questions, please contact Larry Justice at 580-327-7036 or <ljustice@nwosu.edu>.

SFTA AND THE NATIONAL STAGECOACH AND FREIGHT WAGON ASSOCIATION

by Mike Olsen

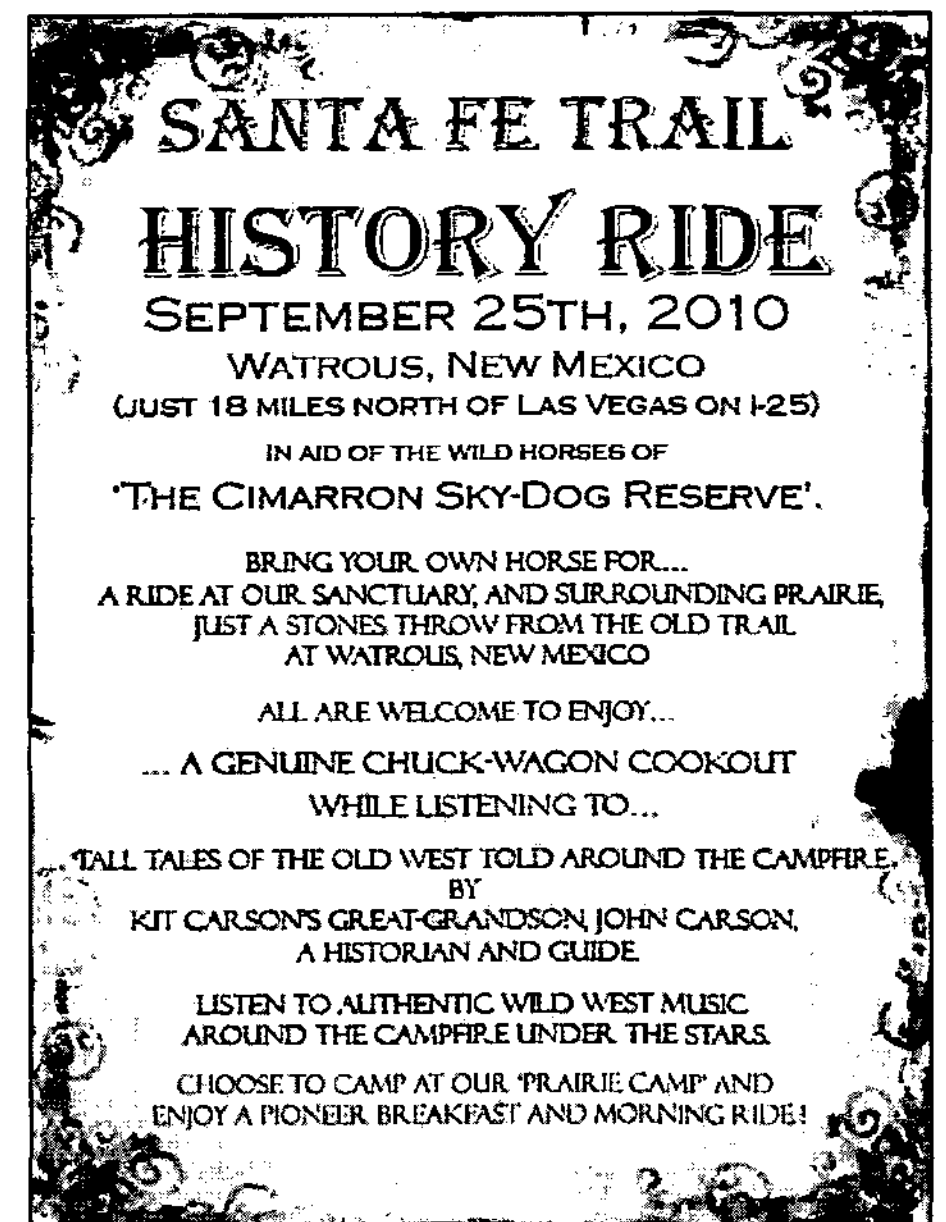
SFTA President Joanne VanCoeven and Mike Olsen (Colorado Director) recently represented the SFTA at the annual conference of the National Stagecoach and Freight Wagon Association on June 11-12 in Cody, Wyoming.

Joanne and Mike were able to talk personally with nearly everyone attending the conference and made a presentation on the SFTA and its activities to the Association's general membership meeting. They distributed membership brochures, copies of *Wagon Tracks*, and SFTA "place-mat" maps. For many folks it was their first introduction to the history and heritage of the Santa Fe Trail.

There is a natural affinity between the members of the NSFSA and the SFTA. Joanne and Mike pointed out that at Rendezvous 2008 the topic was "Freighting on the Santa Fe Trail," and this year the topic will be "Communication on the Santa Fe Trail," with an emphasis on the U.S. Mail and stagecoach traffic. The mission of the NSFSA is "to provide an historic record of commercial wagon freighting and stagecoaching as well as sponsoring events associated with the use of stagecoaches and freight wagons." Further, the association is "committed to research, archiving and sharing of historical information about . . . historic trails." Its website is <<http://stagecoachfreightwagon.org/>>.

SANTA FE TRAIL HISTORY RIDE

JACKIE Fleming, new SFTA member from Cerrillos, NM, who operates the Cimarron Sky-Dog Reserve, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit wild horse sanctuary, offers a fundraising ride on the Trail, September 25. See accompanying copy of announcement. Registration deadline is September 5. For more information about the sanctuary and the ride, see <<http://cimarronskydog.org/>>.



THE CACHES -MUSEUM NEWS-

Paula Manini, Editor

This column lists events and news from Trail sites, museums, and related organizations. Please send information following the format below. Be sure to include your address, phone number, and e-mail. The next column will list hours and activities scheduled for September through November. To be included, send information to Paula Manini at the Trinidad History Museum (see below) by October 15, 2010. Also, please send news and changes regarding e-mail addresses, contact information, and open hours.

A. R. Mitchell Museum of Western Art
150 East Main St
Trinidad CO 81082
Telephone: 719-846-4224

E-mail: mitchellmuseum@qwest.net

- Western art by Trinidad native A. R. Mitchell and his friend Harvey Dunn, plus Hispanic folk art, Indian artifacts, and cowboy gear.
- Through October 2: Open Tuesday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. and Sunday, 12-4 p.m. Group tours by appointment in the off-season.

Arrow Rock State Historic Site
Friends of Arrow Rock

PO Box 124

Arrow Rock MO 65320

Telephone: 660-837-3231 or 3330

E-mail: kborgman@iland.net

Websites: www.arrowrock.org;

www.mostateparks.com/arrowrock.htm

- Sept. 6: Boonslick Fok Festival, 10 a.m.-3 p.m., at Boone's Salt Lick State Historic Site north of town.
- Oct. 9-10: 42nd Annual Arrow

Rock Heritage Craft Festival, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Admission: \$1.

Barton County Museum & Village

PO Box 1091

Great Bend KS 67530

Telephone: 620-793-5125

Website: www.bartoncountymuseum.org

- October-April: Tuesday-Friday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Call for visiting on weekends and Mondays. Group tours by reservation.
- The site is a Santa Fe National Trail Interpretive Center.

Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site

35110 Highway 194 East

La Junta CO 81050

Telephone: 719-383-5010

E-mail: rick_wallner@nps.gov

Website: [www.nps.gov.beol](http://www.nps.gov/beol)

- Hours: 9 a.m.-4:00 p.m. daily. Orientation film and self-guided tours.
- Closed Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day.
- Visit the trade room & bookstore.
- Sept. 18: Hispanic Heritage Celebration.
- Oct. 9: Fur Trade Encampment.

Boggsville Historic Site

PO Box 68

Las Animas CO 81054

Telephone: 719-456-1358

E-mail: boggsville67@yahoo.com

Website: www.bentcounty.org/sitesandcelebrations/historic/htm

- Contact for information.

Boot Hill Museum

Front Street

Dodge City KS 67801

Telephone: 620-227-8188

E-mail: frontst@pld.com

Website: www.boothill.org

- Boot Hill Cemetery, Boot Hill, & Front Street: Open Monday-Saturday 9:00-5:00 and Sun. 1:00-5:00.
- Santa Fe Trail Ruts nine miles west of Dodge City on US Hwy 400; markers and observation point. Open during daylight hours.

Cimarron Heritage Center Museum

1300 N Cimarron

PO Box 214

Boise City OK 73933

Telephone: 580-544-3479

E-mail: museum@ptsi.net

Website: www.ptsi.net/users/museum

- Open Monday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-12 p.m. and 1-4 p.m., except major holidays.
- A new Chapel is available for meetings; special programs, and rental events.
- A one-room school house is being restored.

Cimarron Recreation Area

Cimarron National Grassland

PO Box 300

242 E Highway 56

Elkhart KS 67950

Telephone: 620-697-4621

E-mail: sharilbutler@fs.fed.us

Website: www.fs.fed.us/r2/psicc/cim

- Call or visit the web site.

Citizens Committee for Historic Preservation

127 Bridge Street

PO Box 728

Las Vegas NM 87701

Telephone: 505-425-8803

E-mail: historic@cybermesa.com

Website: www.lasvegasnmcchp.com

- Call for information.

Cleveland Roller Mill Historical Museum

PO Box 287

Cleveland NM 87712

Telephone: 575-447-2646

E-mail: dancas@nmmmt.net

Website: angelfire.com/folk/rollermill

- Sept. 4-5: "Cleveland Millfest," 10:00 a.m.-5 p.m. The water-powered mill will be in operation. Dortehea Lange Photo Exhibit, art exhibit, local foods, and dance.
- Located 44 miles southeast of Taos and 32 miles west of Watrous.

Coronado Quivira Museum

Rice County Historical Society

105 West Lyon

Lyons KS 67554

Telephone: 620-257-3941

E-mail: cqmuseum@hotmail.com

- Call for information.

Fort Larned National Historic Site

1767 K-156 Hwy

Larned KS 67550

Telephone: 620-285-6911

Website: www.nps.gov/fols

- Open daily, 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m., except major holidays.
- Oct. 9: Annual Candlelight Tour.

Fort Union National Monument

PO Box 127

Watrous NM 87753

Telephone: 505-425-8025

E-mail: Claudette_Norman@nps.gov

Website: www.nps.gov/foun

- Open daily except for major holidays. Located 8 miles north of Interstate 25 on NM Highway 161.
- Self-guided interpretive trails (1.6 mile and .5 mile) through the ruins. Guided tours by request; groups of ten or more people need advance reservations.

Friends of Arrow Rock

309 Main

Arrow Rock MO 65320

Telephone: 660-837-3231

E-mail: kborgman@iland.net

Websites: www.friendsar.org; www.arrowrock.org

- Call for information.

Gas and Historical Museum

Stevens County Historical Society

PO Box 87

Hugoton KS 67951

Telephone: 620-544-8751

E-mail: svcomus@pld.com

- Call for information.

Herzstein Memorial Museum

Union County Historical Society

PO Box 75 (2nd & Walnut Sts.)

Clayton NM 88415

Telephone: 575-374-2977

- Call for information.

Highway of Legends Scenic & Historic Byway

PO Box 377

Trinidad CO 81082

Telephone: 719-846-7217

Website: www.sangres.com

- Enjoy spectacular scenery, historic towns, and museums along Highway 12. Stop at Marion and Richard Russell's beloved Stonewall and the cemetery.
- From Cordova Pass trailhead, hike in the Spanish Peaks Wilderness Area and experience Trail landmarks up close.

Historic Adobe Museum

PO Box 909 (300 E Oklahoma)

Ulysses, KS 67880

Telephone: 620-356-3009

E-mail: ulyksmus@pld.com

- Call for information.

Historic Trinidad

City of Trinidad Tourism Board

PO Box 880

Trinidad, CO 81082

Website: www.historictrinidad.com

- Trinidad's Main Street, on the Santa Fe National Historic Trail Auto Route, offers self-guided walking tours, shopping and dining in an acclaimed national historic district near the Purgatoire River Walk.
- Visit the Loudon-Henritze Archaeology Museum at Trinidad State Junior College. Open 10 a.m.-2 p.m., Monday-Thursday. Closed in December.

Jefferson Nat. Expansion Memorial

11 N Fourth Street

St. Louis, MO 63102

Telephone: 314-655-1631

E-mail: tom_dewey@partner.nps.gov

Website: www.nps.gov/jeff

- Visit the Gateway Arch, Museum of Westward Expansion, and Old Courthouse. This National Park Service site commemorates St. Louis's role in westward expansion during the 1800s and honors individuals such as Dred and Harriet Scott who sued for their freedom in the Old Courthouse.
- Free ranger-led and special museum programs. Fees charged for the tram ride to the top of the Gateway Arch and films in the visitor center.

Kearny County Museum

111 S Buffalo St
Lakin, KS 67860
Telephone: 620-355-7448
E-mail: kchs@pld.com

- Open Tuesday-Friday, 9 a.m.-12 p.m. and 1-4 p.m., and Sunday 1-4 p.m. Closed major holidays.
- The museum features a Conestoga wagon and attractions from 1872 to the future. The complex also has Lakin's oldest house, a one-room schoolhouse, train depot, 12-sided barn, and a machinery building.
- West of Lakin is Chouteau's Island, Indian Mound, and Bluff Station. Approximately 3 miles east, wagon ruts can be seen at "Charlie's Ruts" site.

Koshare Museum
Otero State Junior College
115 West 18th Street
La Junta, CO 81050
Telephone: 719-384-4411
Website: www.koshare.org

- Call for information.
- Trading Post: online at website.

Las Vegas Museum
727 Grand Ave
Las Vegas NM 87701
Telephone: 505-454-1401, ext. 248
E-mail: lgegick@desertgate.com

- Call for information.

Morton County Hist. Society Museum
370 E Highway 56 (PO Box 1248)
Elkhart KS 67950
Telephone: 620-697-2833 or 4390
E-mail: mtcomuseum@elkhart.com
Website: www.mtcoks.com/museum

- Visit this Santa Fe National Historic Trail official interpretive facility, Tuesday-Friday, 1-5 p.m., and weekends by appointment.

National Frontier Trails Museum
318 W Pacific St
Independence MO 64050
Telephone: 816-325-7575

E-mail: rwedwards@indepmo.org

Website: frontiertrailsmuseum.org

- Contact museum for information.

Otero Museum
706 W. Third St.
La Junta, CO 81050
Telephone: 719-384-7500
Cell phone: 719-980-3193

E-mail: oteromuseum@centurytel.net

- Until Sept. 30: 1-5 p.m. daily except Sunday. Free admission, donations welcome.

Santa Fe Trail Center Museum & Library
1349 K-156 Hwy
Larned, KS 67550
Telephone: 620-285-2054
E-mail: museum@santafetrailcenter.org
Website: www.santafetrailcenter.org

- Open Daily, 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Memorial Day through Labor Day, closed Mondays after that.
- Sept. 3-Oct. 22: "Continuing the Tradition: Mexican-American Folk

Art" exhibit.

- Oct. 9-10: Tired Iron Show

Santa Fe Trail Scenic & Historic Byway
PO Box 118
Trinidad CO 81082

Telephone: 719-846-2396

E-mail: Wyvonne@hughes.net

Website: www.santafetrailco.com

- Follow the Mountain Route from Lamar to Raton Pass to enjoy a variety of historic sites, museums, communities, and special events.

South Platte Valley Historical Society
PO Box 633

Fort Lupton CO 80621

Telephone: 303-857-2123

Website: www.spvhs.org

- Call ahead to visit the Donelson Homestead House, 1875 Independence School, and the Fort Lupton Museum. Call for addresses and hours.

Trinidad History Museum
(History Colorado)

312 E Main (PO Box 377)

Trinidad CO 81082

Telephone: 719-846-7217

E-mail: paula.manini@chs.state.co.us

Website: www.coloradohistory.org

- A whole block of history features the Baca House and Santa Fe Trail Museum, both designated Trail sites, plus the Bloom Mansion, Heritage Gardens, Book and Gift Shop, and Byways and Tourism Center.
- Through Sept. 30, Monday-Saturday. Gardens open at 9 a.m. and buildings at 10 a.m. Last tour at 4 p.m. Admission charged. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.
- Oct. 1-April 30: Tours for groups of 12 or more by appointment. Gardens open Monday-Saturday, 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. For self-guided tours. Closed holidays and holiday weekends.
- Oct. 2, 10 a.m.-12 p.m.: Japanese Arts Workshop for children.
- Oct. 2, 1-3 p.m.: Chrysanthemum Festival with variety of family activities.
- Oct. 29: "Hysterical Historical III: Trick or Treat"

JULIUS FROEBEL'S WESTERN TRAVELS, PART III

[Froebel's narrative of a trip over the Trail in 1852 continues after skipping several issues because of insufficient space. At this point he is describing the difficulties of breaking the mules to harness at the start of the trip, picking up the story at the point where a mule that was caught with a lasso escaped.]

The chase now begins anew, until the animal has a second noose around its neck: half-strangled, it is now flung on the ground and mastered by forcible means, until the bit is in its mouth, and the cord, with a second noose, fixed round its nostril. Upon this, it is let out of the *corral*; and now begins the attempt to put it to, and harness it to the waggon. The creature again makes the most violent struggles; and, considering that in this manner ten animals are put to every carriage, and that this operation goes on at the same time in different points in the *corral*, and before twenty or thirty waggons, the reader may form an idea of the confusion of the whole scene. When trying to put them to, the animals entangle themselves in the harness, fling themselves on the ground, trample upon and kick one another, sometimes break loose, and run off with part of the harness, the Mexicans in pursuit, mounted on the swiftest horses in the caravan. The mule, with the draught-chains clattering at its heels, gallops madly on, until the noose is again round its neck, when it is brought in and harnessed anew.

When at length all the waggons are in readiness, the *corral* is opened; the supernumerary animals are let out, with the bell-mare, and the caravan is now ready to start. The mules are now, for the first time, put to draught; for the first time they feel the bridle and the lash of the driver, who takes his place on the saddled mule.

Fresh confusion! *Here*, it is impossible to get the team to move,—*there*, another team tries to run away with its waggon. Here, one pair of mules make a desperate effort to advance, whilst a second pair holds back,—*there*, the leaders turn sharp round, drag the next pair after it, and threaten to snap the axle-tree. Here, an animal falls,—*there*, a chain breaks. Amidst the cracking of whips, and shouting and swearing of the drivers, at last one team gets into a regular pace, when suddenly they strike off from the beaten road, dragging the waggon into a morass, or wedging it fast between trees. The broken harness has to be mended, the waggon has to be dragged out of the morass, and the tree standing in the way has to be felled; before all

this is accomplished another waggon is in a similar plight! Thus the day passes, in the utmost excitement and fatigue both to man and beast, until in the evening a new *corral* is formed, with great trouble, perhaps scarcely a thousand yards distant from the former. The animals are unyoked, and driven to grass and water; and the men, after lighting their fires, set about satisfying their hunger and thirst.

The next morning matters are somewhat improved; in many the obstinate nature of the animals is subdued, and the men have begun to learn their disposition. The yoking and harnessing is accomplished in three to four hours, and the caravan succeeds in proceeding a few miles. Under the most favourable circumstances, however, the yoking a caravan of twenty to thirty waggons takes at least an hour and a half.

The waggons have their fixed order in the camp as well as on the road. No one is allowed to pass another, and those in advance are ordered to wait for those behind. The danger of an attack from the Indians obliges the caravan to keep together as much as possible, and for this reason, it sometimes travels in double column; a great part of the Santa Fe road has, in consequence, double tracks. I must here observe that the roads over the prairies are for the most part well marked out, and it would be quite erroneous to imagine these journeys made over trackless wilds. Now and then, it is true, a daring caravan-conductor attempts a new route, with a view to cut off an angle to reach some watering-place, or to avoid a hill, and in these cases he has of course to make his own path. The wheel-tracks of a wagon-caravan are distinguishable for several years in the prairie: a different vegetation springs up on them—herbaceous plants, for instance, supersede the grasses, and not unfrequently the course which waggons have many years ago followed may be traced by a line of tall sunflowers, extending for miles over the grassy plain.

The caravan usually travels from early in the morning until eleven o'clock; it then stops to rest, to cook, to eat, to water the mules, and let them graze. In the afternoon a second journey is performed: the night

encampment is formed if possible before dark, and the drove is taken to water and turned out to grass for the night. In selecting a place for encampment, attention must be paid to the different kinds of grass, which are of very unequal value as fodder for the cattle; likewise to the vicinity, abundance, quality, and accessibility of the water; to the facility of arrival and departure, and security against the Indians. The wagon-master rides on before, to reconnoitre the country for this purpose—a task often accompanied with danger. The order of march is, however, frequently reversed, the journey being made by night and the party resting by day.

As soon as the teams are unharnessed, the first watch has to mount guard, whilst the others light their campfires, prepare their meal, eat, smoke, chat, and repose, until their turn comes to relieve guard. For this purpose the men are divided into corps, each with its leader, and they relieve one another every two hours. Under the protection of this well-armed guard, the animals are kept out at grass during the night.

Shortly before daybreak, however, the herd is driven into the *corral*, as pillaging bands of Indians prefer this time for their attacks: the camp is then aroused, and harnessing begins. It need hardly be mentioned that the only couch for sleeping is the ground, upon which is spread a blanket or the skin of some animal: the saddle serves for a pillow, and a few blankets give the necessary warmth to the body. The traveller lays his gun—his faithful bed-fellow—under his blanket. When the ground is dry and not too uneven, and there is neither rain nor snow, the traveller soon finds such a bed comfortable enough: when it rains, shelter may be found under the waggons, unless you chance to drop into a puddle or a brook. The waggons are provided with a double covering of sailcloth, drawn over wooden hoops, and long enough to be pulled down to the point of the axletree: this forms a roof, under which, placed upon the axletree, the leather harness can be kept dry; and this is the place where the driver usually sleeps.

I must observe that, as far as I was personally concerned, we were provided with a tent, which, together with a companion, I used during the

first nights; but as the trouble of putting it up and taking it down usually fell to my lot, and the tent mostly afforded shelter when it was least wanted, whereas in bad weather it was generally blown down by the wind, I gave up the use of this very questionable comfort. Our caravan had also two travelling-carriages in its train, which could be closed up and the seats converted into a couch. Half of one of these carriages was at my disposal. Thus I had the comfort of being able to drive and ride alternately; but for my night-couch I generally preferred to lie on the ground in the open air, as it was disagreeable to be unable to see at any time what was passing around. I slept on a buffalo-skin, covered with a few blankets; but I never took off my clothes at night during the whole journey, and my shoes only three or four times in the one hundred and five nights we spent on the road to Chihuahua.

The night-watches are the severest part of these journeys, especially after forced marches, which a want of water sometimes compelled us to make. Even the constant fear of being surprised and scalped by an Indian has at times not prevented my falling asleep whilst standing at my post. During the whole journey, however, I only two or three times neglected my duty on guard. On the high plateaus of New Mexico, five to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, the intense cold in October and November also greatly increased the discomforts of these nocturnal military herdsman's duties, from which no one who travels in these caravans is exempt, unless, like Mr. Mayer, he is accompanied by his wife. But as in the United States a part of the privileges which ladies enjoy extend to their husbands or cavaliers, the courtesy of the drivers has introduced the considerate practice, on the prairie-roads, of exempting a husband travelling with his wife from sharing these night-watches. Mr. Mayer was, in consequence, in a most enviable position; and as often as a comparison of his lot with mine forced itself upon me when on guard, Leporello's "*Keine Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht*" (no rest day or night), resounded in my ear, and I involuntarily fell to humming the air. Moreover the snail's pace of

Time during these night-watches called up all kinds of musical recollections, from my early childhood till the time of my departure from Europe. My voice soon awakened the echo of the prairie-wolves, and their howling and whining lasted till morning.

My musical amusements were properly against rule, and in the most dangerous parts I was obliged to forego them: instead, therefore, I chose astronomy as a pastime, and was soon enabled, by the help of the stars, to calculate the expiration of my time on guard within ten minutes, and to succeed in retracing my road in the dark to the camp across the prairie or through a Mexican *chaparral*, from the herd grazing at a mile distant. On the whole, the rude and hard life on such a journey through the wilderness has great charms, which may gain a fascinating power over the mind; and at the moment I am writing this I indeed scarcely know whether they do not surpass those of civilized life. At all events I have spent, during these travels, some of the most cheerful hours of my life in a state of mind free from all weight. The experienced traveller, however, should warn his civilized fellowman against these charms of life in the wilderness. He to whom fate has shown the questionable favour of having enjoyed both will maintain a divided interest as long as he lives.

I have already said that I left Independence on the 17th of August, in company with Mr. and Mrs. M[ayer], in order to follow the caravan. In a few hours we had left behind woods and cultivated lands, with the last traces of human habitation, and found ourselves on the edge of the wide steppes which stretch hence westwards over the greater part of the North American continent, reaching even in some places, with a few interruptions, the shore of the Pacific.

To give a correct idea of this border-country it must be observed, that from the valley of the Missouri upwards the prairie lies on an elevation, whilst the woods which clothe the slopes of the valley break off where the elevation begins to form an undivided plain, and, following some small precipitous valleys and ravines, extend here and there into

the steppes. From the margin of the prairie there is a view on all sides down into the lower woodlands.

The farms of this border-land produce an agreeable impression. Fields covered with heavy sheaves of wheat and maize showed the fertility of the soil. The meadows, watered by brooks, were covered with rich grass, and the scarlet blossoms of the *Asclepias*, the white *Oenothera*, and golden sunflowers invested the foreground with the most brilliant colours.

We encamped for the night, and reached the caravan early the next morning, continuing our journey with it. A brilliant sky rested over the wide-spreading plain before us, which was still broken here and there, park-like, by groups of trees and strips of wood. Upon an elevation near the road stood three pyramids of stones, roughly piled one upon another, the highest twelve or fifteen feet high. I could learn nothing of their origin. Later on I saw, in various places in the prairie, similar but rougher heaps of stones. Sometimes green boughs stuck between the stones, which led me to infer that these were signals of communication agreed upon by the Indians. For the greater part of the day I rode in advance of the caravan. The first prairie-fowls showed themselves, and the pursuit of these, with the examination of some plants quite new to me, filled all the time until we reached our night-quarters. This point went by the name of the "Lone Elm Tree." An elm had stood here; but some travellers, to whom a cup of warm coffee gave greater pleasure than the sight of a tree in the steppes, had cut it down not long before we passed: the barbarous act was already perpetrated, and we might, therefore, use the pieces of wood lying about for our camp-fire.

Our way led us through the strip of land between the Kansas and Osage rivers, rising gradually, with beautiful views, on to the neighbouring country. Towards the south the ground sloped gradually down into valleys, and was, on the whole, more flat; but towards the north, the descents into the valleys were steep and precipitous. Far away in both directions were to be seen rivulets, bordered with trees, winding along through the meadows.

At the Rock Creek we met a party of Indians, armed with lance and tomahawk; and the next morning we found them seated on one side of our camp, and a troop of wolves on the other, awaiting our departure to seize any food or other articles we might leave behind.

One night a terrible storm burst over our heads. I was lying with two companions under the tent, when the wind blew it down upon us. We immediately raised it again; but in a few minutes it was once more overthrown. The rain poured in torrents, and we had no shelter, no resource but to remain lying quietly. The wet canvas lay cold on my face, and soon a stream of water was running down my neck. I crept under the counterpane, and at last fell asleep.

A few days afterwards we encamped on the Fish Creek—an appropriate name. Here we caught with our rods a number of small perch, and as these fish sparked on my line brilliant humming-birds chirped around me.

We continued our journey by moonlight. The long row of waggons, with their white tilts, and shadows all of the same shape and size, moving along the road at equal distances, offered a curious sight. No sound was heard but the tinkling of the bell borne by a horse in the rear of the caravan, which was now and then drowned in the song of lament from one of our Mexicans. Later on I often heard this same song in night journeys in Mexico. It must be of Indian origin. Perhaps the Aztec prisoners of war, before being sacrificed to the great Huitzilopochtli, may have sung such a funeral song; an opera-composer might very well adopt the *motif*; it begins with a loud continued scream of anguish, modulating into a few minor intervals, expressive rather of physical than mental pain. On first hearing it I fancied it, at a distance, the howling of wolves.

In our day's journey to Council Grove I missed the keys of my luggage, and rode back *twelve* or *fifteen* miles to our encampment, where the first object I saw was my bunch of keys lying on the grass. I rejoined our caravan before it encamped for the night. During this ride I was reminded, by the stillness and solitude of the prairie, of similar impressions of loneliness made on me by the high

places of the Alps. Whilst riding along the plain I observed some Indians riding towards me. On a sudden they vanished as if they had sunk into the earth. Being, however, well armed I continued my ride, only taking the precaution to turn a little out of the road at the spot where these figures had disappeared. Whilst doing so, the men, with their horses, reappeared near to me. There was probably some dip in the ground, concealed by the grass, the even growth of which renders it difficult to perceive any inequality in the plain. I observed there were two men and one woman, accompanied by a dog, which flew at me fiercely, and was not called off till I levelled my gun at it.

The Indian's dog has, like his master, natural hostility to the white man,--an instinctive enmity which is fully returned by the dog of the latter. A large dog belonging to our caravan could not be held back whenever he saw an Indian, but instantly flew at his throat. He had the same hostility towards dark-coloured Mexicans of the lower class, whilst toward the whites he was perfectly tame. Horses and mules take fright, and shy at the sight of Indians, until they become quite used to them; and even a friendly visit from the Indians occasions an uproar and alarm throughout the caravan.

(to be continued)

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

President Leon Ellis
PO Box 668
Elkhart KS 67950
(620) 697-2517 (home), -4321 (work)
<leonellis@elkhart.com>

No report.

Wagon Bed Spring

President Jeff Trotman
PO Box 1005
Ulysses KS 67880
(620) 356-1854
<swpb@pld.com>

No report.

Heart of the Flint Hills

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

No report.

End of the Trail

La Alcaldesa Pam Najdowski

1810 Paseo de la Conquistadora
Santa Fe NM 87501
(505) 982-1172
<pamnajdowski@yahoo.net>

No report.

Corazón de los Caminos

President Harry Myers
16 Descanso Rd.
Santa Fe, NM 877508
(505) 466-4129
<hmyers@cybermesa.com>

No report.

Wet/Dry Routes

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

No report.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

President Jim Sherer
1908 La Mesa Dr
Dodge City KS 67801
(620) 227-7377
<jim.sherer@yahoo.com>

No report.

Missouri River Outfitters

President Roger Slusher
1421 South St
Lexington MO 64067
(660) 259-2900
<rslusher@yahoo.com>

On March 14, at the National Frontier Trails Museum, our program featured a Trail research DVD produced by Bill Bundschu, Mark Lambertson, and the City of Independence last summer and fall. The main speaker was John Schumacher of the USGS, who on the DVD and in the program described the resources of the USGS and how maps could be combined using computers to pinpoint routes of the Trail. Other presenters from the DVD also brought exhibits of resource materials in the Kansas City area. Copies of the DVD and its detailed bibliography may be obtained from the Trails Museum for \$15 plus postage (816-325-7575). Its emphasis is on Jackson County, but it should be of interest to many SFTA members.

On April 25 the chapter met at the Owens-McCoy House in Independence, owned and restored by members Brian and Sharon Snyder. After a brief meeting, they gave us a great tour and refreshments. The home is an 1840s Greek Revival-Italianate structure owned by trader Samuel Owens, who was killed in the Battle of Sacramento near Chihuahua in

1847, and prominent merchant William McCoy.

On August 28 at 2 p.m., we will host playwright, author, and historian Mary Barile at the NFTM. She recently wrote The Santa Fe Trail in Missouri which was published by the University of Missouri Press this year. She will discuss Alphonso Wetmore, a Missouri trader, soldier, playwright, and journalist. At the suggestion of Senator Thomas Hart Benton, he interviewed a number of traders before writing a compilation about the Trail. Mary has called his book "the first history of the Santa Fe Trail," and she is writing a book on his life. We hope many SFTA members can attend this program, especially members from the new Douglas County Chapter.

Quivira

President Linda Colle
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(620) 241-3800
<blkcolle@swbell.net>

No report.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Steve Schmidt
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See article in this issue about July 3 rededication at Lost Spring.

Bent's Fort

President Pat Palmer
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On July 17-18, 2010, 24 members of the chapter travelled to Cimarron, NM, to visit sites related to the Trail. Tour leader Lolly Ming, Pritchett, briefed members on the history of the area, from early Mexican land grants, Santa Fe Trail days, and ranching and tourism in modern times. Lolly arranged three tours for the members. The first was a private tour of the old St James Hotel, famous for its bullet holes in the ceiling of the bar and reputed ghost sightings on the upper floors. The second event was a Saturday night Lantern Tour that visited historic homes and sites in town. On Sunday the group toured Philmont Scout Ranch just a few miles east of Rayado. Philmont was originally the

mountain home of the Phillips family from Oklahoma. The Phillips family donated the estate and over 100,000 acres of prime mountain and ranch land to the Boy Scouts who now use the site for summer programs. Over 20,000 Scouts visit the facility every summer. The tour concluded with a stop at Rayado, visiting the site of one of Kit Carson's homes.

The chapter will meet at the Otero Museum in La Junta, Sept. 11-12, with tours of area Trail sites led by Bill Wootten.

Douglas County

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No report.

HOOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

The World Heritage Committee of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) has added El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro (Mexico) to the list of World Heritage Sites. For details, please go to: <<http://whc.unesco.org/en/list/1351>>.

Paul Bentrup's son, David, who has been a member of SFTA for several years, died April 12. His daughter, Becky Winiecki, will continue with that membership. We extend sympathy to the family, and we are glad to have a Bentrup descendant on the membership list.

SFTA member Gary Lenderman, whose recent article in *WT* featuring Trail-related advertisements from the *Santa Fe Republican* during 1847-1849, has transcribed a collection of news items from the same newspapers. Some of these will appear in future issues, and negotiations are underway to publish the entire manuscript as a book.

Mary Jean Cook shared this item from 100 years ago. The *Santa Fe New Mexican*, June 18, 1910: "The convicts who have been improving the road over La Bajada hill will be moved to the road along the Santa Fe Trail between Santa Fe and Glorieta, where they will make extensive improvements. It is the plan to place the road in tip-top condition in time for the Kansas City Star Endurance Race, which will come over the Santa Fe Trail in August."

The Historic Adobe Museum in Ulysses, KS, a member of SFTA, was recently selected by public vote as one of the 8 Wonders of Kansas History. Congratulations to an outstanding museum.

NEW SFTA MEMBERS

This list includes new memberships received since the last issue (and several accidentally omitted in the last issue). If there is an error in this information, please send corrections to the editor. We thank you for your support.

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Jason & Kendra Bartley, 7144 Glacier View Rd, Longmont CO 80503

Doug & Holly Hansen, 40979 245th St, Letcher SD 57359
Jerry & Donna Shell, 66 Chisholm Rd, Inman KS 67546

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Rochelle Brannian, 121 Denbigh Dr, Iowa City IA 52246
Ann Elizabeth Fayles, 3212 Meadow Ave #12, Norman OK 73072
Jackie Fleming, PO Box 583, Cerrillos NM 87010
R. Kermit Hill, Jr., 20 Hondo Ln, Santa Fe NM 87508
Susan Oviatt, 1801 Humboldt, Manhattan KS 66502
Tony Renollet, 1855 19th Rd, Sterling KS 67579
Ron Winters, 109 Calle Paula, Santa Fe NM 87505

TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send notices for this section; provide location, date, time, and activity. This is a quarterly. The next issue should appear in November, so send information for December and later to arrive by October 20, 2010. Other events are listed in chapter reports.

Sept. 5-24, 2010: Santa Fe Trail Bicycle Trek.

Sept. 16-19, 2010: Trail Rendezvous, Larned KS.

Oct. 1-2: NWOSU Trail Symposium, Woodward; see article.

Oct. 15-17, 2010: Fourth Annual Smoky Hill Trail Conference, Limon CO.

FROM THE EDITOR

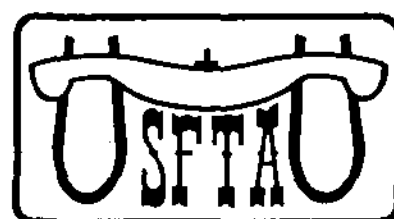
I hope to see you at the Rendezvous.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

Santa Fe Trail Association
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Woodston, KS 67675

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