

Wagon Tracks

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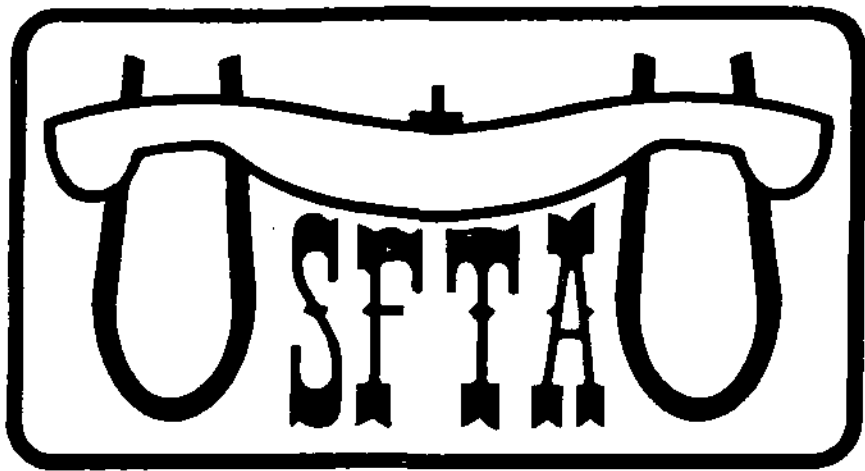


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 19

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NUMBER 2



Katharine Kelley, seated, with her award. Mary Conrad kneeling beside her. Standing, l to r: Anne Mallinson, Pat Marshall, Ross Marshall, Nancy Lewis, Barbara Atkinson, and John Atkinson, photo courtesy of Chuck France.

KATHARINE KELLEY PRESENTED OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT AWARD BY MISSOURI RIVER OUTFITTERS CHAPTER

by John Atkinson and Anne Mallinson

MISS Katharine Kelley of Baldwin City, Kansas, is the first recipient of the Missouri River Outfitters Chapter's newly-established Outstanding Achievement Award. On Saturday, January 22, 2005, representatives of the chapter traveled to Baldwin City to make the presentation. Approximately 35 members and guests attended the 10:30 ceremony in the Baldwin City Public Library.

Following comments by Joe Simumac, treasurer of the Baldwin City Public Library Board, and Ross Marshall and John Atkinson of MRO, Miss Kelley was presented with an engraved plaque, inscribed as follows: "To Katharine Kelley in recognition of her longtime achievements in research, marking, promoting and preserving the Santa Fe Trail in Douglas County, Kansas."

Kelley became interested in the Santa Fe Trail in 1974 after her retirement from a 43-year teaching career. Since then she has become a well-known and highly respected expert in Santa Fe Trail history. One writer has claimed that this former fifth-grade teacher knows just about everything there is to know about the Santa Fe Trail in Douglas County and beyond. She has traveled the entire Trail at least twice and has become good friends with and advisor to some of the giants in Santa Fe Trail research.

Along with her good friend, the late Amelia Betts, Katharine Kelley refurbished and brought to public attention the seven red granite Santa Fe Trail markers placed in Douglas County in the first decade of the twentieth century by the Daughters of the American Revolution. In addition to caring for the stone monuments, Amelia and Katharine were responsible for marking additional Trail sites in the county.

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CALL FOR NOMINATIONS SFTA OFFICERS AND BOARD CATCH UP! CATCH UP!

by Michael Olsen

NOMINATIONS are now in order for SFTA officers and board members for terms beginning in October 2005. Included are nominations for president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. Seven director positions are open, one for each Trail state—Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Texas, and New Mexico—and one at-large.

The nominating committee is comprised of Mike Olsen (chair), Chris Day, and Roger Slusher.

SFTA bylaws specify that members of the board of directors may not serve more than two consecutive four-year terms. Officers also may not serve more than two consecutive terms, except for the treasurer. That position has no term limits.

Current president Hal Jackson and vice-president Anne Mallinson have both served two terms in their respective positions. Secretary Mike Olsen will not be seeking nomination. Treasurer Ruth Olson Peters is eligible for nomination and has agreed to serve another term if elected. Board members whose terms are up include Ramon Powers (At-large), John Atkinson (Missouri), Joanne VanCoeven (Kansas), Sara Jane Richter (Oklahoma), Clint Chambers (Texas), and Steve Whitmore (New Mexico). The position for Colorado currently is vacant. Of these directors, Powers, Atkinson, Richter, and Chambers are eligible for nomination for another term. Powers has decided not to run for another term.

All current members of the Santa Fe Trail Association may submit candidates for nomination and are eligible (with the above exceptions) to serve in any capacity. Chapters are especially urged to consider

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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

THE Association is moving ahead on all fronts. Clive Siegle, our new manager, came through New Mexico in mid-December, and he and I were able to talk a great deal about future plans. He traveled from my place to Colorado on Pike business and then met with Richard Loudon and Dub Couch and others in Trinidad. From there he went to Las Vegas, where he met with members of Corazón Chapter, and finally back to my place. In January he visited chapters in eastern Kansas and Missouri, so he is working hard for us. You can read his full report in this issue.

I thought I would be able to tell you that the pole was up at the site of Old Franklin, where the Santa Fe Trail began in 1821. It was also the end of the Boone's Lick Trail coming from St. Charles along the Missouri River to Franklin. You recall that Denny Davis has had the old town square there located by surveyors, and we will erect a marker pole in the center of the square. Alas, the ground was too wet in mid-December to get trucks in to the site. The pole is ready to go as soon as the weather cooperates.

The Pike Bicentennial Commission is hard at work. The Spring 2006 issue of *Kansas History* will be devoted to the Pike story. Several Commission members are contributing to that issue.

You'll note a section herein announcing the call for nominations for officers and directors of the SFTA governing board. Please consider running for the board or at least talking to someone else about running. Serving on our board is a very important contribution to our Association.

Our next board meeting, by the way, will be held in Santa Fe on April 9. Jere Krakow and John Conoboy invited us to use the National Park Service facilities at 1100 Old Santa Fe Trail. I truly hope many of you can attend this meeting (8:30 to about 1:00) both to learn about the SFTA as well as view the wonderful 1930s Spanish-Pueblo Revival adobe building where our meeting will be held. I hope to see you there.

—Hal Jackson

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

MANAGER'S COLUMN

FROM the earliest days of the Santa Fe Trade, sojourners kept a wary eye on the weather along the route as autumn advanced. Once the first flake of snow fell, places with names like "Freezeout Hollow" intimated a less-than-cheery time for bounding along the Trail. And look at what happened to poor Zebulon Pike, a guy who found that a mid-winter stroll in the Rockies wearing summer uniforms could turn out to be downright nippy! It was with Freezeout Hollow in the back of my mind, and Pike's failure to pack warm PJs as a wardrobe faux pas to be avoided, that I set out on two trips for a Zeb Pike bicentennial scout this December and January.

Sure enough, a trip on the plains or in the Rockies still resonates with the very same meteorological bugbears that kept those wily SF traders inside with a hot toddy and a warm fire. As for Pike's take on winter travel—well, it was a Pike-related trip, after all, so weather be humbugged! The trips included Colorado, New Mexico, Missouri, and eastern Kansas: cold, snow, freezing rain, and sheet ice—but not in any particular order, and sometimes in combination. The Spanish dragoons sent out to capture and haul me to the Commanding General in Chihuahua missed me, however (they probably took a cue from those wily SF traders with regard to winter).

While the weather was often less

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Life	\$1,000
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Patron	\$100/year
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Nonprofit Institution	\$40/year
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than tropical, the same can't be said for the people I met along the way. Many communities along Zebulon Pike's route knew of him (as in "the guy Pike's Peak is named after"), but were unaware that his bicentennial was looming. Other communities, like Colorado Springs (in the shadow of Zeb's mountain), Pueblo, the San Luis Valley, the southeast corner of Colorado (thanks to our Bent's Fort Chapter), and western Missouri, were already gearing up. But regardless of where I went, the warmth of the people and their helpful suggestions made my winter expedition well worth the trip.

This was particularly true in the case of the SFTA folks who were nice enough to meet with me on my sojourns. Pike, you see, had the good sense to go through a number of areas where we have chapters, and since he no doubt had the SFTA in mind for his bicentennial, he even handily blazed parts of what would become the Trail itself to attract the interest of the rest of the Association's membership as well. I truly enjoyed the warm hospitality of the members of the Missouri River Outfitters, Cottonwood Crossing, Flint Hills, Quivira, Bent's Fort, Corazón, and End of the Trail chapters. A number of you mounted winter expeditions of your own with Pike-like determination to meet with me and share your ideas despite some pretty wintry conditions.

By the time this goes to press, we will have news of whether we have received any grants from The History Channel's "Save Our History" campaign. For those of you not familiar with this, or whose chapter was not able to participate, these grants of up to \$10,000 were offered to historical organizations (like us) who partnered with local elementary through high school classes to accomplish worthy historical projects. The schedules were extremely tight and the funding, while generous, was quite competitive (rumor has it that there were 699 applications, and 29 awards!). I am delighted to report that the SFTA had six grant proposals entered in the competition by the deadline date. This is even more impressive when you consider that it involved identifying a project, conceptualizing its execution, finding an educational institution part-

ner, integrating the educational component into the plan, plus word-smithing all of it into a reasonably comprehensive application—and all in the space of a few weeks! Every one of these projects was wonderfully crafted and compellingly written, and every one of them is worthy of a grant—whether it comes from the History Channel or we prospect it from somewhere else. All of the folks from the SFTA and the partner schools who worked so hard on these grants are salient examples of the fact that passionate historical stewardship is alive and well along the Trail.

With that in mind, remember that **March 15** is the deadline for cost-share grants from our partners at the National Park Service. So dust off your "wish list," sleuth out some new projects, and let me know what I can do to help out!

—Clive Siegle

DALE E. BROOKS

SFTA lost a dedicated member when Dale E. Brooks, 81, died very unexpectedly at Newton, KS, November 15, 2004.

Dale was born in 1923 in Winfield. He attended Southwestern College and received a Ph.D. from Kansas State University in education. He taught vocational agriculture for many years, before he became the director of the Central Kansas Vocational Tech School in Newton.

Dale was a leader in the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter, having served several years as president and was currently serving as a director. Dale was a charter member of SFTA and attended every symposium since 1986. Condolences are extended to his family and friends.

GREGG BOOK OFFERED

SWANN Galleries in New York City listed a first-edition copy of Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, 2 vols., 1844, for auction on February 10, 2005, noting that it is bound in "publisher's morocco gilt extra," and includes a map and six plates but the folding map is missing. It was also noted that the first volume is inscribed and signed by Gregg to his sister, Eliza, and the catalog states, "We have never seen (nor could we find a reference to) another inscribed

copy in a publisher's presentation binding of this western classic." The estimated value was given as \$5,000 to \$7,500.

SFTA member Mark L. Gardner, a Gregg scholar, was contacted about this and offered the following information. "If they are claiming it is the only known inscribed and signed copy of this work, they are incorrect. The Newberry Library has a first edition set inscribed to John Bigelow and signed by Gregg. Like other known presentation copies, this set has edges in gilt. Also, I have a copy of the late Fred White's catalog 46 of Western Americana in which he offers a second edition set (1845) with "a full page inscription from Gregg." Lastly, I personally know of a first-edition set (with black cloth covers and gilt edges) in a private collection that is inscribed by Gregg in Spanish to a Mexican merchant by the name of Jacobo Sanchez. Nevertheless, the auction estimate is probably a good one as long as the book contains the large folding map. If that map is not present, the value is diminished considerably, even if it is signed." As noted, the folding map is missing.

It would be nice if the purchaser of this item would donate it to the SFTA for permanent display at the Santa Fe Trail Center. That probably will not happen.

ROBERT'S TRUNK AT LARNED'S NORTHSIDE SCHOOL

FOURTH-grade students at Larned's Northside School participated in a study unit related to the Santa Fe Trail during the last week in January. Teacher Judy Redding involved students in the unit based on *Robert's Trunk*, a little volume which features a ten-year-old youngster who accompanied his merchant father from Westport to Santa Fe in 1850. The book, written by David Clapsaddle, is part of the "learning box" which contains various artifacts related to Robert's journey.

At the close of the study, Clapsaddle visited to the school in the guise of George, a driver on the Trail. Dressed in period clothing, he related in first person the ordinary experience of a single day on the Trail. *Robert's Trunk* and learning box are sponsored by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter of SFTA.

KATHARINE KELLEY AWARD

(continued from page 1)

Kelley's efforts have helped others see the Trail as an integral part of the history of their community. She continues to correspond with people studying the Trail and writes a historical column, "Miss Kelley's Corner" for the newsletter of the Baldwin City Public Library. She spends from three to four hours a day at the library working on Trail and other history topics.

Kelley is a charter member and also the first life member of the Santa Fe Trail Association. She has received the Award of Merit from SFTA and is a longtime SFTA Ambassador. She has assisted in DAR promotions of the Trail and has donated her papers and books to the Baldwin City Public Library. Her research will enhance study of the Trail for generations to come. Katharine's efforts will surely help keep the Trail alive. The SFTA and the Missouri River Outfitters Chapter salute her lifetime of service.

NOMINATIONS NEEDED

(continued from page 1)

nominations from among their members. The bylaws charge the committee to seek at least two candidates for each expired or vacant position on the board and for each office.

To be considered, candidates must be a SFTA member in good standing, agree in writing to serve if elected, provide a brief one-paragraph biography which includes his/her Trail qualifications and experiences, and submit a one-paragraph statement of objectives for the SFTA.

This information will be used by the nominating committee in choosing candidates. The biography and the statement of objectives (which may be edited for length) will accompany the ballot sent to the membership with the May issue of *Wagon Tracks*. Please consider running for a position on the board or finding someone else to serve.

THE DEADLINE for receiving suggestions for nominees and including all supporting materials is **MARCH 31, 2005**. Send names and materials to Mike Olsen, 5643 Sonnet Heights, Colorado Springs CO 80918, e-mail <olsenpatti@aol.com>.

NEW LECTURE SERIES

MITZI Frank, Superintendent at Fort Union National Monument, has developed a new lecture series, "Glimpses of the Past," to be held in Las Vegas, NM. The evening lectures are held at the Citizens' Committee for Historic Preservation's Santa Fe Trail Interpretive Center, 127 Bridge St., on the third Thursdays of each month at 7:00 p.m. The first lecture on January 17 was "Field Artillery of the Civil War," presented by Ken Dusenberry, Albuquerque, a well known reenactor.

The second program on February 24 will feature several speakers. Edwina Abreu and Angelica Sanchez-Clark of the National Park Service's Spanish Colonial Research Center will give a PowerPoint presentation on the various materials encountered in the research for the Fort Union Ethnographic Overview and Assessment project. Some photographs of the surrounding Fort Union area will be shown, including photos of descendants of soldiers at Fort Union. In a video clip of one of the individuals interviewed, the respondent will share his photographs and explain their significance as part of history of the area. Maps of the region will also be used to demonstrate the various historical, cultural, and military influences that made and continue to make this region culturally important.

Luis Sanchez, a participant in the oral interviews conducted for the project, will also speak on the importance of his ancestral ties to Fort Union and the effects Julián Aragón y Perea had on the lives of people in New Mexico, not only as a captain of Company B, 4th Regiment of New Mexico Volunteers but also as a community leader. Everyone is welcome. For more information call (505) 425-8025.

KAW COUNCILS 2005

KAW Mission State Historic Site in Council Grove will present its 14th annual Kaw Councils educational series with a focus on the Santa Fe Trail. All programs are free and begin at 7:00 p.m. New director, Mary Honeyman, has announced the following schedule of programs:

Thursday, February 3.

Development Update: Al-le-ga-wa-

ho Heritage Park

Betty Durkee & Lee Engler

Thursday, February 24

"The Santa Fe Trail and Kansas Territory," Leo E. Oliva

Monday, March 21

Santa Fe Passage, Jon Bauman

Thursday, April 28

"Hickok Comes To Kansas: James Butler Hickok and the Forging of Kansas Territory," Craig Crease

Thursday, May 21

"Songs of the Santa Fe Trail and Far West," Mark L. Gardner

Thursday, June 2

"Trading Ranches on the Santa Fe Trail," David Clapsaddle

Friday-Sunday, June 20-22

Wah-Shun-Gah Days

FRIDAY EVENING: Ghost Stories

SATURDAY: Carving Demonstration, Dulcimer Music, Kaw Intertribal Pow Wow

SUNDAY: Wah-Shun-Gah Walk, Kaw Intertribal Pow Wow

Thursday, August 11

"The Santa Fe Trail & the Great Buffalo Hunt in Kansas; Sharps Rifles and Cibolero Lances," Clive Siegle

Thursday, September 22

"Plucky & Purty: Women on the Santa Fe Trail," Sara Jane Richter

For more information, please contact Mary Honeyman, Kaw Mission State Historic Site, 500 North Mission, Council Grove KS 66846, (620) 767-5410, <kawmission@kshs.org>.

JON BAUMAN BOOK TOUR

JON Bauman, author of *Santa Fe Passage*, a novel reviewed in the last issue of *Wagon Tracks*, will be presenting programs and signing copies of his book at several points along the Trail in March. Bauman is a member of SFTA. His tour schedule follows (please contact the host institution for time, if not given):

March 20--Topeka at the Topeka Public Library.

March 21--Council Grove at the Kaw Mission Museum, 7:00 p.m.

March 22--Larned at the Public Library, 7:00 p.m.

March 24--Independence at the National Frontier Trails Museum.

March 31--Santa Fe at the Hilton Hotel.

PARTNERSHIP REPORT

by Ross Marshall

[Marshall is past president of SFTA and the Association's representative to the Partnership for the National Trails System.]

Appropriations: Good news. In my last column, I reported very little hope for additional appropriations this year for the Santa Fe Trail. Although the ink is not completely dry yet, it appears that the Santa Fe NPS office will receive an additional \$25,000 in base funding for FY05 (we got an increase of \$40,000 last year). Not near what we were asking for, but a welcome increase. In addition, the Challenge Cost Share Program was increased, but it is not clear how much, if any, additional money will be available to the Santa Fe Trail.

Even though federal budgets are tight, these increases reflect Congress's interest in trails, partly because of the army of volunteers, like all of us SFTA members, who donate our time and money in response to these appropriations. My thanks to the chapters, committees, board, etc. for sending me the totals of their hours and dollar donations.

Advocacy Week: On February 25, I will arrive in Washington DC for Advocacy Week with other members of the Partnership for the National Trails System. I will spend several days running up and down the halls of Congress and various agencies to pursue the additional funding needed for the Santa Fe Trail. This year will be different, because my wife Pat, who has experience on the Hill, will accompany me. It will be fun having someone to join me in all the meetings and appointments. Along with working on the Hill, I will also be attending the Partnership's Leadership Council meetings.

At this writing, we have not finished the details of the funding increase request, but it is being prepared to help meet the initiatives contained within SFTA's Strategic Plan adopted last year. Additional funding will be needed for various

segments of the Plan including GIS mapping, various marking and certification projects along the trail, preservation activities, various trail informational projects, additional money for partnering with SFTA, etc.

10th Long Distance Trails Conference: Details are being finalized for this outstanding conference being hosted by the Old Spanish Trail Association in Las Vegas, Nevada, June 17-22. It would be very beneficial if one or more of SFTA's leadership could also attend again this year. A flyer about this conference is included as an insert in this issue. If interested in attending, contact me (913-262-6445, <rossmarshall@mindspring.com>) and I will get a registration packet to you.

A continuing thanks to the Partnership for helping to secure the additional funding. Our membership in PNTS is paying great dividends.

REQUEST FOR HELP PAYS OFF

Sometimes requests for information bring results. In the last issue SFTA member Dorothy Briggs of Gilbert, AZ, asked for information about her ancestors on the Trail, including Dr. John L. Gregg (nephew of Josiah Gregg), his wife Mary and daughter Betty. The family story was that Dr. Gregg accidentally shot himself in the leg at present Watrous, NM, in 1876, and the family had to remain at Tiptonville for more than a year, where Dr. Gregg amputated his own leg. The family went on to Arizona the following year.

SFTA member Nancy Robertson at Raton, NM, found the following in *Friends of Raton Anthropology*, 7 (Nov. 1982): 95, and kindly provided copies for Dorothy Briggs and WT:

The Old Mill Museum in Cimarron houses the *Comprehensive Church Record of the Methodist Episcopal Church for New Mexico Mission in General Also for La Junta* [Watrous, New Mexico], compiled by Rev. Thos. Harwood. *Record of Baptisms*: [page 74] Date: 1876, Oct. 15. Name of Subjects, Mary Ellen Gregg. Adult or Infant, youth. Date of Birth, Oct-15-1864. Parents, Dr. J. L. & Mary P. Gregg. Mode of Baptism, sprinkling. Place of Baptism, La Junta. Officiating Minister, Thos. Harwood. Remarks, "Baptized in the

Masonic Hall Dr. J. L. Gregg, accidentally shot himself in this neighborhood. He was on his way with his family for Arizona."

Lucy A. Gregg June 10- 1867

Lillie May Gregg Feb. 11-

Bettie Gregg March 11

In response, Dorothy Briggs wrote to Nancy: "We all say thanks to you for doing this for us. Our only disappointment was that it didn't say what event was happening to cause Dr. Gregg to shoot himself, but it did confirm that he did it himself, and our story is it that he had to amputate his own leg."

Thanks Nancy for finding the information and sharing this with WT. If anyone has additional information about the John and Mary Gregg family or the incident by which Dr. Gregg shot himself in the leg, please share that information.

NEW EXHIBITS AT LAS VEGAS TRAIL INTERPRETIVE CENTER

PIONEER Merchants of Las Vegas is the theme for a new series of exhibits planned by the Citizens Committee for Historic Preservation (CCHP), Las Vegas, NM. The exhibits will be located at the Santa Fe Trail Interpretive Center at 127 Bridge St. The first in the series will open March 31, 2005, with a public reception; the second will open July 15, 2005.

The exhibits will tell the story, with text and photographs, of the growth of Las Vegas from a rest stop on the Santa Fe Trail to the most important commercial center in the American Southwest. The story will be told through the history of families of Las Vegas who played important parts in its economic development. The first exhibit will focus on the extended family of Jesus Maria Tafoya, many of whom became entrepreneurial freighters (*fletaros*) on the Trail.

The exhibits will be curated by Marcus Gottschalk, research director of CCHP and author of a new book, *Pioneer Merchants of Las Vegas* (reviewed in the last issue of WT and available from Last Chance Store). The exhibits are funded by a grant from the New Mexico Historic Preservation Division as part of the "Las Vegas Families History Project."

MAKE YOUR MARK BY
REMEMBERING THE
SFTA IN YOUR WILL

spread, a pilgrimage would be made to the rock where prayers were said and offerings made. Those who violated tribal taboos were bound hand and foot and placed in the monster's cavernous mouth. Anyone who dared to rescue such an unfortunate soul was sure to suffer the same punishment.

The legend tells of a Canadian trapper who was drowned in the Platte River. His son was taken into the Pawnee tribe, adopted, and grew to manhood only to fall in love with a chief's daughter. When smallpox decimated the tribe, a pilgrimage was made to the rock and the chief's daughter was consigned as an offering to the open mouth of the rocky monster. That night, the young Canadian defied the promised punishment to rescue his beloved. Not daring to be seen by the Pawnees, the couple wandered about trying to reach the settlements in Missouri. Traders, it was said, found a rude cross near the crossing of a stream on the Santa Fe Trail. Digging beneath the cross, they found the bones of a young woman and beads and ornaments traditionally worn by Pawnee girls.

I leave to your judgment as to the truth of this legend, but if we forgive Matt's excesses with regard to "The Legend of Pawnee Rock," then perhaps we can forgive Henry Inman for telling the tale that Kit Carson shot his mule at Pawnee Rock, mistaking it for an Indian.¹³ Perhaps, also, we can forgive the Kansas State Historical Society for including the fable as fact on the historical marker near the town of Pawnee Rock. By the way, Uncle Dick Wootton told the same story on himself, only he claimed to have shot his mule at the Little Cow Creek crossing near present Lyons, Kansas.¹⁴

When the Santa Fe traders returned to Missouri, they brought back silver, gold, furs, hides, mules, donkeys, wool, and other products of New Mexico. Matt Field brought back none of these. But he did bring back something which, in time, was to prove quite valuable, his 108-page journal, about the size of a *Reader's Digest*, bound in marbled cardboard and written in pencil. This little volume, as John Sunder, editor of *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail* wrote, "is a rare, perhaps unique, record of

events on the trail kept by an actual participant" [xxiv-xxv].

NOTES

1. Barton H. Barbour, ed., *Reluctant Frontiersman: James Ross Larkin on the Santa Fe Trail, 1856-57* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1990).
2. The bulk of material for this study was derived from John E. Sunder, ed., *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995). Page numbers from this source are cited in the text in brackets.
3. Matt's party took the original route of the Santa Fe Trail's Dry Route which branched off the Wet Route some three-and-a-half miles southwest of the Pawnee Fork Crossing. Louise Barry, *The Beginning of the West, 1540-1854* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 1092. On his return trip, Matt followed the Wet Route.
4. *Ibid.*, 593, 949.
5. Susan Shelby Magoffin, *Down The Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico: The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin, 1846-1847*, ed. By Stella M. Drumm (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1962), 40.
6. Kate L. Gregg, ed., *The Road to Santa Fe* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1995), 71.
7. Josiah Gregg, *The Commerce of the Prairies*, ed. by Milo Milton Quaife (New York: The Citadel Press, 1968), 49.
8. Kate Gregg, *Road to Santa Fe*, 40.
9. Thomas B. Hall, *Medicine on the Santa Fe Trail* (Arrow Rock, MO: Morningside Bookshop, 1987), 36.
10. David K. Strate, ed., *West By Southwest: Letters of Joseph Pratt Allyn, Santa Fe Trail, 1863* (Dodge City: Kansas Heritage Center, 1984), 70.
11. Otis E Young, ed., *The First Military Escort on the Santa Fe Trail, 1829* (Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1952), 83.
12. Letters Received by the Office of Adjutant General, 1867, microcopy 619, National Archives and Records Service, Washington D.C.
13. Henry Inman, *The Old Santa Fe Trail* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1897), 408-409.
14. Barry, *Beginning of the West*, 309.

FORT LEARNED

-TEACHER'S TRADING POST-

Chris Day, Editor

Santa Fe Trail Education Workshops

THREE Santa Fe Trail Teacher Workshops will be presented during the summer of 2005 at Independence, Missouri (July 7-8), Larned, Kansas (July 11-12), and Elkhart, Kansas (July 14-15). The National Park Service and the Santa Fe Trail Association are sponsoring the workshops. The three educators involved with the teaching are Chris Day, Marcia Fox, and Hal Jackson.

Each workshop is designed to help

teachers use best-teaching practices and researched methods for educating students about the Santa Fe Trail and Westward Expansion. The pedagogy portion of the workshop consists of teaching methods, such as cooperative learning, reading for meaning, and experimental exercises. Musical activities include songs, games, and dances of the Hispanic, American Indian, and Anglo-American cultures.

Participants will also experience field trips of Trail sites in the area and practice using Global Positioning System instruments. Three history trunks of Trail facsimiles will be given to the three locations for teacher and community usage.

This is the second summer that the National Park Service and the Santa Fe Trail have sponsored these workshops. Last year a total of 55 participants attended the three workshops in Council Grove, Kansas; Lamar, Colorado; and Las Vegas, New Mexico. A history trunk of Trail facsimiles was given to Council Grove Elementary School, Parkview Elementary in Lamar, and the Las Vegas City Museum.

There will be a workshop fee and college credit is available. See the brochure inserted in this issue of *WT*. For more information, contact Marcia Fox at (785) 456-9763 or e-mail <foxm@usd320.com> or <Foxmjr@wamego.net>.

DONOR HONOR ROLL

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

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TAKING THE CENSUS AND OTHER INCIDENTS IN 1855, PART I

by James R. McClure

Reprinted from *Kansas Historical Collections*, VIII (1903-1904): 227-240,
by permission of Virgil Dean, editor, Kansas State Historical Society.

[SFTA member Ron Harris of Junction City, KS, suggested reprinting James R. McClure's memoir, including information about the Santa Fe Trail, Council Grove, and proslavery leader Fry McGee's stage station at 110 Mile Creek near present Scranton, KS, to commemorate the sesquicentennial of Kansas Territory (1854-1861) and provide details about the Trail and the area of eastern Kansas during that time. The final portion of the memoir, which deals only with McClure's family and settling on a claim near Fort Riley, has been omitted because it has no connection to the Trail. The references to "110" in the memoir refer to 110 Mile Creek, so named because the surveyors of the Trail in 1825 measured that distance from their starting point at Fort Osage, Missouri. The creek has the same name today. Special thanks to Ron Harris for submitting this item and to the Kansas State Historical Society for permission to publish it. Part II will appear in the next issue. Footnotes in the original appear within brackets in the text.]

Biography of James R. McClure

From *Kansas Historical Collections*, VII (1901-1902): 363:

James R. McClure was born near Trenton, Franklin county, Indiana, twenty-eight miles west of Cincinnati. His father was William McClure, born in Henderson county, Kentucky, a cousin of Captain Eads, the architect of the St. Louis bridge. His mother was Minerva Flint, a niece of Timothy Flint, author of various historical and scientific publications. He attended the common schools until he was fifteen years old, when he went to Miami University, where he remained three years, until the smallpox closed the school. He contracted the disease, and was confined to his room for six weeks. He attended Miami during the presidencies of Doctor Jenkins and Doctor McMasters, who were the predecessors of Rev. William C. Anderson, D.D. (under whom Benjamin Harrison graduated), and whose remains rest in our beautiful Highland cemetery. Captain McClure was a class-

mate of John W. Noble, who was in Harrison's cabinet, and of Milton Sayler. He ran away from home and enlisted in the Fifth regiment of Indiana volunteers in the Mexican war, commanded by James H. Lane. When he returned he read law, was admitted to the bar in 1851, and in 1852 was elected prosecuting attorney for the counties of Franklin, Fayette, and Union, serving until October, 1854. He formed the acquaintance of Governor [Andrew Horatio] Reeder at Shawnee Mission, and became his personal and political friend. Reeder told him the capital would be located at Pawnee. In December, 1854, he visited this locality, and after several trips back and forth to Westport, located with his family at the mouth of Lyon's creek. In 1855 he assisted in taking a census, by appointment of Governor Reeder. In 1859 he moved to Junction City, where he has since resided. He enlisted in the war of the rebellion as captain of company B, Second Kansas infantry. He was in the battles of Wilson Creek, Forsythe, Dug Springs, and Shelbina. At the latter place a cannon-ball took off his right foot. He was then made quartermaster and commissary, serving until August 5, 1865, being stationed much of the time at Fort Riley. He served from 1867 to 1869 as register of the land-office at Junction City.

Addendum

The following note precedes the publication of McClure's memoirs: "Manuscript found among the papers of Capt. James R. McClure, who lost his life July 16, 1903, in the burning of a sanitarium at Bonner Springs, Kan."

Taking the Census and Other Incidents in 1855

IN the spring of 1854, when the act of Congress admitting Kansas as a territory was passed, I was living in Brookville, Ind. In 1852 I had been elected, on the Democratic ticket, prosecuting attorney of the court of common pleas for the counties of Franklin, Fayette, and Union, for the term of two years. When I assumed the duties of my office, I found

the criminal laws of that state had been so often violated, without any attempt to enforce them, that the offenders treated the laws with impunity, and felt secure from prosecution by the officers whose duty it was to enforce them. The unlawful sale of liquors without license and the sale of lottery tickets were the most frequent offenses, and my Democratic friends and supporters were in most cases the offenders. I endeavored vigorously and impartially to enforce the law, and to spare neither friend nor foe, and secured the conviction of more men in the two years I held office than had been obtained for twenty-five years prior to that time. But I made so many enemies among my Democratic friends that I was unable to obtain the nomination of my party for a second term.

I then determined to leave the state and risk my fortune in the territory of Kansas, which had just been organized under the Kansas-Nebraska act. [Footnote: The following advertisement we find in the *Herald of Freedom* during the years 1858 and 1859: "J. R. McClure, attorney at law, real estate, and land agent, Ogden, K.T."] The newspapers were filled with glowing descriptions of this new country. It was represented as a land rich in soil, with a healthy climate, containing innumerable streams of pure, clear water, and unsurpassed in the beauty of its scenery. And among its other attractions, it was claimed that all kinds of wild game, including buffalo, deer, and antelope, abounded in all parts of the territory. Like most young men of an adventurous spirit, I became inflamed with the highly drawn descriptions of this new country, and, without much reflection and very little preparation or capital, determined to make it my home, against the advice of my relatives and friends, who used all their efforts to change my purpose. I had a young wife, married when sixteen, and two small children, the older one under two years old. After the payment of my debts I had about \$300 with which to defray the expenses of my trip and commence life in a new

country, and to me unknown.

I left Brookville on the 22d of October, 1854, and was carried by a canal boat to my Uncle Hornaday's, and thence by railroad to Chicago, then a city of about 140,000, and from there to St. Louis, where I took a steamboat, the F. X. Aubrey, to Kansas City.

On the boat I became acquainted with Samuel J. Jones, a Virginian, and his family, consisting of a wife and two young children, who were going to the territory of Kansas, like myself, to seek their fortunes. As our destination and purpose were the same, we became intimately acquainted, and our wives formed a strong attachment for each other. Col. Philip St. George Cooke, commanding the Second dragoons, U.S.A., was also on the boat, with a detachment of troops and a large number of horses for his cavalry regiment.

The Missouri river and the country along its banks presented at that time a wild and desolate appearance, and, except for the cities and towns, appeared to be unsettled and in its primitive condition. Our progress up the river was slow, and our boat frequently grounded on sand-bars and had to be lifted off by spars. The passengers had all become acquainted.

We landed at Kansas City on the 2d of November, 1854. I will never forget the depression I felt when I first had a view of the town, then containing about 500 inhabitants. All the business was done on the river front, and the buildings were old and dilapidated, the sidewalks unpaved, and the streets muddy and cut up with ruts by the heavy freight wagons. The people were of the lowest type of frontiersmen, and principally composed of teamsters, Indian traders, backwoodsmen, many of them Mexicans and half-breeds. Kansas City was then the principal depot for the receipt of freight for New Mexico and the Indian country. Goods were shipped by steamboat from St. Louis, and hauled by mule or ox teams from Kansas City to Santa Fe and other point[s] West and Southwest. Westport was a larger and more important town, and Kansas City was called Westport landing.

I found the place full of emigrants

on their way to Kansas. The accommodations were very poor, and inadequate for the emigrants pouring in. Col. S. W. Eldridge had leased a building on the levee for a hotel, called the "Union Hotel." I was unable to secure a bed at the hotel, but was allowed to spread blankets on the floor for myself and family. S. C. Pomeroy was stopping at the hotel, and was acting as agent for the New England Emigrant Aid Company.

At the suggestion of Mr. Pomeroy, Jones and myself crossed the Missouri river to seek a boarding-place in Clay county. We went some eight miles, to a farm owned by Thomas Wood, a pro-slavery man, who owned several slaves, and engaged board for ourselves and families. We then returned to Kansas City, and then removed there.

During our stay at this place, I found a very bitter feeling existing in the neighborhood against all Northern men, whom they regarded as abolitionists and dangerous characters. Mr. Jones, who was a pro-slavery man, was treated with great consideration, while I, being a free-state man, although a Democrat, was looked upon with suspicion and as an intruder. I failed to secure their confidence, or even the privilege of association with them on friendly terms.

Our constant bill of fare while boarding with Mr. Wood consisted of fresh pork, corn-bread, and potatoes, except game I killed, and Mrs. Wood refused to cook for fear I would remain. While I was accustomed to this diet, our wives and children were unable to endure or support themselves on this unalterable or unchangeable menu, and implored us to seek another boarding-house. Finally Mr. Jones and myself concluded to visit Parkville and see if we could find some employment there. Jones wanted to rent a hotel at that place, and I consented to join him in the enterprise. We started with our guns and my pointer dog, which I had brought to scent turkeys. After a long and tiresome walk to the town, we were unable to find any business within the capital we possessed in which to engage. We returned to our families and decided to move them to Westport. Jones found a boarding-house in the town, and I secured board for my family about one mile

from Westport, with an old farmer by the name of Jacob Ragan, a Kentuckian. They remained at his place until April, 1855.

In the early part of December, 1854, Jones, myself, and another young man, whose name I do not remember, made a trip into the territory. We passed through the town site of Lawrence, which had recently been located, and spent one night in a large tent, used for a hotel. The tent had two apartments separated by goods boxes; one for the women, the other for men. Every person was required to furnish his own bed and bedclothing, which consisted of blankets spread upon straw laid upon the ground. The bill of fare consisted of bread, bacon, and very black, strong coffee, without cream or milk. We were kept awake the greater part of the night by a noisy discussion as to the policy proper to pursue in order to make Kansas a free state and drive out of the territory the pro-slavery men who had invaded Kansas for the purpose of forcing slavery upon her people. Among those who spent the night in this tent was Sam. Wood, and he appeared to be the loudest talker and the most emphatic in his denunciation of Southern men. Mr. Wood afterward became quite prominent in the troubles that followed the settlement of the territory, and was killed a few years ago in the western part of the state on account of a county-seat fight, in which he was the leader of one of the factions.

Lawrence had then just been selected by a party of free-state men as the site for a future city. Everything was in a very crude condition. No permanent houses had been erected, and the people were living in shacks and tents. The country was wild and unsettled. A few cabins had been erected on preemption claims in the vicinity of the town, principally on the Wakarusa river, which was then regarded as the most desirable part of the territory.

We spent only one night in Lawrence, and the next day we went to the claim of Judge Wakefield, some seven or eight miles west of Lawrence. The judge had the best-improved place we had seen. His cabin was quite large and comfortable. He was a very prominent man, and had high political aspirations, and was very fond of expounding his

opinions on all subjects, as he had led himself to believe he was not only thoroughly conversant with all of them, but that his discussion of them was of deep interest to his listeners. The judge had written a history of the Black Hawk war, and during our stay I am quite sure he related to us the whole contents of his book. I have felt so convinced of this fact that I have never had any desire to read his work.

Jones and I concluded to return to Westport, as we saw no opportunity to secure a claim that suited us. After we reached Westport, Jones took charge of the post-office for A. G. Boone, postmaster, and I returned to Mr. Ragan's and rejoined my family. Mr. Ragan was one of the original town company of Kansas City, owning one-fifteenth interest in the town site. He offered to sell me his interest for \$300, which I then thought was an extravagant price, but have since learned was a lost opportunity to become a millionaire.

I made frequent visits to Shawnee Mission, some two miles west of town, and formed the acquaintance of Governor Reeder and the other territorial officers, Daniel Woodson was secretary; I. B. Donalson, United States marshal; J. B. Cramer, treasurer; Samuel D. Leconte, chief justice, and Rush Elmore and S. W. Johnston, associate justices; A. J. Isacks, attorney-general, and John A. Halderman, the governor's private secretary. I found Governor Reeder very conservative in his political views. Although he was a free-state Democrat, he was disposed to act fairly towards the pro-slavery party, and was in favor of allowing the question of slavery to be settled by an honest vote of the people. He was surrounded by men who were very bitter towards the free-state sentiment, and who were determined by fair or foul means to make Kansas a slave state. So intense was this feeling that it was unsafe for a free-state man to venture any opinions in opposition. Governor Reeder fully realized the situation, and understood the danger he would encounter by any open expression of his sentiments. He found that I fully indorsed his political views and was a Douglas Democrat, and he was very frank in explaining to me the dangers and difficulties he expected

to encounter.

I had an intimation from Governor Reeder's friends that in all probability the territorial capital would be located at Pawnee, near Fort Riley, and in the latter part of December, 1854, in company with Robert Klotz, Charles Albright, and others, made a visit, by way of Leavenworth, to Fort Riley. We traveled in a two-horse team, and it required five days to make the trip. On our arrival we were taken charge of by the officers stationed at the post. I became the guest of Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, of the Second infantry, for whom I formed a strong friendship, which continued until his death, at the battle of Wilson Creek, August 10, 1861. Col. Wm. Montgomery was in command at Fort Riley.

We found there was quite an excitement over the location of the capital, and it was confidently claimed that Governor Reeder had decided upon Pawnee. We found a number of Reeder's friends from Pennsylvania had already come to the post before we reached there, and they all apparently had come with the knowledge that Pawnee was to be the capital. A town company had been organized, consisting of Colonel Montgomery, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, Captain Lyon, Doctor Simmons [James Simons], Lieutenant [Armistead Lindsay] Long, Robert Wilson, and others. The site had been surveyed and platted, and lots were being sold at fancy prices. Governor Reeder had visited Fort Riley and indicated to the town company his intention to make Pawnee the capital. As one of the conditions, he insisted upon the company securing for him 160 acres of land adjoining the town site on the east side, which had been selected as a preemption claim by Thomas Dixon. Repeated efforts were made to purchase the land, but Mr. Dixon persistently refused to sell or surrender his right to the claim. The boundary lines of the reservation had been surveyed and established by Captain Lyon before the territory was opened to settlement. The eastern boundary as then surveyed was about a mile west of Ogden, and where it is at this time. When Pawnee was selected for a town site, and as the future capital of Kansas, it was necessary, in order to secure title to the land, to make a re-

survey of the eastern boundary of the reservation, so that the site would be outside the reservation. This changed the eastern line from the place where it was first established, and where it is at this time, to a line about one mile east of the fort. When it was found impossible to induce Mr. Dixon to sell or surrender his right to the 160 acres, it was determined to force him off the claim, and for that purpose another survey of the reservation was made, so as to embrace this tract in the military reservation. In order to accomplish this purpose, a line was run so as to exclude the town site but include the Dixon land. This led to the appointment of a commission of officers by the secretary of war, who, after an investigation, recommended that the lines of the military reservation be reestablished according to the original survey. This order was made and the lines fixed in accordance with the survey first made by Captain Lyon.

[Footnote: This statement regarding the boundary lines of the Fort Riley military reservation and the town site of Pawnee disagrees with that of Lemuel Knapp, as given to Thaddeus Hyatt, January 5, 1857, and published in the Kansas Historical Society's first volume of Collections, page 206: "Pawnee is on the Kansas river, about one mile east of Fort Riley, between One Mile and Three Mile creeks, and is now included in the military reservation, according to decision of the president. Major Ogden laid out the military post known as Fort Riley in the summer of 1853. Colonel Montgomery, who is a free-state man, was the second commander. He formed a military reserve around the fort, and his imaginary boundaries embraced a space of eighteen miles one way and nine the other. In the spring of 1854 the colonel was authorized by the War Department to have the survey completed. The reservation, as then surveyed, was about eight miles one way and four the other, mostly on the north side of the Kansas river; Pawnee City site was not included in the reserve, as then surveyed. The survey was run round north and east of the town—as far east as two miles beyond Three Mile creek, and north of the river four miles. A number of Irish families were settled on the Three Mile creek, and it was said

that the desire of Colonel Montgomery to get them off induced him to extend the reservation in that direction, and that he intended afterwards to throw open to settlement the whole of the reservation east of One Mile creek, which would have placed Pawnee City outside of the boundaries, beyond a shadow of doubt."

"The papers relative to the proceedings of court-martial in the case of Bvt. Lieut.-col. Wm. R. Montgomery, Philadelphia, 1858," should be examined to obtain a clear understanding of the controversy.]

At this time there were some eight or ten rough buildings erected on the town site and a stone building, the walls of which are still standing, in which the first territorial legislature met, July 2, 1855, and adjourned in a few days after to Shawnee Mission. All persons living upon the town site were ordered by Colonel Cooke, commanding officer at Fort Riley, to remove themselves and effects within a limited time, and those who failed to comply with the order were driven off by the soldiers. In consequence of Colonel Montgomery's connection with Pawnee, and his order to change the reservation lines, charges were preferred against him, upon which he was tried, convicted, and dismissed from the army.

During my stay at the post, I made short excursions into the country. Among other places, I visited Clark's creek with a party of several others. We rode in a two-horse wagon, and when we reached the bluff on the east side of the fort it required the united efforts of the horses and men to pull and shove the wagon up the steep road. On our return, after blocking the wheels, we attached a rope to the rear end of the wagon, to which we all hung, so as to let the wagon down in safety. I selected a claim some two miles south of Fort Riley, where Waldo Clark now lives. [Footnote: Lots 1 and 2 and south half southeast quarter section 5, township 11 south, range 6 east.] Subsequently I abandoned it, and located a claim at the mouth of Lyon's creek. At this time no settlement had been made on any of the public land in the vicinity of Fort Riley.

I returned to Westport after an absence of about two weeks, and

found a daughter had been added to the family, born on the 24th of December, 1854. We named her Mary Josephine. She is now the wife of Geo. W. McKnight, [Footnote: George W. McKnight was born in the province of Ontario, and when nineteen years old made his way to Cleveland, Ohio. In 1871 he settled in Abilene, Kan., and helped organize the Abilene Bank. In 1872 he moved to Junction City, and became assistant cashier of the First National Bank. In 1878 he quit banking, and for three years engaged in the lumber business. For two years he was cashier of the Merchants' National Bank of Kansas City, Missouri. He returned to Junction City and was made president of the First National Bank, which position he still retains. In 1877 and 1878 he was mayor Junction City. He served as state senator for the counties of Geary, Riley and Wabaunsee in the sessions of 1901 and 1903. He served also as president of the board of education of Junction City for six years. He indulges also in farming.] and is the mother of four living children. They were married November 4, 1875.

I made a second trip to Fort Riley in January, 1855. I was accompanied by two men from Missouri. We had a two-horse wagon and carried our provisions and bedding, and had to camp out, as there were no places where travelers were entertained outside the Indian reservations.

On my former visit Captain Lyon had given me a very glowing description of a creek some six miles west of the fort, which I afterwards named Lyon creek, and I determined to visit it. After reaching Fort Riley we crossed the Kansas river, and followed up the stream until we struck the bluff, and reaching the summit we had to drive around a number of ravines, which made the distance at least twice as far as it would have been if we could have crossed them. I presume this was the first team that ever traveled this route. It took a whole day to reach the bluff overlooking the valley of Lyon creek, from which we obtained an extended view of the valley. We could see the creek for several miles. The bottoms we estimated would average a mile in width, and the stream was fringed with timber as far as we could see.

The valley lay between high bluffs, formed of magnesian limestone. We were quite delighted with the beautiful and rich country we had discovered, and I determined to select a claim on the creek and make it my home. We drove our team down the bluff, and camped for the night at a little stream where Theodore Jones and Thomas Morris afterwards located. In the morning, after a hearty breakfast, we went to the mouth of Lyon creek and, crossing it, I found a heavy body of timber between the creek and the river, and decided to locate at that place. My claim included the mouth of the creek. I made arrangements with two men to put up a rough cabin in the timber, and directed them to complete it as early as practicable, intending to move my family from Missouri to the claim in the spring.

I returned to Westport and joined my family, where I left them, at Mr. Ragan's. I was employed by the Pawnee Town Company to hire men to erect a stone building to be used as a warehouse for the reception and storage of goods. It was then supposed the Kansas river was navigable and that steamboats would make regular trips, and that a warehouse was necessary for the traffic that would grow up at that place. I went to Kansas City and in a short time engaged about twenty men, hired a team, and bought the necessary provisions for the trip. I accompanied the men to Pawnee and they were all put to work on the building. A number of these afterwards selected claims and located in this part of the territory; among the number Mr. Badger, who preempted a quarter-section of land some eight or ten miles up the Republican river.

During this trip to Fort Riley, in company with Captain Lyon, I visited my claim on Lyon creek. After an examination of the surrounding country, we concluded that a town would grow up near the mouth of the creek, and we selected for that purpose a tract of land east of the creek and the claim I had located, and organized a town company, with Dr. Wm. A. Hammond as president, and Capt. N. Lyon as secretary. We named the town Chetolah. [Footnote: In sections 25 and 26, township 12 south, range 5 east.] The land was soon after surveyed by Abram Barry

and G. F. Gordon, but, like many other prospective cities, it failed to materialize. There was never a house built upon it.

When I returned to Missouri Governor Reeder sent me a message to call upon him at Shawnee Mission. He asked me if I would accept the appointment of census-taker for the seventh and eighth districts, which embraced all the territory west of Fort Riley and south of the Kansas and Smoky Hill rivers, and extending east to the Wakarusa river. [Footnote: See appointment of James R. McClure, February 12, 1855. (Executive Minutes of Governor Reeder, page 247, volume 3, Collections Kansas State Historical Society). District No. 7 was in the neighborhood of "110," and district No. 8 was Council Grove. Captain McClure was registered in the ninth district, the census-taker for that district being Martin F. Conway. (Pages 86 and 87, Report of Committee on Kansas Affairs, 1856.)] The governor informed me that he had offered the appointment to young Donalson, a son of Marshal Donalson, but he had declined to accept for fear of incurring the displeasure of the pro-slavery element if he made a fair and honest return of the voters, as he knew they would insist upon a much larger number than could be found. At "110," near the present city of Burlingame, at the election for delegate for Congress, held November 29, 1854, there were reported 597 votes for Gen. J. W. Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate. This was more than twice the number of votes he received at any other voting-place in the territory, and it was evident that a great fraud had been perpetrated by stuffing the ballot-box with fictitious votes. Governor Reeder informed me that I would probably meet with trouble at this place, if I consented to take the census, as some of the worst characters in the territory, led by Fry McGee, had settled there. I consented to accept the appointment, and assured the governor I would endeavor faithfully to discharge my duty and make an honest and correct report of the inhabitants of the district. I secured a good riding horse, a revolver, hatchet, blankets, and lariat rope, and went to Fort Riley to commence work. There were no roads, and I had to se-

lect my route from a rough map and the best information possible from the officers and employees at Fort Riley.

Early in the morning of February —, 1855, I started from the post, intending to follow the valley of Clark's creek until I reached the divide, then cross over to the Neosho, and from there to Council Grove. It was a very cold, damp day, snow was falling, and the wind was in my face. I had learned that there was one settler on Clark's creek, and after some effort I found his cabin. As near as I can locate the place at this time, it was just below the mouth of Humboldt. The name of the settler was Joab Spencer. He claimed to be a lawyer, from Louisiana. I should judge he was sixty years old. He was alone, and the only resident I could find until I reached the headwaters of the creek. After warming myself at his generous fire and inquiring the way to Council Grove, I again mounted my horse and started up the creek. In some way I lost the main valley, and followed up one of the branches until I became satisfied I had lost my course. I then tried to find my way by crossing the bluffs; but I became so bewildered by the numerous ravines and bluffs, that I lost all hope of ever extricating myself from the unfortunate situation in which I was placed. I had to stop several times and kindle a fire and get warm. I wandered from one bluff to another until towards evening, when I determined, if possible, to return to Fort Riley, remain over night, and take a new start in the morning. I was so confused and disheartened that I lost all confidence in myself, and was unable to decide the right direction to the fort. I at last followed down a small stream until I came to its mouth, and then traveled down the larger creek until I reached the river, which I crossed, and spent the night with Captain Lyon.

The next morning I again mounted my horse and started on my journey, determined to follow up the larger stream, knowing it would take me in the direction of Council Grove. The weather continued very cold, and the air was filled with fine snow; the wind was strong, and, as I had to face it, I became chilled, and was anxious to find some sheltered place where I could build a fire and thaw

myself. After going some eight or ten miles up the creek, I observed smoke in the timber on the opposite side of the stream, and I decided to find what caused it. I hitched my horse to some brush, and crossed a short distance in the timber. I was assailed by a yelping pack of dogs, which threatened, by their savage howls and rushes, to tear me to pieces. Soon after I saw several Indians, covered with their blankets, approaching from the place where I had seen the smoke. I concluded to make a hasty retreat without further investigation. I retraced my steps as rapidly as possible, and after mounting my horse rode at a rapid gait until I felt assured I was not followed by the Indians.

Some ten miles north of Council Grove I came to a dugout and found a rough, simple-minded man living in it. I asked permission to spend the night with him, as I feared it was too far to Council Grove to reach it before dark. He reluctantly consented. I found on entering the dugout he had no provisions, except some parched corn and a quart of New Orleans molasses. The place was unfinished and full of dirt and filth. He had a fire in the middle of the floor but no chimney for the escape of smoke. I prevailed upon him to let me have a few ears of corn for my horse—neither myself nor horse had had anything to eat since leaving Fort Riley, and it is unnecessary to say we were both hungry. I partook of the parched corn and molasses in company with this mysterious man and tried to draw him out in conversation, but he persistently refused to talk, and I was unable to learn anything of his history. I had some misgivings as to spending the night with him, but there was no alternative unless I ventured to reach Council Grove in the dark and cold, without knowing the route. So I picketed my horse near the dugout, and, with my pistol strapped to my body, rolled myself in my blankets and slept as well as I could until morning. I afterward learned that the man with whom I stayed was demented and lived the life of a hermit. He shunned society, and preferred to reside in caves and holes where he would be alone and avoid all intercourse with his fellow men.

(concluded next issue)

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

I always look forward to reading *Wagon Tracks*. I am a charter member and have a complete set of *WT*. I live near Boston and have no way of sharing my interest in the Santa Fe Trail here. If someone is looking for a complete set of *WT*, please let me know and I will make arrangements to ship them to that person.

Jeff Bransford
28 Arlmont St
Arlington MA 02476

Editor:

I am a member of Cottonwood Crossing Chapter. I enjoy *Wagon Tracks* and usually read it within a day or two after I receive it.

In memory of the Old Road, I composed the following:

MEMORIES LONG FORGOTTEN

One evening late I stood alone by the Old Road near the Cottonwood. The soft Kansas wind whispered as it rustled the tall grass. Soon I thought there came to me the sound of a cracking whip and the groan of an axle hub. Something, someone was on the ancient ruts. Vague images and sounds of the whip snapping over the straining backs, heavy loads carried on axles with wheels that crunched the prairie grass as they bumped along the ruts, surrounded me.

"Who are you and where are you going?" I think I said aloud. No answer came except the thumping of my heart and the fading sound of the wheels on the rough old road.

Finally, out of the gathering gloom, "We're memories long forgotten and on the way to Santa Fe . . . Santa Fe . . . on to Santa Fe." The message and its meaning spoke to my innermost parts. The Old Road is a memorial to those who undertook an arduous journey one step at a time. Unknown difficulties loomed before them but they went . . . "on to Santa Fe!"

In the darkness I stood alone again in the soft Kansas wind. It whispered as it rustled the tall grass.

Wilbur Just
7312 Fieldcrest
Clearwater KS 67026

Many people have reported hearing the phantom wagon trains along

the Trail. Thanks for sharing your experience.

Editor

Editor:

The article in the November 2004 issue about the Lone Cottonwood took me back to a favorite childhood book of mine, *Tree in the Trail* by Holling C. Holling (1942). This book and several others by him have become childhood classics and still are in print. Each represented considerable research on the part of Holling and his wife.

The story of *Tree in the Trail* is a lone cottonwood that provided shelter for years and then when it died was carved into an ox yoke which made its way to Santa Fe. So it sounds like the same tree could be involved. In the story, Holling locates it east of Dodge City and north of the Arkansas, whereas your article has it west of Dodge and south of the river. Perhaps Holling took some artistic license.

By the way I biked the Trail this August from Santa Fe to Bent's Old Fort, 335 miles, but I gave up before I got to where the Lone Cottonwood stood.

Paul Rhengold
5 Manursing Way
Rye NY 10580

Your letter reminded me that the Last Chance Store should be offering Tree in the Trail, and Clive Siegle offered to write a review of this Trail classic, which follows. Thank you.

Editor

CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

—BOOK NOTICES—

Holling Clancy Holling, *Tree in the Trail*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1942, and many later editions. Pp. 64. Illustrations. Cloth, \$21.00; paper, \$13.00, postpaid. Available from Last Chance Store.

One of the hallmarks of a literary "classic" is its ability to speak across generations, to stand the "test of time." If the literature of the Santa Fe Trail has a classic for young readers, it is surely *Tree in the Trail* by Holling. This year marks its sixty-third year in print, and it still speaks with a voice as vibrant and contemporary as if it were written this very morning.

Tree was the second literary foray for Holling, but certainly not the last. His five books for kids, which he not only wrote but illustrated, won no less than three Caldecott or Newbery medals—the children's book equivalent of the Pulitzer Prize.

Holling builds his story around the life of a single cottonwood tree growing on the Kansas prairie. The tree becomes a metaphor (kids, of course, will intuitively perceive this relationship in a second without the fancy "grownup" term) for a vast historical narrative that is comprehensive in its scope. As the story unfolds, the tree witnesses the march of 300 years of human history on the southern Great Plains, from pre-contact Kanza Indians to the tree's final symbolic repose as an ox yoke in Santa Fe.

What makes this book a classic is how sixty-years-young and yet contemporary its treatment of the historical process is: Indians, typically marginalized in the 1940s, are vigorous and significant participants; conquest-era Spaniards, demonized under the now-discredited "Black Legend," step unstigmatized on to Holling's stage; and the Trail-era Hispanics of New Mexico, rather than being passive consumers of Yankee ingenuity are portrayed as vibrant and reciprocal partners in the great adventure that was the Santa Fe trade. To be sure, the Anglo Santa Fe traders get their day in the sun—after all, in the dark days of 1942, "Manifest Destiny" in an American sense was a pretty reassuring thought—but its touch is gentle and positive here. Santa Fe Trail aficionados will find that the lone cottonwood is their talisman: through the eyes of young Santa Fe adventurers "Jed" and "Buck," it becomes a lens through which the young reader can explore the saga of the Trail. The history of the road to Santa Fe unfolds through their repeated trips and adventures, with the lone cottonwood playing its supporting role. The historical sweep of the book, with its effortless integration of the issues of the westering process, is superb, and adults can enjoy the story as much as young readers.

Holling was a Caldecott award-winning illustrator, and his skill is evident in *Tree in the Trail*. The book

is lavishly illustrated with full-page color illustrations that have a wonderful, slightly "retro" 1940s style to them. What makes Holling's design even more effective is that he has embellished the margins of the text pages with numerous subtle pencil vignettes of topics germane to the storyline, such as illustrated details about Buck's flintlock rifle, the construction of Indian arrows, how caravans were corralled at night, how teams were harnessed, and what a dog travois looked like. In one such graphic "aside," a pencil sketch of the Trail Tree's rings points out the various human artifacts entombed among them, dates them, and gives the reader a familiar event in American history to put the date in context. This aside allows younger kids to read the story as a basic historical procession, while the sketch gives older kids (and their parents) an optional mini-lesson in more "grown-up" historiography. Holling even throws in a few graphical essays on the margins about what larger issues are impacting the tree and its pards, like the fur trade era, the Louisiana Purchase, and the Coronado expedition. These marginal illustrations provide a gold mine of nifty details, without encumbering the text; in effect, they provide a story-within-a-story for inquisitive readers young and old.

The book has been "officially" designated as written for the 9-to-12-year-old reader. This should not, however, preclude its being read to a younger child; in fact, the conversational format begs to be read out loud.

Any parent who loves the Trail and has kids up to preteen should have this book in their house, and all Trail aficionados should make sure that a copy resides in their local school and public libraries.

—Clive Siegle

Ginger Wadsworth, *Along the Santa Fe Trail: Marion Russell's Own Story*, illustrated by James Watling: Morton Grove, IL: Albert Whitman & Co., 1993. Pp. 40. Illustrations. Cloth, \$18.00, postpaid. Available from Last Chance Store.

Few works of Trail literature are as beloved as Marion Russell's *Land of Enchantment*. Part of that appeal, I suspect, stems from its informal,

yet elegant prose, which resonates with such a wide reading audience. A perfect example of that ageless appeal shines through in *Along the Santa Fe Trail*, written for the 9-to-12-year-old reader.

Author Ginger Wadsworth originally set out to write her own version of seven-year-old Marion's first trip over the Santa Fe Trail, but soon the eloquent voice from the pages of the original text caused her to rethink the project. In a prescient but difficult decision for any author to make, she decided to scrap her own text and use passages from Russell's *Land of Enchantment* to build the story. In doing so, she has skillfully constructed a very appealing Trail narrative that captures the spirit of Russell's prose style, while at the same time tailoring and editing the content to be interesting to the young reader.

The book begins with Marion, her brother Will, and their mother joining Francis X. Aubry's caravan in Leavenworth, and ends with the three of them taking up residence in Albuquerque (and young Marion making the decision that when she grew up, she would "travel endlessly" back and forth over the Santa Fe Trail). In between are enough adventures and interesting places along the Trail to interest any young reader (and most adults). Of equal importance, Wadsworth has skillfully retained enough day-to-day Trail routine to give the reader a very clear and realistic picture of what life on a Santa Fe caravan was like.

Important for the success of books for this age group is an appealing visual component. To accomplish this, the book has been published in an expanded 9 X 11 format, which allows illustrator James Watling to embellish it with a masterful collection of color pencil and ink drawings on virtually every spread. He has obviously done some research on his subjects and the time period, and some care has been taken with regard to historical accuracy (although he mistakenly shows the people riding in the wagons and has a log stockade around Fort Union). In fact, if one is reading the story to a younger child (which is recommended), "thread counters" and "super authentic" sorts can regale their

young charges with all manner of juicy asides lurking in the details of the illustrations and just begging for a chance to enrich the main storyline.

All-in-all, *Along the Santa Fe Trail* is just the sort of book to start a historical dialog on the Santa Fe Trail with a young reader. It would be a good book to contribute to your local school or public library, and a *de rigueur* gift for all SFTA kids and grandkids.

—Clive Siegle

David Dary, *The Oregon Trail: An American Saga*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2004. Pp. xiv + 416. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, appendices, index. Cloth, \$35.00 plus shipping.

Reviewed by Gregory M. Franzwa

I was quick to respond to Editor Oliva's request that I review David Dary's book on the Oregon Trail, as it would be a chance to make amends with a very nice guy who was terribly hurt when I ran Dr. Oliva's blistering review of his Santa Fe Trail book in our quarterly journal, *folio*. (There was an even nastier one by Harry Myers in the SFTA's *Wagon Tracks*.) I know how hurt Dave was because shortly after the *folio* piece appeared a note came from Norman, OK, "I'll never read another word by Patrice Press. DD"

I guess there's no chance to make those amends. Although I never read his Santa Fe Trail book, I fear he was even less prepared to write this one than the other. Dary's *Oregon Trail* is absolutely awful—factually and journalistically—and a classic example of how a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

I have always maintained that history doesn't change—our perception of history changes all the time if we study. For example, anyone comparing the first edition of my *Oregon Trail Revisited* with the current fifth edition would think I was writing about two different trails. Continued reading helps a lot, but the biggest blessing is the research of others.

The work of Craig Crease is a case in point. Craig is not a journalism teacher nor is he a professional historian. He sells insurance in Shawnee, KS, for Allstate. But man, he is a whiz in on-the-ground research. I

was with him in 1997, working on the fifth edition of my Oregon Trail guide, as he pointed out new discoveries in Johnson County. We looked over Comanche Park, which he found to be the location of Sapling Grove, the point of departure for the Bidwell-Bartleson Party in 1841. It's at 83rd and Grant in Shawnee Mission.

Then we drove to Elm Grove. Found it about two miles northwest of the famous Lone Elm Campground. Three different places, right? Dary, clinging to his vow to never read another word by Patrice Press, still thinks they are one and the same, backing it up with this sage information: "By then the sapling elm trees that first gave the spot its name were leafing out and growing into large trees and the gathering place was becoming known as Elm Grove" (p. 78). He goes on to enlighten us by stating that the emigrants cut down all but one of the trees, after which the place became known as Lone Elm.

Would that this was the only error, but alas, there are dozens more. Here's a whopper: "Late in the fall of 1820, Charles Floyd who had been a member of Lewis and Clark's expedition, visited his cousin, Dr. John Floyd, a Virginia congressman" (p. 53). Quite a trick, inasmuch as Charles died in the vicinity of present Sioux City, Iowa, on August 20, 1804.

To further illustrate Dary's awesome knowledge of the Corps of Discovery: "The idea of a windwagon was not new. When Captain Meriwether Lewis and William Clark crossed the plains early in the nineteenth century, one of their boats on wheels with sails set was blown along" (pp. 275-276).

They just keep a-coming:

Page 4: Dary writes that the Chinooks "flattened the temples of their children's heads with headboards." Actually, they flattened their foreheads, not their temples.

42: "South Pass was 7,400 feet." Actually, 7,550 feet today—it did not grow 150 feet in the ensuing 150 years.

82: "This scene [of 'Fort Laramie,' actually Fort John] was painted from memory by William Henry Jackson." The adobe Fort John was gone, with

the double officers' quarters in its place, long before Jackson arrived in 1866.

37: Caldron Linn, on the Snake River, is described as a waterfall. It was a combination rapids and whirlpool, not a waterfall.

84: "The [Shawnee Methodist] mission had been constructed in 1839 by Methodist missionaries." Louise Barry's famed *Beginning of the West*, listed in Dary's bibliography, gives us the actual date, 1830. Dary's massive bibliography is very impressive. Sadly, he doesn't seem to have used it much.

88: We see a picture of Naomi Pike Falls, "This is Alcove Spring." The spring flows from a small opening below and at right angles to Naomi Pike Falls.

90: Beneath a picture of the rock at Fremont Springs, NE: "The names Kit Carson and Col. John C. Fremont are carved in the limestone at what is called Fremont Springs." The carvings are fake. Fremont hardly would have made himself a colonel in 1842, when he was only a lieutenant.

97: At Ash Hollow, "The emigrants crossed the land between the South and North Platte rivers and then crossed the North Platte." The North Platte was crossed at present Casper, WY, hundreds of miles to the west.

99: Fort Laramie, "Built in 1841 and first called Fort John." Fort William, at or very near the site of present Fort Laramie, was built by Bill (not "Milton") Sublette and Robert Campbell in 1834. It was replaced in 1841 by the adobe Fort John, abandoned by the army shortly after purchase of the fort in 1849.

101: "Coming from the east, the emigrants hardly noticed the gradual climb to the Continental Divide [at South Pass], but as they started down, the descent was fairly steep." It was so flat that many were unaware they had crossed the national spine until they reached Pacific Spring, three miles to the west. It was all flat as a pancake.

108: "At the Great Falls of the Columbia River, Jesse A. Applegate's brother Warren and his cousin lost their lives when their boat capsized" The Great Falls are on the Missouri River, at Great Falls, Montana. The Applegate tragedy was at the Dalles

of the Columbia River.

115: Beneath a Bierstadt photo, "This is the crossing on the Little Blue River in northeast Kansas Territory in the spring of 1859." The Little Blue was crossed? Don't think so.

153: "Meanwhile as the first wagons of Mormons reached the Missouri River in the spring of 1846, Captain James Allen approached the Mormons seeking five hundred volunteers to join the U.S. Army to fight Mexico." Captain Allen showed up at Mount Pisgah, about 100 miles east of the Missouri River.

155: "... Sarah Keyes's body was laid to rest in a grave that today is marked and not far from Marysville, Kansas." A tolerable journalist would have said that she was buried, not "laid to rest." Nobody has any idea where her grave is, and even the ground-penetrating radar guys have given up.

160: "[Westport Landing] was the jumping-off point for Francis Parkman." Wrong. But Dary corrects himself on the preceding page by correctly observing that Parkman jumped off from Fort Leavenworth.

175: "... led by Lieutenant Daniel P. Woodbury ... continued west along the Platte and selected a site near modern Grand Island, Nebraska," for the new Fort Kearny. Actually, the site is about 40 miles west of there, across the river from present Kearney, NE.

194: "Some days after the five Cayuse Indians were hung. ..." Really bad journalism. They were hanged.

210: "More than two hundred diaries and journals are known to exist." *Platte River Road Narratives*, compiled by the late Merrill J. Mattes, is in Dary's bibliography. It annotates more than two thousand diaries, and several hundred more have been discovered since its publication in 1988.

211: "While most members of the company reached California, Bruff never did." J. Goldsborough Bruff spent the winter of 1849-1850 in his camp, about 30 miles northeast of Chico, CA.

265: "... two days after leaving Fort Laramie, Cantwell's and another handcart company ran into hail and an early winter blizzard." The late-October storm of 1856 struck the Willie and Martin handcart companies near Horse Creek, northeast of

Independence Rock, and many miles west of Fort Laramie.

301: The Indian Peace Commission "signed treaties in October 1867 with southern tribes at Fort Larned in central Kansas." The treaties were signed at Medicine Lodge Creek some 60 miles southeast of Fort Larned.

335: "Unfortunately, American Falls is no longer visible because it is under the waters of the American Falls Reservoir." Some of the falls are quite visible today, but one must look just downstream from the spillway to see them.

When I review a book I usually search for errors, no matter how slight, just to show that the review wasn't written by a publisher's press release. In this case, I had to search for some good parts, and truly, there are some.

For example, I enjoyed reading about Henderson Luelling's botanical impact on Oregon, but Dary evidently is unaware that some of Henderson's trees are still alive and still bearing fruit.

Dary's stories of the people who contracted to deliver mail to the Oregon pioneers was especially well done—I learned from that. The maps in the book are clear and nicely done. His story of Ezra Meeker is all in my own library, but it was fun reading about the old guy again.

There are lots more clinkers—this review is already too long to list them all, but the reader must be prepared for some serious toothgnashing as Dary repeats his favorite expression, *ad nauseam*. We counted its repetitious use at least 30 times. Here they are, to be filed in the "who-the-hell-cares" folder:

72: "How many people attended the meeting is not known. . . ."

114: "Gilliam's reaction is not recorded."

115: "Why Gilliam resigned is unclear. . . ."

122: "The exact location of his grave is unknown."

131: "Exactly how many emigrants left Independence and other jumping-off points south of St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1845 is not known, but there were large and small companies."

152: "Exactly how many emigrants

headed west from Missouri in 1846 is not known. . . ."

163: "Exactly how many emigrants traveled by way of Fort Bridger is not known."

195: ". . . whether they found gold is not known."

200: "Whether or not they reached California in their sleigh is not known. . . ."

204: "Some gold-seekers gave up and returned east, but exactly how many turned back is not known."

205: "Exactly how many people died of cholera that spring and summer is not known. . . ."

210: "Exactly how many forty-niners kept diaries, journals, or sent letters home recounting their experiences up the Oregon Trail is not known."

210: "The company reached Sacramento safely in mid-October, but whether any of the members struck it rich is not known."

218: "Exactly how many gold-seekers reached Fort Laramie in 1849 before the government took possession is not known. . . ."

227: "Exactly how many emigrants headed west over the Oregon Trail in 1850 is not known. . . ."

230: "How many turned around and headed for wherever they came from is not known. . . ."

237: "Whether Jones found volunteers is not known. . . ."

240: "What happened next is not clear. . . ."

254: "From where and when they departed is not known. . . ."

255: "The identity of these emigrants is not known. . . ." (Actually, the hackneyed old photo is of some Mormons with their wagons in South Dakota.)

256: "Whether they died from cholera is not known."

265: Under illustration: "Exactly how many emigrants were struck by lightning [*sic*] during spring thunderstorms is not known. . . ."

270: "Exactly how many people intending to go to Oregon or California decided instead to go to Cherry Creek is not known. . . ."

276: "Whether or not Peppard got his idea [for a windwagon] from reading the journals of Lewis and Clark is not known. . . ."

277: "How many gold-seekers used

the Oregon Trail in 1859 and 1860 to reach the Kansas goldfields is not known. . . ."

289: "Whether he was dead is not known. . . ."

292: "What happened to the boy is not known."

307: "Exactly how many emigrants traveled in this manner [by wagon rather than railroad] in 1869 is not known. . . ."

346: "Whether or not emigrants made much use of the post is not known."

347: "How [Windlass Hill] received its name is not known. . . ."

Well, here's one of my own: "Exactly why Knopf continues to publish tripe like this is unknown."

[Gregory M. Franzwa, founder and owner of The Patrice Press in Tucson, is the founder of The Oregon-California Trails Association and author of 19 books, including *The Oregon Trail Revisited* and *Maps of the Oregon Trail*. He received the SFTA's Rittenhouse Stagecoach Award for lifetime achievement of research and writing in 1999.]

KATIE BOWEN LETTERS, 1851: PART VIII

edited by Bonita and Leo Oliva

[Katie Bowen Letters (Bowen Family Papers, U.S. Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, PA) telling of a trip to New Mexico over the Trail in 1851, continue. This section begins with her letter of July 18 to her nephew Matty, started at Pawnee Fork and finished at Fort Atkinson (which she calls Mackey, the first name of the post) on July 23. She then chronicles their travels beyond Fort Atkinson. The letters will continue next issue.]

Pawnee Fork, Friday at noon

July 18, 1851

Dear Little Matty. I promised to write you a letter the first live buffalo we saw and now they are all around us in thousands, completely besplattering the plains with their huge forms. On the evening of the 16th we camped within a few miles of them for the first time and Uncle Isaac rode out with four of his men to shoot one for dinner. They left camp about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and I went to sleep till 6 o'clock. When I awoke I had dinner

got and the table set expecting him every minute but sundown came, then dark, and hour after hour passed till 10 o'clock. I got very uneasy, walked up and down the road and at last hung out a lantern on our wagon, fearing the party had lost their way. The Maj had gone out to direct the sentinels to keep the camp fires, get mounted and start out. I got quite into a fever fearing the Pawnees had scalped them when he came galloping into camp almost exhausted from want of water and nearly famished for dinner. Before he could speak he swallowed two pints of water and then asked us if his companions had arrived, no they had not and what kept him so long? Why he had taken after a large buffalo, got separated from the rest, night came on and after he had waited some time for his men, they not appearing, he put out for camp, after riding very hard for some time he espied large fires and thought he was close home, rode furiously on toward the lights and got very near them, when a whole pack of indian dogs commenced barking and warned him that he was within hail of the enemy. He turned his course very suddenly and put spurs to the poor beast, having come to the conclusion that he had passed camp, and he would try to find water for his horse, then lie down for the night. When, joy to wandering soul, he saw my beacon high in air and never saw a sight so pleasant. He returned without his meat, having shot many balls into one old tough fellow who carried them all off in his body. The next morning early, his men brought us a fine buffalo calf well dressed, and we had the liver for breakfast. I thought of you little Matty, while eating it for you are so fond of liver, and the meat is much nicer than beef. Yesterday morning as we were coming along through dense herds of buffalo Uncle Isaac shot a big old fellow, but his skin was very bare and he did not have it taken off. His tongue was cut out. They are very nice and I have some pickled. I wish you and Willie could see these wild old buffaloes, they grumble all night, sounding like distant thunder, or waves breaking on the shore. Thou-

sands & tens of thousands are every where to be seen and a great many tribes of Indians are through the country laying in their winter supply of meat and making the robes to wrap you little boys in when you go out sleighing. We find no trouble with the Indians, they come into camp to beg or sell their dried meat. For several days we saw a plenty of antelope, but succeeded in killing none. They run much faster than the deer. Wolves are too numerous to pay any attention to. They sit every morning near camp waiting for us to leave so that they can come in and pick up the scraps. Yesterday morning one came along beside our wagon and our dog went up, smelt of him and tried to have a frolic, but Mr. Wolf thought it too much trouble or too *familiar* & walked off. They follow the buffalo herds, and when one gets wounded or lame pounce upon him & eat him up. Our waggon master last evening brought us a live buffalo calf some months old, but he must have hurt the little thing as it only lived a few hours. They are homely things but you would like to see the humps on their shoulders and see their long manes hanging to the ground. They are fine old fellows. The cows are rather pretty, more like deer and always lead the herd. I had a beautiful white crane given me yesterday. The feathers were four inches long and covered with down. I saved the pretty wings and picked off the little plumes. They would be pretty for Willies hat, & I wish I could send them. You must be a real good boy Matty, and teach Willie to write so that you and he can send me a long letter. Love each other very much and do not forget your dear little cousin who was so happy with you last winter. Go with Grandma sometimes and see the flowers growing on her little grave, and tell me in your letter all you have done for Grandma since I came away. I will write to you when I have any little stories to tell and you remember all you can to tell me.

Fort Mackey, July 23d 1851

I did not get a chance to send this out and had to keep it till now. We came here yesterday and are going away tomorrow morning. Tell

Grandma that the bachelor here has entertained us well and insisted this morning that his man cook must make some ice cream, the poor fellow probably never heard of the thing before but said he could freeze it and I mixed it for him, but the best joke was bringing it on the table in a tin twelve quart pail. We had great sport at the sight, but it tasted well nevertheless. The greatest abundance of ice is here and I begged to be locked up in it last night. It was very refreshing to taste a cool drop of water on reaching here. We expect to go through in 30 days from here. The weather is very hot now and the breeze is like the air of a stove room. Give much love to your cousins Matty, kiss dear little Willie, and be the best little boy that ever was to all around you. Tell Pa he must let you come to Santa fe to see Aunt Katie. Ask Adelaide what's the news and if she will help you to write a letter to Aunt Katie. Uncle Isaac often talks of you and would like to send you one of these little prairie dogs. There are several here in garrison. Remember me to everybody, Grandpa and Grandma and accept this from your Aunt Katie.

Sunday evening, July 27. On the banks of the Arkansas. This is the fourth day out from Fort Mackey and we have accomplished sixty miles. Nothing of importance occurred until yesterday morning after we had been marching several hours. Isaac was riding in the carriage and told the man to drive to the river to water the mules, as we approached the bank we noticed large herds of cattle grazing on the opposite shore and immediately pronounced them wild, but before we got to the river Maj Rucker rode up calling, Bowen dont you see the Indians? Where was the first inquiry, and immense droves of horses were pointed out to us which we had supposed cattle, and on looking along the road, a few miles in front, discovered a great many lodges, although no Indians had made their appearance. The Maj ordered a halt till all the waggons came up and he with a man who speaks a little of several languages, rode out to see the prospect. As they climbed the hill, a Subchief is-

sued from the earth on horseback (for no one could tell how he got where he was, unless the earth vomited him) and explained the party to be part of the tribe of Kiowas, who are out to fight the Pawnees who recently killed one of their number. Expressed themselves friendly and the one lone Indian went with us to our waggon. Just then, as fate would have it, an axeltree in one of the waggons broke, which of course would compel us to stop for repairs and give the appearance of remaining on account of weakness and fear to pass the encampment, and we were afraid the effect would be bad upon the Indians. But the Maj took the chief to the waggon and explained what detained us, then selected a camp and we pitched our tents in good order for resistance if necessary. The Maj smoked with the Indian and gave him luncheon, by and by men, women, and children poured in upon us, and of what we had we fed them. One sprightly woman, the fifth in rank of the chiefs wives, is a Mexican and Isaac questioned her all about the tribe and herself. She said that she was taken prisoner by this tribe in Chihuahua ten years ago, when she was quite a child, that she had been made a wife by the chief and although they treated her well enough, she would much like to be mounted on a swift horse and make her way home. Says the tribe is friendly to all Americans but hate the Mexicans. The head wife was wrapped in a common blanket and displayed a large quantity of brass wire twisted around her bare arms for bracelets. The Mexican wife was covered with a piece of coarse blue cotton duck with buckskin stockings & shoes and performed the service of drudge to the first squaw, picketing out her horse and giving her the best morsels to eat. She wore no ornaments and was mean enough looking. She said her hair was luxuriant when she was captured but they made her cut it all off. We showed her a small looking glass and she said that in her home in Mexico she used to have large ones but had none now. One Indian who prided himself on his fine dress, had an old tin cup with the

bottom knocked out, for a bracelet and a braided horse's tail attached to his head which dragged on the ground and was covered with tin broaches. Among them was one Pawnee woman and two children who had been taken prisoners. She said that she had been to Santa fe and was taken there while living with her husband, a frenchman, by name Jimmy Lee, that one of the children was his by a white wife and when she was stolen she took the child with her because she was jealous of her husband. The Maj offered to take her to Santa fe for the sake of restoring the little girl (who is ten years old) but the woman was afraid to run away and was afraid to give up the child, although she had compunction of conscience for stealing her and would be glad to have her restored to her father. She told us that Mr Whites child [this is reference to Virginia White, daughter of James and Ann White captured near Point of Rocks, New Mexico, in October 1849, and is the latest known indication that Virginia was still alive; see Harry C. Myers, "Massacre on the Santa Fe Trail: Mr. White's Company of Unfortunates," *Wagon Tracks*, Feb. 1992, 18-25] is in this tribe, but at present is with the warriors hunting Buffalo and will be in camp in six days. What a pity that these children cannot be rescued. Our party was not strong enough to take them and many of the indians showed indignation that we petted the white children and scorned theirs. This Pawnee woman speaks good English and Spanish and had the two children dressed like Americans. They troubled us none after dark. The Maj told them to be off and not come within the line of sentinels. This morning they were all ranged along the road to see us depart and we have not heard from them since.

July 28th. This day has been most oppressive, not a breath of air and the dust intolerable. Every appearance of rain and we hope for it. Isaac shot a young antelope and we had a quarter baked for dinner. I had the skin dried as a trophy. No signs of Indians and they will keep away from our shooting irons. This is Father Bowens birthday and we in-

tended to eat the butternuts he put up for us but upon opening the box discovered them to be quite rancid and we were greatly disappointed in our feast.

29th. Hot, dusty and very hard on the animals. The oxen will surely die if the Maj persists in these long marches, for six days we have averaged 16 miles a day and without rain. The cattle seem suffocated with dust. These clouds in any other country would turn out rain, but here I believe all signs fail, at least all rain signs. Behind and before us rain poured about 2 o'clock, but here only a few drops fell, not sufficient to retard the progress our driver was making. We see nor hear anything of Indians.

30th. This morning we are late in getting off and I write to kill time. Every morning for a week we have got started at 5 and reached camp after 2 o'clock. Our marches are not now so pleasant because we do not separate in case any Indians come upon us unawares. Last night the wolves serenaded us from all directions, and after we had been in bed some time the mosquitoes made their appearance forcing me to get up and stretch our net. The sky is overcast just now and I do not desire to see the sun today.

(continued next issue)

COUNCIL TROVE -DOCUMENTS-

INDEPENDENCE PRICES, 1850

SFTA Ambassador Jane Mallinson sent the following section of the 1850 diary of Dr. Edward Alexander Tompkins, who purchased supplies at Independence for his trip to California. The prices would have been the same for those going to Oregon and Santa Fe. The diary was transcribed by Richard L. Rieck, Dept. Of Geography, Western Illinois University at Macomb. Thanks to him and Jane for this. Tompkin's diary entry, including his comments on Wayne City Landing and Independence, is reprinted here as transcribed:

On Sunday the 28th April we landed at Wayne City the most miserable of all wretched collections of log huts that were ever inhabited by pick pockets, grog venders and vagabonds of every shade, name, and nature. Here we

remained all night and in the morning hired our baggage taken to the city of Independence which lay, in the mists of the most beautiful country imagineable. 3. Miles from river

Independence is laid out like the squares of a checkerboard. In the Center of the City is a beautiful Park in the midst of which is a Brick Court House. With a Conical roof. The people of this region are polite. Hospitable but ignorant. The Country around is very beautiful indeed. Here we obtained our outfit for California which consists of

2 Mules, Each at 70 Dollars	\$140.00
2 Pack Saddle 5. "	10.00
1. Riding Horse	60.00
1 " Saddle	7.00
100 lbs. Crackers at 6¢ pr lb	6.00
35. " Sugar 10 " "	3.50
10. " Coffee 15. " "	1.50
1. " Tea 1.00 " "	1.00
1. Camp Kettle	1.00
1. Set of eating rig. Plate Knife	
Cup Coffee pot. etc	.50
1. Frying Pan	1.00
65.#s. Ham. At 10¢	6.50
3. Blankets \$4 each	12.00
3. Larriettes "¾ "	2.25
3. Halters "1 "	3.00
Extra Rope "1 "	1.00
Extra Strap "2 "	2.00
1. U.S. Rifle	10.00
1. Good Revolver	30.00
Powder & Ball	1.50
1. Oil Cloth for each animal	6.00
Oil " Clothing	12.00
Beginning expense total.	\$317.75

ROMANCING THE TRAIL, 1939

Rosetta Graff, Kinsley, KS, member of SFTA and the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter, unearthed the following article from the June 6, 1939, *Kinsley Graphic*. Those at the meeting described were forerunners of SFTA, certainly of the Highway 56 Santa Fe Trail organization active in the 1960s. For them, promotion of tourism overcame historical reality, and one does wonder where to find "Kit Karson's hangout." The article is reprinted here as originally published:

Would Revive Old Trail Romance

To win back to the historic Santa Fe Trail route some of the tourist travel that has been lost to competing highways, the National Old Trails association will inject "romancing" into the trail.

Not the honeymoon trail, of

course, not the romance of moonlight and nightingale songs, but the glamour of romantic history which clings to this route all the way from old Westport Landing, historic Pawnee rock, Boot Hill at Dodge City, Kit Karson's hangout, the Ute trail over Raton pass, and picturesque Santa Fe.

At a conference attended by 42 representatives of that many communities from Olathe to Raton, held in Dodge City Monday, it was agreed that what the Santa Fe Trail needs now more than anything else is publicity that will attract tourists this way.

With an all-paved highway route from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the most scenic route, this National Old Trails route also offers the most thrilling historic background.

"But the trouble is, the tourists don't know it," explained Ralph Faxon, secretary of the Raton Chamber of Commerce. "We've got to give them romance."

It will take some money to get out the literature and to get it into the hands of the tourists. It was agreed that a fund of \$3,000 would take care of it. The money will be raised by assessment of 1½ percent [1½ cents] per capita population, in the towns along the Trail route.

A finance committee was elected, composed of E. E. Frizell, of Larned, C. C. Scats, of Dodge City and E. D. Embree of Raton, N.M. This committee will supervise collection for the fund from Chambers of Commerce along the route.

William E. Ingliss, secretary of the Trinidad Chamber of Commerce presided.

Members of the booster committee which will develop the Romance atmosphere along the Trail through Kansas are T. W. Woodward, Hutchinson; John C. Nicholson, Newton; Grant Hoener, Stafford; William Allen White, Emporia; A. P. Elder and John R. Thompson, Ottawa; W. C. Jones, Olathe; E. F. Alexander, Gardner; Dr. W. M. Balch, Baldwin; gentlemen. T. Foster, Burlingame; M. L. Young, Council Grove; V. W. Huffman, Harrington; Ralph Johnson and Kenneth Krehbill, McPherson; Paul Jones, Lyons; George Schueffler, Great

Bend; E. E. Frizell, Larned; H. B. Bell and R. R. Biggs, Dodge City; R. E. Stotts and Ben Grimeley, Garden City; James Doyle, Lakin; and Bruch Back, Syracuse.

The cities to be assessed for raising the fund include: Gallup, Albuquerque, Las Vegas, Springer, and Raton, N. Mex; Trinidad, La Junta, Las Animas, Lamar and Holly, Col.; Syracuse, Lakin, Garden City, Cimarron, Dodge City; Kinsley, Larned, Great Bend, Lyons, McPherson, Marion, Herington, Council Grove, Burlingame, Scranton, Baldwin, Gardner, Hutchinson, and Stafford, Kas.; and Kansas City, Mo.—Hutchinson Herald.

Dr. C. C. Sterrett head of the road committee, of the Chamber of Commerce, and Claude Akers, its secretary, attending the meeting in Dodge City, Monday. Kinsley's assessment would amount to about \$33.00, on the basis of a cent and a half per capita.

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 three items in this issue: correspondence, book review, and the eighth installment of Pike's journal. Keep informed with the Pike Bicentennial plans at <www.pikebicentennial.org>.]

CORRESPONDENCE

In my article entitled "With Zebulon Montgomery Pike Through Pueblo County Colorado," Wagon

Tracks, May 2003, several mentions were made of temperatures measured by the Pike party. What I failed to mention was the temperature scale used by Pike. The scale on that thermometer was Réaumur. On this scale the freezing temperature of water is 0 degrees and the boiling point of water is 80 degrees.

René-Antoine Ferchault de Réaumur (1683-1757), a French naturalist who is best known for his multi-volume study of insects, constructed the alcohol thermometer of this scale in 1731. The Réaumur scale is 1.25 times the Celsius scale, or to convert Celsius to Réaumur, $R = C \times 0.8$. To convert Réaumur to Fahrenheit, $F = R \times 2.25 + 32$. To convert Fahrenheit to Réaumur, $R = (F - 32) / 2.25$. This applies to all references to temperature in Pike's journals.

Peyton O. Abbott
8 Crownbridge Ct
Pueblo CO 81001

BOOK REVIEW

Patricia Calvert, *Zebulon Pike: Lost in the Rockies*. New York: Benchmark Books, 2005. Pp. 96. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$29.95 plus shipping.

This volume in the "Great Explorations" series is designed for young readers, but it offers such a fine overview of Pike's Southwest Expedition that it can be recommended as a good introduction to the topic for all ages. Calvert, with more than 20 books to her credit, has utilized the best historical sources on Pike's exploration, including Donald Jackson, Elliott Coues, and Eugene Hollon, choosing significant quotations from Pike's journals to help carry the story. The result is not some storyteller's ideas of the Pike legend for young people but a sound historical presentation in a finely-crafted and handsomely-illustrated (there are 32 illustrations, many in color) volume with "library binding."

Calvert provides a biographical sketch of Pike, which portrays him as a real person with strong and weak points and not just a military officer who suddenly found himself sent on a very difficult mission by General James Wilkinson (whose character is also assessed). Two chapters are devoted to Pike's first expedition to seek the source of the Mississippi River, 1805-1806. The

remainder of the book examines Pike's trek to the Rockies (including his missions to the Osages, Kansas, and Pawnees, and sending Lieutenant James Wilkinson, son of the general, down the Arkansas River from present Great Bend), the discovery of the mountain peak later named in Pike's honor, venture into the mountains where his party became hopelessly lost and suffered greatly when winter overtook them, his capture by Spanish troops, his detention in Mexico, and return to the U.S. Calvert does not shy away from the controversies that long colored Pike's achievements, including the Burr-Wilkinson conspiracy and how much Pike knew of or was involved in their schemes. Was Pike guilty? Calvert looks at the evidence and concludes, as do most Pike scholars, "it doesn't seem likely" (p. 63).

Calvert quotes John Terrell's observations about Pike's mission, noting it was "one of the most poorly equipped, ill-timed, injudicious, harebrained, daring ventures ever undertaken in western America." Perhaps this little book, coming as it does on the eve of the bicentennial of Pike's expedition, will help focus some of the attention now devoted to Lewis and Clark to this other explorer, whose accomplishments were every bit as significant, and probably more so, as the more famous Corps of Discovery. Anyone wanting a good overview of Pike's expedition would do well to start with this volume.

PIKE'S JOURNAL, PART VIII

This reprint of Pike's journal of the expedition of 1806-1807 continues, starting with the entry for February 2, 1807. They were at the point on Rio Conejos, tributary of Rio Grande, where they built the stockade to protect them through the remainder of winter. It was there they were found by Spanish soldiers.

Pike's Journal

2d February, Monday.—The doctor and myself went out to hunt, and with great difficulty, by night, killed one deer, at the distance of seven or eight miles from Camp, which we carried in.

3d February, Tuesday.—Spent in reading, &c.

4th February, Wednesday.—Went out hunting, but could not kill any

thing. One of my men killed a deer. *5th February, Thursday.*—The doctor and myself went out to hunt, and after chasing some deer for several hours, without success, we ascended a high hill, which lay south of our camp, from whence we had a view of all the prairie and rivers to the north of us; it was at the same time one of the most sublime and beautiful inland prospects ever presented to the eyes of man. The prairie lying nearly north and south, was probably 60 miles by 45.

The main river bursting out of the western mountain, and meeting from the north-east, a large branch, which divides the chain of mountains, proceeds down the prairie, making many large and beautiful islands, one of which I judge contains 100,000 acres of land, all meadow ground, covered with innumerable herds of deer; about six miles from the mountains which cross the prairie, at the south end, a branch of 12 steps wide, pays its tribute to the main stream from the west course. Due W. 12°. N. 75°. W. 6°. Four miles below is a stream of the same size, which enters on the east; its general course is N. 65°. E. up which was a large road; from the entrance of this down, was about three miles, to the junction of the west fork, which waters the foot of the hill on the north, whilst the main river wound along in meanders on the east. In short, this view combined the sublime and beautiful; the great and lofty mountains covered with eternal snows, seemed to surround the luxuriant vale, crowned with perennial flowers, like a terrestrial paradise, shut out from the view of man.

6th February, Friday.—The doctor having some pecuniary demands in the province of New Mexico, conceived this to be the most eligible point for him to go in, and return previous to all my party having joined me from the Arkansas, and that I was prepared to descend to Natchitoches: he therefore this day made his preparations for marching to-morrow. I went out hunting, and killed a deer at three miles distance, which, with great difficulty I brought in whole.

We continued to go on with the works of our stockade or breast work, which was situated on the north bank of the west branch, about five

which came from the first page of a program used to dedicate the DAR marker at Lone Elm Campground in 1906. The poet hails from Spring Hill in Johnson County, Kansas. The poet claims knowledge of the Trail during early farming with "sickle," now conducted with hay "binders." The poet expresses nostalgia for "deer," "sickle," and "prairie chickens." Paul A. Johnsgard, writing in *Lewis and Clark on the Great Plains: A Natural History* (Lincoln: Nebraska University Press, 2003), notes that the Greater Prairie Chicken *Tympanuchus cupido pinnatus* "thrived during the late 1800s as the fertile lands of the tallgrass prairies were initially opened to small-grain agriculture, but the population collapsed only a few decades later as natural breeding habitats became increasingly rare." This particular species "has long been extirpated from the immediate Missouri Valley of Nebraska, but it does still occur as close as Johnson and Pawnee Counties near the Kansas-Nebraska border" (p. 23).

Conversely, the chief predator of mule and white-tail deer, the Mountain Lion *Puma concolor* "somehow survived in the Rocky Mountains and Black Hills regions" but not on the Great Plains. Thus, the deer "have vastly increased in the absence of large predators" (p. 85). These losses and gains come, sadly, from boundless "Progress," our own "sickle" and perhaps none of our "glory."

Lone Elm Camp Ground

From *Olathe Register* Nov 13, 1905.
Written on the Dedication of the Santa Fe Trail Marker At Lone Elm in Johnson County, Kansas.

—Ed Blair, Spring Hill, Kansas

Fifty years—'twas a prairie then
And the deer roamed wild and free;
Fifty years—I see it again
As it appeared to me
The old trail ran where the barn stands now,
The trail was here long before the plow
And we drove ox teams, with sometimes a cow,
In the day that used to be.
Fifty years—Yes I lived here then,
And a lively place 'twas, too;
Wagons for miles with their fearless men

Coming and passing from view.
On the wagon covers, "Pike's Peak or Bust."
Yes, the fever was high for the yellow dust,
Just a lot of grit and their luck to trust,
For those who won were few!

Fifty years—'twas a camping ground
Where the trees now cast their shade.
And the faithful oxen rambled 'round
And rarely, if ever, strayed.
And the camp fires burned each night in the year
In the pastures there and the corn field here
Yet I slept each night with never a fear
And many the friend I made.

Yes, fifty years—What a striking change
From the way we do things now!
No less these farms from the boundless range,
Or the way we sow and plow.
The sickle is gone and the binder is here
But the sickle still to my heart is dear.
But I look in vain for the roving deer
And the prairie chickens now.

Fifty years—Ah, I love to know
That the old trail shall remain;
That the markers tell in the years to go
Where the ox teams crossed the plain.
Of the men who traveled the toilsome way
But few are left to tell it today.
But their march was "Progress" on its way
And their glory shall never wane.

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

President D. Ray Blakeley
PO Box 222
Clayton NM 88415
(505) 374-2555
No report.

Texas Panhandle

President Kathy Revett Wade
1615 Bryan Place #14
Amarillo TX 79102
(806) 371-9309
<krevett@arn.net>
No report.

Wagon Bed Spring

President Jeff Trotman
PO Box 1005
Ulysses KS 67880
(620) 356-1854
<Jtkb@pld.com>
No report.

Heart of the Flint Hills

President Carol L. Retzer
4215 E 245th St
Lyndon KS 66451
(785) 828-3739
<carolretzer@direcway.com>
No report.

End of the Trail

El Alcalde George Donoho Bayless
4000 La Carrera #526
Santa Fe NM 87507
(505) 983-6338

On January 22 Art Gomez, historian in the National Park Service office in Santa Fe, presented a program, "Royalist in Transition: Governor Facundo Melgares of New Mexico, 1806-1822," at the Eldorado Community Center. This was also the annual business meeting of the chapter.

Facundo Melgares was the last Spanish governor of New Mexico. As a lieutenant, he led a military force across the Plains to the Pawnee village in present Nebraska in 1806, ahead of Zebulon Pike's expedition, and Melgares and Pike became friends while Pike was detained in Chihuahua. Melgares was the governor who welcomed William Becknell to Santa Fe in 1821. Melgares ended his term as governor at the change from Spanish to Mexican rule.

For times and locations of upcoming meetings, please contact Alcalde Bayless.

Corazón de los Caminos

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

Our final meeting of the year, annual business meeting, was held in Las Vegas at Spic 'n Span on December 12. Steve Zimmer, Philmont Scout Museum director emeritus, spoke about "Ranchers on the Rayado River: Kit Carson and Lucien Maxwell." Business consisted of a brief look at budget, programs, and potential projects for 2005.

Alma Gregory will post a calendar on our web site as soon as the programs and dates are verified; most events will continue to be held on the third Saturday or Sunday of the months between March and November.

Marcus Gottschalk, local historian and author of *Pioneer Merchants*

of Las Vegas will present our first program for 2005 on Sunday, March 20. The lecture will begin at 1:00 p.m. in the lower dining room at Spic 'n Span, 715 Douglas Street. Lunch will be available upstairs before the talk.

Wet/Dry Routes

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

The chapter met in Kinsley, Kansas, for its winter meeting on January 23, 2005. Officers elected for 2005 were David Clapsaddle, president and program director; Barbara German, vice president; Robert Sallee, secretary and treasurer. In other business, the committee to replace the History Day Award with some other project reported. The chapter approved the award of cash prizes for 5th-grade students in a poster contest. An announcement was made with regard to the Richard Dryden Memorial project. The Fort Dodge/Dodge City/Cimarron Chapter has agreed to cosponsor the project, an interpretive marker on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road to be placed at Fort Dodge. The chapter also approved the placement of two additional interpretive markers at Sibley's Ridge and Plain Camp. Other business included the book signing for Jon Bauman's *Santa Fe Passage: a Novel* scheduled for Tuesday, March 22 at 7 p.m. at the Jordaan Library in Larned. Prior to the book signing, the chapter will meet at 6 p.m. for its spring meeting. Also approved was the \$150.00 honorarium for the day's program.

The chapter will participate in the selling of the new Santa Fe Trail note cards, featuring the watercolors done by Doug Holdread for the special SFT calendar sponsored by the Trinidad National Bank in 1997. The original watercolors are at the Santa Fe Trail Center at Larned. Note cards are also available from Last Chance Store or at the Santa Fe Trail Center. The Faye Anderson Award was presented to the Larned State Hospital for its preservation of SFT sites on the hospital property. Dr. Mark Scutter, superintendent, accepted the award in behalf of the hospital. Following the business meeting, a program of period music

was presented by Jon and Betsy Goring of Newton, Kansas.

The Wet/Dry Routes Seminar "Before Becknell" will be on Saturday, May 7, 8:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., at Fort Larned National Historic Site. The seminar will be in conjunction with the Fort Larned Old Guard's annual meeting. Everyone is invited to attend. Reservations required by April 28, (620) 285-6911.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

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

The chapter met at Econo Lodge in Dodge City on January 25. Officers elected are President Bill Bunyan, Vice-President Jim Sherer, Secretary Kathy Bell, Treasurer Dixie Oringderff, and Directors Mike Bell and Jack Warner. Bunyan will also serve as program chair, and he and Sherer will take care of the historian's duties. The program was presented by Professor Larry Burke at Dodge City Community College on "The Civil War in Kansas."

The chapter will join the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter in erecting a Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road marker at Fort Dodge in memory of the late Richard Dryden.

Missouri River Outfitters

President John Atkinson
1113 Safari Dr
St Joseph MO 64506
(816) 233-3924
<atkin@mwsc.edu>

The chapter ended 2004 with back-to-back programs on December 11 and 14. On Saturday, December 11, Craig Crease presented an interesting program on the Military Road from Fort Leavenworth to the Santa Fe Trail at a joint meeting of MRO and the Friends of Grinter House. Three days later, Abby Varner, archaeologist and KU graduate student, shared her research on soil within the Santa Fe Trail ruts in Douglas and Morton counties of Kansas at the Arthur Mag Center in Kansas City.

January of 2005 also saw back-to-back programs. On January 20, Leo Oliva was the keynote speaker for Kansas Day Celebration. Leo's topic was "The Santa Fe Trail and Kansas Territory" as he spoke at Johnson County Community College in Over-

land Park, KS. Two days later, at the Baldwin City Library in Baldwin City, KS, an Outstanding Achievement Award was presented to Katharine Kelley for "her lifelong achievements in research, marking, promoting and preserving the Santa Fe Trail in Douglas County, Kansas." The Outstanding Achievement Award was recently established by the MRO Chapter and will be awarded only on occasions of exceptionally noteworthy achievements on behalf of the Trail. Ninety-five-year-old Katharine Kelley has devoted decades to the protection and preservation of the Santa Fe Trail in Douglas County.

SFTA Manager Clive Siegle attended a meeting of MRO officers on January 9, 2005. Clive congratulated the chapter for developing a grant proposal to the History Channel's Save Our History Project. If funded, the grant will provide over \$4000 to install stone post markers in Jackson County, Missouri, and provide educational materials and trail related activities to the project's partner school, St. Thomas More in Kansas City.

On January 19, 2005, Junction Park, where the Santa Fe Trail and the trails to Oregon and California split, had several visitors. Steve Burns and Dave Thomson, National Park Service landscape architects, were there to draw up design plans for a wayside exhibit. Other NPS personnel visiting that day were John Conoboy and Chuck Milliken. Chuck will be designing the five interpretive panels based upon research presented to him by the planning committee. The January 19 meeting was a follow-up to the two-day planning session facilitated by Sharon Brown and Chuck Milliken of the National Park Service. The meetings were held October 26-27, 2004, at Gardner, KS. The project is a joint venture involving the national SFTA and OCTA organizations, Missouri River Outfitters Chapter of SFTA, Trails Head Chapter of OCTA, the Kansas City Area Historic Trails Association, the National Park Service, the Kansas Department of Transportation, the City of Gardner, Gardner Historical Society and Museum, Kansas State Historical Society, and the Johnson County Museum. The target date for

completion is Spring 2006 when the City of Gardner will celebrate its sesquicentennial.

The chapter will sponsor a bus tour of sites at the eastern end of the Trail on May 14, led by Ross Marshall, including Boonville, Old Franklin, New Franklin, Boone's Lick Park, William Ashley's Grave, and Arrow Rock. Cost is \$40, including lunch at Houston Tavern in Arrow Rock. For more information, contact President Atkinson.

Quivira

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

The Quivira Chapter and symposium volunteers push onward toward the big event—**Symposium 2005, September 29-October 2**. Projects being worked on include an art show, a student exhibition, and a possible quilt show. Vendors are reserving their spaces. Speakers are being chosen this month. Fort Harker is all set with a newly-restored officer's quarters for the military tour. The Rice County Community Foundation's new horse arena is being built this winter, which will house the Buffalo Soldiers' performance. Food arrangements are being made, we can hardly wait! Now we are focusing on sponsorships and finding new national members. A survey has been sent to central Kansas museums about a possible museum workshop. Let us know what you think about this idea or any other ones that has been introduced by contacting symposium coordinator Janel Cook at <cqmuseum@hotmail.com> or Coronado Quivira Museum, 105 West Lyon, Lyons KS 67554.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Vernon Lohrentz
400 W 24th St #1
Newton KS 67114
(316) 284-2284

The chapter met November 11 at the main street cafe in Durham, KS, with 35 members and guests present. The meeting recognized the 10th anniversary of the chapter. John Dick was present and thanked for his time and effort to organize the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter.

SFTA Vice-President Anne Mal-

linson was the featured speaker, telling about current activities of the Association.

Dale Brooks, one of the chapter's most active members, died November 15. Over the years he served as vice-president and president and was still a member of the board. He instigated and planned the auto tour route of the Trail through Marion County. He helped procure and erect the signs last fall. Dale also planned and designed the kiosk structure erected near the Cottonwood River crossing west of Durham. His time and talent given to the chapter is greatly appreciated.

Bent's Fort

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

The chapter met at Otero Museum in La Junta, CO, January 22, with a program by Luella Marlman of Las Animas on "Pictures and Stories of the Early Higbee Settlers," including information from Hazel Corbin and Stella Harrington. John Carson prepared a family-tree chart showing how the Higbee families are related to Kit Carson.

PLANS FOR THE SYMPOSIUM

by Vernon Lohrentz

AS people make plans for the symposium, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, the Cottonwood Crossing Chapter hopes to help them experience Trail sites in the area. There will be several possibilities. Present plans are to dedicate the marker at Cottonwood Crossing a mile west of Durham, with a tour of the Blowout area. We also hope to have a tour of Lost Springs and the site of French Frank's trading ranche. There is also the possibility of hiking over a mile across the section directly south of Cottonwood Crossing to see outstanding swales. There are also some Chisholm Trail sites worth seeing. Some people may want to visit the Jones Cemetery two miles east of Canton where Ed Jones, 17 years old, was buried in 1864 after an Indian raid at the Fuller Ranch. There are excellent museums in the area, including the Adobe House Museum in Hillsboro, Kaufmann Museum in North Newton, Marion Museum, and Harvey

House Museum in Florence.

We would like people to express interest in what they would like to see so we can plan accordingly. Contact me at 400 W 24th St #1, North Newton KS 67117, phone (316) 283-3631, e-mail <lohrentz@sbcglobal.net>.



HOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

Joanne VanCoevern, SFTA board member, was recently diagnosed with breast cancer and had a mastectomy January 26. She will be taking chemotherapy treatments for several months. Cards and letters may be sent to her at 4773 N Wasserman Way, Salina KS 67401.

CARTA, the Camino Real Trail Association organized two years ago, recently published the first issue of its quarterly, *Chronicles of the Trail*. Editor Jay Sharp has produced a superb publication, and the first issue is a collector's item. To join, contact Secretary William Little <wmlittle@zianet.com>.

The National Frontier Trails Museum, Independence, MO, is featuring special exhibits and programs on the Santa Fe Trail. The Friends of the NFTM publish an informative newsletter, *The Trail Scout*. Membership in the Friends may be obtained by contacting them at 318 W Pacific, Independence MO 64050.

The New Santa Fe Historical Society has information about this Trail community located on the state line between Missouri and Kansas on the OCTA web site at <www.octa-trails.org/newsantafe/>. Take a look.

SFTA charter member Diana Stein, Las Vegas, NM, who has Los Artesanos bookstore on the plaza there, fell and broke her hip recently. Cards may be sent to her at Alta Vista Regional Hospital, 104 Legion Drive, Las Vegas NM 87701.

John Hinz, chair of the Waverly, MO, "Citizens for Progress," reports there is a log cabin in that community beside the Trail that was built in 1818. It may be the oldest

building along the Trail in Missouri. More information is awaited.

SFTA member John M. Eatwell, Denver, CO, and David K. Clint recently published a book titled *Pike's Peak Gold*. This 240-page, limited-edition, profusely-illustrated volume focuses on Pike's Peak flasks, and includes history, from Louisiana Purchase through the gold rush, as well as everything known about the flasks. For more information and to order books, contact Eatwell, 2345 S Federal Blvd #100, Denver CO 80219. See insert in this issue.

HELP WANTED

My great-great-grandmother was Polly Gregg, sister of Josiah Gregg. I would like to know if anyone has information about Polly Gregg, her husband James Walker Lewis, and especially his father Nathaniel Lewis. They were buried in the Lewis-Gregg Cemetery in Independence, MO, located on the original Lewis family homestead. The Civil War Battle of the Little Blue was fought at this site in 1864. Nathaniel Lewis was the first Revolutionary War soldier buried in Jackson County, MO, in 1826. We are also looking for the name of his wife and complete list of their children. Any information about Nathaniel Lewis and his family will be welcome. Thank you.

Mark Wealand
523 NE Tudor Rd #9
Lee's Summit MO 64086

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.

BUSINESS MEMBERSHIPS

Van Dyk Insurance Agency, PO Box 327, Rocky Ford CO 81067

PATRON MEMBERSHIPS

Jon Bauman, 2708 Rosedale, Dallas TX 75205

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Annette Gray, Box 835, Markerville, Alberta, Canada T0M 1M0
Robert & Anne Jones, PO Box 7, Holcomb KS 67851
Melvin & Carol Schleich, 33807 State Hwy 12, Trinidad CO 81082

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Kenneth Ackley, 17745 L.C. 2220, Verona MO 65769
Dick Bratton, PO Box 200, Green Mountain Falls CO 80819
Mary Honeyman, D-20 Lake Rd., Council Grove KS 66846
Elizabeth Ashe Howe, RR 1 Box 211, S Penobscot ME 04476
Tommy G. Johnson, 184 Moss Hill Terrace Road, Natchitoches LA 71457
Don A. Prather, HCR 1 Box 17, Kenton OK 73946
Harry L. Rinacke, 19608 E Yocum Rd, Independence MO 64058
Paul Waggoner, 600 E 73rd, Hutchinson KS 67502

YOUTH MEMBERSHIPS

Shelby Adams, 13175 Laux Rd, Westmoreland KS 66549
Ashley Arp, 4805 Liberty Hall Rd, Junction City KS 66441
Bailey Bettencourt, 14975 Lake Crossing Rd, Wamego KS 66547
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TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send notices for this section; provide location, date, time, and activity. This is a quarterly. The next issue should appear in May, so send information for June and later to arrive by April 20, 2005. Other events are listed in articles and chapter reports (space is tight this issue). Thank you.

Mar. 22, 2005: Wet/Dry Routes Chapter meeting, Larned Public Library, 6:00 p.m., Jon Bauman autograph party, 7:00 p.m.

May 7, 2005: Wet/Dry Routes Seminar, Fort Larned NHS, 8:00 a.m.; Fort Larned Old Guard program afternoon and evening; reservations required by April 28, (620) 285-6911.

May 14, 2005: MRO Chapter bus tour of eastern end Trail sites, led by Ross Marshall.

June 5-15, 2005: Santa Fe Trail Educational Trip for fifth- and sixth-grade students from Wamego, KS.

Sept. 29-Oct. 2, 2005: SFTA Symposium, McPherson, KS.

NOTICE: DEADLINE CHANGE

THE deadline for submission of applications for SFTA Research Awards has been extended from March 1 to **March 15, 2005**. For more information see November 2004 *Wagon Tracks*. Requests for application forms may be made by calling toll free 888-321-7341.

BICYCLE TREK, SEPT. 11-30

WILLARD Chilcott's biennial Santa Fe Trail Bicycle Trek will ride from Santa Fe to New Franklin, Sep-

tember 11-30, 2005, following the Mountain Route. This trek is limited to 50 riders. For details, see the web site at <www.santafecentury.com>. This is a great opportunity to see the historic Trail at a proper pace. Special thanks to Chilcott for providing this wonderful trip.

FROM THE EDITOR

After Greg Franzwa read David Dary's *Oregon Trail* (see his review in this issue), he asked if I still wanted to print a review of a book so unworthy of attention. Because this book is promoted widely and received critical acclaim by reviewers who know nothing about the Oregon Trail, we are obligated to bring the plethora of errors to public attention. Dary's defense of his other books of similar veracity is that he is writing for a general audience, not for scholars. It is unclear to me why general readers do not deserve the truth, unless the publisher will do the right thing and classify the work as fiction.

The SFTA nominating committee needs candidates (see article in this issue). Your help will be appreciated.

We especially welcome the new 80 youth members. They will be going on the Trail educational trip June 5-15. We wish them a great Trail experience.

Please check the expiration date on your mailing label. If it shows 2004 and you do not renew before the next issue, this will be your last *WT*. We don't want to lose you.

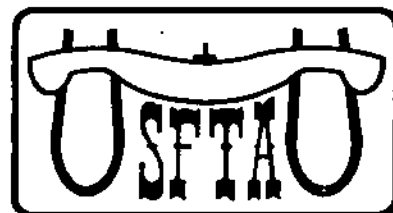
Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

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