

Wagon Tracks

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Santa Fe Trail Association

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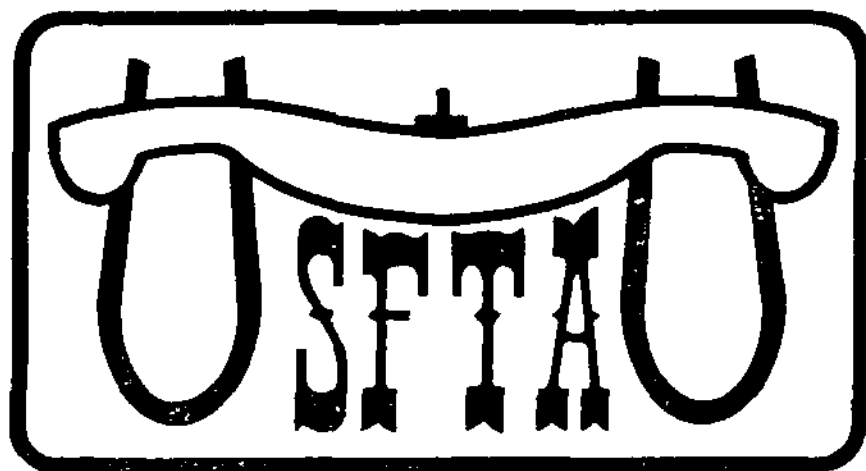


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

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NEW TRAIL EXHIBIT IN LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

ROLLING Along on the Santa Fe Trail" is the title of a new, permanent exhibit at the City Museum/Rough Riders Memorial Collection in Las Vegas, New Mexico. This exhibit highlights the impact of Santa Fe Trail history and lore on American popular culture.

Among the many items on display are sheet music, movie posters, a Santa Fe Trail necktie from the 1970s, and a number of household objects depicting wagons and mules. The Santa Fe Trail Association, its chapters, and the Santa Fe National Historic Trail are represented also, by mugs with chapter logos, lapel and hat pins, and brochures. Overall, artifacts from four time periods are interpreted: "The Old Santa Fe Trail, 1821-1880," "The Romance of the Santa Fe Trail, 1880-1950," "The Selling of the Santa Fe Trail, 1920s-1970s," and "The 'New' Santa Fe Trail, 1986-2005."

The exhibit was developed by Linda Gegick, director of the museum, with funds from Scenic Byways NMDOT, Friends of the City Museum, and the City of Las Vegas. Dr. Mike Olsen was guest curator. The exhibit was officially opened January 11 with a special program presented by Dr. Olsen.

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PIKE BICENTENNIAL, 2006-2007

SFTA RETREAT

TRINIDAD CO, MARCH 24-25

**FORT LARNED OLD GUARD
ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 6, 2006**

**SANTA FE TRAIL RENDEZVOUS
LARNED, KANSAS
OCTOBER 27-29, 2006**

RENDEZVOUS, OCT. 27-29

by Ruth Olson Peters

MARK your calendar now and plan to attend Rendezvous 2006 in Larned, October 27-29. The seminar promises to be an exciting and informative event with this year's theme focusing on the 200th anniversary of Zebulon Montgomery Pike's expedition to the Southwest.

Topics of the seminar will include the environmental aspects of the expedition, Spanish exploration on the Plains before Pike, historical background and overview of the expedition, Pike and the Pawnee Indians, Dr. John Robinson and the expedition, and Pike's public image over the past 200 years. Bus tours will be offered to the Sternberg Museum of Natural History in Hays as well as a local bus tour of the Pike family connections in Larned. A special exhibit of "Crossings of the Santa Fe Trail in Kansas," featuring contemporary sketches, photos, and paintings as well as excerpts from 19th-century literature will on display in the Commanding Officer's Quarters at Fort Larned National Historic Site during the seminar.

Rendezvous will end on October 29, 2006-200 years to the day that Pike and his command crossed the Pawnee River near the southern edge of present Larned. The SFTA Wet/Dry Routes Chapter will commemorate the date by hosting a presentation by John Michael Murphy of Colorado Springs, one of the foremost authorities on Pike, and the dedication of the new Zebulon Pike Plaza in Larned, a project sponsored by the chapter.



Pat Heath holds KMA Award, with, l to r: Betty Barnes, son Michael Uslick, Harold Smith, and daughter Linda Peters.

PAT HEATH RECEIVES KANSAS MUSEUM ASSOCIATION AWARD

SFTA Ambassador Pat Heath, Lakin, KS, was recently presented a plaque honoring her distinguished service for Museum Community Service. Only three awards were presented throughout the state by the Kansas Museum Association. The Kearny County Historical Society board of directors submitted Pat's name for the award; and on their behalf Harold Smith and Betty Barnes presented the award to her.

Pat moved to Kearny County in 1982 to be closer to her family, and immediately immersed herself in studying the county's history. She became a member of the Kearny County Historical Society in 1986. The same year she attended a week-long workshop on the Santa Fe Trail and converted into a "Trail junkie." She attended the Santa Fe Trail Symposium that fall, and became a charter member, and attended all the symposiums except the one in 2005. She tirelessly promotes the Trail and its specific sites in Kearny County.

Pat served on the Board of Directors of the Kearny County Historical Society from 1987 to 1991, and volunteered many hours at the Kearny County Museum. In August 1991 she was hired as the Museum Director

(continued on page 5)

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

by George Donoho Bayless

MIKE Olsen, our former SFTA secretary, gave an incredibly exciting and informative presentation at the Las Vegas Museum and Rough Rider Memorial in Las Vegas, NM, on January 11, to introduce a new, permanent exhibit on the Santa Fe Trail history and culture through the ages (see article in this issue).

The occasion was the Friends of the City of Las Vegas Museum annual meeting, and Mike's topic was "The Santa Fe Trail in Popular Culture." Later, Songs of the Santa Fe Trail were performed by guitarist Joe Cooney. The exhibition was funded by Scenic Byways New Mexico Department of Transportation, Friends of the City Museum, and the City of Las Vegas.

I was fascinated with the exhibit, for which Mike was the guest curator. Mary Whitmore, who has moved to the Seattle area with her husband Stephen, was also on the exhibit committee.

I found the exhibit so informative, so stimulating, and I learned so much I never knew that I would love to see this permanent exhibit made available to every chapter so that every museum in our chapter areas could share its beauty.

I had never heard Mike speak before, and I was enthralled by talk to about 100 people at the annual business meeting of the museum and the introduction. I learned something new, too, about Mike and Harry Myers: Mike acknowledged during his speech that Harry, the former superintendent of Fort Union National Monument north of Las Vegas near Watrous, and who now heads up the "Long March" project at the Long Distance Trails Office at the National Park Service in Santa Fe, was basically Mike's mentor on learning about the Santa Fe Trail after Mike moved to New Mexico Highlands University in Las Vegas as a history professor.

As many of you now know, Mike became about as perfect an expert on the Santa Fe Trail history as anyone, and Mike thanked Harry for helping him get started on our lore.

Interesting note: Mike and his wife Patti, Mary and Stephen Whit-

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

more, Harry Myers and myself are all members of the Corazón de Los Caminos Chapter in Las Vegas, even though Harry and I live in Santa Fe, and Mike and Patti now live in Colorado Springs, CO, where Mike teaches at Pike's Peak Community College with its multi-campus enrollment of 10,000 students.

It is this great permanent exhibit on the Santa Fe Trail that not only inspired me after viewing it, but will inspire thousands after its introduction January 11, and it is this type of outreach, so to speak, that will continue to support us in helping preserve the Santa Fe National Historic Trail.

I hope during our SFTA retreat weekend in Trinidad, CO, that we can figure out ways to have the Las Vegas permanent exhibit be made available to all of us up and down the Trail. The dates are Friday, March 24, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Saturday, March 25, from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

And I am excited about our retreat, which former SFTA President Hal Jackson suggested we hold to plan for the future. By now, we have sent out letters to our staff, officers, members of the board of directors, our 12 chapter presidents, inviting them to the retreat. We are also inviting some key committee chairs and members of committees who may not fit those other categories.

The purpose is not only to plan ahead for the next few years, but to look at all the things we do (and don't do) to see how we can make the

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Patron	\$100/year
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SFTA a more vibrant and effective organization in helping to protect the Trail. I have asked several people to serve as chair of committees set up for the retreat.

Dub Couch of Rocky Ford, CO, SFTA board member and the outgoing president of Bent's Fort Chapter, is chair of the Chapter/Association Relations Committee.

Joanne VanCoevern of Salina, KS, SFTA vice-president and a member of the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter, is chair of the Bylaws Committee.

LaDonna Hutton of Rocky Ford, CO, a member of the board from Colorado, is chair of the Membership Committee. LaDonna is also a member of the Bent's Fort Chapter, and her husband Charlie Hutton is that chapter's new president.

Jeff Trotman of Ulysses, KS, SFTA board member and former president of the Wagonbed Spring Chapter, is chair of the Mapping and Marking Committee.

Faye Gaines of Point of Rocks Ranch, Springer, NM, a member of the board from NM, is chair of the Preservation Committee.

Chris Day and Marcia Fox, both from Wamego, KS, and co-chairs of the Education Committee, are also co-chairs for the retreat, with Janet Armstead, Wamego, KS, Joyce Thierer of Emporia State University in Kansas, and Pam Najdowski, a member of the End of the Trail chapter in Santa Fe, serving on the committee.

Roberta Falkner, at-large board member from Prairie Village, KS, will chair the Funding Committee.

When the committees make their reports on Friday, March 24, of what they recommend, if anything needs Board of Directors' action, the board meets Saturday, March 25 at 9 a.m. Then, if any action taken requires action by the SFTA membership, such as amending the bylaws, the board's action will be submitted to a vote by the general membership at the 2006 Rendezvous, which will be held in Larned, KS, October 27-29, ending with the dedication of the Zebulon Pike Plaza at the Snack-Lowery Park in Larned. David Clapsaddle of Larned, president of the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter, who has 68 households as members of his chapter, said that John Murphy of Colo-

rado Springs will be the chief speaker at that dedication, and the SFTA has given the chapter \$250 as a speaker's fee from our \$1,000 speaker budget.

So lots of exciting things are coming up, and I want all of you and your friends to be a part of this. Please contact me anytime at 505-983-6338, PO Box 23928, Santa Fe NM 87502, or e-mail me at <donoho28@hotmail.com>. "The Santa Fe Trail Lives On"—Marc Simmons.

MANAGER'S COLUMN

by Clive Siegle

BY the time you read this, the Santa Fe Association's Pike bicentennial web site will have been "switched on" and available to the public. I invite you to visit it at <www.zebulonpike.org>. Incidentally, for those who are curious to know what happens to 19th-century explorers when they retire from the rigors of expeditions to remote regions of the Louisiana Purchase, check out the web site <www.zebulonpike.com>—apparently Zeb and the boys are now moonlighting as a heavy metal "stoner" rock band!

The Pike project web site was a trial run for our new Association web site, and now that Zeb's presence in cyberspace is pretty well set, work will commence on a complete revamping of the SFTA site. For the time being, the current site will remain active while we build new pages for another site (after all, we need a roof over our heads until we can move into our new digs). When the new site is robust enough to launch, then we will "switch it on," and the old one will disappear. The new site will, however, retain the address of the old one, so people who have bookmarked the site won't have to change any of their settings.

Making it robust enough to launch will, like a trip down the old Santa Fe Trail, require group participation from the entire caravan. Because we will be featuring a significant section that will showcase the activities of both the Association and the individual chapters, we will be soliciting material from all of you to help us flesh out the sections.

There are already several nice web sites that address the narrative history of the trail, so we will not at-

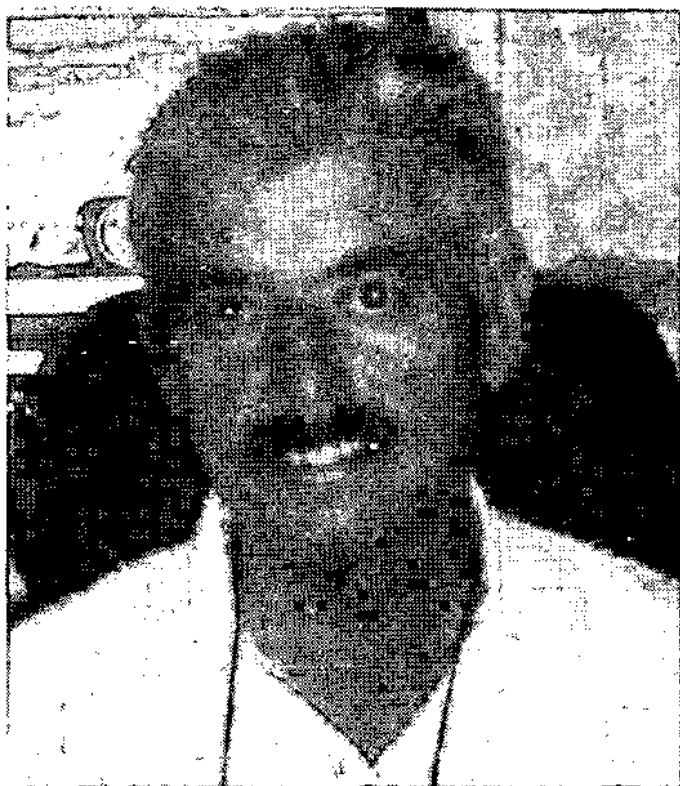
tempt to "reinvent the wheel" with similar efforts. Instead, we are going to rely on the individual chapters' pages to reflect the history of the region in any way they wish, and with whatever graphics they want to have placed on the site. In addition, we may also be able to convert printed material such as auto tour and local Trail maps to digital files and place them on the site as downloadable files, so travelers could print them out prior to a visit to the region. Certainly one of the most important functions of the chapter pages will be to advertise upcoming activities and give recaps of local projects and events, so people will see how important our mission is and how much fun we have doing it. Here are the potential sections to the site:

1. The site opens to a "home page" containing a brief explanation of the site's purpose, navigation buttons, and some "headline" feature articles that highlight interesting activities that the Association and its chapters are doing or are planning to do (think the front page of a newspaper).
2. A history of the SFTA
3. "Tour the Trail with Our Chapters" navigation button that the browser chooses by state and region, which then takes them to the page of the chapter which covers that geographical region. Once there, the chapter's material will be accessible for interested people to view. Here's where the chapters get to strut their stuff!
4. Navigation button that opens with information and contact information for the various SFTA national committees
5. Links to other Trail sites
6. An educator's section
7. A "Join the SFTA" button that opens a downloadable and printable membership form and membership information.

I think that the most efficient way to handle the chapter sections is for each chapter to designate a "web site liaison" for their group. The chapter liaison will work with me and our webmaster, Holly Nelson, to fill their chapter's page with content. The liaison's position does not require that the individual be a computer wiz (Holly and I will take care of the design and technical parts), but does

require that the individual have a computer, e-mail, and the basic skills to use them (of course, people with full-featured computer systems and advanced skills are certainly welcome to take the positions).

We would like to have a liaison person from each chapter by March 1, so we can begin the chapter pages. Once your chapter has chosen one, please have them contact me at <cgsiegle@earthlink.net>, and I will send them out a full instruction sheet to demystify the process.



PHILIP L. PETERSEN

SFTA charter member and longtime board member Phil Petersen died January 9, 2006, at his home in La Junta, CO. He was 61.

Phil was a professional surveyor and a regional historian. He helped SFTA with mapping and marking the Trail, serving for years as chairman of the mapping committee and helping chapters with mapping workshops. He was instrumental in acquiring Boggsville Historic Site and served as administrator and historian for the Boggsville restoration project from 1985 to 1998. He raised millions of dollars in grants for Boggsville and other historic projects. For his work, the Boggsville Restoration Committee received the SFTA Award of Merit in 1989. It was Phil's urging that got SFTA involved in the Pike bicentennial.

He was diagnosed with Pulmonary Hypertension in 1995, which forced him to slow down and resign from the SFTA board. Surgery helped for a time but the disease came back in 2000. He is survived by his wife, Susan, three children, and seven grandchildren. Condolences are extended to his family and many friends.

Dub Couch wrote the following tribute to Phil: "I believe Phil Petersen did more than anyone to restore and make us aware of the history of the Arkansas Valley, Southeast Colorado, Santa Fe Trail, and Boggsville. With Zebulon Pike's journals, he was able to locate Pike's first sighting of Pikes Peak. While driving from La Junta toward Bent's Fort, he could point out where all the land allotments were made to the survivors of Sand Creek. From the air, Phil photographed the Santa Fe Trail from the Kansas border all the way through Colorado to the New Mexico border. For all the wonderful things Phil did for us, we are truly thankful."

ALFRED ERICSON

Alfred T. Ericson, Jr., longtime member of the Santa Fe Trail Association and active member of the Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter, died October 26, 2005. Born October 8, 1928, he grew up near Quincy, KS. He and his wife Helen resided in Emporia where he was a professor of chemistry at Emporia State University for 38 years. Since his retirement, he and Helen have been volunteers for the Kaw Mission Historical Society in Council Grove, receiving a certificate of appreciation in 2003. This activity supported their love of history and the Santa Fe and Oregon trails. Sincere sympathy is extended to his family and friends.

DONOR HONOR ROLL

MANY members have responded to various pleas for additional donations to assist SFTA with its many projects. Special thanks is extended to the following for recent donations.

Donations:

Bob & Phyllis Anderson
E. W. Pete Armstrong
Carol Bachhuber
Ruth Beamer
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James Benson
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Raymond F. Wiebe
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Gareth & DeAnn Wilson
Jack & Donna Woods
Norma Jean Young
Tim Zwink
Memorial Gifts:
Arthur Adams - In Memory of Dr. John Gregg
Ethel C. Armstrong - In Memory of Aaron W. Armstrong
Shirley M. Carey - In Memory of Ly-

dia Ellen Bagley Kramer, 1863 - 1943, my grandmother who lived on the Santa Fe Trail beginning in 1867 until the late 1800s. She lived in Dodge City, working in Dr. McCarty's drugstore from age 14 until she left Dodge City.

Roberta Falkner - In Memory of Hannah Kolkin

Laura C. Ford - In Memory of Ruth J. Cox

Marcia Fox - In Memory of Laura Jackson

Leo and Carole Hayward - In Memory of my great-great uncle Taulbird Oreal Edwards, massacred at Walnut Creek and Arkansas, July 18, 1864.

Brian Murphy - In Memory of Zebulon Montgomery Pike

Lary & Linda Nelson - In Memory of Ronald Aaron Nelson

Leo and Bonita Oliva - In Memory of Grace Muilenburg

Nancy Robertson - In Memory of Katherine Berg & Phil Pettersen

Malcolm Strom - In Memory of Katherine B. Kelly

Maurcena Eby Wells - In Memory of Maurice and Ida May Eby

PAT HEATH AWARD

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and served in that capacity until last spring, putting in many more hours than required.

Pat has been the hostess for the Santa Fe Trail Bicycle Tour since 1990. She voluntarily arranged a place for the bicycles to camp for the night they are in Lakin, and arranged with a local caterer to provide supper that night and breakfast and a sack lunch for the next day. She opened the Museum for the evening for cyclists, and had a packet of county and state history available for each person. The Museum was a favorite stopping place for bus tours of the Santa Fe Trail. Pat took a great deal of pride telling about the excellent Conestoga wagon on display.

Pat has overseen the annual Lakin Fifth Grade Pioneer Day since 1992. A field trip to the Museum is the culmination of the year long study of American History by the fifth graders. In the Museum and outside, thanks to Pat's and teachers' preparations, the students learn about pioneer living and have fun do-

ing it. Pat has given historical talks to classes and has accompanied her daughter, Linda Peters, classes on many historical field trips. She had worked with the Middle/High School history teachers to provide talks, tours, and written materials to their students. She was asked recently to review the manuscript of a middle-school-level book about Major Bennett Riley. The book will be dedicated to her.

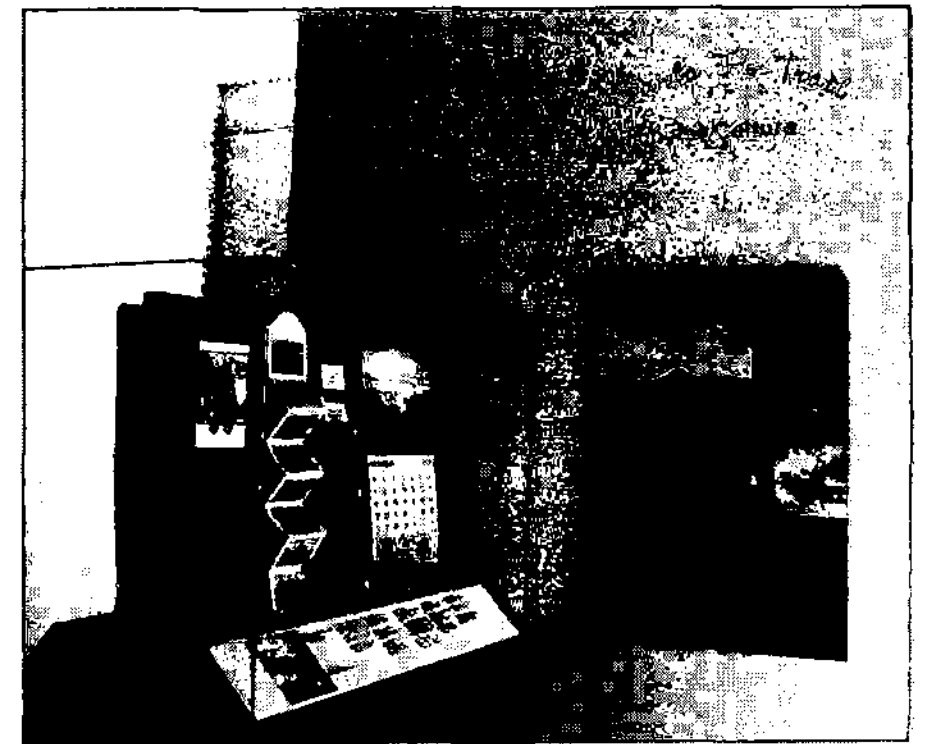
The Kearny County Historical Society has an annual dinner and meeting each April, which Pat has arranged using a different theme each year. She has secured excellent speakers for programs. Pat has recently developed a program where local groups can have meetings at the Museum. A small deposit is required and the Museum staff sets up tables and chairs. She hopes to gain more exposure for the Museum in the community.

Pat's love of history, especially of Kearny County and of the Santa Fe Trail, and her willingness to share that history, is not only an asset to the museum but to the entire community. Pat is on an extended leave of absence due to illness. When a local resident heard this, she said, "What are we going to do? Pat is the glue that holds the Museum together!"

Congratulations to Pat for this well-earned recognition from the Kansas Museum Association.

FORT LARNED OLD GUARD ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 6

THE Fort Larned Old Guard annual meeting will be held at Fort Larned National Historic Site and the Cheyenne and Sioux Village site on Pawnee Fork on May 6, 2006. Everyone is invited to attend. The afternoon program will include presentations by Old Guard historian Leo E. Oliva, Cheyenne tribal historian John Sipes, and Sioux pipebearer Ken Bordeaux, and a visit to the village site which is closed to the public except for special programs. The evening program at Fort Larned will include dinner, brief business meeting, and a period dance with live band and preceptor. For more information or to make reservations (required for the evening meal), contact Fort Larned NHS at 620-285-6911.



NEW MUSEUM EXHIBIT

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The museum is located at 727 Grand Avenue. Hours are 10:00 am to 4:00 pm, Tuesday through Sunday, May through September - and 10:00 am to 4:00 pm, Tuesday through Saturday, October through April. The museum is closed on city holidays. Further information can be obtained at <<http://www.lasvegasmuseum.org>>, or by calling 505-454-1401, ext. 283.

SYMPOSIUM REPORT

by Janel Cook

[Janel Cook served as symposium coordinator, and special thanks is extended to her and the many others who worked to make it an outstanding conference.]

THE Quivira and Cottonwood Crossing chapters hosted 323 people in McPherson last fall. The prairie, its people, and Trail travelers were the themes of the symposium titled "Meet Us Halfway to Santa Fe." The mood of the event was set Thursday evening with a visit to the Maxwell Wildlife Refuge to watch buffalo roam the open prairie, relaxing with a great meal while being serenaded by a cowboy duo singing trail songs, and witnessing a beautiful Kansas sunset through the trees.

The first full day began in theme of the host town, with a bagpiper leading a Scottish march into the auditorium. This was followed by keynote speaker Leo Oliva with a presentation which set a tone for the next two mornings. Harry Myers, Inez Ross, Don Blakeslee, Jack and Patricia Fletcher, Annette Gray, John Stratton, and David Clapsaddle are to be applauded for a wonderful collection of quality programs, ranging from the Wichita Indians to

a modern walk across the old Trail.

Tours for the event also varied. One visited prehistoric sites of the Wichita Indians, including a modern archaeology dig, and the footsteps of Coronado. Another traced the military route from Fort Harker to Fort Zarah with a stop at Shafer Gallery in Barton County to see an amazing military collection. Two tours took participants from Marion County (Lost Springs) to Great Bend (Fort Zarah).

Evening events introduced visitors to the Nicodemus Buffalo Soldiers and their horse maneuvers in Lyons, and Jim Grey, with help from the Butternut Boys String Band, taught the group how to dance at an 1860s-70s Ball after the awards ceremony.

Symposium Coordinator Janel Cook thanks her dedicated committee for organizing a wonderful event and the volunteers that helped make it happen; it was truly a group effort. The talent of the group is seen in the programs and tours listed above as well as the student history projects, quilt exhibition, and vendor hall.

A thank you goes out to the dedicated participants as well. They survived unusually high gas prices and road construction to reach Central Kansas. Our thoughts go out to the people who couldn't come because of Hurricane Katrina and a number of terrible accidents that took place the week before the symposium.

HIKING WOMEN ENTERTAIN

TOUTING themselves as the "oldest and the slowest" to ever hike the Santa Fe Trail, Phyllis Morgan, Inez Ross, and Lois Whalen (substituting for Carolyn Robinson) entertained the attendees at the McPherson Symposium, with a talk, a video, and a song and dance. The audience joined in on the chorus of their original Trail Song and Lois Whalen did the "Trail Dance."

For eight years, from 1996 to 2004, Phyllis Morgan, Jennifer Reglien, Judith Janay, Carolyn Robinson, and Inez Ross periodically hiked the Trail from Santa Fe to Franklin, Missouri, on the Cimarron Route. Their feat was celebrated in 2004 with a fandango in New Franklin, sponsored by the South Howard County Historical Society, and in-

cluded a parade with a ride in a Conestoga wagon. They were filmed for local television, written up by the Associated Press, and were given awards at the symposium banquet.

Instigators Jennifer Reglien and Inez Ross from Los Alamos, NM, said they were looking for a challenge when they first decided to begin the project, and, later, friend Carolyn Robinson wanted to get in on the fun. During the program Phyllis Morgan, who lives in Albuquerque, told the intriguing experience of having a strange dream about traveling on a trail in a wagon and waking up saying, "I should be walking on the Santa Fe Trail." She investigated the Trail, researched the Association, and met up with the others at an End of the Trail Chapter meeting. Jennifer's sister Judith, who had just retired in Fort Collins, Colorado, proved to be the staunch calendar woman insisting that they plan ahead and stick with designated mileage for each trip. Inez Ross, as "Trail Boss," wrote for landowner permission, copied maps, and made motel or B&B reservations.

Scenes from the eight-year trek, including landscapes, people, and animals, and using the Santa Fe Trail Monument as a motif, were combined for a twenty-minute video backed with Trail music. Some of the adventures were recorded in their Trail song, one verse of which told this incident:

Way out there on Fifty-Six Highway
The police stopped and asked for I.D.
They radioed in to the station
Before they would let us go free.

The program reflected the idea that as well as learning about history and preserving the old wagon road, the Santa Fe Trail should be celebrated as a source of present-day entertainment. With the goal of infusing others with Trail spirit, Ross has written two books which were for sale at the Symposium and can be ordered through Last Chance Store. *Without A Wagon: Hiking Into History* is a compilation of photos and newspaper articles written after each trip on the Trail. *Perilous Pursuit on the Santa Fe Trail* is a novel in which two female sleuths try to protect their young client from an evil stepfather as he leads them in a dangerous game along the Trail from Missouri to Santa Fe. Adding an-

other dimension of humor, the plot is based on a Sherlock Holmes story and uses Doyle's famous villain, Dr. Roylott, as the evil stepfather. A caveat in the foreword of the book warns, "Resemblance to some living persons is strictly intentional."

Inez Ross and Carolyn Robinson presented the program for a recent End of the Trail meeting, and have given the show to other groups in Colorado, and New Mexico. To inquire about having the program at your SFTA chapter meeting or civic group, call Inez at 505-662-4926 or e-mail <inezross@hubwest.com>.

2007 SYMPOSIUM PRESENTATIONS SOUGHT

THE Presentation Committee of Bent's Fort Chapter is seeking proposals for presentations at the 2007 symposium, "Where the Mountain Route Crosses the Purgatoire," to be held in Trinidad, CO, September 27-30, 2007. These programs, of up to 40 minutes, will be offered to participants during the mornings of the symposium on the campus of Trinidad State Junior College.

Proposals for speeches, discussions, panel offerings, or other types of seminars, with an accompanying cited paper, which reflect the people, places, and events of the Raton Pass vicinity and Granada-Fort Union Military Freight Route of the Santa Fe Trail from prehistoric times to 1880 are especially encouraged.

Submissions and inquiries should be made to:

Faye Gaines, Chair
Presentation Committee
HCR 60 Box 27
Springer NM 87747
505-485-2473
<fayegaines@yahoo.com>

Program/Paper proposals are due no later than August 1, 2006. A one-page summary and an accompanying resumé/vitae will be sufficient for consideration. Please include biographical information.

The Symposium Committee will make their selections from the submitted proposals by September 1, 2006. The Symposium Finance Committee is working on a number of grants in order to offer an adequate honorarium for the contributions of the selected presenters to this, the Twelfth Santa Fe Trail Symposium.

WHY IS THE TRAIL RENDEZVOUS ALWAYS HELD IN LARNED?

by Joanne VanCoevern

AS vice-president of the Santa Fe Trail Association, it is my task to visit with the various chapters. It was during one of these recent visits that I was asked, "Why is the Santa Fe Trail Rendezvous always held in Larned?" Or looking at the question from another angle, "Why isn't the Rendezvous moved up and down the Trail like the symposium?"

The short answer is simple—it is a local event. But to better understand how Rendezvous evolved and how SFTA came to be involved, we need to look at the history of Rendezvous.

In 1979, Bill Pitts, Director of the Santa Fe Trail Center (SFTC), decided it would be good to get interested people together to learn more about the Trail. He hoped such a gathering would revitalize a waning interest in the Trail and that the seminar would gain attention of the media. Pitts secured a grant through the Kansas Committee for the Humanities to fund speakers. The name "Rendezvous" was chosen because it means "to gather or assemble at an agreed upon time and place."

The SFTC hosted the first three-day Rendezvous in March 1980 at the Trail Center, with approximately 75 people in attendance. Noted historians presented papers on the cultural relationships of the Trail. Professional and amateur historians and the general public were invited. The first Rendezvous was a success, and the SFTC decided to hold the event every two years, with the focus on different aspects of Trail history. The 1982, 1984, and 1986 Rendezvous were also held in March. In 1988, it moved to the Thursday through Saturday after Memorial Day. This June date was maintained in 1990, 1992, 1994, and 1996.

With the Rendezvous proving successful and growing larger, heavy demands were placed on the SFTC's limited staff. It was apparent by 1992 that additional support was needed. Therefore, Fort Larned National Historic Site was invited and agreed to become a cosponsor. The speakers for the Rendezvous were moved to the Larned Community Center and various activities were added to the program.

Now, how did SFTA become a third sponsor of the Larned Rendezvous? A letter from SFTA President Ross Marshall to Ed Boyd, President of the Fort Larned Historical Society, July 30, 1996, best explains it.

"As you are aware, the Santa Fe Trail Association has had a Symposium on odd-numbered years during its ten-year existence. On even numbered years, we have not had a SFTA meeting. The only thing we have done during the even-numbered years is to hold a Board of Directors meeting immediately preceding the Santa Fe Trail Center Rendezvous.

"During the past year, the Santa Fe Trail Association has determined that it is time we begin having meetings annually as opposed to our history of only on odd-numbered years. The Board of Directors has indicated a desire to explore the possibilities of having the even-numbered year meeting in conjunction with your Rendezvous at the Trail Center. At our last meeting at the recent Rendezvous, the Board voted to entertain an invitation from you to joint-venture on such an event. Some of our members are accustomed to attending the Rendezvous and since our headquarters is there, it is possible this arrangement might be mutually advantageous."

In 1998 SFTA was invited to join the Santa Fe Trail Center and Fort Larned NHS as a third sponsor. The date was changed to September to coincide with SFTA's symposium dates, placing the two events one year apart. With the efforts of all three organizations, the 1998 Rendezvous proved to be larger and even more successful.

Today the Rendezvous history seminar continues to be a quality educational event and the Kansas Humanities Council continues to be a major source of funding. The Council considers the Rendezvous to be one of its premier funded events.

Plans and preparations are now underway for the next Rendezvous. It will be held October 27-29, 2006, with presentations devoted to the Zebulon Pike Expedition Bicentennial. And yes—it will be held in Larned again.

JUNCTION PARK TRAIL PROJECT AWAITS FUNDING

by John Atkinson

[SFTA Board member John Atkinson, St. Joseph, MO, is chair of this project, a joint effort of SFTA, the National Park Service, the City of Gardner, KS, and other organizations.]

AFTER multiple planning meetings, scores of phone calls, dozens of e-mail messages, and many hours invested generating funding proposals, the fate of the Gardner Junction Trail Development Project hangs in the balance as its merits are weighed against those of other worthy projects. When completed, Junction Park west of Gardner, KS, will be transformed into a significant location where travelers can learn about the National Historic Trails to Santa Fe, Oregon, and California.

Including a National Park Service commitment for \$30,000 in Challenge Cost-Share matching funds and SFTA commitment of \$4,000, about \$50,000 has been pledged, but more than twice that amount is still needed.

Grant writer Karen Angel of the Gardner Historical Museum submitted a \$40,000 grant proposal to the Kansas Department of Commerce's Attraction Development Grant Program. A larger funding proposal, prepared by Melissa Mundt, Assistant City Administrator for the City of Gardner, has been submitted to the Kansas Department of Transportation's Travel Enhancement Program.

Paul Novick of the consulting engineering firm Bowman, Bowman and Novick developed the construction plans and cost estimates for the project. Upon successful outcomes of funding proposals, Paul will also assist in the selection of a construction firm. If all goes as planned, the project will be completed during the 2006 construction season—in time to be a part of the City of Gardner's sesquicentennial celebration in 2007.

The Junction Park project is the prototype for several to be developed along the Santa Fe Trail. Each site will include interpretation panels for that area and information about what Trail points of interest are to the east and to the west of that location.

TRAIL ARTIFACTS ON EXHIBIT

by Katie Davis Gardner

[Katie Gardner is curator of the Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum.]

SEVERAL original artifacts of interest to SFTA members may be seen on exhibition at the Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum in 2006. As part of *Pike's World: Exploration and Empire in the Greater Southwest*, several Trail objects will be featured. A significant part of Pike's legacy is the Santa Fe trade that was achieved after the publication of his journal and reports of the expedition in 1810. Communication and commerce opened between Mexico and the United States in 1821, and this travel and trade owed a great debt to the information gathered and interest built by Pike.

Featured is an important Independence, Missouri, ox yoke. Part of the Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum collections, this piece has been displayed at the National Frontier Trails Center in Independence, Missouri, for the last several years. The yoke is stenciled with the words, "W. L. McCoy & Co./ Manufacturers of/ Ox Yokes, Bows, Axe Handles/ Wagon Material &c/Independence, MO," probably the only proof on any extant ox yoke that it was manufactured at the jumping off point of the Santa Fe Trail (see *Wagon Tracks*, VI (May 1992): 16-17, for Mark L. Gardner's in-depth article on this important Trail survival). The yoke will return to Independence for long-term exhibition after October 2006.

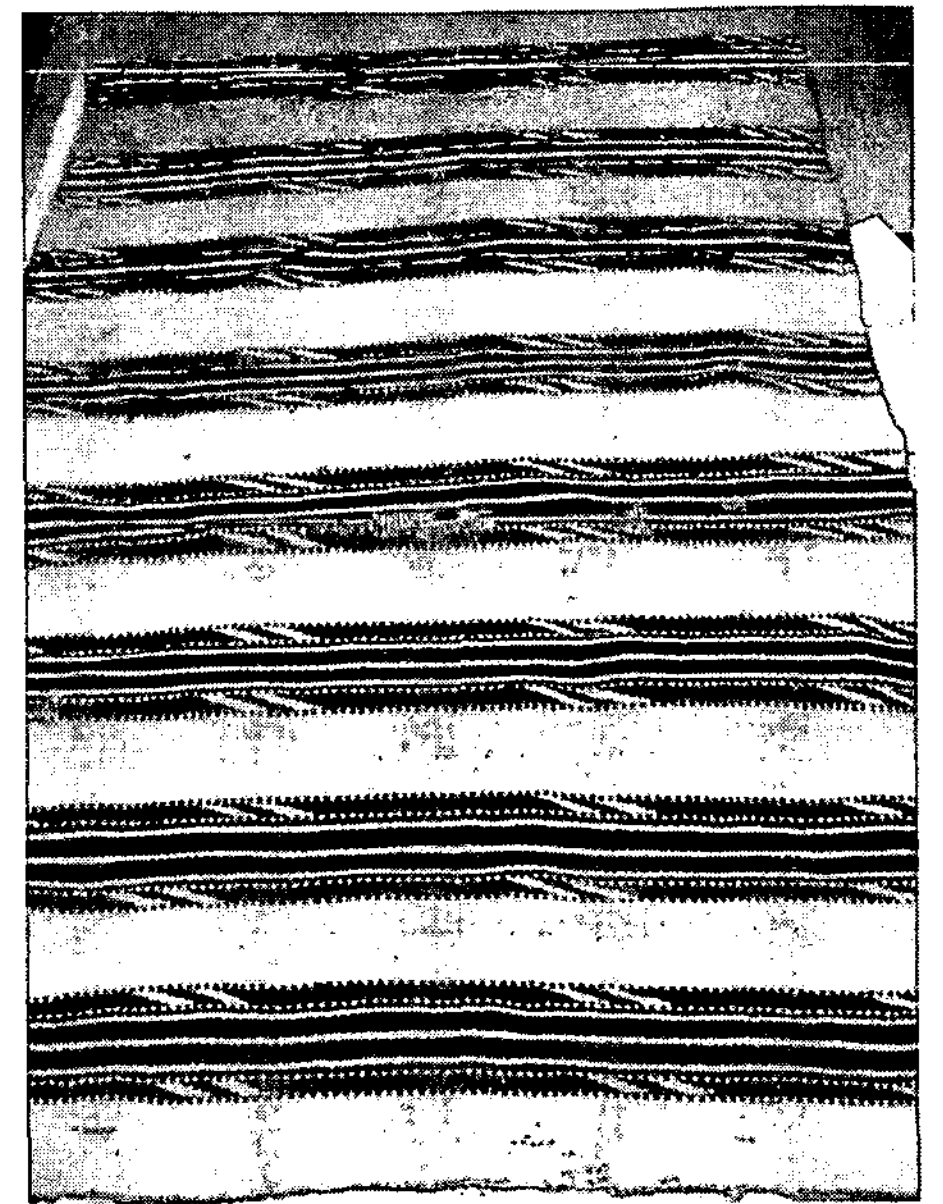
A fine wagon jack with some of its original faded blue paint and a grease bucket, both of the types used on 19th-century freight wagons, are included. The date "1860" is incised on the top of the wagon jack in a section of hand-forged iron rendering it both historic and decorative. A 1926 print of a Conestoga wagon and a six-horse team gives the viewer an idea of the type of wagon on which these items would have been used.

A number of items once owned by Santa Fe Trail merchant Malcolm Conn of Council Grove, Kansas, are on exhibit for the first time. His 1859 ledger from the Stone Store records a plethora of items sold variously to the inhabitants of Council Grove, traders moving west or east on the

Trail, or the Kaw Indians of Kansas who were frequent customers at the store. Just about anything one could think of was sold there, and the store functioned as a large department store and major Indian trading post for miles around. Among the various items recorded in the ledger are: buffalo robes, stock animals, clothing, shoes and hats, bolts of cloth and other dry goods, canned food and on occasion fresh fruit (such as watermelons), liquors and medicines, tools, weapons, and ammunition, tobacco of every type, paper and writing implements, and household goods and furniture. Unusual or notable items include a Mexican saddle, canned oysters and lobster, fiddle strings, a set of books, indigo, lemonade, and a "barn frame."

An early 19th-century American Indian blanket, probably Navajo but perhaps Zuni, owned by Malcolm Conn is also exhibited. He acquired it as a Santa Fe Trail merchant. Because of its early colors (indigo blue, pre-aniline red, and natural brown stripes on a natural white wool field), and its soft, shiny wool achieved by worsting churro wool (combing the raw wool instead of carding or brushing it) it dates to between 1800 and 1850. While Malcolm Conn is known to have traveled to Santa Fe, it is also possible that he acquired it in trade from some of his Kaw Indian customers, as southwestern Indian textiles were widely traded among tribes by the mid-nineteenth century. In the ledger there is a June 25, 1859, purchase recorded by Malcolm Conn for "one blanket." Could this be the early Indian blanket traded by one of the Kaws for supplies? The *Westport Border Star* newspaper reported on October 8, 1860 that, "A large amount of the money paid to the Indians is paid to the merchants of this place, S. M. Hays & Co., and M. Conn, each of them trading to the amount of three or four thousand dollars per day until the money is exhausted. Rifles are a staple article, flour, blankets and provisions are sold in abundance."

Since there is no further description of the blanket, we may never know, however it is interesting to speculate! It is unusual, however, to confirm as we can in this case, that an item was definitely acquired on



the Santa Fe Trail during the height of the trade years.

An original tintype of Malcolm Conn housed in its original decorative case is also displayed. The case is a dark brown thermoplastic case with deep decorative molding made to look like fancy carved wood. This type of early plastic case was made of gum shellac and woody fibers, and first appeared on the market in 1853. The case is lined with green velvet, and a delicate soft copper filigree border surrounds the image itself. Conn had this portrait taken shortly after he reportedly helped to save the town of Council Grove from being destroyed by Dick Yeager's guerrilla raiders on May 4, 1863, during the Civil War. The date written in pencil on the inside of the case is May 21st, 1863. Conn had known Yeager in ante-bellum trading days and apparently had some persuasion with him and his band of ruffians.

A recent acquisition of the Museum is a wood walking cane with a silver tip; engraved into the silver is the name "PIKE." This walking stick belonged to Zebulon Montgomery Pike and was donated by Jean and Steward Davis and their daughter Marianne, Las Cruces, NM.

These and other extraordinary artifacts are on display in *Pike's World* from January 21 through October 14, 2006. For more information on this exhibition or any of the Museum's other Pike Bicentennial commemorative activities, please check the website at <www.cspm.org> or call 719-385-5990.

SCOUTING THE TRAIL ONLINE

—A VIRTUAL GUIDE—

Julie Daicoff, Editor

This new column presents a guide to Trail resources available on the Internet. Everyone who has found useful Trail documents online is encouraged to share the information to be considered for publication, including web sites featuring manuscripts and published materials (written records, maps, sketches, and photographs). Please send items via e-mail to Julie Daicoff at <jdaicoff@everestkc.net>.

In the search for information about the Santa Fe Trail and its travelers, the historian, whether professional or amateur, has many avenues to pursue. These include *Wagon Tracks*, common histories, and a plethora of other sources. The serious student seeks original source documents for their own interpretation and insight into the rich heritage of the Trail. With the popularization of the Internet, using a computer to search the World Wide Web provides researchers new trails to scout for original source documents and many secondary sources. The sites that contain these original documents include individual sites, government sites, and educational sites—all provided to share the passion for history.

These documents come in a variety of forms. Some are facsimile images of original print documents made by creating a digital image of every page. These images are prepared through scanning or digital photography. Converting a document into digital images requires that the individual pages are gathered with computer software and then placed on the web. Some of the popular software now in use creates Adobe files, often called "pdfs" because they create a file with an extension of .pdf (portable document format). The actual Adobe software program is rather expensive to purchase; however, there is a free Adobe reader readily available at many locations, including <www.tucows.com>; search for Adobe and follow the link.

There are many advantages to the pdf format, including the ability to search for keywords within the en-

tire document. This means, for example, if you want to search for references to oxen in a document, you can find them. Some challenges with these searches relates to spelling and the quality of the original image. If the word "ox" is used instead of oxen, the search may not be successful. If there is marking or black dots on the original document when made into a digital image, the typography image may not convert perfectly. For example, a black dot above the "o" in oxen may make the software think the word is "dxen." This is obviously not a word in our language, and a search for oxen would not provide that reference. Additionally, the inconsistent spelling of names and places can cause some confusion. Nevertheless, the advantages of using these documents are incredible. It is a quick way of finding subjects in a digitized image.

Usually when documents are digitized and uploaded to the web, the digital image is also uploaded. This provides an opportunity to see an original image of the work and readers can sometimes decipher spelling issues as "dxen" in the above example. The images of illustrations, including maps, are often sharper than those in the pdfs. These digitized images of illustrations are usually gathered together in an indexed file and are created as .tiff (tagged image file format) or .jpg (also .jpeg, for joint photographic experts group) files. Virtually all computers come with software that can read these images.

Another option for presenting original documents on the web is a recreation of the document. In some cases, people retype the documents, including misspellings and incorrect words. These are then proofread and combined with the digitized illustrations. Once the work is reassembled, it is placed on the web. Often the file format is pdf but can also be text directly entered into the Internet or Word documents. The advantages of these formats include search capabilities and ease in copying text to your computer for future use. Sometimes alternative formats of the original documents are created that include corrected spelling and grammar. When this occurs, users usually have the option to select either the original unaltered document or a

corrected document to search.

Finding web locations with these documents can be challenging. It is truly a labor of love to take old documents, digitize them, and upload to a web site. This process also cuts into the profits of publishers; so there are services that offer access to the information for a fee. There is, however, a wealth of information available on the web at no cost to you.

Searching for electronic resources usually starts with a "google" search at <www.google.com> where the user can put keywords in and search results are displayed. In fact, this web site has become so popular that it is now a common verb among users, who ask "Did you google it?" or state, "I googled it." There are other search engines and you could google "search engines" to find more.

To find electronic resources related to the Santa Fe Trail, go to <www.google.com> and enter appropriate key words for your research topic. When you enter the phrase "Santa Fe Trail," you will find around 500,000 "hits" or locations to find information. The challenge is that links you receive may not be what you want. Narrow your search as much as possible by using additional search words that relate to your topic.

After you google the research topic, you can select the result by clicking on it. There are multiple options of how the actual document is stored. As identified above, it could be stored in the web site as hypertext, Adobe file .pdf, .tiff or .jpg images, Word, e-reader, e-text, or e-file software. All of these have free software available to manage the information. If it is an extensive passage, you probably should save it to your computer's hard drive where you can read the document without relying upon the Internet.

Now that we have completed the technical part, it is time to share a few locations of electronic resources. The document name is followed by summary information and the actual web site of the document.

Commerce of the Prairies by Josiah Gregg, 1844 and 1845, 2 volumes with illustrations and glossary, "Containing such Spanish or Hispano-Mexican words as occur undefined in this work, or recur

without definition after having been once translated <<http://www.kancoll.org/books/gregg/>>

Journey of Coronado, 1540-1542, From the City of Mexico to the Grand Canon of the Colorado and the Buffalo Plains of Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska, As told by himself and his followers. Translated and edited with an introduction by George P. Winship, New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1904. This electronic copy was produced in February 2002 in part with grant funds provided by the Library Services and Technology Act (includes translated letters in the Appendix): <<http://southwest.library.arizona.edu/jour/index.html>>

El Gringo, Or, New Mexico and Her People by W. W. H. Davis, New York: Harper & Brothers, 1857. This electronic copy was produced in February 2002 in part with grant funds provided by the Library Services and Technology Act. (includes illustrations and a description of Santa Fe from the south): <<http://southwest.library.arizona.edu/elgr/>>

Indian Blankets and Their Makers by George Wharton James, Chicago: A. C. McClure and Co., 1920. This electronic copy was produced in February 2002 in part with grant funds provided by the Library Services and Technology Act. (includes references to older blankets and digital images): <<http://southwest.library.arizona.edu/inbl/>>

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 June-August. To be included, send information to Paula Manini at the Trinidad History Museum (see below) by April 14.

Arrow Rock State Historic Site
PO Box 1
Arrow Rock MO 65320
Telephone: 660-837-3330
Email: kborgman@iland.net
Website: www.arrowrock.org

- Museum open Friday-Sunday, 10 am-4 pm, in February. Starting March 1, open daily 10 am-4 pm.
- Weekend walking tours of Historic Arrow Rock begin in April.
- Free one-mile guided history and natural history hike to the Missouri River, April 15, at 10 am, 1:30 pm, and 3 pm, on the Big Muddy National Fish and Wildlife Refuge.
- Easter Bonnet Parade, April 16, 2 pm, sponsored by Friends of Arrow Rock.

Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site
35110 Highway 194 East
La Junta CO 81050
Telephone: 719-383-5010
Email: rick_wallner@nps.gov
Website: www.nps.gov/beol

- Open daily 9 am-4 pm; guided tours at 10:30 am and 1:00 pm (pending staff availability).

Boot Hill Museum
Front Street
Dodge City KS 67801
Telephone: 620-227-8188
Email: frontst@pld.com
Website: www.boothill.org

- Museum open 9 am-5 pm Monday-Saturday, and 1-5 pm Sunday.
- Boot Hill Cemetery, Boot Hill & Front Street. Open Monday-Saturday 9 am-5 pm and Sunday 1-5 pm.
- 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
PO Box 214
Boise City OK 73933
Telephone: 580-544-3479
Email: museum@ptsi.net
Website: www.ptsi.net/users/museum

- Open Monday-Saturday, 10 am-12 pm and 1-4 pm.

Fort Union National Monument
PO Box 127
Watrous NM 87753
Telephone: 505-425-8025
Email: debbie_archuleta@nps.gov
Website: www.nps.gov/foun

- Open daily 8 am-4 pm.
- Located 8 miles north of Interstate 25 at the end of NM Highway 161.

Historic Adobe Museum
PO Box 909 (300 E Oklahoma)
Ulysses, KS 67880
Telephone: 620-356-3009
Email: ulyksmus@pld.com

- Open Monday-Friday, 9 am-5 pm; weekends from 1-5 pm.

Jefferson Nat. Expansion Memorial
11 N Fourth Street
St. Louis, MO 63102
Telephone: 314-655-1631
Email: tom_dewey@partner.nps.gov
Website: www.nps.gov/jeff

- Gateway Arch and Museum of Western Expansion open daily, 9 am-6 pm.
- Old Courthouse open daily 8 am-4:30 pm.
- Library is open 8 am-4:30 pm.

Koshare Museum
115 West 18th Street
La Junta, CO 81050
Telephone: 719-385-4411
Email: tina.wilcox@ojc.edu
Website: www.koshare.org

- Open Monday, Wednesday and weekends, 12-5 pm. Closed one week in February; call for dates. Free admission first Sunday of each month.
- Free performance by the Koshare Indian Dancers, February 4, Pueblo Lake Reservoir, Pueblo, CO. Time TBA.
- "Secrets of the Southwest: Photographs by Lex Nichols" on display through February.
- "Monthly Artist Series." Meet the artist on the first Sunday of each month, 12:30-4 pm. February: Lakota artist Lynn Burnette. March: "Mixed Mediums" by Youth of the Arkansas Valley.

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

- Open Tuesday-Friday 1-5 pm; weekends by appointment.
- April 22, 12:30 pm, CDT. Cimarron Cut-off Chapter meal and program.

Otero Museum
706 W. Third St.
La Junta, CO 81050
Telephone: 719-384-7406
Cell phone: 719-980-3193
Email: oteromuseum@centurytel.net

- Available by appointment; call in advance.

Trinidad History Museum
(Colorado Historical Society)
312 E Main (PO Box 377)
Trinidad CO 81082
Telephone: 719-846-7217
Email: paulamanini@hotmail.com
Website: www.coloradohistory.org/hist_sites/trinidad

- Santa Fe Trail Museum open

Monday-Friday, 9 am-1 pm (pending staff availability).

- Group tours, bookstore, and archives by appointment.

Gas and Historical Museum
Stevens County Historical Society
PO Box 87
Hugoton, KS 67951
Telephone: 620-544-8751
Email: svcomus@pld.com

- Open Monday-Friday 1-5 pm; Saturday 2-4 pm.

Herzstein Memorial Museum
Union County Historical Society
(Second and Walnut Sts) PO Box 75
Clayton NM 88415
Telephone: 505-374-2977
Email: uchs@plateaueel.net

- Open 10 am-5 pm, Tuesday-Saturday.

TRAILSIDE CENTER OPEN

by Ann O'Hare

[Ann O'Hare is a member of the Missouri River Outfitters Chapter and SFTA and wrote this article for the chapter newsletter.]

THE Grand Opening of the Trailside Center at 99th and Holmes in South Kansas City, Missouri, was held on July 16, 2005. The redesigned former bank building is the result of a coordinated effort between the City of Kansas City, MO, and the Historical Society of New Santa Fe. Because of its proximity to the Santa Fe, Oregon, and California National Historic Trails, the Trailside Center has been certified by the National Park Service as an interpretive site.

The Grand Opening ceremony was well attended by the public and members of historical groups. Missouri River Outfitters members present included Jane Mallinson, Anne Mallinson, Nancy Lewis, Mary Conrad, John Atkinson, and Ross and Pat Marshall. Jane Mallinson, Missouri State Society DAR presented to the Historical Society of New Santa Fe a copy of the book *Milestones in Missouri's Past*.

The Trailside Center has many functions. The vault of the former bank is now a museum created by the Historical Society of New Santa Fe. A spacious Community Service Room can be reserved for meetings and educational programs by school and nonprofit organizations. Audio-visual equipment is available. An ultimate goal is to make educational

and historical programs available for all ages.

Reservations to use the Trailside Center can be made by calling Chuck Loomis at 816-942-3724.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

by David Clapsaddle

[Wet/Dry Routes Chapter President Clapsaddle is a frequent contributor to Wagon Tracks.]

RECENT research by officials from Jackson County, Missouri, and the Missouri State Archives has revealed some interesting aspects of the 1833 episode in which a mob ransacked the offices of the *Evening and Morning Star*, a Mormon newspaper published in Independence, Missouri. Subsequently, the mob seized two Mormon members, Edward Partridge and Charles Allen, and took them to the public square where they were tarred and feathered. Three years later, a court was convened in which a fine of \$750.00 was imposed for the destruction of the newspaper office and a fine of one cent was levied for the tar and feathering, rather reminiscent of the one-cent reward offered for the return of a young apprentice named Christopher Carson. Life was cheap in the early 1800s.

The unfortunate events would be of little interest to Santa Fe Trail enthusiasts except for two men named among the defendants, Samuel Owens and Benjamin Majors. Owens was the proprietor of Owen's Landing east of Independence on the Missouri River and prominent in the Santa Fe trade. Majors was the father of Alexander Majors, a partner in the famed Russell, Majors and Waddell freighting firm. The record does not speak to the religious inclinations of the elder Majors, but the same cannot be said for son Alexander. He gave Bibles to employees, forbade cursing, smoking, and work on Sunday. It is said that many of his men, being illiterate, used pages from the good book for cigarette paper but refrained from cursing until they had difficulty scaling the treacherous road over Raton Pass. Be that as it may, one could hope that we will never return to a one-cent society which, pardon the pun, was in many ways rather senseless.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

I extend my heartfelt thanks to all in the Association for making 2005 a year I will remember. The three awards presented to me at the last Symposium have been hung in my work area and are a constant source of encouragement as I continue my writing. It is very gratifying to have others appreciate one's efforts. I wish great success for the Association and all of its members in 2006.

Phyllis S. Morgan
6001 Moon St NE, Apt 1923
Albuquerque, NM 87111

Editor:

While I couldn't attend the symposium it was a pleasant surprise to learn of the Paul Bentrup Ambassador Award. It reminded me of the time Paul stood up in the middle of the first symposium in Trinidad and sang "Do you know the way to Santa Fe?" to the melody of "Do you Know the Way to San Jose?" Through Paul the Santa Fe Trail certainly "lived on" and it is with that sentiment and commitment that I gratefully acknowledge and accept the award! Thank you!

Joy L. Poole
125 W Lupita Rd
Santa Fe NM 87505

Editor:

I am writing to express my thanks for the Award of Merit given me at the Board of Directors meeting at McPherson, KS. The recognition is very much appreciated.

The historic trail authorized by Congress represents the best in commemorating the nation's history and culture. It captures significant stories worthy of conveying to future generations.

What I have accomplished is in collaboration with numerous others across many years. From the first gathering in Trinidad, CO, to the present, the work of education and preservation is done in partnership with individuals, members of the Association, National Park Service staff, and countless others.

Again to the Santa Fe Trail Association, I extend my thanks and appreciation for the award.

Jere L. Krakow
9411 Lona Lane NE
Albuquerque NM 87111

THE MEMOIRS OF JARED L. SANDERSON, "STAGECOACH KING," PART II

[These memoirs, the property of SFTA member David J. Dunning, are printed here with his special permission. Anyone wishing to use any of the material in these memoirs must secure permission from him, PO Box 264, Elkins NH 03233, (603) 526-6939, e-mail: <dunmark@tds.net>. Thanks to Dunning and his family for sharing these for publication. The memoirs will appear in several installments. As with many memoirs written several decades after the events recalled, Sanderson made some errors, claimed to have witnessed incidents that he heard about but was not actually involved directly, mentioned meeting some people he probably did not meet, repeated some information in several parts of the narrative, and tended to romanticize some of his accomplishments. Despite these limitations, of which the reader must be aware, his recollections of stage operations and the Trail, written in 1912, add to the literature of the era and deserve publication. His love of horses and mules and his survival of blizzards and robbers show feelings of tenderness, strength, and courage. He held respect and admiration for Indians, as well as some of the prejudices of his time.]

The Old Santa Fe Trail. (continued)

As I have been asked often about the Indian, and my relations with him, I will try to bring that matter more clearly, although my relations with him were not wholly pleasant nor by any means profitable. I do not entirely believe that saying that the only good Indian is a dead one. I will admit I felt safer in the presence of a dead one than a live one.

I never felt really secure in their presence. Our route started from Kansas City and passed along through Council Grove, Cottonwood Creek, Cow Creek, Pawnee Rock, Fort Larned, Cimmarron Crossing, across to Fort Dodge, Fort Aubrey, Bents' Fort, La Junta, Pueblo, Trinidad, Maxwell's Ranch, Las Vegas, Santa Fe, with many little towns between. This was one thousand miles of danger, travelling in fear, and with ready fire arms all of the time, we never knew when we would be attacked. It took from ten to twelve days to make the journey, and the



Bradley Barlow and Jared Sanderson

transportation was \$200.00 for each person, allowing them forty pounds of baggage, all above this amount was paid for at express rates per pound.

Sometimes we would drive into the villages of the Indian where there were thousands of them and they would treat us as though we were kings. They would set before us the choicest of their game, and would dance and make music for us. On one occasion when the old Chief Satanta was met by an old acquaintance, he was so delighted he entertained the whole coach-load, giving us a warm welcome, and when we left, escorting us along the trail, and eating breakfast with us - from the supplies we carried on the coach. I think the Indians were less to blame than has been the usual idea, most attacks as far as I know have been largely the result of some injury by the Whites to the Indians.

I remember once in the winter of 1863, about fifty miles west of Fort Dodge [founded in 1865], some emigrants were approached by the Indians, who asked for something to eat. The white man ever fearful of attack, at once fired on the inoffensive savage. This so incensed the entire band, that they attacked the party and killed them all and destroyed the wagons, and this was the commencement of much trouble from them, as during that season our coaches were very frequently attacked and it was at this time we were obliged to call on the Government troops for an escort, as one of my conductors on the coach reported that he was attacked several times, but had no desire to kill any of those poor creatures who had been robbed of all they held as their own.

I always gave positive orders to

my men to never attack an Indian and to never kill one only in self-defense. Once we were obliged to kill nine of them when they had attacked our coach at Coon Creek Station - but this did not occur often, and only as I have before stated, as an act of retaliation.

The Indians felt it their right, and told us so plainly, that they had as good a right to take things from the white man, as he had to steal from them, and they carried this principle into the matter of killing. Another reason for the usual freedom of attack of the coach by the Indian, was his fear of the driver, who first inspired him with awe, then the friendly atmosphere and attitude always assumed by my men - the frequent gifts of red handkerchiefs and gay blankets, seemed to soothe their savage nature, and we were always ready and willing to pacify them as we would children.

When the Indians went to the Government Forts for their annuities and supplies, which was given to them, they were also given revolvers and hatchets; and most of their depredations took place on their return to their reservation, crazed with poor whiskey, and armed with weapons of war, all procured from the white man, the red man was a foe to be dreaded, and some of their cruel barbarities were beyond belief. And yet when sober and friendly, treated well, they responded with a true devotion almost animal-like in its fidelity.

It was on the trail between Fort Lyon and Pawnee Fork that the Indians showed what could be done if a friendly feeling prevailed. It was on the 16th of June, 1863, as the coach filled with passengers from Santa Fe was rolling alone [along] the prairie, that the familiar dreaded words rang out in the stillness of the atmosphere "Hands up"! and looking down from the coach, we saw three road agents or highway men, ready to do their dastardly work of robbing the passengers. We obeyed instructions, there was nothing else to do, and after dismounting from the coach, ready but not willing to be relieved of our valuables; I had a little money on my person, but I had a very valuable watch, one I prized highly for its as-

sociations as well as its intrinsic value; quickly and deftly as possible, amide their curses and cries of "Hands up, you son ____ ---- -", I managed to slip it between my trousers, and as it fell to the ground worked it amid the weeds and grasses at my feet. It was a tense and anxious moment - but just at that time a band of Indians came galloping up on their ponies. They took in the situation at a glance, and with the natural instinct and quickness of this child of nature, fired at the men who were even then rifling the pockets of us all, killing them instantly.

We were all paralyzed at the attack and stood motionless, not knowing but what that was to be our fate, when the leader, who was Chief Stumbling Bear [Kiowa], came to where I was standing and saluting me with great respect, said: "How[.] Indian friend of Capitan No bad man hurt friend of red men," showing it pays well to be friendly with the Indian.

We soon recovered our valuables, and one of the Indians finding a bright ten dollar gold piece at my feet, offered to restore the same, when I gave it to him, thinking it a small return for deliverance from perhaps death, as these road agents often kill those whom they have robbed to prevent identification. Everyone of the party were grateful to the Indians and rewarded them generously.

The *pipe* is the Indians constant companion and best friend, and when he dies, along with his arrows and war club, it is laid in his grave beside him, for he expects to again enjoy it in his Happy Hunting Ground.

The pipe of peace is sacred to the Indian, quite a fanciful affair, ornamented with eagles' quills and with a solemn pledge, each chief smokes it for a moment and then the war dance commences - and peace is established.

The first pipes known of were made of red sandstone, which was quarried from the mountain side, then wooden pipes followed, made out of the hardest wood the Indians could find. When a stranger comes to an Indian lodge, he is first given a drink of water, then something to eat, and then a pipe to smoke, and

then conversation follows.

A well made Indian lodge is a very comfortable retreat - it is usually made of tall strong poles, covered with buffalo skins tied together with the sinews of that animal, and in the winter it is kept warm and very comfortable, while in the summer with the covering raised to the top, a current of fresh air circulates, and it is cool and shady. I have seldom passed a more restful and comfortable hour than in an Indian lodge.

The women do all the work, but they are of such a quiet, uncomplaining, stoical nature, that this has grown to become the accepted condition of life. The Indian regards work as beneath his dignity, and leaves it all for his squaw - still the affection between them when separation or trouble comes is as strong as in the white race.

One instance of the devotion of the Indian wife came to my attention when travelling along South of the Arkansas near Fort Dodge. Our party came across a dead Indian who had been killed by the whites a few days before. It was fearfully cold out on that bleak prairie, yet at his head was a squaw frozen to death. Such devotion could not be surpassed in the white race.

The young squaws take much pride in their dress and are much attached to their ponies, of which they take entire care, and many a white man in early times has taken one of these dusky maidens for his wife, living content and raising a family, but usually if he leaves for the East, he leaves his family behind him, for the Indian cannot be happy in civilization.

The Indian will leave all of the pitching of the lodges, gathering wood, making fires, and cooking the food, for the woman to do, while he sits and smokes, and talks. He is kind and proud of his children when they are boys or young braves, but has no interest in them when they are girls. An Indian never whips his children, believing such a course would take away his spirit, and prevent him ever becoming a warrior.

[Employees]

Among the men who were in my employ, I seldom had any cause for complaint. I admit the discipline was rigid among one thousand men, it

had to be so. Each one knew his place and his duty. No man had anything but his own line of work to attend to. From the Superintendent to the hos[t]ler, each one knew what was to do, and he also knew that it must be done well and promptly. Each employee also knew that when he, by faithful performance of his duties had earned promotion to a higher post, that position was offered him. He did not have to ask for it.

One young man came into our office at Kansas City seeking employment one day. I had no vacancy at that time, but gave him a position to substitute for a couple of weeks. I soon saw his worth and value to the Company, and following one advance after another along the line of stage promotions, at last made him station agent at Trinidad, where he worked faithfully for me until the railroads once more compelled me to give way to them. Since that time he has filled many positions of trust, and is today the Post Master of that place. Whenever business calls him to Denver, he never fails to come up to Boulder to visit his old employer and friend. The hours spent with him seem to renew my life and we both agree we would if we could turn backward the wheels of time and enjoy the duties and pleasure of our business life on the old stage coach.

The last visit he made to me he recalled many incidents which for the time had passed from my mind, but when recalled were as fresh as ever to my memory.

He was a man who worked for my interest, I rewarded him by promotions, for thirteen long years I employed and trusted him and he proved worthy of that trust. This man is D. D. Finch, Postmaster of Trinidad.

Would that I could impress on the minds of every young person who reads these pages, the truth of the fact that fidelity to ones' trust pays. It always brings its reward. Do your best work every day, there will then be no question but what success and advancement will be yours.

Of course I could refer to many instances somewhat similar to this story of faithful continuance, but none which surpass the fidelity of Mr. Finch, who holds a very warm spot in my heart.

There are many men who worked on this trail, whom I knew only by their names on the pay roll, as my division Superintendents and Station Agents had power to both hire and discharge.

To my brother, Harley Sanderson, now of Pueblo, I shall ever render tribute for his noble and unswerving devotion, to his most arduous duties, and his fidelity to my interests. He filled the position as General Superintendent of the Colorado division.

To all those brave men who worked for, and with me, and helped me, I owe my kindest remembrances. [Horses and Mules]

My life and its work would not be complete if I did not give due tribute to the wonderful intelligence and sagacity, the faithfulness, of the noble four footed animal, the horse. During my busiest years I worked 5000 horses and mules on the stages. To them I owe the success I enjoyed, as they were the most faithful of servants. Pages could be written of their seeming understanding, exerting with an almost human intelligence the greater speed which danger exacted of them.

On one occasion as I was driving from Warrensburg to Pleasant Hill, [Missouri] I came in contact with a regiment of soldiers on their way to Lexington, under command of General [Sterling] Price. Realizing my danger, I urged my pair of roadsters onward! Part of the rear guard seeing me, pursued me. It was nip and tuck - my horses showed their blood, and seemingly realizing the danger, made good time and I reached Pleasant Hill in safety. One of the pair dropped dead at the finish, while the other was tenderly cared for the rest of his life, and ended his days on my farm at Manchester, just outside of St. Louis, where at the close of the war I made my home for several years.

I have had many evidences of their loyalty and friendship. The horse when treated right will entirely renounce his will to that of his master, and his fidelity equals that of the dog. He seems to know intuitively what is required of him and it gives him pleasure to obey. He is at once tractable and courageous and on the desert plains, whether by day or by night, responded cheerfully to

the duties he was called upon to do. In the scorching mid day sun or in the terrific snow and wind storms he obeyed the call of his master, even to the unexpressed wish.

But in all my experience I have never met such horsemen as the Indian, and when an Indian has a favorite pony no amount of money will tempt him to part with it. They will sometimes, however try to trade it for a White Squaw or pappoose of which they have great admiration. The Comanche was of all the tribes the most expert horseman. They wore less clothes than even the jockey and almost lived on the horse; the women and the squaws did all of the work, the men fished, hunted game and rode the horse.

These years and route were full of danger and sacrifice. I came to Kansas City in 1860. Up to that time transportation was crude and irregular, owing to the unsettled state of the country at this time, there was a steadily increasing interest in the Great West, awakening in the minds of the East, and away back in Norther[n] Vermont on the border line of Canada, I felt that great possibilities awaited anyone willing to brave the dangers and privations that would be met by them.

Mr. [Bradley] Barlow who at one time was my partner, was a man of rare business acumen, and when I told him my plans, we talked over the situation and as it impressed him favorably, he said to me: "Go ahead, Sanderson, I will back you financially to what amount it will require." As he was a man of large means, I felt this insured success for the enterprise if I did my part. This naturally increased my courage and determination to win.

Among my horses which were as children to me, was an old horse Pete, formerly owned by Butterfield of the stage lines. This horse up to the age of twenty six years, performed his duties as stage horse on the lead of a six horse team. Feeling he had done his work, I was willing to let him off duty, and had the coach start off with another in his place. Old Pete did not like this, and was restless and worried, he pawed and neighed, and would not eat his food, and the next time his mates started off on the trip, he took his place along side of the one who had supplanted

him, and travelled along to the end of the route the same as though he was in harness. After that, we let him have his own way, and perform his duties the same as he had done for many years previous.

Horses are more like humans than people understand, and the same feelings that cause people to desire to wear out instead of rust, are evidenced in the horse. I feel like on every page giving tribute to the noble horse without which I never could have done my part in opening up this western country. All is a matter of progress and the horse has done fully his part.

I want at this time to write about the mule, that brother of the noble horse to which I have just made reference on another page.

Few people understand this animal, in fact he is usually regarded with a sort of contempt, while I can most emphatically say, and have proved it by many instances, that when bred with the same care, groomed, stabled and fed as well as we do the horse, I have found him his equal in every respect.

He has more endurance, and was at all times more to be depended on through the hardships of our journeys. He will exist on one quarter of the food it requires to sustain the horse, and when treated kindly and shown the same affection he repays with a very strong and decided attachment to his owner. His patience, his unfailing good tempered effort to serve, I have often commented on.

I have often regretted that the prejudice against the mule existed as I know so well their value, and their possibilities. They are now selling at \$500 to those who understand them.

One of my pet teams for many a ride over the plains was one of five white mules. A white mule is quite a rare specimen. It was arranged with three in the lead, and two on the wheel, and a swifter, prettier, safer team never showed itself on the plains of Colorado. I gave them into the hands of Ezra Ide, (who now lives in Boulder) whom I considered one of the very best whips along the Santa Fe Trail.

At one time when it was necessary for me to go from Iron Springs at short notice, I had Ide take me there with this team of mules. It was a pic-

ture in itself - they seemed to know every want of Ide's - they responded to every word, and they skimmed over the ground at such a pace that at a short distance they looked like a small flock of birds.

That was many years ago, yet to-day when Ide calls on me at my home he invariably refers to that drive, and in his own expressive language says: "I picked em up on the pint of my whip, and never dropped em till we reached Iron Springs," twelve miles away in one hours time, from Timpas.

To us all who have had close association with these faithful servants of man, there is a facination and an exhilaration not to be found in any other mode of travel.

The packmule or mule-train is along with the coach superseded by the railroad, still even to the present day they are found in the mountains travelling along very narrow and seemingly impossible passes, carrying prospectors outfits, and still showing they yet have some place in life's work.

Sometimes the mule trains have numbered from fifty to two hundred animals and they travel from ten to fifteen miles a day. They are not allowed to stop as with the heavy burden they carry of about one hundred pounds it is hard for them to get up. A mule has more intelligence than he is usually given credit for. At night in a journey the pack is taken off of them, and they are allowed to roam about feeding, and in the morning each mule knows its own pack and very seldom makes a mistake. These packs when taken off at night are placed in a row, in order, and all connected with this early and primitive mode of travel is conducted on the most regular and systematic manner. Each has their duty and place. There is always what is called a bell mare, and it is one man's duty to go ahead and lead this mule, who has a bell hanging to a strap around her neck. The rest of the mule train follow this leader, and become very much attached to her.

One of the features of the plains less frequently written about is the wild horse, which abounded in large bands. These are credited to the invasion of the Spaniards into America and are a different class of horse

from our native animal. They are usually secured by means of a lasso. Sometimes some fine specimen are found. I remember particularly one little black stallion, one of the most perfect creatures I have ever seen, very wild. He was with a band of wild horses near Carson [Kit Carson, Colorado]. He was so beautiful I was determined to possess him, so I had one of my men crease him. To crease is to shoot so as to cut a certain vein, which stuns the animal for a while, but does not injure him. I took this horse back to my farm near St. Louis, put him under the care of my head trainer, and made a fine carriage horse of him, admired by all who saw him.

On this trail we once went from Carson to Bents Fort, a distance of some fifty miles, by a new way. There was no road path or trail. Grazing by the river side I saw two beautiful horses which had probably escaped from an emigrants outfit. We found the owners after awhile, but this led us to think my beautiful black stallion owed what he was to being the son of a domestic mare which in some way had become lost on the plains, and finding a band of wild horses joined them and so was lost to the owner, but raised a higher grade of horse than otherwise would be found among a wild band, though the best authorities claim these wild horses to be descendants of the Arabian.

From 1860 to 1912 is a lifetime of itself. Fifty two years since I came to this wonderful country. It was then a territory; in 1876 it was admitted to the Union as

The Centennial State.

From the six horse stage coach to the steam train of cars traversing the state.

From cottonwoods to choicest fruit,

From the roughest, barest desert lands has sprung the most fertile ranches. From my little stations with the corrals for the horses, the only building for miles, have now grown busy, bustling cities of wealth, culture and beautiful homes. The Indian and the buffalo, the greasewood and the prairie dog which dotted the plains are of the past. Land upon which my stations were built, and which I sold for a few dollars, have

become some of the most important and valuable corners in Denver, Pueblo, Kansas City, Trinidad and several other cities along the trail.

Many persons have asked me "Well, Colonel, were you ever held up?" Sometimes I feel like answering "I should say so" By Indians, By whitemen and in every way possible; but as I know what you mean, I will answer "Yes, often." The Road Agent spared no chance of looting the stage whenever he had reason to believe a snug sum awaited his attack and this was why I was obliged to employ such men as I have written about - and I can here add most truthfully if it had not been for the bravery of the stage drivers, their courage and daring, this Western country would never have been settled.

At one time, the very first day out of Fort Dodge, the stage was attacked by two hold-ups travelling on the coach as Methodist Ministers. They had been singing psalm songs, and in a general way trying to divert the drivers attention - but there is an indescribable something that gives a villian away every time, and we were used on such a trip to count every man a rogue, until we proved him a friend, at the same time, treating him as a friend until proven a rogue, and so as we were stopping by the wayside, our two friends called out "Hands Up"! The passengers were frightened, but the driver somewhat prepared waited for the right moment and fired at first one and then the other. They were so taken by surprise at the quick action they did not have time to save themselves, and hastening back to the coach the passengers seated we drove off and left them on the Plains for prey for the buzzards.

In our journey on the plains we were compelled to rely almost wholly for meat upon the wild game and animals that frequented these parts. The choicest cuts of the buffalo and that almost exclusively enjoyed by the white man, the tongue and the hump, these are very toothsome rarebits. Sometimes, however, we were very thankful for any of it, and would take an animal, cutting it in parts, and letting it dry for future use, hung on hooks on the side of the coach in readiness for a meal at any time.

I can well remember once in De-

ember, 1865, as we were coming to Fort Bent, being surprised at the jerkings of our coach, and looking back we were somewhat alarmed at seeing a large wolf following the stage coach, and at intervals jumping and brabbing [grabbing] at the meat which hung on the side. I may add it also jarred our nerves when we thought he might decide on trying other food and attack us.

The driver who was a fine shot, crawled along the top of the coach and fired into the beautiful wild creature while he was absorbed in eating the buffalo meat, and laid him low. This saved both our lives and our meat. The pelt of this wild wolf was one of the handsomest I have ever seen, and when it had been properly cured by some friendly Indians, I presented it, with my tale of adventure to one of my friends at Washington, and when I last saw it, it ornamented the floor of his handsome drawing room, and was one of his most highly prized treasures and mementoes of the West. It also gave him quite a unique subject for consideration with his friends, for I must say the West held a great deal of interest among the people of the Eastern cities.

Many of those whom I have met and talked with of these days of the Santa Fe Trail and the exciting experiences of the old stage coach, like Oliver Twist, cry for more.

Very few of the men are now living whom I knew in those days. The coaches themselves are relegated to the past. The last one of them I kept as a reminder of those days, in the rear of my home in Boulder, Colorado, and strangers as they passed very frequently paused and asked permission to photograph it. Often some of the party would be sitting in and on the coach. It was regarded as a great curiosity. At length I sold it to Johnny Carmack, who ran the stage route to Nederland, the great tungsten camp, through the wonderful Boulder Canon, world widely known for its magnificent beauty of scenery, and then it became the rage of the time to ride up the Canon in the old stage coach, leaving Boulder every morning on the arrival of the train from Denver. It was crowded with tourists, clamoring for seats, a photographer invariably went along with the party, and many sent home

a picture and a story. The coach has left its mark in one way or another all along the country. In many places along the route where the plough has not disturbed the soil, the ruts can still be seen from the windows of the cars as they pass through the country entering Kansas City.

Colonel [Jesse] Leavenworth was often a traveller on our coaches, as he had command of a military post in New Mexico. Colonel [Albert G.] Boone, an Indian agent was also a close friend of mine. He was a good friend of the Indians and they were always willing to help him in any way they could. He was always just and fair in his dealings with them. He was, when I knew him, living in Booneville, Colorado, on a large ranch, east of Pueblo, on the banks of the Arkansas, and was often visited by large bands of Indians. I never knew of him taking any advantage of the Indian, while others used every means available to get the best of the bargain. Cotton shirts were often exchanged for buffalo robes, and red cotton handkerchiefs for gold nuggets. It was a singular fact that the Indian could on no account be persuaded to tell where he found this gold, but whenever he wanted to, he could get nuggets of value.

Bents Fort, Pueblo, and Big Timbers were large and favorite trading posts for the Indians to meet the white man, and it was at Pueblo, I was most fortunate in trading for six beautiful beaver robes, five of which were destroyed in the fire of the Old Pacific House at Kansas City, when it was burned in the sixties.

What seemed to us a singular habit of the Indian was his method of conducting his sales or trades. When he had secured a quantity of furs, the whole party would proceed to the trading post, men women and children, and dogs. They would make a pack train of the dogs, and in the earlier days they bore the furs strapped on poles - after a while, in later years, the horses supplanted the dogs, and the furs were strapped on the sides with two poles about ten or fifteen feet long for support. They would then, on arriving at their destination, get comfortably settled in their tents made of buffalo hide, very thin, and after the men had enjoyed a good smoke and the women had done all the work of getting settled,

unpacking the furs, they would then trade them off for a fraction of their value. However, the Indians were satisfied and the white man made large sums of money by these deals.

In the days of the Sixties, the West was considerably talked of in the homes of the East and any one here was sure to hear from friends there with requests for information and the amount of people who wanted passes over the Santa Fe Trail to see the new country were so numerous we were obliged to issue the following cards which were sent as replies to these requests:

"Dead Heads"

The following correspondence will speak for itself, and the reader will certainly find something therein to "point a moral" if not to adorn a tale:

"Gentlemen:-

"Understanding that you propose to issue a number of passes over your popular line for 1865, I desire to avail myself of the chance thus offered by your generosity. My wife and eight interesting children have long desired to visit the Switzerland of America, and climb its towering peaks, whose snowy scalps are pin-nacled in clouds.

For the enjoyment of the pass over, my family will endeavor to make the trip as pleasant as possible for the Stage Company, speak gently to the drivers, pat the mules and every way render themselves agreeable.

"I remain,

"Your very obedient servant,

"Hon. D. H. Jones."

The following answer was instantly returned by telegraph:

"Honored Sir:-

"Having a most exalted opinion of your considerateness and modesty, and feeling honored by your epistolary notice, we 'hump' ourselves to reply.

"In order to relieve your sensitive nature from the burden of any obligation in the matter, we would simply and significantly request you to favor us with the following requisites for a popular line, that they may be delivered at any of our stations, and as often as your generosity may permit:

"One car corn; one car oats; one ton of hay; six kegs of horseshoes; six

kegs muleshoes and six boxes of nails.

"Feeling the deepest interest in Mrs. J. and her eight darlings and admiring the sublime altitude of their aspirations, we remain,

"Very tenderly yours,

"J. L. Sanderson,

"Pres. S. O. M. Co."

On January 30, 1863, one of the worst *snowstorms* that had ever visited this part of the country prevailed. Between Green River and Big Sandy, one of our drivers named Doherty, started with the mail. He had been on the road only a short time when the storm came up with frenzied fury. A cold north wind freighted with snow and ice itself, blew right in the faces of the driver and horses. The horses became unmanageable, and would not face the storm, the drifting snow was blinding, and Doherty finally lost his way. After unharnessing the horses, he turned them loose, thinking that as it was only four or five miles more he could brave the storm on foot. He walked about all that day, and all the next, sleeping in a snow bank at night. One of the horses never left him all of this time, the animal would guide him to the road, helped and seemed to coax him along. When Doherty's feet became numb, and he felt that he could not go any further, he would take hold of the horse's tail, which would back up to him, and speak as clearly as animals can speak to keep up courage and try again. The[n] Doherty would take hold and a little more distance would be covered, and thus they travelled through that bleak wintry snowstorm in distance and darkness, in feeling and comradcy like two men and when at last the lights shone out from our next station, this intelligent animal gave repeated neighs which when heard called the men to the door where they discovered Doherty, still clinging to the tail of the horse, almost frozen to death. Everything was done for the comfort of both man and horse, but it was an experience awful to pass through and never to be forgotten. Doherty owed his life to the wonderful sagacity of this horse. This is only one instance of many when this noble friend of humanity has saved a man's life. The hearing of a horse is acute - the instinct wonderful. Only

watch his ears, and you can tell when danger lurks ahead.

STORMS AND HORSES.

Imagine if you will, on a dark night, along a mountain road, a coach load of passengers from Leadville to Canon City. There is a point seven miles from Canon City where the road is barely wide enough for our coach to pass. A steep precipice, then a roaring rush of water in the creek below, into which the coach fell from the road above, rolling over three times in its descent and landing in the swift current of the stream, upside down. The passengers on the outside of the coach jumped when it slipped off the road. They happily were not severely injured, and wonderful as it is, the inside passengers were not dangerously hurt, although very much frightened.

This accident was in the night, and it was not until morning the people were rescued from their uncomfortable position. Only one horse was fatally hurt, and as another outfit was sent to the scene of this accident, the party was able to resume their journey. It was one of the most miraculous and hairbreadth escapes that ever came under my notice.

I myself, went up and helped detach the horses from the coach, which was badly damaged, Three horses were saved, but the off wheel horse was killed. It is a wonder any thing was saved from this catastrophe.

At another time a fierce blizzard came, a most terrible thing to experience. The blinding sheets of snow and mist compelled us to stop our journey, in fact the horses refused to proceed. It was impossible to see ahead any distance and so we were marooned until the storm passed over, nearly frozen to death with the cold, faint with hunger, the whole coach-load of passengers were in a most pitiful condition and experienced an adventure as unusual as it was dangerous and exhaustive.

A storm on the prairie is akin to a storm at sea, an upturned coach in a blizzard on the plains, little less dangerous than a shipwreck in mide ocean - the snow piles itself up in a menancing defiance. The anguish of mind in such conditions and surroundings is unparalleled; the only

thing to do is to seek refuge by huddling together inside of the coach, first tying securely each horse to the wheels. Such a still spectral darkness as the night is enshrouded by with the broad expanse of drifted snow, with the cold cutting wind, keen as a razor, the sense of aloofness from man and civilization is almost appalling.

The horses still obedient to the voice of the driver, doing their best before they seem willing to give up the struggle against the elements, showing at times, almost human intelligence, their shoulders covered with snow, and their flanks steaming with sweat, until exhausted with effort, their breath nearly gone, they were compelled to stop and give up the struggle unable to go a step further.

In this situation we stayed until morning, when the storm abated, and we slowly moved onward to the next station, some four miles distant, when warmth and food were provided for very thankful travellers.

Notwithstanding such hardships and perils, there were many who travelled over this new country in those days for sightseeing and pleasure, and I often now wonder if after all it was not much more an experience to be remembered than by the method of today's travel, when in a pullman one rides through this grand country at the rate of forty miles an hour with an occasional glance at the passing scenery. These were indeed years of interest and lasting remembrance, and I can yet hear in memory's ear, the song of the merry and adventurous stage driver, as, mounting the box, and cracking the whip over his loved horses, for the drivers grew to love their team, with a fondness pleasant to witness, and I always made it a point to, as far as consistent with good management, keep driver and horses together, - happy in singing or whistling the well known song of the boys,

"A life in the wild west for me,

A name on the pay roll I see,
of

Sanderson's Santa Fe Trail."

How well it comes to me, the pleasant warm days when the faithful horses to whom I owe a debt I can

never repay, as they climbed these hills and scented the keen spring air of the valleys, how when we came near steep ascent, I would dismount and saying "Come boys, let's ease up on the horses," would walk beside the coach, and often stopped to pick up stray stones that lay in the road, lest the horses step on one. I did this as much, I can truthfully say, to save the horses from possible pain and injury, as to prevent any financial loss to myself, for although I owned and worked many thousands of horses through the years of my business life, I have never yet allowed, myself or any one in my employ, to be unkind or unjust to them.

Few of us realize the sagacity and intelligence of the horse - as my life has more than once been saved by his instinctive knowledge of danger, as well as by his swiftness of travel, I will never cease to give him justice and due acknowledgment, and right here, I want to tell a little story of his wonderful powers of intuition and memory.

It was near Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, I was near "Kings Ferry," six miles above, and six miles from what is now La Junta, then called Timpas Creek. There was a thick grove of cotton wood trees at this point, and as I had travelled in the heat of the day for some hours from Fort Lyon, inspecting the stations on the Trail, I lay down under the shade of the trees and fell asleep. The day was warm and I being tired, slept sound. On awakening, I looked in vain for my horse, a fine riding mare, which I valued highly and had made quite a pet of. I was fortunate in it being the time for the stage to come along, so proceeded on my way regretting the loss of my faithful horse.

About a year after that I was down in New Mexico talking to one of my station agents, when a Mexican rode up on my horse. Imagine my surprise when with a friendly whinny the horse trotted to my side and rubbed his [her] nose against my shoulder.

I turned, and looking at the Mexican said, "Well, your sins have found you out. You served me a dirty trick a year ago, I'll take my horse and if you ever cross my path again I'll take you too," and mounting my horse I rode away.

This shows the memory and the fidelity of the four footed animal. A horse seldom forgets a kind master and is ever ready to share with him fatigues and victories. The horse sees danger and braves it, while he is alive to all excitements he submits to the arm that guides him, and seems to know the desire of his rider, and acts obedient to the impressions he receives. He seems to renounce his being to the will of another, which he seems to anticipate. He gives his strength without reserve and exerting himself to the limit, has at times been known to die, rather than surrender before his task is done.

The main buffalo range was from Fort Larned to Fort Lyon five, ten, even twenty thousand of them being visible at one time, sometimes fighting, bellowing and making the plains resound with their cries. We always gave them as wide a berth as possible. They enjoy swimming the waters and wading in any cooling stream.

Their stampedes were a wonder to all observers, as one stumbled and fell the remainder fell upon him, and soon made a mountain of teeming, struggling animal life. Sometimes the cries of the buffalo could be heard a distance of ten miles.

The buffalo was one of the Indians best sources of supply. Clothing and food alike was obtainable from him. The squaw by a process only known to her cured the hides and some of them were exceedingly beautiful, fine as silk, and comparing most favorably with any of the choicer furs sold in the market. These hides were most thoroughly scraped and then dressed with some softening preparation. In doing this they were pinned on the ground leaving a tight surface to work upon.

Every particle of the buffalo was utilized by the Indian in some way or another, and they looked with astonishment and pain at the willful waste of the hunter who shot them down by the hundred, and left them to spoil. Sometimes, however, they would cut out the tongue and the hump which are considered the choicest cut of the animal.

Parties were often formed in the East for the purpose of hunting the buffalo, and no intention of doing anything more than showing what a

good shot they were. I imagine it appeared to the Indian about the same as if now, some superior or stronger power were to swoop down on some of these large cattle ranches and wantonly kill the stock.

It was on the morning of the 6th of July, 1865, that I was coming along the Arkansas River near Plum Buttes when I saw a big cloud of dust a little distance away, and as it came nearer I saw and heard an immense number of buffalo tearing their way toward the river. Knowing that death was certain unless we could escape their path, we turned our horses in another direction and got out of their path. On they came, the air black with their huge massive bodies as they went to the river's edge to drink. The water gurgles in their throats, it drops from it as they stand, with an expression at once stupid and abstracted, for the buffalo seems to possess a very dull comprehension of surroundings, and though fierce and cruel in his attacks, he never seems to be aware of danger, even though it is near at hand. Either all of his faculties must be very dense or his hearing is impaired.

I once sent a little buffalo calf back to my old home in St. Albans. It was a great curiosity to all the neighbors who came for many miles around to see it, but as it had to be pastured by itself, as it would not mingle with the cows peaceably, the family had it killed, and many families in Northern Vermont tasted buffalo meat for the first time in their lives. The flesh is very similar to that of the domestic bovine, only coarser in grain and stronger in flavor.

All of the stage lines of this early day [in Colorado] belonged to Barlow and Sanderson. The business was a large and interesting one. It was only as the Denver and Rio Grande was built that we left that part of the country. We had branch lines all over the land of the west. The traveller went on our lines from Pueblo to Del Norte, Wagon Wheel Gap and Lake City and westward from Alamosa to the same points.

Antelope Springs so named on account of the abundance of antelopes ranging about there, was quite a point for sportsmen. Daily coaches also left for Conejos and Santa Fe, New Mexico. Fifty pounds of baggage were allowed each passenger. Sa-

guache in San Luis Park was only a little Mexican town. Alamosa to Santa Fe was one hundred and forty one miles. The well known Pagosa Springs west of Conejos were afterward found to be most valuable, though in the days when I was there they were little known, and though we drove daily through Colorado Springs and Manitou there was little notice taken of the springs there, that have made that place so famous as a health resort. Some of my mules sought them to drink from and about all the use made from that water was for watering the stock.

Everywhere through these mountains were found springs of water abounding, as the Indians thought, in medicinal virtues. All kinds of temperatures generally bursting forth from the seams of a rock and many have been the stories of wonderful recoveries from their use. No story or history of Colorado is adequate to tell the whole of this wonderful state's history. I only want to tell how and what I found in the early days,

One who has never witnessed it cannot understand the conditions that attend a service extending one thousand miles through an unsettled country infested by Indians and guerillas, crossing the plains from Fort Larned to Fort Lyon, a distance of 250 miles, without a habitation of any kind. The service of carrying the United States mail at this time, was one of great peril and involved a great risk of life, and property. It was very important to the country and to all interested, that this should be done with regularity during the Civil War, and notwithstanding great difficulties beset us, we never failed in our duty.

It was the only means of communication between the states and the Military Posts in Southern Colorado, and [New] Mexico. It was a service that the government could not dispense with. All this time we were paying enormously high prices for supplies. I lost much property by Indians and guerillas, but as my men were dauntless in their courage and spirit of conquering adventure, we were determined to keep on and accomplish our work.

The mails were delivered on time, though Indians besieged and storms prevailed which would appall the

less adventurous.

It is hard to realize such a wonderful growth in such a short period of time as Kansas City shows.

Fifty years ago - but a short time in history - there were only 2319 inhabitants, while today over 300,000 people call Kansas City home. A most wonderful growth. Compare this with any of the cities of the old country and it seems impossible. When I came to Kansas City in 1860, the Indians were in possession of most of the surrounding country they were all in receipt of liberal annuities from the government, there was a large fur trade with the French. The whole original Kansas City was bought from a Frenchman for \$4220.00, first called Kansas and then Kansas City.

Not much business was done here until the Santa Fe trade was concentrated at this point. The first hotel was built in 1861, and was a crude affair of wood.

The growth of Kansas City shows the growth of the great West. It draws its supplies from all points - thousands of cattle and sheep are brought to this market which is without question the largest in the country. Its manufactures are large, and this city today stands forth as the ninth in the value of its manufactured products.

Our office was for many years in the Pacific Hotel, facing on Fourth Street. Times were good in the sixties everyone was full of life and animation, eager to try their fortunes in the New West, now opening its doors to a land of promise. They did not think of danger until they met them, and life had a zest, a spirit, a hope, only seen in a new country.

As a large part of the Santa Fe Trail ran through the Territory of Kansas as it was in 1860, there was a great deal which shows very clearly the struggles and difficulties, in opening up a new country, among which none stands forth with more clearness, than the history of Jim Lane, without whose efforts, the settlement of Kansas would not have been free. No one who was there at that time could ever forget that wonderful man, a very Napoleon in his control of men. I knew him well and often wondered at such a fateful influence as he possessed.

Kansas would never have been a free state but for Lane and his gang, for gang it was, and a most desperate and daring one too, for George Hoyt, Tom Moonlight and the [Charles R.] Jennison lot, all worked together to win. But Lane was the great war horse. He was the power that moved the party, a spirit unconquerable. He was the uncrowned King of Kansas, a man of the people, and a strong supporter of a free state. Determined to make slavery have no place within her borders, he hesitated at nothing to win the measure he was after.

The battle raged hot and heavy, Lane was without education, but was a born orator, his eloquence was of the kind that carried conviction, with it. His energy was wonderful, travelling all over the territory, he lectured everywhere gaining followers or converts. He had no mercy for his opponents, all of the names possible to convey his aversion and contempt were used. Fool, Coward, Knave, were hurled at them without reserve. High and low were alike to him. He had no care for anyone in gaining his point or helping his cause, but he always won. He carried the vote of the people and through him more than anyone else, Bloody Kansas became a free state, and slavery lost a foothold.

Lane was masterful, although he broke every rule of public speaking, used both slang and profanity, his eloquence thrilled his listeners and his earnestness overcame his opponents, and he never failed to sway his audience more than any man I have ever heard.

Such was his power over an audience that he could in half an hour change the entire tenor of their thoughts and feelings.

Once Lane went to speak in a place where he was very unpopular, having previously murdered a man over a slight difference, who was a townsman of theirs. As he rose to speak shouts of "Murderer" came from the audience. The situation was intense. Lane's methods were original, no one understood them. He paused, looked over the assembled crowd, fixed his eagle eye upon one man, waved his hand for some minutes, until a dead silence reigned. The whole angry crowd was subdued, then he made his speech, holding his audience with rapt attention.

The effect was amazing, a roomful of enemies had become in one short hour a roomful of friends.

Such was his power, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, afterward became Major General, and later when he again wanted to return to Senate, although his successor was appointed, Lane took his seat and kept it. With him, to desire was to do and to have, sparing neither brain nor brawn to accomplish what he wanted. After this hard struggle for fame and power, his strength gave way, and with it his wonderful influence over the people, and he died shortly after [the assassination of Abraham Lincoln], by his own hand.

He had fought for power, and won it, but it did not satisfy. His race was won, his work was done.

In my busiest years, the Stage Company kept one hundred coaches on the road. With driver, conductor and at the stations along the routes, the hostlers and blacksmiths, rounded up the number of men employed, including the office men, to eleven hundred on the pay roll. The yearly receipts from mail contracts amounted to between one half a million and one million dollars yearly. We averaged one hundred mail contracts which were from fifty to one thousand miles in length.

The active management of this rested entirely in my hands. Following on the heels of the burro came the stage coach, and we were then in turn crowded off by the railroad.

We opened up hundreds of miles of travel now used by the railroads. I have watched with interest the onward march of civilization although it caused my business to vanish.

It was necessary to exercise the greatest system, and even the smallest details were carefully considered.

Whatever was the duty to do, it must be done promptly and well, and as soon as he had shown himself capable of filling a higher position with more responsibility he was advanced without asking for promotion.

Everything was graded: Superintendents of the various divisions received from \$1200 to \$5000 per year according to duties required. Station agents received \$1000 per year; Conductors, or as we called them, messengers, \$60 per month; Drivers \$50;

Blacksmiths \$100; Hostlers \$35; making a pretty heavy pay roll and every man was paid promptly quarterly, as that was the way we received our mail pay from Washington for carrying the mails.

In securing these contracts for carrying the mails, we had to bid on each and every contract as advertised by the Post Office Department. They were all let by number and there were many bids offered, and all bids must be certified as true bids by the Post Master on that route as designated by number. Sometimes we bid as low as one cent in order to get the contract for the mail, when it was a very desirable route for passengers and express. This was the case once from Kansas City to Fort Scott in the time of the rush there. This was a distance of one hundred miles and the officials at Washington were much surprised, but it paid us to hold the route against competition and in this way we secured all of the travel and other business and it proved the wisdom of our action by showing up a heavy profit at the end of the year; while another route, No. 38144, entering into Ouray, the mail pay contract called for \$14,842.00. As there was little passenger or express business on this route, we had to receive full pay for carrying the mail.

While the Santa Fe Trail ran its continuous course from Kansas City to Santa Fe, along the Arkansas River, there were many minor routes to accomodate outlying posts among which was that of Fort Scott which route I sold out in 1869 on account of the Railroad being built, which in fact was the cause for discontinuing all stage lines, as the mail's service calls for the most expeditious that can be rendered and as the steel horse is the swifter of the two, I surrendered to it.

This was a finely equipped service and as Kansas City was thriving at this time and was also the terminus of the railroad from St. Louis, it became the point of immigration into the New West. Long trains of emigrant wagons were of daily occurrence. They came in the well known prairie schooner, with family and all their household possessions. At night they encamped on the plains, husband, wife and children all doing their part in this primitive but free

mode of life, ever on the alert for the Indian, who was jealous of the invasion of his territory.

When resting for the night the horses and any stock the emigrants brought with them were safeguarded by enclosing them in a corral made by circling the wagons by fastening the tongue of one into the hind axel tree of another. Lights were not used, voices only in whispered tones, for the terror of Indian massacre was upon every heart.

The Santa Fe Trail.

How its memory lingers in the mind of every early pioneer of Colorado as they see the recent marking of this trail [by the DAR] of the pathway that led them from their homes in the East across the wild prairie into the land of promise.

How well they remember the line of prairie schooners, stage coaches and freight wagons that daily came along its path; the growl of the wolf, the roar of the buffalo that dotted the plains by the thousands, the occasional hold up of the stage coach, or the unwelcome war whoop of the Indian. That was the story of yesterday. That of today is one of monumenting the trail every few miles along its path with stones.

Yesterday the Indians and the stage coach, Today the railroad, and the automobile, tomorrow, the aeroplane.

The Daughters of the Revolution have taken an active interest in perpetuating the story of the Santa Fe Trail, and several have come to me for early information which I most willingly give.

If the early settlers and plainsmen could have looked forward to the recent gathering at old Bents Fort, and have seen the vast array of motor cars and other evidences of latter day civilization, they would have been as amazed as poor old Rip Van Winkle when he came back after his long sleep and found the great changes that had come to his own.

I knew this trail in 1860. It was the travel of the Overland Stage and was then through a desert country where, with relay stations every ten miles and home stations where we could remain over night every fifty miles. It was infested with Indians, wild animals and desperadoes. From Fort Larned to Bents Fort was a dis-

tance of 250 miles, without stations or habitations of any kind for the Indians would burn them down as often as we would build them. Antelope, buffalo, wolves and wild birds were at every corner or in every tree; this long rough road is replaced by one of approved style and comfort. Where travel took days in those times, it now is accomplished in hours; where danger and discomfort held their sway, there now is safety and luxury. The Comanches and Kiowa tribes of Indians which were then numbered into the thousands are no more seen, telling more or less of the advance of civilization; of a line of settled homes and ranches, of towns showing the fruition of the hopes of those previous days of privation and struggle. Some have tried to tell the tale of these days, a story, as one writer says, worthy of the pen of a Homer, a story before which pale fiction today falls flat and uninteresting.

The adventures, the trading with the Indians, for those wondrous furs which then were so abundant, is all but a tale to the people of today, but to me, who frequently passed along this Historic trail, it remains a living memory. Sheridan, Sherman, Hancock, Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill and many who have gone to the Great Beyond, were all there. This was a new country, with a wonderful future opening up to it. The Pony Express had made way for the Stage Coach, and we opened up the country for the railroad which follows wherever the stage first went. But the old Santa Fe Trail being of such Historic memory; and interesting incidents has opened up the hearts and purses of the people of today, and they have determined to perpetuate its wonderful story by marking its pathway and so improving the road that it is now conceded to be one of the finest automobile drives in the country, and one of the most historic of all, going down into future generations with its ever recurring reminders of what the efforts of man can accomplish.

One of the best known and most important trading posts of early days was Bents Fort, which lay between the Purgatory River and Timpas Creek about six miles from the town of La Junta. This fort later became the property of the Stage Company

and was the scene of many pleasant incidents both in my day and for many years previous. It was built in earlier days by one William Bent, who with five or six other men came to the West and engaged in fur trading. Its trade was with the Indians of the Arapahoe, Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches and as Bent was always fair in his dealings with the Indians, and his influence among them so good, they were peaceable and he never had any trouble with them. He did a large and valuable business and supplied both Eastern and foreign markets with the finest of furs.

He married an Indian squaw, had several children - half breeds - one of whom, the notorious Charley Bent, was the terror of the plains for many years. His father sent him to St. Louis for his education, but he returned and lived with the Indians, was an open enemy to the white man, and seemed to combine in his duplex nature, the worst elements of both races. He only escaped just retribution by dying of a fever. I knew him well, and right here is another notable instance of those wonderful Providences by which I have ever been protected in my long and eventful life.

Charley Bent was a man feared by all, yet a friend to me. At one time when it was necessary for me to go from Fort Zara to Bents Fort, and danger lurked in every corner, this same halfbreed was near Fort Zara with a band of Indians; he came up to my coach, had a friendly chat, and told me he would see me through safe. I trusted him, and he performed his duty as he had promised. I could write at length of some of the cruelties of the Indians - much others have written is true, but very much is exaggeration. I have confined myself to facts known to me through which I passed and concerning myself and the old Santa Fe Trail. That the Indians were cruel I must admit, but all war is so, and they were ignorant, of coarse feelings and their atrocities were not any worse than many indulged in by civilized white people in defense of what they felt were their rights.

When the Indian was treated fair, when he was kept from bad whiskey, especially when he was well paid for his furs, which he had toiled to secure, he was happy and content like

a well pleased child. But when he was angered and felt he was wronged, he could be, and was, a devil incarnate. When they lost their faith in the white men, they spared no means of protecting themselves. And in Charley Bent was that mixture of the white man and the Indian that brought forth the baser qualities of each, but kindness, confidence and fair dealing, and I early learned to my advantage, and the Indians benefit, also, to be their friend, and never myself, or allow any of my men, to take a mean advantage of them.

(continued next issue)



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

-BOOK NOTICES-

Marc Simmons, *New Mexico Mavericks: Stories from a Fabled Past*. Santa Fe: Sunstone Press, 2005. Pp. 262. Illustrations, map. Cloth, \$28.95; paper, \$22.95, plus shipping.

Simmons, the subject of Phyllis Morgan's recent bio/bibliography, *New Mexico's Maverick Historian*, is the "historian laureate" of New Mexico, with more than 40 books published and more on the way. This collection of 57 vignettes looks at New Mexico "characters" in several categories: When Spain Ruled, Under the Mexican Flag, Fighting Indians, The Soldiers' View, Men of Standing, Forever Cowboy, Itinerant Writers, Women of Gumption, and Through Children's Eyes. Each section contains a brief introduction and several biographical sketches.

Simmons is a consummate historian and writer. Each narrative is well told and gives insight into the fascinating history of New Mexico. These essays will inspire readers to want to know more.

All these stories are interesting, and several are especially recommended to Santa Fe Trail aficionados: "The Greens of Bent's Fort," "Incident at Los Valles," "Hang the Bishop!," "Strange Mr. Maxwell," "A German New Mexican," "Rachel Plummer's Captivity," and "Growing Up in New Mexico."

The entire collection provides in-

formative and entertaining reading, proving, perhaps, that it takes a maverick historian to tell a maverick's tale.

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Lowell M. Schake, *La Charrette: A History of the Gateway to the American Frontier*. Lincoln: iUniverse, 2005. Paper, \$18.95.

This is a new edition with revisions and index, available at Barnes & Noble.com, Amazon.com, or call 1-800-AUTHORS x501 to order. See review in August 2003 *Wagon Tracks*. The original edition is available from Last Chance Store for \$10 postpaid.

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Mark L. Gardner, *Fort Union National Monument*. Tucson: Western National Parks Association, 2005. Pp.16. Illustrations, map. \$4.95 plus shipping.

Gardner has produced another fine introductory booklet to a National Park Service site, Fort Union on the Santa Fe Trail in New Mexico, 1851-1891. With 20 illustrations (many in color), it provides a good overview of what was once the largest military post in the Southwest.

COUNCIL TROVE

—DOCUMENTS—

1843 Letter Mentions the Trail

Joy Poole found the following letter, written by Samuel S. How in Missouri to his Aunt Elizabeth Simpson in Indiana, dated May 19, 1843, in the U.S. History Mss., Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library, Indiana University. It mentions the robbery and death of Antonio José Chavez on the Trail that year. It is printed here courtesy of Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, IN. Thanks to Joy for finding it and Curator of Manuscripts Sandra Taylor for permission to print this letter. It is printed as written, original spelling transcribed as nearly as possible from the script. Some punctuation has been added in brackets, and unclear words are followed by a question mark in brackets. Most of the time, Samuel How wrote "they" when he meant "the." His letter:

Deare aunt I take my pen in hand wonst mor to inform you of oure health[.] we are well except meself[.] I am knot well at

the preasant but in hopes of being well in a few dayes[.] I moast cincearley hope that these few lines may find you all injoying good health when they come to hand but I have but little hopes of everything reaching you[.] I recieve wone of you last Spring and rit you and Sise[?] but I dount expect you ever receive it for I have knot receive an andersere from it[.] fathers familley is well excpt fathere him Self[.] we have had a long coald winter and they Spring Seams to be very backward ad wet[.] corn is very scarce[.] wheat is tolerabley plenty[.] theire is none a going to be raised this yeare[.] they last fall was so dry that it did knot come up and they winter so coald that it froase it out[.] we had a snow heare the first of aprile that was from ten to twelve inches deep. We have wone child we call it Sary Jane[.] it is sixteen moth old the fourth dy of this month[.] mother has anothere girl about foure monthes oald[.] they have knot named it yet[.] brother James has come home last fall fine and Louisa has knot bin in sense they moved[.] they last we heard from the they were to have ben in last march[.] they were boath sick last Januere[.] Times is very hard and money is hard to get for enney thing[.] corn is worth one dollare per barel[.] wheat thirty and forty cents per bushel[.] corn meal thirty seven cents per bushel[.] flower from \$1.25 to \$2 per hundred weight[.] bacon 3 cts and 4 cts pe lb[.] work horses thirty and thirty five dolares[.] work cattle from eighteen to twenty five dollars a youk[.] milk cows and calves from six to eight dollars a piece[.] ouere countrey is a getting mightelly fild with thieves and robes[.] about five hundred started about the first of aprile out on they Santafee road to rob they trades but they people of independence getting information of theire intentions sent an express on to meat they trades[.] we understand they happily received and camped to wait for assistance[.] theire was wone small company of Spaniard that was still a coming inn that come in contest with fifteen of they robbers that was robed and they head man killed and they balance ordered to return to theire

oan countrey[.] they robbers got some five or six hundred dollars a piece and a good deal of goald in lumpes[.] on theire return they took wone of them and he toald of they rest[.] they have cought foure of them and on persuit of they balance[.] theire wone hundre dollars reward a piece offed for them[.] they main body of them is camped on they arkansaw awaiting for they main company of they trades to come in but they have foure or five hundred from independence gon to gard they traders in[.] they ow one store at independence thirtean thousand dollars[.]

I not know more at preasant but andswer this when it comes to hand[.] I would like to heare from you oftene if it could be[.] sow wright when you receive this about all of they kin[.] I heare from none of them[.] direct youre leter to they loan Jack PO Jackson county Missouri

Juley ann Joines in love to you all[.] no more but stil remain youre affectionate neffew

Samuel S. How to Elisabeth Simpson
May 19the[?] 1843

TRAIL TROUBADOUR

—Traffic in Verse—

Sandra M. Doe, Editor

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

Leo Hayward of Larkspur, Colorado, a SFTA member who has biked the Trail four times, sent this submission. Recently he guided his wife, Carol, and his sister-in-law, Catherine, on a six-day auto tour of the Dry Land Route from Lakin, KS, to Wagon Mound, NM. Catherine was so impressed she penned "Muses from the Trail."

Catherine C. Campbell graduated from the University of Colorado with a degree in Criminology. She's always enjoyed writing poetry, and this is her first published piece. She

reports that Leo's tour was full of tale telling and character development, full of inspiration. Her poem includes the word play of "term" in stanza four, to indicate time and seasons passing, and "hollowed" ground in stanza six to indicate swales and ruts.

Muses from the Trail

by Catherine C. Campbell

Some thoughts as I stand on the old
dusty Trail
In the deep carved ruts and remains
of the swale
Made by wagon and hoof prints from
days gone by,
Contemplating buzzards alive in the
sky
Circling above. They won't have to
wait long—
Dinner is ready, be it man or the beast
along.
Trappers and traders and soldiers died
here.
Children, horse, oxen all were in fear
As they searched for water, just a pre-
cious drop,
While Comanche and Cheyenne
waited up top.
What brave souls these travelers were,
Either drenched in sweat or wrapped
under fur.

Disease ran rampant roaring on the
plains
Like the thunder of bison over man's
remains.
From Franklin to the Plaza the traders
kept coming
For 900 miles the death Nell kept
drumming.
Some survived—Becknell and Kit Car-
son
Some met their Maker at the end of a
gun.

The scream of the carts as they twist
and roll.
The war cries, the crack of wheels
through mud hole.
A hardy lot were these mountaineers,
The West's first adventurers, the Trail's
pioneers.
Forts sprung up and sometimes pro-
tected,
But at every term was the unex-
pected.

A trade route for commerce and the
Civil War
For 60 years and then...Nevermore.
Mountain Men, trappers, traders, and
the like
Had made the Trail home 'til the arri-
val of the spike.
That mighty train replaced horse, ox
and wagon...
Just weeds and dust now—civilization—
the dragon.
As I stand in her trenches, this hol-

lowed ground,
I swear I can hear each and every
sound
Of "Circle the Wagons" giving the
shout,
The groan of animals freshly prepared
for the mount.
The Santa Fe Trail. History. Stories.
Many the lost soul.
As I stand in these ruts, I am now on
patrol.



PIKE'S COLUMN

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

There are five items for this issue: the new Pike Bicentennial web site, the schedule of Pike programs in the Kaw Councils series at Kaw Mission, the Colorado Springs Pioneer Museum schedule of Pike programs, an update on the Pike Plaza at Larned, and the twelfth installment of Pike's journal. Keep informed with the Pike Bicentennial plans at <www.zeublonpike.org>.]

NEW PIKE WEB SITE

Thanks to the efforts of SFTA manager Clive Siegle and web master Holly Nelson, and the work of several contributing writers and Hal Jackson's maps, the new Pike Bicentennial web site is now available at <www.zebulonpike.org>.

The maps prepared by Hal Jackson show Pike's route and the loca-

tion of camp sites. These maps are invaluable to those following Pike's route as it was recorded in his journal which has appeared and continues in *Wagon Tracks*. For those readers who have requested maps to help understand the journal, please check the web site for complete details. This is much better than trying to include maps in each issue. The web site also contains an overview of the Southwest expedition, a series of summaries of Pike by state and in Mexico, illustrations, and links to many related web sites. Thanks to all who have made this possible.

KAW COUNCILS 2006

The Kaw Mission State Historic Site in Council Grove, KS, will devote the 2006 Kaw Councils programs to the Pike Expedition bicentennial, with the theme "A Man to Match the Mountain: Zebulon Pike and the Opening of the Southwest." Site administrator Mary Honeyman has put together a fine series, and she invites everyone to attend any or all of these presentations:

February 16 - Leo E. Oliva, "Enemies and Friends: Zebulon Montgomery Pike and Facundo Melgares in the Struggle for Control of the Great Plains, 1806-1807"

March 16 - Clive Siegle, "Spies in Our Midst: Zebulon Pike and the 'Infamous Conspiracy'"

April 27 - John Murphy, "Zebulon Pike Returns to Kansas after 200 Years"

May 25 - Mike Olsen, "Zebulon Montgomery Pike and American Popular Culture or: Has Pike Peaked?"

August 24 - Craig Crease, "Mystery Man of the Zebulon Pike Expedition: The Life and Times of Dr. John Hamilton Robinson"

September 21 - Mark L. Gardner, "Reconnaissance for Manifest Destiny: The Southwestern Journals of Zebulon Pike"

October 19 - Richard Gould, "An Uncertain Welcome: Zebulon Pike Meets the Pawnees"

COLORADO SPRINGS PIONEERS MUSEUM PIKE PROGRAMS

The Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum offers free Pike Bicentennial programs and tours for your group or school through 2006. For

more information, call 719- 385-5990 or check the museum web site at <www.cspm.org>. A schedule of Pike programs follows:

February 18, 2:00 pm. Public lecture. Nationally recognized authors Jeanne and David Heidler will speak on "The Spy, the Vice President, and the Explorer: the Burr Conspiracy and the American West." Seating is limited and reservations are required. Call 719-385-5990. Free.

March 11, 10 am-5 pm. Exhibition opening "Looming Large: Artistic Legacy of Pikes Peak," highlights a broad perspective of traditional and contemporary images featuring Pikes Peak from the mid-eighteenth century to present day. Free.

March 18, 2:00 pm. Public lecture and book signing by James P. Ronda and John Logan Allen. They will address "Pike's World: Exploration and Empire in the Greater Southwest." Following their presentations, they will sign and sell copies of the Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum publication *To Spare No Pains: Zebulon Montgomery Pike and His Legacy* that includes their essays. Seating is limited and reservations are required. Call 719-385-5990.

April 18, 2:00 pm. Public lecture. TBA. Free

May 20, Exhibition opening. "Marketing the Mountain: Pikes Peak in the Popular Imagination." Family activities from 11 am - 2:00 pm. include music, refreshments, and informal presentations in the exhibit gallery. At 2:00 pm historian Mike Olsen presents a free lecture, "Zebulon Pike and American Popular Culture or: Has Pike Peaked?" Seating is limited and reservations are required. Call 719-385-5990.

June 3, Pikes Peak Library District hosts Zebulon Montgomery Pike Symposium, cosponsored by CSPM. Call the library at 719-531-6333 ext. 2253 for details.

June 4, The Music of Pike's World. Musicians perform the popular tunes heard by Pike and his soldiers before they departed St. Louis for parts unknown. When they reached Santa Fe in 1807 they experienced new music. Free outdoor concert at the Gazebo on the grounds of the Pioneers Museum at 1:00 p.m. Afterward interpreters will be on hand to share interesting aspects of the Pike

story in the three bicentennial exhibits inside the museum.

June 24, July 8 & 22, & August 12, 10:00-12:30. History Explorers, program for children ages 7- 12 years. Pre-registration required. Call 719-385-5990 for details. Fee.

July 14, Original Pike documents from the National Archives will be on display at CSPM through August. Museum visitors may see Pike's handwritten orders and the maps he created showing his route through Colorado. This will be the first time these documents have been seen in this region since Pike was here 200 years ago.

July 15, Opening of the Pike Centennial Time Capsule in Antlers Park, marking the 200th anniversary of the day Pike embarked on his western sojourn.

August 5, 2:00 pm. Public lecture and book signing by Mark L. Gardner. He will discuss the many editions of Pike's famous journal in "Reconnaissance for Manifest Destiny: The Southwestern Journals of Zebulon Pike." Free but reservations are encouraged, call 719-385-5990.

September 16, 2:00 pm. Public lecture by Lane Brunner, Director of Numismatic Outreach at the American Numismatic Association. "The Currency of Exploration and Empire." Free but reservations are encouraged, call 719-385-5990.

LARNED PIKE PLAZA UPDATE

In recent days, the development of the Zebulon Pike Plaza being installed at Larned by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter has made significant strides: All the concrete work has been completed, thanks to Mildon Yeager. The shelter house donated by the city of Larned has been installed. The Fort Larned National Historic Site has volunteered to re-roof and paint the shelter house. Keith Mull of Larned has donated funds to purchase the flag pole. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Cherry have donated a U.S. Flag as was used in 1806, with 15 stars and 15 stripes. Stone posts have been donated by Dale Wagner from Albert, Rick Schwindt from LaCrosse, and the Reinhardt Family of Bison.

The Plaza will be dedicated on October 29, the final day of the Santa Fe Trail Rendezvous. On that day, a

brunch will be served, along with period music. Then John Murphy, the country's foremost Pike authority, will speak and a formal dedication will be conducted. Roy Pike, president of the Pike Family Association, will participate in the dedication.

PIKE'S JOURNAL, PART XII

This reprint of Pike's journal of the expedition of 1806-1807 continues, starting with the entry for March 9, 1807, on El Camino Real south of Santa Fe with Spanish Lieutenant Facundo Melgares.

Pike's Journal

9th March, Monday.—The troops marched about ten o'clock. Lt. Malgares and myself accompanied captain D'Almansa, about three miles back on his rout to Santa Fe, to the house of a citizen, where we dined; after which we separated. I wrote by the captain to the governor, in French and to father Rubi in English. D'Almansa presented me with his cap and whip, and gave me a letter of recommendation to an officer in Chihuahua. We returned to our old quarters and being joined by our waiters, commenced our route. Passed a village called St. Thomas one mile distant from the camp. The camp was formed in an ellipsis, the two long sides presenting a breast work formed of the saddles and heads of the mules, each end of the ellipsis having a small opening to pass and repass at; in the centre was the commandant's tent. Thus in case of an attack on the camp there were ready formed works to fight from. Malgares' mode of living, was superior to any thing we have an idea of in our army; having eight mules loaded with his common camp equipage, wines, confectionary, &c. But this only served to evince the corruption of the Spanish discipline, for if a subaltern indulged himself with such a quantity of baggage, what would be the cavalcade attending on an army? Doctor Robinson had been called over the river to a small village to see a sick woman and did not return that night. Distance 12 miles.

10th March, Tuesday.—Marched at eight o'clock and arrived at the village of Sibilleta, passed on the way the village of Sabinez on the west

side, and Xaxales, on the same side. Sibilleta is situated on the east side and is a regular square, appearing like a large mud wall on the outside, the doors, windows, &c., facing the square, and is the neatest and most regular village I have yet seen; it is governed by a sergeant at whose quarters I put up.

11th March, Wednesday.—Marched at eleven o'clock came 12 miles and encamped, the troops having preceded us. Lieutenant Malgares not being well, took medicine. The village we staid at last night, being the last, we now entered the wilderness and the road became rough, small hills running into the river, making vallies; but the bottoms appear richer than those more to the north.

12th March, Thursday.—Marched at seven o'clock, and passed on the west side of the river, the mountains of Magdalen, the black mountains on the east. Passed the encampment of the caravan, going out with about 15,000 sheep for the other provinces from which they bring back merchandize. This expedition consisted of about 300 men, chiefly citizens escorted by an officer and 35 or 40 troops; they are collected at Sibilleta and separate there on their return. They go out in February and return in March; a similar expedition goes out in the autumn, during the other parts of the year no citizen travels the road, the couriers excepted. At the pass of the Rio del Norte, they meet and exchange packets, when each return to their own province. Met a caravan of 50 men and probably 200 horses, loaded with goods for New-Mexico. Halted at twelve o'clock and marched at three. Lt. Malgares shewed me the place where he had been in two affairs with the Appaches; one he commanded himself, and the other was commanded by captain D'Almansa; in the former there was one Spaniard killed and eight wounded and ten Appaches made prisoners, in the latter 52 Appaches were wounded and 17 killed; they being surprised in the night. Malgares killed two himself, and had two horses killed under him.

13th, March, Friday.—Marched at seven o'clock, saw many deer. Halted at eleven o'clock and marched at four o'clock. This day one of our horses threw a you[n]g woman and ran off,

(as was the habit of all the Spanish horses, if by chance they throw their rider) when many of the dragoons and Malgares pursued him. I being mounted on an elegant horse of Malgares, joined in the chase, and notwithstanding their superior horsemanship overtook the horse, caught his bridle and stopped him, when both of the horses were nearly at full speed. This act procured me the applause of the Spanish dragoons, and it is astonishing how much it operated on their good will.

14th March, Saturday.—Marched at ten o'clock, and halted at a mountain, distance ten miles, this is the point from which the road leaves the river for two days journey bearing due south, the river taking a turn south west, by the river, five days to where the roads meet. We marched at four o'clock and eight miles below, crossed the river to the west side, two mules fell in the water, and unfortunately they carried the stores of lieutenant Malgares, by which means we lost all our bread, an elegant assortment of buiscuit, &c. Distance 18 miles.

15th, March, Sunday.—Marched at half past ten o'clock. Made 28 miles, the route rough and stony; course S. 20° W.

16th March, Monday.—Marched at 7 o'clock, and halted at twelve. Passed on the east side the horse mountain, and the mountain of the dead. Came on a trail of appearance of 200 horses, supposed to be the trail of an expedition from the province of Biscay, against the indians.

17th March, Tuesday.—Marched at ten o'clock, and at four in the afternoon, crossed the river to the east side; saw several fresh indian tracks, also the trail of a large party of horses, supposed to be Spanish troops in pursuit of the indians. Marched down the river 26 miles, fresh sign of indians, also of a party of horses; country mountainous on both sides of the river.

18th March, Wednesday.—Marched down the river 26 miles; fresh sign of indians, also a party of horses; country mountainous on both sides of the river. [This is the same entry as the day before and may be an error.]

19th March, Thursday.—Struck out east about three miles and fell in with the main road, (or a large flat

prairie) which we left at the mountain of the friar Christopher.

20th March, Friday.—Halted at ten o'clock, at a salt lake. Marched until two o'clock, halted for the day; vegetation began to be discoverable on the 17th and this day the weeds and grass were quite high.

21st March, Saturday.—Marched in the morning and arrived at the passo del Norte at 11 o'clock, the road leading through a hilly and mountainous country. We put up at the house of Don Francisco Garcia who was a merchant and a planter; he possessed in the vicinity of the town 20,000 sheep and 1000 cows; we were received in a most hospitable manner, by Don Pedro Roderique Rey, the lieutenant governor, and father Joseph Prado, the vicar of the place. This was by far the most flourishing place we had been in. [Footnote omitted here.]

22d March, Sunday.—Remained at the Passo.

23rd March, Monday.—Mass performed, leave the Passo at three o'clock, to fort Elisiaria [Elizario], accompanied by the lieutenant governor, the Vicar and Allencaster a brother of the governor. Malgares, myself and the doctor took up our quarters at the house of capt. ———, who was then at Chihuahua; but his lady and sister entertained us in a very elegant and hospitable manner. They began playing cards and continued until late the third day. Malgares who won considerably, would send frequently 15 or 20 dollars from the table to the lady of the house, her sister and others; and beg their acceptance, in order that the goddess of fortune, might still continue propitious, in this manner he distributed 500 dollars; around this fort were a great number of Appaches, who were on a treaty with the Spaniards. These people appeared to be perfectly independent in their manners, and were the only savages I saw in the Spanish dominions, whose spirit was not humbled, whose necks were not bowed to the yoke of their invaders. With those people Malgares was extremely popular and I believe he sought popularity with them, and all the common people, for there was no man so poor or so humble, under whose roof he would not enter; and when he walked out, I have seen him

put a handful of dollars in his pocket give them all to the old men, women and children before he returned to his quarters; but to equals he was haughty and overbearing. This conduct he pursued through the whole province of New Mexico and Biscay, when at a distance from the seat of government, but I could plainly perceive that he was cautious of his conduct, as he approached the capital. I here left a letter for my sergeant.

24th March, Tuesday.—Very bad weather.

25th March, Wednesday.—The troops marched, but Lt. Malgares and my men remained.

(continued next issue)

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

President D. Ray Blakeley
PO Box 222
Clayton NM 88415
(505) 374-2555

The next meeting will be in April 2006, hosted by Morton County.

Texas Panhandle

President Kathy Revett Wade
1615 Bryan Place #14
Amarillo TX 79102
(806) 371-9309
<krevett@arn.net>

No report.

Wagon Bed Spring

President Edward Dowell
602 E Wheat Ave
Ulysses KS 67880
(620) 356-4525

No report.

Heart of the Flint Hills

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

The trail ride is planned for June 9-16. Please contact the president for details and registration.

End of the Trail

La Alcaidesa Joy Poole
125 W Lupita Rd
Santa Fe NM 87505
(505) 820-7828
<amusejoy@aol.com>

The November 19 program was presented by John Ramsey, "The Trail from Velarde to Taos." On January 21 Inez Ross and Carolyn Robinson presented a program of their adventures while hiking the Trail. New officers were elected.

Corazón de los Caminos

President Faye Gaines
HC 60, Box 27
Springer NM 87747
(505) 485-2473
<fayegaines@yahoo.com>
<<http://santafetrail.org/corazon/>>

No report.

Wet/Dry Routes

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

Fifty-two members and guests attended the winter meeting of the chapter in Kinsley, KS, on January 15. Special guests were members of the Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron Chapter. Following a covered-dish dinner, the business session was conducted. The Faye Anderson Award was presented to a worthy recipient, George Elmore, longtime ranger at Fort Larned National Historic Site and recognized authority on the frontier army and the so-called Indian Wars. A motion passed approving the installation of three additional interpretive markers: Fort Atkinson, Fort Mann, and the Santa Fe Trail Survey Campsite east of Dodge City. The Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron Chapter will share in the costs of the markers.

Announcements were made relative to the *Robert's Trunk* and *I Heard A Coyote Howl* Learning Units being used at Larned's Northside School, also the poster contest now under way at Larned's Middle School. A donation from Larry and Carolyn Mix in honor of Larry's father was accepted for the Pike Plaza fund and a period flag for the Pike Plaza was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Cherry. The Santa Fe Trail Rendezvous was announced for October 27-29, the theme "The Zebulon Pike Expedition." The Rendezvous will close on the morning of October 29 with the program conducted by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter. A brunch will be served, accompanied by period music, followed by an address by noted Pike authority, John Murphy from Colorado Springs. Subsequently, the meeting will adjourn to the Zebulon Pike Plaza for a formal dedication.

The spring meeting is scheduled for April 30, 2006, 1:00 p.m. at Fort Larned National Historic Site. On



George Elmore receiving Faye Anderson Award from Joan Forrest, Faye's daughter, photo courtesy of Larry Mix.

display will be the chapter's recently completed exhibit, *Pictures and Word Pictures, Crossings on the Santa Fe Trail in Kansas*.

The chapter regrets to announce the death of former President Howard Losey. Born near the Dry Route of the Santa Fe Trail, Howard was an avid student of the Trail. Our condolences are extended to wife Joyce and the family.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

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

The annual winter meeting was held jointly with the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter in Kinsley on January 15. Following a potluck dinner, the business meetings were held. Leo Oliva spoke on Zebulon Pike and his explorations in Kansas and farther west. The topic was particularly relevant as the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter is developing a Pike Memorial Plaza in Larned on Highway 56.

Missouri River Outfitters

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

In November the chapter met with Overland Park Historical Society to hear Shirley Coupal and Pat Traffas talk about and show slides of Santa Fe Trail markers in Kansas erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The next meeting is February 7 at the Arthur Mag Center, with a program by Mary Conrad on Kansas City Trail Archaeology. The chapter plans a bus tour to Council Grove on April 29.

The chapter continues its project of placing stone-post markers at important points along the Trail.

Quivira

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

With chapter members now well rested and recovered from a wonderful symposium, we will meet Sunday, February 12, at the Coronado Quivira Museum in McPherson, with Bob Button presenting the program on Zebulon Pike.

For those interested, some items from the symposium, including a tour guidebook and DVD of the lectures, will be available for sale soon.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Steve Schmidt
1120 Cobblestone Ct
McPherson KS 67460
(620) 245-0715

The chapter met November 17 at the Three Sisters Tea Room in Canton, KS. A program, "Black Kettle Indian Chief," was presented by Clarence Goering from Moundridge, KS. A business session was held, followed by election of officers. Those elected are President Steve Schmidt, Vice-President Sharon Schutte, Secretary Doug Sharp, Treasurer Bill Silverstrand Directors Gil Michael and Vernon Lohrentz, and Historian John E. Wiebe.

On January 19 the board of directors met at Doug Sharp's home in Marion, KS. Minutes and treasurer's report were approved. If requested, any one wishing a copy of the tour guide of the symposium east tour will be provided. President Schmidt has received an invitation and will attend the SFTA Retreat in Trinidad, CO, March 24-25.

At the board meeting lengthy discussion centered on future board and chapter meetings for 2006. Many suggestions were made. A tentative date for the next meeting is March 4 or 11 for a joint meeting with the Quivira Chapter in Lyons, KS, and to visit the Quivira Museum.

Another chapter meeting was set for May 6 to view the Trail ruts and the "blowout" southwest of Durham, KS, and then meet at the Main Street Café in Durham. President Schmidt's priorities for 2006 are to

build membership and facilitate better and more communication.

Bent's Fort

President Charlie Hutton
18300 Rd EE.5
Rocky Ford CO 81067
(719) 254-7266

The chapter met November 5 at the Otero Museum in La Junta, with a program by Rebecca Atkinson on "Women of Boggsville and Southeastern Colorado." Business included planning for the Pike bicentennial commemoration and for the 2007 symposium in Trinidad.

The following were nominated for officers for 2006, with the election to take place at the annual meeting on January 28.

President: Charlie Hutton
Vice-President: Don Lowman
Secretary: LaDonna Hutton
Treasurer: Emery Murray
Committee Chairs:
Tours: Bonnie Ratliff
Education: Luella Marlman
Nomination: Don Lowman
Membership: Richard Carrillo
Newsletter & Arkansas Valley
Fair Booth: Betty Murray
Public Relations: Rebecca Atkinson

Speaker for the annual meeting will be Pat Palmer of Lamar. A potluck lunch was planned.

The chapter will again cosponsor, for the 5th year, along with Boggsville Historical Site and Otero Junior College, a Teacher Workshop. It is planned for Boggsville. The instructors will be noted Boggsville researcher Richard Carrillo and John Carson, great-grandson of Kit Carson. Tentative dates are June 8-9, 2006. They are working to offer credit for teachers attending. For more information, call Richard Carrillo at 719-384-8054.

BOGGSVILLE NEWS

by Richard Carrillo

PLANs are currently underway for 2006 at Boggsville Historic Site near Las Animas, CO. The following are some of the events being scheduled (some dates are tentative).

1. Archaeology and Historic Preservation Month event is tentatively scheduled for Saturday, May 13. This will include the bimonthly meeting of Bent's Fort Chapter. It will feature entertainment, speakers, and barbeque. A dedication will

also be held in memory of Phil Peterson.

2. Otero Jr. College "Summer Academy" at Boggsville is scheduled for June 8-9. It will be entitled "Along the Santa Fe Trail: A Contextual Overview of the History and Archaeology of Southeastern Colorado at Boggsville Historic Site, Bent County, Colorado." It will again be taught by John Carson and Richard Carrillo. Five scholarships will be provided for teachers who sign up for the course.

3. The Front Range Community College Archaeology Field School will be held at Boggsville from June 19-24.

4. A grant has been applied for through the Santa Fe Trail Byways to complete the wayside signs along the self-guided trail at Boggsville. Other grants are in the process of being written to complete the Santa Fe Trail room, to obtain a security system for Boggsville, and to continue to conduct archaeology at the Carson House locale.



HOOF PRINTS —TRAIL TIDBITS—

The Friends of Arrow Rock recently received two important collections: Jean Hyde donated a collection of primitive tools, farm implements, and household and kitchen items as well as a nearly complete set of equipment and furnishings for a 19th-century country store. Jean Gaddy Wilson presented a collection of more than 300 gun parts, gunsmithing tools, and related items.

The USDA Forest Service, Southwest Region, has published an informative, illustrated brochure, "Explore the Santa Fe Trail in New Mexico: Kiowa and Rita Blanca National Grasslands." It contains good information about the entire Trail. Contact the Grasslands' office, 505-374-9652.

The grand opening of El Camino Real International Heritage Center, located 32 miles south of Socorro, NM, was held November 19, 2005. This new museum is a joint project of the New Mexico Dept. of Cultural Affairs and the U.S. Bureau of Land Management.

SFTA is one of the sponsors for the annual Kansas Archaeology Month poster for 2006, which has the theme "Crossroads of the Continent: Early Trade in Kansas." April is the special month, and some 5,000 posters and other materials will be distributed to schools, museums, and libraries across the state.

NEW SFTA MEMBERS

This list includes new memberships received since the last issue. Those received after this printing will appear in the next issue. If there is an error in this information, please send corrections to the editor. We thank you for your support. Membership rosters are available for \$5 postpaid from Last Chance Store.

BUSINESS MEMBERSHIPS

Earth/Ocean Exploration, 2021 Jessup St, Brighton CO 80601

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIPS

Barton County Historical Society, PO Box 1091, Great Bend KS 67530

PATRON MEMBERSHIPS

John Patrick Michael Murphy, 3755 Hill Dr, Colorado Springs CO 80906

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Bob & Sandy Gibson, 946 Hulse, McPherson KS 67640
Duane Johnson, 2150 14th Rd, Sterling KS 67579
Charlotte & William Jones, 1620 Quince Ave, Boulder CO 80304
Pat & Charlie Lundblade, 259 Valley Rd, Courtland KS 66939
Glenn & Marcia Shields, 95347 Bushnell Rd, Big Rock IL 60511
Steve & Sharon Vondracek, 251

Lockridge, Mulvane KS 67110

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Darlene Bartel, 690 730th, Hillsboro KS 67063
William A. Baxter, 32 South Fork Extended, Santa Fe NM 87508
Henry Bryan, 1800 Edison Shores Pl, Port Huron MI 48060
Kathleen Enriquez, 403 E 37th St, Hutchinson KS 67502
Linda Gegick, PO Box 2852, Las Vegas NM 87701
Mervin J. Harlan, RR 1 Box 116, Madison KS 66860
Stephanie Joret, 8410 Fountain Ave #3, West Hollywood CA 90069
Richard L. Land, 5813 SW 24 St Terrace, Topeka KS 66614
Ron Lolordo, 4158 Cheyenne Cir, Santa Fe NM 87507
Matt Mallinson, 3118 N River Rd, Independence MO 64050
Clifford Mowry, 655 S 300 @ B-6, Cedar City UT 84720
Micheline Marie Oglesby, 2768 FM 876, Waxahachie TX 75167
Gregory Olsen, 4300 S Chicago, Sioux Falls SD 57103
Pat Palmer, PO Box 628, Lamar CO 81052
Robert A. Parrish, PO Box 67, Great Bend KS 67530
Vicki Roberts, PO Box 81, Kenton OK 73946
David W. Rush, 13204 Grandview Rd, Grandview MO 64030

YOUTH MEMBERSHIPS

Carson Donoho Bayless, 6864 Peppertree Ct, Longmont CO 80503
Sterling Wyatt Dietz, 201 S Carmelina Ave, Los Angeles CA 90049

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 May, so send information for June and later to arrive by April 20, 2006. Other events are listed in articles and chapter reports. Thank you.

Mar. 24-25, 2006: SFTA Retreat, Trinidad, CO.

May 6, 2006: Fort Larned Old Guard annual meeting, Fort Larned NHS, reservations: 785-285-6911.

June 1, 2006: Deadline for articles for 20th-anniversary issue of *WT*.

June 16-18, 2006: Wah Shun Gah Days, Council Grove, KS.

Sept. 15-16, 2006: Voices of the Wind People Pageant, Council Grove, KS.

Oct. 27-29, 2006: Santa Fe Trail Rendezvous, Larned, KS.

Oct. 29, 2006: Dedication of Zebulon M. Pike Plaza, Larned, KS.

Sept. 27-29, 2007: SFTA symposium, Trinidad, CO.

FROM THE EDITOR

We welcome a new column in this issue, "Scouting the Trail Online," by Julie Daicoff of Lenexa, KS.

Please read Manager Siegle's column, especially about plans for the revamped SFTA web site. One very important item needs to be added, a master calendar to keep everyone informed of what is happening and to help prevent scheduling conflicts.

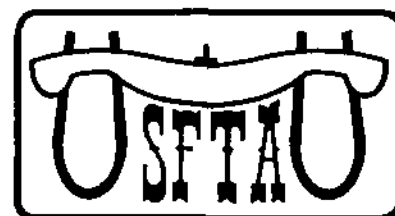
Remember articles for the 20th-anniversary issue next August are needed by June 1 (regular features will be due July 1; some items may be carried over to next issue because of space limitations).

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675

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