

Wagon Tracks

Volume 20

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Santa Fe Trail Association

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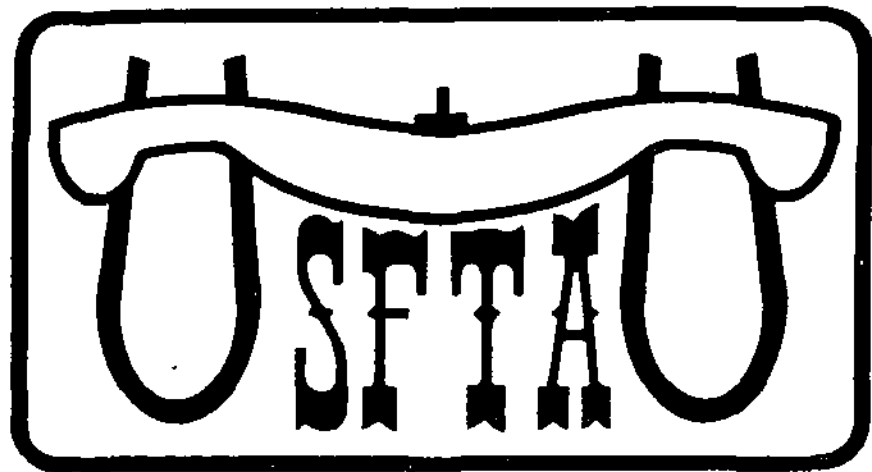


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 20

NOVEMBER 2005

NUMBER 1

SUPERB SYMPOSIUM

More than 300 participants gathered at McPherson to enjoy a superb symposium presented by the Quivira and Cottonwood Crossing chapters of SFTA. Everyone involved is commended for an outstanding program. The variety of programs and tours, combination of education and entertainment, good food and fellowship, and many fine exhibits were greatly appreciated (see symposium photos, pp. 14-15).

NEW MEMBERS JOIN BOARD

THE following new officers and board members, elected last summer, took office at the close of the membership meeting at McPherson on September 30.

President George Donoho Bayless, Santa Fe NM

Vice-President Joanne VanCoevern, Salina KS

Secretary Kathleen Pickard, Salina KS

At-Large Representative Roberta Falkner, Prairie Village KS

Colorado Representative LaDonna Hutton, Rocky Ford

Kansas Representative Ron Parks, Council Grove

New Mexico Representative Rene Harris, Santa Fe

Those elected to serve another term include:

Treasurer Ruth Olson Peters, Larned KS

Missouri Representative John Atkinson, St Joseph

Oklahoma Representative Sara Jane Richter, Goodwell

Texas Representative Clint Chambers, Lubbock

Another new board member is Alice Anne Thompson, St. Louis, who replaced Nancy Lewis, Blue Springs, who resigned, as a Missouri representative.

The other board members who still have two years to serve in their current terms are:

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PIKE BICENTENNIAL
2006-2007

SFTA AWARDS 2005

A highlight of every symposium is the presentation of awards to honor those who have performed outstanding service to the Trail and SFTA. There is one sad note: Katharine B. Kelley, who received the Rittenhouse Award for lifetime achievement, died a few days before the symposium. Her award was accepted by Malcolm Strom, her brother-in-law. Kelley was a charter member of SFTA and the first life member. In addition to a special recognition of Marc Simmons, given a life membership in SFTA, the 2005 awards were presented to the following:

AWARD OF MERIT

1. The New Mexico Walking Group—Inez Ross, Phyllis Morgan, Judith Janay, Carolyn Robinson, & Jennifer Reglien Romero, who walked the Trail.
2. Phyllis Morgan, Albuquerque NM, for her recent book, *Marc Simmons of New Mexico: Maverick Historian* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2005).
3. Annette Gray, Markerville, Alberta, Canada, for her recent book, *Journey of the Heart: The True Story of Mamie Aguirre, 1844-1906* (Markerville, Canada: Graytwest Books, 2004).
4. Jon Bauman, Dallas TX, for his recent novel about the Trail, *Santa Fe Passage* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2004).
5. Quivira Chapter, co-host of the symposium.
6. Cottonwood Crossing Chapter, co-host of the symposium.
7. Jere Krakow, NPS, current Superintendent, Branch of Long Distance Trails, Rocky Mountain District, including the Santa Fe Trail.
8. Walter & Teresa Pickett, Los Alamos NM, for taking care of the 19 DAR markers in NM.

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MARC SIMMONS PRESENTED LIFE MEMBERSHIP

MARC Simmons, Cerrillos, NM, founding president and officially-designated "Father of the Santa Fe Trail Association," was presented a life membership in recognition of his many contributions to Trail history and the Association. The SFTA Last Chance Store, which has sold more than a thousand copies of Simmons's books over the years, funded this life membership. Simmons was unable to attend the symposium. Hal Jackson delivered and presented the award.

SPECIAL WT ISSUE PLANNED FOR AUGUST 2006

THE August 2006 issue will conclude volume 20 of *Wagon Tracks*. The special commemorative issue, funded in part by a cost-share grant from the National Park Service, will feature the history of SFTA, founded in 1986, and the Santa Fe National Historic Trail, established in 1987. Anyone wishing to contribute to this issue should contact the editor.

MUSEUM COLUMN EDITOR

PAULA Manini, director of the Colorado Historical Society's Trinidad History Museum, will edit the museum column, "The Caches," begun by the late Anna Belle Cartwright and appearing again in this issue. Thank you Paula.

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

"THE SANTA FE TRAIL LIVES ON!"

Those wonderful words by Marc Simmons were echoed loudly with an exhilaration of exuberance in McPherson, Kansas, at our 2005 Santa Fe Trail Association Symposium Sept. 29-Oct. 2. The Quivira and Cottonwood Crossing chapters' "Meet Us Half Way to Santa Fe" symposium was simply great! Janel Cook & her committee gave the 300-plus attendees a history lesson every minute and explored more ruts on more tours than I have ever seen in my ten years as a member of the End of the Trail chapter in Santa Fe and SFTA. So, our mighty thanks to Janel *et al.*, Quivira and Cottonwood Crossing chapters: it could not have been better!

I encourage all of you and your friends to plan to attend the September 2007 symposium in Trinidad, Colorado, where SFTA got its start in 1986, thanks to Joy Poole, the "Mother of the Santa Fe Trail Association," and Marc Simmons, the "Father of the Santa Fe Trail Association." Joy and Marc are co-founders of SFTA, and it was especially fitting that Joy was given the Paul F. Bentrup Ambassador Award for her early years of work and serving on SFTA's board of directors and that Marc, who served as the first president of SFTA and has contributed so much over these many years to Trail history, was given a \$1,000 lifetime membership in SFTA. Please see the story of all award winners in this issue.

As your new president, as I told the general meeting in McPherson on Sept. 30, when outgoing president Hal Jackson introduced me, the work we will do in the next two years will be riding on the shoulders of Hal. And big and broad shoulders they are!

Hal helped expand education to help spread our story in schools through teacher workshops, led by Chris Day and Marcia Fox, education committee co-chairs, and their creation of Trail History Trunks, containing clothing, utensils, artifacts, anything someone on a wagon train would have. Every chapter has been offered a history trunk, and I can't wait until we get ours into classrooms here in Santa Fe! (I have

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

to keep it in the principal's office here at Ortiz Middle School where I teach to keep it from being stolen by my fellow teachers!)

Hal's four years of service included enhancing our important relationship with the National Park Service's Long Distance Trails office in Santa Fe, where a cost-share program is allowing SFTA to do more projects. Hal's other contributions include supporting our 12 chapters in whatever programs and projects they wanted to undertake. He also is instrumental in the Pike Bicentennial Commission activity.

As I told the Sept. 30 meeting, I asked all committee chairs and their members to stay on board if they so choose. I want to have all committees appointed so we can prepare for our retreat in Trinidad, CO, on March 24-25, 2006. Hal wanted SFTA to have another retreat to review the bylaws and plan a five-year strategy for becoming even more viable than our 888 members are today. And we chose Trinidad to help support the 2007 Symposium committee.

We will invite chapter presidents or their designee to the retreat to join with the board, officers, and SFTA staff, as well as NPS folks, who have approved a \$5,000 cost-share grant to help us with our travel expenses. (As you may know, board members pay their own expenses to attend symposiums and rendezvous, so this is a nice break from the NPS.)

We will send out a mail survey of all members soon to get feedback

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Membership Categories

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

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from you as to how we're doing: what works and what does not work, how we can help tell our story of preservation of the Trail, what ideas we are not hearing or listening to, etc.

We will look at trying a symposium and/or the 2006 Rendezvous in the summer so that parents of school-age children and school teachers can attend, not so much to create more members, but to offer our wonderful national historic trail gift to people who otherwise cannot attend a September event. (That includes my children and grandchildren, all of whom are in 2nd and 4th grades!)

We will be asking you soon to help us erase a \$6,000 budget deficit this year by making a donation in addition to your SFTA dues. Our new at-large board member, Roberta Falkner of Prairie Village, Kansas, is going to help us accomplish this with her years of successful fundraising. Please be generous when the postman comes!

And our newest Missouri board member, Alice A. Thompson of St. Louis, Missouri, has offered to host the 2009 symposium in St. Charles, Missouri, where goods for the Santa Fe Trail originated before being loaded on wagons at Old Franklin, Missouri.

But the key, as I see it, as to the strength of SFTA is the strength of each of our 12 chapters, whose innovative programs have created a group of people who keep Marc's motto alive: "THE SANTA FE TRAIL LIVES ON!"

I want anyone to call me (505) 983-6338, write me PO Box 23928, Santa Fe NM 87502, or e-mail me at <donoho28@hotmail.com> anytime to talk, to praise our hardworking Larned, Kansas, staff, complain to me about what I need to do better, etc. I am here for you, and but for Mary Donoho being discovered by Marian Meyer as the first U.S. woman to come down the Santa Fe Trail in 1833, 13 years before Susan Magoffin, I wouldn't be here: thank you Marian, thank you Linda Revello in our headquarters, thank you to Leo and Bonita Oliva for *Wagon Tracks*, and thank you to Joy Poole and Marc Simmons for providing us this great venture and adventure! And thank you members!

—George Donoho Bayless

MANAGER'S COLUMN

ALL too soon, winter will descend on the Trail, and like traders of old, some of us will be warming ourselves in the emporiums of Santa Fe or Kansas City, while the rest will be dug in at our road ranches somewhere in between.

But while winter might be a bit frosty for splashing across Cottonwood Crossing, or if the idea of sledging down icy Raton Pass with a 4,000-lb. freight wagon and a bovine luge team doesn't seem keen, there is one Trail activity that will be going great guns: school.

Education remains one of our most important tools in implementing our mission to preserve the Trail; after all, children of property owners along the Trail and in trailside communities grow up to become owners or purchasers and stewards of said historic properties. There is also the old adage to apply to today's fast-paced curriculum that "you never get a second chance to make a good first impression" with regard to pitching Trail history in the classroom.

In today's crowded and highly-structured K-12 curriculum, harried teachers need all the help they can get to meet "no child left behind" hoops and hurdles. Trail history has to be not only compelling to kids, but made attractive to teachers, who are constantly challenged to pick and choose what subject "modules" they will offer to fulfill the requirements.

Bearing that in mind, Chris Day and Marcia Fox of our SFTA Education Committee developed a very effective tool for taking the story of the Road to Santa Fe to the next generation of potential Trail aficionados with our very own adaptation of that old fashion staple, the "trunk show." Those of you who attended the McPherson Symposium and were able to attend the Education Committee's presentation got a glimpse of these "trail trunks" as they were delivered to the various chapters for use in their school districts.

For those of you who were unable to attend, here is the concept in a nutshell. The trail trunks are an interdisciplinary, self-contained, traveling educational resource that presents the history of the Santa Fe Trail through the use of primary historical documents and examples of material

and folk culture relevant to the period. Students get to read about the Trail in reproduction period newspapers (the primary documents), dress in the clothes, examine the objects used by Anglos, Indians, and Hispanics as they traveled over the Trail, and even schlep an assortment of trade goods to see what really fueled the market. A glimpse of nineteenth-century folk culture is presented by student participation in period songs, dances, and games. Such things tend to pry history right off the pages of all those textbooks, where they sometimes seem stuck like flypaper. OK, so we can't bundle in all the risky Great Plains weather, perilous stream crossings, and spooky prairie sounds in the dead of night, or toss in a bottle of the sense of adventure that trail trips of any ilk seem to engender; but don't worry, the genie in the trunk will add all those: it's called Imagination.

And to make sure that the magic lamp gets rubbed right, the trail trunks contain comprehensive teacher's curriculum guides and lesson plans to minimize preparation and demystify all the 60+ items waiting to be discovered under the lid.

In order to expand the Association's commitment to education, we have recently added three stellar educators to that committee. Dr. Joyce Thierer graciously volunteered her services at meetings held during the symposium, and Pam Najdowski and Janet Armstead will likewise be assisting co-chairs Chris and Marcia. Welcome aboard!

Now here's where everyone else in the SFTA comes in. With the delivery of the trunks to the chapters, the Trail is now boxed up and ready to work its magic. Get hold of your child or grandchild's teachers, talk to school administrators, principals, and PTAs. They listen to parents and other concerned family members. If you don't have a child, talk it up to your neighbors and friends who do. Tell all of them about the trunk, and tell their teachers that we offer teacher's workshops as well. Don't let our nifty new trunks become snowbound this winter like those poor Santa Fe traders at "Freezeout Hollow" in 1844.

Let's get our trail trunks on the Trail!

—Clive Siegle

KATHERINE BERG

SFTA charter member Katherine (Fuller) Berg, Trinidad, CO, died September 27 at her home on Raton Pass, at age 84. She and her late husband, Don, operated the ranch established by Richens Lacy "Uncle Dick" Wootton, where Wootton once lived and operated his toll road over the pass. They received an award of merit from SFTA for their preservation efforts. Katherine was a great friend of the Santa Fe Trail and will be missed by her family and many friends.

KATHARINE B. KELLEY

Katharine Benson Kelley, 1909-2005, Baldwin City, KS, was a charter member of SFTA and the first life member. She was a school teacher for more than 40 years. After retirement in 1974, she worked at the Baldwin City Library up to the day before she died on September 27, 2005. She wrote about the Trail in Douglas County, KS, and she and the late Amelia Betts took care of the seven DAR Trail markers in the county and erected interpretive markers at those sites. One of her many hobbies was bird watching and banding. She had traveled the entire Santa Fe Trail on a bus tour, and the guide learned more from her than she from him.

Kelley received many awards, including an award of merit at the first symposium, SFTA Ambassador in 1989, Missouri River Outfitters Chapter Outstanding Achievement Award in 2005, and was to receive the SFTA Rittenhouse Memorial Stagecoach Award for lifetime achievement at the recent symposium. She died a few days before that award was presented, and it was accepted by her brother-in-law, Malcolm Strom. The award plaque will be placed in the library where she worked for many years. She also received awards from the Kansas Ornithological Society, was named Teacher of the Century by the Baldwin High School Alumni Association, and received an Honorary Doctorate from Baker University in Baldwin City. At her memorial service, it was

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BEQUEST TO THE SFTA**

noted that when she received the honorary doctorate the audience gave her a standing ovation. That had happened only once before at the university, when the recipient was British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher.

Katharine Kelley was one of the leading supporters of local history, Trail preservation, Trail history, and the SFTA. She was an inspiration and a model to be emulated. She is missed by many of us.

Sandra Doe, *WT* poetry editor, wrote the following tribute to Miss Kelley.

PRAIRIE POEM

(for Katharine B. Kelley)

I think of her in the tall grass at Baldwin City,

Among the Big Bluestem, the Indian-grass, the Switchgrass;

Setting SFT signs with her friend Amelia Betts at Black Jack Park,

Among Purple Prairieclover, Baldwin Ironweed,

Among the Prairie-coneflowers, and the Prairie Blue-eyed-grass,

Her own eyes blue and bright.

I think of her researching on most weekday afternoons,

In "Miss Kelley's Corner," Baldwin City Library,

Where her plaque hangs, glistening, like her contribution.

Her telling history to four walkers from the Southwest,

Sheltering them from the rain, all blazing the Santa Fe Trail

Through the Narrows, beyond the Mud Springs.

I think her teaching, 1002 students counted

In forty years of teaching at Clearfield, Hopewell, and Baldwin City,

Our Teacher of the Century, telling

How the Hard Maples came to Baldwin City via the Garden

Club and the Federation of Women's Clubs: "It's stories

Like these I am trying to keep alive."

I think of her banding birds, at 911 Dearborn, color-marking

Nestling Purple Martins and adults, counting

Pine Siskins only a block from a small, wooded stream,

Following feeding patterns winter after winter;

Numbering in the Christmas Bird Count: Long-Billed Dowitcher,

Meadowlark (Eastern and Western), Mourning Dove, Horned Lark.

I think of her born June 2 at Bittersweet Farm,

Lying buried now at Vinland in a cemetery prairie,

Among Pasqueflower and Prairie-smoke, Leadplant and Puccoons, Shootingstar, Spiderwort, Coneflowers, Wild Hyacinth

Some Big Blue, some Little Blue and Indiangrass,

Prairie Blue-eyed-grass, safe from chemicals agricultural.

I think of her ready to travel, ready

To collect a Santa Fe Trail Ambassador award; ready,

Her one bag packed, to follow the great road-

She took the tour, she drove the road- From Baldwin City to Santa Fe,

Flower of the Kansas Prairie.

—Sandra Maresh Doe

BOARD MEMBERS

(continued from page 1)

At-Large Representative Richard Loudon, Branson CO

Colorado Representative Dub Couch, Rocky Ford

Kansas Representative Jeff Trotman, Ulysses

New Mexico Representative Faye Gaines, Point of Rocks

Oklahoma Representative Tim Zwink, Piedmont

Texas Representative Robert Kincaid, Crowell

Contact information for all board members may be found on page 2.

2005 AWARDS

(continued from page 1)

PAUL F. BENTRUP AMBASSADOR

1. Hal Jackson, retiring president of SFTA.

2. Joy Poole, organizer of the first symposium and official "Mother of the Santa Fe Trail Association."

RITTENHOUSE MEMORIAL STAGECOACH AWARD

Katharine B. Kelley, Baldwin City KS.

HERITAGE PRESERVATION AWARD

1. Fred & Virginia Shields Family, Lincolnville KS, for preservation of Lost Spring area.

2. Wilmer & Hazel Ekholm, Windom KS, for preservation of Little Arkansas Crossing area.

MARC SIMMONS WRITING AWARD FOR BEST ARTICLE IN WAGON TRACKS

Phyllis Morgan, Albuquerque NM, for her series on wildlife along the Trail.

EDUCATION AWARD

Janice Swenson, fourth-grade teacher from Concordia KS.

SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

Emily Kieta, Dallas, TX, for her graduate research paper written at Southern Methodist University, "The New Mexico Fandango," which was published in the May 2005 *Wagon Tracks*.

TRAIL POSTER CONTEST

The Wet/Dry Routes Chapter has initiated a Trail poster contest for fifth-grade students in the Fort Larned USD. Prizes will be awarded: 1st, \$100.00; 2nd, \$75.00; and third, \$50.00. Deadline for the entries is February 1, 2006. This will allow teachers to include the contest in Kansas Day activities. Next year the contest will shift to the Kinsley-Offerle district. After that, all the districts in the chapter's area will be included.

WET/DRY ROUTES CHAPTER INSTALLS BATTLE OF COON CREEK INTERPRETIVE MARKER

THE Wet/Dry Routes Chapter recently installed an interpretive marker at the Battle of Coon Creek site just northeast of Kinsley, Kansas, on U.S. 56. Following is the text:

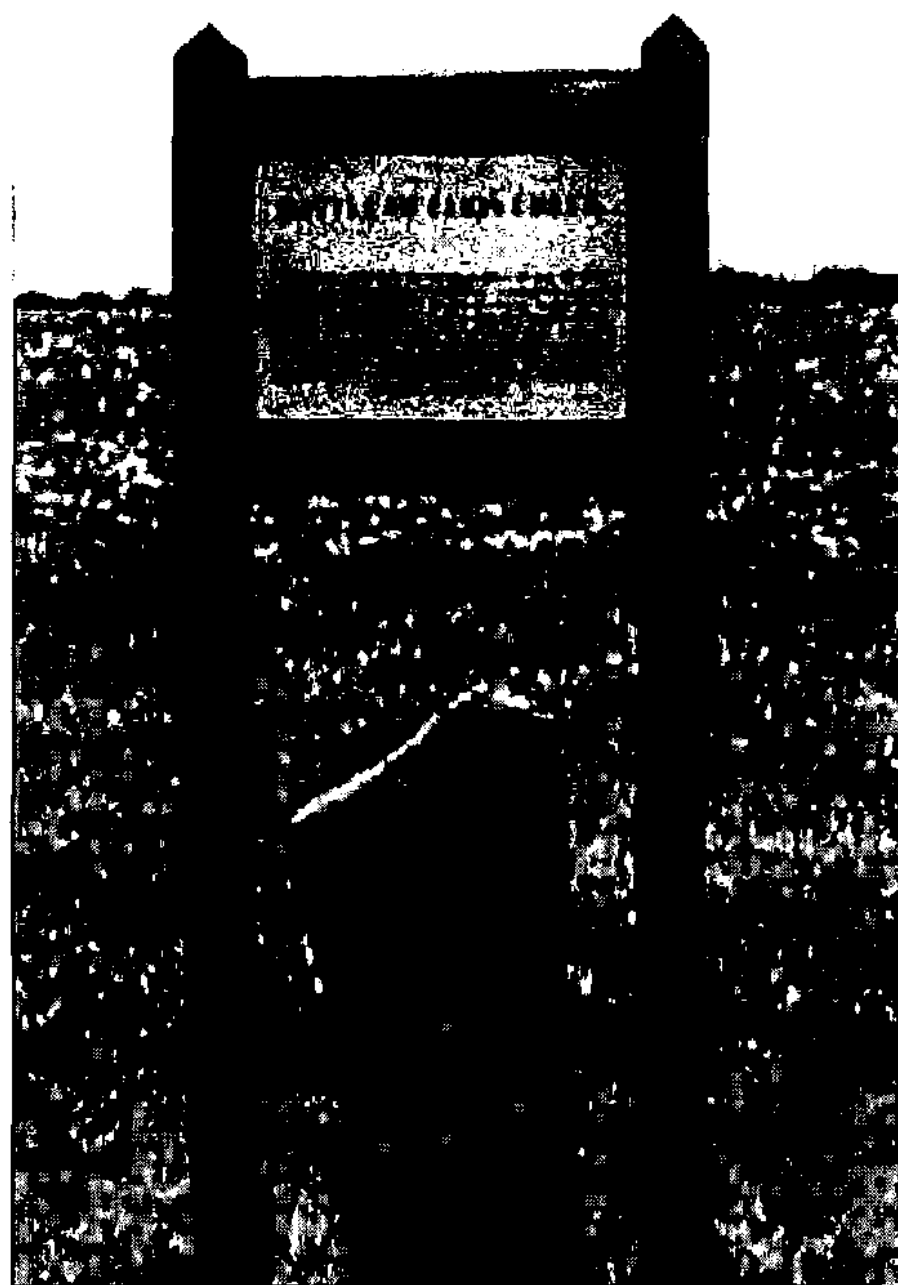
Battle of Coon Creek

South of this point near the Arkansas River on June 18, 1848, several hundred Comanches attacked an encampment composed of Paymaster Maj. Thomas S. Bryant, two supply trains, 425 beef cattle, Lt. Philip Stremmel's volunteer artillery detachment of 65 officers and men, and 71 recruits under the command of Lt. William B. Royall, First Dragoons. In the ensuing conflict, 23 Comanches were killed, but the troops suffered no losses. The engagement became known as the Battle of Coon Creek, so called for its proximity to that stream.

The language of the marker is somewhat different from that of the marker placed by the Kansas State Historical Society, two miles east of Kinsley on U.S. 50.

The Battle of Coon Creek

Indian attacks along the Santa Fe Trail were frequent from the 1820s to the 1870s. Near here, where the



trail followed the Arkansas river, the Battle of Coon Creek was fought June 18, 1848, between some 200 Comanches and Osages and 140 soldiers, half of whom were recruits bound for service in the Mexican war. A startling occurrence after the inconclusive battle, according to the official report, was the appearance of an Indian woman "who seemed to be their queen, mounted on a horse, decorated with silver ornaments on a scarlet dress, who rode about giving directions about the wounded." The identity of this angel of mercy has remained a mystery.

Most notable is the identification of 200 Comanches and Osages in the attack. Leo E. Oliva, in *Soldiers on the Santa Fe Trail*, put the number at 500, and there were no Osages present. Regardless, Gregory Franzwa printed the mistaken number and tribes represented in *The Santa Fe Trail Revisited*. However, to his credit, he did bring modern scholarship to bear upon the identity of the woman in the scarlet dress. "The Americans thought she was a Comanche queen. Since then it has been speculated that this person was of an entirely different type—a homosexual, possibly a transvestite, who was deemed to have excellent communication with the spirit world. Dr. Melburn D. Thurman, the noted Plains Indian ethnologist, said that scholars are only now coming to understand the mystical role of the *berdache* in Comanche society."

COON CREEK CROSSINGS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by David K. Clapsaddle

[SFTA Ambassador Clapsaddle is president of the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter and a frequent contributor to Wagon Tracks. This article is another in his series on stream crossings on the Santa Fe Trail.]

FROM its headwaters in Ford County, Kansas, Coon Creek pursues a convoluted course to the northeast paralleling the north bank of the Arkansas River through Edwards and Pawnee counties before finding its confluence with the Arkansas River near the little town of Garfield.¹

Historically called Coon Creek, sometimes labeled Big Coon Creek, the stream was known by several names in the first half of the nineteenth century. At one time, the stream was designated De Mun's Creek for Jules de Mun, a St. Louis trapper who lost a valuable horse somewhere along its course during his 1815-1817 expedition to the mountains. Jacob Fowler, in 1821, named the stream in his usual orthographical style, Buffalow Crick. George C. Sibley called the stream Clear Creek when he camped with the Santa Fe Trail survey party along its banks in 1825. Four years later, Captain Philip St. George Cooke referred to the stream as Raccoon Creek. Still later, poet Matt Field, perhaps for the sake of meter or perhaps to distinguish the creek from a lesser tributary, wrote of Main Coon Creek. At 11.43 miles from Pawnee Fork, according to Captain Randolph B. Marcy's odometer, the Santa Fe Trail's wet route crossed Coon Creek. Sibley put the distance at eleven miles even. A modern bridge now spans the creek at the crossing site on U.S. Highway 56.²

Little information is extant with respect to the physical features of the crossing. Fowler described the creek at the crossing as a "deep and mudey Crick 100 feet wide." His description is at odds with Sibley's previously-cited name of Clear Creek. Sibley also reported that the crossing site was blessed with plenty of water and good grass. Captain Cooke's description was not so pas-

toral. He wrote, "Raccoon creek was barren of shrubs; from now on the battalion would have to rely exclusively upon buffalo chips for its cooking fires."³

The crossing was important for several reasons. First, Coon Creek was the last stream to be forded on the wet route by Santa Fe bound travelers before reaching the Cimarron crossing in present Gray County. Additionally, the crossing served as an intersection where a road from Fort Larned merged with the wet route. The road from Fort Larned was developed subsequent to the 1859 establishment of Camp on Pawnee Fork, renamed Fort Larned and relocated a brief distance southwest of its original site in 1860. Concurrent with the establishment of Fort Larned, a new eastern terminus of the dry route was established about one mile and a half southwest of the Ash Creek crossing. Previously, the dry route had branched off from the wet route at Forks in Santa Fe Road three and a half miles southwest of Pawnee Fork crossing. From the new terminus, the dry route ran southwest to cross the Pawnee some three miles east of Fort Larned and then continue up the south bank to the post. Leaving the post, the dry route pressed on in a southwestwardly orientation. At two and a half miles from the post, another road branched off from the dry route traveling south for seven and a half miles where it merged with the wet route near the previously described Coon Creek crossing. Northwest of that crossing a few hundred yards was another crossing on Coon Creek established to accommodate the traffic from Fort Larned. Four cutdowns at that point remain to identify the location of the ford.⁴

A third Coon Creek crossing was located on the dry route of the Santa Fe Trail three and a half miles west of present Kinsley. The stream there forded was historically known as Big Coon Creek. Presently labeled Little Coon Creek, it is actually a tributary of Coon Creek's main channel. The dry route originally ran southwest from this point to the Caches just west of present Dodge City. At a later date, the dry route pursued a different orientation to a point ten miles east of the Caches, one mile east of the site selected for the estab-

lishment of Fort Dodge. As such Big Coon Creek crossing was a junction accommodating both variants of the dry route.⁵

The crossing was the scene of near disaster in November, 1853, when runaway mules overturned a mail wagon in the creek bed. Four passengers, including William W. H. Davis, Attorney General of New Mexico Territory, escaped serious injury. Davis recalled, "People may talk about seeing stars upon such occasions, but as near as my recollection serves me, I had the pleasure of beholding a score or more of full-sized moons." In 1863, M. Cottrill Company established a stage station at the crossing. The station must have been a harbinger of Indian attacks for in the subsequent year, a Stuart Slemmons and Company caravan was raided at the crossing. Half the livestock was driven off and one of the teamsters, Andrew Blanchard, was killed. A year later a government train returning to Fort Riley was attacked. Two Mexican drivers were killed, and a Mexican boy was wounded and scalped but lived to survive the ordeal. Such confrontations led to the establishment of an outpost from Fort Larned at the crossing. Unofficially known as Fort Coon, the little cantonment was garrisoned with a sergeant and ten privates according to Robert Wright who described the post's single building as "sod with a heavy clay roof and port holes all the way around." While no traces of the station or post remain, two cutdowns still scar the south bank of the creek.⁶

Twenty miles to the southwest of Big Coon Creek, the dry route reached a stream historically known as Little Coon Creek. However, the stream was actually the main channel of Coon Creek. To further confound the issue, the stream was variously called Whitewater Creek, White Creek, and Farther Coon Creek.⁷

Several noteworthy incidents are documented with regard to the Little Coon Creek crossing. Samuel Owens was reelected captain of a caravan at the crossing in 1844 after another group of traders joined his party somewhere beyond Pawnee Fork. In 1853 William Carr Lane, returning to Missouri following a difficult stint as New Mexico Territory's governor,

confided to his diary, "Stop'd upon Little Coon Creek, now drained dry, by the immense herds of Buffalo, which overspread the country, in every direction." In 1867 an eight-wagon train was attacked by Indians at the crossing. Several oxen were driven off and a single horse was killed.⁸

Far more dramatic was the 1868 engagement which became known as the Battle of Little Coon Creek. The story of that engagement was told by Robert Wright as follows. Four men had been dispatched from Fort Dodge with a wagon load of fire wood for Fort Coon in September 1868: Jimmy Goodmen, Jack O'Donald, and two men Wright identified by last name only, Hartman and Toben. Having made the delivery, the wood detail began the return trip to Fort Dodge only to be attacked by a band of unidentified Indians. By good fortune, the detail was found by Robert Wright and trooper Paddy Boyle en route to Fort Larned with dispatches from Fort Dodge's commanding officer. Boyle returned to Fort Dodge for reinforcements. Racing to the post, he was followed to within a mile of the garrison by four warriors. Immediately, he led a squadron of 7th U.S. Cavalry back to the crossing where Wright and the soldiers had pushed the wagon into a buffalo wallow. Thus fortified, they were able to withstand several attacks. The besieged men were astonished to see the relief party arrive in white clothing, but closer inspection revealed that the troopers were clad in their underwear. Upon being awakened, they had not taken time to don their uniforms. About an hour after the relief party reached the crossing, an infantry detachment arrived with wagons and ambulances. Thus medical attention was given to men of the detail, each having suffered wounds. Wright reported that four Indians were killed in the confrontation, but the army suffered only one casualty, Boyle's dappled-grey horse which died from the effects of the race to the post. At Fort Dodge during the time was an Englishman, Frederick Huxley. Impressed by the heroics displayed, he wrote a ballad extolling the gallantry of the soldiers titled "The Battle of Little Coon Creek." It was sung to the tune of "When Sherman Marched Down to

the Sea." Toward the close of his account, Wright introduced Mr. Heron with no antecedent as to his person or further discussion of his identity.⁹

David Strate's 1960 account offers a somewhat disparate version of the event. Drawing on Wright's rendition, Fort Dodge Medical Records, and other information from the National Archives, he wrote that four enlisted men were dispatched from Fort Dodge to Fort Larned on a mail detail. At Little Coon Creek crossing, the men were attacked by a war party of superior numbers. Most of their animals were killed, and they took refuge behind a barricade contrived from their wagon and dead horses. They were able to withstand several charges, and when darkness came, Corporal Patrick O'Boyle mounted the last remaining horse and rode to Fort Dodge for help. A relief party was assembled at the post and went immediately to the crossing where they found Privates. James Goodwin, John O'Donnel, and Charles Eaton, all wounded. All four received the Congressional Medal of Honor.¹⁰

In a volume which chronicles the Medal of Honor recipients of the Indian Wars, John M. Carroll provides the citation by which Corporal Leander Herron was awarded the Medal of Honor, "While detailed as mail courier from the fort, voluntarily went to the assistance of a party of four enlisted men who were attacked by about fifty Indians at some distance from the fort and remained with them until the party was relieved. OTHER REMARKS; This action was fought on Little Coon Creek, Kansas by mail escorts comprised of detachments of the 3rd U.S. Infantry and 7th U.S. Cavalry under the command of Corporal J. Goodwin. Three enlisted men were wounded. Three Indians were killed and one wounded."¹¹

The mystery of Wright's Mr. Heron is thus solved. However, the obvious inconsistencies of the two accounts related to chronology, characters, and plot remain unresolved. Huxley's composition may well have been the swan song of the Little Coon Creek Crossing. For in the previous year, tracks of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, reached newly-established Hays City. From

that railhead, mail, passengers, and freight previously transported through Fort Larned to Fort Dodge were thence shipped via the newly-developed Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road. The demise of the Little Coon Creek Crossing was simultaneous with that of all the Coon Creek crossings as overland traffic east of Fort Dodge on the Santa Fe Trail ceased.

A visit to the Little Coon Creek crossing site is instructive. There the pasture land, marked by a myriad of ruts, bears testimony to the countless number of freight wagons and stagecoaches which forded the creek at this point.

The site of Little Coon Creek crossing as all the other Coon Creek crossings has been marked by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter of SFTA.

NOTES

1. Originally, Coon Creek emptied into the Arkansas River at a point 11 miles southwest of the Pawnee Fork crossing. However, the stream's channel was changed in the early 1960s to divert the creek to a new confluence one and one-half miles downstream from its original mouth.
2. Louise Barry, *The Beginning of the West 1840-1854* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 92; Elliott Coues, ed., *The Journal of Jacob Fowler* (Minneapolis: Ross and Haines, Inc., 1965), 26; Kate L. Gregg, ed., *The Road to Santa Fe; The Journal and Diaries of George Champlin Sibley* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico, 1995), 73-74; Otis E Young, *The First Military Escort on the Santa Fe Trail, 1829* (Glendale: The Arthur Clark Company, 1952), John E. Sunder, ed., *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995), 25-26; Randolph B. Marcy, *The Prairie Traveler: a Handbook for Overland Expeditions* (Williamstown, Massachusetts: Corner House Publishers, 1968), 261; David K. Clapsaddle, *A Directory of Santa Fe Trail Sites* (Larned: The Wet/Dry Routes Chapter of the Santa Fe Trail Association, 1999), C-2.
3. Coues, *Journal of Jacob Fowler*, 24; Gregg, *Road to Santa Fe*, 74; Young, *First Military Escort*, 82.
4. David K. Clapsaddle, "The Wet and Dry Routes of the Santa Fe Trail," *Kansas History*, 15 (Summer 1992): 110-118.
5. David K. Clapsaddle, "The Dry Route Revisited," *Overland Journal*, 17 (Summer 1999): 5.
6. W. W. H. Davis, *El Gringo, New Mexico and Her People* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1982), 29-30; Morris F. Taylor, *First Mail West: Stagecoach Lines on the Santa Fe Trail* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1971), 95; Seymour V. Conner and Jimmy Skaggs, *Broadcloth and Britches: The Santa Fe Trade* (College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1977), 175-176; George A. Root, "Reminiscences of William Dar-

nell," *Kansas Historical Collections*, 17 (1928): 506-507; Robert M. Wright, *Dodge City, The Cowboy Capital and the Great Southwest* (Wichita: Wichita Eagle, 1913), 108.

7. Charles Raber, "Life on the Plains, 1860-1868," *Kansas Historical Collections*, 16 (1925): 338-339; LeRoy R. Hafen, ed., *Pike's Peak Gold Rush Guidebooks of 1859*, vol. 9 of *The Southwest Historical Series* (Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Co., 1941), 177-341; Barry, *Beginning of the West*, 526.
8. *Ibid.*, 526, 1185; Raber, "Life on the Plains," 338.
9. Wright, *Dodge City*, 109-120.
10. David K. Strate, *Sentinel to the Cimarron, The Frontier Experience of Fort Dodge, Kansas* (Dodge City: Cultural Heritage and Arts Center, 1970), 76-77.
11. John M. Carroll, *The Medal of Honor: Its History and Its Recipients for the Indian Wars* (Mattituck, NY: J. M. Carroll and Company, 1985), 79-80.

I HEARD A COYOTE HOWL

THE Wet/Dry Routes Chapter has prepared a learning unit named "I Heard A Coyote Howl." The instruction will be derived from a booklet written by David Clapsaddle, the title of which is that of the unit. The booklet tells the story of General Winfield S. Hancock's expedition in April 1867, when the Cheyenne and Sioux village west of Fort Larned on the Pawnee Fork was destroyed by order of General Hancock as a reaction against both tribes for refusing to meet in council with him.

The story is narrated by a twelve-year-old Cheyenne boy named Box Elder. His perspective is somewhat different from that of other descriptions written by older white men who witnessed the same event. The unit will be taught to all fourth grades in USD 495 at Larned. Learning activities will help the students gain a basic understanding of a Cheyenne's youth development to adolescence when he was expected to make a transition to adulthood as a Cheyenne warrior. A number of artifacts, including a shield, moccasins, and parfleche, all made of buffalo rawhide, will be used as tangibles to enhance the learning.

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SFTA membership rosters are available for \$5 postpaid. These are no longer provided as part of your membership. If interested, please order from Last Chance Store (there is not room to list them on the enclosed flyer).

SATANK, BANE OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL OR HERO OF THE KIOWAS?

by David K. Clapsaddle

[This paper was presented at the McPherson symposium, the only one submitted for publication to date. Thanks David.]

THE Anglos called it Walnut Creek. The Mexicans called it Rio de Nueces. The Kiowas called it One Arm Creek for a reason which will be revealed. By whatever name, this little stream finds its source just west of Dighton, Kansas, and flows eastward through Lane, Ness, Rush, and Barton counties, paralleling Kansas Highway 96 some 90 miles to Great Bend. About two and one-half miles east of that city, Walnut Creek empties into the Arkansas River.¹

During the historic period the creek's normal width was narrow and its depth shallow. In 1867 Lieutenant M. R. Brown, engineer with General W. S. Hancock's Expedition, recorded that even near its mouth the creek was only seven feet wide and thirteen inches deep. At the same time he measured the creek's channel, from bank to bank, 250 feet. Such was testimony to the torrents of water that at times rampaged across the plains unchecked by the series of watershed projects which have been constructed in recent years to control flooding. To wit, in 1844, a Bent-St. Vrain caravan was forced to camp on high ground removed from the usual campsite on Walnut Creek because of high water. From May 24 of that year through mid-June, the stream was impassible.²

This was the stream mistaken for the Pawnee River by François Aubry in 1852 while he was pioneering a shorter route of the Santa Fe Trail. In 1868 Major General Philip H. Sheridan dispatched a detachment of troops to the stream's intersection with the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road. Shortly thereafter a man identified only as Mr. Fink opened a trading ranche at the same location.³

Forty-one miles downstream was the location described by the papers of incorporation filed by Charles Rath and associates in 1863 as follows, "for the purpose of building a toll bridge over Walnut Creek, in Peketon County, State of Kansas, where the great Santa Fe Road

crosses said stream."⁴ This location became a temporary home for the Fort Atkinson garrison following the little post's deactivation in 1853. Also removed from Fort Atkinson to the crossing at the same time were the Waldo, Hall & Co. mail station and the U.S. Post Office. Postmaster Samuel Mason reported that the receipts for 1852 were \$21.78. Evidently business was not brisk at Walnut Creek either. Within months the post office was discontinued, the mail station was closed, and the troops were transferred to Fort Riley.⁵

This ill-fated settlement at Walnut Creek was superceded by a more successful venture two years later. William Allison and Francis Boothe, both formerly employed as conductors by Waldo, Hall & Co., mail contractor, set forth from Independence on a trading expedition to the Rocky Mountains. West of the Walnut Creek crossing they found themselves short of provisions, their mules giving out. Returning to the crossing, they unloaded their trade goods and promptly established a trading ranche. Hardened to frontier life by their mail company experience, both men were well fitted for this enterprise. One Arm Allison, as he was known by the Kiowas, was called Wild Bill by the whites. No doubt both designations had reference to the altercation Allison had with his stepfather in which he lost an arm and his stepfather lost his life.⁶

Allison, it appears, was often on the road transporting merchandise from Independence, leaving the operation of the ranche to Boothe. During one such absence, in September 1857, the partnership came to an abrupt halt with the death of Boothe by an axe-wielding citizen of New Mexico named Cirilo Cineros. Cineros was arrested at San Miguel in the following month. In 1859 Allison died at the Wayne City landing near Independence while loading his wagons, the apparent victim of heart failure. Allison's successor was George H. Peacock. Not much is known about Peacock except these few facts. He was a resident of Independence. He had been engaged in

the Santa Fe trade throughout the 1840s and into the 1850s. He had more recently been involved in the Joseph C. Ives exploration of the Colorado River in California, being in charge of the pack train.⁷

However, the main topic is not the stream itself, the trading ranche established near its confluence with the Arkansas, or the notable number of people who walked across this panoramic stage known today as the Walnut Creek crossing on the Santa Fe Trail: Indian, American, Mexican, civilian, and military. Rather, the focus is on a single individual. That person was known to the whites as Satank, a poor transliteration of his Kiowa name Set-Angia, sometimes recorded as Set-Ankeah. In either case, the name meant Sitting Bear. Kiowa warriors were given three names: one at birth, a second during adolescence, and a third in adulthood. The latter was the result of a vision quest when a Kiowa boy, in an effort to elevate himself to adulthood, would isolate himself from the village. There, for days he would deny himself food, water, and sleep, praying for a vision. The vision would reveal a secret image containing power. The boy would, in time, take the name of this spirit power and paint its representation on his shield as a display of personal power. Such would have been the experience of Satank who took to himself the name of Sitting Bear. The bear has long been a source of strong medicine in Kiowa tradition, going back to the earliest days of creation when one of the half-boys, child of the culture hero, Sun Boy, after killing many bears, painted a bear on his shield. The shield was placed in one of the ten medicine bags, sacred bundles to the Kiowas. Since that day, the tradition was maintained in the names of Kiowa chiefs: White Bear (Satanta), Stumbling Bear (Set-imkia), and Sitting Bear (Satank).⁸

What kind of a man was this Sitting Bear? Laurie Tatum, Indian agent at the Fort Sill Agency said, "Satank was probably the worst Indian on the reservation." Ida Ellen Rath called him, "a wily old war chief." Henry Inman characterized

him as, "a most unmitigated villain, cruel and heartless as any savage that ever robbed a stage coach or wrenched off the hair of a helpless women." The Kiowas had a different point of view.⁹

Nothing much is known of Satank's younger life, but a few isolated incidents of his adult years have been reconstructed from interviews with Kiowa elders and documented by twentieth-century writers.

One such incident relates to the 1840 council between the Cheyenne-Arapaho alliance and the alliance of the Comanches, Kiowas, and Plains Apaches. Prior to that date, these two alliances had been bitter enemies with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes dominating the region north of the Arkansas River and the Comanches, Kiowas, and Plains Apaches ruling over the area south of the river. But following the 1838 confrontation between the two alliances at Wolf Creek near present Fort Supply, Oklahoma, a truce was negotiated two years later at a location near Bent's Fort. At the invitation of a Cheyenne warrior called High-Backed Wolf, the Comanche, Kiowa, and Plains Apache chiefs crossed the Arkansas to a Cheyenne village where they were treated to a feast. On the following day, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes waded the river and sat in rows, men in front, women and children behind them. Satank, with a huge bundle of sticks, went up and down the rows distributing the sticks. Each stick represented a horse to be received as a gift. All the Kiowas gave horses. Satank himself gave 250 horses. On the next day, the Comanches, Kiowas, and Plains Apaches crossed the river, attended a great feast, and received a huge hoard of gifts: guns, blankets, calicoes, beads, and kettles. The peace was thus made, and the truce was never broken.¹⁰

We catch another glimpse of Satank in 1845 when a group of Kiowas visited Lieutenant J. W. Abert's party camped on the Canadian River. Abert reported, "Among them was a rising young chief named Setankeah." By that date it would appear that Satank had proven himself to be a man of distinction among his people and eligible for membership in the warrior society called Ko-eet-

senko.¹¹

There were six warrior societies in the tribe, and the Ko-eet-senko, limited to the ten bravest warriors in the tribe, was the most prestigious of the six. The society led the charge against the enemy and remained to either die or win the victory. Each warrior vowed that he would return from every engagement with honor or not return at all. An 1870 photograph taken by William Soule shows Satank wearing a strap over his shoulder, the badge of the Ko-eet-senko. The strap made of elkskin was painted red, yellow, or in the case of Satank, black. There was a loop on each end of the strap. When in battle, the warrior placed one loop around his neck and secured that strap to the ground by driving a lance through the other loop. His vow required him to there remain until he was killed or the battle was over.¹²

Parenthetically, following Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer's attack on Black Kettle's Washita village, November 27, 1868, the colonel marched his troops downstream toward other villages in a diversionary tactic. Warriors from these villages, Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Arapahoes, in a flurry of excitement, gathered in an unorganized manner to repel the attack. Satank had difficulty in obtaining agreement from chiefs of the various tribes as to a plan of action. Finally, the ten Ko-eet-senko warriors rode to the front with Satank carrying his feathered lance. All the Ko-eet-senko warriors were singing the war song of the society. At that moment, Custer turned his force around and retreated to the hills overlooking the Washita valley.¹³

Yet another glimpse of Satank is provided by the 1853 description written by Percival Lowe at the Fort Atkinson Treaty council, "The war chief of the Kiowas, always came rather neatly dressed in fine buckskin, and wore a handsome cavalry saber and belt. He was a man about five feet ten, sparely made, muscular, cat-like in his movements—more Spanish than Indian in his appearance—sharp features, thin lips, keen restless eyes, thin mustache and scattering chin whiskers that seemed to have stopped growing when one to three inches long."¹⁴

Such is consistent with the afore



mentioned photograph taken by William Soule. The image shows him then sixty years of age to be hollowed cheeked with an oriental looking mustache. One eye is barely more than a slit, the other profoundly piercing. Streaks of gray line his predominantly dark hair. The facial hair, as evident in both Lowe's description and the photograph, is uncharacteristic of a Kiowa warrior who went to great lengths to pluck out even a single whisker.

At the Fort Atkinson council, he touched the pen, a reference to making his mark on the treaty document.

Six years later, Satank was at Peacock's ranche on Walnut Creek. Such was not unusual, for Kiowas and other southern plains Indians came and went from army posts and trading ranches with impunity. Speculation has it that Satank and Peacock became friends of sorts, their friendship cemented by the bonds of John Barleycorn. On this occasion, Satank and another warrior named Pawnee were drinking heavily and threatening the ranche personnel. After driving off the inebriates, Major J. T. Donaldson dispatched a courier to the Cow Creek ranche, 23 miles to the east, requesting a detachment to be sent immediately to the Peacock ranche. Early the next morning, Captain W. T. Walker and two companies arrived at the ranche. In the meantime, Pawnee had returned, quite sober. Regardless, Walker placed him under arrest, but Pawnee mounted a horse and fled. Lieutenant George Bayard was sent in pursuit; but

when Pawnee failed to respond to an order to return, Bayard shot him off the horse. Two days later, Kiowas attacked a mail wagon at Jones Point west of the Pawnee Fork crossing, killing Lawrence and Michael Smith. Whether or not Pawnee's death fueled the killing of the Smith Brothers is not known. However, such may well be the case.¹⁵

In 1860 Satank was back at the ranche, asking Peacock to write a letter attesting to his good character so he could show the letter to freighters, mail company personnel, and others along the trail so as to solicit coffee, sugar, and crackers, all of which the Kiowas had become quite fond. Peacock did indeed write a letter, but instead of lauding Satank, the letter characterized the Kiowa as a most treacherous and dangerous Indian. Being rebuffed on several occasions after showing the letter to whites, Satank took the letter to William Mathewson at the Cow Creek ranche. When Mathewson interpreted the true contents of the letter, Satank and several other warriors made their way to Peacock's. Upon approaching the ranche, Satank called out, "The soldiers are coming." Soon Peacock appeared in the lookout constructed atop his store. Satank promptly shot him dead. Following, he and his warriors entered the store and killed a German fellow named Myers, Peacock's clerk, and an unnamed Mexican herder. Another man, ill in an adjoining room, was spared. The speculation is that the Kiowas kept their distance, thinking he might have smallpox.¹⁶

In 1864 the Kiowas were camped near Fort Larned, holding a scalp dance in honor of a successful raid near Menard, Texas. After the dance, Satank and another warrior approached the post, perhaps to go to the sutlers store. The sentry waved them away, but they continued to advance. When the sentry raised his gun in a threatening manner, Satank shot two arrows into him and the other warrior fired his weapon. An alarm was sounded, and the garrison responded thinking the post was under attack. In the excitement, the Kiowas drove off 174 horses and mules.¹⁷

A year later, Satank touched the pen at the Little Arkansas Treaty and again in 1867 at the Medicine

Lodge Council.¹⁸

Following the Medicine Lodge treaty, the Kiowas moved south of the Kansas border to Indian Territory where they took up residence on their reservation near Fort Sill. It was during this period in 1870 that Satank's second and favorite son, given his father's name, was killed in a raid on a settler's house in north Texas. Unable to remove his body, his fellow warriors returned to their village with the news of the younger Satank's death. Eventually, Satank made his way to the place his son's remains were hidden, bundled up the bones on a red horse, and brought them back to the village. Angered, on his way home, he killed a white man. In the village, he placed the bones in a special lodge and gave a feast in honor of his son who had held the office of Tohnyopde, the pipe bearer, who went in front of the warriors on a war expedition. Thereafter, he took his son's bones with him when he was away from the village; and each night, he stowed the bones in the special lodge with food and water for his son's spirit. In the Kiowa semiannual calendar, pictures were painted, summer and winter, on a buffalo hide which depicted notable events in Kiowa history. The winter picture for 1870-1871 shows a sitting bear over a man's skeleton.¹⁹

In the following fall Satank rode into the Fort Sill Indian Agency on a mule claimed by a Texan. When Indian Agent Tatum demanded that Satank give up the mule, Satank replied that, after his son died, he went to the vicinity of his death and stole the mule, and ever since he had loved the mule as a son. Further, Satank challenged the agent to a fight until death, the winner to keep the mule. Tatum refused the challenge.²⁰

In May 1871 Satank with some 100 Kiowas attacked some wagons west of Jacksboro, Texas, killing seven teamsters. Subsequently, Satank and others from the raiding party were arrested at Fort Sill. By order of Major General William T. Sherman, Satank, Satanta, and Big Tree were to be taken to Fort Richardson near Jacksboro to be tried for their part in the killings. All three were handcuffed and hobbled with chains. While the three chiefs were being placed in a wagon, Satank resisted and was finally placed in a

separate wagon with the driver and a guard. Accompanying the wagon were four outriders, including a Caddo ironically called George Washington or Caddo George. Before they had left the Fort Sill reservation, Satank said to Caddo George, riding along side his wagon, "Take this message to my people. Tell them I died beside the road. My bones will be found there. Tell my people to gather them up and carry them away." Shortly thereafter, Satank sang his death chant.

O Sun you remain forever, but we Ko-eet-senko must die.

O earth you remain forever, but we Ko-eet-senko must die.

A few minutes later, Satank spoke again to Caddo George, "See that tree," indicating a large pecan tree just ahead, "When I reach that tree, I will be dead." At that point, Satank wrestled his hands through the manacles, produced a knife hidden in his clothing, and attacked the soldier standing guard, stabbing him in the leg. As the soldier fell from the wagon, Satank grabbed his carbine only to fall in a flurry of bullets. By order of Colonel Ranald Mackenzie, Satank was left by the side of the road as the retinue continued on to Texas. Chief Big Tree later recalled, "The last time I saw Satank, he was sitting in the dust, blood pouring from his mouth."²¹

The Kiowa traditionalists insist that Satank had been thoroughly searched three times before being placed in the wagon and that no weapons were found. They further believe that by the powers of the Ko-eet-senko, a knife magically appeared after he magically slipped his hands through the manacles.²²

The Kiowas were afraid to return for Satank's body, so he was buried in the Fort Sill cemetery in an unmarked grave. Modern-day Kiowas say that his grave is the one enclosed by iron pipe and a chain.²³

The story could end at this point except for this footnote. One of his sons who became known as Joshua Given went east to study, was ordained as an Episcopal clergyman, and served as a missionary among his people, as did his sister Julia. Her daughter, Ioleta Hunt, was the first Kiowa woman to receive a liberal arts degree, and served the poor

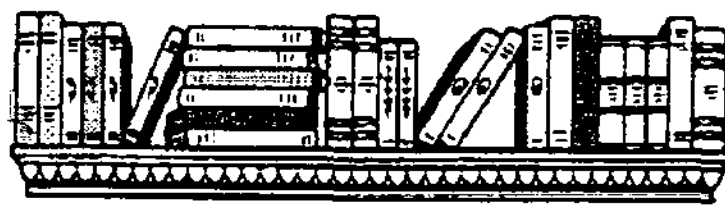
as a teacher in eastern Oklahoma. What an ironic legacy for this stone-age man. I leave it to you to ponder this strange twist of fate and to consider as the title of these remarks asks, "Was Satank the bane of the Santa Fe Trail or the hero of his people?"²⁴

Regardless of which version one believes, one must agree that Satank, loathe to leave the bones of his son, remained true to his vow to return with honor or not to return at all.

NOTES

1. John E. Sunder, ed., *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995), 56; George Bird Grinnell, *The Fighting Cheyennes* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955), 162.
2. Letters Received by the Office of Adjutant General, 1867, roll 562, microcopy 619, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.; Louise Barry, *The Beginning of the West* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 512.
3. Ibid., 1090; Leo E. Oliva, *Soldiers on the Santa Fe Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1967), 190.
4. Ida Ellen Rath, *The Rath Trail* (Wichita, Kansas: McCormick-Armstrong Co., Inc., 1961), 3.
5. Morris F. Taylor, *First Mail West* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1971), 34.
6. Louise Barry, "The Ranch at Walnut Creek Crossing," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, 27 (Summer 1971): 121-122.
7. Ibid., 122-129.
8. Maurice Boyd, *Kiowa Voices*, vol. 2. (Fort Worth: Texas Christian University Press, 1983), 9, 197-198; Col. W. S. Nye, *Carbine and Lance, The Story of Fort Sill* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1969), 359.
9. Ibid., 119; Rath, *Rath Trail*, 1; Colonel Henry Inman, *The Old Santa Fe Trail* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1897), 168.
10. Mildred P. Mayhall, *The Kiowas* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1987), 89-92.
11. Nye, *Carbine and Lance*, 16.
12. Boyd, *Kiowa Voices*, 241. Nye, *Carbine and Lance*, 74.
13. Boyd, *Kiowa Voices*, 179.
14. Percival G. Lowe, *Five Years a Dragoon ('49-'54)*, (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1965), 104. Lowe identified the person described as Satanta. The description, however, fits that of Satank.
15. Oliva, *Soldiers*, 116-118.
16. Barry, "The Ranch at Walnut Creek," 139-140.
17. Nye, *Carbine and Lance*, 35.
18. "Official Kansas Roster," *Kansas Historical Collections*, 17 (1925): 763. Satank's Kiowa name is misspelled in this as Si-tank-ki, 771. Again there is a misspelling. Satank is identified as Satanka.
19. Nye, *Carbine and Lance*, 113-114; Mayhall, *Kiowas*, 193.

20. Nye, *Carbine and Lance*, 119.
21. Ibid., 124-146.
22. Boyd, *Kiowa Voices*, 242-243. Nye, *Carbine and Lance*, 146.
23. Ibid., 147.
24. Ibid.



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

-BOOK NOTICES-

Marc Simmons, *Teddy's Cattle Drive: A Story from History*, illustrated by Ron Kil. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2005. Pp. 56. Illustrations, map, glossary, sources. Cloth, \$18.95 plus shipping.

Simmons and Kil have teamed up again to produce another outstanding children's story, a true story. This volume is not Santa Fe Trail history, but it is highly recommended as it joins *Millie Cooper's Ride* (2002), *José's Buffalo Hunt* (2003), and *Friday the Arapaho Boy* (2004). These four books comprise the Children of the West Series, and more are anticipated.

Teddy Abbott participated in a the drive of his father's herd of Longhorns from Texas to Nebraska over the Chisholm Trail in 1871. His exciting adventures and how he earned his spurs, told well and illustrated profusely, will catch the interest of any child from age 6 to 96.

This book will make a fine gift for your child, grandchild, and local library. The only thing better would be to give the set of all four books.

Inez Ross, *Without a Wagon on the Santa Fe Trail: Hiking into History*. Los Alamos: Ashley House, 2004. Pp. 114. Illustrations, maps. Paper, \$10 postpaid.

The women who walked the Trail, led by Inez Ross, received an Award of Merit at the recent symposium. The story of their hike, in words and numerous photos, is summarized in this book. Most of the text is comprised of newspaper articles that were published along the way over the eight years of hiking. These are enhanced with 133 photos. These hikers are to be commended for the attention they brought to the Trail.

Inez Ross, *Perilous Pursuit on the Santa Fe Trail*. Los Alamos: Ashley House, 2005. Pp. 216. Maps. Cloth, \$22.95 plus shipping.

This novel, which is a combination mystery and travelogue of the Trail, tells much about the Trail and its history. The story owes much to Sherlock Holmes, with the detective role played by a woman, Sheila Jones, whose assistant, Dora Watling, tells the story of Helen Stoner's endangerment from her stepfather, Dr. Sydney Roylett (which all sounds like Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Mystery of the Speckled Band," [1892] in which Helen Spooner is threatened by her stepfather, Dr. Roylett, and a poisonous snake is involved). The mystery has too many similarities to the Holmes story.

This novel is a better travelogue than mystery, with visits to many Trail sites, mentions of SFTA, meeting up with real Trail people (including Marc Simmons at Pawnee Rock, Jeff Trotman at Ulysses, and D. Ray at Clayton, as well as references to many other people without their correct name—for example, Katharine Kelley at Baldwin City appears as Katharine Doyenne, a proper appellation for that remarkable woman who died in September). Actually, this book tells more about the Trail than does Ross's *Without a Wagon*.

Mark L. Gardner, *George Armstrong Custer: A Biography*. Tucson: Western National Parks Association, 2005. Pp. 48. Illustrations. \$7.95 plus shipping.

Former SFTA member Gardner has produced another introductory volume to be used by the National Park Service. This slim book, with many illustrations (13 of which are full-page), must of necessity be a sketchy outline of the entire life of Custer. It provides the basics and should cause anyone to want to know more, for which suggested readings are provided.

Victoria E. Dye, *All Aboard For Santa Fe: Railway Promotion of the Southwest, 189s to 1930s*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2005. Pp. Xii + 163. Maps, illustrations, appendices, notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$24.95 plus shipping.

The book tells how the Atchison,

Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, which replaced the Trail, promoted travel and tourism to the Southwest. It includes much information about the Fred Harvey Company and looks at such topics as health seekers, Indian attractions, artists and art colonies, resorts and hotels, and the many offerings of Santa Fe, with additional material about Albuquerque, Las Vegas, and other communities. This is an important study of the stimulation and growth of tourism in the region.

THE CACHES

—MUSEUM NEWS—

Paula Manini, editor

"The Caches Lives On!" With your help, we can carry on the column started by Anna Belle Cartwright and honor the legacy of this extraordinary woman. "The Caches" will list events and news from Trail sites, museums, and related organizations. Please send information following the format below to me at the Trinidad History Museum (address below). Be sure to include your address, phone number and e-mail. To be included in the February 2006 issue of *Wagon Tracks*, please send me your information by January 9.

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

- Winter Schedule: Open daily 9 am to 4 pm. Closed Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years Day.
- Special Holiday Celebration: December 2-3, 2005, featuring over 40 living-history interpreters, wagon rides, children's games, candlelight tours, and holiday festivities.

Trinidad History Museum
Post Office Box 377
Trinidad CO 81082
Phone: 719-846-7217
E-mail: paulamanini@hotmail.com
Website: www.coloradohistory.org/Trinidad

Winter Schedule: Santa Fe Trail Museum is open Tuesday-Friday, 9 am-1 pm and Saturday, 9 am-4 pm. Guided tour of Baca House at 11 am, Tuesday-Saturday. Closed Sunday, Monday, state holidays, Nov. 25-26, Dec. 24-25 and 31. A property of the Colorado Historical Society.

2005 SANTA FE TRAIL BICYCLE TREK

by Bonita M. Oliva

BY midday September 30 most of the 36 cyclists who had left Santa Fe, NM, three weeks earlier, September 11, completed the final 21 miles of the more than 1100-mile bicycle ride following the route of the Santa Fe Trail. The day's ride from Arrow Rock State Park to the elementary school in New Franklin, MO, marked the end of the 13th Santa Fe Trail Bicycle Trek organized by Willard Chilcott, Santa Fe, NM, who led the first ride in 1990. Fifty-five cyclists participated in the ride; a dozen rode only the four days to Trinidad before leaving the Trek. Besides myself, Santa Fe Trail Association members Leo Haywood, Larkspur, CO, and soon to be named SFTA ambassador Joy Poole, who rode to Trinidad, joined the group.

Haywood, who had ridden the route several times, carried a set of Gregory Franzwa's maps of the Trail on his bicycle to enable him to locate Trail ruts. Toward the end of the ride he announced that he was selling his bicycle; the only reason he rode was to experience the Trail. Also riding were 13 Canadians and a couple from Switzerland, all avid cyclists. A number of the Canadians had spent three months last summer riding across Canada.

Willard Chilcott's proposal to do a Bicycle Trek of the Santa Fe Trail, presented at the 1989 Symposium in Santa Fe, fueled my determination to get a bicycle so I could ride the Trail someday. I didn't get a bicycle until 2001 and love to ride but never can ride enough. I doubted my fitness to ride over Raton Pass but found the first day's ride from Santa Fe to Las Vegas was the toughest physically. Besides the distance of 72 miles and the climbing, within 10 miles of Santa Fe on a long downhill I hit something that blew out my front tire. Fortunately one of the Canadians in front of me hit the same thing, and while he was changing his tire, his friend, Dave Mann, walked up the hill and helped me change my inner-tube. During that time at least 50 Harley-Davidson motorcycles came roaring by.

While the mileage from Santa Fe to Las Vegas is nearly the same as that from Cimarron, NM, to Trini-

dad, CO, the climb or gain in altitude is less on the ride over Raton Pass. Riding up Raton was a long haul and took a couple of breaks, but it wasn't as difficult as I imagined. I wish I hadn't eaten the entire Subway sandwich in Raton before starting the ascent, but the summit appeared much sooner than I expected. The down hill ride was wonderful I reached 42 mph before braking. Because I was very nervous about making the climb over Raton Pass, I really didn't enjoy the beautiful scenery of New Mexico as much as I should, but after reaching Trinidad I knew the rest of the ride was possible and was able to relax.

Chilcott's knowledge of cycling and the carefully-planned routing, avoiding high traffic areas when possible, have made this a popular cycling event for people who have never heard of the Santa Fe Trail. A hardworking support group, Ken Levine, Holly Evans, Richard Chilcott, Dan Juhl, and Susan Jones, assumed leadership in Willard's absence and took turns driving the rental truck that hauled our gear.

Bill and Jan Mark have driven their camper-van from Florida numerous times to pull the trailer made for hauling bicycles and drove the route providing support and water to cyclists when needed. Camping areas, showers, and cafeterias were located at nearly a dozen junior colleges and schools along the route. The overnight stay at the Philmont Scout Ranch fulfilled the childhood dream of one rider who had always dreamed of staying at the Scout Ranch as a young Boy Scout.

An employee at the Koshare Indian Museum on the campus of Otero Junior College, La Junta, CO, served as a night watchperson so the cyclists could have access to the bathrooms during the night. Marilyn and Bill Wilson, family, and friends, Holly, CO, have provided a Sunday morning brunch to the group for many years. Riders are able to view the DAR Trail marker in front of their home and the renovated railway depot behind it.

Many riders had never been in Kansas before. The adequate rainfall during the summer and the mild

temperatures made a favorable impression. Kansas was unusually green for this time of year. We did face into a chilly, strong head wind on the ride from Larned to Sterling, but it was a mercifully short day of 56 miles. I was the only rider from Kansas and answered many inquiries, especially about the crops.

While riders enjoyed mild weather and beautiful scenery, stopping for closer looks at turtles and tarantulas, watching the monarch butterfly migration, the numerous birds along the route, and prairie dogs villages, unplanned events occurred. First, Willard Chilcott who has hip replacements took a tumble which resulted in a cracked bone in the hip area, and he left the ride in Trinidad.

Dave Mann, who had come to my aid on the first day, was hit by a car at an intersection when leaving Dodge City. He was able to get back on his bicycle, whereupon the car drove away, and he rode on to Kinsley. There someone suggested that he go to the emergency room where a doctor sewed up a cut on his elbow and told him not to ride for several days. By the third day Dave was back on his bike riding half days in a single speed. While trying to repair a part of the derailleur bent in the accident, it broke and a replacement could not be found, so the chain was placed in a fixed position between the pedals and the back wheel and Dave was happy.

While in Council Grove, Ray and Shelley Freeman, Fruitland Park, FL, were notified that his father had died. The Marks shuttled them to the Kansas City Airport the next morning. Condolences to them for their loss.

The morning we left Independence it began to rain, making roads hazardous for cyclists. David and Ruth Durst, Louisville, CO, who rode a tandem, had hit a treacherous railroad crossing the day before and blew out both tires and ruined a rim. They were able to find a bicycle shop with a repairman who rebuilt a rim overnight. Leaving Independence in the rain, they hit a bad spot and went down. Ruth suffered a broken arm, two breaks in her pelvis, and cuts to her face. After several days in the hospital, she was able to fly to her home to recuperate. We sincerely hope all the injuries are healing well,

and those injured will be enjoying cycling again soon. Thus we are reminded that the Trail was frequently thought of as filled with danger, especially by the women who traveled it.

At the end of three weeks there was a sadness in saying farewells to friends made along the way and leaving the Trail. Long miles were made much shorter while in conversation. I especially enjoyed the company of Doreen Kolasa, Surrey, B.C., and Monica Canaris, Albuquerque, NM. The Trail continues to be route for international exchange with people from foreign countries learning about this country's history. The daily route guides noted places where Trail-related sites were located. I was surprised at how much more Canadians know about what's going on in this country than I know about Canada.

I was also surprised by the feeling of near exhaustion when I began the drive to McPherson to attend the remainder of the symposium. The ride was a wonderful way to experience the Trail which I would love to repeat. There are internet sites featuring a Trail journal and photos of one rider at <<http://pedalpusher.crazyguyonabike.com>>. Peter Graf from Switzerland has posted photos taken by himself and others. To access this site, e-mail him at <peter.graf@datacomm.ch>.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

I extend sincere thanks to the officers and board of the Association for granting me a lifetime membership in the organization at the time of the 2005 symposium. It was unexpected honor for which I am very grateful.

From all reports I received, the gathering at McPherson was a resounding success. Congratulations to everyone who had a hand in bringing that about.

Marc Simmons
Past President, SFTA
PO Box 51
Cerrillos NM 87010

Editor:

Please extend my thanks to all who made our 2005 symposium attendance an experience to treasure.

Special thanks to those responsible for presenting me with the Award of Merit. We are home again after logging 5,466.6 miles and making many wonderful memories. Marc Simmons made a special trip into Santa Fe to meet us, which was a high point in our NM visit.

Annette & Dennis Gray
PO Box 835
Markerville, Alberta
Canada T0M 1M0

There is no doubt you traveled the farthest to attend the symposium. Thank you for being there.

Editor

Editor:

In the August issue of *Wagon Tracks* Vernon Lohrentz's poetic version of "Becknell's First Trip West" portrays much more accurately his routing than has generally been indicated in many past accounts. Considering the paucity of descriptive detail in Becknell's probably reconstructed journal, Lohrentz has done a creditable job of interpreting the routing.

One brief segment, however, does give an inaccurate picture of the actual terrain: "Emery Gap was bad with cliffs so steep we lost a mule and worked a heap." Actually the passage through Emery Gap is a very gentle, open one between two mesas. The rugged section where they lost a horse, not a mule, fits perfectly the villainous terrain of Chacauco Canyon where they had emerged onto the flatlands two days earlier.

Attendees of the 2007 Santa Fe Trail Symposium in Trinidad, Colorado, will have an opportunity to visit this portion of Becknell's route on one of the scheduled tours, which I will guide, health permitting. The tour will traverse a part of Becknell's route and that of the military freight route through Emery Gap and the Canyon of the Dry Cimarron.

It was refreshing to see Lohrentz's recognition of this more acceptable routing of this segment of Becknell's trek to Santa Fe.

Richard Loudon
PO Box 8
Branson CO 81027

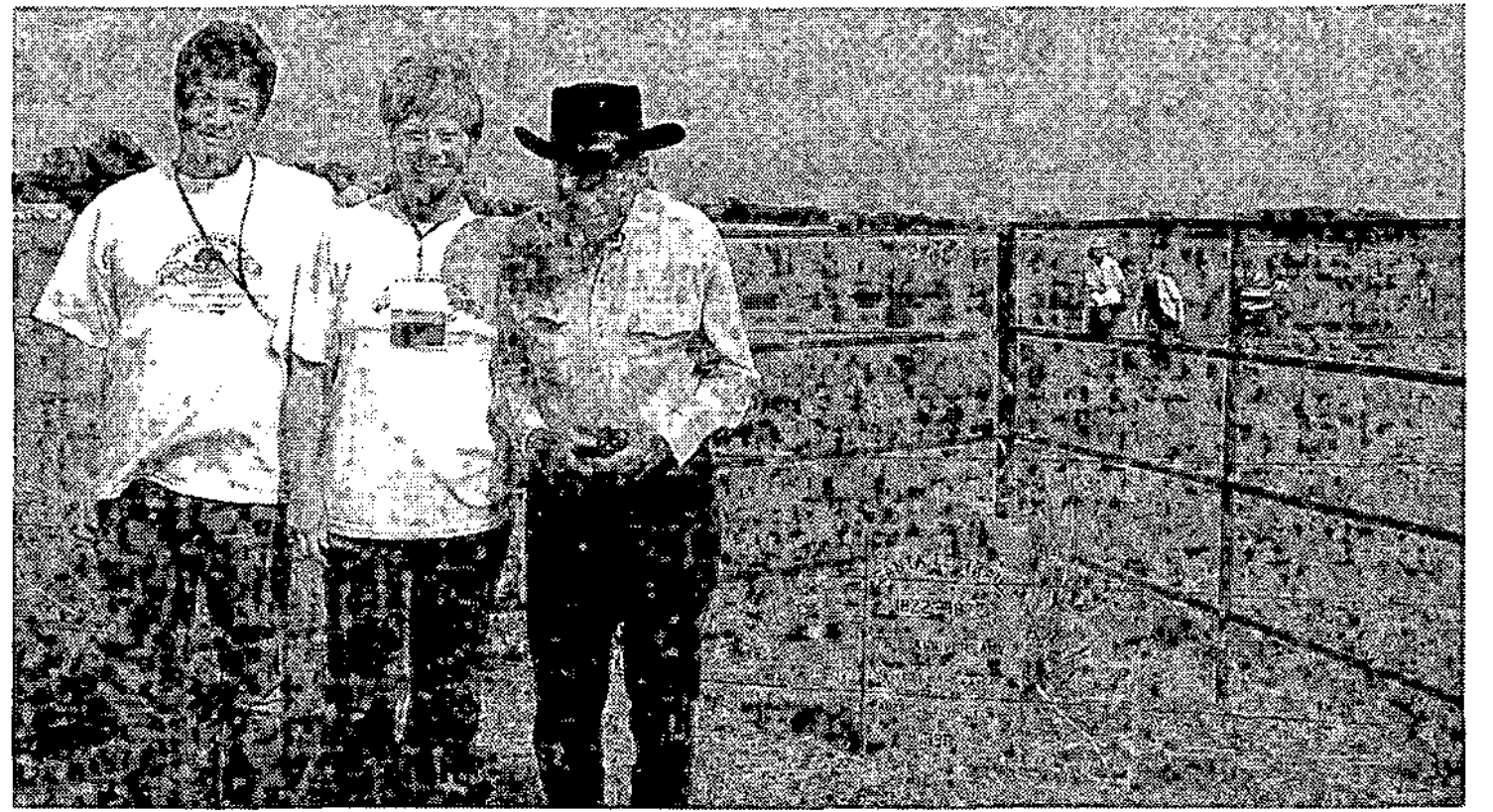
Thank you for the information and correction. Actually the Emery Gap error is an editorial faux pas on my part. I certainly look forward to visiting the area with you in 2007.

Editor

SYMPOSIUM SCENES



Registration, l to r, Linda Colle, Janel Cook, and Clara Wingfield, photo courtesy of Harry Myers.



Britt Colle, Linda Colle, and SFTA Ambassador Ralph Hathaway at Ralph's Ruts west of Chase, KS, photo courtesy Linda Colle.



Wilmer and Hazel Ekholm, Windom, KS, receiving the Historic Preservation Award for their work over many years to preserve, protect, and maintain Santa Fe Trail remnants in the area of the Little Arkansas Crossing, photo courtesy of Alice Anne Thompson



Mamie Aguirre relatives and biographer, l to r, Rowene Aguirre-Medina, Annette Gray, Andra Aguirre, and Karla French, photo courtesy of Alice Anne Thompson.



The Fred and Virginia Shields family receiving the Historic Preservation Award for their work over many years to preserve, protect, and maintain Santa Fe Trail remnants in the Lost Spring area, photo courtesy of Inez Ross.



Anne Mallinson and Dub Couch at the historic dance, with Bill and Myrna Barnes in background, photo courtesy of Alice Anne Thompson.



Dedication of Cottonwood Crossing kiosk, photo by Alice Anne Thompson.



Phyllis Morgan receiving one of her many awards, including two Awards of Merit, of which this is one, and the Marc Simmons Writing Award, photo courtesy of Inez Ross.



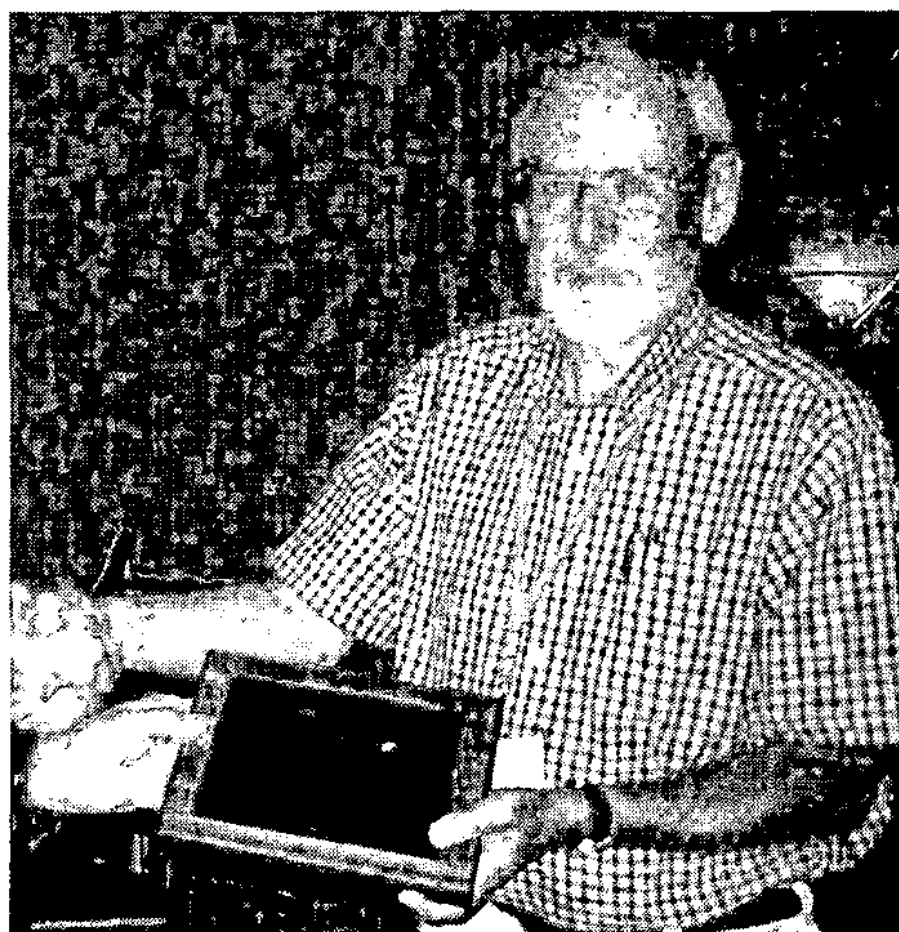
Inez Ross receiving an Award of Merit for her role in walking the Trail and writing about it.



Janice Swenson receiving the Educator Award for excellence in teaching, photo courtesy of Alice Thompson.



Janel Cook, president of the Quivira Chapter and coordinator for the symposium, and Steve Schmidt, vice-president of the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter, received Awards of Merit for their chapters for there many projects and hosting the 2005 symposium, photo courtesy of Inez Ross.



Above, Hal Jackson receiving the Paul F. Bentrup Ambassador Award, with special thanks for his four years as president of SFTA.

Above right, Annette Gray receiving the Award of Merit for her biography of Mamie Aguirre.

Below right, Phyllis Morgan receiving the Marc Simmons Writing Award for her articles on wildlife on the Trail in Wagon Tracks.

All three photos courtesy of Inez Ross.



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

[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 032333, (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.]

Introduction

Jared L. Sanderson, partner in the Barlow and Sanderson Overland Stage Company that operated over the Santa Fe Trail and other routes on the Plains, was born in St. Albans, VT, July 7, 1820. In his youth he was apprenticed to a carriage maker. When we was 20 years old he began working for a stage company, first taking care of livestock and later driving teams out of Burlington, VT. He may have become involved in the management of the stage company.

When railroads replaced stage lines, Sanderson moved to St. Louis in 1860 and became a partner with Bradley Barlow, a banker and congressman from St. Albans, in mail service and stage operations on the Santa Fe Trail and other routes. When the railroads built into the region, the company operated stage service from the end of track. Sanderson opened a line from La Junta, CO, to the mining camp at Leadville, and later opened lines to other mining camps in the west, including California. At some point in his life, he became known as "Colonel Sanderson," apparently an honorary title. In later years he was also called the "Stagecoach King."

According to Morris F. Taylor, *First Mail West, passim*, Sanderson probably first joined with Barlow in a firm that also included Mahlon Cottrill, also from Vermont, and others, and they joined with yet others in 1862 to operate stage and mail-contract service over the Santa Fe Trail. Sanderson also operated a line between Fort Leavenworth and Fort Scott and was complimented for good service in 1863. In 1865 he became more involved with the Santa Fe Trail mail contract and the business was known as the Santa Fe Stage



Company. In 1866 Barlow and Sanderson received the contract for tri-weekly service from the railroad at Lawrence to Santa Fe and other points. The railhead and point of departure soon moved to Junction City, and the mail coaches joined the main Santa Fe Trail at Fort Zarah on Walnut Creek. With contracts extending on to California, the business name was changed to Barlow and Sanderson Southern Overland Mail and Express Company. The eastern end of their route moved west with the railroads. Daily service began in 1868.

In the late 1870s Barlow sold his interest in the company to Sanderson, who changed the name to J. L. Sanderson Company and continued to operate short stage lines in Colorado, New Mexico, California, and Oregon. Sometime after 1880 he moved from St. Louis to Boulder. Later, after closing his stage business, he invested in mining operations. His first wife died (they had no children) and he married a widow who also had mining investments. They apparently lost everything in litigation over the sale of their mining interests to a company that turned out to be unable to pay, and by 1910 had even lost their fine home. Sanderson died July 6, 1915, a day short of 95, and his remains were buried in the Columbia Cemetery at Boulder.

As late as 1934 the second Mrs. Sanderson was attempting to obtain

money from the government to compensate for losses suffered by the stage company many years before on the Santa Fe Trail. She never collected. Some of Sanderson's business records and the memoirs printed below were left with Edwin Davis, great-grandfather of David Dunning who now has the manuscript.

Sometime around 1912 Sanderson, then in his early 90s, wrote the memoirs that appear below. As one might expect, his memory was not always accurate, but what he remembered is worth preserving and studying. He lived in Colorado at the time, thus his focus is often on that state. His memoirs are printed as originally written, with annotations in brackets in the text. Additional information about the life of Sanderson is found in two other accounts, quoted here to provide further background for his memoirs.

Sanderson Described, 1880

In 1880 Sanderson's cashier and bookkeeper, H. C. Griffin, wrote a biographical sketch of his employer, which one would expect to be laudatory, including the following statement: "Col. Sanderson is a man of medium height, of splendid build, and sanguine temperament. He has reached the age of three score years, but is as active, healthy and energetic as the most of men at forty. Time has dealt gently and kindly with him; his blue eye is as bright as ever, his step as firm and his voice as strong. . . . He is of even temper, slow to anger, yet allowing no one to encroach upon his rights. He has strong prejudices; cannot do too much for a friend, and though he may forgive an injury, can never forget it. He is not fond of society, but enjoys the companionship of two or three congenial spirits. Though of moderate education, his practical sense and wide experience have made him a well-informed man. He is temperate in his habits, but enjoys the good things that prosperity has laid at his feet." Griffin concluded, "From a stage driver he has become the leading stage owner of the United States."

Sanderson Interviewed, c. 1880

An undated clipping from the *Gunnison (CO) Democrat*, about 1880, included the following about Sanderson, who was interviewed

there while on his annual tour of inspection of his lines: "In personal appearance Col. Sanderson is below the average stature, rather heavy set and looks not over fifty. His hair and whiskers are sprinkled with gray and his face is lighted by a pair of blue eyes that betoken something of the character of the man. He is quiet and unassuming in manner, and looks a perfect picture of health. His one dissipation is smoking, and he is very fond of a good cigar and uses the weed incessantly. Though having spent the better part of a lifetime in this western country where gambling is almost universal, he never played a game of cards in his life and hardly knows one card from another. He has always been a hard worker and as he says himself, has had no time for dissipation. He was born in St. Albans, Vermont. In early life he served his time as a carriage builder. His first experience in his present business, began at the age of twenty when he became a stable boy and looked after stock. From this he was advanced to the position of driver and served in that capacity between Burlington, Vermont, and Montreal. New England was too small a field for him, however, and in 1860 he pulled up stakes and came west, settling at St. Louis, where his home now is. Soon after his arrival he formed a co-partnership with Mr. Barlow. Their headquarters were in Kansas City and they opened lines from Kansas City to Fort Scott, from Kansas City to Santa Fe, Santa Fe to El Paso, Texas, and from El Paso to San Diego and Los Angeles, California, 2250 miles in all. They had a contract for carrying the United States mail over this road and continued to do so for a period of eight years, or until the [rail] cars came to take their place. At one time 5,000 horses were used and 1,100 men were employed, but at present the number of horses has been reduced to about 2,800. Every horse used in this state and New Mexico is purchased by Col. Sanderson himself in St. Louis, and shipped out here, and costs on an average, about one hundred and fifty dollars. He is very particular about his stock, and if an animal suits him he buys it without regard to price. His coaches, of which he has about one hundred now in use, are manufactured in Concord,

New Hampshire, and cost a thousand dollars each. The harness also comes from Concord, and costs one hundred dollars for a set of four. The amount of business done by this firm has been enormous, the yearly receipts being from half a million to a million dollars. They usually have from fifty to one hundred mail contracts, and these are from fifty to one thousand miles in length. During the twenty years that Mr. Barlow was a member of the firm, his whole time was given to looking after this part of the business, the active management of their affairs being entirely in the hands of Col. Sanderson, and in all that time it is said Mr. B. never saw a horse or wheel owned by the company. He retired from the firm about a year and a half ago with money enough, as Col. S. naively puts it, to buy a railroad, and he is now engaged in that business. Since the retirement of Mr. Barlow, a brother [Harley Sanderson] and nephew of Col. Sanderson's, and his cashier, Mr. H. C. Griffin, have been given an interest in the business, and the firm is now J. L. Sanderson and Co.

The present headquarters are at Pueblo, and the firm now operates about nine hundred miles of line in Colorado and New Mexico, and eight hundred miles in California and Oregon. Col. Sanderson still keeps up his active supervision of the business and visits every station of the company at least once a year, and not a man or horse or coach but comes under his eye. Even the smallest details are looked after by him and he knows the stock better than any man in his employ. So wonderful is his memory that he can call nearly every horse by name, and give its history since it came into his possession. Six months of each year are spent traveling over the various lines of the company. During June, July and August he is in Colorado and New Mexico, and then, after a month's rest, he goes to California and gives another three months there. Notwithstanding his great wealth and advancing years, he still keeps up his busy active life and nothing escapes him. His attention is everywhere and no detail of the business is too trivial to escape his notice. The business has been reduced to a system and the whole vast concern moves like clock-work. Ow-

ing to the encroachments of the railroads the business is not what it was, but as the coaches are forced off one line, another is opened up. Whenever a new mining camp is found or a town started a stage route is soon established. Following on the heels of the burro comes the Concord coach which is in turn crowded off by the railroad. Hundreds of miles of railroad have been constructed by this company, and there is probably no man in America to-day who knows more of the development of Colorado than Col. Sanderson. Far in advance of the railroad he has been a pioneer, and has watched the onward march of civilization. The ebb and flow of all this human tide are known to him, and to the future historian his books will be a curious and interesting study. Col. Sanderson will remain in Gunnison for a week or ten days and will then inspect the stations north of here, after which he will go to California."

Sanderson Memoirs

THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

So many persons have desired me to write a book of my life and the story of my adventures with the Indians and the buffalo of the Plains while I was owner of

"The Southern Overland Mail" which had for its route

"The Santa Fe Trail,"

having had letters from the leading magazines asking for articles, from the Colorado College at Colorado Springs and from the University of Colorado at Boulder, also from my neighbors and friends for information regarding that most interesting period of our State's development; and knowing that the pulse of the people call for the real facts and truth of those early days on the then

Great American Desert, and I being the only survivor of that day and events, I have decided to write the true history of early Colorado; the conquering of the Plains; the Indians; the Buffalo; and leave, as far as in my power lies, something to give to the children of this generation that they may know while enjoying the wondrous climate and beauties of this glorious state, under what conditions and dangers it has come to them.

People I find want facts, not a rehearsal of other peoples' writings.

From 1860 to 1870 were the most trying years in the settlement of Colorado - The Indians were more hostile than at any period before or since - this supplemented by the Civil War - with all its Guerilla warfare, made this route a bloody trail from the Kansas border through Colorado.

It was from 1860 to 1880 that most of my work was done on the plains of Colorado. The difficulties and dangers, the struggles, the hardships, were all part of the play. With courage and determination we moved along this pathway of desert, plain and mountain. The glare of the sun by day and the haunting stillness of the air by night, only broken by the rumble of the coach and the clatter of hoofs of horses. Ten days and ten nights from Kansas City to Santa Fe, without taking off ones' clothes, traveling over roads that had never seen spade nor plough; an unbroken prairie, over sandy desert land, with dangers and perils all around us, urging the faithful horses onward, trusting in God and the power he had given us, knowing that we were instruments in His hands to do the work set before us. Never looking backward, but keeping our eye upon the trail; never for one moment faltering, never acknowledging there could be failure, we moved onward to the end of the journey. There were lives trusted to our care, there were large interests at stake, and back home anxious ones were waiting for the word from their loved ones and it was our object, our will to make good.

The motto of the Star Route line is
CELEBRITY, CERTAINTY, SECURITY
swift, sure and safe.

Those days of peril were happy ones. We were doing something worth the doing, and as I look back on them, how vividly I see it all. My faithful brave men, my trusty horses, the unbroken prairie afterward dotted by comfortable homes and fertile pastures where formerly were but desert lands. Cattle grazing and a general air of peaceful prosperity so different from the desolate dreary scenes of earlier years.

It is not easy for me to put into words the wonders of these journeys across the plains. Friends have

spoken of what they term my wonderful memory, but who could ever forget those desperate encounters with savages and wild animals. Many have asked for the story from the pen of one who passed through these scenes; they tell me it is my duty to leave to the future generations a story of those days and nights upon the plains, deserts and mountains, so fraught with peril I never can forget - it is burnt upon the pages of my memory in living fire.

We made new roads where the foot of white man had never trod.

We went ahead over the plains, forded rivers, climbed the highest mountain.

Those miles of desolate prairie and desert are indelibly stamped on my mind, but I will as far as in my power lies, describe those days and conditions in this volume. It is my desire, though I never should have been courageous enough to have attempted it, had it not been for the persistent requests of friends.

The old stage coach, which was the glory of those days, is no more to be seen, a wreck of its former beauty, now stands in the yard of a livery, a sad spectacle of what it has been, in the days of long ago. It did its work. Without it, this now glorious Colorado could not be the state it now is. Such wonderful developments as this state has shown to the world, in the years from 1860 to 1912, is amazing to those who have passed through that period within its borders. Its productive powers astonishes the world.

With gold and silver sufficient to pave the Eternal City with fruit exceeding the temptations of the Garden of Eden, and yet in 1860 it was called "The Great American Desert," and horticulturalists doubted the possibility of its fertility. Today, Colorado looks out to the entire world as the producer of the finest fruits known. Resplendent in fertile ranches, its product finds a ready market in the European and Eastern cities. The highest prices paid for apples have been paid for some fine varieties grown in Colorado, and exported to England and Germany. How well I remember the first apple grown in Colorado. It was at Canon City in 1860, when one, Mr. Hurd, in the pride of

his success, gave me one from his tree. At that time potatoes were brought here from the East, and sold for One Dollar (\$1) per pound.

But in every line there is an advanced thinker, and in this one it was a Mr. Clark who so succeeded in this work that he acquired the name of Potato Clark, for just south of Denver he grew enough potatoes to supply the demand and make for himself a fortune.

The marble quarries, with their beauty and quantity, the immense quantities of clay and sandstone, the former of which is worked into fine pottery and though in its infancy promises to occupy a leading place in the production of this line.

In fact in looking back over the vista of some fifty years, and seeing each decade opening up new discoveries of value, I am led to feel that Colorado is something of a Pandora's Box, only waiting for the prospectors' pick to show to the world new and wonderful treasures hitherto unthought of.

And this is all due in a large measure to the opening up of this country by the travel of

The Old Santa Fe Trail.

The rumbling of the Stage Coach is of the past, yet it leaves a romance, a memory, sweet to all who passed through that period of the country's progress. The other day, one of my former employees came to see me; he had worked for the Stage Company all the way from Kansas City to Trinidad, for thirteen years, covering a period of the most exciting events in this country's history - new camps were being opened in the mining districts - our stages went to every branch carrying all sorts of characters, and as we talked together over this most thrilling time, he said, "But Colonel, that was life, there was something doing, I would like to live it all over again." Every day was full of excitement and adventure. Sometimes it was old Chief Sautante [Kiowa Chief Satanta] with his positive, determined nature, so full of contradictions; generosity, friendliness, deceit, and vain importance; or the reported hold up of the stage by road agents; sometimes the accident of the upset of the Coach, with its

load of passengers. There was never a quiet day, all was excitement, rush and hurrah boys. The six horse teams with their life and beauty; the ever opening wonder of the passenger at the strange sights of a new country, the vivid imagination, worded in most emphatic language of the driver, who was always keenly alive to the interest shown by the passenger, and spared no detail to make his stories full of color. Sometimes the stage drivers were sons of title[d] Englishmen, out in America on a tour of sight seeing; sometimes a seeker after health, and very often those who desired to lose their identity, and under another name live a life far from the scenes of their childhood and friends.

The office of The Southern Overland Mail Company was at Kansas City. From there I went to Washington whenever business required, and the Post Master General and his assistants were never weary of plying me with questions for information of the Great West. It was at this time I had the honor of close association with President Lincoln, the great emancipator, General Grant, with whom I had a kindred feeling on the horse question, and afterward had on my farm at St. Louis, his handsome gray charger, which had carried him safely through the war. In gratitude to him, General Grant, as all lovers of the horse would like to do, pensioned him for life at my country farm in green pastures.

These years were perhaps some of the most interesting of the Nation's history. The opening of a new country, the subduing of the Indian, and the freeing of the slave, made times pretty lively and one had to keep alert, to meet the issues of the day.

Some idea of the immigration into the new west can be had when beside the passengers which we carried and which averaged one hundred per day, at one period of six weeks time, the number of wagons that passed over the Overland tract [track?] numbered six thousand. These were mostly families with their household goods looking for, and on their way to, a home in the New West.

Mr. Barlow at that time was

member of Congress and spent much of his time in Washington. This helped us materially in the securing of mail contracts from the government, as he knew all the inside workings of such matters. We were successful for many years. Beside our passenger and express, our mail pay amounted to an average of half a million yearly. We always considered our expenses were paid by our passenger and express service, leaving our mail for profit.

As soon as I saw the way clear after reaching Kansas City, the starting point of the Santa Fe Trail, I ordered a fine line of those Concord Coaches made by Abbott, Downing of Vermont [New Hampshire]. Complete from coach to curry comb, and started out as handsome outfits as ever crossed a country, and equipped with driver and express messenger, who also acted as conductor.

Our first point from Kansas City was Olathe, 20 miles distant, where there was quite a number of Indians; next to Council Grove, 120 miles where there was a friendly Indian Camp, and so named because the Indians met there for Council. At Fort Larned the soldiers were stationed, and government supplies furnished alike for settlers and Indians.

No one can ever know of the burning heat, the stifling dust, the dread of the savage that comes into the mind and heart of the traveler for the first time. After a while this all passes away, and fear disappears, courage grows, and we learn to take things as they are, and cross no bridges until we come to them. In this as in life, we are apt to take things too seriously and worry over what never comes to pass.

William Gilpin, the first territorial governor of Colorado, made his wonderful prophesy, "The West Will Rule the American Continent."

As the question of Slavery was being discussed and fought for at this time, and as the Free Soilers were determined Kansas should be a free state, the fight waged hot between the two parties. The Guerilla, the Bushwhackers, and Border Ruffian, all united to settle this ques-

tion for Kansas, long before the United States Government resisted the actions of the South, and her attack on Fort Sumter.

As Kansas was the sister territory of Colorado, and as her fate, would affect us, her history is closely connected with ours, especially as regards The Santa Fe Trail, in that state.

The history and progress of the West depended on the growth of Kansas City which was the gateway of civilization and the advance line into the great undeveloped West. From here we started on our journey through The Great American Desert. Today the entire course of the trail from Kansas City to Santa Fe is monumented by stones [DAR markers], telling in part the story that will never cease to be of interest to the people of future generations.

My business carried me across the country to San Diego and up the Coast to San Francisco, on to Portland, Oregon. From Santa Fe I moved on to El Paso, From El Paso to Tucson, on to Yuma, then to San Diego, to Los Angeles, to San Francisco, to Sacramento to Portland, Oregon. Thus we traversed the country from one end to the other. Crossing this country in this day, even by the same method we then did, would not be the same experience. Those barren, treeless wastes are to a great degree under cultivation. In conquering this wilderness it has dotted it with homes, it is claimed the rain belt has steadily advanced into the desert lands, at the rate of eight miles a year. It appears to me little less than a miracle to see this country as it now is, and compare it with its condition in the sixties. Crops of all kinds are successfully grown where nothing but cactus and sagebrush grew. The opening of the railroads - the spread of the population, the advance in every way is the event of our day and generation, and it has come to us step by step in its onward course.

One of my greatest foes to safety in these days was the so called road agent. Their object was theft: Of these assaults, Dick Wootton [Richens Lacy "Uncle Dick" Wootton, who operated the toll road over Raton Pass] was very fa-

miliar and could tell many stories at once exciting and interesting. One I especially remember; One day as we came up the mountain from the east side, there were two well armed and very desperate fellows, as the coach came down the New Mexico side where the canon was very narrow, the men halted it. We were not looking for an attack and "hands up" was ordered. There were six men in the coach and they all, with the driver, obeyed orders. The safety box was rifled and pockets of passengers emptied of contents. They then coolly proceeded on their way, but only a short time afterward they were killed while asleep by men in order to obtain a reward from the government for their capture.

I was in the midst of the fight here between Slavery and Freedom for the negro. The old settlers and the new fought on this neutral ground. Both claimed it. The names "Black Abolitionist" and "Border Ruffian" were hurled at one another. Many were killed in the struggle. There was strong feeling between the parties. My business led me to be closely associated with both. No one would have chosen such a field at such a time, but having put my hand to the plow, it was not my nature to turn back. Many persons have expressed wonder at my having passed through such exciting scenes and dangers and come out alive. Someway I always seemed immune to danger. I never ran away from it, but it never daunted me. It was all new and exciting to me, for I had lately come from staid and quiet Vermont, and being of robust health and adventurous spirit, a determination to see all there was in this new country, it was most interesting if somewhat dangerous, and sometimes disastrous to my pocket.

But to the homeseeker there was ever that hope which buoys one up, and as distant pastures are always green, courage and hope kept them from turning back and so one by one the West was settled. The story of those years is unique. It is a hard tract to conquer, a desert wilderness, a victory to be proud of. It means years of toil, of privation, of loneliness sometimes almost despair, yet let us see

what perservance and indomitable will has done. Where there were desert lands it now blooms with fertility. Cities dot these plains and ranch homes stocked with finest cattle and high blooded horses, have replaced the wide desolate expanse of the plains.

One day when sitting in my office of The Overland Stage Company at Kansas City, two men entered looking for work. This was an everyday occurrence, but there was something very unusual about these men and I stopped from my writing and interviewed them personally. They told me they wanted work, they were ready for anything - dangers had no fears for them. They told me frankly they wanted to be lost to the world. They had killed a man in a drunken brawl in a saloon and no doubt the sheriff was in pursuit. The leader gave the name of Dave Keener - assumed of course I told them the only vacancy was on the route from Dodge City to Fort Bent, where for two hundred miles dangers of every sort beset the traveler. We fitted them out and sent them to their work, after them telling us that if anyone came after them they would never return to tell the story. They would never be taken alive.

The next day the sheriff from Baltimore entered the office making inquiries relative to two fugitives answering the description of the men of the day previous. I answered all questions adding "No doubt they are the men you are looking for," but also added "I'll tell you though they will never be taken alive, so if you go you must be prepared for a desperate struggle." The sheriff hesitated, went across the room to the window, paced the floor and then said "Thank you, sir, but perhaps I had better return to Baltimore." I replied "I think I would if I were you." When the stage returned to K. C. I told Dave Keener, who replied they never would have gone back alive. So, if in any way I defeated the laws, I saved another murder.

Those days killing a man was part of the play and little was thought of it. As my friends have often said, "Why Colonel Sanderson, how did you ever escape those dangers?"

I'll admit it does seem strange, yet I never came near death by any violence, and stranger still, this same Dave Keener, Desperado, worked for me as long as I ran the stages and proved reliable and true in every way. In fact I chose him as my special guard whenever I travelled across the plains and always felt perfectly safe, no matter what danger presented itself, as I knew that he was both able and willing to protect me at the cost of his own life. Human nature even in the wild desperado has its tender spots, for the memory of a home and childhood never leaves one entirely and no one knows the innermost thoughts of another nor the longings in the hearts for something better.

There was a tender side to Dave Keener, desperado and murderer though he was, and when he died I saw that he was laid away at the foot of the mountains he loved so well. He lies in an unmarked grave as he lived with a name unknown to his people. He was only one of a vast number who, away from family and friends, are lost to the world forever and none know about them. The entire length of The Santa Fe Trail is dotted with the unmarked resting places of the dead, who died either by violence or by sickness on that toilsome journey and was buried by family or friends who then moved onward to their destination. No one can ever know the hardships encountered by all who ventured across the plains, whether by stage or caravan; it took the strongest as well as the bravest to live through those days of heat and burning sun, of dust, and desolation, of a trail of deserted wagons, with the skeletons of the horses, and all too often the freshly made graves of those whose sufferings were too great to overcome and who perished by the roadside. The journey of life was ended for them, and the country they found was the one with the Eternal City. Water was scarce and hard to find by the inexperienced traveller. The only safe way was to join forces and form a company of their own, and thus each one protecting and helping the other, a safe journey was assured. The prairie was dry and parched, venom-

ous reptiles lurked around, and the tales of the suffering of the survivors were pitiful to relate. Most of the homeseeker was done during the Spring and Summer months as the winter season, when blizzards were frequent, makes it too hard and venturesome for any one who knows the condition to undertake it.

(continued next issue)

KATIE BOWEN LETTERS, 1851: PART XI

edited by Bonita and Leo Oliva

[Katie Bowen Letters (Bowen Family Papers, U.S. Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, PA), telling of a trip to Fort Union, New Mexico, over the Trail in 1851, continue from Fort Union.]

Fort Union. Sept 2, 1851

Tuesday evening, 8 1/2 o'clock

My dear mother

It is but little more than a week since I wrote to you and yet it seems a month. The mail will go out tomorrow and I have been finishing up my imperfect notes to send. If they are of any interest to you or Father I am satisfied that I have done well. We have got quite straightened out and are beginning to live after the old sort. This is the first day we have attempted to have washing done and as our stove sits out of doors it don't draw quite well enough to keep a hot fire. We usually cook by a fire built on the ground and I fancy that everything tastes uncommonly well. It may be that my appetite is to good to see the defects. We have bowers for eating in and for a kitchen, but these last three days and nights have been very rainy and of course we could not inhabit our airy mansions. The dampness is considerable during these severe storms but no rain has made its way through our cotton houses. The houses for winter are growing slowly, just putting in window and door frames. If I get cold I shall take the benefit of a parlor stove out of the cooking one, but at present we wear white and muslin dresses after ten o'clock in the morning. Mornings and evening and even nights are cold, but as good luck has provided us, we have plenty of clothing and bedding and will not suffer if snow catches us in tents. I must

commence sewing. As yet I have had much to do in getting everything settled in the kitchen, but now I shall trust in our servant to cook enough to keep us from starving while I make up winter drawers and night shirts for my good man. It is fortunate that we had the means to bring supplies with us, for the most common calico is 20 or 30 cents a yard and cotton cloth is too great a luxury for many. If we have occasion to send out for anything we will write to Mr. St. John and have everything sent from Philadelphia. St. Louis prices are ruinous and the transportation from Philadelphia to St. Louis is nothing at all. I am going to make a winter house dress off the calico Collins sent me and that is all I aim to do for myself, unless I lay in a supply of underclothes. We three ladies Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Sibley and myself, are very social and run into each others tents nearly every day. I am not going to worry myself about work, but live easy and go back to the states as good as new. I am as well off as my neighbors and I have no ambition to shine in New Mexico. I have been writing a long letter to Mother Bowen. The idea to her of living in tents is even worse than to you who know more of army life. If you could see us you would not think us uncomfortable at all. I will draw a plan of our arrangements and put down everything. I do not hear of any of our friends in this part of the world. Mrs. Morris is still in Texas but you will hear of her through the Smiths. I was sorry to hear of Bertha Williams marriage with that parson, for I don't believe she will find the society, all they profess. If Mrs Turner has no idea by this time, good luck attend her, and may her young John give her much comfort. Tell Susan to send my best wishes to her. The Santa fé mail will be in tomorrow, and I feel sure of getting half a dozen letters. Some of the people here got their letters out of the mail at Vegas, but we were not so fortunate so we wait the return. A party started out yesterday for the States, among them were two citizen ladies and Col [Thomas] Swords quartermaster who has been on a tour of inspection. You will probably see his report and I hope it will be just.

Wednesday morning, before breakfast, tho' not very early. We were serenaded last night by the young gentlemen and kept awake so long that our nap this morning was longer than usual. The young doctor here is one of the pleasantest Men I have met for a long time and said to be very skillful. His name is [Thomas Mc]Parlin. We will be a very social garrison as soon as we are a little better acquainted. I am waiting to have our bower dry a little more then intend to have Maj [E. B.] and Mrs. Sibley and a few others in to tea. All have been very kind to us. One of the young bachelors sent us a weeks supply of vegetables and the Col has kept us in ice. Our cow makes a plenty of butter and occasionally I am able to send a pint to my neighbors. How I do want to get long letters from you. I am glad to hear that Julia has a prospect of living again, always give her my kindest remembrance, and I hope she may not have any more responsibilities to wear her down. If Hasey only will behave himself there need be no trouble. Caroline is getting old enough to consider that her friends know what is best for her, and I wonder that she will be perverse about going to school. She needs it sadly and should be made to study for she is more deficient than most young ladies of her age. Louisa Smith I think will make a fine scholar and be able to see her way through the world. I hope she will make out better than either of her sisters. You never wrote me what Mrs Halls sixth one was. If Aunt Sally goes away this fall tell her to carry god news from us to Ann and Fred, for we are very comfortable and have no reason to find fault with New Mexico. Lydia Cook must spend many lonely hours, give my love to her and tell her to visit you as often as she can. I think a great deal of her and hope she may live to enjoy much comfort. Has Father had good crops this season, if you have suffered as much from drouth as all the rest of the world has from rain it will be hard on the farming community. The head farmer here is cutting hay for winter use but has not more than 30 tons as yet and there are 900 head of cattle beside several hundred horses and mules

to winter, but pasturage will be good these two months yet and perhaps three, for among the mountains I believe there is always some grass and browse. I hope we will be able to treat our cow well, at least the one who gives us butter and milk. We cannot get any meal or bran in this country. They grind their wheat to absorb nearly all the bran and eat it in the bread. Those who use it say it is much sweeter than American flour and makes as good griddle cakes as buck wheat. We have not tried it yet but intend to as American flour is \$11.78 per 100 pounds and the Mexican is 7 7/8 c[ents] cheaper to the pound, which is the amount paid for every pound of anything from the states and at posts farther on, transportation amounts to 14 and 17 cents a pound. It is rather tough for with what we pay for the commonest things here would buy us luxuries in the States and at present we are only allowed to buy one ration for every member of our family which leaves us nothing for hospitality as the commissary is the only place where anything is to be bought. Officers in California & Oregon draw \$2.00 a day extra and I am sure we need it here. Everybody feels outraged at Col Sumners orders about buying at the commissary and many have reported to the president. It is only within the last month that transportation has been added to the prices. Up to this time all were allowed to purchase provisions at contract price and it was no more than right, for if we are to be sent to this far away country, we ought to have some of the privileges of officers in the states and other territories. As the day wears on I get impatient for the mail and hope it may come before night. If you got all the letters that we wrote along the road, you will be pretty well acquainted with our movements. I send some seeds of black locust which if soaked in hot water for a few moments and planted in the fall, I am told they will come up. I gathered the seeds as we came over the mountains and it is a beautiful shrub. The leaves are after the fashion of mountain ash but very delicate. The flowers are pretty but the plants that I gath-

ered with them did not live. Give much love to everybody and tell them that we are getting on well. I made plum preserves the other day and had good luck. Our preserves came safe, not one broken and not an article or glass or china cracked, except one of the fruit dishes. I can mend it sometime. Write every particular and write often. Holman must send me a long epistle. The boys might write. Tell Jeffy I see him every day, and he may guess how. Again love to all and for yourself and Father. I ever am the same affectionately ever Katie

(continued next issue)

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.

The following poem is about an archaeological site (14PA 301), located just south of Larned near the Santa Fe Trail, near the Pawnee Fork and the Arkansas River. Of it, the late Earl Monger wrote in 1974, "This site was first brought to my attention in 1936. . . . All during the later 1930's, the 1940's, and the 1950's my wife and I spent many happy hours building a collection of artifacts which number some two thousand. These are still in our possession and are marked with this site number [14PA301]." (*Kansas Anthropological Association Newsletter*, 20 [November 1974]).

Although Earl Monger does not claim authorship of this poem, Mary Conrad (who sent this material) and I hypothesize that he wrote it because it mentions "features and artifacts," "potsherds," and the anthropological "trench in the earth." The author points out the serenity of the place in the "silken carpet of soft grass." The "o" sound in "buffalos," "know," "bone," "alone," and "go" echo the wind, and perhaps create a lament.

Recently Santa Fe Trail Symposium goers visited a dig in Rice County. The day was pleasant, the winds soft, the dig enticing. Suddenly joining the Kansas Anthropological Association seemed the right thing to do. A person can go onto the prairie and be trained to work a dig in a beautiful place. Hand trowels anyone?

[Site 14PA301, An Interpretation]

[ascribed to] Earl Monger

And the silken carpet of soft grass
o'er which we now begin to pass
makes a palace for the buffalos
richer than richest king can know
and the devouring mastodon
where has the towering monster
gone,
of the lordly race a scattered bone
dug from the earth exists alone
yet numerous as buffaloe
doubtless he once was wont to go
out west in the sky.
From where I am standing
I can look down
and see features and artifacts
scattered around.
A circle of post molds
black in the soil
An orange colored firehearth
covered with foil.
A grooved stone hammer
partly exposed
near some bison bones
and two deer toes.
Part of a necklace
of live shell beads
and by the hearth
some charred plum seeds.
A splintered awl
the tooth of a dog
and I am being watched
By a little green frog.
That sack of pot sherds
which lays over there
will not be restored
without time and care.
I told that traveler
for what it is worth
all this is a "Great City"
not a trench in the earth.

SYMPOSIUM WINNERS

THE winners of the Art and History Exhibition were:

- 1st Place: \$100 - Michael Stout, for Ellinwood 4th Grade
- 2nd Place: \$75 - Josh Waller, for Lyons
- 3rd Place: \$50 - Kinsley
- Honorable Mention: Lindsborg Arts Council

Winner of the Afghan for new membership in the Quivira Chapter: Melvin Tarum, 614 E Seitz St., McPherson KS 67460.



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 two items for this issue, a plan for a Pike Plaza at Larned and the eleventh installment of Pike's journal. Keep informed with the Pike Bicentennial plans at <www.pikebicentennial.org>.]

ZEBULON PIKE PLAZA PLANNED AT LARNED

THE Wet/Dry Routes Chapter has approved a plan to develop the east side of Larned City Park to commemorate the visit to the area by Zebulon Montgomery Pike in October 1806. Pike, Dr. John H. Hamilton, and one enlisted man left the main party of the expedition near present Great Bend on October 23, 1806, and camped that night "in the fork" of the Pawnee and Arkansas.

The next day they explored up the Pawnee some five miles, searching for the route of Spanish troops who preceded them on the Plains a few weeks earlier. Later, on October 29, the entire Pike expedition crossed the Pawnee River. The plaza location, located within a few hundred yards of the crossing of the Pawnee, is already the home of several interpretive markers placed by the chap-

ter in addition to two grave markers dedicated to soldiers who died and were buried near the crossing during the Mexican War.

Preliminary plans call for appropriate signage, an information center, a shelter house/picnic area, and landscaping. Hopefully, the project will be completed by late October 2006 when a dedication for the Plaza is scheduled. Members of the Pike Family Association will be in attendance, and one of the country's leading authorities on Pike, John Murphy of Colorado Springs, will deliver the keynote address. Details of the project will be published as they develop.

PIKE'S JOURNAL, PART XI

THIS reprint of Pike's journal of the expedition of 1806-1807 continues, starting with the entry for March 5, 1807, the day Pike left Santa Fe.

Pike's Journal

5th March, Friday.—It snowing very bad in the morning we did not march until 11 o'clock. In the mean time Bartholemew and myself paid a visit to an old invalid Spaniard, who received us in the most hospitable manner, giving us chocolate &c. He made many enquiries as to our government and religion, and of ***** who did not fail to give the brightest colouring; he being enthusiastic in their favor from his many conversations with me, and drawing comparisons with his own country. What appeared to the old veteran, most extraordinary, was, that we ever changed our president; I was obliged to draw his powers on a nearer affinity with those of a monarch, than they really are, in order that they might comprehend his station and that there was a perfect freedom of conscience permitted in our country. He however expressed his warm approbation of the measure. In the priests house in which we put up, were two orphan girls, who were adopted by him in their infancy and at this time constituted his whole family.

I bid adieu to my friend Bartholemew and could not avoid shedding tears: he embraced me, and all my men.

We arrived at the village of St. Domingo at two o'clock. It is as I supposed, nine miles on the east side of

the Rio Del Norte, and is a large village, the population being about 1000 natives, generally governed by its own chief. The chiefs of the villages were distinguished by a cane with a silver head and black tassel and on our arrival at the public house; captain D Almansa was waited on by the governor, cap in hand, to receive his orders as to the furnishing of our quarters and ourselves with wood, water, provisions &c. for the house itself contained nothing but bare walls and small grated windows, and brought to my recollection the representation of the Spanish inhabitants, as given by Dr. Moore in his travels through Spain, Italy, &c. This village as well as that of St. Philip's and St. Bartholemew, are of the nation of Keres, many of whom do not yet speak good Spanish.

After we had refreshed ourselves a little, the captain sent for the keys of the church: when we entered it, and I was much astonished to find enclosed in mud-brick walls, many rich paintings, and the Saint (Domingo) as large as life, elegantly ornamented with gold and silver: the captain made a slight inclination of the head, and intimated to me, that this was the patron of the village. We then ascended into the gallery, where the choir are generally placed. In an outside hall was placed another image of the saint, less richly ornamented, where the populace repaired daily, and knelt to return thanks for benefactions received, or to ask new favors. Many young girls, indeed, chose the time of our visit to be on their knees before the holy patron. From the flat roof of the church we had a delightful view of the village; the Rio del Norte on our west; the mountains of St. Dies [Sandias] to the south, and the valley round the town, on which were numerous herds of goats, sheep, and asses; and upon the whole, this was one of the handsomest views in New Mexico.

6th March, Friday.—Marched down the Rio del Norte on the east side. Snow one foot deep. Passed large flocks of goats. At the village of St. Philip's, crossed a bridge of eight arches, constructed as follows, viz. the pillars made of neat wood work, something similar to a crate, and in the form of a keel boat, the sharp end, or bow, to the current; this crate or butment was filled with stone, in

which the river lodged sand, clay, &c. until it had become of a tolerable firm consistency. On the top of the pillars were laid pine logs, length ways, squared on two sides, and being joined pretty close, made a tolerable bridge for horses, but would not have been very safe for carriages, as there were no hand rails.

On our arrival at the house of the father, we were received in a very polite and friendly manner, and before my departure, we seemed to have been friends for years past.

During our dinner, at which we had a variety of wines, and were entertained with music, composed of bass drums, French horns, violins and cymbals; we likewise entered into a long and candid conversation as to the creoles, wherein he neither spared the government nor its administrators. As to government and religion, Father Rubi displayed a liberality of opinion and a fund of knowledge, which astonished me. He shewed me a statistical table, on which he had in a regular manner, taken the whole of the province of New Mexico, by villages, beginning at Tous, on the north-west, and ending with Valencia on the south, and giving their latitude, longitude, and population, whether natives or Spaniards, civilized or barbarous, Christians or Pagans, numbers, name of the nation, when converted, how governed, military force, clergy, salary, &c. &c.; in short, a complete geographical, statistical and historical sketch of the province. Of this I wished to obtain a copy, but perceived that the captain was somewhat surprised at its having been shewn to me. When we parted, we promised to write to each other, which I performed from Chihuahua.

Here was an old Indian who was extremely inquisitive to know if we were Spaniards, to which an old gentleman, called Don Francisco, who appeared to be an inmate of father Rubi, replied in the affirmative; but says the Indian, "they do not speak Castilian," true replied the other, but you are an Indian of the nation of Keres, are you not? Yes. Well the Utahs are Indians also? Yes. But still you do not understand them, they speaking a different language. True replied the Indian; well, said the old gentleman, those strangers are likewise Spaniards, but do not speak the

same language with us. This reasoning seemed to satisfy the poor savage, and I could not but smile at the ingenuity displayed to make him believe there was no other nation of whites but the Spaniards.

Whilst at dinner, father Rubi was informed one of his parishioners was at the point of death, and wished his attendance to receive his confession.

We took our departure, but were shortly after overtaken by our friend, who after giving me another hearty shake of the hand, left us. Crossed the river and passed two small hamlets and houses on the road to the village of St. Dies [Sandia], opposite the mountain of the same name, where we were received in a house of father Rubi, this making part of his domains.

7th March, Saturday.—Marched at nine o'clock through a country better cultivated and inhabited than any I had yet seen. Arrived at Albuquerque, a village on the east side of the Rio del Norte. We were received by father Ambrosio Guerra in a very flattering manner, and led into his hall. From thence, after taking some refreshment, into an inner apartment, where he ordered his adopted children of the female sex, to appear, when they came in by turns, Indians of various nations, Spanish, French, and finally, two young girls, who from their complexion I conceived to be English: on perceiving I noticed them, he ordered the rest to retire, many of whom were beautiful, and directed those to sit down on the sofa beside me; thus situated, he told me that they had been taken to the east by the Tetaus; passed from one nation to another, until he purchased them, at that time infants, but they could recollect neither their names nor language, but concluding they were my country-women, he ordered them to embrace me as a mark of their friendship, to which they appeared nothing loth; we then sat down to dinner, which consisted of various dishes, excellent wines, and to crown all, we were waited on by half a dozen of those beautiful girls, who like Hebe at the feast of the gods, converted our wine into nectar, and with their ambrosial breath shed incense on our cups. After the cloth was removed some time, the priest beckoned me to follow him, and led me into his "sanctum sancto-

rum," where he had the rich and majestic images of various saints, and in the midst the crucified Jesus, crowned with thorns, with rich rays of golden glory surrounding his head; in short, the room being hung with black silk curtains, served but to augment the gloom and majesty of the scene. When he conceived my imagination sufficiently wrought up, he put on a black gown and mitre, kneeled before the cross, and took hold of my hand and endeavoured gently to pull me down beside him; on my refusal, he prayed fervently for a few minutes and then rose, laid his hands on my shoulders, and as I conceived, blessed me. He then said to me, "You will not be a Christian; Oh! What a pity! Oh! What a pity!" He then threw off his robes, took me by the hand and led me out of the company smiling; but the scene I had gone through had made too serious an impression on my mind to be eradicated, until we took our departure, which was in an hour after, having received great marks of friendship from the father.

Both above and below Albuquerque, the citizens were beginning to open the canals, to let in the water of the river to fertilize the plains and fields which border its banks on both sides; where we saw men, women and children of all ages and sexes at the joyful labor which was to crown with rich abundance their future harvest and ensure them plenty for the ensuing year. Those scenes brought to my recollection the bright descriptions given by Savary of the opening of the canals of Egypt. The cultivation of the fields was now commencing and every thing appeared to give life and gaiety to the surrounding scenery. We crossed the Rio del Norte, a little below the village of Albuquerque where it was 400 yards wide, but not more than three feet deep and excellent fording. At father Ambrosio's, was the only chart we saw of the province, that gave the near connection of the sources of the Rio del Norte and the Rio Colorado of California, which their ramifications. On our arriving at the next village a dependency of father Ambrosio, we were invited into the house of the commandant; when I entered, I saw a man sitting by the fire reading a book, with blooming cheeks, fine complexion

and a genius speaking eye, he arose from his seat. It was Robinson! Not that Robinson who left my camp, on the head waters of the Rio del Norte, pale, emaciated, with uncombed locks and beard of eight months growth, but with fire, unsubdued enterprise and fortitude. The change was indeed surprising. I started back and exclaimed "Robinson!" "Yes;" "but I do not know you;" I replied; "but I know you," he exclaimed "I would not be unknown to you here, in this land of tyranny and oppression; to avoid all the pains they dare to inflict. Yet, my friend I grieve to see you here and thus, for I presume you are a prisoner." "I replied no? I wear my sword you see, and all my men have their arms, and the moment they dare to ill treat us we will surprise their guards in the night, carry off some horses and make our way to Appaches and then set them at defiance." At this moment captain D'Almansa entered and I introduced Robinson to him, as *Companion de Voyage* and friend, he having before seen him at Santa Fe. He did not appear much surprised and received him with a significant smile, as much as to say, I knew this. We then marched out to the place where the soldiers were encamped, not one of whom would recognize him (agreeably to orders,) until I gave them the sign. Then it was a joyful meeting, as the whole party was enthusiastically fond of him. He gave me the following relation of his adventures after he left me.

"I marched the first day up the branch on which were situated, as you know we had concluded it would be most proper to follow it to its source, and then cross the mountains west, where we had conceived we should find the Spanish settlements, and at night encamped on its banks; the second day I left it a little and bore more south, and was getting up the side of the mountain, when I discovered two Indians, for whom I made; they were armed with bows and arrows, and were extremely shy of my approach, but after some time, confidence being somewhat restored; I signified a wish to go to Santa Fe, when they pointed due south, down the river, I left you on. As I could not believe them I reiterated the enquiry and received the same reply. I then con-

cluded that we had been deceived, and that you were on the Rio del Norte, instead of Red river, and was embarrassed whether I should not immediately return to apprise you of it, but concluded it to be too late, as I was discovered by the Indians, whom if I had not met or some others I should have continued on and crossed the mountains on the waters of the Colorado, and descended them, until from their course I should have discovered my mistake. I therefore offered them some presents to conduct me in; they agreed, conducted me to their camp where their women were, and in about five minutes we were on our march. That night we encamped in the woods, and I slept very little, owing to my distrust of my companions. The next day at three o'clock, P. M. We arrived at the village of Aqua Caliente, where I was immediately taken into the house of the commandant, and expresses dispatched to Santa Fe. That night I was put to sleep on a matress on the floor. The next day we departed early, leaving my arms and baggage at the commandants, he promising to have them forwarded to me at the city. On our arrival at Santa Fe, the governor received me great austerity at first, and entered into an examination of my business and took possession of all my papers. After all this was explained, he ordered me to a room where the officers were confined when under an arrest and a non-commissioned officer to attend me, when I walked out into the city, which I had free permission to do. I was supplied with provisions from the governor's table, who had promised he would write to Babtiste Lalande to come down and answer to the claim I had against him; whose circumstance I had apprized myself of. The second day the governor sent for me, and informed me, that he had made enquiry as to the abilities of Lalande, to discharge the debt, and found that he possessed no property, but that at some future period, he would secure the money for me. To this I made a spirited remonstrance, as an infringement of our treaties and a protection of a refugee citizen of the United States against his creditors, which had no other effect than to obtain me an invitation to dinner, and rather more respectful treatment than I had hitherto re-

ceived from his excellency, who being slightly afflicted with the dropsy, requested my advice as to his case; on which I prescribed a regimen and mode of treatment which happened to differ from the one adopted by a monk and practicing physician of the place, brought on me his enmity and ill offices. The ensuing day I was ordered by the governor to hold myself in readiness to proceed to the internal parts of the country, to which I agreed; determining not to leave the country in a clandestine manner, unless they attempted to treat me with indignity or hardship; and conceiving it in my power to join you on your retreat, or find Red river and descend it; should you not be brought in, but in that case to share your destiny: added to this I feel a desire to see more of the country for which purpose I was willing to run the risk of future consequences. We marched the ensuing day, I having been equipped by my friend, with some small articles of which I stood in need of, such as I would receive out of the numerous offers of his country. The fourth day I arrived at the village of St. Fernandez, where I was received, and taken charge of by Lt. Don Faciendo Malgares who commanded the expedition to the Pawnees, and whom you will find a gentleman, a soldier and one of the most gallant men you ever knew; with him I could no longer keep the disguise and when he informed me, (two days since) that you were on the way in, I confessed to him my belonging to your party, and we have ever since been anticipating the pleasure we three will enjoy, in our journey to Chihuahua; for he is to command the escort, his dragoons being now encamped in the field, waiting your arrival. Since I have been with him I have practiced physic in the country in order to have an opportunity of examining the manners, customs, &c. of the people, and to endeavor to ascertain the political and religious feelings and to gain every other species of information which would be necessary to our country or ourselves. I am now here, on a visit to this man's wife; attended by a corporal of dragoons as a guard, who answers very well as a waiter guide, &c. in my excursions through the country; but I will immediately return with you to Malgares." Thus

ended Robinson's relation, and I in return related what had occurred to the party and myself. We agreed upon our future line of conduct and then joined by old captain in the house; who had been persuaded to tarry all night, provided it was agreeable to me, as our host wished Robinson to remain until the next day; with this proposition, I complied in order that Robinson and myself might have a further discussion before we joined Malgares, who I suspected would watch us close. The troops proceeded on to the village of Tousac, that evening.

8th March, Sunday.—Marched after taking breakfast and halted at a little village, three miles distance, called Tousac, situated on the west side of the Rio del Norte. The men informed me that on their arrival over night, they had all been furnished with an excellent supper, and after supper, wine, and a violin, with a collection of the young people to a dance. When we left this village the priest sent a cart down to carry us over, as the river was nearly four feet deep. When we approached the village of St. Fernandez, we were met by lieutenant Malgares, accompanied by two or three other officers; he received me with the most manly frankness and the politeness of a man of the world. Yet my feelings were such as almost overpowered me and obliged me to ride by myself for a short period in order to recover myself: those sensations arose from my knowledge, that he had now been absent from Chihuahua ten months, and it had cost the king of Spain more than 10,000 dollars, to effect that which a mere accident and the deception of the governor had effected.

Malgares finding I did not feel myself at ease took every means in his power to banish my reserve, which made it impossible on my part not to endeavor to appear cheerful; we conversed as *well as we could* and in two hours were as well acquainted as some people would be in the same number of months. Malgares possessing none of the haughty Castilian pride, but much of the urbanity of a Frenchman; and I will add my feeble testimony to his loyalty, by declaring that he was one of the few officers or citizens whom I found, who was loyal to their king, felt indignant

at the degraded state of the Spanish monarchy; who deprecated a revolution or separation of Spanish America, from the mother country; unless France should usurp the government of Spain. These are the men who possess the heads to plan, the hearts to feel and the hands to carry this great and important work into execution. In the afternoon our friend wrote the following notification to the Alcaldes of several small villages around us. "Send this evening six or eight of your handsomest young girls, to the village of St. Fernandez, where I proposed giving a fandango, for the entertainment of the American officers arrived this day."

(Signed) Don Faciendo.

This order was punctually obeyed, and portrays more clearly than a chapter of observations, the degraded state of the common people. In the evening when the company arrived, the ball began after their usual manner, and there was really a handsome display of beauty.

It will be proper to mention here, that when my small paper trunk was brought in, Lt. Malgares struck his foot against it, and said: "the governor informs me this is a prisoner of war, or that I have charge of it, but, sir, only assure me, that you will hold the papers therein contained sacred, I will have nothing to do with it." I bowed assent, and I will only add, that the condition was scrupulously adhered to; as I was bound by every tie of military and national honor; and let me add gratitude not to abuse his high confidence in the honor of a soldier. He further added that "Robinson being now acknowledged as one of your party, I shall withdraw his guard and consider him, as under your parole of honor." Those various marks of politeness and friendship, caused me to endeavor to evince to my brother soldier, that we were capable of appreciating his honorable conduct towards us.

(continued next issue)

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

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

The chapter met October 6 at

Camp Billie Joe near Kenton, OK, guests of the Okie-Tex Star Party. There was no business meeting, and the group enjoyed a wonderful Mexican meal and listened to the program "The 2005 Mars Apparition" presented by Dr. Richard Schmude, Jr., of Gordon College. After the talk everyone was able to look at the stars through some sophisticated equipment. 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>

No report.

End of the Trail

El Alcalde George Donoho Bayless
1024 Bishop's Lodge Rd
Santa Fe NM 87501
(505) 983-6338

The chapter is very pleased to have Alcalde Bayless serving as SFTA president, and a new chapter alcalde will be elected soon. We wish Bayless well in his new office.

Chapter nominees for recognition at the recent symposium are to be contratulated. Hal Jackson and Joy Poole became Paul F. Bentrup Ambassadors, and Inez Ross and the women who walked the Trail received Awards of Merit.

Corazón de los Caminos

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

On September 17 chapter members traveled to Sapello Stage Station, Tiptonville, and other sites in the area, with LeRoy LeDoux and José Lopez as guides.

On October 15 chapter members

enjoyed a field trip to Canyon Blanco in San Miguel County, NM, with Harry Myers and Richard Flint as guides. Canyon Blanco was an important route between Santa Fe and the eastern plains for American Indians, *ciboleros* (buffalo hunters), Coronado, and the Whipple Expedition. It lies south of Glorieta Mesa.

The annual membership meeting will be at the Eklund Hotel in Clayton, NM, on November 12, 11 a.m., for a business meeting and election of officers, followed by a visit to the Herzstein Museum.

Please check the chapter web site for all meeting details.

Wet/Dry Routes

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

The chapter convened for their fall meeting at the Clapsaddle residence on October 9. In attendance were 50 members and guests, including representatives of the Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron Chapter. Following a wiener roast, the business session was conducted. Items discussed included the recently installed Coon Creek Battle interpretive marker, the poster contest initiated in USD 495, the learning unit focused on the 1867 Hancock expedition as seen through eyes of a twelve-year-old Cheyenne boy, and the meal to be served as a fundraiser for Eco Day on November 2. The chapter approved the installation of three additional interpretive markers along U.S. 400 with the Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron Chapter sharing in the costs. Also approved by the chapter was the Zebulon Pike Plaza to be developed on the east side of the city park in Larned. The winter meeting is scheduled for 1:30 P.M., January 15, 2006, at the Municipal Building in Kinsley.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

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

The chapter held a joint meeting with the Wet/Dry Routes chapter on October 9 at the Clapsaddle residence in Larned. After the meal and business meeting, George Elmore presented a program about guns on

the Santa Fe Trail.

Missouri River Outfitters

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

The program for the October 16 meeting was Bob Dyer, who talked about steamboats on the Missouri River and their relationship to the Santa Fe trade.

Quivira

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

The chapter is recovering from the symposium and thanks everyone who attended and helped make it a successful meeting.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Vernon Lohrentz
400 W 24th St #1
Newton KS 67114
(316) 283-6361

On August 6 members Steve Schmidt, Bill Silverstrand, and George Schutte installed the pedestal stands for the information plaques at the Cottonwood Crossing kiosk.

A chapter meeting was held August 8 at Canton, KS, with 28 members and guests present. Guest speaker was Janel Cook, coordinator of the 2005 symposium. Discussion centered on symposium planning and responsibilities of the chapter for the east tour.

On September 8 the officers and directors met to discuss and complete chapter activities for the symposium.

During the last weekend of September the information plaques arrived from the National Park Service and were installed at the kiosk.

Chapter members attended some or all of the symposium activities. A chapter display was set up at the McPherson auditorium, featuring buffalo skulls and pictures of DAR markers in Marion County.

Tour guides for the symposium east tours on Saturday and Sunday were Vernon Lohrentz, Gil Michel, and Mr. & Mrs. Doug Sharp.

The outstanding event of the symposium was the dedication of the Cottonwood Crossing kiosk on Sat-

urday afternoon. Speakers included Vernon Lohrentz, chapter president, and representatives from the NPS office in Santa Fe. A large crowd attended the ceremony, including two bus loads traveling the east tour. Many of these people also walked across a field south of the kiosk to walk in and view distinctive Trail ruts.

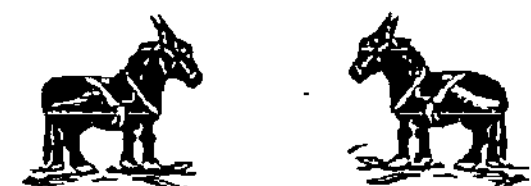
Overall the symposium was a great success with great attendance. Cottonwood Chapter was privileged to be a part of it.

The next chapter meeting will be in November. Election of officers is scheduled.

Bent's Fort

President Dub Couch
PO Box 325
Rocky Ford CO 81067
(719) 254-3000
<Dubcouch1@mindspring.com>

The chapter meeting on August 15 was attended by SFTA Manager Clive Siegle. A few chapter members rode the Cumbres-Toltec train September 17. The annual educational meeting is set for November 5, with Rebecca Atkinson, Library Director of the Lamar Public Library, speaking about pioneer women in southeastern Colorado.



HOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

The Arrow Rock, MO, Christmas homes tour and SantaFest is November 26, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. For details, call Friends of Arrow Rock 660-837-3231.

Leo E. Oliva's *Fort Union and the Frontier Army in the Southwest*, prepared for the National Park Service in 1993, is now available online at http://www.cr.nps.gov/history/online_books/foun/. Everything is there, and each chapter may be searched if you are seeking a particular topic.

SFTA Ambassador Pat Heath enjoys hearing from SFTA members. Her new address is High Plains Retirement Village, 607 Court Place, Lakin KS 67860.

The Santa Fe Trail Museum and Interpretive Center in Springer,

NM, was recently damaged by a fire set by unknown persons. The building is being repaired and should be open again in the spring of 2006.

The Las Vegas City Museum/Rough Rider Memorial Collection will open a new exhibit December 2, "Rolling Along on the Santa Fe Trail." The exhibition examines how and why the Trail permeated American popular culture since closing in 1880.

The Allegawaho Memorial Heritage Park walking trail near Council Grove continues to develop. Anyone traveling in that area should take a walk in the park.

GRAVESTONES UPDATED

GRAVESTONES provided by the Veterans Commission sometimes are delivered with mistaken dates. Such was the case on the stones placed by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter at the Pawnee River Crossing. After discovering the errors, the chapter in conjunction with Larned's Sons of the Civil War have covered the mistaken inscriptions with bronze plaques which read as follows. **Pvt. Easley died of a fever near this point on August 5, 1847 and was buried nearby on the following day; Pvt. Hughes drowned near this point on July 14, 1846 and was buried nearby on the following day.** To be consistent, a similar plaque was added to the grave stone at Pawnee Rock. It reads, **Pvt. Carson died of some unknown illness at this point on July 13, 1846 and was buried nearby on the following day.**

NEW SFTA MEMBERS

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

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIPS

Edwards County Historical Society,
PO Box 64, Kinsley KS 67547
Santa Fe Trail Scenic & Historic Byway,
312 E Main, Trinidad CO 81082

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Fritz & Reen Gottron, 934 E Shadow Mtn. Dr, Highlands Ranch CO 80126
Jim & Margaret Moore, 221 N Campbell, Beloit KS 67420
Terry & Kate Poovey, 1729 E 260th St, Oxford KS 67119
John, KayLynn, & David Smith, 7361 S 159th E, Rose Hill KS 67133

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Donna Allendorf, 22750 CR 46, Aguilar CO 81020
William P. Keleher, 10722 Freds Oak Ct, Burke VA 22015

TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send notices for this section; provide location, date, time, and activity. This is a quarterly. The next issue should appear in February, so send information for March and later to arrive by January 20, 2006. Other events are listed in articles and chapter reports. Thank you.

Dec. 4, 2005: National Frontier Trails Museum Open House, Independence MO, 12:30-4:30.

Dec. 8, 2005: Kaw Mission Christmas Open House, Council Grove, KS, 6:30 p.m.

Dec. 13, 2005: Christmas Party, Cimarron Heritage Center, Boise City OK, 7:00 p.m.

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

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

COMMEMORATIVE COINS

OCTA has made available two commemorative silver coins to sell through SFTA Last Chance Store. These are limited editions of 500 and numbered. The Lewis & Clark Expedition coin has been out for some time, and the Bent's Fort Coin, a joint project of OCTA and SFTA is now available. The price of each coin is \$29.95 plus \$3.85 shipping per order. These are listed on the SFTA Last Chance Store flyer in this issue.

FROM THE EDITOR

We welcome the return of "The Caches" museum column begun by the late Anna Belle Cartwright and now edited by Paula Manini. Without such volunteers, SFTA and *WT* would not function or survive very long. The new "Scouting the Trail Online" column has been delayed.

Articles for the 20th-anniversary issue next August are being solicited. Please contact me with ideas.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675

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