

# Wagon Tracks

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Issue 3 *Wagon Tracks* Volume 20, Issue 3 (May 2006)

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Article 1

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## Wagon Tracks. Volume 20, Issue 3 (May, 2006)

Santa Fe Trail Association

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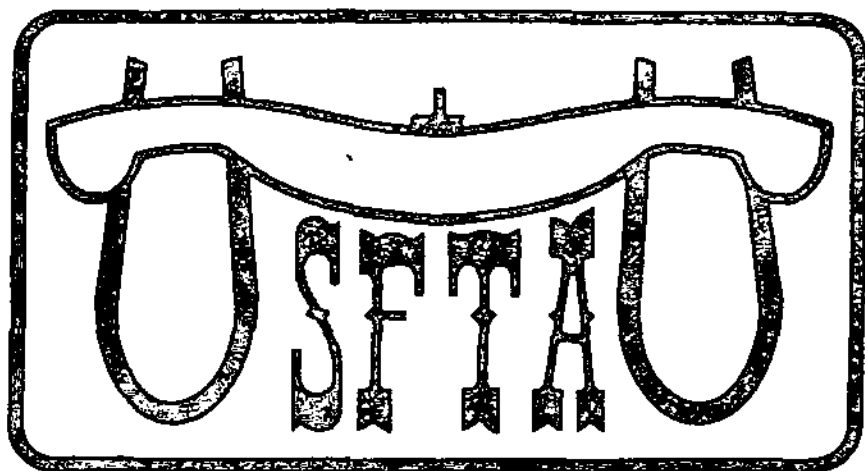
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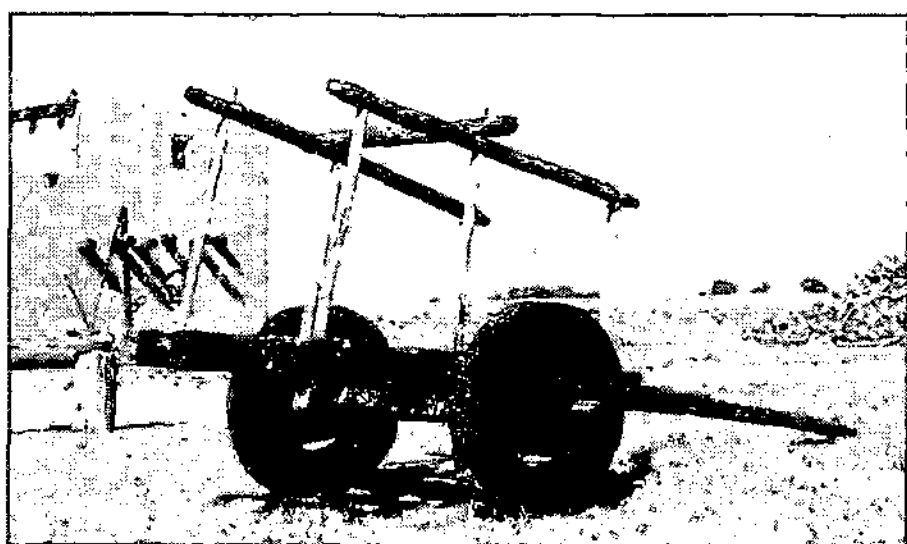
# WAGON TRACKS

**SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY**

VOLUME 20

MAY 2006

NUMBER 3



Carreta by Ron Dulle.

## SANTA FE TRAIL EXHIBIT AT PHILMONT SCOUT RANCH

**SANTA** Fe Trail – A View After 150 Years” uses 35 photos of today’s Trail with quotations and interpretive notes to tell the story of the international trade route. The exhibit, open until the end of September, emphasizes in an artful way the context in which bold, risk-taking traders lived.

The Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail meanders through the 215-square-mile scouting facility. Each summer some 28,000 Boy Scouts and leaders participate in Philmont’s high-country expeditions and scouting programs.

One of the critical teaching lessons at Philmont Scout Ranch is the story of the Trail and the role it played in American history. The 55-foot exhibit follows the Trail from beginning to end, including showing how places like New York City, Paris, Chihuahua, and Mexico City were markets connected to the success of the Trail.

On the Boy Scouts of America Philmont property are numerous ruts, the restored homes of Kit Carson and Lucien Maxwell, as well as the Trail-era town of Rayado.

The exhibit, which includes the photography of SFTA member Ronald Dulle, is located in the Philmont Museum and Seton Memorial Library, which is open to the public seven days a week during the summer and six days a week during the rest of the year.

Philmont Scout Ranch is located

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

## EDUCATION COMMITTEE ADDS ACTIVITY SHEET

by Chris Day

**I**N this issue of *Wagon Tracks* you will find an educational activity sheet insert (map exercise). The education committee of the Santa Fe Trail Association has decided to create an educational activity insert for each issue. We encourage adult readers to give this educational sheet to one of their younger family members or perhaps a neighbor student or a student friend. Teachers may reproduce these activity sheets in their classrooms. We plan to make these inserts sequential so students can learn more about the Santa Fe Trail. We hope to stimulate more interest in Trail history.

## STUDENT TRAIL DIARIES, 2005

The 2005 Santa Fe Trail 11-day education trip for students started on June 5, with 77 fifth- and sixth-grade students from north central Kansas. Heading out from Wamego, Kansas, transportation was provided by chartered buses instead of supply wagons with an entourage of two rental vans and one 24-foot U-Haul truck. The trip followed the Cimarron Route to Santa Fe and the Mountain Route back to Wamego. This was the eleventh trip down the Santa Fe Trail for fifth and sixth grades from north central Kansas since 1985.

After the trip, seven students turned in their diaries to Chris Day and the following are edited excerpts.

**Day 1, June 5, 2005**

**Alicia Kilian**

Waking up at 5:00 a.m. was hard enough but I still had to get to the Wamego Middle School on time. We

(continued on page 4)



Sturdevant Home & Marker

## HOME OF ZEBULON M. PIKE'S NIECE MARKED AT LARNED

**I**N conjunction with the Zebulon Pike Plaza now under construction at Larned, the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter has placed a marker at the home once occupied by the Rev. Charles and Sarah Sturdevant at 1120 Toles in Larned. The Sturdevants came to the infant city of Larned in 1873. Rev. Sturdevant was an early pastor of Larned’s Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Sturdevant was the niece of Zebulon Montgomery Pike.

Mrs. Sturdevant was reared in the home of Pike’s father, Colonel Zebulon Pike. It was there in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, that she, a young woman of thirteen, met the Marquis de LaFayette during his 1824-1825 tour of the United States.

Special thanks goes to Mildon Yeager for his work on this project, and to the American State Bank of Larned for the donation of the cost of the plaque. Thanks is also extended to the present occupants of the home.



## PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

by George Donoho Bayless

**R**ICHARD Louden, a charter member of SFTA and long a leader in the Bent's Fort chapter in La Junta, CO, was for me a highlight of the recent (March 24-25) SFTA Retreat in Trinidad, CO, which was attended by over 60 members. Richard, who is co-chair of the SFTA 2007 Symposium, which will be held in Trinidad, where the now-SFTA got its start with the first Symposium in 1986 as the Santa Fe Trail Council, served as Honorary Chairman of the 2006 SFTA Retreat in Trinidad.

Richard announced at the meeting he was resigning his position as a member of the SFTA Board of Directors, where he was serving as an at-large member. We accepted his resignation, and Vernon Lohrentz, former president of the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter, was voted in as Richard's replacement.

Richard, of Branson, CO, has served our organization admirably for all these years. With his leadership and participation, both the Bent's Fort chapter and SFTA has grown to provide many people a chance to help preserve the Santa Fe National Historic Trail.

As many of you may know, Bent's Fort once hosted the SFTA Symposium in La Junta, CO, near the National Park Service's Bent's Fort National Monument, about 100 miles north of Trinidad. The SFTA supported holding the 2007 Symposium in Trinidad as a way, in part, to honor its founding in Trinidad with the first Symposium 20 years ago this coming September.

Who would have known then that when Joy Poole and Marc Simmons put on the first Symposium in 1986 that our organization would have grown to around 800 members in 12 chapters in six states along the Trail's 900 miles? (Marc is still turning out books on our history and Joy is now the La Alcaidesa of the End of the Trail chapter in Santa Fe; Joy is now with the New Mexico State Library, and I ran into her at the New Mexico Library Assn. annual meeting in Farmington, NM, on April 20-21, where she was supervising a traveling exhibit of a Native American artist.)

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VISIT SFTA ON THE INTERNET

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

The 2007 Symposium at Trinidad State Junior College, where the first Symposium was held, will actually fall on the 21st anniversary of our SFTA founding. Our August *Wagon Tracks* issue, supported by a National Park Service cost-share grant, will highlight the first 20 years of SFTA's history.

Coming up this late fall in Larned, Kansas, will be the biennial Rendezvous gathering, which will be held a month later this time around, from Oct. 27-29. Ruth Olson Peters, our treasurer and director of the Santa Fe Trail Center at Larned, is in charge of the program, which will feature the Wet/Dry Route chapter's dedication of a Zebulon Pike memorial on Sunday, Oct. 29. I hope as many of you as possible can attend the 2006 Rendezvous. October is the best month of the year to travel, the experts say, and I know we'll have an excellent program for you there.

Preceding each of the Rendezvous and Symposium annual meetings, a SFTA Board of Directors meeting is held, and everyone is invited. Our board meets twice a year, and our first meeting this year was at the Trinidad Retreat on Saturday, March 25. The previous day, seven Retreat committees met all day to review, read, and discuss their reports, some of which resulted in recommendations to the board for action.

My main purpose of this Retreat was to bring the board members, the chapter presidents and/or their representatives, and other actively in-

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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
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terested SFTA members together in an inclusive setting to look ahead for what we can do to help preserve and protect the Santa Fe National Historic Trail. Most of the chapter presidents or their reps were able to attend. Due to a generous \$5,000 cost-share grant from the National Park Service's Long Distance Trails Office, all of our rooms were paid for at the Trinidad Motor Inn, lessening the expense for all of us.

One of the Retreat Committee's recommendations, from the bylaws committee, which will ultimately be voted on by the membership present in Larned at the Rendezvous in October, is an important change regarding makeup of the board itself. The proposed amendments will reduce the size of the governing board and establish an advisory board comprised of former SFTA presidents, chapter presidents, and others whom the governing board may choose. These proposed changes will be sent with the August issue of *Wagon Tracks* and be voted on in Larned during the membership meeting.

The seven Retreat Committees worked hard during the all-day Friday Retreat on March 24, and their reports will be published in the August *Wagon Tracks*.

## MANAGER'S COLUMN

by Clive Siegle

THE recent ruckus over the sale of historic properties by the federal government as part of the SRS 2000 finance package—including parts of the Santa Fe Trail on the Comanche National Grasslands—brings to light an important historical project that we might add to our list. It involves the National Register of Historic Places, and our opportunity to add a few more stars to an already stellar list.

One of the problems that has surfaced as the SRS 2000 sale of the group of federally-owned land blocs has advanced is the sad fact that portions of the tracts may or may not contain historic resources; if they do, they are protected from being sold, and if they don't, then the "for sale" sign is in the front yard. Even more disturbing is that some of these parcels are "uninventoried" as to their historic assets, i.e., no one has ever

bothered to ascertain if they do or don't have any, and now the clock is ticking and historical entities of every stripe—including ourselves and federal agencies like the National Park Service—are scrambling.

I guess this whole unfortunate thing got me to thinking about how many sites we have along our trail that are "uninventoried" in an institutional sense, having no degree of official recognition as state or federal landmarks. And we're not just talking about the twenty yards of pristine ruts in a rural field in some remote spot, either: we have numerous significant Trail sites that do not enjoy recognition as a resource of cultural and historical significance on any formal historical registry.

What I would like to see us do is to begin thinking about placing more of these Trail sites on state and national historic listings. And a good place to start is the National Register of Historic Places. The National Register was established by the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966, with the aim of setting up a partnership between national, state and tribal agencies, historic preservation organizations like the SFTA, and the general public. The National Register allows these groups (as well as individual citizens) to nominate places to the nation's list of cultural resources worthy of preservation. Administered by the National Park Service, the list includes districts, sites, structures, and objects "significant in American history, architecture, archeology, engineering, and culture."

Conspiratorial types hunkered down in backwoods bunkers and pondering the specter of Big Brother and his legendary propensity to snatch "registered" places away from honest yeomen before the ink is dry on the registry will sadly find the National Register a bit of a stretch. The Register assigns a prestigious historic property designation that places practically no restrictions of private property owners; instead, by placing the property on the National Register, the property is widely recognized in its importance as a part of the national patrimony with the admonition that it should be protected, not a punitive mandate. Incidentally, no site can be placed on the National Register without the permis-

sion of the owners.

Currently, there are a number of Santa Fe Trail sites on the National Register, but there is room for plenty more. What I would like to suggest is that each chapter advance a new candidate in their region within the next twelve months. The nominating procedure is currently undergoing revision by the National Park Service, which will be an advantage for us, since it will allow the SFTA to combine our nominations and somewhat simplify the process when we are ready.

Space in *Wagon Tracks* doesn't permit a detailed explanation of how the National Register process works, or why it is so advantageous to apply, but a visit to their web site will demystify most any question, and I invite you to take a peek at it at <http://www.cr.nps.gov/nr>.

The first step in the process is to begin thinking about site nominations over the next few months. Perhaps it won't keep every "uninventoried" site on the Trail from the uncertain fate that SRS 2000 has posed, but if we don't start somewhere, even places we deem significant might someday inadvertently fall through the cracks.

A list of Trail sites currently on the National Register follows (except for Missouri which is still be researched):

### **Santa Fe Trail Locations Currently on the National Register**

#### **Colorado**

Iron Spring  
Fort Wise  
Bent's New Fort

#### **New Mexico**

Ocaté Creek Crossing  
Clifton House  
San Miguel  
Point of Rocks  
El Vado de las Piedras

#### **Oklahoma**

Autograph Rock  
Cold Spring/Inscription Rock

#### **Kansas**

Douglas County Trail Segment  
McGee-Harris Stage Station  
Dragoon Creek Crossing  
Havanna Stage Station  
Samuel Hunt Grave  
Soldier Creek Crossing  
Six Mile Creek Stage Station  
Cottonwood Creek Crossing

Station Little Arkansas  
 Little Arkansas River Crossing and  
 Rice County Santa Fe Trail Ruts  
 Owl Creek Crossing (Chávez of Jar-  
 vis Creek Crossing)  
 Santa Fe Trail Rice County Seg-  
 ments  
 Coon Creek Crossing  
 Black Pool and Santa Fe Trail Ford  
 County Segments  
 Duncan's Crossing (Fort Hays-Fort  
 Dodge Road/Pawnee Fork)  
 Middle Springs  
 Santa Fe Trail Morton County Seg-  
 ments  
 Santa Fe Trail Kearny County Seg-  
 ments (Charlie's Ruts)  
 Santa Fe Trail Durham Ruts (Mar-  
 ion County)

### DONOR HONOR ROLL

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

#### *Donations:*

Sarah Fackelman  
 Harold & Norma Geer  
 Ken Goering  
 Priscilla & Roger Greene  
 Marilyn Gross  
 Glenn Haller  
 Esther Jarvis  
 Paul Moreno  
 Ruth Weller

#### *Memorials and Honors:*

Linda Davis - In Memory of Les Davis  
 William Dopke - In Memory of Edna Haas and Viola Mehl  
 Dennis & Annette Gray - In Memory of Mamie Bernard Aguirre  
 Leo & Carol Hayward - In Memory of Phil Peterson and Katherine Berg  
 Hal & Beverly Jackson - Laura Jackson Memorial Education Fund  
 Richard Prough - In Honor of John Deiters retirement from John Deere, Ottumwa (Iowa) Works

### TRAIL EXHIBIT AT PHILMONT

*(continued from page 1)*

in a scenic setting along the Sangre de Cristo Mountains four miles south of Cimarron, New Mexico, and 50 miles southwest of Raton, New Mexico. Information is available at 505-376-2281.

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

### TRAIL CLASSES OFFERED IN LA JUNTA AREA IN JUNE

by John M. Carson

**O**TERO Junior College, along with Boggsville Historic Site and Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site, will host two Trail-related courses for educators this coming June.

Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site will be hosting an "Educators' Encampment," June 8-11. This popular history event will provide participants the unique opportunity to learn about 1840s life by living it! All participants will be immersed in one of the roles of Bent, St. Vrain and Company in order to gain a much deeper understanding of the realities of life during the fur trade in the American West.

Participants will be provided study materials and lectures on history, living history, and interpretive skills. Living historians will teach and direct participants in the use of 19th-century work and social skills.

The fee for this 4-day, 3-night event is \$75.00. This includes all necessary equipment. Contact Greg Holt, Bent's Old Fort NHS, 35100 Highway 194 East, La Junta CO 81050 or 719-383-5023.

Immediately following, June 12-13, Bent's Fort Chapter of SFTA, Boggsville Historic Site, and Otero Junior College will host a two-day series of discussions at Boggsville Historic Site entitled "Along The Santa Fe Trail: An Overview of Archaeology And History of Southeastern Colorado." This class will examine the ethnohistorical, historical, and archaeological scenes which have dominated the area centering on the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail in Southeastern Colorado from prehistoric times, through the historic Indian, the Spanish and Mexican ownership of the area, through the Anglo developments of the late 19th century. The lectures and discussions will center primarily on the developments along the Santa Fe Trail, the areas surrounding Boggsville, and the holdings of Bent, St. Vrain and Company. For more information, contact the Student Services Center, Otero Junior College at 719-384-6831.

On Sunday evening, June 11, Otero Junior College will host a social event for persons who wish to

stay in the area and take part in both of these courses. This is expected to be an informal event where participants can get together and share their experiences in history and in education. During the evening, OJC will present a video on the Santa Fe Trail/Bent's Old Fort and The History Channel's Carson and Cody: The Hunter Heroes.

Otero Junior College's Fifth Annual "Teacher's Academy" is offering each of the above for college credit. "Educators' Encampment" may be taken for two credit hours and "Along The Santa Fe Trail: An Overview of Archaeology And History of Southeastern Colorado" for one credit hour for a fee of \$40.00 per hour.

Bent's Fort Chapter will again offer a limited number of scholarships to pay the tuition of participants for "Along The Santa Fe Trail: An Overview of Archaeology And History of Southeastern Colorado."

### STUDENT TRAIL DIARIES

*(continued from page 1)*

drove down and I pulled my heavy bag out of the car. I got the bag underneath the right bus and stood with the bunch posing for pictures while being blinded by flashes from cameras. I couldn't find a seat on the bus with my tour group so I sat in the middle of the bus filling out our scavenger hunt sheets. Going to Council Grove and Ralph's Ruts was fun. I like taking pictures and I know that I am going to run out of film soon. When we got to camp, my job was to help set-up the chaperone tents. First I had to put-up my own tent and even with the three tent members, we had to get help from five other people including a nice chaperone. Dinner was good and then everybody went to the playground at Camp Aldrich.

#### **Kate Gronquist**

We went to Ralph's Ruts and it was so neat to stand in the actual swales. I was sad when we had to leave for the camp but the day was so fun!

#### **Elizabeth White**

We went down to Lost Springs but it was a little smaller than I expected. There were water spiders that glided above the surface and the trees were mainly small willows that looked like they were all dried out.



## Day 2, June 6, 2005

**Alicia Kilian**

Today we woke-up at 6:00 a.m. to reveille. I stepped out of the tent into a thick fog. All of the tents were wet and we left them up to dry until the last minute.

Today I served breakfast and we were thirty minutes late leaving.

We went to Fort Larned and Fort Dodge. We also went to Wagon Bed-springs, although the exact location is controversial. We passed by a wind farm and for dinner we were treated by the Morton County Historical Museum with spaghetti. It was very good and nice of them to serve us. They also gave us wagon rides that were fun and the horses and ponies were beautiful. We weren't able to camp out because of bad weather and we are going to sleep in a nearby church. I don't think that swimming will work out tonight.

I am getting used to spending most of my day in a bus. The seats are comfortable and the chaperones are nice.

**Morgan Umscheid**

After Pawnee Rock, we went to Fort Larned. We saw some of the older buildings that they used during the people's travel to Santa Fe. They gave us a tour of the store, the hospital, the blockhouse, the barracks, the dining room, the school and the place where the lieutenants and generals slept.

At Fort Dodge, we made cards for the veterans in the nursing home to thank them for serving our country.

**Elizabeth White**

We all had to wash the dishes from breakfast. I had two small pancakes with maple syrup and half a banana with orange juice. It was all very good but I didn't think it was after I saw other people's crumbs on so many plates. Gross!

## Day 3, June 7, 2005

**Alicia Kilian**

Point of Rocks was the best! We left Kansas and traveled to Oklahoma. We saw Autograph Rock, which was very cool. It would have taken a long time to sign.

We went to the remains of Camp Nichols and then to McNees Crossing but we didn't stay long enough for a nap. Ha! At Clayton Lake State Park we saw dinosaur tracks which were washed up by the spillway. I'm

drinking lots of water.

**Kate Gronquist**

When we reached the Oklahoma border, we sang Home on the Range.

The coolest place was Autograph Rock. There were thousands of signatures; some fancy, some plain and some messy. We ate lunch at Wheel-less and then left for Camp Nichols.

Many people stayed at Camp Nichols including Kit Carson. Someone was buried there but the headstone was stolen.

**Luke Goodenow**

We followed the ranger to the Point of Rocks where we shouted, "We remember you John Goose!"

**Elizabeth White**

At Camp Nichols on a night that was stormy, Kit Carson's tent blew over and he needed help getting out of the tent.

**Morgan Umscheid**

At Clayton State Lake, we had to pick-up trash. After dinner a park ranger took us to see the dinosaur tracks.

## Day 4, June 8, 2005

**Alicia Kilian**

Today I washed the breakfast dishes. We saw a second Point of Rocks and more swales.

We saw Wagon Mound and did stone rubbings at the cemetery. The rosary in the Catholic Cemetery is made from volcanic rock. It is beautiful! We toured Fort Union and saw the remains of the last two forts. At camp, we saw the Pecos River, which flows high and strong. We hit Santa Fe tomorrow.

**Kate Gronquist**

At Lee Daniels Ranch, you can see Wagon Mound and it really looks like a wagon drawn by oxen. At Ft. Union, you can tell the rank of the soldiers by the size of the adobe buildings.

**Luke Goodenow**

We went to Point of Rocks, Daniel's Ruts and then to Wagon Mound and city hall to meet the mayor. Very windy at Ft Union!

**Elizabeth White**

We played a game this morning where you have to put a tally for every antelope, passing car and abandoned house seen on this highway. I found over 300 antelope, 30 abandoned houses and 83 passing cars.

## Day 5, June 9, 2005

**Alicia Kilian**

This morning we left on time! First we visited Pecos Ruins. We saw a very old pueblo remains. Today we got to the end of the trail. We spent five hours shopping. We also went to the Loretta Chapel. I really like the Miracle Stairway, which was the only thing I wanted to see. It was beautiful! For lunch I had a steak ranchero sandwich with salsa, sour cream and fried onions. It was delicious and cheap. I bought souvenirs for my family but I still have to buy for my brother and myself. Santa Fe was very cool. I would love to live in the adobe houses. We took a picture at the end of the trail marker. Now all we have to do is get home alive.

**Katie Gronquist**

In Santa Fe, we saw the Miracle Staircase at the Loretta Chapel. They call it the Miracle Staircase because a man came and said he would build a staircase instead of having to climb ladders. It makes two-full three hundred sixty-degree turns and has no supports. At first, the stairs didn't have a railing so another man made a railing.

It was fun to shop in Santa Fe for my family and see things you can't afford.

## Day 6, June 10, 2005

**Alicia Kilian**

Today the busses went their separate ways. We went to the Bradbury Science Museum in Los Alamos. We saw a movie about the Manhattan Project and we experienced static electricity. We had lunch in the park, which has a pond and statues. We also went to Bandelier National Monument and climbed 140 feet on ladders to a ceremonial kiva.

We walked about six to seven miles and luckily, I didn't pass out in the mountains.

We had authentic Mexican food provided by the End of the Trail Chapter.

**Luke Goodenow**

Driving through all of the mountains, I saw many rainstorms but I never got wet. Now I know why they say Kansas is flat.

**Kate Gronquist**

We had some very spicy tamales (you never had spicy until you have tried the tamales at the Mexican restaurant). I had a very cool lemon

lime drink.

**Day 7, June 11, 2005**

**Macy Ebert**

Today we went to Las Vegas, New Mexico, not Las Vegas, Nevada. We stayed in tents in a RV camp in Raton. About 11:00 p.m. we got called to the bus because it was pouring rain. It was cold, wet and we were all tired. We slept on the bus until 3:00 a.m. I got very little sleep. Alison and I got to go back to our tent but Rebecca and her tent mates didn't get to because their tent and sleeping bags were soaked! Their tent was a giant puddle! We were so thankful to go back to our tent. THANK YOU GOD! Everything went a lot better after that.

**Kate Gronquist**

We toured Las Vegas, New Mexico. First we saw Kearny's Gap and then the plaza.

**Molly Delay**

My tent was like the Mississippi River. There were huge puddles everywhere. My sleeping bag had to go to the dryer.

**Day 8, June 12, 2005**

**Macy Ebert**

We drove to the Mountain Man Rendezvous. It was cool the way they dressed up in old-fashion clothing and they lived in huts and tee-pees. I bought a really pretty necklace for my mom. When we got back to camp, Alison, Josie, Alyssa, Kate, Rebecca, Katie, Bailey and I all did the church service. It ROCKED! We sang, read readings and prayed.

**Kate Gronquist**

We left the rain-soaked campground for Capulin National Monument. First we had a ranger tell us how long the cone-shaped volcano erupted. We drove up to the volcano and walked around the rim and then we walked down inside the crater of Capulin.

**Day 9, June 13, 2005**

**Alicia Kilian**

We drove The Highway of Legends and we walked up to a cemetery in Stonewall, Colorado to see the gravesite of Marion Sloan Russell. Mrs. Day told us about her.

We took group pictures at Stonewall and then had lunch at North Lake. We went to Bent's Fort. This fort is rebuilt which was a trading post and lasted for several years before

William Bent destroyed it. We were given our money for the last time and at the gift shop, I bought Mexican chocolate. I can't wait to make cocoa.

**Kate Gronquist**

We walked the trail out to Bent's Fort. They reconstructed the fort from the diaries of people who stayed there and explained what it looked like. Our group had a tour guide who led us around the fort. We did get to see many of the rooms and I got to ring the bell.

**Molly Delay**

We are sleeping in a museum in La Junta, CO. We toured the museum and bought more souvenirs. There is a kiva built here and the Boy Scouts learn how to do the American Indian dances.

**Kate Gronquist**

We spent the night at the Koshare Museum where we had a talent show.

**Day 10, June 14, 2005**

**Alicia Kilian**

Today I rode in the sick van and slept most of the day. The busses stopped at the state line and sang Home on the Range. Tomorrow is Mrs. Lind's birthday so the rest of the camp had cake. Before we went to bed, we had an awards ceremony. Each group sang a song and I got the award for the "Most Creative Camper" because a friend and I started a comic book from our experiences on the trail.

**Day 11, June 15, 2005**

**Morgan Umscheid**

Around 8:00 a.m. we left Camp Aldrich for home. We ate lunch in Abilene and as soon as we pulled into the parking lot at Wamego, I started crying.

I can fight with my brother, cuddle with my mom, dad, brother, dog and cat, sleep in my own bed and take showers with peace and quiet. If I ever get the chance, I would like to go again. Any kids younger than me that are thinking about going on the Santa Fe Trip, I would tell them to go because it could be a once-in-a-lifetime-trip. I had a load of fun.

**Macy Ebert**

Well... I AM HOME! I can't believe it. There was a huge welcome sign for Becca and me. I didn't realize how much I missed my family and small-town Wamego. I gave my

family their gifts and told them my stories about the Santa Fe Trail trip.

**Kate Gronquist**

I was very happy to get home even though the trip was very fun. My mom, my brother and his friend were there. My dad couldn't be there but he called on the cell phone right after I got back. I had a great time on the Santa Fe Trail. I wouldn't give that experience up for anything.

**Alicia Kilian**

We left Camp Aldrich on time and headed home. We only stopped for a break and for lunch. Everyone wore his or her yellow Santa Fe Trail shirt. When we got into Manhattan, we all looked for signs. Apparently, I got one on the highway but I didn't see it because people by the windows kept standing up. I collected my souvenirs and went home. My family made me a banner and I put it up in my room. My sister also covered the sidewalk with messages like, "This way to air-conditioning!"

## 2007 SYMPOSIUM PRESENTATIONS SOUGHT

**T**HE Presentation Committee of Bent's Fort Chapter is seeking proposals for presentations at the 2007 symposium, "Where the Mountain Route Crosses the Purgatoire," to be held in Trinidad, CO, September 27-30, 2007. These programs, of up to 40 minutes, will be offered to participants during the mornings of the symposium on the campus of Trinidad State Junior College.

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

Submissions and inquiries should be sent to:

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

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



## SCOUTING THE TRAIL ONLINE

### —A VIRTUAL GUIDE—

Julie Daicoff, Editor

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

In the pursuit of electronic information about the Santa Fe Trail, many web sites created a repository for assorted information. These sites contain summaries, maps, original primary source documents, and the author's unique opinion. Some of these sites house nice summary information, while others view the historical information through unique lenses.

Listed below are several large web sites that contain a variety of information. *The Chronicles of Oklahoma* describes the history of the region, and a large collection of that publication is online. Through the Oklahoma State University Library Electronic Publishing Center, a significant effort has resulted in an assortment of digitized documents. A search feature exists which provides the opportunity to find specific information. *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, dating back to 1923, is located at <<http://digital.library.okstate.edu/Chronicles/bookshelf.html>>.

The Library of Congress contains a vast amount of information, with some of it digitized. Specifically, an effort to retain hand-drawn maps has been successful. The 1825 route of George Champlain Sibley's on the road to Santa Fe is found at <[http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/gmd:@field\(NUMBER+@band\(g4052s+ct000190\)\)>](http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/gmd:@field(NUMBER+@band(g4052s+ct000190))>).

Another map of interest is "Map of an exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842 and to Oregon & north California in the years 1843-44" by Brevet Captain John C. Frémont of the Corps of Topographical Engineers under the orders of Colonel J. J. Abert, Chief of the Topographical Bureau; litho-

graph by E. Weber Co., Baltimore, Maryland.. This hand-sketched map is at <[http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/gmd:@field\(NUMBER+@band\(g4051s+ct000909\)\)>](http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/gmd:@field(NUMBER+@band(g4051s+ct000909))>).

To search the Library of Congress map collection, open <<http://memory.loc.gov>>. In the Browse by Collection section, select Maps. Select the collections you desire or leave the default selection of all collections. Then enter key words to search for maps.

Some of the maps were created in languages other than English, so a translator may be required. Be creative with your search criteria and try to enter the name of a specific location that existed at the time the map was created. Be careful not to narrow your search too much. Many maps are identified with the creator of the map, so it might be best just to browse among the map collections and look at something interesting to see how the maps are identified. A couple of examples follow:

A general map of the United States in 1859 contains references to an "old trail" which may be of interest. The full title of the map is "General map of the United States & their territory between the Mississippi & the Pacific Ocean. 1. Showing the different surveyed routes from the Mississippi valley to the coast of Pacific Ocean, 2. the new established & proposed Post Routes, 3. the recently discovered gold, silver, and copper region in Kansas, Nebraska and Arizona. Compiled from the various P.R.R. Surveys & the best authorities which could be obtained," by John T. Fiala. To locate this map in the collections, search for "Fiala Mississippi," which brings up the link to the map.

Another map of interest was drawn by E. Freyhold, Engineer, entitled "Map of the territory of the United States from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean; ordered by Jeff'n Davis, Secretary of War to accompany the reports of the explorations for a railroad route. Compiled from authorized explorations and other reliable data by G. K. Warren . . . under the direction of W. H. Emory in 1854 and of A. A. Humphreys 1854-5-6-7-8." To locate this map, search for "Freyhold Mississippi River."

Map collections exist at libraries

in many large universities across the country. Simply go to your favorite university's web site, find the library and map collection, then search for keywords such as "Santa Fe Trail" or "Council Grove" or your favorite location. For example, The University of Kansas has numerous map collections. They can be found at <<http://www.lib.ku.edu/mapscoll/web/ksplains.shtml>>.

In 1855 there were detailed maps created of the area. These maps contain minute details that may be relevant to researchers. You will need to download a viewer found at <<http://www.lizardtech.com/download/?x=2&p=15&o=1>>.

Trans-Mississippi maps from KU's collection include topographical maps from Missouri to Oregon, frontier transportation and communication lines in 1851, and wagon road surveys. These are located at <<http://www.lib.ku.edu/mapscoll/web/index.shtml>>.

Another way to find maps is to google a map search and you will come up with numerous hits. From there, narrow down your search to find relevant topics. You can also select "Images" from the main box on Google where you enter your search criteria. This will limit your search to images only.

Maps are a fascinating way to look into history. Some maps contain small vignettes that provide additional information about life at a specified time. They provide an important visual glance into the past.

## THE CACHES

### —MUSEUM NEWS—

Paula Manini, editor

This column lists events and news from Trail sites, museums, and related organizations. Please send information following the format below. Be sure to include your address, phone number, and e-mail. The next column will list hours and activities scheduled for September through November. To be included, send information to Paula Manini at the Trinidad History Museum (see below) by June 21.

**Arrow Rock State Historic Site**  
PO Box 1  
Arrow Rock MO 65320  
Telephone: 660-837-3330  
Email: [kborgman@iland.net](mailto:kborgman@iland.net)  
Website: [www.arrowrock.org](http://www.arrowrock.org)



- Museum open daily 10 am-4 pm.
- Weekend walking tours of Historic Arrow Rock.
- Arrow Rock was recently named a 2006 Dozen Distinctive Destination. Santa Fe Trail sites were listed: the river landing, Big Spring, and Huston Tavern. View the story at [www.friendsar.org](http://www.friendsar.org) or [www.nthp.org](http://www.nthp.org).
- Arrow Rock Historic River Landing Trail was dedicated on February 28. The .4 mile trail passes the original landing, which is a certified Trail site, and connects with the Lewis & Clark Discovery Trail to the Missouri River.

**Barton County Museum and Village**  
**PO Box 1091**

**Great Bend KS 67530**

**Telephone: 620-793-5125**

**Website: [www.bartoncountymuseum.org](http://www.bartoncountymuseum.org)**

- Open Tuesday-Friday 10 am-5 pm, Saturday-Sunday 1-5 pm. Featuring Santa Fe Trail exhibits and maps. Recently certified as a Santa Fe National Historic Trail site.
- July 23: "Good Old Summertime" will feature demonstrations, additional exhibits, and fun for the whole family.

**Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site**

**35110 Highway 194 East**

**La Junta CO 81050**

**Telephone: 719-383-5010**

**Email: [rick\\_wallner@nps.gov](mailto:rick_wallner@nps.gov)**

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

- Open daily 8 am-5:30 pm June-August for self-guided tours. Guided tours at 9:30, 11:00, 1:00, and 2:30.
- June 10-11: Educators' Encampment. Observe teachers learning 19th century skills.
- July 8: Kids' Quarters. Children (ages 7-11) experience 19th-century life. Call (719) 383-5026 for an application.
- August 12, 8 pm: "The Night the Stars Fell" Evening Program. Watch the Perseid Meteor Shower and hear about the 1833 meteor storm.

**Boggsville Historic Site**

**PO Box 68**

**Las Animas CO 81054**

**Telephone: 719-456-1358**

**Email: [boggsville67@yahoo.com](mailto:boggsville67@yahoo.com)**

**Website: [www.bentcounty.org/site-sandcelebrations/historic.htm](http://www.bentcounty.org/site-sandcelebrations/historic.htm)**

- Open daily for self-guided walking tours.
- June 9: "Locating and Evaluating

New Deal Projects Across Colorado's Eastern Plains," by Abbey Christman of Colorado Preservation Inc., at 7 pm.

- July 14: Buffalo Barbecue for the Zebulon Pike Bicentennial Celebrations.
- August: events will be posted on the Bent County website (see above)

**Boot Hill Museum**

**Front Street**

**Dodge City KS 67801**

**Telephone: 620-227-8188**

**Email: [frontst@pld.com](mailto:frontst@pld.com)**

**Website: [www.boothill.org](http://www.boothill.org)**

- Open 9 am-5 pm Monday-Saturday, and 1-5 pm Sunday.
- Santa Fe Trail Ruts nine miles west of Dodge City on US Hwy 400; markers and observation point. Open during daylight hours.

**Cimarron Heritage Center Museum**

**PO Box 214**

**Boise City OK 73933**

**Telephone: 580-544-3479**

**Email: [museum@ptsi.net](mailto:museum@ptsi.net)**

**Website: [www.ptsi.net/users/museum](http://www.ptsi.net/users/museum)**

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

**Fort Union National Monument**

**PO Box 127**

**Watrous NM 87753**

**Telephone: 505-425-8025**

**Email: [debbie\\_archuleta@nps.gov](mailto:debbie_archuleta@nps.gov)**

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

- Open daily 8 am-6 pm.
- Self-guided interpretive trail (1.6 miles) through the ruins.
- Interpretive talks and guided tours by request.
- Located 8 miles north of Interstate 25 at the end of NM Highway 161.

**Gas and Historical Museum**

**Stevens County Historical Society**

**PO Box 87**

**Hugoton KS 67951**

**Telephone: 620-544-8751**

**Email: [svcomus@pld.com](mailto:svcomus@pld.com)**

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

**Herzstein Memorial Museum**

**Union County Historical Society**

**(Second and Walnut Sts) PO Box 75**

**Clayton NM 88415**

**Telephone: 505-374-2977**

**Email: [uchs@plateautel.net](mailto:uchs@plateautel.net)**

- Open Tuesday-Saturday 10 am-5 pm.

**Historic Adobe Museum**

**PO Box 909 (300 E Oklahoma)**

**Ulysses KS 67880**

**Telephone: 620-356-3009**

**Email: [ulyksmus@pld.com](mailto:ulyksmus@pld.com)**

- Open Monday-Friday, 9 am-5 pm;

weekends 1-5 pm.

**Jefferson Nat. Expansion Memorial**

**11 N Fourth St**

**St. Louis MO 63102**

**Telephone: 314-655-1631**

**Email: [tom\\_dewey@partner.nps.gov](mailto:tom_dewey@partner.nps.gov)**

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

- Gateway Arch and Museum of Western Expansion open daily, 9 am-6 pm. Library open 8 am-4:30 pm.
- Old Courthouse open daily 8 am-4:30 pm. Call (314) 655-1600. Special courthouse events are free and open to the public:
  - June 13: Garrison Flag Raising Ceremony, 9 am.
  - June 14: "Flag Day" Naturalization Ceremony for new citizens.
  - June 30: Naturalization Ceremony, 1 pm.
  - July 1 and July 4, 9 am-4 pm: Historic Fourth of July Celebration

**Koshare Museum**

**115 West 18th St**

**La Junta CO 81050**

**Telephone: 719-385-4411**

**Email: [tina\\_wilcox@ojc.edu](mailto:tina_wilcox@ojc.edu)**

**Website: [www.koshare.org](http://www.koshare.org)**

- June-August open daily 10 am-5 pm. Free admission the first Sunday of each month. Group rates for guided tours available.
- Summer Ceremonials: Every Saturday in June and July, call for more information.
- Monthly Artist Series; meet the artist on the first Sunday of each month 12:30-4 pm:
  - June: photographer and graphic artist Joe Zinn features wildlife and landscapes in his work.
  - July: Taos artist Charles Collins, an innovator of mystic realism, displays his bronze sculptures and oil paintings.

**Morton County Hist. Society Museum**

**370 E Highway 56 (PO Box 1248)**

**Elkhart KS 67950**

**Telephone: 620-697-2833**

**E-mail: [mtcomuseum@elkhart.com](mailto:mtcomuseum@elkhart.com)**

**Web Site: [www.mtcoks.com/museum](http://www.mtcoks.com/museum)**

- Open Tuesday-Friday 1-5 pm; weekends by appointment.
- June 3-10: Sixth Annual Grassland Heritage Festival. Bus Tour of the Cimarron National Grassland with historical re-enactments, music, cowboy poetry, a trail ride, Mexican dancers, and a free fishing derby for kids and seniors.
- June 8: Santa Fe Trail Day: Authentic Cowboy Meal at 6:30

p.m and at 7:30 Dr. Jim Hoy presents "Home on the Range: Kansas Folklore."

#### Otero Museum

218 Anderson

La Junta CO 81050

Telephone: 719-384-7500

Cell phone: 719-980-3193

Email: oteromuseum@centurytel.net

- Open 1-5 pm, Monday-Saturday, June through September.  
(see photos at right)

#### Santa Fe Trail Center Museum & Library

Route 3 Box 137

Larned KS 67550

Telephone: 620-285-2054

Email: trailctr@larned.net

Website: [www.awav.net/trailctr/](http://www.awav.net/trailctr/)

- Open daily 9 am - 5 pm (closed on Mondays until Memorial Day).
- May 13 - August 13: "In Citizen's Garb: Images of Native Americans on the Southern Plains, 1889-1891." The traveling exhibit will be complemented with American Indian artifacts loaned by local collectors.
- May 27-28: Santa Fe Trail Days Celebration, half-price admission.
- June 24: Juneteenth Celebration hosted by local Black Heritage Club to observe the end of slavery.

#### Trinidad History Museum

(Colorado Historical Society)

312 E Main (PO Box 377)

Trinidad CO 81082

Telephone: 719-846-7217

Email: paulamanini@hotmail.com

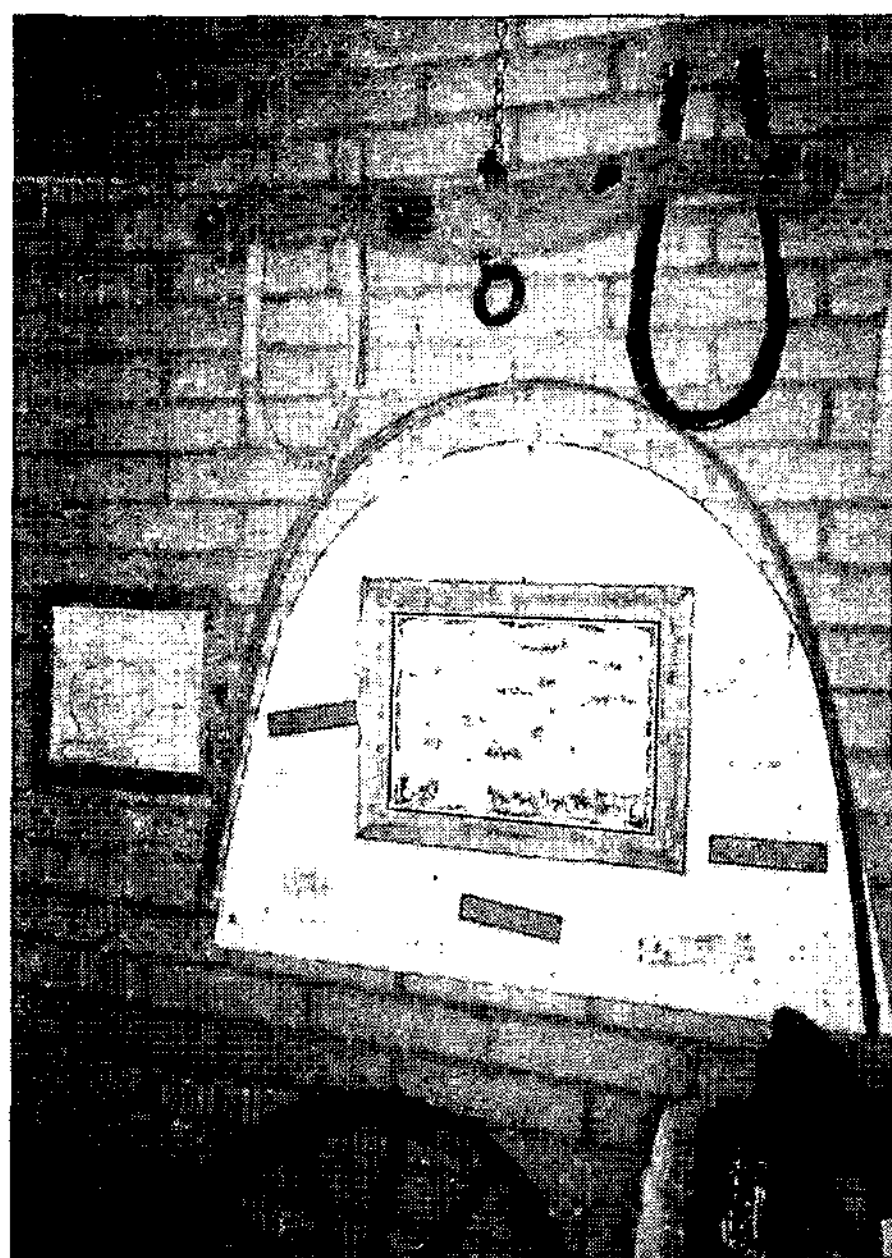
Website: [www.coloradohistory.org/hist\\_sites/trinidad](http://www.coloradohistory.org/hist_sites/trinidad)

- May 1-September 30: open every day, including holidays:
- Santa Fe Trail Museum (certified trail site) open 9 am-4 pm for self-guided tours.
- Baca House (certified trail site) and Bloom Mansion guided tours begin at 10 am; last tour at 4 pm.
- Museum Bookstore and the Trinidad and Santa Fe Trail Information Center open 10 am-4 pm.
- May 30, 5-7 pm: "Hats Off to Mitch!" Exhibits opening and dedication ceremony. This is the kick-off event for a living-history play, art exhibit, and lectures about museum founder, western artist, and Santa Fe Trail aficionado Arthur Roy Mitchell. Call for more information.

The Otero Museum in La Junta, CO, has a Santa Fe Trail display located in the Coach House. Following are two photographs of this exhibit.



Otero Museum, Santa Fe Trail Exhibit



## POST OFFICE OAK

### —LETTERS—

Editor:

Belatedly, we express our appreciation and gratitude to the Santa Fe Trail Association for the Award of Merit presented to us at the symposium for taking care of the DAR Trail markers in New Mexico. We had intended to be there but were not able to attend. Maybe this was a good thing because both of us would have fainted or had an attack if we had heard our name called, let alone accepting the award in front of all those Trail friends.

We truly enjoy the Santa Fe Trail and especially *Wagon Tracks*. It is always special. We run a race to see which one of us gets to read it first.

We enjoy picking up the trash at the DAR markers in New Mexico. We generally make up a little lunch and ponder what might have happened

at that exact same spot so long ago, while we have our lunch, after we have cleaned up the area. Sometimes people stop and ask us who is buried there or what the marker stands for, and that gives us a chance to share with them what the Trail is and what it means to so many people.

Thanks again for this unexpected honor.

Walter and Teresa Pickett

1954 41st

Los Alamos NM 87544

*Maybe I should be sending you two copies of WT so you won't have an accident racing to see who gets it first.*

Editor

Editor:

On behalf of the Association of Professional Archaeologists of Kansas (PAK), I thank the Santa Fe Trail Association for support of Kansas Archaeology Month 2006. Your organization has helped make it possible to inform thousands of Kansas about the role of archaeology in studying and understanding the pre-historic and historic past. With the help of your contribution, PAK has distributed nearly 5,500 posters and brochures that address this year's theme, "Crossroads of the Continent: Early Trade in Kansas." They were sent to libraries and museums, teachers and students across the state in order to increase public knowledge about the past, the appreciation of the science of archaeology, and the involvement of the public in protecting our cultural heritage. We appreciate your important role in making this possible.

Brad Logan, President  
Prof. Archaeologists of Kansas

1924 Bluehills Road  
Manhattan KS 66502



## TEXAS PANHANDLE BRANCHES OF THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL IN THE 1860S

by Clint Chambers

*[Dr. Chambers, M.D., Lubbock, TX, serves on the SFTA governing board. Thanks to him for sharing his research on the Trail in Texas. This paper was presented to the West Texas Historical Association in April 2006.]*

THE establishment of the Bosque Redondo Indian Reservation and Fort Bascom, New Mexico, in 1863, led to the development of two southern routes of the Santa Fe Trail through the Texas panhandle, opened by New Mexico freighting contractors. They were called the Palo Duro Route, which followed Palo Duro Creek, and the Crooked Creek Route. They were part of the larger Santa Fe Trail system.

The Santa Fe Trail, originally called the "Mexican Road," began in central Missouri at Franklin, when William Becknell's trading party departed for New Mexico on September 1, 1821.<sup>1</sup> The name "Santa Fe Trail" was commonly used in publications after 1846, some 25 years after the Trail was established.<sup>2</sup> By that time there were two major routes: the Cimarron Route which left the Arkansas River in present western Kansas, crossed the present Oklahoma Panhandle, and reached La Junta (present Watrous), NM, and the Mountain Route which followed the Arkansas into present Colorado to Bent's Fort, crossed over Raton Pass into New Mexico, and joined the Cimarron Route at La Junta. Josiah Gregg and others opened a route across Texas to Santa Fe in 1839, a portion which later was utilized in the Fort Smith to Santa Fe route.

During the Mexican War, 1846-1848, the Trail served as a military road of invasion and supply for the United States Army.<sup>3</sup> Some 13 years later, during the Civil War, Confederate troops from Texas invaded New Mexico in 1861 and by March 11, 1862, had occupied Santa Fe. Their plan was to move along the Santa Fe Trail to Fort Union to complete the conquest and to capture supplies stored at the depot.<sup>4</sup>

Shortly thereafter, Confederate and Union troops met in battle in the area of Glorieta Pass. Capture of the Confederate wagon train by Colorado volunteers spelled defeat for the

South and forced its withdrawal from New Mexico.<sup>5</sup>

Union Brigadier General James H. Carleton became commander of the Department of New Mexico on September 18, 1862.<sup>6</sup> He immediately faced uprisings from Mescalero Apaches and Navajos. With the support of the territorial governor, Henry Connelly, Carleton approached the task of solving the Indian problem with great vigor.

First, he sent troops under the command of Kit Carson to subdue the Mescalero Apaches and move them to Fort Sumner on the Bosque Redondo Reservation. This was done by March 1863.<sup>7</sup> Next Carleton sent Carson against the Diné (Navajo) during the summer and fall of 1863. Faced with starvation and death, many Navajos surrendered to Carson and made the "Long Walk" across New Mexico to the Bosque Redondo on the Pecos River in 1864.<sup>8</sup>

Now Carleton's problem was how to feed approximately 8,000 Indians. Because there was not enough food grown in New Mexico, he had to depend upon New Mexican contractors, freighters, and teamsters to bring supplies from the states.

In the first half of 1864 supplies flooded into the Bosque. Gerald Thompson wrote: "St. Vrain delivered 19,800 pounds of wheat meal and 57,500 pounds of flour for the sum of \$22,053. Andres Dold, a Las Vegas contractor, sent wagons carrying 20,500 pounds of flour, 14,757 pounds of wheat, and 68,872 pounds of corn for \$17,400. James Hunter and C. W. Kitchen delivered 500 head of cattle on contract for \$34,350. They also delivered 228,150 pounds of corn for \$24,700. . . . The Bosque Redondo was proving a great boon to business in New Mexico."<sup>9</sup>

Meanwhile, Carleton was busy providing additional protection for New Mexico. In addition to establishing Fort Sumner and the Bosque Redondo in 1863, he established Fort Bascom to the northeast on the South Canadian River to serve as a Comanche-Kiowa barrier and to monitor the movements of *Comanchero* traders from New Mexico.<sup>10</sup>

Charles Raber, a Santa Fe Trail

freighter, mentioned C. W. Kitchen's shipment of corn to the Bosque in 1864. This may have been the first wagon train over the Palo Duro Route, a southern branch of the Santa Fe Trail. Raber said: "The later part of March (1864) we started for the states at Las Vegas. We got a chance to sell [out] to Stapps and Hopkins. We thought we could buy a new outfit for less money in the states and save the expense of bringing the outfit in so we sold and made up part of our losses of the winter. Mr. May Hays wanted me to take his train of eight wagons to the states. This suited us very well for I could take his in then we could buy a new outfit in Missouri and bring the two back together. We had to go to Fort Union and load government stores for Fort Sumner, 150 miles below on the Pecos River. From here I could save 200 miles by going by way of Fort Bascom and cutting across country until I struck the Arkansas River. Ike Foster had taken Charley Kitchen's train loaded with corn for Fort Sumner over the route. It was at this time only an Indian Trail. If he could take a loaded train and break the way, I could surely follow with empty wagons. It was more dangerous than the Cimarron route as it passed through the very heart of Indian country. I got through all right and met no Indians."<sup>11</sup>

In January 1865, Andres Dold contracted to deliver one million pounds of corn in three shipments; one of 500,000 pounds in May, one of 250,000 pounds in June, and a third of 250,000 pounds in July. "To relieve the strain on the New Mexico economy the contract required that he make the purchases in the states."<sup>12</sup> With danger of Indian attack, wagon trains traveling over all branches of the Santa Fe Trail were assigned military escorts.

On March 15, 1865, General Carleton wrote to Major Edward Bergmann, Fort Bascom commander: "I received yesterday your note of the 9th instant. I have written to Mr. Dold that if he desires his train to proceed, the escort will go with it as originally ordered. Let the company understand that it must be on the watch all the time and not be sur-

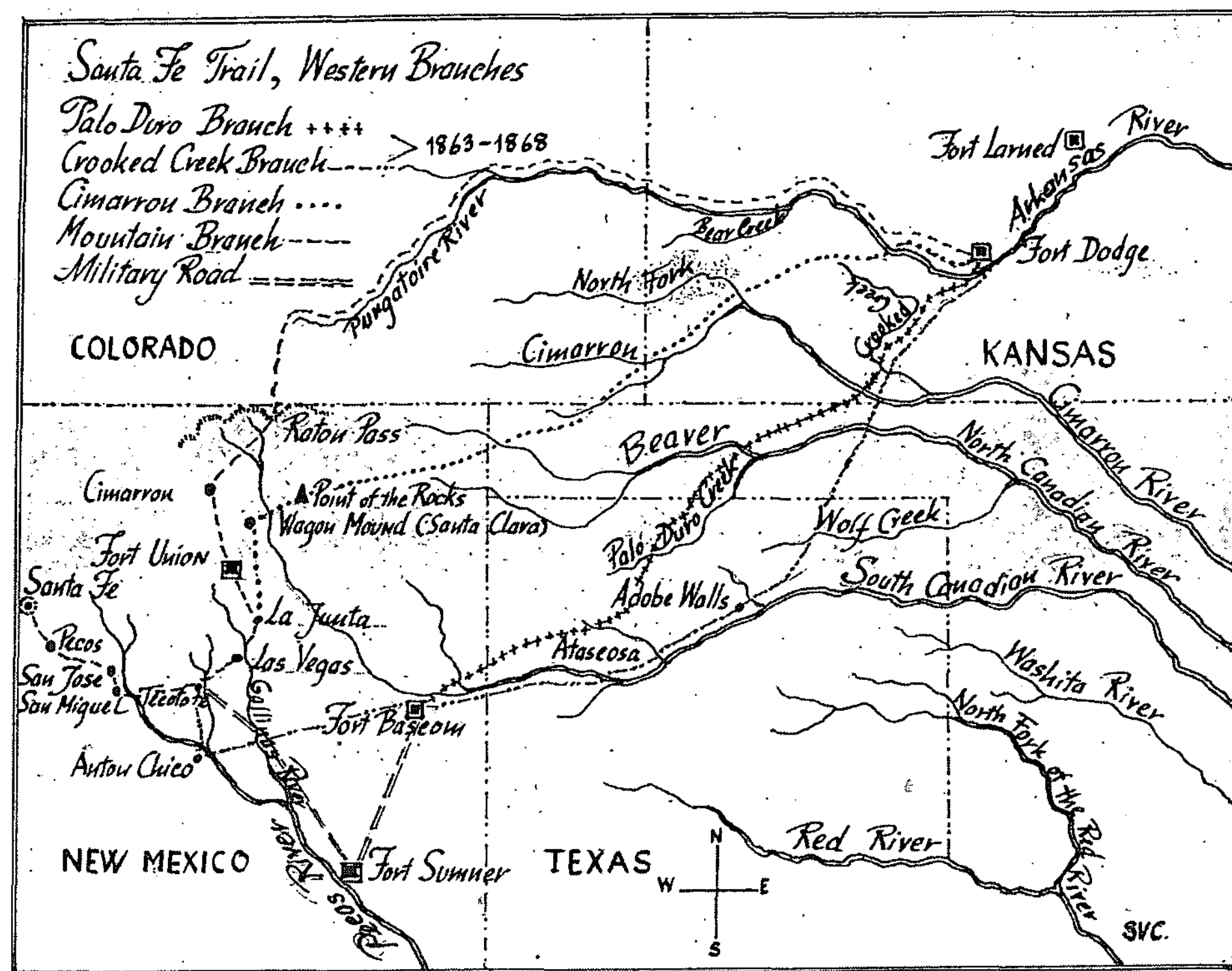


prised. By having it understood how the train shall march with advanced spies and with flankers and with men in rear to give the alarm- and have it understood how the wagons shall be corralled in case of alarm so that a corral can be formed at a moments notice; and by having it understood that the men are to fight to the last man in case of an attack- there will hardly be a doubt of their making a successful trip. You will tell the Comanche chiefs that they will send runners to warn the Indians that if they attack our trains either upon the Palo Duro, the Cimarron or the Raton Mountain Route, we will put men enough into the field against them to destroy them. Tell them that the question of a bitter war is left with themselves. That we do not propose to have our trains stopped or our people murdered with impunity. That if they keep off the road we shall not harm them. But if they attack our trains we shall not wish to see them again. That we shall not believe even in their sincerity- certainly not in their ability to control their people. . . .

"I believe if [Captain] Deus is not surprised, he can whip all the Indians which will dare to come against a train of wagons filled with soldiers on the road- or against a well formed corral in Camp. We must not have the commerce of the country stopped by rumors. We must go ahead; and if worse comes to worst, fight it out. Let that be understood just now. And be sure and impress this idea upon those chiefs. It will be a sorry time for their people in the long run. Tell them of their helpless condition in the winter, and that we shall not forget their summer rascalities."

Then, Carleton included the following note: "Have the trains take some water barrels to hold water for the men in case a corral is made, to fight when the train is not near a stream. Give Captain Deus orders to keep the barrels filled all the time."<sup>13</sup>

The same day, March 15, Carleton also wrote to Andres Dold in Las Vegas. The letter was in regard to the sending of his wagon train over the Palo Duro Route with a military escort. Captain Charles Deus and the men of Company M, First New Mexico Volunteer Cavalry, escorted Dold's wagon train via the Palo Duro Route to Fort Larned, Kansas. Com-



any property left behind at Fort Bascom included 51 horses and 53 saddles. Three months later Deus returned to Fort Bascom and received Company M's property stores.<sup>14</sup>

In April 1865, Carleton wrote to Major Bergmann regarding another wagon train going over the Palo Duro Route: "I wish you to keep me advised of the visits of any Indians off the Plains at your post, and of all information you can get from them, not only of the disposition of the Indians towards the people traveling with the trains, but of the summer haunts of the families of the Kioways and of the Comanches."

"Some ox trains will assemble near your post to go in by the Palo Duro Route. They cannot keep up with the mule trains going by the Cimarron Route without losing their stock. These trains, numbering sixty wagons or more will be near your post in ten or twelve days. Send a company to escort these trains, provided the trains will take provisions, etc. of the company to Fort Larned, as we cannot spare the public transportation from Fort Bascom just now. The company will be on foot and have carefully drawn written instructions with reference to its duties and watchfulness in route. Inspect everything yourself. See to the ammunitions, water kegs, etc. See my former instructions."

Then Carleton listed the names of owners of trains going over the Palo Duro Route: Ladislao Gallegos, Encarnacion Garcia, Antonio José Gallegos, José Pablo Baca, Juan E. Sena, Benito Romero, Candelario Ulibarri, José Lino Ribero, and José G. Romero.<sup>15</sup>

A soldier using the pen name "Bascom" wrote from Fort Bascom to the Santa Fe New Mexican newspaper, published May 6, 1865: "Very little occurs in a small post to interest or amuse the general reader. A constant quiet usually prevails, broken only by the sound of the bugle. The labors of the officers and men are ushered in by reville; the duties of the day are closed by tattoo. This daily routine is however sometimes disturbed and the drowsy feelings engendered by these long spring days of warm weather are aroused into activity and awakened into life. This has been the fortune of Bascom in the past fortnight. The topic of greatest interest has been the arrival and departure of trains for the States. The preparations of the escort, their arms, equipment and supplies, the hurry of officers, the bustle of men, the packing up of clothing and storing away of articles for the road, and the sudden inundation of humanity from the trains have an unusual interest to the post. Last week seventy-one wagons arrived and camped about a mile from the

post; some sixty or seventy, I am informed, crossed about twenty seven miles from here and all traveled under one escort over the Palo Duro route. This route is spoken of by those acquainted with it, as being well supplied with water, wood, grass, and the only obstacle to prevent its being a constantly traveled route is its proximity to those Indians which have been committing outrages upon freighters and have been a terror and scourge of trains. We are happy to state that more security will be given this year and greater safety may be expected from the strong escorts which are being sent out with those trains which go this route. Most of those, which have already passed, are from San Miguel del Bado- the town and San Miguel, the county in which Fort Bascom was located and Mora counties. The escort, which left a few days ago, was under the command of Lt. Haberkorn and was 45 men strong, and will proceed up to Fort Larned. The wagons escorted will amount in all to about one hundred and fifty. . . .”<sup>16</sup>

In 1894, testimony given in the Supreme Court Case, *The United States vs. Texas*, El Reno, Oklahoma, Judge Simpson Everett “Jack” Stilwell described his travels as a teenage teamster on the Santa Fe Trail from 1863 through 1866:

“In 1863, I went out to New Mexico from Kansas City, Missouri over the Arkansas route up near the Arkansas River to a point above Fort Dodge; here crossed and took what was then known as the Cimarron route; went in past wagon mound and into Las Vegas, Las Vegas being the first town we struck. I made several trips from New Mexico to Kansas City and Leavenworth in 1864, 1865, and 1866, wintering in New Mexico. In the wintertime, we use to come down on [Cibolero] buffalo hunts, down the Canadian River and in on the head of Wolf River (creek) and through that country, over on the Beaver north of there, so I became pretty familiar with that country. We also made two trips over what was known as the Crooked Creek trail or route. It crosses below where Ft. Dodge now stands near the mouth of the Mulberry (creek); strikes a little west of south probably, across the Mulberry, I should judge some twelve or fifteen miles

below the mouth. From there over on Crooked Creek which runs into the Cimarron; From the Crooked Creek to the Cimarron and from there over on branches of the Beaver; From the Beaver over on Branches of Wolf Creek, that forms the north part of the Canadian, and strikes just above adobe walls, place built by Bill Bent years ago; up the river to that place called Atascosa right near the place. The Mexican name for that place is Atascosa, which means Boggy Creek. Crossing the South Canadian there, continuing westward up along the Canadian sometimes as much as twelve to fifteen miles from the river, other times on the river, to Ft. Bascom and then into Las Vegas or Santa Fe just as you choose.”<sup>17</sup>

Stilwell was also asked to describe, to the extent of his personal knowledge, the different routes of travel from Santa Fe to the east or north, which were still recognized as the old Santa Fe trails during the time he was there. He said: “The first route that I shall describe is what we call the ‘Southern Route.’ Leaving Santa Fe coming in through Apache canyon, pass the old ruins of the church; pass San Jose, San Miguel to Tocalote, just west of Las Vegas about eighteen miles; then to Anton Chico; then to Gallinas Springs; then to Old Fort Bascom on the Canadian, or what in that country is call Red River – Rio Colorado. Down that river on the south side to a place called Atascosa; there crossing to the north side and traveling almost parallel to the river bearing a little to north to the Creek on which adobe walls is situated, to the north and a little east to the heads of Wolf River; the same direction over to Beaver; from there to the Cimarron; then Crooked Creek; then Mulberry; crossing the Arkansas and connecting with the main trail from Kansas City and Leavenworth west.

“What we called the ‘Middle Route’ goes over the same road to Tocalote, in place of turning south to Anton Chico comes straight to Las Vegas; from there to La Junta [present Watrous]; from there to the Wagon Mound known by the Mexicans as Santa Clara; from there over to the Canadian or what is called Rio Colorado by the Mexicans . . . across the Rio Colorado travel east to Cienaga Del Burro; Carrizo; Cimarron,

Sixty Mile dry road or *Jornada Seco* to the Arkansas crossing some thirty-five miles above Ft Dodge and connecting there with the Missouri and Denver Southern route.

“The ‘North Route’ leaves the roads spoken of at La Junta goes up through Ft. Union over to Riado, Cimarron to Raton, over Dick Hooton [Wootton] pass to Trinidad and thence down the Las Animas to the Arkansas, meeting the middle route at what is known as the Cimarron Crossing above Fort Dodge; the southern route at the Crooked Creek crossing below Ft. Dodge near the mouth of the Mulberry, thence east to Westport, Kansas City or Leavenworth. . . .”<sup>18</sup>

Epifanio Aguirre, Santa Fe Trail freighter, was said to be the “first large Mexican contractor” in the territory. When he completed a government contract in January 1865, he was paid \$138,177. Epifanio’s father Pedro Aguirre had freighted in Chihuahua before moving his family to Las Cruces, New Mexico, in 1852. It was here that Epifanio and his brothers started freighting on the Santa Fe Trail and in Mexico.<sup>19</sup>

Epifanio married Mamie Bernard of Westport, Missouri, in 1862. Mamie’s memoirs tell of a trip back to Westport in 1866.

“I remained (at Las Cruces) till March of the next year (1866) when we again made preparations for a return trip across the plains to Westport, going as we had come with wagons but not by the same route. This time we went by way of Tularosa passing Fort Stanton and going south by a nearer way that was to bring us to the Arkansas River at Fort Dodge. There was quite a party of us. We had our ambulance and a baggage wagon and two riding horses . . . . There were four other large wagons filled with harnesses for two trains that were to be bought when we reached our destination. Loose mules were driven by herders. That was the way the trains generally went to the states in the spring, and they traveled fast. We were just forty days from Las Cruces to Westport.

“We went through Comanche country and were a week without a road—just going by compass and sending men ahead to look for water.



As the Comanches were then at war with the whites we were in some danger, but were not molested at all. We crossed the Arkansas River at Fort Dodge. . . .”<sup>20</sup>

In 1868, General William T. Sherman and Colonel Samuel F. Tappen visited Bosque Redondo. With the yearly crop failures and great expense of purchasing and transporting food from the states, it was evident that the reservation was a failure and should be closed. The Navajo repeated the “long walk” back to their homeland. This eliminated the need for supplies to be brought over the shorter southern route. In 1870, Fort Bascom was closed as a permanent post. By 1871, the eastern terminal of the Santa Fe Trail had moved west to Kit Carson, Colorado, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad.<sup>21</sup>

Later when the Santa Fe Railroad moved west from Dodge City to Granada, Colorado, it became the eastern terminal. This further shortened and shifted the Santa Fe Trail from north to south into New Mexico over the Grenada to Fort Union military route.

Buffalo hunter Henry H. Raymond wrote in his diary, dated June 22, 1873: “moved camp to lake on old Basquin trail (Fort Bascom to Fort Dodge). Killed 10 buff, six cows and four bulls.” The following day he noted “a large Mexican outfit passed our camp this eve.”<sup>22</sup>

A shorter Palo Duro Trail did enjoy an after-life. Historian John McCarty, Tascosa, Texas, stated “In its earliest days it was referred to as the Fort Bascom–Fort Dodge Trail and then as the Fort Dodge Trail. When colorful Tascosa became the Canadian River open range Texas roundup town, a prong, which started from Tascosa’s main street and joined the Old Fort Bascom–Fort Dodge Trail some eight miles from Tascosa. . . . It was then that the Tascosa–Dodge City Trail became better known than any of its predecessors.”<sup>23</sup>

In February 1875, buffalo hunter George W. Brown and his crew went south of the Canadian River to hunt. He noted that from Adobe Walls to Dodge City there was a well-worn trail. In fact, he sent some of his hides back to Dodge City over this trail.<sup>24</sup> This could be a segment of the

Crooked Creek Trail from Dodge City to Adobe Walls used by teamsters Charles Edward Jones and Joe Plummer, who hauled supplies to and hides back from the Adobe Walls trading post in the spring of 1874.<sup>25</sup>

The 1860s southern routes of the Santa Fe Trail used by freighters to supply the Bosque Redondo Reservation remained useful. Buffalo hunters in the 1870s and cattlemen in the 1880s used them as a part of “The Wagon-Road Economy in the Dodge City–Panhandle Region.”<sup>26</sup>

All these changes were to be expected and quite appropriate; for through its history the old Santa Fe Trail was never static but always changing according to the circumstances encountered on the trail. As Jack Stilwell stated: “My acquaintance and knowledge of these different routes was gained from traveling them; also it was perfectly natural we discussed every route to which was better, shorter, more convenient and above all safest from Indians.”<sup>27</sup>

Clearly, there were southern routes of the Santa Fe Trail across northern Texas in addition to the Fort Smith to Santa Fe route followed by Josiah Gregg in 1840. They extended south and west from the Fort Dodge and Dodge City area through the Texas Panhandle along different routes to Forts Bascom and Sumner. First developed to supply Bosque Redondo Reservation during the Civil War, the roads were convenient enough to remain in service in the Texas Panhandle until railroads made them unnecessary. The Texas Panhandle, in other words, was a place that attracted traders, *ciboleros*, freighters and visitors as well as Comanches, long before Anglo buffalo hunters and cattlemen entered the high tableland. Indeed, Texas Panhandle routes of the old Santa Fe Trail carried millions of pounds of vital food and supplies to Bosque Redondo Reservation Indians in the 1860s.

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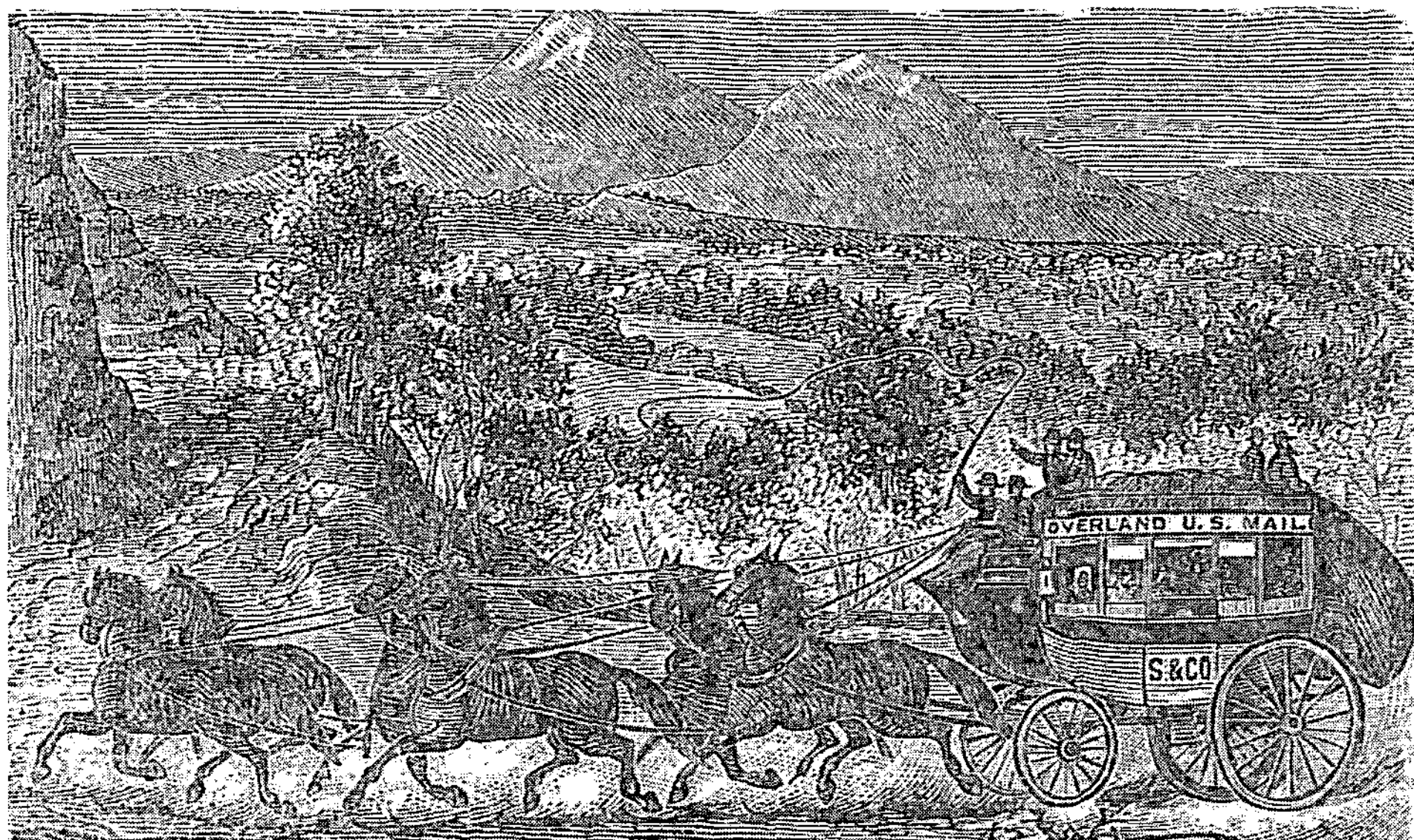
## THE MEMOIRS OF JARED L. SANDERSON, "STAGECOACH KING," PART III

*[These memoirs, the property of SFTA member David J. Dunning, are printed here with his special permission. Anyone wishing to use any of the material in these memoirs must secure permission from him, PO Box 264, Elkins NH 03233, (603) 526-6939, e-mail: <dunmark@tds.net>. Thanks to Dunning and his family for sharing these for publication. The memoirs will appear in several installments. For introductory information, please see the previous two installments.]*

The Old Santa Fe Trail. (continued)

There is little wonder the Daughters of the Revolution have done what they could to preserve its history a history filled with danger and destiny with courage and confidence, with sureness and success. When we left Independence, Missouri, for the West, Kansas City, then Westport, we started on the Trail, and through those Kansas towns, now alive with enterprise and business, the Stage Coach on its daily journey through Colorado, into New Mexico, to Santa Fe, was the chief object of interest to the Indian and the settler, all along this route, a distance of one thousand miles, it is filled with interesting reminiscences; the towns growing up in a few weeks with a population of thousands, only to disperse in an equally short period, and leave barely a trace of their existence. The Indians with their tepees are no longer seen. Order takes the place of chaos — ranches and towns, industries and schools, have come to be the acknowledged state of the country and from Kansas City to Santa Fe, no one of today would think it possible such a change could take place in the short period of fifty years.

Then it was called a desert with truth, Today, land brings a higher price per acre, than in the Middle States, and where the thriving cities of the West, now invite the tourist or the settler, were then but Military Posts or Stage Stations. A few adobe at first, then log cabins, and so on in the advance of transportation and immigration until the now glorious State of Colorado reaches forth her inviting arms full and free with successful plenty to whosoever will.



**Sanderson Overland Mail coach from company letterhead.**

Life's work is nearly done, and the reader of these pages may believe there was a delight and a satisfaction in spite of all dangers and sacrifice, and as I look back on my work of more than one half a century, I feel that if the choice of life's work were again open to me, I would chose to be a pathfinder and a trail blazer. Life in any other phase has seemed tame to me and no one not acquainted is competent to judge the character of those men who helped me in my work, who stood by me throughout all danger and who I believe would gladly pursue the same course again, were conditions such as required it.

Good manhood was always respected and pure manhood always protected, but of course there was a liberty almost amounting to license, which if one was so disposed they could avail themselves. Perhaps not more so than in the more crowded cities, but with less opportunity to conceal it.

When it is almost worth a man's life to brave those deep snow storms with no protection near, to dare the dangers that beset on every side, the half starved wolves, ever on the alert for the snowbound traveller, then it was the whole character and nature of the men asserted itself.

There were perils to be defied, and it took great courage to compass it all. We never thought of it then, we were all young and full of hope and life. We pushed through every obstacle to the end of the journey, wher-

ever or through whatever it led us, and never thought of anything but our duty to our passengers and the government for which we were working. Sometimes we had no trail to follow, we must ford streams and cross gullies. We must handle with care the four footed animals on which so much depend. They must go down those steep slopes of the canons sometimes, though rarely losing their footing. The hand of the driver must be firm in the grip of the reins, and the eye true to the path or trail over which they travel.

In those days and times we mingled with the Indian and learned much that nature had taught him, in the generations that he had lived by himself in his native state. We heard from them their religious conceptions of creation, their legends, their mental pictures of early days when the world was new, and in that wonderful broad expanse of mountain and valley learned a story never to be forgotten, of the greatness and wonder of this western country. We met those pioneers to whom this generation owes so much, those who have helped make the West, what it has now become from a desert to an oasis.

Perhaps there was less of the refinement of the present day in these bold, sturdy natures, but there was a rare amount of determined, powerful get-there in the men employed by me. Failure was a word unknown, unspoken. To think was to do. Fear



or doubt was never thought of.

The old stage coach is a feature of the early days more prominent in itself than any other. No parade of Festival and Plain is complete without it, and no story of early day or pioneer life but what carries with it a mention of that method of early day travel.

The words:

"John Brown's body lies a moulding in the grave,

His soul is marching on."

comes back to me filled with vivid memories, for here I knew him and his sons who came to Kansas to settle [actually Sanderson arrived in Kansas Territory several years after John Brown left, in fact, after Brown was executed for his raid at Harper's Ferry in 1859]. He was poor and worked hard to support a large family. As the struggle between the two parties became more intense, and feeling ran high, John Brown felt he was called by God to free the slaves, even if it took the sword to do it.

Lawrence was at that time the chief town of the settlers. This was attacked, buildings burned and a general devastation took place.

The hatred of John Brown growing intense, a party of five hundred men attacked Osawatome where Brown made his headquarters. He had with him a bright young man named George Hoyt, who afterward became Lieutenant Colonel of [Colonel Charles R.] Jennison's 15th Kansas, the most desperate regiment of the Union Army. But at this time his company was small. Brown with about fifty of his men retreated after a fierce struggle. So skillful did he prove himself in this struggle that when a short time after, Lawrence was again attacked by an army of one thousand men, the citizens sent for Brown to help them in their defense, although his party was small. It proved so valiant that the attack was soon off and no battle took place.

All this time the settlers were coming into Kansas and strengthening the Free Side or Free Soilers, as they were often called.

Soon however, after many troubles, John Brown found that Kansas City [Territory] could free herself by the ballot box and went away from Kansas, and that was the last I saw of him.

Other writings tell of his career and experiences at Harpers Ferry, where some time later he was executed by the Confederate Government [Brown was executed by the U.S. government in 1859, prior to the Civil War].

But this is another story.

#### AN INDIAN ATTACK.

For two hundred miles from Fort Dodge to Fort Bent, was a bleak prairie. Only here and there a clump of cottonwoods by the river's side. Here along the entire course flowed the Arkansas River, and it was with great risk that we built a station on the bluff about one hundred miles west of Fort Dodge. One of my bravest men, to whom I have referred in another chapter, was willing to take his chance with the Indians by establishing a station. The idea was as follows: After finding a suitable place for it, to excavate on the side or bank for some 75 feet long and 20 feet deep. This made a fine opening or space, at the end of which, by piling dirt across and building up, they improvised quite a fort with port holes, and in this a few of my men gathered and awaited the expected attack.

Well, towards morning it came, about twenty Indians on their ponies came riding up with their yell, prepared for the onslaught. But [Dave] Keener was alive to the situation with his rifle and that of his comrades in his selfmade fort, came a volley of unexpected shot. My men killed about twelve of the Indians. The band was so taken by surprise, they hastily gathered up the slain and departed, and did not show up again in the vicinity. They never knew where the shots came from, and I am sure I never saw a more completely bewildered band of men than those defeated Indians. But up to the time of our discontinuing our line, we were never again troubled by Indians for many miles. They are very superstitious and probably thought the evil spirit was after them.

For many years the Indian knew nothing of the worth of money or values and the white man I fear too often, took advantage of their ignorance. What pleased the eye of the Indian or what he really wanted for present use alone had charm for him, but that which he could get easily

was of less attraction to him, although its commercial value was much more. Many a fine buffalo robe has been exchanged for a string of beads, or a few red cotton handkerchiefs.

While beaver skins valued by the white man at about eight dollars each were traded for firewater and a very poor grade of whiskey, too, at that price.

Beaver, mink, otter, were plenty in those days. One trade I remember was that of sixteen hundred fine buffalo robes for which the Indians received sixty gallons of alcohol. Any one can see it was a most profitable business for the white man. Furs were beautiful and brought good prices in the eastern market, and there seemed to be a never ending supply. After some time the Indians took their furs to the many trading posts along the trail, where they were treated more fairly than by the individual travelling buyer.

When we came across some of the larger beavers they would weigh sometimes about sixty pounds, and we then had a very valuable skin or pelt. The dams which these little creatures build are real triumphs of ingenuity — Once I saw something which I shall never forget — it was a large beaver house built on a small island, and it had twelve separate apartments in it with separate doors to each apartment. The walls were two feet thick.

These with the buffalo, the wolf and the bear are a source of big revenue to the trapper. All around Fort Lyon in fact all along the banks of the Arkansas there was fine game for the hunter. The fox, antelope, black and brown bear in plenty; the deer and those who have eaten of the black tail deer know what fine venison it is.

Then the birds; wild turkeys, quail, grouse, were plenty. These were truly the Indians Happy Hunting Grounds.

I was always called by the Indians, "The Captain of the Paper Wagon" as they saw us deliver the U. S. mail. I always got along pretty well with the Indians and they appreciated my friendliness.

I once gave Santanta [Kiowa Chief Satanta], for his own use, a team of mules with harness and an old aban-

doned coach. Dressed in a castoff uniform of General [Winfield Scott] Hancock's, which was given him by the General, arrayed as he felt with splendor, sitting in the old coach and assuming laughable dignity, he drove around the country. At one time, two of his men, stole two of my horses. My agent told Satante who said that if we would loan him a pony he would fetch them for us. This was done, and shortly afterwards he returned bringing the stolen property. When we offered to reward him he refused, evidently feeling it was beneath his dignity to accept any pay.

The Indian is always original. Once when we met a lone Indian and asked him if he was lost, "No," he replied, "Indian no lost, wigwam lost." Striking his breast he exclaimed, "Indian here."

The following speech of Chief Ouray, shows plainly that the Indians realized keenly the condition of affairs and in many cases were obliged to submit:

"I realize the ultimate destiny of my people, they will be exterminated by the race that overruns occupies and holds our hunting grounds, and whose numbers and forces with the government that stands behind it, will in a few years remove the last trace of our blood that remains. We shall fall as the leaves of the trees, when the frosts of winter come and the lands which we have roamed over through countless generations, will be given up to the miner and the plowshare. In the place of our humble tepees, the white man's towns and cities will appear, and we shall be buried out of sight beneath the avalanche of the new civilization.

That is the destiny of my people."

Who can but feel that the Indian has his side of this great question?

I knew Chief Ouray well, he was a good Indian, a bright man, always friendly and kind, and never showed a spirit of warfare.

As Kansas City was the starting point of the Santa Fe Trail, I will devote a little space to it. In 1860, all of the business section was down on the Levee, then called Westport Landing. Boats came up from St. Louis, and it was some time before the railroads reached this point. Our stages met the boats, transferred the people across the city, and went out on the

journey of the Great Desert, on that much talked of Santa Fe Trail.

So deeply interested are the people of today, that they have monumented the entire way from one end of the State of Colorado to the other, marking each town along the route, and anything relating to it is welcomed by everyone.

Whenever we could get along without building fires we did so, as it was always a menace in the form of inviting beasts and birds of prey. Wolves are always on hand to feed upon the traveller, and it is the wiser plan to use every precaution to prevent being seen.

As I write I seem to see along the banks of the Arkansas, those caravans of early settlers, those gay decked Indians, those peeping night-eyed prairie dogs, the forts along the trail, the faithful horses doing duty for us and for the entire country. I see the graves of those who fell by the way, and I hear the bugle call of the soldiers, the howl of the wolf, the grave of Mary Bent [1838-1878], to which I could go this day, daughter of old Bill Bent of Bents Fort, a rough board marks her resting place, and the inscription is:

"Here lies the body of Mary Bent,

Who turned up her toes and away she went."

Few persons, if any, can realize as they ride through Colorado on the well equipped trains with every modern convenience, what it meant to those of early days facing the blizzards and sometimes getting lost. We always carried our compass so we seldom went out of our course, but when darkness and storm and night came, it was with difficulty we could make the required time and land the mail safely on time or else a forfeit amounting to three times the mail pay. It was a time such as this, when travelling from Fort Larned to Fort Lyon, that we realized we were lost on the desert. The snow was deep, the wind blew, and there was no shelter from either clef or tree. Our animals, six strong stout mules, buffeted the storm until they were fagged out. It is always a good idea to find a gully, and accept the snow as a shelter, but we were anxious to reach Fort Lyon, and urged our animals along until their strength gave out, which was also the case with our

food. Starvation as well as exposure threatened us, the situation was a critical one. We warmed ourselves with fires made from buffalo chips, we told stories one to another to keep up our spirits. At last the faithful animals dropped one by one and we were left on the bleak prairie far from any habitation and with no hope of rescue. We stayed in the coach or by it, for we knew to wander away would be of no use. When one is lost in wood or on prairie, they always go around and around, they entirely lose their sense of location, and so we waited without food for six long days. After the first three days we did not feel the lack of food, but oh, the thirst, that is something intolerable. We only felt weak and weary and ready to faint.

One day one of the party called our attention to a little fleck in the distance. We watched it eagerly, and when it came near enough for us to see that it was a Government wagon sent out with the physician from Lyon to rescue us, our joy and gratitude knew no bounds.

The times and country was one of surprise in every way.

At one of my stations on the Little Arkansas kept by Bill Mathewson, a noted Indian fighter, there was a little oasis on the desert. A company of U. S. Cavalry was stationed there, as it was a very dangerous point. Indians attacked this ranch early one morning, but the soldiers being on hand, the ranch was protected, and the incoming coach with its passengers, mail and express was saved from destruction and death.

Here is my opportunity to tell how some of these early settlers caused the desert to blossom as the rose. Here hundreds of miles from civilization, this Mathewson had made on his cabin, a roof garden, safe from the inroads of wild animals which infested the plains and one morning surprised the coach load of passengers with a breakfast not to be surpassed anywhere. Mountain trout fresh from the stream near by, lettuce, radish, cucumber, were all there. To say we were surprised would be but to mildly express it. This is not far from Fort Zera.

One of Colorado's most interesting assets is the cattle interest, and in about the seventies large ranges



were often seen numbering many thousands. Every cattle owner has his own brand, so that he may know his property wherever it roams. Usually about the latter part of April the round ups occur, as that is the time the calves are large enough to brand. All motherless calves are called mavericks, and whoever brands them becomes owner.

The magnitude of this industry is beyond the conception of one unacquainted with the West, and reminds me of an incident that occurred several years ago, when a cattle man went to Boston to borrow some money needed between seasons. He approached the banker asking for \$10,000. The usual questions: "What security"? Well, I own the \_\_\_\_\_ ranch, have \_\_\_\_\_ acres and \_\_\_\_\_ head of cattle. You have them fenced in I suppose?" "Oh, no, they range, are branded as calves, and once a year we round them up." "Why" said the banker, "Id as soon loan money on the mackarel in Boston Harbor." Such was the little understanding the East had in those days regarding the West and its large methods.

Large fortunes have been received from the cattle industry – some herds numbering 30,000 or 40,000 in number, while ranges are from 150 to 200 miles long! Some stock farms have thousands of heads of horses. Some of the finest breeds have been, and are being raised here.

One could write a most interesting book on the present condition of Colorado, as it has in its agricultural as well as its aspects, surprised the most sanguine minds.

Some scientists claim that children grown under these superior climatic conditions and high rarified atmosphere, will develop into more perfect specimen of the human race than elsewhere. Time will tell whether this will prove so. I must not wander however, on side issues, my task is to tell of the early history, its dangers, and the surmounting of the many difficulties which brought forth the present condition from what it was in early days.

I have seen during my long life on the plains such wonderful restoration to health, that alone would recommend Colorado to a seeker of health as well as of adventure.

Boys almost ready for the grave would apply to me for work. I would say, "My poor boy, what can you do"? But as it meant death to go back, they persistently requested something, so whenever I could I would send them out on the trail at some station, only to find them a few months later on my tour of inspection, strong and well on the road to health.

It is my candid opinion, founded upon repeated observation that most any sufferer from lung troubles, if they come to Colorado in time, and live as the pioneer had to live, in other words would rough it, live in the open, they would get well. There is life itself in the air of the desert, a healing power and quality that remains in the air, even though cities have replaced stations and fertile ranches have taken the place of dreary posts, if one will live as they should.

I would advise anyone to come to Colorado, come at once, come early and recuperate. Renew your strength. It has been a pleasant surprise to see the hollow chest fill out, to see the color return to pale cheeks, and vigor and life come. It makes one to rejoice and be glad.

These mountains too, in their immensity and protective grandeur are full of uplifting influences and sometimes make one realize the mighty power of the Creator and the littleness of man.

In this time of excitement in the West, there were many that were called mushroom towns – that is they grew up quickly, and vanished still more rapidly. A town named Sheridan [in present Logan County, Kansas] was one of these. It was at the end of the Kansas Pacific R. R. and like all towns of a terminal nature, soon was filled with the very toughest class of humanity. Drink and gambling prevailed. Shots were frequent, no man's life was safe. As it was the business of the stage coach to take up all traffic where the railroads left off, we found ourselves at Sheridan, equipped for business. Money was plenty, it flew like dirt. It was a rough, exciting, nerve-straining time, and one can more readily understand some other chapters of this work by seeing here why it was necessary to have such dauntless, brave men to help me.

Sheridan grew to a population of some 4000 people. Hotels were erected, all business was represented by some one, but on a reckless style. Today was all they thought of, they came with money, they spent it, and in a few months time there was not a person left in Sheridan,

In sinking for water, I discovered a fine coal oil deposit, but time did not allow any development, and no would [one] could be found to work it. There was not any idea in anyones mind of continuance. There was a reckless haste everywhere.

It was at this place I found a rare specie of lizard, unknown to this generation. It was some sixteen feet long, with a head as large as a water pail. I gave it to the Government, and it is now at the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

There was a degree of life and excitement here, to be found no where else, but it only fostered the worst and lowest in human nature, and when anything is not founded on right, its life is short. Sheridan had two streets, three hundred feet apart, the railroad being between them. There was a heavy Santa Fe trade at this place, large stores some 150 feet in length, and I have seen many tons of Mexican wool awaiting distribution here, brought on by Mexican Bull trains.

Some fifty gambling dens and saloons were here, hotels and railroad buildings and our stage office and stables. All of the men went armed, ready on the moment for defense, but not aggressive or quarrelsome. The law was administered by citizens who formed themselves into a vigilance committee, and found it necessary to hang a few of the worst characters, in order to make living a safer proposition.

One night one of the worst of the tough element, full of bad whiskey, and with an impossible nature that no one could cope with, having made himself especially obnoxious to the community, was seized upon by the vigilance committee, and it was decided necessary, for the good of the country that he should be hanged. One of my men named Stone, was a member of the vigilance committee, and they seized their man, and was about to adjust the fatal rope when he made a desperate struggle and

got away from them. Fleeing from his captors, with the speed of an antelope, he made the race for his life, down the North Fork of the Smoky, closely followed by some dozen men, eager and wild for the pursuit. When at some distance from his followers near a bunch of cotton woods, he threw himself to the ground and rolled over like a log. In the dim light he would have escaped, for he was entirely lost sight of, and it seemed the chase must result in a losing of the game, when by the merest chance, or as he probably thought, his bad luck, one of the men fell over him and pinning him to the ground, shouted to his companions, who quickly bound him, and taking him in the darkness of the night, hanged him to the trestle work of the bridge just out of Sheridan.

I was right in the heat of all of this, but at such times I kept pretty close to my office, and as I was a very busy man, I was not called on to take part in this line of work. For months after this, travellers over our lines would look to see the place where Western justice was so roughly administered. It does seem somewhat hard, but it was the only way to do to make life possible in this new country. The motto had to be: "A word and a blow, and the blow comes first." There was no time for trials by jury, every man his own defense was more often the rule employed.

I have somewhere alluded to the guerillas of those days, foremost among whom was William Quantrill, one of the most desperate and determined of characters. He was at one time a schoolteacher, and was a man of small stature, and delicate constitution. He fortunately was a friend of mine, or rather in many ways was friendly to me. Of course he exacted toll from everybody, and once when riding across from Kansas City to Squiresville, I saw a little dust in the distance. On coming nearer, I was a little nervous at seeing it was Quantrill and his gang. He came up to me, greeted me in a friendly tone, asking me first if I had any arms about me. Knowing I was the weaker party of the two, I gave him my revolver, which was lying in the bottom of my buggy. No one had ever called me a coward or lacking nerve, but I have ever made it a point when with a stronger force to use discretion, and

that has been my main secret in escaping from the many dangers that beset the pioneer. He then asked me if I had any money about me. I told him I had about \$40. He said, "Loan it to me," which I did. He thanked me, rode off, and I pursued my journey thankful my life was spared. Quantrill never paid me, nor returned my pistol, but once afterward when we met, he told me his men had positive orders not to touch any of our horses, and if they ever did to let him know and he would make it right with me.

Quantrill had about one hundred men with him, among whom were the notorious Younger and James Brothers. At the commencement of the Civil War, he joined the army under General [Sterling] Price, and perpetrated some of the worst crimes on record, at which the whole country shuddered. His bold, daring and desperate villiancies were at variance with his gentle, quiet, courteous behavior he exhibited when among his friends.

At one time as I was riding along between Squiresville and Spring Hill, on my way to Fort Scott, in front of a little wayside hotel, I came upon Quantrill and his little band of about fifteen men, the worst desperadoes in the country. He recognized me, we shook hands and I invited him in to dinner, first watering and hitching my horse. I was alone, and if it had been his will, he could have killed me then and there with no chance of discovery. We ate dinner, talked over my journeys over the western country. As I rose to go, I said, "Well, Quantrill, how is it with you, are you going to take my horse and leave me to walk home?" "No, No, Colonel, neither myself nor my men shall ever touch your stock. You are doing a great work for posterity, and I should be a worse sinner than I am, if I was to make your task any harder or take from the world such a brave and true man. But Colonel, though I have dropped many men, I have only rid the world of those who were no good to themselves or anyone else."

We shook hands – tears were in his eyes, and I realized then how impossible it is to really know a man, and the truth of the saying – "In every bad man there is some good, if we can only find it."

I never saw him again. He was

himself shot a short time afterward. But, as I left him and drove away, thankful that my life was again spared, I felt a wave of pity for a man gone wrong, and a hope for that mercy to him that we all need.

All kinds, classes and conditions were employed in one way or another on the Santa Fe Trail. Sons of titled Englishmen seeking adventure – hollow chested victims of too high civilization, college graduates, border ruffians, fugitives from justice, and from the military draft for the army, which was then existing, each and all applied at the main office at Kansas City for work.

Beside this we had men of enterprise and culture seeking material for their writings in order to give to the other side of life some knowledge of what was going on in this new field.

Among this number was Henry M. Stanley, the great explorer. He spent an entire summer with us on these plains and was a most agreeable and pleasing companion, adapting himself to conditions with that readiness so often met with in travellers who have met various forms of life. All this, however, was new and strange to him, and he enjoyed it with a zest and vigor good to see. After his return to New York he sent me on, this cut [apparently reference to a wood-cut illustration] representing the team behind which he rode on the plains of the Great Desert of America.

The long distance route from Fort Lyon to Fort Larned was two hundred and fifty miles, with no station along the route. We drove one team of mules the entire way. We made the journey when the weather was good in about five days. There was a good deal of cold wind and snow in this party of the country with no shelter of any kind, but we always managed to get along comfortably and the passengers were usually good tempered and willing to make the best of things. They were more afraid of Indians than anything else. We made coffee, broiled antelope steak on the stove made of stones, and if a little rough, and sometimes hard, there was a keen appetite and a freedom from conventionality that largely compensated for what we went without. Anyone who has made this trip across the plains remem-



bers it all their life as a most interesting feature.

Sometimes for one hundred miles the way would be thickly covered with buffalo, sometimes in a single journey we have seen as many as fifty to one hundred thousand.

The name of Kit Carson is so identified with this phase of the west, and I knew him so intimately that I want to say right here that it was largely owing to men of his character, I was able to penetrate my way through this unsettled country.

Carson was a small man, but every inch a man of determination and courage. He was of a delicate constitution and physique, with a resolute will and quiet firm manner, and nerves of iron. He was afraid of nothing, was cool and self possessed though quick of action. While ever ready for defense, and always on the alert for danger, he was never aggressive. He had a fund of humor, and I remember well once when we were all marooned at Maxwell's Ranch in a storm and the Indians lying around there as was then their custom had been doing some of their innocent stunts to amuse the travelers, Mr. Carson, who wore a wig, took it off to the horror and amazement of the Indians, who had never before seen a man scalped and running around with his scalp in his hands. With fearful cries, every Indian in the room rushed out into the storm and could not be persuaded the truth of the situation for some time after, and then they always looked at Carson with a peculiar look of wonder and amazement. I don't think they ever quite understood but as they again saw him with his hair on, as before, they grew accustomed to it.

He was one of the best shots I ever knew, and could always defend himself and those with him, no matter how great were the odds against him.

Carson was a man of wonderful qualities. As a friend, a true soldier, a sure guide, and faithful in every walk of life. He did much for the development of this western country. He filled his part well – savages were no enemies of his, yet they knew to do wrong to the white men would be to meet with quick justice from Carson. Yet toward the close of his life,

at his home at Taos, the Indians called him "Father Kit" and felt him to be their friend.

Reviewing the life of Kit Carson, as I knew him, I am forced to the conviction that a man who is faithful in the little things, the detail of business, will be so in the larger matters of life, and the name and memory of Kit Carson will ever be associated with the development of the West.

I certainly would feel that neither was a history of the Sante Fe Trail or of my part of the story of the West complete if I did not make more than a passing reference to "Buffalo Bill," or Colonel William F. Cody. Of course, all the people of today know him, but as time passes along in the relentless haste, he too, as well as myself and those of my generation, will be among those who only live in memory.

I have known Cody for many years. To know him is to love him as a man of courage and a brave heart, whose fondness for nature and the Wild West has made him famous and welcomed wherever he goes, and so for the future more than for the present time, I want to devote a little space to him.

Mr. Cody, or Buffalo Bill occupies a unique place in the history of these plains. When quite young he was employed as a guide and scout right on my route from Fort Lyon to Fort Larned, and performed very important and dangerous service for the Government. He had his personal encounters with Santata, the Chief whom I have mentioned in previous chapters. He had many thrilling adventures with the Indians, but in the most trying moments his native wit and presence of mind always saved him, and today I think he is counted as one of the best friends the red men had. He has fought and sometimes killed them, but only in self defense. Cody is one of those brave determined men who put his efforts to the right and this western country owes him a large debt of gratitude, while children all over the world look forward with exciting pleasure to the coming of Buffalo Bill and his show.

Cody was always progressive and ready to try his luck. He was much younger than I, and always treated me with a respectful attention which I could not but appreciate. It was at a

time when I was doing a large amount of business out of Kansas City that Cody with a partner of his conceived the idea of building a town up by giving away lots to be built on, retaining the choicest for themselves for advanced prices. Such deals had been worked and as Cody was young and hopeful, he felt he was well on the road to immense wealth. However, the best laid plans of men go astray for just as things were moving along as well as they could wish, a Mr. Webb of the Railroad established a town just about one mile further one. Cody had named his town Rome. Already there were some hundred or more houses built, stores and miners houses and things were moving along finely. But a stronger power prevailed and Hays City, one mile further on proved such a formidable rival that in a short time Rome was deserted, people and houses all were moved to the new city which soon proved a thriving little place, though a tough one, as all terminal cities are, and I built my station there and daily started off my coaches to Fort Dodge, one hundred miles across the prairie.

The most wonderful exhibition of physical endurance, coupled with the greatest bravery and danger, I ever witnessed, was when Buffalo Bill one day rode sixty miles, and then when it was necessary for some one to go to Fort Hays from Fort Larned, in the night through a route where Indians lurked behind every bush, a distance of sixty five miles, it was Cody who offered to go, then returning, and after a short rest of a couple of hours he started on another perilous but important journey of ninety five miles to Fort Dodge. Cody was the only man who either could, or would make these journeys, as several scouts had been killed and it was perhaps one of the most dangerous parts of the country. He reached there in safety, only to find another important message awaiting his attention. This was to Fort Larned, sixty five miles away. Such endurance it is hard to understand; but Cody undertook the journey and reached Fort Larned in safety. General Sheridan was amazed when he knew what this young scout had done – of the distance he had covered in such a short time. 350 miles in 58 hours. But Cody was young, and full



of enthusiasm. His splendid physique could endure what would be impossible in another and he showed this powerful personality in many ways.

He secured the name of Buffalo Bill from the vast number of these animals he killed and from the ease with which he killed them. He was known to outclass any other hunter on the plains and much interesting reading matter can be found relating to his exploits in other and larger works.

I would like to dwell at more length on many subjects which as I write come to my memory. One incident upon another crowds upon my mind, but as this work is only a sketch, and not a history, I will forbear. After these many years they come to me with a force and power of remembrance as though they were but the events of yesterday.

I was an eye witness to the movements of General [Winfield Scott] Hancock when he came out in 1867 to lead in person an expedition against the Indians who had been giving the settlers so much trouble. His objective point was Fort Larned. He arrived there on the 7th day of April. There was to be a Council of the Indians held. The Cheyennes and the Sioux were encamped about thirty miles away. These Indians dreaded the Council and it was with difficulty and after some delay they could be brought to meet General Hancock, while some of the other tribes did not delay in meeting our troops, but came with no hesitation. These were as I remember Arapahoes, and Apaches. There was also a band of Indians there called "Dog Soldiers" the most troublesome of all the Indians, we had to contend with. These Indians expressed a desire to meet General Hancock and hold conference with him. This interview was granted. After some delay and a reluctance to commence, the chiefs at last were ready and General Hancock then told the assembled tribes that he was for peace, not for war, that if the Indians were quiet and good citizens, the government would care for them, but if not, he would burn their villages and annihilate them, each and every Indian of their tribes. [Actually Hancock captured and later burned the Cheyenne and Sioux village, which sparked the In-

dian uprising in 1867.] After the conference which seemed only to excite the Indians to further atrocities, and one of the most bloody wars ever held between the white and red man took place, more depredations along the Santa Fe Trail than ever before in its history, at last it was found necessary to send General Sherman [actually General Philip Sheridan] to the scene of warfare, and he completely subdued them. So effectively was this done the Indians have not given us any trouble since.

A few names of the Indians may be of interest to the readers, all of whom I have seen and knew passably well, and were fairly friendly with me:

Roman Nose	Pawnee Killer
Bull Bear	Bond Wound
White Horse	Left Hand
Gray Beard	Little Bear
Medicine Wolf	Little Bull
Santanta	

The visit of General Hancock did no good; in fact it seemed to incite the Indian to deeper deeds of depredation and cruelty. When General Sheridan came to the scene he told the Indians that his mission was one of peace. He did not want to fight, that our people at Washington would treat them fair, that if they would do right they would be taken care of and treated well, feeding and clothing him. But if he did not, that if he caused more trouble, forts would be established all over this western part of the country and we would annihilate every Indian on the plains. The old Chief Santanta listened until Sheridan closed his speech, then he rose with a savage grunt and said:

"Ugh, heap big talkee, catch em first." and turning his back on the assembly left in great anger.

The seeds of distrust had been deeply sown in the Indians' hearts. Every angry impulse seemed roused and it was only when General Sheridan came with sufficient troops to overcome them and subdue them, they were forced back to their reservations and there has been but very little disturbance since.

The fares in these days on our coaches were at the rate of twenty five cents per mile, but as hay was often one hundred and fifty dollars per ton, and all else in proportion, this was not excessive. Everything was

very hard on the wear and tear of the equipment, all kinds of mechanics were steadily employed, horse shoeing alone was a big item, while when we had an unavoidable tip over, or up set, the horses were often killed and the coach demolished, to say nothing of the heavy law suits for personal injuries brought against the Company on every possible occasion.

Right here I am reminded of a streak of hard luck which followed me in the year of 1876. We were doing an immense business on the Leadville line. We went by way of Buena Vista and to that point I shipped from St. Louis, fifty horses, for which I paid eight thousand dollars. We used four hundred horses on this line, and had to constantly replace those who were sick or used up. Well, the railroad would take them to Buena Vista but would not guarantee for any loss that might occur. We had to have the horses so I sent them on. At Neosha Pass the train went over the bank, and all but two were killed. A mass of struggling, groaning dying, horses.

I at once, on hearing this story telegraphed to my brother who had charge of the roads, to catch up enough horses to fill the need from our large bunch in the San Luis Valley. We always had quite a number of horses out at pasture to recuperate.

So here went eight thousand dollars. On my way from Denver to look over the situation I was met with a telegram from another agent: "Stable burned last night, twelve horses, harnesses and feed all gone."

This was a loss of some two thousand dollars, to say nothing of the inconvenience attached, and then the very next day came the news of a freshet bridge washed away and six horses went into the river and with the driver were drowned. Fortunately there were no passengers lost. But as Fate seemed to be pressing me with a strange persistence in two days, now came the word that at Myrtle Creek the stocktender took a six horse team into the stream to wash them. He was riding the near leader and he went where it was too deep, the horse was drowned and he with it, and as he was trailing the other five, the whole six were drowned. There was no escape for any of them.

Now if that isn't a tale of woe for one season and every word true. But its no use to give up and so I swallowed my medicine and kept up my courage and hope for better luck. But this is only one reason why travel came high. When new roads had to be made, rivers forded and chances taken on every mile of the journey. By the way, I believe if I had it all to go over again I would charge more.

That the mines of Colorado have done more than anything else toward opening up this country to its present prosperous condition is without question. When the rich discoveries of gold were made in the San Juan district, we at once made direct communication with these mining camps. The line from Canon City to Del Norte was as fine a one as ever carried passengers and mail. The coaches and harnesses were all new, made to order, and the stock was four horse teams of dapple grays, beautiful! I stocked this road with great care, and was very proud of it, as without exception it received comment and admiration from all who saw it. The horses on these stages were always in good trim, and never put into harness if not fit for their work and full of life and spirit to obey the will of the driver.

(to be continued)



## CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

### -BOOK NOTICES-

Stephen Harding Hart and Archer Butler Hulbert, *The Southwestern Journals of Zebulon Pike, 1806-1807*. Introduction by Mark L. Gardner. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2006. Pp. Vi+ 280. Illustrations, maps, notes, index. Cloth, \$27.95 plus shipping; available from Last Chance Store.

This reprint of the two-part 1932 and 1933 publication, with a new introduction by Mark L. Gardner, is a welcome and timely volume, one of the few publications so far to commemorate the bicentennial of Pike's Southwest Expedition. Gardner presents Pike's achievements for the young nation and explains in plain terms how Pike was more significant to the growing U.S. than Lewis and

Clark, who have received all the attention these many years, including the lavish bicentennial celebration of the Corps of Discovery.

In addition to Pike's journal, which is being serially reprinted in *Wagon Tracks*, the volume includes Hart's discourse on Pike's "life and papers" and Hulbert's explanation of "the purpose of Pike's expedition" in which he declared emphatically that Pike was not a spy nor a part of the Burr-Wilkinson "conspiracy." No informed scholar disagrees with Hulbert today.

For the general reader and serious student of history, this reprint is highly recommended, an excellent read to celebrate the bicentennial. It is time for Pike to receive the attention he deserves for his influential expedition and reports. More than any other person, Pike encouraged and laid the groundwork for the opening of the Santa Fe Trail.

Virgil Dean, ed., *Kansas History: A Journal of the Central Plains*, 29 (Spring 2006), "Special Issue—The Pike Expedition: A Bicentennial Reflection." Pp. 66. Illustrations, maps, notes. Paper, \$7.00 plus shipping, available from Last Chance Store.

This Pike issue contains four articles, enhanced with fine maps and illustrations: Stephen Hyslop, "One Nation Among Many: The Origins and Objectives of Pike's Southwest Expedition"; "Sent Out by Our Great Father": Zebulon Montgomery Pike's Journal and Route Across Kansas, 1806"; Leo E. Oliva, "Enemies and Friends: Zebulon Montgomery Pike and Facundo Melgares in the Competition for the Great Plains, 1806-1807"; and Michael L. Olsen, "Zebulon Pike and American Popular Culture, or, Has Pike Peaked?"

The Kansas State Historical Society is commended for devoting an issue to Pike. Former SFTA President Hal Jackson prepared the maps of Pike's route across Kansas.



## HOOFF PRINTS

### —TRAIL TIDBITS—



Santa Fe Trail author Marian Meyer, age 79, and her husband, Leland, age 83, charter members of SFTA, suffered strokes shortly after selling their Santa Fe home of 42 years and moving into a nearby

senior citizen retirement facility. Marian's mild stroke occurred in February. Leland, who suffered a massive stroke in March, is still undergoing extensive therapy. Well wishers can contact them at 640 Alta Vista #242, Santa Fe NM 87505.

SFTA member Phyllis Morgan received a Southwest Book Award for her bio/bibliography about Marc Simmons. The award was presented February 25 in El Paso, TX.

Check out the New Mexico Santa Fe Trail National Scenic Byway web site at <[www.santafetrailnm.org](http://www.santafetrailnm.org)> and the Mountain Branch Santa Fe Trail Scenic Byway web site at <<http://www.santafetrailscenicandhistoricbyway.org/>>.

Isabelle Guichard, a teacher of English at College des Fontaines in France, recently requested Santa Fe Trail information for her classroom. Several brochures, books, and posters were sent. Teacher and students were invited to come visit the Trail.

The Cimarron Heritage Center Museum is celebrating its 10th anniversary June 3 with special events. They have accomplished great things in 10 years. Congratulations!

Arrow Rock, MO, has been named one of the 2006 "Dozen Distinctive Destinations" in the U.S. by the National Trust for Historic Preservation. The town was founded on the Trail in 1829 and designated a National Historic Landmark in 1964.

Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site recently opened its new book and trade goods store, operated by Western National Parks Association. Stop and take a look the next time you are in the area.

Fort Osage, MO, is constructing a new Education Center, scheduled for completion in early 2007. It will focus on American Indians in the area and the Lewis and Clark expedition.

The recent discovery of court records in St. Charles County, MO, for the years 1805-1826, indicate there was trade between Missouri and New Mexico at least 10 years before William Becknell made his successful trip in 1821. Details are awaited.



## 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.

Ruth Obee, a widely published author and environmental poet, has advocated for preservation and open space in her writings. Her work has appeared in *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Short Story International*, and *Peak and Prairie* (published by the Rocky Mountain Chapter of the Sierra Club). She has been an English teacher (U.S. and India), an editor (Washington, DC), as well as an author and poet who has served with her husband, a senior diplomat (now retired), in India, Pakistan, Tanzania, and South Africa for more than two decades. Her most recent publications are *A Sense of Place: Discovering the Stratton Open Space* (Blue River Publishing, 2002) and *In the Nature of Things: Images of Colorado and the Southwest*. Since her return to and rediscovery of her own western American roots (she was born and reared in Idaho), she is eminently qualified to explore the deeper, more nuanced meanings of what Wallace Stegner means by being "placed." Ruth and her husband Kent make their home in Colorado Springs.

Pulling the poem from Marion Sloan Russell's *Land of Enchantment*, the poet uses internal rhyme, such as "mound" and "sound" in line three, and slant rhyme, such as "long" and "worn" in stanza eleven, line one. The poem is composed in quantitative syllabic verse, ranging from thirteen to twenty-three syllables per line. In this type of verse, the poet counts only the number of syllables in each line, and the accents may vary. According to Philip Dacey and David Jauss, in *Strong Measures: Contemporary American Poetry in Traditional Forms* (New York: Harper & Row, 1986), "many

contemporary poets have found it an effective and unobtrusive way to shape and control free verse rhythms" (424). The poem expresses many a Santa Fe traveler's wish, when she writes, "'under the azure vault of the open sky/ . . . close by, I too would hope to die. . . ."

#### The Santa Fe Trail

(Based on the oral history of Marion Russell in *Land of Enchantment*)

by Ruth Obee

From Old Westport, Independence  
and Kansas City,  
through Council Grove, the rutted  
tracks across the high prairie grass  
lead  
to a wagon wheel mound and the  
sound of voices like ghosts

of the past, whistling in the wind. At  
night we pulled our white, canvas-  
covered  
wagons into a tight circling lager.  
What appeared to be the lumber-  
ing  
and creaking wagons by day were  
roped securely into a corral by  
night

to keep the livestock safe and protect  
against a raid by marauders intent  
on stealing horses and cattle – mur-  
derous desperados, gun-happy  
outlaws  
and thieves . . . for we knew that  
nothing on this earth can last for  
long.

After dark, we listened to the coyotes  
howl, heard the disconsolate bray  
of a mule, slept by a flickering fire,  
smelled the sweet smell of falling  
dew  
on the high prairie grasses. In the  
wake of heavily armored Co-  
ronado,

the trappers of beaver pelts had gone  
before, followed by the traders in  
buffalo  
robes, foodstuffs, weapons and liquor;  
and then the armed militias and the  
missionaries. And finally the settlers  
arrived like bands of wandering no-  
mads,

along with the adventurers and the  
prospectors for gold, seeking  
a new El Dorado. The wind keened  
and whistled among the tents. The  
prairie night  
was black and infinite, filled with  
the unknown . . . filled

with the brilliant stars and with our  
hopes and dreams of a new Eden –  
blessed with venison on the hoof,  
pronghorn antelope, wild choke-  
cherries to pick,  
abundant trout in the clear running

streams. But we knew that nothing  
on this earth

can last for long. The wagons each  
day – how they lumbered and  
creaked, prairie  
schooners on a rough and undulating  
sea, braving storms, swollen rivers,  
broken axles,  
crippled horses, summer heat. We  
dreamed of a new Eden and al-  
ways it was filled

with water. We dreamed of a house  
of smooth adobe clay amidst juniper  
and mesquite or  
a rough-hewn cabin of logs in a pun-  
gent grove of pines, with a hearth  
and chimney made  
of native stone, a corner cupboard  
to hold some precious china plates;  
a few chipped

cups in blue willow design. We buried  
our first child in a small grave at Fort  
Union,  
along the way, under the azure vault  
of the open sky, tucked down to  
the far horizons;  
and it's on the Trail, close by, I too  
would hope to die . . . for we know  
that nothing

on this earth can endure for long. And  
when we arrived, at last, heart-  
weary and worn  
at the end of the Trail, traveling the  
mountain route or over Raton Pass  
to Bent  
Stockade - we knelt down to give  
our thanks for all that we had.

## RENDEZVOUS 2006

by Ruth Olson Peters

THE Santa Fe Trail Center has received word from the Kansas Humanities Council that the grant requested for Rendezvous 2006 has been approved. The letter from KHC indicates that the reviewers were very impressed with the Rendezvous committee's proposal and that they are "pleased to support the Rendezvous 2006 project: Zebulon Pike and the Birth of the Santa Fe Trail." The Kansas Humanities Council has generously provided the principal funding for the Rendezvous seminars since the Santa Fe Trail Center sponsored the first Rendezvous in 1980. This year KHC has granted \$6,176.00 to be used toward speakers' honoraria, travel and per diem, rental of facilities, and promotion.

With the addition of Fort Larned National Historic Site and the Santa Fe Trail Association as cosponsors in the 1990s, the three organizations now work together to plan the bien-

nial Rendezvous, choosing a different trail-related theme for each seminar. Representatives of the SFTA on the 2006 Rendezvous Planning Committee include Leo Oliva, David Clapsaddle and George Donoho Bayless. Other committee members include staff from the Trail Center and Fort Larned NHS.

Don't forget to mark your calendar and plan to attend Rendezvous 2006 on October 27- 29 in Larned, Kansas. You will not be disappointed! Full program details will appear in the August *Wagon Tracks*.



## 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 look at Aaron Burr and James Wilkinson by David Clapsaddle and the thirteenth installment of Pike's journal. Keep informed with the Pike Bicentennial plans at <[www.zeublonpike.org](http://www.zeublonpike.org)>.]*

## AARON BURR, JAMES WILKINSON, AND THE SOUTHWEST CONSPIRACY

by David K. Clapsaddle

IN the summer of 1806, General James Wilkinson dispatched Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike to conduct an exploratory expedition of

the Southwest. Wilkinson did so without consulting President Thomas Jefferson, although Jefferson later approved of Pike's explorations. Unknown to Jefferson at the time, there was a conspiracy brewing. Wilkinson, governor of the Territory of Louisiana and commanding officer of the United States Army, was at the same time on the payroll of the Spanish government. By the time of the Pike expedition, Wilkinson had, in collusion with Aaron Burr, concocted a scheme to establish an empire in the Southwest made up of trans-Appalachian states and portions of Mexico. Pike scholars doubt the lieutenant was aware of the conspiracy, but Burr's and Wilkinson's part of the scheme are not.

Following are chronologies of Burr's and Wilkinson's lives which hopefully will shed light on their characters and illuminate their roles in the above mentioned conspiracy.

### Aaron Burr 1756 - 1836

1756—Born in Newark, NJ, son of Rev. Aaron Burr, cofounder of College of New Jersey, now Princeton University, and Esther Edwards Burr, daughter of New England preacher Jonathan Edwards.

1759—Following the death of both parents, Burr's training was assumed by an uncle, Rev. Timothy Burr.

1769—Entered Princeton University as a sophomore at age 13. First studied theology, later law.

1772—Graduated with honors.

1777—Commissioned lieutenant colonel after serving on the staff of Benedict Arnold, George Washington, and Israel Putman.

1779—Resigned his commission due to ill health.

1782—Admitted to New York bar. Married Theodosia Prevost, widow of a British army officer, ten years his senior, with five children. The couple produced two daughters, Theodosia and Sarah (who died at age 3).

1789—Appointed attorney general for the state of New York.

1791—Won seat in U.S. Senate.

1794—Wife Theodosia died of cancer.

1797—Failing reelection, won seat in New York legislature.

1800—Won U.S. vice-presidency under President Thomas Jefferson.

1804—Lost in race for New York gov-

ernor. Because of remarks made by Alexander Hamilton during the campaign, Burr challenged him to a duel. Hamilton was mortally wounded. Burr fled to Philadelphia. There, he and former senator Jonathan Dayton developed a scheme to establish an empire in the Southwest made up of portions of Mexico, which they planned to conquer, and the trans-Appalachian southern States which they hoped to separate from the Union. Returned to Washington City, served out his term of vice president.

1805—Made trip to the West. Met Harman Blennerhassett at his estate on an island in the Ohio River and visited James Wilkinson at New Orleans. Acquired more than a million acres of land in Orleans Territory financed by his son-in-law and Blennerhassett.

1806—Assembled boats, supplies, and men at Blennerhassett's Island. Burr and sixty men set out to join Wilkinson near Natchez. Burr's and Dayton's coded letters were then underway to Wilkinson, alerting him to be ready to move on Mexico. Wilkinson revealed scheme to President Jefferson.

1807—Burr surrendered to authorities in Natchez, jumped bail, and fled to Spanish Florida. Intercepted, arrested, and taken to Richmond. Acquitted on treason charges. Moved to Europe.

1812—Returned to New York and practiced law.

1833—Married Eliza Jumel, a wealthy widow. When she realized Burr was using her fortune for land speculation, they separated after only four months.

1836—Eliza granted divorce on the day of Burr's death. The divorce papers were served at Burr's deathbed by the eldest son of Alexander Hamilton, whom Burr had killed in the duel in 1804.

### James Wilkinson 1757-1825

1757—Born Calvert County, Md. Privately tutored on father's plantation. Briefly studied medicine.

1776—Commissioned captain in the Continental Army, served under Benedict Arnold. Brevetted brigadier general. Lost brevet rank due to his participation in the Conway Cabal, a group that schemed



- against Gen. George Washington. Appointed Continental Army clothier, forced to resign because of irregularities in his accounts.
- 1778—Married Ann Biddle (they had four children).
- 1783—Moved to Kentucky and established commercial connections in Spanish New Orleans.
- 1784—Became involved with the Spanish government to gain control of the western territories. Rewarded with a trade monopoly on all goods entering the New Orleans port from the north. Granted an annual pension of \$2,000 to work for the interests of Spain in the U.S.
- 1791—Returned to active service when Indian warfare broke out in Ohio Territory.
- 1792—Commissioned brigadier general. Launched sustained campaign to discredit his superior, Anthony Wayne, and gain command of the U.S. Army.
- 1796—Upon Wayne's death, became ranking officer in the U.S. Army. Still on Spanish payroll.
- 1805—Became governor of Louisiana Territory. Conspired with Burr to establish empire in the Southwest.
- 1806—Dispatched Zebulon Montgomery Pike to reconnoiter the Southwest. Removed from office of governor, after which he denounced Burr and revealed conspiracy to President Thomas Jefferson (perhaps to save his career).
- 1807—Arrested Burr's accomplices in Louisiana and declared martial law in the territory. Was chief witness against Burr on a charge of treason. Narrowly missed being indicted for treason himself.
- 1810—After first wife's death, married Celeste Laveau Trudeau (they had two children).
- 1811—President James Madison charged Wilkinson with treason. After a series of inquiries and courts-martial, acquitted of treason and restored to his command.
- 1813—During War of 1812, his troops occupied Mobile but later failed in an abortive attempt to take Montreal.
- 1815—Honorably discharged. Historian Robert Leckie characterized Wilkinson as "a general who never won a battle or lost a court-

martial."

1821—Went to Mexico to negotiate a Texas land grant. Served briefly as an advisor to Emperor Agustín de Iturbide.

1825—Died and buried in Mexico City.

Data for the chronologies were taken from general reference works including standard encyclopedias. Other recommended sources are:

Donald B. Chidsey, *The Great Conspiracy: Aaron Burr and His Strange Doings in the West*. New York: Crown Publishers, 1967.

Thomas Hay & M. R. Werner, *The Admirable Trumpeter, a Biography of General James Wilkinson*. Long Island: Doubleday & Co., 1941.

James R. Jacobs, *Tarnished Warrior: Major-General James Wilkinson*. New York: Macmillan Co., 1938.

Milton Lomask, *Aaron Burr*. 2 vols. New York: Farrar Straus and Giroux, 1979, 1982.

Herbert S. Parmet & Marie B. Hecht, *Aaron Burr: Portrait of an Ambitious Man*. New York: Macmillan Co., 1967.

M. W. Wellman, *Napoleon of the West: A Story of the Aaron Burr Conspiracy*. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc., 1970.

### PIKE'S JOURNAL, PART XIII

This reprint of Pike's journal of the expedition of 1806-1807 continues, starting with the entry for March 26, 1807, on El Camino Real south of El Paso at Presidio Elizario with Spanish Lieutenant Facundo Melgares.

#### Pike's Journal

26th March, Thursday.—Divine service was performed in the morning, in the garrison, at which all the troops attended under arms; at one part of their mass, they present arms, at another, sink on one knee and rest the muzzle of the gun on the ground, in signification of their submission to their divine master. At one o'clock, we bid adieu to our friendly hostess, who was one of the finest women I had seen in New Spain. At dusk arrived at a small pond made by a spring, which arose in the centre, called the *Ogo mall a Ukup*, and seemed formed by providence to enable the human race, to pass that route as it was the

only water within 60 miles, on the route; here we overtook sergeant Belardie with the party of dragoons from Senora and Biscay, who had left us at fort Elisiaria, where we had received a new escort. Distance 20 miles.

27th March, Friday.—Arrived at Carracal, at twelve o'clock. Distance 28 miles; the road well watered and the situation pleasant. The father-in-law of our friend [Melgares's father-in-law was Lieutenant-Colonel Alberto Maynez, given as Mayner by Pike], commanded six or seven years here; when we arrived at the fort, the commandant, Don Pedro Rues Saramende received Robinson and myself, with a cold bow and informed Malgares, that we could repair to the public quarters. To this Malgares indignantly replied, that he should accompany us and turned to go when the commandant took him by the arm, made many apologies to him and us, and we at length reluctantly entered his quarters; here for the first time, I saw the Gazette of Mexico, which gave rumors of colonel Burr's conspiracies, the movements of our troops, &c. &c. but which were stated in so vague and undefined a manner, as only to create our anxiety without throwing any light on the subject.

28th March, Saturday.—Marched at half past three o'clock and arrived at the Warm Springs at sun down; crossed one little fosse on the route.

29th March, Sunday.—Marched at ten o'clock and continued our route, with but a short halt, until sun down; when we encamped without water. Distance 30 miles.

30th March, Monday.—Marched before seven o'clock, the front arrived at water, at eleven o'clock; the mules at twelve. The spring on the side of the mountain to the east of the road, a beautiful situation, I here saw the first ash timber, I observed in this country. This water is 52 miles from the Warm Springs. Yesterday and today, saw Cabrie, marched fifteen miles further and encamped, without wood or water; passed two other small springs to the east of the road.

31st March, Tuesday.—Marched early and arrived at an excellent spring at ten o'clock. The roads from Senora, Tanos and Buenaventura, &c. joins about 400 yards, before you

arrive at the spring.

Arrived at the village of ——— at night, a large and elegant house, for the country; here were various labors carried on by criminals in irons.

We here met with a Catalonian, who was but a short time from Spain, and whose dialect was such that he could scarcely be understood by Malgares, and whose manners were much more like those of a citizen of our western frontiers, than of a subject of a despotic prince.

*1st April, Wednesday.*—In the morning Malgares dispatched a courier, with a letter to the commandant general Salcedo to inform him of our approach and also one to his father in law.

*2d April, Thursday.*—When we arrived at Chihuahua, we pursued our course through the town to the house of the general. I was much astonished to see with what anxiety Malgares anticipated the meeting with his military chief; after having been on the most arduous and enterprising expedition, ever undertaken by any of his majesty's officers from these provinces and having executed it with equal spirit and judgment, yet was he fearful of his meeting him, with an eye of displeasure; and appeared to be much more agitated than ourselves, although we may be supposed to have also had our sensations; as on the will of this man depended our future destiny, at least until our country could interfere on our behalf. On our arrival at the general's, we were halted in the hall of the guard, until word was sent to the general of our arrival, when Malgares was first introduced, who remained some time, during which a Frenchman came up and endeavored to enter into conversation with us, but was soon frowned into silence as we conceived he was only some authorised spy. Malgares at last came out and asked me to walk in. I found the general sitting at his desk; he was a middle sized man, apparently about fifty-five years of age, with a stern countenance, but he received me graciously and beckoned to a seat: he then observed "you have given us and yourself a great deal of trouble."

*Captain Pike.* "On my part entirely unsought, and on that of the Spanish government voluntary."

*General.* "Where are your papers?"

*Captain Pike.* "Under charge of lieutenant Malgares," who was then ordered to have my small trunk brought in; which being done, a lieutenant [Juan Pedro] Walker came in, who is a native of New Orleans, his father an Englishman, his mother a French woman, and spoke both those languages equally well, also the Spanish. He was a lieutenant of dragoons in the Spanish service, and master of the military school at Chihuahua. The same young gentleman was employed by Mr. Andrew Elliott, as a deputy surveyor on the Florida line between the United States and Spain, in the years '97 and '98. General Salcedo then desired him to assist me in taking out my papers, and requested me to explain the nature of each, and such as he conceived was relevant to the expedition, he caused to be laid on one side, and those which were not of a public nature on the other; the whole either passing through the hands of the general or Walker, except a few letters from my lady, which on my taking up and saying they were letters from a lady, the general gave a proof, that if the ancient Spanish bravery had degenerated in the nation generally, their gallantry still existed, by bowing, and I put them in my pocket. He then informed me that he would examine the papers, but that in the mean while he wished me to make out and present to him a short sketch of my voyage, which might probably be satisfactory. This I would have positively refused, had I had an idea that it was his determination to keep the papers, which I could not at the time conceive, from the urbanity and satisfaction which he appeared to exhibit on the event of our interview. He then told me that I would take up my quarters with Walker, in order (as he said) to be better accommodated by having a person with me who spoke the English language; but the object as I suspected, was for him to be a spy on our actions, and on those who visited us. Robinson all this time had been standing in the guard room, boiling with indignation at being so long detained *there*, subject to the observations of the soldiery and gaping curiosity of the vulgar. He was now introduced by some mistake of one of the

aid-de-camps. He appeared and made a slight bow to the general, who demanded of Malgares who he was? He replied a doctor who accompanied the expedition. "Let him retire," said the governor, and he went out. The general then invited me to return and dine with him, and we went to the quarters of Walker, where we received several different invitations to take quarters at houses where we might be better accommodated, but understanding that the general had designated our quarters we were silent.

We returned to dine at the palace, where we met Melgares, who, with ourselves, was the only guest. He had at the table the treasurer [Francisco Xavier de] *Truxillio*, and a priest called father Rocus.

*3d April, Friday.*—Employed in giving a sketch of our voyage for the general and commandant of these provinces. Introduced to Don Bernardo Villamil, Don Alberto Mayner, lieutenant colonel and father-in-law to Malgares, and Don Manuel Zuloaga, a member of the secretary's office, to whom I am under obligations of gratitude and shall remember with esteem. Visited his house in the evening.

*4th April, Saturday.*—Visited the hospital where were two officers, who were fine looking men, and I was informed had been the gayest young men of the province, who were mouldering away by disease, and there was not a physician in his majesty's hospitals who was able to cure them; but after repeated attempts had given them up to perish. This shews the deplorable state of the medical science in the provinces. I endeavored to get Robinson to undertake the cure of these poor fellows, but the jealousy and envy of the Spanish doctors made it impracticable.

*5th April, Sunday.*—Visited by lieutenant Malgares, with a very polite message from his excellency, and delivered in the most impressive terms, with offers of assistance, money, &c. for which I returned my respectful thanks to the general. Accompanied Malgares to the public walk, where we found the secretary, captain Villamil, Zuloaga and other officers of distinction. We here likewise met the wife of my friend Malgares, to whom he introduced us. She was like all the



other *ladies* of New Spain, a little *en bon point*, but possessed the national beauty of eye in a superior degree. There were a large collection of ladies, amongst whom were two of the most celebrated, in the capital—Senora Maria Con. Caberairi, and Senora Margeurite Vallois, the only two ladies who had spirit sufficient, and their husbands generosity enough to allow them to think themselves rational beings, to be treated on an equality, to receive the visits of their friends, and give way to the hospitality of their dispositions without constraining: they were consequently the envy of the ladies, and the subject of scandal to prudes; their houses were the rendezvous of all the fashionable male society; and every man who was conspicuous for science, arts or arms, was sure to meet a welcome. We, as unfortunate strangers, were consequently not forgotten. I returned with Malgares to the house of his father-in-law, lieutenant colonel Mayner, who was originally from Cadiz, a man of good information.

*6th April, Monday.*—Dined with the general. Writing, &c. In the evening visited Malgares and the secretary.

After dinner wine was set on the table, and we were entertained with songs in French, Italian, Spanish and English languages. Accustomed as I was to sitting some time after dinner I forgot their *siesta*, (or repose after dinner) until Walker suggested the thing to me, when we retired.

*7th April, Tuesday.*—Dined at Don Antonio Caberairi's, in company with Villamil, Zuloaga, Walker, &c. Sent in a sketch of my voyage to the general. Spent the evening at colonel Mayner's with Malgares.

*8th April, Wednesday.*—Visited the treasurer, who showed me the double-barrel gun given by governor [William] Claiborne, and another formerly the property of [Philip] Nolan.

*9th April, Thursday.*—In the evening was informed that David Fero was in town and wished to speak to me. This man had formerly been my father's ensign, and was taken with Nolan's party at the time the latter was killed. He possessed a brave soul, and had withstood every oppression since his being made prisoner, with astonishing fortitude. Al-

though his leaving the place of his confinement (the village of St. Jeronimie) without the knowledge of the general, was in some measure clandestine, yet, a countryman, an acquaintance, and formerly a brother soldier, in a strange land, in distress, had ventured much to see me—could I deny him the interview from any motives of delicacy? No; forbid it humanity! forbid it every sentiment of my soul!

Our meeting was affecting, tears standing in his eyes. He informed me the particulars of their being taken, and many other circumstances since their being in the country. I promised to do all I could for him consistent with my character and honor, and their having entered the country without the authority of the United States. As he was obliged to leave the town before day, he called on me at my quarters, when I bid him adieu, and gave him what my *purse* afforded, not what my *heart* dictated.

*10th April, Friday.*—In the evening at colonel Maynor's. Captain [Sebastian] Rodriques arrived from the province of Texas, who had been under arrest one year, for going to Natchitoches with the marquis Cassa Calvo.

*11th April, Saturday.*—Rode out in the coach with Malgares; was hospitably entertained at the house of one of the Vallois: here we drank London Porter. Visited the secretary Villamil.

*12th April, Sunday.*—Dined (with the doctor) at Don Antonio Caberarie's with our usual guests. In the evening at the public walks.

*13th April, Monday.*—Nothing extraordinary.

*14th April, Tuesday.*—Spent the forenoon in writing; the afternoon at Don Antonio Caberarie's.

*15th April, Wednesday.*—Spent the evening at colonel Maynor's with our friend Malgares. Wrote a letter to governor Salcedo on the subject of my papers.

(continued next issue)

## CAMP TALES

### —CHAPTER REPORTS—

#### Cimarron Cutoff

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

The chapter joined with the Wagon Bed Spring Chapter on April 22 for a buffalo feed and program by Jeff Trotman portraying Jedediah Smith. The July meeting will be hosted by Union County.

The chapter lost one of its faithful members, John Chilcote of Clayton, NM. Known as "Chili," he was a charter member of SFTA and the chapter. He died October 10, 2005, just shy of his 80th birthday. He served in the Navy during WWII. His life career was at the Farmers and Stockmens Bank of Clayton, from which he retired as vice president. He purchased and saved the Eklund Hotel and helped organize the Eklund Association which oversaw its complete restoration. He was a philanthropist who served many organizations. He kept the chapter membership roster on his computer and printed out labels for the newsletters. He attended almost every meeting and was willing to help with any project. We greatly miss this faithful member. Condolences are extended to his sister, nieces, and nephews.

#### Texas Panhandle

Inactive.

#### Wagon Bed Spring

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

No report.

#### Heart of the Flint Hills

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

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

#### End of the Trail

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

New officers elected are President Joy Poole, V-P Pam Najdowski, Secretary Mary Lundell, Treasurer Helen Geer, and Board Members Gail Bryant and Molly MacLeod.

On April 8 VanAnn Moore presented the chapter program, portraying Mamie Bernard Aguirre, whose life story was recently pub-

lished in the book *Journey of the Heart* by Annette Gray. Two of Mamie's great-granddaughters, Andra Lea Aguirre and Rowene Aguirre-Medina, were present and displayed some of Mamie's possessions.

The May 20 meeting was a field trip to Salinas Pueblo Missions National Monument. On June 10 Mike Pitel will lead a tour of Trail ruts leading to/from Santa Fe.

### **Corazón de los Caminos**

President Bill Soderman  
1003 Fifth St  
Las Vegas NM 87701  
(505) 425-9435  
<bs38sod@hotmail.com>  
<<http://santafetrail.org/corazon/>>

New officers are President Bill Soderman, V-P & Program Chair Henri Vander Kolk, Secretary/Treasurer Helen Geer, and Board Members Frances Casey, John Gamertsfelder, and Chuck Hinkle. Nancy Robertson is web contact and Jean Hinkle is historian/archivist.

The chapter planned a two-day tour in the Clayton, NM, area May 20-21. More educational tours are planned.

### **Wet/Dry Routes**

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

The spring meeting was at Fort Larned National Historic Site on April 30. Following a hamburger feed served by the men of the chapter, winners in the Santa Fe Trail Poster Contest were recognized. Also recognized were Janet Keller and Carl Immenshuh, both of Larned, who contributed greatly to the preparation of images included in the exhibit "Pictures and Word Pictures, Crossings on the Santa Fe Trail in Kansas." A brief business meeting was conducted, including an update on the Zebulon Pike Plaza, a report on the Sturdevant Monument, and a special tribute to Louis Van Meter, recently deceased past president of the chapter. The program was a showing of the above-mentioned exhibit with commentary by President David Clapsaddle.

The chapter has recently placed more markers along the Trail. These will be reported later.

### **Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron**

President Jim Sherer  
1908 La Mesa Dr  
Dodge City KS 67801  
(620) 227-7377  
<jimsherer@ksheritage.org>

The spring meeting was held April 18 at the Dodge House Restaurant. The program was presented by Dave Webb of the Kansas Heritage Center in Dodge City, author of several activities books for young student, including *Santa Fe Trail Adventures*.

The chapter has been working with the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter to place several more markers along the Trail.

The summer meeting will be a trip to Point of Rocks north of Elkhart and a visit to the Morton County Historical Society Museum in Elkhart.

### **Missouri River Outfitters**

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

The chapter sponsored a bus tour to Council Grove April 29. On May 21 President Slusher hosted a tour of Trail sites east of Lexington. On June 10 the chapter will have an all-day meeting on the Trail at Lone Elm, with a picnic lunch.

The chapter continues to place stone-post markers along the Trail. On March 4 a marker was placed on the campus of Avila University at the corner of Oak and Santa Fe Trail streets. The Historical Society of New Santa Fe is a partner in this project.

### **Quivira**

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

The chapter held a joint meeting with the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter on March 11 at Lyons. On May 6 the chapter joined with the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter for a tour of the Durham Ruts in Marion County. On June 10 Bob Button will present a program on the Archaeology of Fort Zarah, followed by a tour of the area in Barton County. In July the chapter will again join with the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter for a program at Galva, with Jack Fletcher talking about the Cherokee Trail.

### **Cottonwood Crossing**

President Steve Schmidt  
1120 Cobblestone Ct  
McPherson KS 67460  
(620) 245-0715  
<wfordok@yahoo.com>

On March 11 the chapter joined the Quivira Chapter for dinner and program at Lyons, KS. Approximately 50 members and guests from both chapters attended. The program was presented by SFTA Manager Clive Siegle on buffalo on the Santa Fe Trail.

President Steve Schmidt attended the spring meeting of the SFTA board in Trinidad, CO, March 24-25, and prepared a detailed report.

The chapter board met April 20 to plan future projects. The next chapter meeting was set for May 6, a tour of the Durham ruts and dinner at the Durham Cafe. Guests for this meeting will include members of the Quivira Chapter and Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter. Other items discussed were additional signage in Marion County, refurbishing the Lost Spring site, and future meetings.

### **Bent's Fort**

President Charlie Hutton  
18300 Rd EE.5  
Rocky Ford CO 81067  
(719) 254-7266  
<cnhutton@bresnan.net>

On April 29 the chapter visited the Big Springs area southeast of Las Animas to see prehistoric sites. We met at Boggsville on May 13, with a trip to the Pike's First View Site for a presentation by Don Headlee. A special memorial celebration was held to commemorate the life and work of Phil Petersen. On June 4 the chapter will host a tour south of La Junta to the Dinosaur Tracks in Picketwire Canyon.

## **NEW SFTA MEMBERS**

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

### **BUSINESS MEMBERSHIPS**

Rural By Choice, PO Box 226,  
Council Grove KS 66846



**INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIPS**

Woodruff Memorial Library, PO Box  
479, La Junta CO 81050

**FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS**

Marc & Vicki Cavit, 1210 Ave O, Lyons  
KS 67554

Robert E. & Vicky A. Loeven, 2186  
Water Blossom Lane, Fort Collins  
CO 80526

Dick & Faye Miller, 201 CR 113,  
Santa Fe NM 87506

Ann & Pat Patrick, PO Box 881, Ro-  
ciada NM 87742

Don & Alma Lee Powers, 943 N  
Arapahoe, Ulysses KS 67880

**INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS**

Treva Bachand, 717 Kathryn Ave,  
Santa Fe NM 87505

Mary Alice Beck, 609 Walnut St,  
Clayton NM 88415

Ed Blasi, 506 S Fifth, Rocky Ford CO  
80167

Scott Caraway, 1403 Santa Cruz Dr,  
Santa Fe NM 87505

Eleanor Craig, 1100 State Ave, Kan-  
sas City KS 66102

Nancy Ellis, PO Box 95, Trinidad CO  
81082

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**TRAIL CALENDAR**

Everyone is invited to send no-  
tices for this section; provide loca-  
tion, date, time, and activity. This is  
a quarterly. The next issue should  
appear in August, so send informa-  
tion for September and later to ar-  
rive by July 1, 2006. Other events  
are listed in articles, "The Caches,"  
and chapter reports. Thank you.

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

**June 2, 2006:** Santa Fe Trail Daze  
Tour, Cimarron Heritage Center,  
Boise City, OK, reservations re-  
quired, 580-544-3479.

**June 5, 2006:** Glimpses of the Past,  
Santa Fe Trail Interpretive Center,  
Las Vegas, NM, Don Ericson &  
Crew, "Finding the Way: Topograph-  
ical Engineers and Western Explora-  
tion."

**June 9-18, 2006:** Santa Fe Trail  
Rendezvous at the NRA Whittington  
Center, near Raton, New Mexico.  
Visitors are welcome. 800-494-4853.

**June 10, 2006:** Symphony in the  
Flint Hills, Tallgrass Prairie Na-  
tional Preserve two miles north of  
Strong City or 17 miles south of  
Council Grove, 6 p.m.

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

**July 20, 2006:** Glimpses of the Past,  
Santa Fe Trail Interpretive Center,  
Las Vegas, NM, Lorene Willis and  
Bryan F. Vigil, "The Jicarilla Apache  
Nation."

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

**Sept. 18-23, 2006:** National Fron-  
tier Trails Museum bus trip on the  
Santa Fe Trail, details at 816-325-  
7577.

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

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

**Sept. 27-29, 2007:** SFTA sympo-  
sium, Trinidad, CO.

**FROM THE EDITOR**

The student diaries in this issue  
are delightful. I wonder how many  
readers caught the humor of Alicia  
Kilian not taking time for a nap at  
McNees Crossing? With bright  
young Trail travelers like these, the  
future of the historic route will be in  
good hands.

Many of our chapters, where most  
of the work of SFTA is actually being  
done, publish fine newsletters. It is  
worth the inexpensive chapter mem-  
bership dues to receive these infor-  
mative publications, regardless of  
where you reside.

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

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

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