

Wagon Tracks

Volume 19

Issue 3 *Wagon Tracks* Volume 19, Issue 3 (May 2005)

Article 1

2005

Wagon Tracks. Volume 19, Issue 3 (May, 2005)

Santa Fe Trail Association

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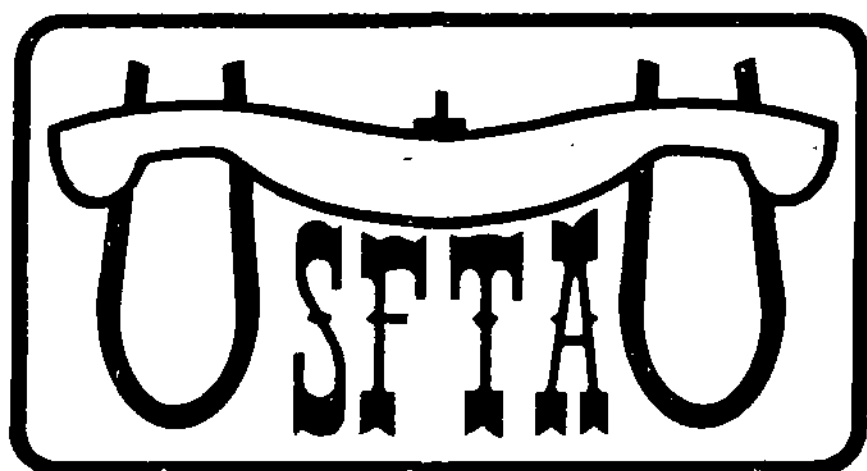


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Recommended Citation

Santa Fe Trail Association. "Wagon Tracks. Volume 19, Issue 3 (May, 2005)." *Wagon Tracks* 19, 3 (2005).
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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 19

MAY 2005

NUMBER 3

SYMPOSIUM READY FOR YOU

by Janel Cook

THE symposium program, "Meet Us Half Way to Santa Fe," is all set for September 29-October 2, 2005, at McPherson, KS, and all we need to make it a resounding success is **YOU** to be there. Please join us for this biennial highlight of the SFTA. The Quivira and Cottonwood Crossing chapters are hosting this symposium, and we look forward to showing you this section of the Trail.

In this issue of *Wagon Tracks*, you will find program details and registration information. Take time now and send in your forms and reserve a room. A few of the events have limited seating, such as the trolley tours at the Maxwell Wildlife Refuge and the basket weaving workshop. A new service this year is the ability to charge the trip to credit cards.

The speaker committee has chosen a nice selection of scholarly speeches and fun programs for Friday and Saturday mornings on a variety of topics. Tours are set. The Sunday tours are a bit longer so more stops can be made along the way. These tours will include lunch since they begin in the morning.

Workshops are offered Friday and Saturday afternoons. The education and museum workshops will be offered on a weekday in the hopes of attracting more participants. Two unique workshops on Saturday include learning how to play the harmonica and basket weaving.

Plan an extra day at the beginning or ending of your trip, or both, and experience Central Kansas. Visit Lindsborg and the McPherson County Old Mill Museum, the Adobe Museum in Hillsboro, Ellinwood's Underground Tunnels, Cheyenne Bottoms Wildlife Refuge, and the Barton County Historical Village and Museum in Great Bend.

We look forward to seeing you in McPherson. Join us and bring a friend. Satisfaction guaranteed.

May 2005

JUNE 4, 2005
NATIONAL TRAILS DAY
JULY 1, 2005
AWARDS NOMINATIONS DUE
JULY 15, 2005
SFTA ELECTION BALLOTS DUE
SEPTEMBER 29-OCTOBER 2
SFTA SYMPOSIUM
McPHERSON, KANSAS

VOTE NOW FOR SFTA OFFICERS AND BOARD

by Michael Olsen

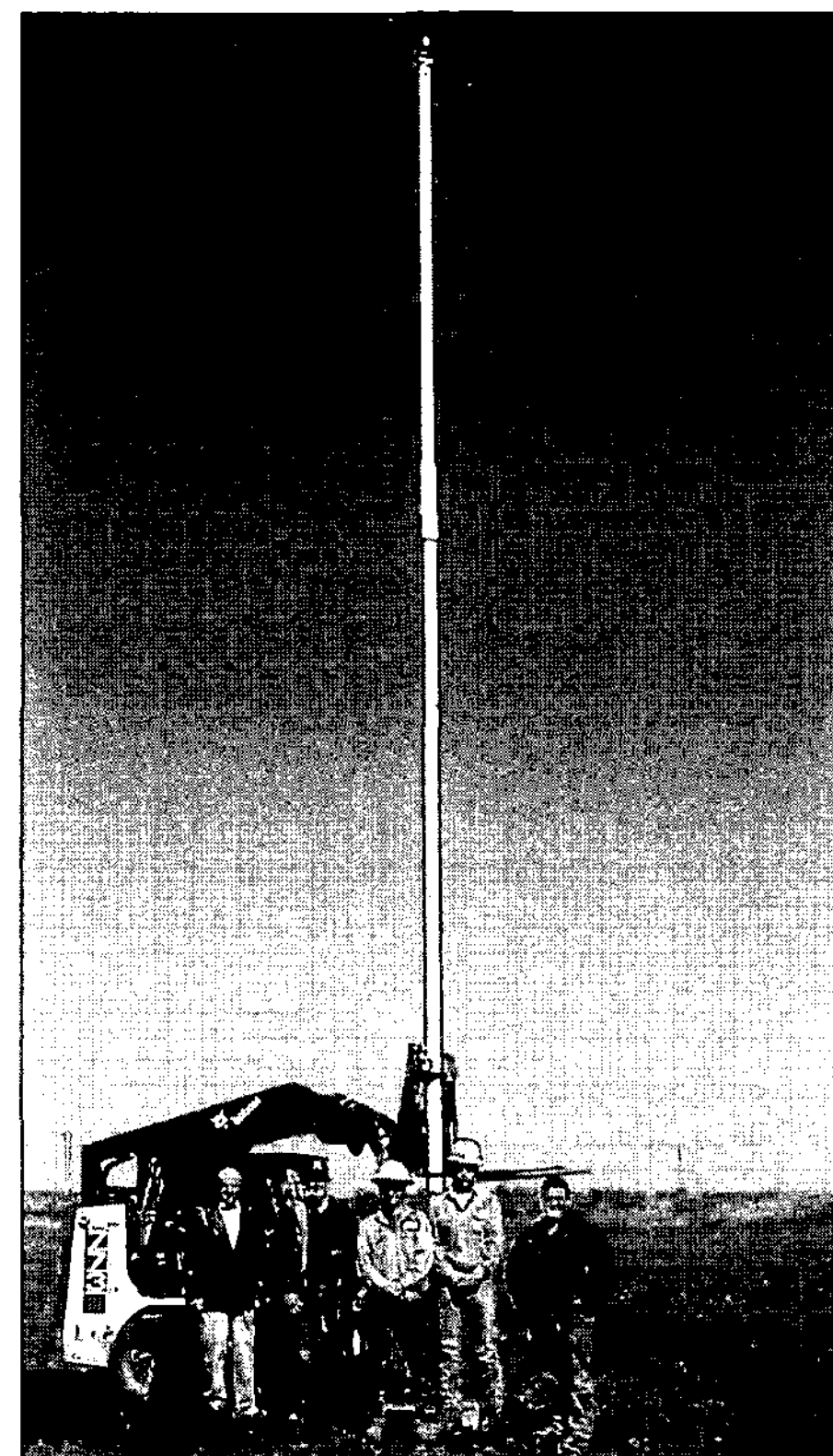
THE nominating committee (Mike Olsen, chair, Chris Day, and Roger Slusher) has assembled a list of candidates for officers and board members (except for one position), and the information about each nominee and a ballot for your vote are enclosed as inserts in this issue. Even though there is only one contested seat on the board and one position that will be filled by write-in ballots, please take time to vote and show your support for the purposes and programs of SFTA.

It is very difficult to find members who have the time to serve. These candidates who are willing to volunteer time and expense to serve a non-profit organization deserve the encouragement and support provided by participation of a large number of voters. It only takes a few minutes to vote and a few cents to return the ballot.

The ballots must be returned by July 15 to Linda Revello at SFTA Headquarters. The results will be tallied by a special committee and announced at the symposium and in the November issue of *Wagon Tracks*. Please cast your ballot.

AWARDS NOMINATIONS

PLEASE get nominations for SFTA Awards in by July 1. See details in last issue of *Wagon Tracks*. Send nominations to Leo E. Oliva, PO Box 31, Woodston KS 67675 or e-mail <editor@santafetrail.org>.



L to r: Surveyor Dexter Slagle, pole builder Leo E. Oliva, Landon Hurt and Richard Colvin of Howard County Electric Cooperative, and Frank McCreery of Boonville Ready Mix Concrete, photo by H. Denny Davis.

POLE MARKS CENTER OF FRANKLIN TOWN SQUARE WHERE THE SANTA FE TRAIL BEGAN IN 1821

ON March 16, 2005, the long-planned erection of a marker pole at the center of the original town square of Franklin, Missouri, where the Santa Fe Trail began in 1821, was completed by overseer H. Denny Davis and the crew pictured above.

The marker pole is on private property but easily visible from the nearby road. An interpretive sign will be placed at a pullout along the road to explain the significance of this marker. The pole was funded by a grant from the SFTA marker fund.

Dexter Slagle provided the survey
(continued on page 3)

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

YOUR board met in Santa Fe on April 9, 2005, at the National Park Service building on Old Santa Fe Trail. Although a few board members missed the meeting, we did have many visitors which made for a lively time. The building itself, constructed by the CCC in the late 1930s, is well worth a visit if you have not been there.

We had a long discussion of the plans for the 2007 Trinidad Symposium at the meeting. Thanks to the efforts of Richard Loudon, Dub Couch, and Faye Gaines, all of us were satisfied that this symposium will be a great success. You may recall that Trinidad was chosen as it was the site of the very first SFTA meeting twenty years ago.

I want you to make plans now to attend the 2005 Symposium at McPherson, Kansas (details and registration materials are in this issue). Janel Cook reported the plans for the symposium and it looks to be a great one. May I suggest that you think of bringing a friend or neighbor to it as well. Symposia are where we showcase our Trail and Association.

Also coming up this summer are three teacher workshops. These will be held in Independence, Larned, and Elkhart in July. Last summer's workshops were a resounding success, and I am sure that Chris Day and Marcia Fox will outdo the job they did last year. In a very minor way I am involved as well. I do the fun stuff with the GPS units in the field.

The board heard a report, as noted elsewhere in this issue, that Denny Davis and others erected a marker pole in the center of the town square in what was the original town of Franklin, Missouri. It was from this small frontier town that William Becknell began his trip in 1821 to Santa Fe. I am very pleased with this accomplishment!

We also heard from John Atkinson concerning the marker complex to be constructed at Gardner, Kansas. When completed this complex will provide a model for a series of such sites along our Trail. I wrote you about possible other sites in an earlier *WT*.

And, finally, I recently heard from

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

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VISIT SFTA ON THE INTERNET

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

Faye Gaines. I hope she does not mind me passing along what she said. She wants to form a committee to develop plans for a marker complex (a la Gardner) at Watrous, New Mexico. She said we should push ahead and not wait for the Park Service to do it. Faye and the rest of you should know that it is we in the Association that know the Trail best. We all must, as Faye did, take the initiative when we think things need doing. I have talked to others along the Trail about markers and each thought it was a good idea but nothing happened. They, too, were waiting for someone else to take the initiative. Take heed folks, YOU must take the initiative. The Park Service has been generous in funding many of our markers, but in every case it was we who initiated the project.

—Hal Jackson

MANAGER'S COLUMN

THE following is the report I delivered to the SFTA Board of Directors in Santa Fe. There have been several projects in the works over the last few months, and the following I hope will serve as a sort of "state of the Union" update on them.

On an Association level, I have been concentrating on several projects which I believe will encourage a greater participation by simplifying the processes.

(1) John Schumacher and I have clarified the procedures for applying for SFTA Marker Fund grants. The Fund has largely been underutilized

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Membership Categories

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

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and, after examination, it was determined that an excessive number of forms were being required and that the complexity of the wording could be simplified. After consultation with the NPS, we have updated the forms and eliminated several of them. These have since been distributed to the chapter presidents. John was a great help on the project, and hopefully, the funds will soon find worthy projects among those chapters who have not yet availed themselves of this resource.

(2) The Speakers Bureau has been revamped and the contact information has been expanded and updated, so there is no longer a need to use an Ouija board to contact them. The new list reflects a few regulars, but also a fair amount of new blood. The procedure for a request has also been clarified, and the forms have been revamped so that they can be submitted electronically. The Bureau's list is an ongoing project, and members are encouraged to submit candidates for inclusion.

Toward the end of 2004, six of our chapters or SFTA committees turned in grant requests for the "Save Our History" campaign funded by The History Channel. Our six grant requests were as innovative as any, and the grant requests were done in a remarkably short space of time. There were reportedly 699 applications for the \$250,000 total dollars, of which we were not one of the 29 awarded; nevertheless, the people who worked on them: John Atkinson, Vernon Lohrentz, Carol Retzer, Chris Day, Janet Armstead, Marcia Fox, Don Cress, and all the others did a super job, and it was a pleasure working with them.

Shortly after the beginning of the year, our Webmaster for both the SFTA and Pike Bicentennial Websites resigned because of a change in business commitments. I am happy to report that, after a bit of scrambling, we now have a new SFTA Webmaster named Holly Nelson, who is anxious to come aboard. Our Website is in need of a serious makeover, and we have requested what we believe are sufficient monies to establish a site that will serve as a major portal for Santa Fe Trail information, as well as showcase the Association and the chapters. Until the money requested has been actually

budgeted, we will have to be content with simple updates to the current site, as we have only a small operating budget for simple maintenance; however, once the requested funding is in place, the major redesign will be available within a few months. A new addition to the website will be a master "national" calendar of all SFTA and chapter events, which will be available for easy member and non-member access via the Web.

I was able to visit a number of the chapters at both ends of the Trail during the months of Dec.-Jan., and look forward to spending a lot more time on the road as summer approaches.

The Pike Bicentennial Project

As the "official" bicentennial organ of the Pike Bicentennial, the SFTA-staffed Pike Commission has embarked on a number of projects to determine the most efficient and effective way to deploy our somewhat resource-handicapped efforts. Perhaps if the "Light of Reality" shone a bit brighter on the subject, it would reveal the fact that we are idea-rich and penurious as church mice. Nevertheless, the scene is not without forward motion:

(1) In December, I made a fact-finding trip to that bosom of Pikedom, the state of Colorado, to ascertain the extent of interest and level of local/regional planning for the 2006 segment of the Bicentennial, as well as to develop a database of contacts along the Pike route. I was able to identify four viable centers of activity: Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Alamosa, and the four-county area of the southeast corner of the state, and the Commission is developing plans in coordination with them for 2006. This area has particular relevance for the Santa Fe Trail itself, as portions of it run through the Bent's Fort Chapter area.

(2) In January, I met with Pike Commission members Craig Crease and Ramon Powers, as well as members of the Kansas State Historical Society and various Missouri historical entities. Craig and Ramon have been extremely helpful with their efforts to help plan a promotional packet for us to campaign in an effort to secure funding. This "Pike-in-a-box" collateral piece is a critical component to selling the Pike story to

foundations and government officials not familiar with Zeb's activities beyond this famous mountain namesake (which, regrettably, is more often than not the case). Currently, the packet project is 75% complete, pending some monographs and maps.

(3) Thanks to the National Park Service, we have secured funding for a respectable Web site to showcase Pike in general, and the Bicentennial in particular. We have likewise secured a new Webmaster to replace the now-resigned Howells. Our new Pike webmaster, Holly Nelson, will begin building the site once I can be certain that I have secured rights to a number of graphics that will be a key part of the overall design. Actual construction of the site will begin in April, and should take less than 30 days to be on line.

(4) We have secured a "signature" artist for the bicentennial, Michael Haynes, a nationally renowned historical artist who was the principal graphic interpreter for the Lewis and Clark national celebration.

(5) On April 6, I will be meeting with the Summerlee Foundation, a Texas-based philanthropical group, to discuss funding opportunities for Pike-related projects.

We are, in the oft-quoted words of Pike's scene-stealing and grant-fund-preempting contemporary, Meriwether Lewis, "proceeding on."

—Clive Siegle

FRANKLIN MARKER POLE

(continued from page 1)

on an expenses-only basis. Leo Oliva, the rural electric coop, and the ready-mix concrete company donated their services. Landowners Bob and Joyce Biesemeyer kindly granted permission to erect this pole in their field.

The survey, which also identifies the four corners of the original town square, has been recorded at the county courthouse. Steel plates were buried at each of the corners.

Special thanks is extended to all who helped with this project.

MAKE YOUR MARK BY
REMEMBERING THE
SFTA IN YOUR WILL

LAURA JACKSON

Laura Diane Jackson, daughter of SFTA President Hal and Beverly Jackson, died March 17 at the home of her parents after a two-year battle with brain cancer. Laura was born May 8, 1964. She held degrees from the University of California at Riverside and University of Texas. She taught French, most recently at St. Michael's Academy in Austin, TX. She was an innovative and creative teacher who thrived on the excitement generated by her students as they developed proficiency in a second language and realized the possibilities that such ability provided.

Laura was a dedicated athlete who loved nature, spending much of her free time hiking, running, rowing, swimming, and cycling. She was an active volunteer for a number of charitable organizations wherever she lived.

Sympathy is extended to her family and friends. Memorials are suggested to the SFTA Laura Jackson Education Memorial Fund (send to SFTA, RR-3 Box 137, Larned KS 67550) to be used to assist with teacher workshops and other education projects of the Association.

CHARLEY TAYLOR

SFTA member Charley Taylor of Bloomington, Indiana, died March 9, 2005, at age 79. He was the retired president of Black Lumber Company and active in many fraternal and charitable organizations. He attended several SFTA meetings and will always be remembered for the nice bottle of wine he presented as a gift. Condolences are extended to his wife Ethlyn, children Lynda and Charles, grandchildren, and many friends.

HARRY VINSON

SFTA charter member Harry Wayne Vinson, who was at the first symposium in 1986 and many thereafter, died October 20, 2004, at age 81. He was born and grew up on the family farm near Garfield, Kansas, which included a portion of the historic Santa Fe Trail. Following college (he lettered in basketball at both Kansas State University and Fort Hays State University) and a

brief career as a teacher and basketball coach, including time at Larned High School, Harry and his family moved to Denver where he was a salesman in the steel business until his retirement. He had a special interest in the Santa Fe Trail, traveled it extensively, and enjoyed the SFTA symposiums and rendezvous. He will be missed at our Trail gatherings. Sympathy is extended to his family and friends.

THANK YOU

Special thanks to the many members who sent cards and letters about Laura. We also appreciate the establishment of the SFTA Laura Jackson Education Memorial Fund and thank those who have contributed. It is so gratifying to have such support at a time such as this.

—Hal & Bev Jackson

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, several designated for the Laura Jackson Education Memorial Fund:

Sharon Lee Boyd
Betsy Crawford-Gore
Leo and Bonita Oliva
Reed and Ruth Peters
Felix and Linda Revello
Santa Fe Trail Historical Society,
Inc., Baldwin City, KS

JON BAUMAN BOOK TOUR

by Jon Bauman

[SFTA member Bauman of Dallas, TX, recently traveled the Trail to promote his historical novel, Santa Fe Passage, available from Last Chance Store. He was asked to share his experiences with our readers. Thanks Jon.]

WHY don't you do a book tour down the Santa Fe Trail," my editor said.

"Geez, Mac, you're in New York and you don't realize how long that trip would be," I answered.

"I've got an article from the *New York Times*. Says four ladies in their seventies hiked the Trail. Are you such a wimp that you can't even drive it?"

"Lemme think about it," I said, and hung up the phone.

Before I started writing my historical novel, *Santa Fe Passage*, I had spent almost three years researching the Trail, reading some one hundred books and every edition of *Wagon Tracks*; soaking up the wisdom of Marc Simmons, Mark L. Gardiner, Mike Olsen, Leo E. Oliva and other scholars. And I spent two weeks driving down the Trail; stopping at every historical marker and point of interest suggested by Marc Simmons in his excellent guide book, *Following the Santa Fe Trail*. But that was a business trip, I thought. It might be fun to go back down the Trail without having to worry about studying every detail that I thought would fit in my novel.

My first contact was an e-mail to Leo Oliva, who I had never met, but who, I suspected, was a major mover and shaker behind the Santa Fe Trail Association. Leo answered immediately, offering to help me set up book signings along the Trail.

My second contact was to my cousin, Emily Bauman Lyons, who lives in Chester, Illinois. Emily is the County Historian of Randolph County, and she loves her County as much as Leo loves the Trail. The early chapters of *Santa Fe Passage* are set in Kaskaskia, Illinois, a Randolph County town that, in its heyday—in the early 1800s—was an important Mississippi River port and the first Illinois state capital. But floods washed the town away in the late 1800s.

"I've read your book," Cousin Emily said, "and the folks around here would love to have the son of a native [my father] come and talk about how Kaskaskia was one of the early outfitting towns for the Trail."

In early March, 2005, I flew from my home in Dallas to St. Louis and drove to southern Illinois. My trip to Chester was a whirlwind. Emily had lined up four speeches and an interview on a radio talk show. The local papers had mentioned the talks, and we had excellent turnouts. Not many of my listeners knew much about the Trail. Some thought it was a cattle trail like the Chisholm or an immigrant trail like the Oregon. Hopefully, I set them straight and enlisted a few more devotees to the ro-



Jon Bauman autographing books for Dennis Marlin at Larned.

mance of the Santa Fe Trail.

I got to my next stop, Topeka, the night before the talk, checked into the hotel and went to the last hockey game that the Topeka Tarantulas will ever play. The team, it seems, was broke and, adding insult to injury, it lost in overtime.

The next day, I spoke at the Topeka & Shawnee County Public Library, where the very professional staffers had turned out a good crowd. By then, I was beginning to feel like the Trail's piper.

Next, I went to Council Grove, a town steeped in history. As I crossed the Neosho River and passed by the Last Chance Store, I could almost see the prairie schooners and the hard-bitten teamsters who had taken the same path 175 years ago. Before my talk that evening, Mary Honeyman, director of the Kaw Mission Museum, took me to dinner. The restaurant was housed in a 150-year-old stone building that looked out over the Trail.

My next stop was Larned, where David Clapsaddle and my fellow members of the SFTA were my hosts at the Jordaan Library. If anyone ever needs public relations advice, David is the man to see. He turned out two newspaper reporters and a cameraman from the local PBS station. I'd guess that about fifty people showed up for the talk, some driving in the rain for two hours to get there. I'm a Texan, and we don't mind driving long distances. It seems that our Kansas brethren think the same way.

I went back up the Trail to Independence to speak at the National Historic Trails Museum, where John Mark Lambertson and Richard Edwards had organized a book signing. I ended the tour in Santa Fe at a

wonderful party hosted by two old friends from the University of Texas, Ricki and Webb Sherrill. Inez Ross—the hiker who inspired my book tour—came and gave me a copy of the journal she had kept of her march up the Trail. George Donoho Bayless, the president of the End of the Trail Chapter, was busy that night, but was good enough to come by my hotel the next morning to get his copy of *Santa Fe Passage* autographed.

On my research trip down the Trail several years ago, I did not have introductions to people who live up and down it. But, on this trip, I met a lot of genuinely fine people in the towns along one of America's most dramatic stretches of highway. And they are living stimulating and interesting lives, at least in part because they are passionately interested in the Santa Fe Trail and the preservation of its epic history.

SFTA BOARD MEETING EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

by Mike Olsen

AT the April 9, 2005 meeting of the Board of Directors of the Santa Fe Trail Association, it was moved, seconded, and approved that:

"The Santa Fe Trail Association Board of Directors thanks the Bent's Fort Chapter for sponsoring the 2007 Symposium and encourages it and its organizing committee in their plans."

"The Santa Fe Trail Association shall be the signatory agency for the Gardner Wayside Exhibit Project with the result that an account will be established into which money designated for the project will be deposited and from which bills relating to the project will be paid."

"The Santa Fe Trail Association designates \$4,000 from its marker fund in support of the Gardner Wayside Exhibit Project."

FORT LEARNED

—TEACHER'S TRADING POST—

Chris Day, Editor

Santa Fe Trail Teacher Workshops

THREE Santa Fe Trail Teacher Workshops will be presented 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.

The workshops are 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 are sponsoring these workshops.

Last year a total of 55 participants attended the three workshops which were located in Council Grove, Kansas, Lamar, Colorado, and Las Vegas, New Mexico.

There is a workshop fee and college credit is available.

Brochures were sent out to several schools along the Trail, but in case you didn't receive one and would like to register for the workshop, please contact Marcia Fox at (785) 456-9763. E-mail addresses are <foxm@usd320.com> or <Foxmjr@wamego.net>.

Laura Jackson Education Memorial

The education committee of the Santa Fe Trail Association has also established the Laura Jackson Education Memorial Fund. She was an outstanding teacher. The money collected for this fund is to help give teacher(s) a stipend to attend Santa Fe Trail education workshops, rendezvous meetings, or symposiums. For more information on this, please contact Chris Day at (785) 456-8254. E-mail addresses <dosdays@kansas.net> or <christineday@usd475.org>. To contribute to this fund, send payment to SFTA, RR 3 Box 137, Larned KS 67550, and note that it is for this special fund. Thanks.

¿Porqué Monterrey?: The Death and Mysterious Burial of Merchant Manuel Alvarez, Part I

by Mary Jean Cook

[SFTA member Mary Jean Cook of Santa Fe is best known for her writings on the Sisters of Loretto in New Mexico and for identifying the carpenter who built the spiral staircase in Loretto Chapel. She has written many articles for Wagon Tracks. Thanks to her for offering this material for publication here. She especially recommends the following publications for gaining an understanding and appreciation of the history of crypto-Jews in New Mexico: Martin Cohen, *The Martyr: The Story of a Secret Jew and the Mexican Inquisition* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2001) and Stanley M. Hordes, *To the End of the Earth: A History of the Crypto-Jews of New Mexico* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2005).]

Introduction

by Marc Simmons

Mary Jean Cook having earlier researched the lives of several people associated with the end of the Santa Fe Trail—doña Tules Barceló, François-Jean Rochas, and others—here turns her attention to an intriguing mystery surrounding the burial of prominent Trail trader Manuel Alvarez. By using questions that cannot now be answered, she puts the matter on the table, thereby allowing others to examine and ponder available evidence.

¿Porqué Monterrey?

HISTORIANS have portrayed Spaniard Manuel Alvarez as a fur trapper, highly successful merchant, local politician, acting-United States consul in New Mexico prior to the Mexican War, devout Catholic, and pivotal *ciudadano* or citizen of Santa Fe between 1824 and 1856. His business and personal papers in the New Mexico State Archives are extensive and intriguing. They include correspondence with Daniel Webster, Josiah Gregg, and other well-known figures of the era. Alvarez's will and genealogy are among the nineteenth-century New Mexico wills and testaments. In 1843 his family tree was drawn in Bayonne, France, on the Spanish-Atlantic border.¹

Throughout his three decades in

northern New Spain and later New Mexico Territory, nevertheless, Alvarez seems to have carefully expunged any correspondence or association that he apparently believed might sully his legacy in history. On July 5, 1856, he died in Santa Fe in the belief he had achieved his goal. Future historians would surely characterize him as he wished to be remembered—an erudite and influential Spaniard, who also spoke English, Spanish, Latin, and French. Yet, we must wonder what secret possibly motivated the 40-year-old Alvarez to write in 1834, "of all wretched situations, distrust, where one is compelled to confide, is the most painful."²

When Alvarez could no longer exercise the meticulous control he had exerted during his lifetime, an official Mexican publication noted the details of his apparent covert burial in Monterrey, Nuevo León, Mexico. The perhaps unanswerable question remains, "Why Monterrey?" Nothing in the Alvarez estate indicates any personal or business relationship in Monterrey.³ So why the cloak of secrecy surrounding his early life in Mexico and ultimate burial there? History's unsolved mysteries endure.

Indeed, Manuel Alvarez did not anticipate the news of his lashing and burial in Mexico ever reaching northern New Mexico, particularly after his church-recorded death in Santa Fe. The protestant William G. Ritch, former secretary of New Mexico Territory and acting governor, noted in his papers the following found in the *Santa Fe Gazette* of late December 1857, an entire year and a half after Alvarez's death: "Under the head of 'Evangelical Piety,' the Monterey, Mexico, *El Rifle* has the following notice of a barbarous action by the Priests of that city.

"The parish priest of Colima charged the family of the unfortunate Gen. Don Manuel Alvarez two thousand dollars for the burial of the deceased lashed with a whip in atonement for his sins. These barbarities, worthy only of the inquisitorial epoch, deserve the severest punishment. The insolency of the clergy

increases daily and the patience of the people is nearly exhausted."⁴

Secretary Ritch failed to comment on a plausible reason for Alvarez's burial in Monterrey rather than in Santa Fe, if in fact he knew. When Manuel Alvarez arrived on the North American continent in 1818 at age 24, the waning Mexican Inquisition might have been nipping at the heels of the Spanish immigrant. Ostensibly, the Mexican Inquisition ended around 1833, 23 years before the death of Alvarez. According to author Seymour Liebman, many Jews went to Monterrey and surrounding areas in northern Mexico. "There . . . the Jewish community spawned many great industrialists and leaders of Mexico in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."⁵

Liebman continues: "The incompetency of the Inquisition officials in the areas distant from Mexico further impeded the effectiveness of the Holy Office [of the Inquisition]. This explains in part why the Jews of Nuevo León and its capital, Monterrey, lived free of molestation. Many of the leading families that are now Catholic or Protestant descended from the crypto-Jews who came to Monterrey. . . . These Jews aided in making Nuevo León the leading, most progressive of the twenty-nine states of modern Mexico."⁶

A prominent name linked to the seventeenth-century history of Monterrey was Governor Luis de Carvajal de la Cueva. New Mexico poet and scholar Fray Angélico Chávez claimed a direct descendancy to the Carvajal family who were lashed and burned at the stake by the Inquisition.⁷

Twenty days prior to his death on July 5, 1856, the *peninsulare* or Iberian-born Manuel Alvarez dispatched a messenger to "Sr. Dn. [Señor Don] H. Mercure," whose store-cantina occupied the south side of Santa Fe's plaza since the 1840s. Apparently, Alvarez was unable to walk the relatively short distance from his home, known as Waverly House on the west side of the plaza, to the French-Canadian Mercure brothers' establishment owned by Henry and Joseph.

The Mercure cantina was the scene of the killing in 1854 of cross-country trailsman François X. Aubry by Richard Weightman, editor of *Amigo del Pais*, an Albuquerque newspaper. An argument ensued whereby Weightman threw his whiskey in Aubry's face. A misfiring of Aubry's gun sent a bullet into the ceiling and Weightman fatally stabbed him with a Bowie knife."⁸

The 62-year-old Alvarez had sent a messenger with a note instructing Henry Mercure to give the bearer 24 varas (approximately 22 yards) of linen of "good quality." As an astute Santa Fe merchant for 30 years, Alvarez well knew that Jewish merchants in Rouen, France, made the finest linen available. Merchants carried this linen up *El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro* (the Royal Road to the Interior) into Santa Fe for several centuries. In 1856 and perceiving his death as imminent, Manuel Alvarez conceivably intended the linen to be used as a winding-sheet (shroud) for his soon-to-be-lifeless body.⁹

During the final three days preceding Alvarez's demise, including the day of his death on July 5, Dr. E. H. Abadie paid eight visits. He cupped the patient and administered necessary medicines, which may have included laudanum or morphine. Cupping was an early treatment to increase blood circulation and to relieve pain. The French surgeon Eugene Abadie charged the Alvarez estate \$33 for his medical services.¹⁰

The French Reverend Etienne Avel recorded the death of Alvarez in the burial book of the Archives of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe.¹¹ Two years later, in August 1858, the wealthy Father Avel died from drinking mysteriously poisoned wine intended for another priest during a Mass in Mora, a village north of Las Vegas, New Mexico.¹² While Avel's entry in the church burial book for Manuel Alvarez, witnessed by Carlos [Blumner?] and José Mercure, specifies no place of burial, the Alvarez estate on August 6, 1856, was debited \$250 for "church services" in the old mud parroquia or parish church.¹³ On that date the estate paid \$240 for *inter-ring* "Don Manuel Chavez." We, of course, now know that Alvarez was *not* interred in Santa Fe. The Rever-

end Father Avel was aware of the fact when his pen touched the page in the Archdiocesan burial book. Why then did Avel incorrectly use the name of Chavez rather than Alvarez? Was this erroneous entry to deceive the newly-arrived Bishop Jean-Baptiste Lamy, and if so, why? Was Lamy a collaborator in the Alvarez burial conspiracy?

Even more curious is a notation in the estate expenses in the Alvarez papers indicating that Bishop Lamy's debt to Alvarez of \$2,055 was paid in full, including interest. Perhaps the altered entry was a negotiated compromise. Did Bishop Lamy, always in desperate need of funds, suddenly obtain the very large sum of money as a debt forgiven by the estate without written proof of the deception, thus leaving no one the wiser of the scheme? Clearly, Father Avel, Carlos [Blumner?], and merchant Joseph Mercure possessed prior knowledge of the events which unfolded immediately following the death of the highly-respected Alvarez.

A second incident involving a participant in the Alvarez burial affair transpired seven years later in August 1863. According to Judge Joab Houghton, Joseph Mercure went "raving crazy." He claimed that he was the president of Santa Fe and assaulted a Fort Marcy army officer. The self-proclaimed president issued an "official" proclamation granting statehood to New Mexico and subjugating all army officers to his command. Santa Feans banded together and demanded the removal of the deranged citizen out of town.¹⁴ While en route to an asylum in St. Louis, Joseph Mercure died on the Santa Fe Trail near the Arkansas Crossing. The brother returned Mercure's body to Santa Fe and buried it in the San Miguel Mission cemetery.¹⁵

In 1856 was the body of Manuel Alvarez placed in a lead- or zinc-lined coffin and perhaps filled with whiskey as was known to have been done for long trips on the Oregon and Santa Fe Trails?¹⁶ A "coffin case" (an outer case?) was built by James H. Clift, a roomer in the Alvarez plaza home. Louis Hanson was paid \$5.00 for shaving and washing the dead Manuel Alvarez.¹⁷

The wagon journey of the deceased Santa Fe merchant encom-

passed 1,000 or more miles in the searing heat of mid-summer. From Santa Fe the body of Alvarez was likely taken southward by wagon to *Paseo del Norte* (El Paso) and from El Paso east on the old El Paso-San Antonio road. Another possible route might have been via Chihuahua, 237 miles farther south of El Paso, then eastward to Monterrey.

In late May 2004 I traveled to Monterrey to locate the grave of Manuel Alvarez. I also visited the archives of the Universidad de Monterrey. In searching several Monterrey cemeteries I found not one but three Manuel Alvarazes buried in the same grave in Panteón de Dolores. Similar to some Europeans, Mexicans layer their burials.¹⁸ Records show that the first burial, termed "historic" by cemetery officials of today, is mysteriously identified in the Monterrey records by name only. No year or other information is given. This may be the burial site of Santa Fe merchant Manuel Alvarez. The second Manuel Alvarez was buried February 2, 1936, and the third, August 23, 1949. Were these men somehow related? A genealogical study might shed light on this issue. The last and most recent burial in the Alvarez grave was that of Colonel Eduardo Treviño.¹⁹

The Mexican revolt against Spain in 1821 was brewing at the time of Alvarez's arrival in 1818. The years Alvarez spent in Mexico presently remain enigmatic. Did he marry a woman in Mexico and did they have children between the years of 1818 and 1823 or did he have relatives living in Monterrey prior to his arrival? What was the compelling reason for Alvarez's wish to be lashed and buried in Monterrey at such great expense?²⁰ Was merchant Manuel Alvarez a crypto-Jew?

From turbulent Mexico the young Spaniard traveled to Havana, Cuba, still under collapsing Spanish rule, where he received a United States passport in 1823 from Spanish authorities. He then sailed for New York and traveled on to Missouri. In St. Louis he entered a mercantile pursuit, mingling with the noted fur trappers of the era.²¹ The lure of the fur trade enticed the young Alvarez to a new endeavor, an adventure that he never envisioned as a child in Spain.

Manuel Alvarez was born in 1794 to don José Alvarez and doña María Antonia Arias in the village of Abegas of northern Spain near today's León. No known photograph of Alvarez has as yet been found. His citizenship passport gave the following description: height, five feet two inches; color, pale; nose regular; brows black; hair black; no beard.

The multilingual Alvarez achieved wealth and political prominence in Santa Fe following his first crossing of the Santa Fe Trail in 1824.²² François Robidoux, along with Alvarez and a party of eleven other trappers, left Council Bluffs in September of that year, returning eleven months later on August 30, 1825.²³

In June 1827 a party of 17 trappers who had left Taos in April arrived in Franklin, Missouri, in mid-July after crossing Kansas on the Santa Fe Trail. It had been a highly profitable venture, the trappers and traders carrying some \$30,000 in specie and several hundred mules. Among these men was 32-year-old and single Manuel Alvarez.²⁴

Expulsion of all Spanish citizens from Mexico occurred in 1828-29.²⁵ The name of Manuel Alvarez appeared on the list of *españoles* living in New Mexico. He left his Santa Fe store, opened in 1824, and vanished into the wilds of Fort Teton on the Little Missouri and Yellowstone River. With a partner, J. Halcrow, Alvarez became a free trapper under Pierre Didier Papin and Company.²⁶

Isolation in the untamed region of today's Yellowstone National Park may have led Manuel Alvarez to seek the companionship of an Indian woman. In the Ocaté Land Grant Claim and under oath to the surveyor general, Joseph Mercure testified in 1861 that he had known Manuel Alvarez since 1848.²⁷ He also recounted that the merchant had fathered three sons, one of whom died, by an Indian woman "in the Rocky Mountains." Mercure continued, "Alvarez on his return from Europe in Dec. 1855 stated that he had seen his said two sons in Spain, and that they were doing well and were contented." Alvarez believed the children to be his own and that he should take care of them. Considering himself bound to do so, he claimed to have been formally married according to the Indian customs to the mother of the

children. Perhaps due to the *limpieza de sangre* (purity of blood) highly esteemed by Spaniards, the names of these children do not appear in the genealogy of Manuel Alvarez.²⁸ Not only were Jews prohibited from emigrating to New Spain, they could not own Spanish land grants.

By 1839 the 44-year-old Alvarez, along with Dr. David Waldo, was a principal proprietor of a wagon train of 93 men, 53 wagons, and almost 400 mules bound for Santa Fe. Forty of the wagons were described as "immense." In the winter of 1838-39 Alvarez recorded in his ledgers that he had purchased \$9,411.93 of goods in New York and Philadelphia.²⁹

In July 1856 at the time of his death Manuel Alvarez's wealth had grown to be substantial in real estate and other investments. Well-known trader John Kingsbury wrote to Josiah J. Webb, "Watts [Judge John S.] has got possession of the Alvarez [sic] Estate on Power of Atty. from the heirs, this may keep him up for a while."³⁰ Kingsbury implies that the Alvarez estate was sizable, which indeed it was—\$27,885.50. The heirs listed were Eufracio, Maria, Bernadino, Matias, Pelago, Antonio, Atanacio, and Josefina.³¹

Many unanswered questions remain concerning the perhaps unprecedented Manuel Alvarez burial in New Mexico history. Due to the secrecy of the Jewish community in northern Mexico during the early 19th-century Inquisition, there may never be conclusive evidence of why Manuel Alvarez wished his body to be taken to Monterrey to be lashed and buried.

(to be continued)

NOTES

1. On Jan. 1, 1840, Alvarez became the first *alcalde primero* (mayor) of Santa Fe. In July 1844 Alvarez mentioned in his correspondence that his cousin, Luis Arias, was the Spanish consulate in Bayonne. Alvarez Papers, Roll 1, frame 401, New Mexico State Archives (NMSA).
2. Alvarez Notebook, Dec. 28, 1834, NMSA.
3. *Peninsulares* allegedly gained wealth at the expense of the *criollos*, Mexican-born Spaniards. Seymour Liebman, *A History of The Jews in New Spain: Faith, Flame and the Inquisition* (Coral Gables, Florida: University of Miami Press, 1970), 21.
4. *Santa Fe Weekly Gazette*, Dec. 26, 1857; William G. Ritch Collection, Roll 9, n.f., NMSA. A few fragile copies of *El Rifle*, published in Tamaulipas (south of Monterrey), are extant today in the collec-

tion of the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley. Regarding the title of "General," on August 22, 1851, Facundo Pino appointed Alvarez a Brig. General. Alvarez Papers, NMSA. In the colonial era most Jews were Sephardim, meaning from the Mediterranean area. Liebman, *The Jews in New Spain*, 16. It should be noted that Father Taladrid wrote the Penitente rules for Bishop Lamy's approval. Taladrid to Lamy, Oct. 23, 1856, Loose Documents, 1850-1900, Archives of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe (AASF). The Penitentes were known for self-flagellation. The \$2,000 fee paid to the Colima priest does not appear in the Alvarez estate.

5. Liebman, *Jews in New Spain*, 274.
6. *Ibid.*, 292. Crypto, meaning hidden.
7. Angélico Chávez, *My Penitente Land: Reflections on Spanish New Mexico* (Albuquerque, 1966), 35.
8. Donald Chaput, *François X. Aubry: Trader, Trailmaker and Voyageur in the Southwest, 1846-1854* (Glendale, Ca.: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1975), 157-159.
9. Liebman, *The Jews in New Spain*, 81; Donna Pierce and Cordelia Thomas Snow, "'A Harp for Playing': Domestic Goods Transported over the Camino Real," in *El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro*, compiled by Gabrielle G. Palmer and Stephen L. Fosberg (Santa Fe: Bureau of Land Management, 1999), 81. Spanish Father Dámaso Taladrid of Taos curiously wrote Bishop Lamy of the "sudden death" of his *paisano* or countryman Alvarez. Loose Documents 1850-1900, July 14, 1856, AASF. On April 5, 1856, an expense of \$46 for "Sundries of burial expenses" is listed.
10. Santa Fe County Records, Wills and Testaments, Book B, 1856-1862, 182. In 1852 Asst. Surg. Eugene H. Abadie of the U.S. Army crossed the Santa Fe Trail with several other surgeons. Louise Barry, *Beginning of the West* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 1092.
11. Santa Fe Burials, Reel 88, fr. 34, AASF.
12. Avel's fellow priest, Pieter John Munne-cum, was charged with the murder. The Rev. Stephen Avel bequeathed \$3,000 in his will to the Sisters of Charity for a hospital. Archbishop Jean-Baptiste Lamy accepted \$2,000 for the old hospital building and surrounding land. Sister Blandina Segale, *At the End of the Santa Fe Trail* (Columbus, Ohio: The Columbian Press, 1932), 98.
13. Santa Fe Burials, Reel 88, fr. 34, AASF. Avel arrived in New Mexico in 1854 from the Department of Puy-de-Dôme, France, the same region of origin as that of Jean-Baptiste Lamy, Santa Fe's newly-arrived bishop in 1850. They both attended Clermont-Ferrand Seminary in Auvergne in central France. Appointed New Mexico territorial treasurer by Kearny in 1846, Charles Blumner handled Alvarez's business whenever he was out of town. In his biography of Manuel Alvarez, Tom Chávez suggested that he was probably buried in the *camposanto* (cemetery) of the old parroquia, around which construction began in 1869 on Santa Fe's St. Francis Cathedral. Chávez also surmised that the Alvarez obituary, which appeared in the

St. Louis Missouri Republican of August 29, 1856, "was apparently the only contemporary notice of his death." Manuel Alvarez: A Southwestern Biography, 1794-1856 (Niwot: University of Colorado Press, 1990), 225 notes 25 and 26.

14. New Mexico became a state in 1912.
15. Houghton to Kingsbury, Fort Union, Aug. 28, 1863, *Trading in Santa Fe: John M. Kingsbury's Correspondence with James Josiah Webb 1853-1861*, edited by Jane Lenz Elder and David J. Weber (Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 1996), 287; *Santa Fe Weekly Gazette*, Sept. 5, 1863, and Nov. 14, 1863; J. Robert Jones, "The President in Santa Fe," *New Mexico Magazine*, XXIX (Jan. 1951), 17. The camposanto of San Miguel Mission no longer exists and was paved over in the 1950s.
16. Oral history in the Felipe Delgado family relates that he died on the Santa Fe Trail and was buried in a coffin with whiskey. Several months later the family returned to take him back to Santa Fe and found him purportedly "perfectly preserved."
17. Santa Fe Records, Inventories and Reports of Wills and Testaments, Book B, 182, NMSA.
18. While searching for the burial of the family of François-Jean Rochas, builder of the spiral staircase in Santa Fe's Loretto Chapel, I found this to be true in France. See Mary J. Straw Cook, *Loretto: The Sisters and Their Santa Fe Chapel* (Santa Fe: Museum of New Mexico Press, rev. 2003)
19. Monterrey has a "sistema" or system of cemeteries. Interestingly, I discovered Texas Governor Pendleton Murrah (1824-1865) also interred in the Panteón Municipal Cemetery. Unionist Murrah died from tuberculosis after fleeing the Confederates. My thanks to Vice Consul Christene Hendon, American Citizen Services of the U.S. Consulate General Monterrey office, who kindly assisted me, and June Russel de Woldenberg, of the Monterrey Jewish community.
20. I spoke with several scholars of crypto-Judaic history and Catholic history. Dr. Marta Weigle, author of *Brothers of Light, Brothers of Blood* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico, 1976) was unable to answer the "why" of Alvarez's lashing and burial in Monterrey.
21. Author Tom Chávez writes of a possible relationship of Manuel Alvarez to Eugenio Alvarez, a carpenter and merchant in St. Louis. Chávez, *Manuel Alvarez*, 12.
22. There are a total of 1,553 Inquisition volumes in Mexico City.
23. Barry, *Beginning of the West*, 118. Barry notes that the pelts may have been brought in by François or Louis Robidoux.
24. Barry, *Beginning of the West*, 144-145.
25. See Marc Simmons, "New Mexico's Spanish Exiles," *New Mexico Historical Review*, 59 (Jan. 1984): 67-79.
26. Harold H. Dunham, "Manuel Alvarez" in *Trappers of the Far West* (1965; reprint, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1972), 280-281.
27. Joseph Mercure Deposition in Ocaté Land Claim, Land Grant Records, Reel 26, fr. 777, NMSA. Ocaté is approxi-

mately 23 miles northwest of Wagon Mound, NM on the Santa Fe Trail. The Ocaté Land Grant, given to Alvarez in 1837 by Gov. Manuel Armijo but not confirmed by the U.S. by the time he died, consisted of 69,440 acres.

28. Alvarez Papers, NMSA; Santa Fe County Records, Inventories and Reports of Wills and Testaments, 1846-1862, 168-169, NMSA; Liebman, *The Jews in New Spain*, 92-93. During the early years of the Inquisition the consequences of Jewish blood in a family line were disastrous. Whereupon, a family would resort to *linajudos*, forgers who manufactured immaculate lineages for hundreds or thousands of Spaniards. Bartolomé Bennassar, *The Spanish Character: Attitudes and Mentalities from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1979), 228.
29. Barry, *Beginning of the West*, 369-370; Alvarez Papers, NMSA.
30. Kingsbury to Webb, Santa Fe, Nov. 6, 1859, *Trading in Santa Fe*, 187 and 187 n. 40.
31. Santa Fe County Records, Direct Index to Deeds A-D, 1848-1934.



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

-BOOK NOTICES-

Nasario García, *Old Las Vegas: Hispanic Memories from the New Mexico Meadowland*, Spanish/English collected and translated. Lubbock: Texas Tech University Press, 2005. Pp. 302. Photos, glossary, index. Cloth, \$34.95.

For a historical period or event such as the Santa Fe Trail to come alive, one must have an understanding of the culture and life of the people. The Anglos, having the benefit of education, left a comprehensive written record. Those at the western end of the Trail were unable to do so. Dr. García's latest book does not deal with Trail days, but the memories of those he interviewed do give the reader an idea of conditions of life at that end of the Trail, lives that were rooted in customs, traditions, and language which were brought to New Mexico by the first Hispanic settlers.

Dr. García, a student of New Mexican folklore, has written three earlier books based on the oral history of his native Río Puerco Valley. He believes strongly that the Hispanic heritage of the Southwest, which is rapidly disappearing, should be preserved. This bilingual

volume includes oral accounts of 20 men and women born between 1896 and 1929 in San Miguel County and who resided in Las Vegas in the 1990s. These native Spanish-speakers belong to a generation who represent the last remnants of centuries-old Hispanic culture and language in the region. Their reminiscences, presented in Spanish and also translated into English by García, primarily focus on the many facets of life in the Hispanic community of the early 20th century and give insight into the complexities of a Hispanic culture which no longer exists in Northern New Mexico.

The oral accounts are divided into seven chapters dealing with country life, education, folk healing, witchcraft and superstition, religious ceremonies and customs, politics, and folk sayings and riddles. Nearly half of the interviewees are women, one of whom proclaimed "We worked as hard as the men" (p. 35). This same woman, Jesusita Aragón, worked as a midwife or *partera* for over 81 years (a biography of this remarkable woman was written by Fran Leeper Buss, *La Partera: Story of a Midwife*, Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1980), aiding in the delivery of the first of the 45,927 children she helped into the world at the age of 14. She had dreamed of becoming a nurse. However, as pointed out in the chapter on education, it's not because Hispanics were not interested in education but that the little a child could do or earn to contribute to the survival of the family took precedence over schooling.

Many aspects of life are touched upon, from skinning a buffalo to making moonshine, as well as the superstitions and religion that permeated life; the processions during periods of drought that usually brought rain before the participants returned home, for example. A reference to the habit of making a cross with the thumb and index finger as a way of averting evil was of special interest to me because I saw this gesture made during a recent visit to Spain.

Of special interest to García is the Spanish language spoken in New Mexico. Riddles and folk sayings, important components in New Mexico Hispanic culture, oftentimes had their origin in Spain; some exist

in New Mexico virtually unchanged. A glossary juxtaposes the regional lexicon with modern usage and the English translation. A brief history of Las Vegas and the Trail connection is included. For those with an interest in the Santa Fe Trail and the Hispanic way of life of the Southwest, the stories recounted by the old-timers are fascinating and allow the reader a glimpse into a life and culture on the verge of disappearing. Highly recommended.

—Bonita M. Oliva

Michael Dickey, *Arrow Rock: Crossroads of the Missouri Frontier*. Arrow Rock: Friends of Arrow Rock, 2004. Pp. 299. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index. Paper, \$20.00, plus shipping. See special order form in this issue.

Arrow Rock is a community near the eastern end of the Trail and represents a different cultural heritage than the Southwest. Michael Dickey, site administrator of Arrow Rock State Historic Site, compiled this history as part of the 45th anniversary of the Friends of Arrow Rock. He has built on three earlier works—*History of Saline County, Missouri* (1881), Thomas C. Rainey's *Along the Old Trail, Pioneer Sketches of Arrow Rock and Vicinity* (1914), and Jean Tyree Hamilton's *Arrow Rock: Where Wheels Started West* (1963)—and relied mainly on other secondary sources to round out the history and bring the Arrow Rock story up to date. The result is an attractive and readable overview designed for the general public, featuring good maps and copious illustrations.

Arrow Rock, named for flint used to manufacture arrow points, was at the crossroads of the Missouri River and the Santa Fe Trail. The town, first called Philadelphia, was founded in 1829. It boomed until the Civil War, when the abolition of slavery and construction of railroads changed everything. After losing population and suffering major fires, the town revived as a tourist attraction.

Dickey summarizes the Indian and French heritage of the area, Missouri River commerce, agriculture (the main basis of the local economy), slavery and African American heritage, town history, religion, social organizations, education, recreation,

and several famous residents of the area, including Dr. John Sappington and his anti-fever pills, three governors—Claiborne Fox Jackson, Meredith Miles Marmaduke, and John Sappington Marmaduke, George Caleb Bingham (artist and “Arrow Rock’s most famous resident,” p. 189), gunsmith John Sites, and others.

He assesses the effects of the Civil War and Reconstruction, chronicles the decline of the economy and population, and ends the book with the revival of the town through historic preservation, noting the importance of the DAR, National Old Trails Association, Huston Tavern (preserved by the state in 1923), Arrow Rock State Park (1926) now Arrow Rock State Historic Site (new visitors’ center opened 1991), WPA projects, Friends of Arrow Rock (founded 1959), Arrow Rock Lyceum Theatre (founded 1960), and designation of the town as a National Historic Landmark (1963). Heritage tourism is the modern crossroads for Arrow Rock. The many accomplishments of the Friends of Arrow Rock and this small community are truly extraordinary. All Trail travelers are urged to visit Arrow Rock and read this book.

Phyllis S. Morgan, *Marc Simmons of New Mexico: Maverick Historian*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2005. Pp. xx + 368. Illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$39.95. Special offer insert in this issue.

Marc Simmons was a founding member and first president of SFTA, and has the official title of “Father of the Santa Fe Trail Association.” He inspired the organizational meeting of SFTA with a rousing lecture about poetry and the Trail and his concluding declaration which became the SFTA mantra: “The Santa Fe Trail Lives On!” He is recognized as the historian laureate of New Mexico, a true gentleman and scholar of the Southwest, with 45 books and thousands of articles published and more in the works. His writings reach a large and varied audience. His life is devoted, as he states, to “bringing history back to life” (p. 91).

Simmons is the subject of this magnificent biography-bibliography by SFTA member Phyllis Morgan of

Albuquerque. She is a retired reference librarian, researcher, and educator. The first part of the volume is a biography of Simmons, ending with some samples from his writings which show his enthralling way with words (his research is impeccable and his storytelling skills are unmatched), and the second, larger portion, is a bibliography of nearly all of Simmons’s lifetime publications, numbering 3,261 (already out of date, of course). No one else has and probably no else ever will come close to his productivity, all completed without benefit of electrical equipment (he writes on a manual typewriter during daylight hours).

He is called a “maverick” because he is an independent scholar seeking the truth. He refuses to bend to accommodate revisionists who, he declares, “are less interested in amending the factual record than in promoting a modern political view” (p. 26).

Morgan has produced a work worthy of her subject, with focus mainly on Simmons’s research and writing plus a little about his private life. There are several things about Simmons that give insight into his devotion to history and understanding of the people about whom he writes. A few examples: Simmons lives in an adobe house and works in an adobe library he constructed. He has been an accomplished working cowboy, mule packer, and farrier. He may be the only member of SFTA who has participated in an actual cattle drive. He is fluent in Spanish and an expert on Spanish colonial culture and crafts, especially ironwork. He lived for a time at Cochiti Pueblo, where he is highly respected, and he spent time among the Navajos. He was knighted by the king of Spain for his writings about the Spanish colonial era. The roster of people Simmons has met is simply astounding.

The bibliography of Simmons’s writings, including annotations for books and major articles, fills 240 pages. No review can assess all those publications, which is why anyone interested will have to buy the book. The index covers both the biography and bibliography sections. This fine volume is a collector’s item, an excellent tribute to an outstanding scholar, and an inspiration to anyone with an aspiration to write.

THE NEW MEXICO FANDANGO

by Emily E. Kieta

[Emily Kieta, Dallas, TX, a student in the Master of Liberal Arts program at Southern Methodist University, wrote this paper in Clive Siegle's class in the fall semester of 2004. A native of Idaho with a B.S. degree in nursing from the University of Alabama at Birmingham, Emily works in a high-risk labor and delivery unit. Special thanks to her and Clive for submitting this.]

ON March 10, 1840, Josiah Gregg and the men in his wagon caravan journeying back to the states pitched camp near a ravine on the prairie. Since the night was cold and blustery, the men on sentinel sought comfort by building a roaring campfire. They all drew around its warmth for a time, until suddenly bullets came shooting into their midst. Not only had the sentinels revealed their location to prowling Indians by building their bonfire, they were so engrossed in conversation that they neglected their duties entirely and did not hear the encroaching enemy. What were they discussing? What could have been so captivating and enthralling that they inadvertently jeopardized the safety of the entire caravan? Gregg revealed that the watch had gathered around the comfortable fire and "commenced 'spinning long yarns' about Mexican fandangos, and black-eyed damsels."¹

Fandangos were a flamboyant display of the Santa Fe culture and were held on an almost nightly basis. They attracted the attention of nearly every visitor from the United States, many of whom were fascinated with the ubiquitous custom. Joseph Pratt Allyn, an American Trail traveler writing under the alias "Putnam," wrote in a letter in November 1863: "There is one institution that affords all the amusement here, save gambling, that cannot be overlooked, as it furnished the material for nine tenths of the opinions strangers form of the people: this is the baile or fandango. These entertainments take place nightly in some part of the town . . ."² Allyn suggested that the institutions of gambling and the fandango largely comprised outsiders' first impressions of Santa Fe and its people.

Gregg wrote that from his observations the term fandango does not necessarily apply to one specific dance, but usually describes "those ordinary assemblies where dancing and frolicking are carried on." He differentiates the fandango from the *baile* or ball which he observed to be "of a higher grade."³ New Mexico Territorial Secretary W. W. H. Davis, who traveled to Santa Fe in late 1853 and later wrote a book about his experiences, noted: "In New Mexico the general name of all assemblies where dancing is the principal amusement is *fandango*, which is not, as many suppose, a particular dance."⁴

Originally the term "fandango" referred to a dance brought into the West Indies by the blacks of Guinea. It was often used to describe "any sort of dance of a low order, but should be applied to a dance of the common people written in three-eight time." This dance was so practiced in the Spanish colonies in the Americas that it became "nationalized."⁵ However, in journal entries and accounts of United States citizens traveling to Santa Fe, the words *baile* and *fandango* appear to be used almost interchangeably.

Gregg remarked that almost immediately upon arrival to Santa Fe, the wagoners and traders, particularly those who were new to the Santa Fe Trail and trade, "flocked to the numerous fandangos" which were held "regularly . . . after the arrival of the caravan."⁶ In fact, one prairie traveler wrote that the feasts and *bailes* made the entire trip worth the trouble and were "rich compensation . . . for the hardships" endured.⁷

The fandango was a way of socializing and celebrating, and it was a national pastime embraced by all. Gregg noted that fandangos were "very frequent" as dancing was enjoyed by all classes and age groups throughout the country.⁸ On October 9, 1847, the *Santa Fe Republican* ran an announcement: "Something New. Hovey and Co., at the Billiard Saloon, east end of Main Street, will give a Fandango on Tuesday evening. Good music, good wine and pretty girls." The editor admitted

that the announcement was "patently Anglo-Saxon," but pointed out the underlying truth—everyone was welcome to attend a fandango.⁹ Instead of published announcements, Allyn wrote that a "bright light on the roof or in front of the portales" typically signaled fandangos.¹⁰ Often a parade of the musicians around the plaza served as both an announcement of a fandango and a general invitation.¹¹

George C. Sibley, leader of the congressionally-funded government survey of the Santa Fe Trail, 1825-1827, revealed in his diary that fandangos and *bailes* were held almost nightly. From December 7-31, 1825, Sibley personally attended at least nine fandangos. He wrote that, on the 21st, the fandango was given by the priest, while at the one held on Christmas Eve "the people dance and prayed all night."¹² His entry for Wednesday 29 December covers all of the important topics: "Fandango at Gov[ernor]r [Antonio] Narbona's. Fine day. The measles getting common here."¹³ He succinctly addressed his social life, the weather, and general health. In his New Year's Eve entry, he wrote of attending another fandango at Governor Narbona's that evening with one to follow the next night, and still one more the following night.¹⁴ The third one was to be hosted by the Americans at the governor's house.¹⁵ From these entries, the reader learns that fandangos were held by nearly anyone from the clergy to city officials to foreigners. They were held in celebration of holidays or for no reason at all on a regular weeknight.

The frequency with which fandangos were held raises the question of cost. Few direct references to the cost of hosting a fandango are available. One visitor to Santa Fe wrote that the postmaster had created a reading room as an alternative form of entertainment to the fandangos. Many magazines and newspapers, brought in on a weekly basis, were available in the "pleasant" and "elegant" rooms. In spite of the costs of the reading material and elegant furnishings, the writer notes that the establishment of the reading room was much less expensive than

the fandangos.¹⁶ Allyn reveals in one of his letters that an extremely elaborate fandango held in Peralto, one of the "wealthiest and most aristocratic places," near Albuquerque, wherein the "resources of the neighborhood were evidently exhausted" in the decoration of the dancehall. He writes that this particular dance cost almost a thousand dollars.¹⁷

Clearly fandangos were a common and distinctive aspect of Santa Fe and southwestern culture. They were held with great frequency and seemingly considerable cost. But what made them so memorable? What was the actual setting of a fandango?

Santa Fe trader James Josiah Webb, who joined the trade in the 1840s, left a description in his memoirs: "A Mexican *fandango* in those days was a curiosity. The *sala*, or dancing hall, [was] from twenty to thirty feet long, and fifteen to eighteen feet wide, with sometimes benches on the sides (but frequently without seats of any kind) and packed full, only leaving sufficient space through the center for the couples to waltz through, up and down. When the dance began, the men would place themselves in line on one side, and when the line was complete, the women would begin to rise and take their positions opposite the men, almost always in regular order without manifesting any choice of partners; and when the numbers were equal, the music would strike up and the dance proceed."¹⁸

Joseph Pratt Allyn also furnished readers with a detailed description in his letters. He depicted a long, narrow room with a stage at one end, upon which the musicians play. Benches encircled the room against the walls which were covered with cloth as high as the head to protect those in attendance from the white-wash; the floor was laid with carpet. The walls were decorated with candles, crucifixes, and "an occasional cheap print either of a saint or woman." Early in the evening, the female dancers waited on the benches chaperoned by "horrid, ugly-looking women in uglier clothes."¹⁹

Ruth Laughlin Barker, a Santa Fe historian, echoed this description, also writing of the long narrow room and cloth covered walls ringed by benches. She wrote that mothers at-

tended their daughters as it was "unheard of" for a boy to escort a girl to a dance.²⁰ The girls waited on the benches to be claimed by a partner.

The fandangos were usually open to the general public, and Josiah Gregg reported that anyone and everyone attended. At a fandango, people from every walk of life intermingled with one another: "From the gravest priest to the buffoon, from the richest nabob to the beggar—from the governor to the ranchero—from the soberest matron to the flippant belle—from the grandest senora to the *concinera*—all take part in this exhilarating amusement."²¹

Albert Pike provided a colorful description of his first experience in New Mexico in 1832: "On the evening after my arrival in the village, I went to a *fandango*. I saw the men and women dancing waltzes, and drinking whisky together; and in another room, I saw the mountebank open. It is a strange site—a Spanish *fandango*. Well dressed women—(they call them ladies)—harlots, priests, thieves, half-breed Indians—all spinning round together in the waltz. Here, a filthy, ragged fellow with a half shirt, a pair of leather breeches, and long dirty woolen stockings, and Apache moccasins, was hanging and whirling round with the pretty wife of Pedro Vigil; and there, the priest was dancing with La Altegracia, who paid her husband a regular sum to keep out of the way, and so lived with an American."²²

Webb provided similar commentary: "I have witnessed," he wrote, "some most ludicrous scenes at these *fandangos*. It was not anything uncommon or surprising to see the most elaborately dressed and aristocratic woman at the ball dancing with a peon dressed only in his shirt and trousers open from the hip down, with very wide and full drawers underneath, and frequently barefoot, but usually with moccasins. And such disparity of ages! On one occasion I saw at a ball given by Governor Armijo an old man of eighty or over dancing with a child not over eight or ten. I could not help the reflection that it was a dance of the cradle and the grave. They do literally dance from the cradle to the grave."²³

Davis observed the same things: "All New Mexicans are exceedingly

fond of dancing. . . . Every class and rank in society participate in the amusement, and very small children are seen whirling in the waltz and tripping in the dance with the same gusto as their more mature companions."²⁴

It must have been a truly astounding intermingling of society because Allyn also commented on the variety of people in attendance: "old women and young girls, mistresses and servants, mothers and children, the richest silken robes, the plainest calico, beauty and ugliness, the richest and the poorest, military and civil, all sandwiched together."²⁵

This strange intermingling of all different classes and types carried over onto the dance floor. Allyn explained that any man could ask any woman present to dance, and she could not refuse him: "The Mexican dance is the most complete democracy in practice I know of." He stated that it was not uncommon to see "the wife of a millionaire" decked in silks and diamonds twirling in the arms of the poorly-dressed farmhand. He seems to excuse this behavior with the assertion that due to the vast amount of intermarriage, nearly everyone was somehow related, and therefore the rich woman and poor man were probably family.²⁶

The fandango was truly a family affair. Mothers and their young children also lined the benches to watch the dancers.²⁷ Allyn wrote of Indians, priests, foreigners, city officials, and others in attendance, and made a special note regarding the presence of a Mormon girl.²⁸

Davis described an unusual practice that occurred at fandangos during the Lenten season: "During the season of Lent there prevails a custom of the baile-going people providing themselves with egg-shells filled with Cologne water, and other sweet-smelling articles, which they break over the heads of their friends as a matter of fun, and the operation is looked upon as a capital joke." Davis did not think it very funny when it happened to him, but he later joined in and returned the favor.²⁹

Richard Wilson, another Trail traveler, noted that many dancehalls or *salas* had earthen floors, and that after "the giddy waltz" the dust from the floor filled the room, which "gave

a mysterious and romantic effect to this assembly room *stampedo*.”³⁰ Allyn also declared that, between the smoke from cigars and *cigarritos* and the dust in the air, the huge flag hung on the far end of the dance hall “was as much obscured as by the smoke of battle.”³¹

Very few women from the U.S. traveled over the road to Santa Fe prior to the 1850s, and Susan Shelby Magoffin, 19-year-old wife of trader Samuel Magoffin, was one of those few and the only one who kept a detailed diary of her journey. She also witnessed and commented on the fandango (unfavorably, noting that she attended but had not “joined it myself”) in her diary entries for September 10-11, 1846. “Lieut. [William] Warner has waited on me this A. M. with an invitation to attend a Spanish ball given by the officers to the traders. As the only *traderess*, it would be offending in me after so polite a request, not to exhibit myself at the *managerie*, along with other bipeds of curiosity. . . . I went in of course somewhat prepared to see; as I have often heard of such a show, I knew in a measure what to look for. First the ballroom, the walls of which were hung and fancifully decorated with the ‘stripes and stars,’ was opened to my view—there were before me numerous objects of the biped species, dressed in the seven rain-bow colours variously contrasted. . . .”³²

Susan commented further on the dress. “*Las Senoras y Senioritas* were dressed in silks, satins, gingham & lawns, embroidered crape shawls, fine *rabozos*—and decked with various showy ornaments, such as huge necklaces, countless rings, combs, bows of ribbands, red and other coloured handkerchiefs, and other fine *fancy* articles.”³³ It was somewhat difficult to see the dancers, however, for “they were entirely enveloped, on the first view in a cloud of smoke, and while some were circling in a mazy dance others were seated around the room next the wall enjoying the scene before them, and quietly puffing, both males and females their little *cigarritas* a delicate cigar made with a very little tobacco rolled in a corn shuck or bit of paper. . . . *El Senior Vicario* [the priest] was there to grace the gay halls with his priestly robes. . . . There was “Dona

Tula” the principal *monte-bank keeper* in Sant Fé, a stately dame of a certain age, the possessor of a portion of that shrewd sense and fascinating manner necessary to allure the wayward, inexperienced youth to the hall of final ruin.” After commenting on several of the army officers and their behavior, Susan noted, “in that corner sits a dark-eyed Senora with a human footstool; in other words with her servant under her feet—a custom I am told, when they attend a place of the kind to take a servant along and while sitting to use them as an article of furniture.”³⁴

Susan later attended another fandango at the Palace of the Governors, presented to the army officers by the “appointed officials and citizen merchants.” She again described the women. “They were dressed in the Mexican style; large sleeves, short waists, ruffled skirts, and no bustles—which latter looks exceedingly odd in this day of grass skirts and pillows. All danced and smoke cigarettes, from the old woman with false hair and teeth, (Dona Tula), to the little child. ‘The Cuna’ [cradle] was danced, and was indeed beautiful; it commences with only two and ends when the floor gets too full for any more to come on.”³⁵

Susan observed: “The music consisted of a gingling guitar, and violin with the occasional effort to chime in an almost unearthly voice.”³⁶ The music, according to Josiah Gregg, was played on the fiddle, bandolin or guitarra, occasionally accompanied by a little drum.³⁷ Wilson mentioned a “ragged minstrel . . . twanging the strings of a crazy guitar,” also accompanied by a drum.³⁸ Barker stated that the musicians were often “a blind fiddler and a one-eye guitarist” occasionally accompanied by an accordion player.³⁹ Sometimes a “master of ceremonies,” called a *bastonero*, would preside from the stage next to the musicians, while a “privileged jester” would ad lib musical verses about “prominent persons” on the dance floor.⁴⁰

Davis also commented on the music: “They dance and waltz with beauty and ease to the music of the guitar and violin, and sometimes these instruments are accompanied by a small drum, called a *tombé*. Some of the musicians play with con-

siderable skill, and at times I have listened to performers who would have been deemed respectable anywhere. It is customary for one or more of the players to accompany the instruments with his voice, singing impromptu words which he adapts to the music and the occasion. Most of the persons in the room receive in turn a passing compliment in his doggerel, and when the notice is particularly flattering he expects a *real* (twelve and a half cents) in return, and will not refuse a quarter.”⁴¹

For refreshments, Allyn wrote of cakes being distributed and champagne that “flowed like water.”⁴² Both Allyn and Gregg remarked that inebriety was not noted among the people and did not seem to be a problem for the society.⁴³ At the especially lavish fandango in Peralto, Allyn reported further refreshments of pork, oysters, cheese, sponge cake, and coffee. He snidely remarked, however, that “the crockery was not all of the same set and the spoons were not all the same size.”⁴⁴

Beyond the mismatched serving pieces, Allyn also gave a fairly deprecatory report of the ladies present at a Santa Fe fandango, writing: “I have never seen a really handsome woman among the Mexicans present.”⁴⁵ He went on, “Although none of the women seen here are respectable or reputable, tried by the American standard, a vulgar word or gesture is never known . . . You see many very expensive toilettes, but rarely an elegantly dressed woman.”⁴⁶ He revealed his measuring stick to be the “American standard” and further gave himself away when he deemed the ladies of Albuquerque more elegant because they were more white of skin and regular of feature.⁴⁷

He described an officer at a Santa Fe fandango who was disgusted when the young mother, with whom he had just finished dancing and flirting, silenced her crying baby “by relieving its hunger in the natural way with the most perfect abandon.”⁴⁸ He most certainly would not have seen such a thing at a dance held at home in the States.

Despite his harsh judgments of the Santa Fe women, Allyn seems to have been in attendance at more than a few fandangos. However unforgiving of Santa Fe women he was, these women seemed to embrace, or

at least overlook, any American shortcomings. "Dress," he wrote, "seems to be of no account. A lady waltzes with you in your heavy horseman's boots and dust-begrimmed clothes as graciously as though you were robed like a prince. Their patience is inimitable. I have seen a pretty girl dancing the light vendetta, which is a sort of hop waltz, with a clumsy American in heavy boots, at the evident risk of having her feet crushed if he stepped on them and yet managing to take him through somehow creditably."⁴⁹ Regardless of his mixed impressions of Santa Fe women, Allyn apparently enjoyed himself in their capable arms at many fandangos.

Richard Wilson viewed the Mexican women in an entirely different light, describing them as "slight, and almost faultless in form, with a 'laughing devil' dancing in eyes of visible darkness."⁵⁰ He praised their "profusion of dark hair," "cheeks ripened by sunlight," "a foot like a fairy's," and "a step . . . like a fawn's."⁵¹ He described how the poor and rich women alike decorate themselves with bangles of gold or silver, jewels or colored glass, silk or cotton, depending on her status, but equally beautiful.⁵²

Like Wilson, Ruth Barker took the romantic approach, describing the girls present at a fandango as "typical Spanish girls, their soft black eyes looking out of oval faces at a happy, innocent world."⁵³ She also focused on the aesthetic practices of young ladies, detailing a cosmetic applied to the face which resulted in a pale lavender cast.⁵⁴ The cheeks were rouged by pricking them with a rough mullein leaf, or with another homemade concoction called *allegria*. They washed their hair with amole root to heighten the blue-black sheen.⁵⁵ Before holiday *bailes*, they prepared their skin with clay masks with "no false modesty about appearing hideous and unsmiling for six weeks" before removing it.⁵⁶ Josiah Gregg also described the clay masks worn for weeks to prepare the skin for a particularly important feast or ball.⁵⁷

Gregg withheld description and judgment of the women present at a fandango, other than commenting on their particularly intolerable "petty vice" of smoking.⁵⁸ He mentioned

that it is not uncommon to see a woman whirling on the dance floor "with a lighted *cigarrito* in her mouth."⁵⁹ In an earlier description of Santa Fe women, he remarked that they were "about as broad-featured as the veriest Indian," and then almost begrudgingly admitted that they did "possess striking traits of beauty." He noted their remarkably small feet and "handsome figures" but quickly called to attention the fact that they were corset-less.⁶⁰

Regardless of the Anglo-Americans' impressions of Santa Fe women, the various writings reveal that the Americans were welcomed, expected to participate, and perhaps even celebrated at the fandangos. Allyn explained, "There was a *baile* in the evening, and as strangers, we had to go."⁶¹ He wrote in another letter that the fandangos seemed to be "supported by the Americans."⁶² It is also clear from his writing that he was an active participant, dancing and staying all night.⁶³ George Sibley certainly did his part, attending at least nine fandangos in less than a month, and helping host another.⁶⁴ Richard Wilson declared that the arrival of himself and presumably his companions created "quite a sensation" among the "youth and beauty" with a good deal of "rustling," "whispering," and "glancing."⁶⁵

However, fandangos were not always in tune with the "happy, innocent world" Ruth Barker described. In fact, several accounts reveal violent disturbances, particularly between females. In a January 1864 edition of the *Weekly of the Wild Frontier*, a newspaper of Santa Fe, an article was published under the headline "SHAMEFUL": "We have heard of what we hope never again will occur in Santa Fe. It is, that at a fandango, a few evenings since, two of the females became insulted and enraged at each other, and that American men present endeavored to inflame the ill will and violence of the two women, the one against the other, and that a ring was formed and knives placed in the hands of each, for a desperate fight."⁶⁶

Barker also described squabbles fueled by "quick-flaming jealousy" resulting in a severed ear or pistol shots fired outside the *sala*.⁶⁷ She wrote in a tolerant tone, "The orchestra played on and on through the

warm afternoon and night, interrupted now and then by fist fights and a flash of knives outside the door. . . . Police dated the 'nice, quiet dance' with one man killed and three severely wounded."⁶⁸ Webb, writing about the 1840s, gave a somewhat different picture: ". . . I have never seen anything lascivious or want of decorum and self-respect in any woman in a *fandango*, whatever might be her reputation for virtue outside. I have known of disorders and serious brawls in *fandangos*, but it was almost invariably where Americans and whiskey were found in profusion."⁶⁹

Allyn, in Santa Fe 20 years later, alluded to feminine violence, remarking, "the traditional fiery jealousy of [Mexican women's] Mediterranean ancestry has not all been extinguished by the darker currents of the Aztec blood." He also mentioned a "severe fight" between two women, caused by jealousy.⁷⁰

Two authors suggest that actual fights between women were not the only hazards of fandangos. William R. Goulding noted in his journal in 1849 that, though he had never seen more genteel ladies, he could not help but remark upon their practice in "the artillery of the eyes."⁷¹ Richard Wilson provided more details, offering warning after warning against women dancing at the fandango: "How charmingly she glances at the 'Americanos.' 'Take care!' she's fooling thee—beware!' As she flits like a sylph from figure to figure so she flutters like a butterfly from heart to heart. The earthen floor is the arena of all her conquests—again we say, beware! . . . There's no such thing as a heart beating beneath that rainbow-tinted zone—no softer sigh than that for conquest ever heaves that gauze-veiled bosom."⁷² Wilson's warnings may be just a product of the romantic writing-style of the time, or perhaps his heart was one of the casualties incurred at a fandango.

Based upon the descriptions of fandangos made by prairie travelers in diaries and letters, it is no wonder that most of the wagon-travelers flocked to these dances upon arrival in Santa Fe. Clearly fandangos were the showcase of the Santa Fe and southwestern cultures. Lovely women, rousing music, delicious

food, flowing spirits, and exhilarating dancing combined to create the fandango. They were held for major holidays or for no reason at all. They were family affairs where everyone was welcomed and treated as equals, regardless of occupation and station. Though the upper class flashed jewels and high-priced fashions, the lower class danced just as happily right beside them. Though most fandangos offered a good time, the notorious Hispanic passion could occasionally lead to vicious fights; however, those in attendance took these outbreaks in stride. Strangers and foreigners were not only invited but expected to come. They were heartily enveloped into the jubilant atmosphere of the fandango. It is no wonder the men in Josiah Gregg's wagon train lost themselves in conversation of fandangos that cold night in March of 1840.

NOTES

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12. Kate L. Gregg, ed., *The Road to Santa Fe: The Journals and Diaries of George Champlin Sibley and Others Pertaining to the Surveying and Marking of a Road from the Missouri Frontier to the Settlements of New Mexico, 1825-1827* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1995), 134.
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14. Ibid., 135.
15. Ibid., 137.
16. Oliver La Farge, *Santa Fe: The Autobiography of a Southwestern Town* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1959), 12.
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18. James Josiah Webb, *Adventures in the Santa Fe Trade, 1844-1847*, ed. By Ralph P. Bieber (1921; reprint, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995), 95-96.
19. Strate, *West by Southwest*, 129-130.
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21. J. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 170.
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23. Webb, *Adventures in the Santa Fe Trade*, 96.
24. Davis, *El Gringo*, 315.
25. Strate, *West by Southwest*, 141.
26. Ibid., 140-141.
27. Barker, *Caballeros*, 200; Strate, *West by Southwest*, 141.
28. Ibid., 130.
29. Davis, *El Gringo*, 316-317.
30. Richard L. Wilson, *Short Raveling from a Long Yarn, or Camp and March Sketches of the Santa Fe Trail* (1847; reprint, Santa Ana: Fine Arts Press, 1936), 123.
31. Strate, *West by Southwest*, 142.
32. Susan Shelby Magoffin, *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico*, ed. by Stella M. Drumm (1926; reprint, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1982), 116-118.
33. Ibid., 124.
34. Ibid., 118-123.
35. Ibid., 143, 145.
36. Ibid., 123-124.
37. J. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 170.
38. Wilson, *Short Raveling from a Long Yarn*, 122.
39. Barker, *Caballeros*, 213.
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41. Davis, *El Gringo*, 315.
42. Strate, *West by Southwest*, 139, 141.
43. Ibid., 139; Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 171.
44. Strate, *West by Southwest*, 142.
45. Ibid., 130.
46. Ibid., 131.
47. Ibid., 139.
48. Ibid., 141.
49. Ibid., 150.
50. Wilson, *Short Raveling from a Long Yarn*, 155.
51. Ibid.
52. Ibid., 156.
53. Barker, *Caballeros*, 200.
54. Ibid., 212.
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56. Ibid., 213.
57. J. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 154.
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63. Ibid., 150.
64. K. Gregg, *Road to Santa Fe*, 134-137.
65. Wilson, *Short Raveling from a Long Yarn*, 122.
66. Quoted in La Farge, *Santa Fe*, 17.
67. Barker, *Caballeros*, 286.
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WATCH FOR YOUNG TRAVELERS ON THE TRAIL

by Chris Day

ON June 5, 79 fifth- and sixth-grade students from north central Kansas will be heading out from Wamego, KS, on an 11-day journey following the Santa Fe Trail. The source of transportation will be two chartered busses with an entourage of two rental vans and one 24-foot U-Haul truck. They will take the Cimarron Route to Santa Fe and return on the Mountain Route.

This is the eleventh trip down the Trail for fifth- and sixth-graders since 1985. The students have been studying the history of the Trail and have completed two fund-raisers. They sold almost eighteen thousand dollars worth of Tupperware and twelve thousand dollars worth of Schwan's Frozen Foods. All participants are members of SFTA.

Several members of SFTA will be meeting with students along the way. Ralph's Ruts is always the first exciting swales for our students to see, and Jeff Trotman from Ulysses, KS, will be talking to the students at Wagon Bed Spring. The Morton County Museum in Elkhart, KS, and the Trails End Chapter in Santa Fe will each provide a meal for the students. Dan and Carol Sharp gladly receive the students so they can walk along the Autograph Rock on their ranch near Boise City, OK, and Alan and Jan Shields, with Morris Alexander as our guide, will let the students visit the site of Camp Nichols. Faye Gaines from New Mexico will have almost a hundred people gathering at her ranch below the Point of Rocks, and Lee Daniels from Wagon Mound has invited the students to come once again to his ranch to see the pristine Trail ruts. Mary and Stephen Whitmore are setting up a tour of Las Vegas and a chance to see some awesome swales in that area.

Trail leaders Christine Day and Janet Armstead are busy getting tents, food, and medical supplies ready for the Trail. Along with the two sponsors, several adults will help chaperone the students on this adventure. While on the trip, students will have to write in their journal every day, so down the road *Wagon Tracks* will be publishing a few of these diaries.

TAKING THE CENSUS AND OTHER INCIDENTS IN 1855, PART II

by James R. McClure

Reprinted from *Kansas Historical Collections*, VIII (1903-1904): 227-240,
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[McClure's memoir, including information about the Trail, Council Grove, and pro-slavery leader Fry McGee's stage station at 110 Mile Creek near present Scranton, KS, is concluded here. Thanks again to Ron Harris for submitting this item and to the Kansas State Historical Society for permission to publish it. At this point McClure is on his way to Council Grove.]

Taking the Census and Other Incidents in 1855, concluded

I felt relieved when daylight appeared, and at once saddled my horse and started for Council Grove, which I reached about noon. I stopped with T. S. Huffaker, who was in charge of a mission school established in 1850 for the Kansas tribe of Indians. Council Grove was then in the reservation set apart for this tribe. It was on the Santa Fe trail and the last place at which supplies could be procured west of Independence or Westport. Seth M. Hays established an outfitting store at that place in the fall of 1847, and kept for sale all kinds of goods needed by the constant stream of teamsters who followed this old trail. He made large profits on his goods and had accumulated quite a fortune. I was very pleasantly entertained by Mr. Huffaker during my two days' stay at Council Grove, and was interested in observing his method of teaching the Indian children who attended his school. The children appeared very dull and unwilling to be taught, and he had frequently to use the sign language to enable them to understand their lessons. I learned that it was regarded a degradation for an Indian to become educated and speak the English language. They lost caste in the tribe and were looked upon as inferior beings. Those who could talk our language were used by the chiefs and warriors as interpreters, and treated with great contempt. I observed subsequently that these educated Indians felt their inferiority and manifested a great dislike to be used as interpreters. Mr. Huffaker told me that all his efforts and arguments failed to have any effect in removing

the deep-seated prejudice of the Indians against receiving an education.

The only settlement in the eighth district was at Council Grove, with the exception of two or three settlers outside the reservation. No claims had been taken on the Neosho river as far south as the present city of Emporia. Those living at Council Grove were employed by the United States in various occupations connected with the Indians or engaged in trade with the Santa Fe trail. The total number of inhabitants in the eighth district was eight-three, including ten slaves, one of whom was owned, as I now recall, by C. Columbia, the government blacksmith for the Kansas Indians. There were fifty-six males, twenty-seven females, and thirty-nine voters.

After completing my work at Council Grove, I left early in the morning for "110." I followed the Santa Fe trail, and some eight miles from the Grove stopped at the cabin of a Mr. Baker, on Rock creek. He was at that time the only settler between Council Grove and "110." After leaving this place, I was followed by two Indians on foot for a distance of several miles. I urged my horse to a trot, and then canter, but the Indians increased their pace and appeared determined to bear me company. They were painted, had bows and tomahawks strapped upon them, and I was apprehensive they intended to waylay or rob me. I tried to ascertain their purpose in following me, but all my efforts were in vain. They either did not understand me or were not willing to let me know their object. My pistol was in easy reach and I was careful to let them see I was prepared to defend myself. I had nothing to offer them except some tobacco, and this they cheerfully accepted. After keeping by my side for some six or eight miles they suddenly turned off on a trail, probably heading to their camp. From my subsequent knowledge of the Indians I am satisfied they did not intend to harm me, but to scare me out of such presents as they were able to get from me.

The weather continued to get colder and I made as fast time as possible, so as to reach "110" before night, and, after being thoroughly chilled and nearly worn out, I arrived just about dark. I stopped at a saloon owned by Fry P. McGee, who was the leader and recognized head of the pro-slavery element in that part of the territory. There were some ten or twelve rough characters in the saloon when I entered. I determined to make myself as agreeable as possible and avoid any trouble with these men, and especially with McGee, who had been represented to me as a very desperate and quarrelsome man, and in order to propitiate them I invited the crowd to the bar and called for the drinks. I could observe that they were all more or less intoxicated. After a short time McGee asked me my name and the object of my visit, and wanted to know if I was "sound on the goose." I told him I had been appointed to take the census of that district and wanted his assistance and advice; that I was a Democrat and considered myself "sound on the goose." When he found that my appointment had been made by Governor Reeder he charged me with being an abolitionist and one of Reeder's spies. He said he had a list of the voters in the precinct and would furnish it, so as to save me all the trouble in looking them up. [Footnote: The report of the special committee on the troubles in Kansas, 1856, contains the names of 607 voters who voted at the election of November 29, 1854, at "110." (Pages 50-56.) Page 86 of the same report gives the names of fifty-two voters found by Captain McClure at "110" in February, 1855.] I told him I would be very glad to examine his list, but as I had plenty of time I wanted to visit the people and obtain information as to their nationality, age, etc., which was necessary to complete my report. McGee answered that no d—d Yankee would be permitted to spy around the place or take the names of the settlers and voters unless under his supervision.

I found it useless to argue the questions with him, and endeavored

to divert the conversation to some other subject. I could see he was determined to get me into a quarrel, and I used all the diplomacy in my power to avoid it. The most effectual way I found was to get him drunk, which I succeeded in doing without any great effort. I determined to find out as well as I could the number of persons in the place and surrounding country, and this I did without much difficulty from a free-state man who was stopping at the place, and from whom I ascertained there were but three or four settlers outside of "110," and as all the residents of the latter place visited the saloon from time to time, I could easily count them. McGee finally became so drunk that he was unable to walk without assistance, and I helped him to his residence. There I found several of his friends, including his younger brother, James McGee, who regarded me with evident distrust, and treated me as an unwelcome guest.

A short time after we reached the house, a two-horse team drove to the door, and Charles Albright and S. B. White alighted and came into the house. They appeared to be in almost an exhausted condition; they said they had lost their way on the prairie and had been wandering over the country for two days attempting to find some settlement; that they had run out of provisions were nearly famished. Albright was from Pennsylvania, to which state he subsequently returned, and was elected to Congress. S. B. White afterwards located near Ogden, and from there came to Junction City, where he continued to reside and practice law to the time of his death.

After we had supper and were warming ourselves by the fireplace, young McGee asked Albright if he was the man who attempted to preempt a claim on Switzler creek. Albright said he had some days before selected a tract of land on that creek and laid the foundation for a house, but had since concluded to abandon it and locate in another part of the territory. McGee answered that no d—d abolitionist would be permitted to settle in that part of the country; that all the lands were intended for the pro-slavery men and there was no room for any d—d Yankees. Albright tried to convince that he did

not want the claim and had already selected another one near Ogden, where Mr. White had located. McGee said he intended to preempt the 160 acres on Switzler creek on which Albright had built a foundation and it would be dangerous for any Yankee to interfere with his claim. Albright told him he was willing to give a relinquishment of all his right and title to the land, and requested him to draw up a written agreement to that effect. McGee made several attempts to write a relinquishment, but failed to word one to suit him. I volunteered to write one that I thought would be sufficient, but he was not satisfied with it, and insisted we were trying to fool him. I requested him to dictate such a paper as would be satisfactory, and this he could not do. I became angry at his repeated insults during this controversy, and finally said to him that while we desired to avoid any quarrel or trouble there was a limit to our patience. I told him that Mr. Albright had offered to do all in his power to surrender his claim to the land on Switzler creek, and if he would not except [accept] the offer, nothing further could be done, and if I was in Albright's place, I would make no further attempt to satisfy him.

McGee then turned to me and asked if I desired to take up the quarrel. I told him there had never been any quarrel on our part and that we were anxious to avoid one, but I had come prepared to defend myself, and if it became necessary would do so. McGee then said that we had not been invited to the house, and we had better leave and seek shelter somewhere else. I answered that if I knew of any other place to go I would cheerfully do so, but to go out in the storm at that time of night without knowing where we could find a house to stop at would be suicide, and that I proposed to stay all night even if I had to fight for it. Fry McGee during this time was in a drunken stupor and took no part in our controversy. After a good deal more talk, in which young McGee indulged in many vile epithets against us and Yankees in general, I concluded it was time to find some place to sleep, and inquired of those in the house where we could find a place to spend the night. One of the men said if we would follow him he would try to

show us a room. He conducted us to a vacant log cabin without furniture of any kind or even a fireplace or stove. The three of us spread part of our blankets on the floor and covered ourselves with the balance, placed our revolvers under our heads, and spent the night as well as we could with the dread of assassination constantly in our thoughts, awake or asleep.

We arose early in the morning and determined to leave just as soon as we could get off. I met Fry McGee and endeavored to obtain the names of the persons found at "110." [Footnote: By C. R. Green, historian, Lyndon, Osage county: "110 Crossing."—so named about 1840, from the fact that at this stream, the most important tributary of the Osage river from the north, 110 miles from the Sibley landing, east of Independence, on the Missouri river, the Santa Fe trail from the east came down off the divide, crossed the stream, and from its west bank the Mormon trail diverged, bearing away to the northwesterly direction across the Kansas river and up the Republican valley, while the Santa Fe trail bore westward, with Switzler's crossing the next station, and Council Grove beyond.

"110 Crossing" is in the southeast quarter of section 1 township 15, range 16, Osage county. It is easily found, being two and one-half miles east of Scranton, a town on the Santa Fe railway. At the present day, as seventy-five years ago, the public travel follows a diagonal road from northeast to southwest through a part of section 1, crossing about the same place on a bridge as forty-seven years ago, when McGee put in his first bridge. It is one of the two well-known permanent trail markers of Osage county; Santa Fe avenue of the city of Burlingame, which was founded in about 1856, at Switzler's crossing, being the second.

A white man by the name of Richardson married a Shawnee squaw and settled here, opening up a little farm in the late '40's or early '50's. Fry P. McGee and family, of Westport, Mo., journeying to Oregon and back in 1849-'50, recognized the commercial value of such a location near the north line of the Sac and Fox reservation, and bought him out. I believe Richardson had a partner,

also a "squaw man." No other could move here on the Shawnee reservation until it was opened for settlement. July, 1854, Fry P. McGee, wife and three daughters came here. Mr. McGee died September 19, 1861. I believe his widow is yet alive in their old Kansas City home. One daughter, Mrs. Sophia Berry, lives in Burlingame. Another daughter, America, married Wm. D. Harris, who settled on part of the McGee farm in 1857, and lived there until 1870. Some of his children live in the county yet.

In the territorial election of November, 1854, "110" voting precinct, one of only some seventeen in the territory, gained an unenviable reputation. Horace Greeley, in his history, even choosing it of all Kansas voting-places to show the great disregard of law and order that the pro-slavery forces of Missouri had, coming here the day before election and casting 587 fraudulent votes out of a total of 607.

Mr. McGee was determined from the first that no abolitionist should settle on the "110"; but with a rough exterior, a slave-owner, and quite partisan in politics, the early settlers in time found him to be kind-hearted, honest, and never known to shed blood. In 1856 it was known as Richardson post-office. No less than three towns were projected, boomed and went to the wall in the first twelve years in and about this place, viz.: Prairie City, Washington, and Versailles. At least two of these had a number of settlers and lots of history. Members of the family still own land there, and Harris's old stage station and stone barn yet stand, monuments to the departed glory of "110 Crossing."]

He refused to give me their names or answer any questions concerning them. All the other parties declined to give me any information, except one who claimed to be a free-state man, and from him I got all the data I was able to obtain. From his statement, and my own observation, I found, as near as I could approximate, 118 residents in the seventh district—eighty-two males, thirty-six females, and fifty-two persons entitled to vote.

The distance from "110" to Lawrence, where I intended to go, was about forty miles. The weather was

very cold, and the high wind filled with particles of snow was blowing from the northeast, but I preferred to face the severe weather, rather than remain at McGee's place. I left about nine o'clock in the morning, following the Santa Fe trail, and riding at a rapid gait. The wind increased and the cold became more intense. The flakes of snow appeared as frozen particles of ice, and cut my face so that I had to cover it with my blanket, and guide my horse as well as I could in order to keep the road. The wind penetrated through my clothes until I became chilled, and was hardly able to keep my seat in the saddle. My horse also became covered with ice and snow and refused to go faster than a walk. The road was on a high ridge, with an open prairie on each side, as far as I could see, and the merciless wind had free sweep against my person. I was then some thirty miles from Lawrence, and knew of no place where I could secure shelter until I reached there. I finally dismounted and led my horse, with my back against the wind, and walked backwards for near three miles, when I observed a cluster of timber some two miles to the north, to which I walked my horse.

When I reached the timber I was completely exhausted, and benumbed to such an extent that I had lost the use of my fingers. I found a fallen tree, and with my feet I kicked some leaves into a heap against it and then tried to light a fire. I was unable to hold a match between my fingers and had to grasp them in my hand, using several at a time. The wind would blow them out before I could apply them to the leaves. I had with me a full box of matches, and I wasted nearly all of them before I was able to start a fire. I felt that I was freezing, and unless I succeeding [succeeded] in igniting the leaves I would never be able to see my wife and children again. After the fire started in the leaves I pushed with my feet some dry twigs on top of them, and then some larger limbs on the twigs, until I succeeded in getting a good fire. Here I remained until I became thoroughly warmed. My horse appeared to enjoy the fire as much as myself, and would stand as close to it as possible. After I had thawed, and once more felt able to renew my journey, I mounted my

horse and followed down the branch where I had stopped until I struck the Wakarusa river, and then down the river to Lawrence, where I arrived after dark, and remained there over night.

The next day I reached Westport, and at once went to where my family were stopping. The next day I called on Governor Reeder, at Shawnee Mission, and submitted my report. The governor informed me that M. W. McGee had just seen him and entered complaint against me, claiming that I had not properly taken the census of the Seventh district, and had failed to enumerate all the voters. I told the governor I would be very glad to see Mr. McGee in his presence and explain to him the manner of my treatment by his brother, Fry McGee, at "110." A messenger was sent for M. W. McGee, who very soon made his appearance, when I gave him a full account of all that occurred at "110" during my visit. I informed him that, as far as possible, I had returned in my report all the residents that could be found in the district, and if any were omitted it was certainly not my fault, but the blame should be attached to his brother, who had refused to give me any assistance, and forbade me to take the names of those found at his place. McGee was very sullen, and expressed great indignation at the treatment of the pro-slavery men by the census-takers, indicating there was an attempt fraudulently to conceal their strength in the territory.

At the election held on March 30, 1855, M. W. McGee was a pro-slavery candidate for representative, and received 210 votes in the seventh district, while H. Rice, the free-state candidate, received twenty-three. There is no doubt that at least three-fourths of the votes counted for McGee were fraudulent. Governor Reeder refused to give him a certificate of election, and called another election for that district, to be held for May 22, 1855. At that election seventy-nine votes were cast—sixty-six for the free-state candidate, but McGee was declared the duly elected member by the legislature when it convened.

I remained at Mr. Ragan's home two or three weeks, and made frequent visits to Kansas City. At that time the road was almost impass-

able. The heavy freight wagons had cut deep ruts, and in places the mud was so deep that teams had to turn off into the fields in order to get through. There was great excitement over the settlement of Kansas, and wherever I went the question of making the territory slave or free was the absorbing topic. Nearly all the residents of Westport were in favor of slavery, while there was quite a number of the citizens of Kansas City in favor of a free state.

Immigrants were constantly arriving on steamboats, most of them from the free states. They would only remain long enough to procure teams for transportation and supplies, and then move over the line into Kansas. It was a constant source of irritation to the Missourians to see the stream of Northern men pouring into the territory, and all kinds of threats were made against the invasion of a country which they claimed belonged to Southern men, and of right should be settled by them with their slaves.

I had always been a Democrat, but favored making Kansas a free state. I found it was useless to argue with these violent and unreasonable men. According to their code there were but two parties, one that favored slavery and the other abolitionists, and every one who was opposed to slavery in their opinion was an abolitionist. I became especially obnoxious to most of the persons I met, and I felt a constant watch was kept upon me by a number of parties in Westport and Kansas City. It was known that I made frequent visits to Governor Reeder; that he had appointed me to take the census of the seventh district, and that I had refused to return the list of fraudulent voters which Fry McGee had prepared for me.

Mr. Ragan and his family had become very much attached to my wife and children, and particularly to the baby born in their house, and although they were in sympathy with the slavery element they did not want any harm to happen to me. Mr. Ragan in strict confidence informed me that I was in constant danger, and advised me to be as discreet as possible in all I did or said. He told me several persons accused him of harboring a Yankee family, and intimated it was for his interest to get

clear of them; and further, if he failed to do so they would relieve him of the trouble. After this warning I tried in every way to avoid conversation with any one, and when the slavery question was broached took occasion to leave the person or party who started it in as quiet a way as possible.

At this time Milton McGee owned a farm west of Kansas City, and kept a small tavern in a two-story frame house. I had frequently stopped at his place in going and returning from Westport to Kansas City. He was a very hospitable man, and always kept a decanter of whisky on the table in the hotel office, and invited every one who called to take a drink. I had become well acquainted with him, and, by avoiding to controvert his political views, obtained, as I supposed, his friendship. But after my return from taking the census, and he learned of the complaints made against me by his brothers, he was very abusive and violent toward me, and I found it impossible to explain my conduct or vindicate myself. He charged me with being an abolition spy, employed by Reeder to defraud the pro-slavery men of their just rights. I found he had prejudiced a great many of his friends and acquaintances to such an extent that I was looked upon with suspicion and distrust. I ascertained some years after that a party of pro-slavery men had conspired to mob me, and either compel me to leave the state or suffer a worse fate, and that they were only prevented from carrying out their plot by the interference of Mr. Ragan and some of his friends, who persuaded them to abandon their purpose, as it was my intention to move my family into Kansas as soon as the weather would permit.

The land that Milton McGee then lived upon as a farm is now a part of Kansas City, and is all built up and occupied by costly houses. In 1861, when the Second regiment of Kansas volunteers were stationed at Kansas City for a short time, before joining the army of General Lyon, in southwest Missouri, the regiment was encamped on McGee's land, and the officers boarded with him. After the commencement of the civil war McGee became a good Union man, and used all his influence to put down the rebellion.

I made another trip to Fort Riley, for the purpose of preparing my cabin so it would be ready to occupy when I moved my family. I found quite a number of persons had located at Pawnee, and several houses had been erected. John T. Price had constructed a stone building for a grocery store; Lemuel Knapp, a log cabin for a place of entertainment; the stone warehouse had been finished, and probably twenty or thirty rough structures for temporary residences had been built.

It was confidently believed by all persons interested in the town that it would be the permanent capital of Kansas, and lots were selling for high prices and advancing in value every day. I ventured at this time to object to the location on account of the narrow strip of land between the river and the bluffs not affording sufficient land suitable to build upon, and also for the reason that I anticipated trouble would result from a change of the boundary of the military reservation. I represented that the present site of Junction City was a far more eligible location; that there was ample room for a large city; that it was just above the junction of the Smoky Hill and Republican rivers, and would command the trade of the valleys and their tributaries, and that in every respect it had all the advantages for a town site. I had passed over the land several times, and the place impressed me as one of the most desirable locations for a city of any I had seen in the territory. At that time there was no bridge or ferry over the Republican river, and I don't think any member of the Pawnee Town Company had ever been on the present site of Junction City. At all events, it was too late to change the location. If the company had first selected the land between the two rivers, where Junction City was afterwards located, which would have avoided the trouble that was caused by a change of the military reservation, it probably would have been selected and remained the capital of Kansas. At this time a number of claims had been settled upon the vicinity of Fort Riley, and every day brought to the place many persons who were looking for lands on which to locate.

I found that my cabin had been as far completed as practicable. It was

build of rough logs and covered with clapboards. It had no floor nor chimney. It consisted of one room, about fourteen feet by sixteen feet in size, and appeared to be a very undesirable place to bring my wife and children, but it was the best I could provide at that time, and I concluded to move into it and try to make it more comfortable afterwards.

[The remainder of McClure's memoir deals with his family and settling on his claim and is not reprinted here.]

KATIE BOWEN LETTERS, 1851: PART IX

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 journal entry of August 4, sent with a letter to her parents, in camp near Bent's Fort. The letters will continue next issue, written from Fort Union.]

Monday, Aug 4th It has been some days since I have noticed anything worth recording. This afternoon we are encamped one mile below Bents Fort, or rather what was Bents Fort, now nothing but ruins and it is entirely abandoned. For several days the weather has been quite cool and this morning great coats and shawls were in demand. Now at 3 o'clock it is hot enough to kill niggers. We intend going to the "last camp on the Arkansas" tomorrow which is only 9 miles and spend the remainder of the day in recruiting the animals for a march of 26 miles without water. We are making very good time now averaging 19 miles a day since leaving Mackey 12 days ago. We have made a calculation to be at Vegas 230 miles, in two weeks from today. Nothing crosses our path of interest, we have plenty of wood water and grass. Flowers abound and are very brilliant, but quite too coarse for pressing. I gathered some prairie grass seed which produces grass that will keep oxen fat traveling 15 to 20 miles daily and heavily loaded too. No Indians trouble us and we distinctly see the tracks of Col Sumners command which

passed over one month ago in a very bad storm one would judge, as the ruts are deep and numerous. We are on their old camping ground tonight and the whole face of the earth is literally alive with ants.

Wednesday evening, August 8th. One year ago this day I left home for Philadelphia, a happy daughter, wife, and mother. Many changes have taken place to render this year much less peaceful, here thousands of miles from home, though enjoying as many comforts as any one can have on the plains. The first blessing is health, and we do fully appreciate it. Yesterday morning we passed Bents Fort and camped on the bank of the Arkansas. The location of Bents fort is very pretty and the works must have been fine a few years ago. It was a strong fortification, built of unburned brick and from the road appeared to be well arranged for defense. It abounds in bastions, towers, walls and block houses, but I am not sufficiently versed in tactics to describe it. At our camp last night the animals had not a spear of grass and only a little browse on the lands in the stream. We have some deep water holes tonight and the grass is in rather a parched state, still is much better than none. The soil is all sand and at every step one sinks several inches. The consequence is dust abounds and our tents are tolerably uncomfortable. Last night Isaac cut brush to pitch the tent on, but tonight the grass forms a slight sod. Hills are all around us and we see towering mountains in the distance. These hills are formed of sand and continually changing position and shape. Before we cross the open plain I see apparently a field of hay stacks and at the left, huge square forts, mammoth castles, towns & every imaginable shape can be traced through the hazy air. One striking peculiarity in this rarified air is that small objects, such as weeds a foot or two high, look at the distance of two miles, to be large trees standing on the bank of a clear stream or lake, when in reality they are only a few tangled weeds stuck in a sand bank (Poetry). Showers have passed all around us today and last

night we had a few sprinkles with a good deal of wind and dust. We are strong and tho' we do not much fancy this mode of traveling, yet are satisfied that we begin to see through.

August 11th. Here we are fairly among the Raton Mountains, at a small stream without a name, but a tributary to the Purgatory. Pretty name isn't it. I have not noted much since writing last but some little things of importance have occurred, among the prominent ones, Isaac shot a rattlesnake today eleven years old, so the rattles indicated. For five nights the grass has been very scant, much resembling frost bitten stubble, but the animals will eat anything to fill up. Water has been limited and poor. One would suppose that in the mountains, fine springs would be abundant, but this sandy soil is not good for anything, but pine trees. Only one spring have we found since leaving Arkansas and that was a spring as is a spring, a small circular hollow, green & beautiful, shut in completely by mountains and in the center of this grass plot boiled a mineral spring at least ten feet in diameter, nicely walled around with sods and an outlet formed by placing an ox's shoulder blade "hollow side up." This was a refreshing spot, breaking suddenly upon us as we came through a pass in the mountains, probably the handiwork of the Indians. Yesterday we passed Purgatory, a rapid muddy stream, and if anybody asked your opinion of the place, tell them it is very bad, for a daughter of yours once spent a night there and did not bring away a favourable impression. As if Paradise were distantly connected with the place, after passing Purgatory we came into a plain filled (not exactly with milk and honey but fruit and flowers of great variety. Our Mothers apple was not growing there but we saw grapes (pretty sour ones) plums & gooseberries. Woodbine, clematis, locust and various plants which I will not mention. Riding along one morning in advance of the train, Isaac met two men in dragoon suits carrying fire arms. They were very anxious to tell us that they were discharged soldiers, had sold their discharges

and were on their way "afoot and alone" to the United States. Said they had lived a month in the mountains, putting up a store of wild meat to last them across the plains. It was a very good story but not very well got up and Mr Deserters had to be manacled and put in the waggons. When the Maj had them searched, he found each had a carbine & horse pistol, & 200 rounds of ammunition tied up in a saddle blanket, probably they rode their horses to death and determined to try footing the rest of the journey. Tomorrow we reach the Summit of Raton Pass and after we cross, expect to find good springs and grass during the remaining 130 miles.

August 13th, Wednesday morning. This point is called "The Springs" and we reached here yesterday noon after making about 11 miles over the mountains and through the valleys, sometimes traveling along the rocky bed of a small stream that we crossed *at least 20 times in ten miles*. I never saw such hills and sometimes I thought the carriage would fall over the mules in spite of lock chains, but we cleared the summit without accident and are now descending the mountains gradually though our next ten or twenty miles will be worse than we have seen. Today we are staying over for the benefit of the animals as there is fine grass in these ravines and they are very tempting after four or five days without grass or scarcely any food. All of the ox teams did not get up last night in consequence of a violent thunder storm which made the mountain sides too slippery and dangerous to proceed. They are all here this morning safe. Storms in these mountains are terrific. The reverberation is stunning and the rain pours down in torrents threatening to sweep away everything. Even a pistol shot will vibrate for a minute. Black tailed deer abound and are seen coming down to the springs for water. Pitch pines cover the hills and many pretty flowers are seen. I succeeded in getting a healthy root of what I shall call mountain fuchsia. It is much more delicate than the house plant but equally beautiful. Isaac gathered a pillowcase full of fine hops yesterday. The

largest I ever saw, nearly all of the flowers were two inches long and an inch through. Somebody will want the good bread I am going to have. This is a lovely day and I am having washing done.

Monday noon, August 18th. This is an old camp called Beaubien valley and has been occupied by dragoons until very lately. We are within 36 miles of Col Sumners new post [Fort Union] and I am very impatient to get through, see the ladies and have some gossip as well as feel at home once more. At a small stream where we stopped to speak with a party of Mexicans, Kit Carson rode out from a ranch close by and brought us intelligence from camp. This is the first day we have come within sight of settlements and this little one called Rayado is set under a hill in quite a pretty valley and might be made a garden if any Yankee had it. The troops that were here have a fine garden a mile distant. I am teasing for some of the green stuff, but can wait a day or two longer. Since writing last we have had abundance of game, turkey, deer, antelope, hare and "nothing shorter" than a bear. I had some cooked. Mr Martin pretended to be very fond of it, probably to be in fashion, but Isaac turned his mouthful over several times and at last "gave it up." The 14th we came over one hill three quarters of a mile up and the same down and of all the places we read of, judge. We made three miles in three hours. It was formed of loose large round stones or rather rocks, piled up like stairs and such a *getting up stairs* and down again, no mortal but those who cross Raton mountains can conceive. Each individual rock rolled with the wheels which sent the waggons dancing on nothing. I rode up, but could not bring my mind to ride down, so away I footed it over rocks, bushes, briars and all but got to the bottom at last. Since then we have had pleasant roads, through valleys of good grass and excellent water. Tonight we find a cool, clear spring. Frequent thunder storms have filled the beds of the streams and in this country are called *rivers*, but in reality are the size of Uncle Irvings brook. The names are so crooked

that I cant spell them. I have not lately kept a daily journal because there has nothing occurred worth spending ones time for. If this is worth reading please send it to our mutual dear friend Mrs. Hodgdon. I love her dearly and as soon as we have shelter for our heads, mean to write to her every mail.

(continued next issue)

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

I have come upon a fantastic resource for SFT researchers. The Kansas Society of Land Surveyors, PO Box 8267, Wichita KS 67208 has for sale a set of 32 CDs which contain the complete field notes and township plat maps for the original General Land Office (GLO) public land surveys for the entire state of Kansas. These are the surveys which established the townships, ranges, and sections. The surveyors were required to record all features of interest, including the Santa Fe Trail, as well as homesteads (such as Fuller's Ranch in McPherson County), other wagon roads and trails (such as the Cherokee Trail in McPherson County), creeks, and so forth. The cost is \$250 plus \$10 postage and handling (cost to members of the Kansas Society of Land Surveyors is \$200 plus shipping). Considering the time and expense it otherwise takes to chase down this information, this is indeed a bargain.

Steve Schmidt, Vice-President
Cottonwood Crossing Chapter
1120 Cobblestone Ct
McPherson KS 67460

Mr. Schmidt,

Thank you for this information.
What a wonderful resource to have available.

HELP WANTED

I am a new member of SFTA and anxious to network with anyone knowledgeable about the Overland Stage Co. I am an indirect relative of Col. Sanderson and have his original memoirs. I would like to get them published so that others could share in this exciting history. Any assistance will be appreciated.

David Dunning
PO Box 264
Elkins NH 03233
(603) 526-6939

MARION SLOAN RUSSELL INTERVIEW, 1933

by Richard Loudon

[SFTA board member Richard Loudon is a frequent contributor to WT. He located the interview done with Marion Russell as a WPA project in December 1933 and wrote the following introduction to accompany the text of the interview, reprinted below with notes by Loudon. Thank you Richard.]

THE *Land of Enchantment* (still in print and available through Last Chance Store), the memoirs of Marion Sloan Russell has been considered, and rightfully so, a premier classic of Santa Fe Trail literature, but it does contain some inaccuracies pertaining to her real life.

A first major distortion, as revealed by Bonita and Leo Oliva in a 1993 issue of *Wagon Tracks*, was that her father was not killed in the Mexican War, as supposedly reported by her mother, but lived to 1880, often in near proximity to Marion and her mother.¹ A second divergence emerges in the recorded interview that follows. She says nothing of her stepfather, Jeremiah Mahoney, being killed by the Indians, as stated in the book, but merely says that her mother left him.

The death by Indians is, perhaps, literary license taken by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hal Russell, the creator of *Land of Enchantment* from interviews with Marion. Also in the following interview Marion does not state that her father was a Mexican War casualty, only that he died when she was very young. Here, again, her daughter-in-law may have concluded that a soldier's death sounded more dramatic.

When first published serially in *The Colorado Magazine*, a publication of the Colorado Historical Society in 1943-1944, the "Land of Enchantment" created quite a stir locally with Morris Taylor, author of *First Mail West* and a meticulous historian. He said the memoirs were too fictionalized and objected to its being passed off as history. This writer was a personal friend of both Taylor and Mrs. Russell and heard both sides of the controversy. While Winnie (Mrs. Hal Russell) obviously took certain liberties with the recollections, the story would seem to be

basically as historically correct as remembered facts tend to be. The literary license taken was used as an enhancement for the creation of a beautifully-written classic of western history.

One other minor discrepancy that appears in the book is the misspelling of the name as Marian with an "a" as opposed to the correct spelling of Marion with an "o." This error, likely deliberate, will undoubtedly be perpetuated for all time. That the correct spelling should be "Marion" is corroborated by the story of her death and her obituary as well as her witnessing signature on the following memoirs.²

Interview with Marion Russell

As early as 1852 with my mother, Mrs. Sloan, and my brother William, I came the Cimarron route to Santa Fe and Albuquerque. In 1860 we again came from the east but through Trinidad and over the Raton Pass to Santa Fe. In 1871, having married Richard D. Russell, I came to Stonewall, Colorado, west of Trinidad, to live. At that time we thought we were settling upon government land, but this was later decided by the courts and the government to be part of the Maxwell Grant. However, by purchase and deed I acquired the 160 acres my husband had homesteaded for my own in 1902.

I was born January 27, 1845 at Peoria, Illinois. My father, William Sloan, an army doctor, and mother, Eliza St. Clair, came from Orangeville, Ohio in Trumble County.³ My father died while I was very young, and it was mother's determination to join her folks then in California. With this purpose in mind, she sold her jewelry and started out, but we never reached California.

My only brother, William H. Sloan, was with us in these travels. Afterwards he was a Baptist missionary in the western part of this country. He was later sent to Mexico and India.

In 1848 we went to St. Louis, and it was here at the age of three that I was lost. A large Negro found me and restored me to my mother. My

mother was married again, and we went to Ft. Crawford in Wisconsin. My stepfather was in some way connected with the army but not as a soldier. From there we went to Ft. Snelling, some six miles from St. Paul, Minnesota. In 1850 my mother left her second husband and determined to go to California.

While at Ft. Snelling I can remember a treaty made between the Chippewas and Sioux Indians. It seems as though the Chippewas came to the fort for protection, since the Sioux had broken a treaty. The soldiers placed cannons between the two tribes. After the new treaty was signed the Indians staged a huge dance in the hills nearby, and this was visible from the fort. My memory was good at this age, I presume on account of the ever present danger.

In 1850 we, mother, brother William and myself, came to Independence, Missouri. The following year my mother while at St. Jo (learned) that a government train was to set out for the West. By furnishing board for three army officers, we were given transportation. It was while in Independence that we boarded with Dr. Twining at the City Hotel. He was an uncle of Jesse James. Also I can remember the burning of the tar barrels for disinfectant against cholera prevalent at that time.

When we were leaving Leavenworth in August, 1852, my mother's kitchen stove was left behind on the prairie because it would not fit in the wagon. We went by the Cimarron route to Santa Fe. The train was a government one, but a citizens' train under the leadership of F. X. Aubrey accompanied us.⁴ The wagonmaster for our train was Mr. Hamilton.⁵ We reached Santa Fe after passing Ft. Mackie on the Arkansas River in the late fall of '52. Mr. Aubrey took a pack train on (ahead), but since there were no wagons we could not go, and he promised to take us with him on his next trip. However, when he returned in '54 he was killed. The assistant editor of the paper in Santa Fe put a joke in the paper about him. Major Weightman was the editor,

and they met in a saloon. Under the influence of liquor, they quarreled, and Weightman taking Aubrey's gun, killed him. Weightman was later acquitted of the crime.

In the spring of '53 we went to Albuquerque and stayed at Carr's Ranch one-half mile from town. Col. Ed Sumner, afterwards General during the Civil War, lived there also. My mother had a mahogany box, 8 by 12 inches, in which she kept her money and jewelry. This box was stolen, and she found her letters in a ditch back of the house. A Mexican lad who worked for Lt. Sturges (later General) had been put up to the job by some soldiers. He showed her where her watch chain was buried under a soldier's tent. This chain and her letters were all she recovered. In 1854 we returned to Santa Fe where my mother kept boarders for the next two years. Then we returned to Westport Landing (Kansas City).

In 1860 we left Westport Landing to return to Santa Fe. This time we decided to come a northern route over Raton Pass. Soldiers under the command of Col. Crittenden were going to California. We camped on the Picketwire River near Trinidad. I can remember that then there were no houses where Trinidad now is. It was here that my brother traded ammunition for venison.

When we were living in Santa Fe I went to school at the convent of the Sisters of Loretta. Mother Madaglen was in charge. Some of the sisters were Ann Joseph, Joanna, Rosana and Monica Katheryne. Two of these sisters and Joana were sent in 1863 to Denver to open a convent there. I have my bill from the convent to my brother. Board and tuition was \$35, WASHING \$4.80, bedding \$2.40, guitar lessons \$9.00. This bill was for a period from April 25 to July 15, 1852.

It was during the Civil War in 1865 that I was married to Richard D. Russell.⁶ He had enlisted in Co. D, First Volunteer Cavalry from California in 1861. He was serving at Ft. Union under General Carleton. He also served under Col. Alexander who was in charge of the soldiers sent to Trinidad during the Indian uprising of 1866.⁷ Lt. Russell was of Company H at Ft. Union.

Orders were given in May of 1865 for Kit Carson to march eastward along the Santa Fe Trail, which passed Ft. Union, to establish a cantonment for the protection of the wagon trains and stages along the route to the end of the railroads in Missouri and Kansas. I did not go to this new port of defense until two weeks after the troops left Ft. Union. I was then twenty years of age.

Kit Carson, who marched from Ft. Union with his Regulars and selected the site, would not let me make the initial trip in May even though I begged that I might accompany my husband and laughed at the danger. It was perhaps two weeks later that upon the soldiers arrival at Cedar Bluffs that he ordered Lt. Russell to proceed with some wagons and an escort to Ft. Union. It was on his return that I accompanied him to this new Camp Nichols.

On our arrival in June, 1865 we lived in army tents until our houses were completed. The latter consisted of stone walls, built one-half under ground and one-half above ground. Logs held up a dirt or mud roof. There were about 300 soldiers at Camp Nichols under Col. A. H. Pfeiffer.

It was an imposing site to watch the arrival of a long procession of covered wagons with their massive, clanking wheels and high bodies, to listen to the cries of the men, the cracking of bull whips by the drivers of the oxen, and to follow the wagon leader as, on horseback, he rode up and down the line urging forward the tired animals. They had reason to be tired for some of these wagons carried as much as five thousand pounds. Also very interesting was watching of the making of camp as sunset heralded the approach of nightfall and greater danger from the Indians. Invariably the wagons were placed in a circle, and this took quite a long time for oxen move very, very slowly.

The fare at Camp Nichols consisted of hard tack, bacon, beans, beef, flour, sugar and coffee. There were no vegetables or even dried fruit. Once in a while some canned fruit and food were brought in and these sold at a very high premium. Our only stoves were dutch ovens.

Carson was a short man, slow of speech, and very quiet in his manners. His English was crude. The last time that I saw him was as he, leading his horses, stopped at our tent the morning he set out for Ft. Union to bid me Goodbye and, again, to warn me not "to go out thar," pointing to the Santa Fe Trail, as the Indians might get me.

In 1866 Mr. Russell was mustered out of the army as a captain. We moved to Tecolote, eleven miles from Las Vegas, N. M. There he was in the mercantile business.

We moved to Stonewall, Colo. in the fall of 1871. This land was known as St. John Valley, named after Don Juan Gutierrez. George Storz, also from Tecolote, followed us shortly before Christmas. Mr. Storz set up the first grist mill, the first fish hatchery in Colorado and the highest fruit bearing orchard, elevation 7600 feet. Before our arrival Mr. Stoner had a log cabin next to the wall but had abandoned it. We were the first settlers and daughter Ella (Mrs. J. E. Coe), born in 1872, was the first (White) child to be born in that region.

Other settlers coming shortly after we did were: Frank Chaplin, John Donohue, a blacksmith, Billy Burroughs, now with Branson-Griswold Hardware, Trinidad, Mr. Fielding, John and Anderson Duhling, 1882 and 1886, Mr. Burnet, Fisher, Frank Kerr, R. L. Pooler, J. P. Coe, Torres and Vallejos.

We thought we were settling on government land and received our papers from the land office in Pueblo. The north boundary of the Maxwell Grant, as we knew it, was the crest of the Raton Mountains. Thus all the water draining south toward the Canadian River was claimed by Maxwell. In the years to follow the purchasers of the Maxwell Grant claimed the Northern boundary to be Fisher's Peak, and thus all of the Stonewall country. With their influence and money they were able to win out in the courts. My husband lost his life on August 2, 1888 defending his home.⁸ O. P. McMains worked for the settlers but to no avail.

After the trouble, D. D. Finch went to Mr. Shunberg and asked him to give me a clear title to our

homestead. They gave me a deed to 80 acres, and after two years they allowed me to pay the government price of \$1.25 an acre for the other 80 acres. This was in 1902. Mr. Champlin received \$1200 for his improvements on the land. Anderson Duhling paid \$3.60 an acre for his. Torres and Vallejos bought their land.

My children were;

Hattie..Buried at Ft. Bascom, N. M.
Kate..Mrs. Dan Harvey, Folsom, N. M.

George Russell..Trinchera, Colo.

Ella..Mrs. J. E. Coe. La Veta, Colo.

Harold D. Russell..Stonewall, Colo.

Oliver E. Russell..Stonewall, Colo.

Marion..Mrs. E. A. (Lige) Duhling,
Trinidad, Colo.

Charles Clifford..Deceased

Richard Raymond..Deceased

December 16, 1933. I certify that the above account of my conversation with Mr. Richeson is correct.

Mrs. R. D. Russell

% Mrs. E. A. Duhling

Trinidad, Colo.

Signature Marion Russell

NOTES

1. Bonita and Leo Oliva, "A Few Things Marian Sloan Russell Never Told or Never Knew about Her Mother and Father," *Wagon Tracks*, 7 (Feb. 1993):1, 6-8.
2. *Chronicle-News*, Trinidad, CO, December 26, 29, 1936.
3. Marian Sloan Russell, *Land of Enchantment* (Evanston, IL: Branding Iron Press, 1954), 1. Marion's mother was Eliza St Clair Sloan, her father William Sloan. After a second marriage, her mother became Eliza Mahoney, wife of Jeremiah Mahoney, a soldier who was not killed by Indians as reported in the book. Noreen S. Riffe, "More on Eliza St. Clair Sloan Mahoney," *Wagon Tracks*, 7 (May 1993): 10.
4. Leo E. Oliva, "The Aubry Branch of the Santa Fe Trail," *Kansas Quarterly* (Spring 1973): 18-29. Francis X. Aubry (sometimes spelled Aubrey), a French-Canadian born in Quebec in 1824, was an indefatigable traveler of the Santa Fe Trail during the period from 1846 to 1854, ranging repeatedly up and down the Trail, often making several trips a year. In his efforts to speed up the travel time required he set several amazing records and in his search for better routes established the Aubry Cutoff, an alternative to the desert stretch of the Cimarron Route with better wood and water supplies and less sand.
5. Louise Barry, *Beginning of the West* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 993, 1041, 1051, 1059. Wilson Hamilton, an experienced Trail traveler of this period seems the likely wagonmaster of this train.

6. Russell, *Land of Enchantment*, 98. Richard D. Russell was born in Canada in 1839 while his parents were visiting there. Settling in California in 1855, he enlisted in the California Volunteers in 1861 at the outbreak of the Civil War. He was ordered to New Mexico, and it was there at Fort Union, as a young lieutenant, that he first met Marion Sloan.
7. Morris F. Taylor, *Trinidad, Colorado Territory* (Trinidad: Trinidad State Junior College, 1966), 46, 47. This incident occurred when Chief Kani-ache and a band of hungry Utes visited the little village of Trinidad trying to scrounge some food. When the Utes invaded a cornfield a couple of miles upstream from the town, the owner shot and killed one of the Indians. Col. Andrew Alexander and his troopers, who had previously been summoned from nearby Camp Stevens, gave chase to the retreating Indians. The result of this "uprising" was that one soldier was killed and two wounded, and the Ute casualties were one horse wounded and the death of the Indian at the cornfield.
8. Jim Berry Pearson, *The Maxwell Land Grant* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1961), 123, 124. Russell was shot at the old Pooler Hotel in the Stonewall Valley where six deputy sheriffs were holed up. While acting as one of the spokesmen for 150 or more settlers, a shot was fired and general shooting erupted. Russell was the first one shot by a bullet from within the besieged hotel.



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 only item for this issue is the ninth installment of Pike's journal. Keep informed with the Pike Bicentennial plans at <www.pikebicentennial.org>.]

PIKE'S JOURNAL, PART IX

This reprint of Pike's journal of the expedition of 1806-1807 continues, starting with the entry for February

20, 1807. They were at their stockade on Rio Conejos, tributary of Rio Grande, where they were found by Spanish soldiers.

Pike's Journal

20th February, Friday.—We marched down the river for a few hours, but seeing no fresh sign of persons, or any other object to attract our attention took up our route for the fort; discovered the sign of horses and men on the shore. We arrived after night and found all well.

21st February, Saturday.—As I was suspicious that possibly some party of indians might be harboring round, I gave particular orders to my men, if they discovered any people to endeavor to retreat undiscovered but if not, never to run, and not to suffer themselves to be disarmed or taken prisoners but conduct whatever party discovered them, if they could not escape to the fort.

22d February, Sunday.—As I began to think it was time we received a visit from the Spaniards or their emissaries, I established a look out guard on the top of a hill all day and at night a sentinel in a bastion on the land side; studying reading, &c. Working at our ditch to brig the river round the works.

23d February, Monday.—Reading, writing, &c. the men at their usual work, &c.

24th February, Tuesday.—Took one man with me and went out on the Spanish road hunting; killed one deer and wounded several others; and as we were a great distance from the fort, we encamped near the road all night. Saw several signs of horses.

25th February, Wednesday.—Killed two more deer when we marched for our post. Took all three of the deer with us, and arrived about 9 o'clock at night, as much fatigued &c. as ever I was in my life. Our arrival dissipated the anxiety of the men, who began to be apprehensive we were taken or killed by some of the savages.

26th February, Thursday.—In the morning was apprized by the report of a gun, from my lookout guard; of the approach of strangers. Immediately after two Frenchmen arrived.

My sentinel halted them and ordered them to be admitted after some questions; they informed me

that his excellency governor Allencaster had heard it was the intention of the Utah Indians, to attack me; had detached an officer with 50 dragoons to come out and protect me, and that they would be here two days. To this I made no reply; but shortly after the party came in sight to the number of, I afterwards learnt 50 dragoons and 50 mounted militia of the province, armed in the same manner, viz: Lances, escopates and pistols. My sentinel halted them at the distance of about 50 yards. I had the works manned. I thought it most proper to send out the two Frenchmen to inform the commanding officer that it was my request he should leave his party in a small copse of woods where he halted, and that I would meet him myself in the prairie, in which our work was situated. This I did, with my sword on me only. When I was introduced to Don Ignacio Saltelo and Don Bartholemew Fernandez, two lieutenants, the former the commandant of the party. I gave them an invitation to enter the works, but requested the troops might remain where they were; this was complied with, but when they came round and discovered that to enter, they were obliged to crawl on their bellies over a small drawbridge, they appeared astonished but entered without further hesitation.

We first breakfasted on some deer, meal, goose, and some biscuit (which the civilized Indian who came out as a spy) had brought me. After breakfast the commanding officer addressed me as follows: "Sir, the governor of New Mexico, being informed you missed your route, ordered me to offer you, in his name, mules, horses, money, or whatever you may stand in need of to conduct you to the head of the Red river; as from Santa Fe to where it is sometimes navigable, is eight days journey and we have guides and the routes of the traders to conduct us." "What, said I, (interrupting him) is not this the Red river," "No sir! The Rio del Norte." I immediately ordered by flag to be taken down and rolled up, feeling how sensibly I had committed myself, in entering their territory, and was conscious that they must have positive orders to take me in.

"He now" added "that he had pro-

vided one hundred mules and horses, to take in my party and baggage and how anxious his excellency was to see me at Santa Fe." I stated to him, the absence of my sergeant, the situation of the balance of the party and that my orders would not justify my entering into the Spanish territory. He urged still further until I began to feel myself a little heated in the argument and told him in a peremptory style, I would not go until the arrival of my sergeant with the balance of the party. He replied that there was not the least restraint to be used, only that it was necessary his excellency should receive an explanation of my business on his frontier, but that I could go now, or on the arrival of my party; but that if none went in at present he should be obliged to send in for provisions, but that if I would now march, he would leave an Indian interpreter and an escort of dragoons to conduct the sergeant into Santa Fe. His mildness induced me to tell him that I would march, but must leave two men, in order to meet the sergeant and party, in instruct him as to coming in, as he never would come without a fight, if not ordered.

I was induced to consent to the measure, by conviction, that the officer had positive orders to bring me in, and as I had no orders to commit hostilities, and indeed had committed myself, although innocently, by violating their territory, I conceived it would appear better to shew a will to come to an explanation than to be any way constrained; yet my situation was so eligible, and I could so easily have put them at defiance, that it was with great reluctance I suffered all our labor to be lost without once trying the efficacy of it.

My compliance seemed to spread general joy through their party as soon as it was communicated, but it appeared to be different with my men, who wished to have a little *dust* (as they expressed themselves) and were likewise fearful of treachery.

My determination being once taken, I gave permission for the Spanish lieutenant's men to come to the outside of the works, and some of mine to go out and see them; and the hospitality and goodness of the Creoles and Metifs began to manifest itself by their producing their provisions and giving it to my men, cover-

ing them with their blankets, &c.

After writing orders to my sergeant, and leaving them with my corporal and one private, who was to remain, we sallied forth, mounted our horses, and went up the river about 12 miles, to a place where the Spanish officers had made a camp deposit, from whence we sent down mules for our baggage, &c.

27th February, Friday.—In the morning I discovered the Spanish lieutenant, was writing letters addressed to the governor and others; on which I demanded if he was not going on with me to Santa Fe. He appeared confused and said no: that his orders were so positive as to the safe conduct and protection of my men, that he dare not go and leave any behind; that his companion would accompany me to Santa Fe with 50 men, whilst he with the others would wait for the sergeant and his party. I replied that he had deceived me and had not acted with candor; but that it was now too late for me to remedy the evil.

We marched about 11 o'clock, ascending the Rio del Norte, five miles more S. 60° W, when we went round through a chain of hills and bore off to the south. We proceeded on nine miles further, when we crossed the main branch of that stream, which was now bearing nearly west towards the main chain of the third chain of mountains. We encamped on the opposite side. Distance 15 miles. Intensely cold, obliged to stop frequently and make fires. Snow deep.

28th February, Saturday.—We marched late. One of the Frenchmen informed me, that the expedition which had been at the Pawnees, had descended the Red river 233 leagues and from thence crossed to the Pawnees expressly in search of my party (this was afterwards confirmed by the gentleman who commanded the troops.) He then expressed great regret at my misfortunes, as he termed them in being taken, and offered his services in secreting papers &c. I took him for his word, and for my amusement I thought I would try him and give him, a leaf or two of my journal (copied) which mentioned the time of my sailing from Belle Fontaine, and our force. This I charged him to

guard very carefully and give to me after the investigation of my papers at Santa Fe. This day we saw a herd of wild horses. The Spaniards pursued them and caught two colts, one of which the indians killed and eat; the other was let go. We pursued our journey over some hills, where the snow was very deep, and encamped at last on the top of a pretty high hill, among some pines. Distance 36 miles. We left the river which in general ran about 6, 8, and 10 miles to the left or east of us. Saw great sign of elk.

1st March, Sunday.—We marched early and although we rode very hard we only got to the village of L'eau Chaud or Warm Spring, sometime in the afternoon, which was about 45 miles. The difference of climate was astonishing, after we left the hills and deep snows, we found ourselves on plains where there was no snow, and where vegetation was sprouting.

The village of the Warm Springs or Aqua caliente (in their language) is situated on the eastern branch of a creek of that name, and at a distance, presents to the eye a square enclosure of mud walls, the houses forming the wall. They are flat on top, or with extremely little ascent on one side, where there are spouts to carry off the water of the melting snow and rain when it falls, which we were informed, had been but once in two years, previous to our entering the country.

Inside of the enclosure were the different streets of houses of the same fashion, all of one story; the doors were narrow, the windows small, and in one or two houses there were talc lights. The village had a mill near it, situated on the little creek, which made very good flour.

The population consisted of civilized Indians, but much mixed blood.

Here we had a dance which is called the *Fandango*, but there was one which was copied from the Mexicans, and is now danced in the first societies of New Spain, and has even been introduced at the court in Madrid.

This village may contain 500 souls. The greatest natural curiosity is the warm springs, which are two in number, about 10 yards apart, and each afford sufficient water for a

mill seat. They appeared to be impregnated with copper, and were more that 33° above blood heat. From this village the Tetaus drove off 2000 horses at one time, when at war with the Spaniards.

(continued next issue)

WAGON BED SPRING TOUR AND PROGRAM, JUNE 18

THE Grant County Recreation Commission will sponsor a special program on June 18, with an auto tour led by SFTA board member Jeff Trotman beginning at 9:00 a.m., departing from the Historic Adobe Museum in Ulysses. The tour will visit several Trail sites and include a box lunch (\$5.00). Reservations for the tour and lunch must be made by June 10; call (620) 356-4233.

The tour will end at Wagon Bed Spring at 2:00 p.m., where visitors will have a walking tour. Everyone will meet back at the museum at 3:00 p.m. for three presentations: David Clapsaddle portraying George Bent; Leo E. Oliva talking about the Trail and the Indian Wars, and Jeff Trotman telling more about Wagon Bed Spring and the area. There will be special activities for children.

CAMP TALES —CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

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

The chapter met April 16 with a program on "Bull Whackers."

Texas Panhandle

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

No report.

Wagon Bed Spring

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

The chapter encourages people to attend the special Wagon Bed Spring program sponsored by Grant County Recreation on June 18. See article in this issue.

Heart of the Flint Hills

President Carol L. Retzer
4215 E 245th St
Lyndon KS 66451

(785) 828-3739
<carolretzer@direcway.com>

No report.

End of the Trail

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

On March 19 the chapter held a joint meeting with the Old Spanish Trail and the docents of the Palace of the Governors at the Museum of International Folk Art, with a program by Rene Harris, "Food on the Trail."

Chapter Alcalde George Bayless is the candidate for SFTA president in the upcoming election.

Corazón de los Caminos

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

On April 16 the chapter performed its annual work day at Fort Union National Monument. On May 13-15 the chapter planned an excursion to Bent's Old Fort NHS. Check the chapter web site for dates and programs of upcoming meetings.

Wet/Dry Routes

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

The chapter spring meeting was March 22. Discussion was conducted concerning the May 7 Trail Seminar and the 2005 Symposium. The chapter agreed to serve a box lunch for participants at the Kansas Eco meeting, November 11, 2005, at Fort Larned. Following the business meeting the chapter, in conjunction with Jordaan Library in Larned, hosted a book signing for Jon Bauman's *Santa Fe Passage*. Bauman presented a review of his historic novel about the Santa Fe Trail.

The summer meeting will be conducted at Fort Dodge at 3:00 p.m. on July 2, 2005. At this time, the interpretive marker will be installed in memory of Dr. Richard Dryden, co-sponsored by the Fort Dodge/Dodge City/Cimarron Chapter.

The Wet/Dry Routes Chapter regrets to announce the death of Cecil Johnson, longtime member. Eighty-eight years young, Cecil, until the past two years was actively engaged

in chapter projects, especially the construction of the interpretive markers placed at many sites in the Wet/Dry Routes area. He was the recipient of the Faye Anderson Award in 2002. Of interest is the farm on which he grew to manhood and operated for many years. It was near Forks of Santa Fe Road located some three miles southwest of Larned on U.S. 56. An interpretive marker is placed at that site.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

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

The chapter met at Fort Dodge the evening of April 21 with a program by Leo E. Oliva on the history of Fort Dodge.

The chapter will join the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter for a meeting at Fort Dodge on July 2. The program will be presented at 2:00 p.m. by David Clapsaddle, telling the story of Richard Blinn. Then, after a brief business meeting, at 3:30 the two chapters will dedicate a Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road marker at Fort Dodge in memory of the late Richard Dryden. Visitors are welcome.

Missouri River Outfitters

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

The chapter met at the Raytown Historical Society Museum on April 24, with a tour of the museum followed by a business meeting. On May 14 a bus tour, led by Ross Marshall, traveled to the eastern end of the Trail, including Franklin, Arrow Rock, Boonville, and the Boonslick area. Lunch was at the historic Huston Tavern in Arrow Rock.

Quivira

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

The chapter looks forward to seeing you at the symposium, September 29-October 2, at McPherson, KS. Please see program details and registration materials in this issue.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Vernon Lohrentz
400 W 24th St #1
Newton KS 67114

(316) 284-2284

The chapter met April 17 at Hillsboro, KS, with 34 members and guests present. The program featured Ross Marshall of Merriam, KS, who told how the Missouri River Outfitters Chapter is working to preserve Trail swales in the Kansas City urban area. He highlighted the problems of urban sprawl and development where historic sites are overrun. A short business meeting followed, with the election of all current officers for another year.

The chapter joined with the Quivira Chapter to participate in the Kansas Sampler Festival in Newton on May 7-8. The next chapter meeting will be in June at Elm Springs, featuring a potluck picnic.

The chapter will co-host the symposium, September 29-October 2, with the Quivira Chapter. We hope to see you there.

Bent's Fort

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

No report.

HOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

Joanne VanCoevern, SFTA board member, is recovering from breast cancer surgery and has, as she reports, "made it through five chemo treatments now and each one brings some new side effect, but the main thing is I'm getting through them." Cards and letters may be sent to her at 4773 N Wasserman Way, Salina KS 67401.

SFTA members who recently died include Margaret Freeman of Verona, MO, on September 8, 2004, and Joe McFarland of Olathe, KS, on December 14, 2004.

The fall 2004 issue of *La Herencia*, published in Santa Fe, carried an article, "Hispanos and the Santa Fe Trail," by Professor Maurilio E. Vigil of Highlands University in Las Vegas.

The National Frontier Trails Museum, Independence, MO, has a newly-surfaced front entrance courtyard. Visitors no longer face uneven surface and pools of water when

walking into the museum.

The Kaw Mission Historic Site in Council Grove is undergoing repairs, and stabilization work has begun on the agency building structure.

Diana Stein continues to recuperate from her fractured hip, with the assistance of her daughters. She thanks all who sent cards and letters. Send mail to her at PO Box 1322, Grants NM 87020.

Want to take a helicopter ride over the Trail in New Mexico? This and other tours are available from Heli New Mexico in Santa Fe. See their web site at <www.heliNM.com>.

Those who have the American Girl Maria Josefina Montoya doll or wish they had this doll will be glad to know that El Rancho de Las Golondrinas, 334 Los Pinos Rd, Santa Fe, offers special Josefina tours of the museum. To arrange a tour, call (505) 473-4169.

The New Mexico Appeals Court recently ruled that the UU Bar Ranch's gate, which closed access to portions of the historic Santa Fe Trail and state trust lands near Rayado, must be opened. A full story of this, including detailed historic use of the road, prepared for the state attorney general by Mike Olsen, will appear in the next issue.

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

Fort Union Ranch, 121 E Pikes Peak Ave, Rm 446, Colorado Springs CO 80903

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Kevin Crosby & Teresa Vila, 310 E 2nd St, Trinidad CO 81082

John A. Farrell, 449 Sulphur Creek Rd, Jemez NM 87025

Martha Johnson & John Gamertsfelder, 800 5th St, Las Vegas NM 87701

Jay Hurt, 1007 West Casa Del Sol Dr Apt. D, La Junta CO 81050

Stan & Manelia Stephenson, 1428

Homestead Place, McPherson KS
67460

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Sharon Lee Boyd, 7043 Second St
NW #68, Albuquerque NM 87107
James Bohart, 512 W 17th, Larned
KS 67550

Malcolm Charlton, 2819 Calle de So-
noro, Santa Fe NM 87507

Leslie Dodson, PO Box 838, Strat-
ford TX 79084

David J. Dunning, PO Box 264,
Elkins NH 03233

Alberta Noble, 8818 S Corn Rd, Oak
Grove MO 64075

Thomas Pelikan II, 734 Wolcott Dr
#C1, Philadelphia PA 19118

Donald Peterson, 2120 Xanthus
Lane N, Plymouth MN 55447

Barbara Sheinbein, 1033 Kinstern
Dr, St Louis MO 63131

Larry D. Short, 613 NE Newport Dr,
Lees Summit MO 64064

Joyce Sullentrop, 6421 Magill, Wich-
ita KS 67206

Tammy Weihe, 12201 E Lockmoor,
Wichita KS 67207

TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send no-
tices for this section; provide loca-
tion, date, time, and activity. This is
a quarterly. The next issue should
appear in August, so send informa-
tion for September and later to ar-
rive by July 20, 2005. Other events
are listed in articles and chapter re-
ports. Thank you.

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

June 17-19, 2005: Old Spanish Trail
Association 12th annual conference,
Las Vegas, Nevada

June 17-19, 2005: Wah-Shun-Gah
Days, Council Grove, KS.

June 18, 2005: National Frontier
Trails Museum (Independence, MO)
Visitor Appreciation Day with free
wagon rides, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

June 18, 2005: Auto tour of Trail
sites and Wagon Bed Spring, 9 a.m.
to 3 p.m., with programs at Historic
Adobe Museum, 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.,
Ulysses, KS. For information and
reservations (for lunch, by June 10),
call (620) 356-4233.

June 21, 2005: National Frontier
Trails Museum, Independence, MO,
open house, 5-7 p.m., reception for
new exhibit "Outfitting on the Mis-
souri River Frontier."

July 2, 2005: Joint meeting of
Wet/Dry Routes and Fort Dodge/
Dodge City/Cimarron chapters at
Fort Dodge, 2:00 p.m., including
dedication of interpretive marker in
memory of Dr. Richard Dryden.

Aug. 5-7, 2005: Summer festival and
frontier days celebration at El Ran-
cho de las Golondrinas at Santa Fe,
10 to 4 daily, featuring the Peruvian
Paso horses, mountain men, sol-
diers, and traders.

Aug. 11, 2005: Kaw Council pro-
gram, Council Grove, 7 p.m., featur-
ing Clive Siegle speaking about "The
Santa Fe Trail and the Great Kansas
Buffalo Hunt."

Aug. 28-Oct. 9, 2005: Santa Fe Trail
Historical Exhibition, in conjunction
with the SFTA symposium, Shafer
Gallery, Barton County Community
College, Great Bend, KS, hours 10
a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday-Friday and 1-
4 p.m. Sunday. Free admission. Spe-
cial reception Sept. 25, 1-4 p.m. with

program by Bob Button and Robert
Yarmer.

Sept. 11-30, 2005: Biennial Santa
Fe Trail Bicycle Trek.

Sept. 16, 2005: Cimarron Heritage
Center, Boise City, OK, Living-His-
tory Day.

Sept. 22, 2005: Kaw Council Pro-
gram, Council Grove, 7 p.m., featur-
ing Sara Jane Richter speaking on
"Plucky & Purty: Women on the
Santa Fe Trail."

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

Oct. 8, 2005: Cimarron County, OK,
Santa Fe Trail tour.

Oct. 16-Dec. 11, 2005: "Homage to
the Flint Hills: A Gathering of Art
Inspired by the Tallgrass Prairie of
Kansas," Shafer Gallery, Barton
County Community College, Great
Bend, KS.

FROM THE EDITOR

Just as this issue was ready to go
to press word arrived that Bev Jack-
son's mother, Leone Moore, died May
14. Sincere sympathy is extended to
the family.

Right now, before you do anything
else, please stop reading this issue
and do two very important things:
VOTE for officers and board mem-
bers and **REGISTER** for the sympo-
sium (materials enclosed).

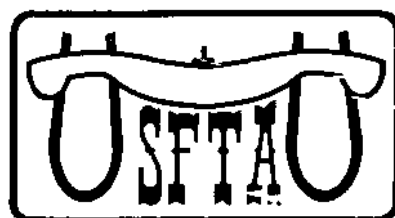
There are many activities sched-
uled along the Trail during the com-
ing summer months. Get out there
and enjoy all of these that you can.
Remember, life is short and the Trail
is long.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675

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