

Wagon Tracks

Volume 18

Issue 2 *Wagon Tracks* Volume 18, Issue 2 (February 2004)

Article 1

2004

Wagon Tracks. Volume 18, Issue 2 (February, 2004)

Santa Fe Trail Association

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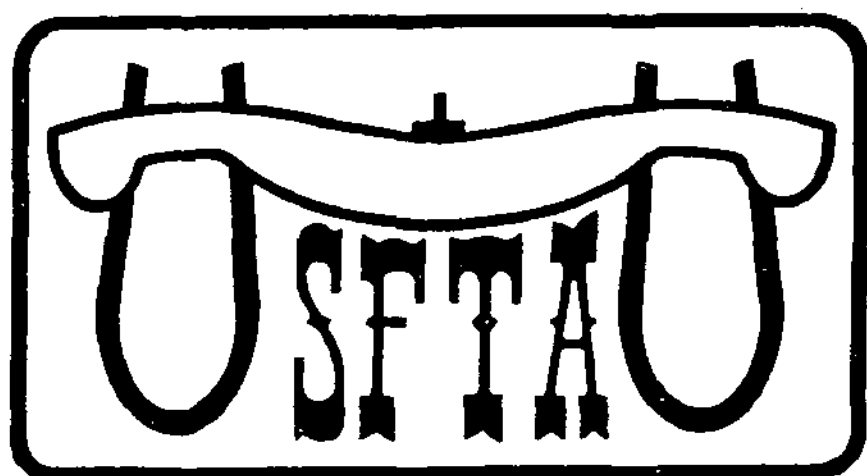


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Recommended Citation

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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 18

FEBRUARY 2004

NUMBER 2

NOTICE

THE LIFE MEMBERSHIP FEE FOR INDIVIDUALS & COUPLES WILL INCREASE FROM \$885 TO \$1000 ON JULY 1, 2004

LIFE MEMBERSHIP INCREASE

WHEN the SFTA board proposed the bylaws amendment to the membership to reestablish a life-membership category (adopted in 2002), the fee was set at \$885 until 2004, when it would increase to \$1000. Because the date for 2004 renewals came without proper notification of the membership of this change, the board voted to extend the date for the change in fee to July 1, 2004.

Until that date individuals or couples may become life members for \$885 (payable in one sum or three annual payments). Those who have already paid 2004 membership fees may count what they have paid for this year in that life-membership fee. After July 1, 2004, all life memberships will be \$1000 (payable in one sum or three annual installments).

At present there are 18 life memberships. All income from life memberships is kept in a special fund, the interest from which is used to service those memberships and, in time, to help support the work of SFTA.

BOARD MEETING APRIL 3

THE SFTA board will meet at Lyons, KS, April 3, 8:30 a.m., at the community room of the Lyons State Bank. All SFTA members are welcome.

SFT RENDEZVOUS SEPT. 16-18

THE biennial Rendezvous will be at Larned, KS, September 16-18, 2004. The theme is "The Santa Fe Trail as Portrayed by Artists & Writers of the Period." There will be tours, programs at the Santa Fe Trail Center and Fort Larned National Historic Site, good food, and entertainment. Watch for details in the next issue.

APRIL 3, 2004

SFTA BOARD MEETING
LYONS, KS

JUNE 5, 2004

NATIONAL TRAILS DAY

JUNE 21-22, 2004

TEACHERS' WORKSHOP
COUNCIL GROVE, KS

JUNE 24-25, 2004

TEACHERS' WORKSHOP
LAMAR, CO

JUNE 25-27, 2004

SIX WESTERN CHAPTERS MEETING
CIMARRON CUTOFF CHAPTER

JUNE 28-29, 2004

TEACHERS' WORKSHOP
LAS VEGAS, NM

SEPTEMBER 16-18, 2004

SFT RENDEZVOUS
LARNED, KS

WIND FARMS A THREAT TO THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by Deanne Wright

[Deanne Wright, Council Grove, is a former member of the SFTA board and former president of the Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter.]

A controversy is raging in the serene Flint Hills of Kansas as wind farm developers pursue sites for wind turbine projects. The projects pit landowner against landowner, neighbor against neighbor, ecologists against environmentalists. The controversy is a complex one, but issues relate to the conversion of agricultural land into industrial development land, concern about the property rights of neighbors near the wind farms, and the need for each farmer/rancher to have access to sophisticated advice about proposed leases before they sign them.

Photos of current wind farm projects show how land is blasted and torn up to construct the turbine bases. That construction would obliterate remnants of the Trail. The turbines themselves (some will be taller than the Kansas State Capitol Building) will impact the viewscape for miles.

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TEACHERS' WORKSHOPS AVAILABLE THIS SUMMER

SFTA, with a grant from the National Park Service, will offer three teachers' workshops in June 2004: June 21-22 at Council Grove, KS; June 24-25 at Lamar, CO; and June 28-29 at Las Vegas, NM. Additional workshops at other locations are planned for 2005.

The Education Committee, led by Marcia Fox and Chris Day, is handling these opportunities for teachers to learn about using the Trail as a classroom tool. All SFTA members are urged to bring these workshops to the attention of teachers in their area. For more information, see the insert in this issue or contact Marcia Fox <foxm@usd320.org>.

GLORIETA BATTLEFIELD STUDY FUNDED

THE Glorieta Battlefield Coalition, comprised of many organizations including the End of the Trail Chapter SFTA, completed a successful lobbying effort with the New Mexico delegation to Congress for funds to conduct a study that may lead to opening the Civil War battlefield at Glorieta Pass, part of Pecos National Historic Park, to public visitation and tourism. Congress recently included \$373,000 in an appropriation for Pecos National Historic Park staff to study highway safety in the area of Pigeon's Ranch and the Glorieta Battlefield.

The historic Santa Fe Trail through Pigeon's Ranch, site of fierce fighting on March 28, 1862, was paved over to create New Mexico Highway 50. Last year the Civil War Preservation Trust listed Glorieta Battlefield on their list of the ten most-threatened Civil War battlefields in the nation because of the threat posed by NM Hwy 50.

The Battle of Glorieta Pass often is referred to as the "Gettysburg of

(continued on page 13)

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

I have just returned from a trip to Mexico City, following El Camino Real with Leo Oliva to continue research on my guidebook for that Santa Fe Trail connection, dating from Juan de Oñate's expedition to colonize New Mexico in 1598. We were looking for all the sites mentioned in the journals of Josiah Gregg, Frederick A. Wislizenus, Susan Shelby Magoffin, George F. Ruxton, and others. We managed to find many of the places and will report on our saga later.

Now I want to write you about the wonderful response we have had to my request for a gift to the SFTA. We are having a few problems funding our education and research thrusts and I must say the response is very gratifying. You sent in over \$3000 to this special appeal. Thank you all very much.

Thanks also go to the more than 190 folks who responded to our questionnaire in the November Wagon Tracks. Most organizations only dream of having twenty per cent of their members taking time to respond to such a questionnaire. And respond you did. My wife, Bev, tabulated most of them in my absence, but we have not had time to read all of the comments made by most. This will take a little time. I will say that the support for Wagon Tracks was overwhelming. The majority said they read most articles and I assume that means this message as well.

In the May Wagon Tracks I will give you a detailed account of the responses. For now I will only focus on one possible problem our Association has. This is, broadly speaking, the relationship between SFTA and its chapters. Many of you had something to say about this issue. I am adding this topic to the agenda for the April 3 board meeting in Lyons, KS. Also, I am asking Jeff Trotman, the president of the chapter caucus that meets at symposiums and rendezvous, to survey each chapter for their input. Chapters and the SFTA should be working toward the same goals but apparently some feel that this isn't the case. All SFTA members are encouraged to attend our board meetings.

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>>

Finally, a word about the Rendezvous to be held in Larned come September. I know most of you have visited Larned and have seen Trail sites there, but we have something unusual planned for this Rendezvous. This meeting will include a field trip you have not been on. David Clapsaddle has agreed to lead us on the Fort Hays to Fort Dodge branch of the SFT. David has researched this route for many years and published several pieces on it. It will be a great tour! We also will have the Carrillos of Santa Fe at the meeting. Dr. Carrillo is an accomplished "santero" (carver) and his wife is a potter. He will be making a presentation and she will be demonstrating Hispanic potting techniques, including a "firing" of her pots. Please put September 16,17,18 on your calendar now. Don't miss it.

—Hal Jackson

WAGON TRACKS HAS ISSN

THANKS to SFTA member Phyllis Morgan, Albuquerque, who did all the work for the application, *Wagon Tracks* now has an International Standard Serial Number (ISSN), issued by the Library of Congress to identify periodicals in the same way that books are identified by the International Standard Book Number (ISBN). The number, 1547-7703, appears at the top of the next column. This number will permit people everywhere to pull up information on *Wagon Tracks* (including publication history). This should have been done years ago, and a special thank you is extended to Phyllis Morgan for doing it now.

WAGON TRACKS (ISSN 1547-7703) is the official publication of the Santa Fe Trail Association, a nonprofit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Colorado. Letters and articles are welcome, but they become the property of *WT* and may be edited or abridged at the editor's discretion. All rights reserved. Annual subscriptions are obtained through membership in SFTA; dues are set per calendar year. Checks should be made payable to the Santa Fe Trail Association and sent to the treasurer (address below).

Membership Categories

Life	\$885
Benefactor	\$1,000
Patron	\$100/year
Business	\$80/year
Nonprofit Institution	\$40/year
Family	\$30/year
Individual	\$25/year
Youth (18 & under)	\$15/year

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JANA MARSHALL

Janet Dee (Jana) Marshall, 66, of Merriam, KS, wife of SFTA past-president Ross Marshall, passed away January 2, 2004, after a long fight with ovarian cancer. She was a charter member and life member of SFTA, and she attended every symposium except 1989 in Santa Fe (the year her cancer first struck). She was engaged in the real estate business, 1964-1999.

Jana fought a courageous battle with cancer, with many surgeries and treatments during the last 14 years, but she never despaired and was an inspiration to all her friends and relatives. For the last 12 years, she coordinated the Christian Cancer Support Group under the sponsorship of the Kansas City Kansas Baptist Association. During those years, she touched countless lives as she encouraged people who had cancer. Her gentle ministry will be greatly missed as will her presence at SFTA meetings. Condolences are extended to Ross, her family, and many friends.

DONOR HONOR ROLL

MANY members have responded to various pleas for additional donations to assist SFTA with its many projects, and others have made memorial contributions. The list of donors is included as an insert in this issue. Special thanks is extended to every donor (see insert).

MAKE YOUR MARK BY
REMEMBERING THE
SFTA IN YOUR WILL

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

I thank you for printing Leo Hayward's very complimentary letter about me & our Trail bicycle trips. I was surprised and flattered. Thank you and Leo H. for your kind words.

Willard Chilcott
885 Camino del Este
Santa Fe NM 87501

WET/DRY ROUTES CHAPTER AUTO TOUR GUIDE ON NET

The Wet/Dry Routes Chapter has adapted its publication, *A Directory of Santa Fe Trail Sites*, into an auto-tour guide, available on the Internet, for Santa Fe Trail sites on the wet and dry routes in Pawnee, Edwards, and Ford counties, plus the sites on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road in Ellis, Rush, Pawnee, Ness, Hodge-man, and Ford counties. Larry Mix is specially thanked for his untiring work in the production of this adaptation and getting it on the Internet.

To access the guide, go to <<http://www.stjohnkansanet.net/santafetrail/wet/dryroute.html>>. The guide is linked with "Historic Information, Maps, and Photos." Included in this data are the following:

Site: There is an identification number assigned to each site.

Branch: The branch of the Santa Fe Trail on which the site is located.

Designation: The name of each site with reference to topographical features, Indian engagements, trading ranches, military posts, stream crossings, points of origin and the merging of trail branches, or land-owners on whose property physical evidence of the Santa Fe Trail remains.

Location: Directions and odometer readings guiding the public from site to site. A word of caution, there may be a variation of the mileage between different cars that are used. Also, at some of the sites there are warnings on roads; believe these warnings. Use good judgment on road conditions. Some of the county roads on this tour can be impassable when they get wet.

Global Positioning System (GPS): The GPS position of the marker expressed as latitude/longitude in degrees, minutes, and seconds. Wherever possible, the marker was placed

at the site. In a few cases the marker, for reasons of viewing and access, is placed a short distance from the site itself. If you have a GPS unit, you can program it and follow the Trail to the sites.

Physical Evidence: Short sections of the Trail which remain in the form of ruts and the cut-downs at stream crossings.

Historic Information, Maps, and Photos: The site is viewed with one- and four-square-mile USGS photos, photos of the site marker, and historic maps of the area; present-day maps and topos of the area are also on the web site.

WIND FARMS

(continued from page 1)

Our chapter's concern focuses on the threat to preservation of the Santa Fe National Historic Trail. Because almost all of the developers' efforts are conducted in secrecy, and with the lease signers sworn to secrecy, it is very difficult to know exactly where or when the Trail could be damaged. We are in the process, therefore, of placing Trail maps in counties along the Trail. Don Cress placed the Morris County maps in the USDA Service Center in Council Grove. We plan to take maps to commissioners in Lyon, Osage, and Wabunsee Counties.

It has been time consuming to attend meetings organized by ranchers and by developers, and the support given us by John Schumacher, Jere Krakow, Faye Gaines, and Hal Jackson has been critical to our efforts to protect the Trail. Schumacher, chair of the SFTA mapping committee, valiantly put in hours of weekend work to prepare the GPS maps for us.

Some of the counties (such as Morris County) are not zoned, so no permit is required for development. Several counties have placed a moratorium on wind farm development until a Governor's Task Force makes its report in the spring.

I hope all Heart of the Flint Hills chapter members will contact me if you hear of potential damage to the Trail. In turn, I will reach out for the splendid assistance provided by SFTA and the Long Distance Trails Group Office. My phone: 620-767-7080. E-Mail: ddw@cablerocket.com.

MUSTANGS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL, PART II

by Phyllis Morgan

[This concludes the sixth article in a series about wildlife on the Trail by SFTA member Morgan. At this point the article looks at observations of mustangs as recorded by Trail travelers. The next topic in this series will be buffalo and the Trail.]

AMAZED by their numbers, Albert Pike jotted in his journal in 1831: "It seems astonishing that from the few horses introduced so short a time since into America by the Spaniards, there should now be such immense herds in the prairie, and in the possession of the Aborigines."³⁴ The sight made a lasting impression on Albert; he later provided a glimpse for his readers: "Imagine yourself, kind reader, standing in a plain to which your eye can see no bounds. Not a tree, not a bush, not a shrub, not a tall weed lifts its head above the barren grandeur of the desert. . . . Imagine then . . . a herd of wild horses feeding in the distance or hurrying away from the hateful smell of man, with their manes floating, and a trampling like thunder."³⁵

In 1832, Washington Irving marveled at the sight of a wild horse, "with ample mane and tail streaming in the wind," as it galloped off after haughtily gazing at his party. Irving recounted the experience: "It was the first time I had ever seen a horse scouring his native wilderness in all the pride and freedom of his nature. How different from the poor, mutilated, harnessed, checked, reined-up victim of luxury, caprice, and avarice, in our cities."³⁶

Marion Russell, whose first of five journeys on the overland highway occurred in 1852, recalled seeing mustangs on a later trip in 1860 when she was 15 years old: "The buffalo were still numerous. Sometimes we had to take pains to avoid them. The country was so level that we could see for miles in all directions and the sun seemed to come up or go down like a great yellow disk right into or out of the earth. Sometimes we heard a noise like thunder and then a great herd of wild horses would swoop past us. . . ."³⁷

From 1866 to 1867, Eveline M. Alexander traveled from New York to Fort Smith in Arkansas, and then to



Fort Union with her husband, Captain Andrew J. Alexander of the Third Cavalry (he was promoted to major in Eighth Cavalry in 1866). Frequently riding her own horse along the way, Eveline encountered a lone mustang stallion while she waited for the column to catch up: "As I was waiting quietly on Zaidee, a fine black horse about fourteen hands high came trotting through the woods. It approached within fifty yards of me and then threw up its head and galloped off, mane and tail flying. I thought at the time it was a horse from the first column that had been lost and found its way back here, but could not see any brand on him, . . . the guide said it was a wild horse, there being a large drove in the vicinity."³⁸

Later, the company headed north from Fort Union, following the Mountain Route over Raton Pass to Fort Stevens in Colorado. Eveline and Andrew took a detour from "the road" to see the Rayado Ranch owned by Lucien Maxwell, who sold his huge land grant a few years later in 1870. She also recorded seeing a Ute couple riding on colorful horses: "Their costume exceeded anything I have seen yet. The [young woman] had her hair divided into two tails, which were wound round and round with strings of small beads. Both her eyes and one of her cheeks were painted with vermilion [a bright red pigment]. She was dressed . . . in doe-skin [and] her horse's bridle was covered with little bells, which jingled as she rode along, and she had a very pretty saddle cloth woven with bright colors and with a tassel hanging from each corner."³⁹

Health-seeker James Ross Larkin, member of an 1856 caravan led by William Bent, brother of Charles and

builder of Bent's Fort, saw a number of Cheyennes on their handsome horses, "making quite a hubbub." Some of them came to their camp to visit with Bent, who treated the visitors to coffee and bread. Larkin was impressed by an Indian pony with its hoofs and legs protected: "One of the Cheyennes has a novel set of shoes for his horse consisting of buffalo skin-cut in round pieces about 8 inches diameter-tied on with strings, the leather being placed over the bottom of the foot and tied around the leg."⁴⁰

Many Indians of the Plains cherished their ponies and horses, decorating them as colorfully as they decorated themselves. When the Indians were removed to reservations, they were forced to leave their beloved ponies and horses behind, to be taken, killed, or slaughtered by others. "Horses were to the Plains Indians what gold was to the whites," stated George Bent in his memoirs, a series of letters written in 1918.⁴¹ The son of William Bent and Owl Woman, daughter of White Thunder, high priest of the Southern Cheyennes, George recalled that the largest of the wild herds were on the north side of the Arkansas in the area stretching from western-most Kansas to east of Colorado Springs. The Cheyennes, Arapahos, and other northern tribes caught large numbers of mustangs in this area. The Plains Indians were particularly intent upon procuring more and more horses, although their herds were already unbelievably huge. He remembered seeing the herds of the Comanches, Kiowas, and Apaches, who were camped along the Arkansas near his father's fort (Bent's Old Fort), grazing along the river for 50 miles.

Bent explained how the Cheyennes and Arapahos hunted mustangs. The hunts usually were held in the early spring when mustangs were weak from the long, hard winter and in poor condition for a hard run. He described how the hunters set out from their camps on the north side of the Arkansas with their best horses and a number of old, gentle mares, while the scouts went ahead to find where large mustang herds were ranging. The hunters kept out of sight in the rolling hills, staying upwind. When a promising herd was sighted, the scouts drew as near as possible and began spreading out to surround the mustangs. A scout on a very fast horse rode toward the herd, lying flat on his horse's back until he came close to the herd. He quickly sat up and charged into the herd, making the mustangs flee in all directions.

Then, the hunters rode out from behind the hills, each one picking out a mustang to run down—generally a young horse that would make the best mount for hunting buffalo. Each hunter held a long slender pole with the noose of his lasso fastened to the end. He rode up alongside the mustang, slipped the noose over his head, and choked him down by tightening the noose. Once the mustang was down, the hunter put a rawhide halter on his head. Sometimes two or three men worked together and were able to catch several mustangs in a single run.

The mares now played their important role in the hunt. The halter on the captured mustang's head was tied close up to a mare's tail. This was called "tailing the mustang."⁴² The mustang would try to escape by jerking the mare about, but soon settled down and followed close behind her. After the hunt was completed, the mares were led back to camp with the mustangs tied up close behind them.

Upon later arrival at their home camps, the hunters picketed the mustangs near their lodges. The mustangs' heads were still tied to the mares' tails, and their feet were hobbled to keep them from kicking or breaking away. As they grew accustomed to seeing people moving around, the hunters would gentle them by touching and rubbing them. Having become familiar with their

surroundings, the mare was untied and led around the camp with the mustangs still tied to her tail. They would follow along after the mare without giving much trouble.

Next, a buffalo robe was placed on a mustang's back. Once accustomed to the weight, a man would mount and sit on his back, repeating this many times until the mustang could be untied and led around with the mare alongside. After that, the Indian could generally ride the mustang without trouble.

As he watched a Cheyenne village making preparations to move, Garrard was intrigued by the way the horses belonging to a lodge would stay close together: "The horses belonging to an Indian community are numerous; with us, there were nearly two hundred of different colors and sizes, scattered over the gentle hillsides in picturesque groups. Each lodge had its own band of horses, which presented a strange appearance; 18 or more bands close to each other, walking along but not mixing: each band following a favorite mare, or perchance, a woebegone, scrawny mule, not worth the powder and ball to kill it." Garrard remembered the sight of the different-colored horses as "gratifying in the extreme to my unaccustomed senses."⁴³

"Mustanging on the pristine prairies," Dobie stated, "was like fishing in the Pacific Ocean. The mustanger never knew what he might catch—and even after he had caught he often did not know what was on his rope."⁴⁴ In August 1873, Miguel Antonio Otero, Jr., who became the first Hispano to serve as governor of the New Mexico Territory, discovered this was true when he acquired a wild horse from mustangers.

Otero had recently moved from Kit Carson to Granada in southeastern Colorado. This was the New Granada, built where the terminus of the Santa Fe Railroad had reached the month before on July 4. A new commission house of Otero, Sellar & Co., a well-known mercantile firm on the Trail, was built at this point, and a new military road, the Granada to Fort Union Military Road, was used by freighters headed for the fort and Santa Fe.

Otero wrote about his fondness for

horses and his acquisition of a mustang in his personal memoirs, *My Life on the Frontier, 1846-1882*: "It was at Granada that I acquired Kiowa, the horse that among all those I have owned stands pre-eminent for equine excellence. Just a week after our arrival at Granada, a party of New Mexicans, headed by Pablo Medina, returned from a successful buffalo hunt in northwestern Kansas. With them they brought some wild horses they had captured, and out of the bunch I bought a two-year-old blue-roan pony, which I named Kiowa. In all my experience on the frontier I have never known a horse his equal for intelligence, speed and endurance. He remained in my possession for thirty years, until he finally died of old age."⁴⁵

One of the diversions most popular with the men and boys of the frontier towns was horse racing. Much to Otero's surprise, Kiowa proved to be an outstanding race-horse. One day a party of race-horse men from Kansas arrived in Granada and spread the word that they were looking for a race. Otero was asked by Charlie Newell, a well-known racing fan in the area, to let him arrange a race between Kiowa and the Kansas horse. Otero first asked for his father's permission to hold a race; his father agreed as long as Otero did not do the riding. One of Otero's friends, Mike Harkins, agreed to ride Kiowa.

The Kansas horse turned out to be a large stallion nearly twice the size of Kiowa. The horse was from the eastern circuit and looked like a thoroughbred. The distance was 440 yards; Kiowa was allowed a handicap of 15 feet at the finish. Each side put up stakes and \$1,000 was deposited with a responsible person. Otero recalled: "Every male resident of Granada made a wager. If a man had no money, he put up a wagon, horse or mule, saddle, pistol, or some other personal property."⁴⁶ Everybody in Granada turned out for the race.

Mike rode Kiowa without saddle or bridle, asking only for a leather halter. He did not carry a whip and rode barefooted and bareheaded, wearing a white shirt and blue pants. Kiowa jumped into the lead from the beginning and never gave an inch, finishing 20 feet ahead of the stallion. Newell was very pleased

because he had staked just about everything he had on the race. The race was profitable; Mike received \$100 and Otero received "a very handsome present."

Although Otero did not actively participate in capturing wild horses, he remembered the incredible number that grazed around Kit Carson: "Hunters would go out after them, using a bunch of tame horses, which they would induce to mingle with the wild ones. Then the hunters would start a stampede of the hybrid herd in the direction of the town. The tame horses would naturally head for their accustomed corral and some of their wild mates would follow them into it. I remember on one occasion that nearly fifty head of wild horses were caught in this way, and some were really fine animals."⁴⁷

Dobie declared that frontiersmen were "wrathful to kill" (their own words), and "shot mustangs for pleasure, just as they shot buffalo, jack rabbits, herons, and every other form of animal life within range."⁴⁸ Gregg also made a similar observation: "... the same barbarous propensity that was exhibited by the hunters toward the buffalo was also exhibited toward the wild horses. . . . Most persons appear unable to restrain this wanton inclination to take life, when a mustang approaches within rifle-shot. Many a stately steed thus falls a victim to the cruelty of man."⁴⁹

Matthew C. (Matt) Field, actor turned adventurer and health-seeker, hunted buffalo, but voiced his dismay at "the callousness and mercilessness" of hunters toward buffalo and other animals. Field first saw mustangs when he traveled the Trail in 1839. One of his serialized articles, "The Wild Horse," appeared in the New Orleans *Picayune* in December of that year. He told about his party being "water-bound" at Walnut Creek on the Santa Fe Trail crossing. Still unable to proceed on the fourth day, they rode out to look for buffalo. They did not find any, but "discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes riding brought us near enough to discover by its fleetness it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erected head,

the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. . . .

"We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly, for the purpose of scanning him more nearly. We had not advanced far, however, before he moved away, and, circling round, approached us on the other side. 'Twas a beautiful animal—a sorrel, with a jet black mane and tail. We could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs as he moved; and when, half playfully and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed to possess him.

"We might have shot him from where we stood, but had we been starving we would scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him—but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head; he heard the shot and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant rolls, still seeming smaller, until he faded away in a speck on the far horizon's verge."⁵⁰

The wild horses of the Plains became surrounded by so much lore and legend that it is difficult to separate myth from reality. They were a favorite subject of campfire talk and tales. Gregg described a mustang of great renown, the subject of campfire conversation along the Trail: "One in particular has been celebrated by hunters, of which marvelous stories are told. He has been represented as a medium-sized stallion of perfect symmetry, milk-white, save a pair of black ears—a natural 'pacer,' and so fleet, it has been said, as to leave far behind every horse that had been tried in pursuit of him, without breaking his 'pace.'"⁵¹ Gregg was describing the Pacing White Mustang, also known as the Pacing White Stallion, the White Steed of the Prairies, the White Mustang, and the Ghost

Horse of the Plains.

Over 30 years, Dobie traced the legend of the Pacing White Mustang and declared this wild stallion was "supreme above all local superiors . . . a superb stallion of one region in the beginning, he became the composite of all superb stallions. . . . The loom of human imagination wove him into the symbol of all wild and beautiful and fleet horses. Riders everywhere over a continent of free grass came to know of him and many to dream of capturing him."⁵²

The earliest account found by Dobie of this legendary stallion appeared in Washington Irving's *A Tour on the Prairies*, but the writing that was probably most influential in spreading the legend of the White Steed of the Prairies came from the trail journals of George W. Kendall, New Orleans journalist, cofounder of the New Orleans *Picayune*, and member of the expedition that marched in 1841 from Texas to Santa Fe to attempt the annexation of New Mexico.⁵³ Kendall's journals were first published in the *Picayune* in 1842 and appeared two years later in his book *Narrative of the Texas Santa Fé Expedition*, which became a "bestseller" across the country. While numerous accounts were told of this magnificent fast pacer, there were also many stories of other superb mustangs—tales of jet-black mustangs, of a particular blue-black stallion called Blue Streak, and of Starface, a deep bay stallion with a white star-shaped patch on his forehead and a white stocking on his right forefoot.

With the arrival of the railroad in Santa Fe in 1880, the renowned Trail passed into history. The growth of the railroad and the public's increasing acceptance of the automobile in the early 1900s brought to a close the period known as the Age of Horse Culture. As the frontier and open range dwindled, the mustangs were increasingly considered a nuisance and competitors of domesticated stock for grass, forage, and water. Thousands were rounded up and sent off to war as cavalry mounts, to domestic and foreign markets to provide meat for humans and dogs, and to ranches and farms as work horses. Thousands more were killed.

Today, roaming herds and bands of mustangs are found in remote ar-

eas on public lands in about ten states of the American West, the largest population living in Nevada. The Pryor Mountain Wild Horse Refuge on the Wyoming-Montana border is one of these areas. Of the five states that the Trail crossed, only New Mexico and Colorado are reported to have small bands of mustangs living in wild areas far from the ruts of the old Trail.

In 1971, heightened public concern over the brutal treatment of mustangs and their decreasing numbers gave impetus to the passage of The Wild Free-Roaming Horse and Burro Act by the U.S. Congress. Mustangs were also designated as a National Heritage Species, living symbols of the history and pioneer spirit of the West. An Adopt-a-Horse program was established that places mustangs with people who will give them shelter and care. Their future in a world of diminishing resources is uncertain.

Place names scattered over the Great Plains and along the routes of the Santa Fe Trail provide us with reminders of those days when mustangs roamed wild and free. Among those places are Wild Horse Draw and Wild Horse Lake in western Kansas; the town of Wild Horse and Wild Horse Creek in Colorado; Wild Horse Mountain and Horse Pen Creek in Oklahoma; and Mustang Creek and Caballo (Horse) Mountain in New Mexico. These and other names call back those vivid scenes that Trail travelers saw and, fortunately for us, some recorded. Through them, we are able to create our own visions of those magnificent mustangs "gamboling and curvetting" over the grassy plains.

NOTES

34. Albert Pike, *Prose Sketches and Poems*, 9.
35. *Ibid.*, 63-64.
36. Washington Irving, *A Tour on the Prairies* (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1850), 69.
37. Marian Sloan Russell, *Land of Enchantment* (1954; reprint, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1981), 81.
38. Sandra L. Myres, ed., *Cavalry Wife: The Diary of Eveline M. Alexander, 1866-1867* (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1977), 79.
39. *Ibid.*
40. Barton H. Barbour, ed., *Reluctant Frontiersman, James Ross Larkin on the Santa Fe Trail, 1856-1857* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1990), 80.
41. George E. Hyde, *Life of George Bent, Written from His Letters*, ed. Savoie Lottin-

ville (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1968), 37.

42. *Ibid.*, 35.
43. Garrard, *Wah-to-Yah*, 53-54.
44. Dobie, *Mustangs*, 199.
45. Miguel Antonio Otero, Jr., *My Life on the Frontier, 1864-1882* (1935; reprint Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1987), 78.
46. *Ibid.*
47. *Ibid.*, 79.
48. Dobie, *Mustangs*, 107-111.
49. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 324.
50. John E. Sunder, ed., *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955), 97-98.
51. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 366.
52. Dobie, *Mustangs*, 143.
53. *Ibid.*, 144-145.



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

-BOOK NOTICES-

Ann Lockledge and Ted Henson, *The Santa Fe Trail*. Grand Rapids: McGraw-Hill Children's Publishing, 1998. Pp. iv + 44. Maps, Illustrations, exercises, quizzes, answer key. Paper, \$5.95.

This workbook, in the Crossing of America Series, is designed for classroom use for grades 5-8. It is an example of what happens when textbook writers know a little about the subject but not enough to avoid mistakes. Unlike Dave Webb's *Adventures with the Santa Fe Trail*, designed for about the same age range and based on a thorough understanding of Trail history, this book does not present a reliable picture of the Trail.

The art work, by Don Ellens, is the first clue. The cover illustration shows two covered wagons with a man and woman on the seat of each, driving a team of horses and passing monument rocks unlike anything on the real Santa Fe Trail. The survey of the Trail in the 1820s is illustrated with a modern survey transit.

The authors lack a sense of Trail chronology. One of the first exercises is to write a letter home from Fort Atkinson (KS) in 1830 about how you decide which route of the Trail to follow westward. Fort Atkinson did not exist until 1850, and wagon traffic in 1830 did not have the choice that existed later. They state more than

once that "a two-way trade" began after the Mexican War. They have stagecoaches on the Trail in "the early 1840s." Susan Magoffin's claim to be the "first white woman" to travel the Trail is accepted (no mention of Mary Donoho).

There are errors of fact. At Sand Creek, for example, "Chivington killed every man, woman, and child." The wagons had "long tongues for fastening several yoke of oxen." George Custer did not establish a "permanent campsite" at Council Grove, from where he "guarded the Santa Fe Trail." There are errors of omission, including Fort Union, Fort Larned, and the Santa Fe Trail Center in a section on places to visit today.

Classroom teachers are advised to use Webb's *Adventures with the Santa Fe Trail*. If they choose Lockledge and Henson, they should be prepared to correct many errors.

Joan K. McAfee, *Riddle of the Lost Gold*. Manhattan, KS: Sunflower University Press, 2002. Pp. xvii + 162. Illustrations, bibliography. Paper, \$9.95.

Joan K. McAfee, *The Road to El Dorado*. Manhattan, KS: Sunflower University Press, 2003. Pp. xiv + 186. Illustrations, map, bibliography. Paper, \$9.95.

Both books available from Sunflower University Press, see insert in this issue.

These two books, the second is a sequel to the first, are novels designed for young adults (especially recommended for high school students). Each combines history of the 19th century (*The Road to El Dorado* follows the Santa Fe Trail to the Colorado gold fields) with a 20th-century adventure story, including enough solid history, adventure, and mystery to keep readers interested. In the process they will learn about Fort Hays, George Custer, Smoky Hill Trail, Santa Fe Trail, Colorado gold rush, and other parts of our rich heritage. The Vietnam War is a counterpoint.

McAfee knows history, and she knows how to tell a good story. Both books have Julia (Simmons) Henson searching for the details of the lives of her ancestors, seeking the treasures they reportedly found, and

learning about their tribulations.

Adults of all ages will appreciate what she has done. Hoping that readers will want to learn more about history after finishing these volumes, McAfee provides a list of suggested readings at the end of each one. These books will make great gifts.

John Stansfield, Mark L. Gardner, and Dan McCrimmon, *Listening for the Sound of Wheels: A Living History of the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail*. An audio CD. \$15 plus shipping. Available at <www.Santafetrailscenicandhistoricbyway.org>.

This one-hour CD, presented by the Santa Fe Trail Scenic and Historic Byway and the National Historic Santa Fe Trail, and funded by the Colorado Department of Transportation, presents narrative, quotations from primary sources, music, and songs to help travelers better understand the history of the Mountain Route of the Trail. It includes quotations from Marian Sloan Russell, *Land of Enchantment*, and Julia Archibald Holmes, *A Bloomer Girl on Pike's Peak*. This reliance on women gives a somewhat distorted view of a freight route that was predominately traveled by men. Not all the material is related to the Mountain Route.

It is misleading to say Marion Sloan's mother, Eliza, was a "widow" when she traveled the Trail, and the real reason she left Santa Fe with her children and went back to Fort Leavenworth would enrich the story (her first husband and father of her children, an army surgeon whom she had told her children was dead, arrived in Santa Fe, and Eliza did not return there until he departed a few years later).

Stansfield is the narrator. Gardner presents period songs and tells two good, true stories of the Trail. McCrimmon tells the story in word and song of Bent's Fort. Intended or not, the focus is more toward entertainment than education. It would be helpful if they had at least mentioned the Santa Fe Trail Association while they noted the Scenic Byway, Santa Fe National Historic Trail, and promoted their other CDs at the end.

TRAIL TROUBADOUR

—Traffic in Verse—

Sandra M. Doe, Editor

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

Arthur Chapman's poem, "The Santa Fe Trail," was read by Craig Crease at the recent symposium in Kansas City, and it is featured here. Chapman (1873-1935), an American journalist, wrote one of his most famous poems "Out Where the West Begins" in 1911 while he was a columnist with the *Denver Republican*. According to a book jacket notes pasted inside the 1917 printing of this poem, "it is perhaps the best-known bit of verse in America." The book jacket clipping pronounces that Chapman's verse "hangs framed in the office of the Secretary of the Interior" (then F. B. Lane—serving from 1913 to 1920) and that members of Congress have quoted it and that at least two governors have reprinted it to use as campaign material.

The SFTA, considering that the West begins in Missouri, could adapt it as a motto: "*Out where the hand-clasp's a little stronger, / Out where the smile dwells a little longer, / That's where the West begins; Out where the sun is a little brighter, / Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter / Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter, / That's where the West begins.*" In two other stanzas, the poem makes claims for skies, streams, reaping the harvest, and friendship: "*And a man makes friends without half trying— / That's where the West begins.*"

"The Santa Fe Trail" is here presented as the author intended, broken into stanzas with indented second and fourth lines, as found in *Cactus Center Poems* (Boston/New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1921). Its subsequent printing in Dr. Margaret Long's book, *The Santa Fe Trail* (Denver: Kistler Stationary Company, 1954) omits the author's origi-

nal presentation. It should be noted that several Trail enthusiasts, who have camped along the old ruts, report hearing in the night a "ghostly caravan."

The Santa Fe Trail

by Arthur Chapman

It winds o'er prairie and o'er crest,
And tracks of steel now glance
Where once it lured men to the west,
The highway of Romance.

Its furrows now are overgrown
With snowdrift or with flower,
Lost are the graves so thickly sown
By Death in that dim hour.

And when the night has drawn its veil
The teams plod, span on span,
And one sees o'er the long dead trail
A ghostly caravan.



HOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

National Trails Day is June 5, 2004, with the theme "Trails and Health . . . A Natural Connection." For information, contact <www.AmericanHiking.org>.

Sandra Waggoner reports that Luis Escalante, former SFTA member, died December 12, 2003. She thought some SFTA members would remember him and want to know of his passing. Condolences are extended to his wife, Jessie, and family.

SFTA member Pete Cuppage, M.D., will present a program at the National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO, March 18, 7:30 p.m., on "The Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1803-1806: Medicine on the New Frontier."

The Kaw Mission in Council Grove will host a series of programs about the Lewis & Clark Expedition, with presentations each Thursday evening at 7 p.m., April 1, 8, 15, and 22, 2004.

Jere Krakow, superintendent of Long Distance Trails (including the Santa Fe Trail), received the Department of Interior's Honor Award for Superior Service in November. Congratulations Jere!

THE LIFE OF CHARLES O. FULLER IN CENTRAL KANSAS, 1855-1879

by John M. Stratton

[Stratton is a charter member of SFTA and director of the Regents Center Library at the University of Kansas, Edwards Campus. If anyone has additional information about Charles Fuller or Fuller's Ranch, he would appreciate hearing about it, <jstratton@ukans.edu>.]

CHARLES O. Fuller founded the Running Turkey Ranch, also known as Fuller's Ranch, on the Santa Fe Trail in eastern McPherson County in 1855. His ranch, by most accounts, was the first permanent settlement in that county, and he operated it until 1864 or 1865. Yet in the literature of the Trail there has been only scattered references to Fuller, one of the first individuals to establish a trading ranch in that part of the route, and there exists no single account bringing together the facts that are known about him and his place in the history of the Trail, not to mention his contributions to the development of Marion Centre, Kansas (now known only as Marion) and Marion County.

Who was Charles Fuller? Where did he come from when he came to Kansas Territory? What can we discover about his ranch on the Santa Fe Trail? What became of him?

These questions form the basis of this article, which had the original purpose of delving only into the history of the Fuller Ranch. However, as research progressed it became increasingly clear that Fuller played a much wider role in the development of other communities in central Kansas until his death at age 51 on August 2, 1879. Fuller was an entrepreneur as well as pioneer, a man who entered into several businesses after leaving the ranch he established. He played an important role in the early history of Marion Centre, Kansas, and was not without political ambitions.

As research into Fuller's life progressed, the emphasis of this work expanded into its present form: the beginnings of a biography of Charles Oscar Fuller, a man of compelling if unsung importance in the early history of central Kansas. While his contributions to the history of the Santa Fe Trail are noteworthy and

are discussed below, the purpose of this article is to survey his life as lived in central Kansas in the middle part of the nineteenth century. It is interesting to note that in two obituaries about him published in the *Florence Herald* and the *Marion County Record* in August 1879, neither mentioned his ranch on the Santa Fe Trail. Both, however, offered some commentary about his civic contributions to the development of Marion County, Kansas, and lauded him as a pioneer.

Fuller's Early Life

Charles Oscar Fuller was born on July 4, 1828, in Rome (Oneida County), New York, the eldest of nine children. His mother, Diane (Tubbs) Fuller, and father, Dennis Fuller, were both born in New York State in the early years of the nineteenth century and married in 1826 or 1827.¹ Apparently, however, the family did not remain long in New York but moved west to Illinois in 1839 when Charles Fuller was ten or eleven years old.² Sometime in or before 1852, Charles Fuller's father Dennis died and his mother Diane remarried in that same year in Dundee, Kane County, Illinois.³ By that year Fuller, who would have been 23 or 24 years old, may have already moved west to Missouri. The 1875 Kansas state census, for example, notes he came from Missouri to Kansas, though the year is not noted.⁴ A biographical sketch of members of the Kansas legislature for the year 1868 (Fuller served one term as a state representative from Marion County in 1868-1869) noted simply, "He came west, and for a time drove a stage for the Overland Stage Company from Missouri to New Mexico."⁵

During Fuller's employment as a stage driver, he may have been acquainted with William Allison, who also served as a mail carrier and stage conductor on the Independence-Santa Fe route in 1851 and 1852.⁶ In the summer of 1855, Allison himself established a trading ranch on the Santa Fe Trail near Walnut Creek east of present Great Bend, along with a partner named Francis Boothe. It may be that Allison and Boothe established their ranch at Walnut Creek first, since it

was declared to be "the first attempt at building by citizens made West of Council Grove."⁷ Fuller settled farther east on Running Turkey creek apparently, then, after Allison's Ranch was already established.⁸

Fuller's Ranch and Allison's Ranch were two of the earliest ranches established on the Santa Fe Trail for the accommodation of travelers. Both were established a few years prior to other Trail ranches established in central and west central Kansas during the late 1850s and 1860s. At least one source, however, mentions that Fuller's "ranch house and tavern" were established in 1854.⁹ This may be a simple typographical error in that source since later in the same source Fuller's Ranch is listed as having been established in 1855.¹⁰ What may be surmised is that, after the summer of 1855, Fuller had given up the occupation of stage driver for that of ranch operator on the Santa Fe Trail along Running Turkey Creek in central Kansas.

Fuller's Ranch

In the lengthiest biographical sketch of Charles Fuller to date was stated in part that, "In 1855 he established a ranch on Turkey Creek, in what is now McPherson county, which was called Fuller's Ranch, or Big Turkey Ranch. These ranches for the accommodation of travelers were numerous along the Santa Fe Trail, and were located by the government, the land being given to any one who would undertake to keep the place."¹¹

In her work *Marion County Past and Present*, Sondra Van Meter expanded upon this: "In order to encourage the establishment of stations along the trail, the United States government gave a quarter section of land to anyone who would undertake to live on it. These stations were usually located at stream crossings, or where cattle and horses could obtain water. They were about a day's journey or, ten to fifteen miles apart. Not all stations owners received government land. One of those who did, Charles Fuller, lived outside the boundary of Marion County in McPherson County. At one time his ranch was in Marion

County, when the boundary extended to the Colorado-Kansas state line."¹²

The site of his ranch was apparently already an established stopping place on the Trail. In 1854, for example, the mail stage to Santa Fe made stops there. In August of that year, William Allison served as conductor of the stage carrying William Carr Lane, the new governor of New Mexico Territory, to his new post in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Lane recorded in his diary that "on the 11th they breakfasted at Cottonwood creek; stopped to rest, at 2 P.M., at 'Running Turkey Creek.'"¹³ In the territorial period, this area of Kansas was known as Washington County (1855-1857). That name was assigned to the current Washington County, Kansas (bordering Nebraska) on February 1, 1857. Peketon County, the area that would have included Fuller's Ranch, was established February 21, 1860. By 1865, Marion County was enlarged to include all the territory in the former Peketon County, but McPherson County itself was not created from land originally part of Marion County until February 26, 1867.¹⁴

In an article about trading ranches on the Santa Fe Trail, Sondra Van Meter McCoy posed the question, "What kind of person would open a ranch on the trail? Most likely he would be young, in his twenties. He would have been over the trail previously, either as a worker or traveler. So he had some idea of what to expect. Most of the men stayed in the general area after the SFT closed down."

This generic description certainly fit Charles Fuller, who had already been a stage driver operating out of Missouri for at least a few years before establishing his ranch. In the summer of 1855, Fuller turned 27 years old, and he remained in the area until his death in 1879, about the time the Trail was made obsolete by the railroad (the railroad made the Fuller Ranch area obsolete by 1866 when Junction City, at end of track, became the outfitting point for wagon trains to New Mexico).¹⁵

In the literature of the Santa Fe Trail, Fuller's Ranch has been called a "celebrated inn,"¹⁶ a "celebrated stopping place,"¹⁷ a "ranch and tavern,"¹⁸ a "fortified ranch,"¹⁹ and a

"huge ranch."²⁰ In addition, Fuller's Ranch was lauded as "offering good accommodations, good liquor and good food."²¹ But perhaps more revealing are contemporary historical accounts noting the "accommodations" available to weary Trail travelers at Running Turkey Creek. For example, the *Western Journal of Commerce*, November 6, 1858, published a "Tables of Distances from Kansas City to the Gold Regions on Pikes Peak," noting that the "Running Turkey creek," some 186 miles from Kansas City, offered travelers a "mail station, Buffalo chips, water, grass, Buffalo."²² In May 1859 Charles C. Post, on his way to the Colorado gold fields, wrote in his diary that on May 27, his party passed "big Turkey creek" where there was located a "ranch and mail station, but no post office. They charged us ten cents per bucket for riley well water."²³ William Salisbury, also bound for the gold fields of Colorado in 1859, noted in his diary on Tuesday, May 17, "we are camped on the Running Turkey There is no timber here and poore water There is wone house maid of small logs and turf and a grocery in a wagon [illegible word]. The nearest timber is within 8 miles."²⁴

These descriptions hardly present a picture of "wine, women and song" at Fuller's Ranch, although it is true that Fuller employed two sisters at his place of business, something that must have been quite unusual in that part of the territory. Whether a "huge ranch" or a "house maid of small logs and turf," Fuller's female employees did assist in making travelers comfortable, for there was "one to cook and one to wait upon the table. These women were French and were sisters; they married and settled in the locality."²⁵ Their names were Clara and Norma Nomo or Noma.²⁶ It is not clear exactly when these women began to work for Fuller, nor can it be claimed with any certainty they were the "first white women in McPherson County"²⁷ having supposedly arrived at Fuller's Ranch in 1856. In fact, the first French-speaking settlers did not arrive in central Kansas until some time in 1857, some two years after Fuller had arrived.²⁸ Eventually they both married: Clara married a man named Henry Schonfeldt, and Norma married a man with the

last name of Smith, a butcher at Fort Dodge.²⁹ Whether or not they remained in the vicinity is not known. Schonfeldt paid a Marion Centre "dram license" in 1866, indicating his presence in Marion County until at least that year, but no further information about Clara has been discovered.³⁰

Besides providing accommodations for travelers, Fuller "must have expected to make a good profit from the travelers and the military. The ranchers also obtained licenses to trade with Indians in the area. In addition, ranchers sold buffalo hides and wolf skins to eastern merchants."³¹ Fuller himself obtained a "dram license" in Marion County in 1865 but as noted below may not have been at his ranch by that date.³²

That he "expected to make a good profit" may be more clearly appreciated when one notes the traffic on the Santa Fe Trail during the time he occupied his ranch. In 1857, for example, "at least 300 merchants and freighters were engaged in the trade, and 9,884 wagons loaded at the levee at what is now Kansas City, Missouri."³³ Two years later, in 1859, "traffic became very heavy on the trail. Freightage has increased, Mexicans were hauling many loads of wool to the United States and in the early spring gold seekers were on their way to the gold fields of Colorado. The disillusioned 'Pikes Peakers' returned in June of that same year by way of the Santa Fe Trail. From between April to September 8, 1859, over 2,170 wagons and 8,000 tons of freight passed westward through Marion County over the trail. This did not include the large number of immigrants' wagons, gold seekers or Mexican traders headed east."³⁴

Throughout the first half of the 1860s, trade on the Trail increased to the extent that there "was little question the Santa Fe Trail carried the heaviest traffic in its history during the Civil War years."³⁵ By 1865, for example, nearly 4,472 wagons crossed Marion County on the Santa Fe Trail.³⁶ Fuller must have indeed been well positioned to accommodate travelers along the trail at his central Kansas ranch. After nearly a decade as ranch operator on the Santa Fe Trail, however, Fuller was apparently willing to try new ven-

tures.

Later Life

When Fuller left his ranch is not precisely known. One of his obituaries states "he came to Marion County in 1862 and commenced his business on the Santa Fe Trail on the line between this and McPherson County."³⁷ This seems to refer to his ranch established in 1855, as noted above. No other sources note what other business venture this may have been. It may be that by 1864, Fuller had left the ranch he established some nine years before. While some writers have noted he was there as late as 1865,³⁸ one intriguing bit of evidence may be found in an undated letter from A. A. Moore, himself an early pioneer in Marion County, Kansas, to A. E. Case. The letter discusses the death of Ed Miller on the Santa Fe Trail on July 20, 1864. In that letter, Moore wrote: "When Ed Miller was killed I was living on the farm I had bought from E. P. Waterman, afterwards known as the Brumbaugh farm, ½ mile north of Main street [in Marion]. I had rented Moore's ranch to Chas. Fuller and gone down and bought that place and the Watermans had moved out to 'Running Turkey' ranch and were running a mail station."³⁹ According to Moore then, by July 1864 Fuller had left the ranch he had established and was living on Moore's Ranch.

On February 25, 1865, Marion County "was enlarged to replace Peketon Co. which included all the unorganized territory south and west to the Colorado line."⁴⁰ On November 7 of that year, Fuller, in his first venture into the local political scene, was elected to a two-year term as county commissioner by 25 votes.⁴¹

Fuller's stint as a politician did not end with the expiration of his term. In 1868 he was elected to a one-year term as a representative to the Kansas House of Representatives, a Democrat representing the 76th district.⁴² He served until 1869, when Alexander E. Case was elected as district representative to replace him. Fuller served two more terms as county commissioner after his service as state representative ended in 1869.⁴³ After leaving his ranch, Fuller served in both county and state political office until 1873 or later.

During the time from 1864/1865-1871, it may have been that Fuller's place of domicile was at Moore's Ranch. In the year 1871, he ventured into another line of business, having constructed the "Centre House, of this city [Marion], which he conducted for some time under the name of the Fuller House."⁴⁴ This hotel was the "first hotel in Marion, a frame structure,"⁴⁵ one apparently still in use as late as 1907/1908, some 29 years after his death in 1879.

It is not completely clear if Fuller was residing in Marion Centre after 1871, at Moore's Ranch, in the hotel he himself constructed, or in another domicile he may have owned. The 1870 U. S. Census lists the "Value of real estate owned" by Fuller as \$2500.00.⁴⁶ One year later, in 1871, Fuller purchased some share of ownership of a flour mill that had been built by Ira Moore, brother of A. A. Moore. This was the first flour mill in Marion County.⁴⁷ Sources differ, however, as to the year the first milling operation commenced, but it was either 1871⁴⁸ or October 1872.⁴⁹ In 1872 or 1873, Fuller sold his interest in the flour mill in Marion Centre.⁵⁰ Jacob Funk, who owned the mill not long after Fuller sold his interest in it, eventually began operating the mill in late 1873, after Center Township in Marion County approved bonds in the amount of \$4,000.00 to furnish it.⁵¹

By the summer of 1872, Fuller was 42 years old. He had been residing in Kansas (a state after 1861), since 1855. He had established a ranch on the Santa Fe Trail, served as county commissioner and state representative, and constructed the first hotel in Marion Centre. He also had purchased part interest in the first flour mill in Marion County. But in addition to these business and political pursuits, Fuller was a husband and, by some accounts, a father.

The 1870 U. S. Census, for example, lists Fuller as living in Centre Township in Marion County, along with his wife Martha J. Fuller. His occupation was listed as "Farmer and Co. Commissioner." Two other persons were also listed as occupying their place of residence. One was Jacob Seaser, age 29 years, originally from Ohio, whose occupation was

listed as "Farmer." The other was Seth B. Tubbs, age 41, occupation listed as "Millwright," originally from New York. Tubbs may have been a relative of Fuller's because his mother's maiden name was also Tubbs. One may speculate that Seaser may have been more than a hired hand since the value of his real estate holdings was listed as \$1,000. In addition, Seth Tubbs may have either been in partnership with Fuller or owned his own property elsewhere since his real estate holdings were valued at \$1,000.⁵² Given Fuller's later ownership in the first gristmill in Marion County, one cannot help but think that Tubbs, a millwright, was in someway connected with that business as well.

Martha J. Fuller, who had the surname Rice before marriage, was also born in New York State in "about 1828,"⁵³ the daughter of Ailiff Rice. She and Fuller may have married in Marion County, Kansas, though the year is not known.⁵⁴ It may also have been, however, that they married in Missouri before coming to Kansas in 1855.⁵⁵ The Kansas census of 1875 notes that both Charles and Martha Fuller indicated they came from Missouri prior to settling in Kansas. In any event, records indicate they had two children, a boy Silas and a girl Ida Mae, though neither one was listed on the 1870 U. S. Census of Marion Centre, Kansas.⁵⁶ The 1875 Kansas state census reveals the existence of "Ida Mary" Fuller, age six, listed below the names of her parents, Charles Fuller, age 46, and Martha J. Fuller, age 44.⁵⁷ If the state census is correct, then Martha must have been born in about 1831, not 1828. Silas Fuller is listed neither in the U. S. Census of 1870 nor the 1875 Kansas census. A statement in one of Fuller's obituaries further obscures the matter that Fuller left a "widow but no children to miss and mourn him."⁵⁸

In 1873, Fuller and his immediate family moved from Marion Centre to a farm outside of Florence, Kansas. Neither Jacob Seaser nor Seth B. Tubbs are listed as occupants of the Fuller place of residence. His last six years in central Kansas (1873-1879) were spent on a farm on Doyle Creek in Fairplay Township, outside of Florence. Ever interested in serving

the public interest, Fuller was a Trustee of that township from the time of its organization in 1877 until his death at home on August 2, 1879.⁵⁹

Sadly, the last few years of his life found him suffering from the effects of cancer. His obituary in the *Marion County Record* reads: "The immediate cause of his death appears to be a matter about which the physicians differ, but whatever may have been the special disease that terminated his life, it was undoubtedly superinduced by the cancerous affection which commenced its insidious attack upon his face some years ago, gradually eating into his right eye. Last Spring he went to St. Louis and placed himself under the treatment of an experienced physician and optician, who took the eye entirely out and returned Mr. Fuller to his home it was hoped a sound man. But the wish was vain, for the disease kept on at its silent work, destroying the vital forces of the previous robust constitution of its victim till some local malady, it matters not what, came to snap the brittle thread of life."⁶⁰

An obituary that appeared in the *Florence Herald*, August 9, 1879, noted that the ultimate cause of his death was "typhoid pneumonia, from the effects of which disease he died."⁶¹ Moreover, in yet another source his cause of death was listed as "nicotine poisoning."⁶² Given the latter information, one wonders if Fuller was perhaps a tobacco user who developed some form of oral cancer, one that spread, possibly, throughout his facial tissues.

After his death, Fuller's funeral was conducted by both the Marion Masonic Lodge (of which he was a member) and assisted by the Florence Masonic Lodge. A "very large delegation of Masons and others went down . . . to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed brother and friend and the funeral cortege is said to have been the largest that ever followed any one to the grave in Marion County."⁶³ Charles Fuller was laid to rest in the Florence city cemetery. His widow Martha survived him by ten years.⁶⁴

Conclusion

Today there is nothing remaining of Fuller's Ranch in McPherson

County, Kansas. Though the Daughters of the American Revolution marked the Santa Fe Trail through Kansas in the early years of the 20th century, including placing five markers in McPherson County, they did not place one of their distinctive red granite markers at the site of Fuller's Ranch. Fifty years later, in 1965,⁶⁵ a privately-erected monument constructed of natural-colored stone, inlaid with bronze and granite stones, was placed by "Mr and Mrs H H Steinbeck [and] Dr. and Mrs Guy E. Finkle" of McPherson, Kansas. The bronze plaque atop the marker reads:

**1825 Santa Fe Trail 1878
Turkey Creek Campground
Town of Empire**

Big Turkey Creek Post Office 1861

Below this, carved in an inlaid granite stone on the pedestal of the marker, are these words:

**Fuller's Ranch 1855
First White Settlement
in McPherson Co.⁶⁶**

Fuller's Ranch, it seemed, would have its marker after all.

In summary, the purpose of this article was to survey the life of Charles Fuller in central Kansas in the middle years of the nineteenth century. This article is incomplete, of course, and there is still work to be done in researching and writing a more comprehensive biography. Fuller was a prairie entrepreneur on the Santa Fe Trail, a business man, a farmer, a family man, and a man with some political ambition who contributed to the development of the communities of Marion and Florence. After his death, it was noted of Fuller in the *Florence Herald*: "Few men have been more intimately connected with our history as a county."⁶⁷ Perhaps in closing we can find no more appropriate words than those written by the unknown journalist in an obituary in the *Marion County Record*: "All that is mortal of Charlie Fuller rests beneath the sod in the cemetery at Florence. Peaceful be his sleep!"⁶⁸

NOTES

1. Tubbs Family Research Pages, "Charles Oscar FULLER," <http://www.worldconnect.genealogy.rootsweb.com/cgi-bin/igm.egi?>; "Obituary," *Florence Herald*, August 9, 1879, p. 2.
2. *Florence Herald*, August 9, 1879.
3. The Tubbs Family Research Pages, "Diane TUBBS," <http://www.worldconnect.genealogy.rootsweb.com/cgi-bin/igm>.

egi?

4. State of Kansas, Kansas State Board of Agriculture, Census of 1875, Reel 12 (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1951).
5. John S. Dawson, "The Legislature of 1868," *Transactions of the Kansas State Historical Society*, X (1907-1908): 271. See, also, Wilma McCracken Bremer, *Overland Mail and stage to Santa Fe, 1846-1860*, Unpublished dissertation, St. Louis: Washington University, Department of History, June, 1938, 58-59.
6. Louise Barry, "The Ranch at Walnut Creek Crossing," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, XXXVII (Summer 1971): 121.
7. *Ibid.*, 122.
8. William G. Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas* (Chicago: A. T. Andreas, 1883), 810.
9. W. J. Krehbiel, "Santa Fe Trail Brought Fame Early to McPherson County," *McPherson Daily Republican*, May 10, 1947, 7A.
10. "McPherson County Chronology," *McPherson Daily Republican*, May 10, 1947, 1A.
11. Dawson, "Legislature of 1868," 271.
12. Sondra Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas, Past and Present* (Hillsboro, Kansas: M. B. Publishing House, 1972), 22-23.
13. Louise Barry, comp., "Kansas Before 1854: A Revised Annals; Part Twenty-One, 1852," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, XXXIII (Winter 1966): 481.
14. Robert W. Baughman, *Kansas Post Offices, May 29, 1828-August 3, 1961*, 3rd printing (Topeka: Kansas Postal History Society, 1986), 202, 203, 215, 236.
15. Sondra Van Meter McCoy, "Central Kansas Trading Ranches on the Santa Fe Trail," *Adventures on the Santa Fe Trail*, ed. Leo E. Oliva (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1988), 109.
16. City of McPherson, Kansas. Comprehensive Plan, "Chapter 2: Historical Development: Early History of the McPherson Area," 3 (<http://www.mcphcity-bpu.com/cpmchpt2.htm>).
17. McCoy, "Trading Ranches," 114.
18. "McPherson County Chronology," 1A.
19. "Some Interesting Pioneer History of McPherson Recalled," *Topeka Daily Capital*, March 24, 1905.
20. "Mixed Group of People Settled in McPherson County," *McPherson Daily Republican*, May 10, 1947, 1A.
21. "Wine, Women, and Song at Fuller's Ranch," *McPherson Daily Republican*, May 10, 1947.
22. "Tables of Distances from Kansas City to the Gold Regions on Pikes Peak Compiled from United States Surveys, and Information Derived from Traders Across the Great Western Plains," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, XXXVII (Summer 1971), 136-137.
23. LeRoy R. Hafen, *Overland Routes to the Gold Fields, 1859 From Contemporary Accounts* (Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1942) 37; see, also, "The Arkansas Route: Diary of Charles C. Post," *ibid.*, 19-55.
24. David Lindsey, ed. "The Journal of an 1859 Pike's Peak Gold Seeker," *Kansas*

THE EXACT LOCATION OF FLAG SPRINGS IN OSAGE COUNTY, KANSAS

by Glen D. Norton

[SFTA member Norton, Topeka, KS, wrote this article to identify the correct location of Flag Springs near Overbrook, KS, in Osage County, because another spring in Douglas County to the east had mistakenly been called Flag Springs. Thanks to Mr. Norton, it should be noted, the location of Flag Springs is correctly identified in Gregory Franzwa's Santa Fe Trail Revisited and in Marc Simmons & Hal Jackson's Following the Santa Fe Trail (3rd revised and expanded edition). It should further be noted that there is also a Flag Spring (another name for Upper Spring) near the Santa Fe Trail in the Oklahoma panhandle. Thanks to Norton for clarifying the location of Flag Springs.]

THE first time I learned about Flag Springs was when my future wife introduced me to her father, Alvin Miller, in 1946, whose family lived one mile west of Overbrook, Osage County, KS. On that occasion I was told of the historical fact that their home, in the southeast quarter of Section 36, Township 14 and Range 16, was the site of the famous Flag Springs near the Santa Fe Trail. Later, my wife and I built a new home there, about 400 feet from one of the springs, where we lived for 50 years. Over the years I learned more about these springs.

In the mid-1980s I was surprised to find another spring in nearby Douglas County, approximately five miles east of the springs where I lived, identified as Flag Springs (the same information appeared in *Wagon Tracks*, August 1991). I started searching for additional evidence to support the location of the Flag Springs I knew. I inserted a plea for information in *Wagon Tracks*, but that produced no results. I contacted other people and continued my search for documentation of Flag Springs. Slowly I was able to find the evidence.

Because Trail travelers and their livestock needed reliable sources of water every day, the road to New Mexico included a stream or spring every few miles (except for a few

- Historical Quarterly*, XXII (Winter 1956): 328.
25. McCoy, "Trading Ranches," 114.
26. Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 811. Cutler lists the surname as Nomo while the article "Wine, Women, and Song" states the name as Noma, as does Kelly (see footnote 27).
27. H. B. Kelly, "Some Early History from 1870 to 1883," *Property Owners of McPherson Co. Kansas, 1884*; taken from *Edwards' Atlas of McPherson Co. Kansas*, ed. Roberta J. Woods (San Jose: Woods, 1970 [1980]), 2-3.
28. Alberta Pantle, "History of the French-Speaking Settlement in the Cottonwood Valley," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, XIX (February 1951): 12.
29. Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 810-811.
30. Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas*, 25.
31. McCoy, "Trading Ranches," 109.
32. Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas*, 25.
33. David Dary, *The Santa Fe Trail: Its History, Legends, and Lore* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2000), 235.
34. Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas*, 23.
35. Dary, *Santa Fe Trail*, 275.
36. Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas*, 24.
37. *Florence Herald*, August 9, 1859.
38. Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas*, 25; McCoy, "Trading Ranches," 114.
39. "The Death of Ed Miller on the Santa Fe Trail," *Wagon Tracks*, X (February 1996): 13.
40. Baughman, *Kansas Post Offices*, 203.
41. *Marion County Commissioners Meetings Minutes* (typescript), *Kansas State Historical Society*, undated, 7.
42. "Marion County Commissioners, 1866 -," *County Lists of Kansas State Representatives, 1861-1965* (typescript), *Kansas State Historical Society*, undated, un-paged.
43. *Florence Herald*, August 9, 1879.
44. Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas*, 25; "A Pioneer Gone" [obituary], *Marion County Record*, August 9, 1879, 2.
45. Dawson, "Legislature of 1868," 271.
46. *Population Schedules of the Ninth Census of the United States, 1870*. U. S. Census, 1870, [Microform, Roll 438]. Kansas: Lincoln, Linn, Lyon, Marion, and Marshall Counties, v6 (1-383A), National Archives and Records Service, available at *Kansas State Historical Society*.
47. Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas*, 75; *Marion County Clippings*, Volume 1, 1896-1929, *Kansas State Historical Society*, 1998, 13; Dawson, "Legislature of 1868," 271.
48. Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas*, 75.
49. *Marion County Clippings*, 13.
50. Dawson, "Legislature of 1868," 271; Van Meter, *Marion County, Kansas*, 75.
51. *Ibid.*
52. U. S. Census, 1870.
53. *Tubbs Family Research Pages*, "Fuller."
54. *Ibid.*
55. Dawson, "Legislature of 1868," 271.
56. *Tubbs Family Research Pages*, "Fuller."
57. *Kansas State Census, 1875*.
58. *Marion County Record*, August 9, 1879.

59. *Florence Herald*, August 9, 1879.
60. *Marion County Record*, August 9, 1879.
61. *Florence Herald*, August 9, 1879.
62. Thelma Carpenter and Helen Franklin, comps., 1880 Mortality Schedule of Chase, Lyon and Marion Counties of Kansas, Deaths Occurring between June 1, 1879 and May 31, 1880 (typescript), *Topeka Genealogical Society*, located in the *Kansas State Historical Society*.
63. *Marion County Record*, August 9, 1879.
64. Dawson, "Legislature of 1868," 271.
65. *City of McPherson, Kansas. Comprehensive Plan*, 4.
66. Inscription recorded by this writer.
67. *Florence Herald*, August 9, 1879.
68. *Marion County Record*, August 9, 1879.

GLORIETA BATTLEFIELD

(continued from page 1)

the West" by historians because it was the turning point of the war in the Southwest. Although the Confederates gained the upper hand in fierce fighting near Pigeon's Ranch, a daring flanking maneuver by a Union battalion that traveled over Glorieta Mesa resulted in the destruction of Confederate supply wagons at Johnson's Ranch, forcing the Texans to retreat to Santa Fe and eventually back to Texas.

Congress added portions of Glorieta Battlefield to Pecos National Historical Park in 1990. The National Park Service, which manages the park, currently prohibits general public visitation to the battlefield because of hazards associated with NM Hwy 50, which passes through the middle of the Pigeon's Ranch unit.

The Glorieta Battlefield Coalition sought support for a federal study to investigate transportation needs in the greater Pecos area and the feasibility of rerouting a portion of NM Hwy 50 around the Pigeon's Ranch unit of Glorieta Battlefield. The New Mexico State Legislature approved a joint memorial last March in support of the study and for restoring Glorieta Battlefield. Both the Village of Pecos and Governor Bill Richardson urged the New Mexico congressional delegation to seek necessary funding. Congressman Morris Udall and Senator Jeff Bingaman led the effort in Congress. Thanks is extended to all these for making the study possible. This is the first step in opening the battlefield to visitors. For more information, visit the Glorieta Battlefield Coalition web site <www.glorietapass.org>.

places, such as the crossing from the Arkansas River to the Cimarron River, known as the *jornada*). One of those sources was Flag Springs (plural because there are several springs in the area). These springs are located 1¼ miles west of present Overbrook, KS. The actual holes developed by the early travelers at Flag Springs were about one-fourth-mile or 450 yards north of the high ridge, the dividing line between the Wakarusa River to the north and the Marias de Cygne River to the south. Wagon trains followed the ridge so they had no streams to cross. About one-eighth-mile north of this ridge is where the Flag Springs trough area begins, and it continues nearly one-eighth-mile northwest to the 450-yard-point mentioned above, where the only remaining hole is located.

Water can be obtained anywhere in the ravine between these two points simply by digging a hole. Today the deeper one digs the more reservoir obtained. In some places, however, after three or four feet down it is difficult to continue digging because of the inflow of water. Some areas in this trough present more water than others.

The short distance from the road to the springs may be the reason for the name Flag Springs. The Upper Spring in the Oklahoma panhandle also was located some distance from the wagon route, and it was reported that someone tied a rag (flag) to a stake on top of the hill near the water, so the spring could be located easily from the Trail. Because the spring in eastern Kansas was also off the main path, it is plausible (despite actual proof) that an enterprising teamster tied a "flag" to a tall stake so he and others could find the same spring, among the sea of tall prairie grass, on the return trip. Remember the Santa Fe Trail was a freight route, with many of the same people passing and re-passing periodically. Such a "flag" would help them find the water they needed.

My quest was to find documentation for these Flag Springs. One of the sources often consulted by Trail researchers is Joseph C. Brown's field notes made as a result of the United States Surveying Expedition, 1825-1827. Brown's field notes were published in the Kansas State Historical Society's *Eighteenth Biennial*

Report (1911-1913). Brown identified Flag Springs by name on page 117 and gave the location as being 86 miles and 37 chains (a chain is 66 feet or 4 rods) or about 86½ miles from Independence, MO, or 98 miles from Fort Osage, MO, where the survey began. He listed the distance from Flag Springs to 110-Mile Creek as being 11½ miles. These distances are, of course, much less today with our direct-route highways. The Trail followed the course of least resistance, which meant a longer, meandering route through the region.

Also on page 117, Brown exactly describes the Flag Springs trough, which he then calls the headwaters of Mule Creek. The creek names in 1825 are frequently not the same as today, as the early travelers used names to suit their fancy. Today the creek below the Flag Springs area is called Camp Creek.

After selling the land where we lived for 50 years to the J. R. Bessette family in 1999 and moving to Topeka, I continued my research at the Kansas State Historical Society. There I found the memoirs of William Tregemba in a book called *Willie's Story* (locator number B/T716). I knew Willie Tregemba, who lived his entire life on a farm two miles south of my farm at Flag Springs. His grandparents, John and Christine Tregemba, came from England and bought that farm in 1870 when their son Johnny, Willie's father, was nine years old. Although the railroad had replaced that section of the Santa Fe Trail for overland freighting, the old road was still used by people moving west. In chapter 3, Willie recorded what he was told by his father and grandfather:

"Grandpa bought a farm soon after coming to Kansas. It was on the Santa Fe Trail about seven miles southeast of Carbondale. He told me many stories of happenings along the famous trail.

"The Santa Fe Trail went through what is now Overbrook. It followed the divides between watersheds because wagons forded streams that they could not go around. . . .

"There were places to camp every few miles, where there was water and sometimes a rooming house where a traveler could rest and get something to eat.

"My father was nine and ten years old when he remembered the most traffic along the Santa Fe. He spent a lot of time at one of these rooming houses along the trail near the farm. The family's name was Barber [actually Barbour] and they had two children near his age.

"The Barbers lived near Flag Springs which is one and one-fourth miles west of Overbrook. The springs furnished water for the wagon trains. The Barbers kept overnight travelers whenever possible, but sometimes there were too many for the rooms available, so they sent the extras over to the Atchisons who lived a mile northeast. [The 1879 Osage County Atlas shows that J. S. Barbour owned the southeast quarter of Section 36 and that J. Atchison owned the northeast quarter.]

"The majority of travelers who stayed the night were men on horseback. The people riding in covered wagons would camp by Flag springs. My father said he saw hundreds of wagons traveling west for two years after he came to Kansas. The traveling tapered off after the railroad was built farther west."

Willie's Story is interesting reading, and these quoted lines help to identify the location of Flag Springs. Willie Tregemba was a good neighbor, respected by all who knew him, and his word can be trusted regarding the name of these springs. My wife's father and grandfather, as well as their farm neighbors and the people of Overbrook, also knew these springs by that name. My interviews with descendants of the early settlers confirm this as common knowledge in the area.

In commemoration of the Kansas centennial in 1961, the postmaster at Overbrook prepared a cancellation stamp to be used to promote "Air Mail Week May 15-21." Also on the same cancellation stamp was the following text: "FLAG SPRINGS OLD SANTA FE TRAIL WATERING POINT, OVERBROOK KAN." It also showed a freight wagon pulled by a yoke of oxen.

The case for the location of Flag Springs is strong. No one, so far, has produced evidence to show that any other spring in the area was so identified during or after the historic use of the Santa Fe Trail.

KATIE BOWEN LETTERS, 1851: PART IV

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, continues (again). This section begins with her letter of May 21, still at Fort Leavenworth awaiting departure. The letters will continue next issue.]

Fort Leavenworth, May 21st, 1851

My dear Brother [Holman],

I commenced a letter to you on Saturday but thinking you would deem it too old if I sent it I destroyed it and now will write another. We did not expect to remain here after the first of May when we came, but the grass is backward and the river has been too low to bring up supplies. For ten days we have had heavy rain and "all nature" looks flourishing. Some of the officers who went out with the Indian agent to pay off four thousand Indians report that streams which scarcely afforded a pint cup of water two weeks ago, are now twenty-five feet deep, and it was with much difficulty that they could cross the creeks to get home. They left with provisions for ten days and were out seventeen days, consequently came near starving. One little dumpy fellow says he swam for five days, viz. In order to get their traps across a rapid stream, he stripped a large tree of its bark fastened the end together and filled it with camp equipage, then stripped himself and put out into the water towing his boat after him. In this way he worked for five days, until he got all their effects safe. Almost as bad as stream driving. How are you getting on with your timber. I hope you will be home by the time this reaches Houlton [Maine], and write me soon. We have been particularly fortunate in getting letters and Mother is an excellent correspondent. After we leave here I shall have something more to say. Col Sumner and the whole command start on Monday. Isaac will remain until Thursday to get started a large train of oxen, cows, pigs, sheep etc. Uncle Sam is going into the farming arrangement strong and if not successful, it will be one

grand failure. Farming implements and seed to the amount of \$10,000, and stock in proportion. I proposed that they harnessed the pigs and drove them backward, but I believe they are going to start them for St. Joseph and feel pretty confident of reaching Santa fe ultimately. It is a grand undertaking to get these "lubly" animals arranged and off, but if they get out safely, all will go well. Col Sumner will locate somewhere this side of the mountains where he can make a farm and will immediately set Mexicans and soldiers at work to make an adobie town. We will all live in tents until houses are built, and I doubt not we will get on very well. Two more ladies were added to our train, making ten in all, and we are to have command day about. Maj [Israel B.] Richardson of the 3d Int'y is lately from El Paso, and has a spanish wife that cannot speak or understand a word of English. She was out driving yesterday dressed in a pink slip, with a black rebosa over her head & shoulders. Every one to their taste. Isaac has got a fine team of four mules. They work to a charm in harness and we have been out driving several times to try them. All the troops are in camp about three miles from here, and most of the ladies went into camp yesterday to get used to it before starting. Nothing looks prettier than their white tents on the hard turf and their horses picketed outside. Isaac's clerk is entitled to a horse and the Col has selected a fine saddle animal from the command, with a view to my comfort, for the clerk can take a seat in the carriage occasionally while I take a gallop in the cool of the morning. *If I shoot a buffalo* you shall have the robe. Mrs Tubbs shot one going to Kearney. Col [Thomas] Swords, going out on a tour of inspection, will accompany us, until we overtake the main command. We have an escort of a dozen dragoons and will come up with the others in three days as we can travel thirty miles a day and the men cannot march that far. Col Sumner always lays by on Sunday. The streams are falling again very rapidly. The crossing of the Arkansas is 300 miles from here and half way to our destination. We have some of the highest

winds and biggest thunder that I ever saw or heard in any other place. Dust! Mercy, nothing but ice water will keep ones throat clear. We had a fine serenade a few evenings since & the principal musician was a brother of Hoopers. He is a band master to the second dragoons and although he plays remarkably well, still his fiddle cant speak as Hoopers used to. You remember Maj [Ebenezer Sprote] Sibley, he is here with a third bride, a very lovely pleasant person. We will have quite an extensive society. How I wish you were along. Some of the farmers, or rather overseers, are hired for \$60 to \$80 a month, but the contractors for cattle scarcely get enough to pay expenses, \$4.20 a hundred seems small pay for fat cattle. This is a magnificent country. The government farms are the finest I have even seen. This year is backward but next week strawberries will be in. Indians supply the market here and some of them have good farms. I am getting quite fond of this river water, it is very sweet when settled and is healthy and very pleasant to the skin. Tell Matty that our little mules would follow him like dogs as [and] let him hold on their back by their long ears. We have a famous big dog, quite large enough for a pony to Willie's carriage and I would give him willingly to see the children for a little while. So Willard has really gone. Well I hope he may do well, but it is best to let "well enough alone." Isaac sends love and is busy fussing. He dont think there is much inducement for a man in your situation going to Santa fe, but we will keep you posted of all leading events. Keep Father and Mother in good spirits. I've little doubt we will be home sooner that we anticipated. I will write again before we go. Isaac is waiting to take to the office and I must close. Tell Adalaide she must send me a note with satin favors in time to reach home for the wedding, whenever she makes her mind to "leave this world" for matrimony. We are having hot weather but plenty of air & dust. Much love to all, and read this if you can, supply whatever may be wanting, for I am in a hurry to make a mosquito nett to use on the plains. I won't for-

get Sheps rattlesnake. Write soon
Ever affectionately

Kate Bowen

Fort Leavenworth, May 25, 1851

My dear Mother,

Since writing to Holman, nothing has transpired of much interest. Those who are going on Monday are very busy of course, packing and making arrangements for the way. We are ready in every particular, still I keep plenty of sewing handy for fear I will waste my time. We take a drive every day to keep the mules in train, and the little animals do work finely. They are proud beasts even if not very handsome and carry their long ears perpendicular. We will probably start on Thursday and will have a very pleasant party. Col Wooley [Abraham R. Woolley] the Indian agent will mess with us and Col Swords will be of our company beside numerous attendants. We send our baggage and cows with the large train as they will move slowly, we being light will travel twice as far in the day as they will & expect to overtake them Sunday after starting, as Col Sumner always rests his troops and teams every Sunday. Our [new slave] girl bids fair to do well. She is young and strong has been brought up in a good family and washes, cooks, sews and knits very well. She will be able to make her own clothes which will be strong and plain, and as every year she will be improving we will be able to sell her for more than we gave for her, and her clothes will cost very little. All of the blacks here are clothed in homemade cotton & woolen, which is cheap and durable. We have had no letters yet from Capt [William T.] Sherman but he will find out all about Mary [former servant] in St Louis and send us a full account.

Maj [Enoch] Steen, the old sinner who enticed her away, is a widower and has two grown up daughters, the hob nobs of this country and the way they will take the starch out of Mary if she puts on any airs, will be a caution to white folks whether she stays with him as a mistress wife or servant. Isaac will demand \$50 of him for her expenses and Capt Sherman can recover it for us. I am thankful every day that she has shown herself as

soon as she has, for if I had kept her and discovered anything improper in her, it would have worried me to death. You remember Zane, Mrs Fernalds husband, he came yesterday with some new recruits, and brought this dandy wife with one child. You remember how he flourished at the arsenal, sporting his gold watch and studs and boarded his wife at Joneses on Chestnut street. Now he has run out all his money and is a poor private again. If I want any additional help at any time she will be very glad to assist me and perhaps she may be a smart woman. I am going to send a pin box of beans to Father. They are the most delicious of any shell beans I ever tasted for eating green and are called "Indian chief or Tuscarora pole bean." We were presented with fifty for seed in New Mexico and though it may be rather late, I think Father may get their seed this year by starting the plants in the hot house. They are very early. We are having quite a cold snap and I had a small fire put in our room this morning. Equal to Houlton, we have not had any letters lately from Buffalo but presume they are all well. I hope to get a letter here from Hershall, I wrote him from Buffalo, and will send him a few lines from here before we start. Your letters have been quite regular and I hope to get one today. If any come the first week after we leave a messenger will be sent with them to overtake us, and we can take the opportunity to send back by them. The woods are full of flowers of every description and gardens abound in roses & peonies. Mrs Haskin is sitting up today and her baby grows fast. She calls it Sophia Carleton, after Mrs. Carleton, as they are great friends. I should think it time for Mrs Patton to send out another circular, Queen Vic has, you know. Col Sumner sent me a beautiful little black mare to use on the way out, when I get tired of the waggon. You would feel so satisfied if you could see all our comforts. No other family is so well provided not even the majors & Colonels. Our Doct. has a little french woman for a wife and two young children one three years & the other five months old, yet he would not leave them behind, unless the

weather is cold they will get on very well. I have been trying my hand at transferring work on lace & have not succeeded very well, but send you a specimen. I made a morning cap that looked pretty well, but nothing to be proud of. You must take the will for the deed, for I did not spend any money for lace, when we had so much of everything else to buy. That you sent me was beautiful and some of the ladies wanted me to send for a piece directly and they would give me half a dollar a yard, but I thought it would not pay. As usual give my love to everybody. I will write to Mrs. Hodgdon from the plains, and still hope to get her letter. I will send all particulars of our starting, and I have no doubt we will go through well. There is a young buffalo here. I wish I could send it to Father.

Ever and truly your own Katie
Fort Leavenworth, May 31st, 1851
My dear Father and Mother,

You no doubt will be astonished to see a letter of this late date from here; but even so it is. The contractors have acted badly in not delivering their cattle and Isaac cannot start until they were received and paid for, so one day slips by after another and we are still fixtures. If we cannot get off Monday or Tuesday with a company of dragoons going to the Arkansas we will take the slow trip with Maj [Daniel H.] Rucker and his ox train, for he will have forty hardy western men to assist in driving the cattle and they will be as good as a regiment of recruits. Col Sumner and his large command started last Monday and I went to camp to see them off. The ladies were in good spirits and looked comfortable in their nice carriages (a large species of our old carryall). We can easily overtake them in seventeen days, or at the crossing of the Arkansas, if we can start on Tuesday, but unless we get off then we will take the safe way and patronize the pigs and sheep. There has been some sickness [cholera] among the recruits that came off the boat two weeks ago, but not a case here in the garrison. Isaac was threatened with another chill on Sunday last, but warded it off by taking physic and working the bile off. He now has a pretty good appetite but is

fretted to death that these contractors act so badly, after tomorrow the 1st June, he is not bound to take them and will buy others, if they do not come in tonight. Col Wooley the indian agent will go with us and if any appear I expect we will see something interesting for he has a large quantity of presents for the stray tribes.

I have had no letters from home since I wrote last but expect they are on their way to Santa fe. I see Mrs. Haskin nearly every day. Her new baby was two weeks old yesterday, and she has been up and sewing for several days so you may judge of her health. She has a very pretty baby, and her youngest boy is a fine child. He had another fit one day last week and they fear it may be occasioned by the weak limb. They do not expect to get away from here before fall, but the Maj is very impatient to rejoin his regiment, but I do not think they will put him on duty, he seems very helpless, and Mrs Haskin tells him he is getting to be a grumbler. How is everything getting on with you? We were out driving yesterday morning and I spied some ripe strawberries by the way side. We gathered a few and they smelt after the old sort at home, the same that you Father always bring in first. Some that I put up last year are now as fresh as when first made. They will be a treat in our new quarters when we get them. We expected to be all ready to start yesterday, but Isaac and I both said that we would remember your advice not to leave on Friday, so we did not get off anyway. Every kind of green thing is nearly at perfection. We are invited to dine on Sunday on green peas and salads and radishes are too old. Young turnips were sent in yesterday but we are cautious not to eat too much as we are well and we hope to keep so. A lady told me yesterday of a sure cure for the worst kind of corns and without pain. fix a piece of caustic on the end of a quill, to handle easily, and dip the caustic in iodine, rubbing the corn night and morning until it all peels off and the middle comes out, and it will not be sore or grow again if well done. Now do try it with your troublesome one, for it is not much trouble and

perfectly harmless. I am going to try it on Isaac for they are very painful sometimes. We have got one yellow girl and she bids fair to do well. I have sent her to the kitchen several times to make bread for the cook and always it comes out good. She washes and irons well and has made several nice little dishes such as one would relish if sick. I have hopes of making a first rate housekeeper of her, one good thing she is fast and has no disposition to disobey us. The river is rising every day and carrying off trees, banks and sometimes houses when they are too near shore. The small streams are not yet troublesome. I never saw a prettier place than this is now, and in every direction one can find a pleasant view. The Sutler here is a very pleasant old man, has been here for nine years with his family and is now building a handsome cottage on a hill overlooking the river. I went all over their new house yesterday and certainly I never saw finer views in my life, than from every one of their windows. He has become rich here and sending goods to Santa fe, and although he still keeps the store here, is quite independent. He is a Vermont man by the name of Henry Rich, and has been extremely kind and hospitable to us. Has one son at West Point, and only daughter at school in St Louis, & two sons here, beside five others who lie in the church yard close by, of the last one who died a daughter five years old, she has a full length portrait, and a more beautiful child I never saw. It died of croup in 12 hours. I think much of you all at home and trust you may remain in health. Eat a plate of strawberries and cream for me, as I do not expect to get any here, and I will send a line on the day that we start if we go before next Saturday. The time is going on, whether here or at Santa fe, and in a few months it will be a year since Isaacs order was out. Give much kind remembrance to all friends. I will write as often as we have a chance to send out letters. The weather has been very warm but is cooler today. I never was in a place where there was so much wind. Every day we have enough to blow the trees down and a great many do fall.

We have frequent and heavy showers, usually at night. I would like to ask questions about everybody, but do not think it would pay. If I write regularly to my Father and Mother, I do not think any one else has a word to say. Tell me everything that occurs for the most minute news is precious to me. If you can make this out you will do well for I am sitting in the wind and have to hold my paper down by main force. Has Holman come out of the woods yet? I'll take just a small piece of that broiled Salmon if you please. How my mouth waters, but it is no use. I hope we may get off Monday. Hoping ever dear Father and Mother to hear good news from you, I am your

affectionate daughter

Katie

Isaac would send a line but is weighing out our provisions & loading twenty wagons today. The same number started yesterday.

Fort Leavenworth, June 7, 1851

My dear Mother,

Here is another Saturday and we not off yet. Well we have every reason to believe that providence provided for our comfort in keeping us here for scarcely one fair day has shown these three weeks. Thunder storms the most terrific I ever knew have visited us day and night and on Monday the doctor told us that ten inches of rain had fallen in as many days and since then, until this morning, it has not only rained continually but has poured the whole time, and hail stones as large as eggs came down our chimney into the middle of the room. Vegetables are cut even with the ground and the prairies are one grand marsh. We drove four miles yesterday and in some places forded the road where the water was three feet deep. Col Sumners command have been gone two weeks and are only six days journey from here, where they have encamped during these terrible rains. The contractor who disappointed us, though a horrid old sinner, says that he has especially been elected by an all-wise providence to prevent harm from overtaking us. It certainly seems so, for we are glad enough to be in comfortable quarters. The ladies who have been out all this

time will swear goose I reckon. The laugh will all be on our side after all. The cattle are expected today, but the contractor says that if they are not here tonight at 12 o'clock that he will present me with a \$200 buggy to carry to Santa Fe for a pleasure carriage. I am going to have the sentinel on the look out and feel pretty sure of the buggy. He presented Isaac with two noble cows, full durhams, because Isaac did not withdraw the contract after the time had expired and sent me forty pounds of fresh butter from his farm. The old scamp is immensely rich and has made all his money by contracts and says this is the first time he ever forfeited the bargain. This transaction worth about \$8000, he will probably make \$2000 clear and can afford to be generous after keeping us back two weeks. But Isaac says he knows you will find something consoling out of this and tell us that it is only another instance of good coming out of evil. A very good motto truly. Isaac has not been out of the house during this bad weather but is much better than he was a week ago. You know how billious he is, and what a tongue he always has when his appetite is bad. His tongue is almost clean now, but he adheres to *Father's medicine, Starving*. I never was better and eat everything. Several men in some of the contractors trains, camping out this cold wet weather, have died from cholera, but no cases within the garrison. These men in camp had not even brandy or camphor and their employers deserve severe censure for not furnishing medicine. If Col Sumner had taken the advice of the doctor he would not have started for ten days, consequently would have escaped the bad travelling. We expect to get off Tuesday but I will drop a line the morning we start. Now I feel assured we will find good weather awaiting us and I shall not care a fig if we are out till the middle of August. No persons can be more comfortable than we will be. The only reason I am impatient to be there is to find letters, for it is now three weeks since your last was received. You will have letters from the Arkansas if not before, but from that post there is a regular monthly

mail, which started last Tuesday, but turned back on account of the height of the streams, and left again this morning. I might have written to Mrs Hodgdon and other friends from this place, but I thought that letters from the plains would be more interesting and am waiting for news. It is so pleasant to see the sunshine once more that I want to sit down by the window and look out the whole day. Everything was packed away a week ago and I have not much to busy myself with. I have been hemming, ruffling and drawing patterns for collars, but who can tell when I will get them worked. I think after we are once more settled that I will have a great deal of time for our Dinah knows how to do everything plain and well. She washes and irons extremely well, and when Isaac was sick made chicken broth and gruel as well as I could myself. Mary could never tell whether a thing was done or not, and I am glad she is gone. Capt Sherman wrote us that the Maj had not made his appearance at the hotels in St Louis, but that all the officers were on the look out, and would hunt till they found him. They were going to make an excuse to visit his farm a few miles from St Louis and see if the old fellow had hid himself there. Capt Sherman says he will get the fifty dollars out of him to keep quiet, but I tell you if they find Mary with him they will ride them both on a rail, as bad things have taken place before, but public opinion is for good even if they all will do wrong in the dark. Margaret is the name of our new servant and I am glad she is willing to go. Every day Isaac has some little extra made. He has had two extra poles and two extra whiffle trees made in case of accident and a pair of counter steps to mount into the carriage without touching the wheels in muddy weather. Our panniers are capital, one side contains all cooking things and the other all groceries, table cloths, towels, everything in fact for our table. The mules are the gentlest little creatures that ever lived and so well broken. One of the leaders, a pale brown, is marked precisely like a Zebra, black bands encircling its fore legs. We have had so much

time and taken everything so quietly that we are bound to enjoy the trip mightily. I only wish some of our friends were going too. Do not omit to remember me most kindly to everybody, not omitting Lydia Cook, for I hope you two will take much comfort together. She must get out often. When Priscilla comes, tell her I only hope she may be as happy as I was one year ago at home. I never look for so much happiness again. Dear little baby, how sweet she was, and I think of her continually. If this is long on the way, it will be owing to the bridges being carried away. No mail has reached here since Tuesday, but will surely come today. Father must husband all his strength and we will not be long away. A week ago tonight we had ripe strawberries for tea. The Indians bring in fruit of all sorts, in its time. If any of my letters miscarry it will not be much matter but I have written every week. Holman is home now I suppose. Tell him to write if he feels like it and when he goes to St John not to forget my best wishes to Collins & Mary. Julia must be a great deal of company for you. I hope she may not move again. Did you get one letter from Louisville with a piece of poetry in it? Again love to all. Ever affectionately dear Father & Mother
Your Katie.

Fort Leavenworth, June 14, 1851
My dear Mother,

Are you not astonished to see another letter dated from here and at this late day. Well, we are perfectly satisfied that things have turned out as they have for we have not had one fair day through since the command left. The ground is completely saturated, and the oxtrain that was to leave today, are still waiting a day longer, because they gain no time in traveling while the roads are so wet. When the roads get dry they will go twice as far in a day as they could now. We intended going on Monday, but shall certainly wait for one fair day, and very likely may not start till a week from Monday, tho in all probability Wednesday or Thursday next. Those who went three weeks ago have had a sorry time. The heavy rains caused some sickness and one of the Surgeons died eight days out, whether from ac-

tual cholera or from diseases caused by the weather we don't know. There have been cases of cholera among the recruits just off the boats but not one case within garrison. The wife of the surgeon who died has friends at Kansas twenty miles below here, and she went directly there after her trouble. Col Sumner sent to Weston a town above here for a doctor to fill doc [Alfred W.] Kennedys place, and got an excellent one who has been an army surgeon. All of the troops were to encamp for a short time at Council Grove 150 miles distant from here. We will not endeavor to overtake them because we will be too comfortable as we are going to leave for anything better. Some of the workmens wives will be along and one or two of the carpenters wives are very fine women. We will be able to take care of each other in case of need, but I trust we may all be to well to need assistance. At all events we can take our own time and wait for sunshine. If Shepard were here he would think the weather was altogether to spite him., and perhaps he is on his way to "Roostook" is why we are so bountifully favored.

Sunday morning. I should have finished this and sent yesterday only that the mail route is impassible on account of the bottoms being overflowed and bridges carried off, so we have to watch our opportunity when a boat comes along and send them to St Louis to be mailed. The one I sent last Saturday went the old route and I suppose it is now laying in the postoffice at Liberty a town on the opposite side of the river twenty miles below here. You must not worry at all about us because we will not leave here until we can feel certain that the clouds have shed their last. We are well and in excellent condition to start out. Isaac did not get strong in his stomach until I persuaded him to take some of the iron pills and drink sarsaparilla that I put in gin and made good bitters. You know I brought some of the dry root with me and it has worked wonders, he has now getting a little appetite and feels some life to move, but before he did not want to taste a mouthful and had that gnawing at

the stomach all the time. He had a touch of jaundice too, for his eyes looked as Holman's do when he has the head ache. I am hearty and can eat anything. We have had green peas for a week and I relish all kinds of sauce, you well know. Mustard greens have been very nice and spring chickens we have for Isaac all the time he was ailing. They were like partridges. Mrs Haskin sent me some buttermilk yesterday to make butter biscuits of. I am having a large quantity made as they will be sweet even after they are dry. The sun is shining today and I guess the rainy season is over. An old gentleman Col Wooley sent me a present yesterday of a couple of gallon-bottle mixed pickles and a quantity of best black tea, thinking perhaps that they would be more acceptable than anything else on the plains. Although we are bountifully supplied with such things, I was very grateful to be remembered. The same gentleman sent me a very large handsome edition of the Testament and the Psalms included and Isaac a large volume on Farming in all its branches. I read in it that if butter was packed in a firkin with the staves charred inside and a layer of charcoal on the top after the butter was well salted and packed, that it would keep sweet till all eternity. We find friends in all parts of the world, if we will only see and understand those who are kind to us. Tomorrow we spend the day and dine with Col Fontleroy [Thomas Turner Fauntleroy] the commanding officer. His wife is a fine specimen of a good old Virginia housekeeper and a mother to all who come within her doors. I love her very much she is so gentle and pleasant, always giving us some good advice and I hope to profit by it. We could be contented through our lives to live here, but we will put all energies at work to make something in New Mexico, and perhaps sometime settle on our 160 acres. I do so want to hear from home but it will be several weeks first. Wednesday I expect to feel rather homesick, for it will so plainly recall our happiness of last year. Father I hope is quite well. What a feast I will have in reading all my letters when I get to my jour-

neys end. I ought to write to Mrs Hodgdon but take it for granted that you will tell her how we are getting along or rather stopping still. We are so thankful to be here, and know we will get on just as fast by waiting as we would if we had left with the troops. Three weeks tomorrow since they left, and probably are not two hundred miles, though they intended being half way through. One teamster was sent back with a broken leg and so badly cared for it had been that the worms were clear to the bone and the doct. is injecting spirits of turpentine into the flesh to kill them, perhaps he will lose the limb just from carelessness, in not keeping the flies away. The farming arrangements in New Mexico are going to be a great bore and will increase Isaac's duties tenfold without bringing a cent. He says if he worked for himself half as hard as he does for Uncle Sam, that he could get a comfortable living anywhere. Our Dinah is a jewel and works to a charm, seems delighted and grateful to be treated like a creature with some feelings. I do not believe we will be obliged to correct her. She has a good disposition, and uses a great deal of judgement in doing her work. Two of the young officers left here last week to be married, and will be back in a day or two with their brides. A young bachelor, Mr. Sergeant from Eastport is master of ceremonies and is furnishing their houses for them, putting down carpets and having linens made. I told him it did not seem the fashion here, as in the New England states, for the bride to furnish her own linen. He said no, but that a yankee girl was not fit to be married until she had had her *quiltings* & frolicks. I believe I have told you everything that is going on here. We have had no newspapers for ten days, and I cant tell when these letters will ever reach you. I hope in time to quiet your fears if you have had any, for we are taking things very cooly and intend to keep doing so. I am somewhat interested to know when you will be *entirely alone* on account of *that journey* which is to take place with so much gusto. Do give me all particulars. Matty must write me a letter and tell me all

about the little folks. I will write to him the first time I see a herd of buffalo on the plains. One of the men here has a tame wolf about as big as Mattys grey cat, and some of the children have a parrot who cries and screams "Murder" nearly half the time. Remember everybody that I know, I wrote a long letter to Hershall this week, and will keep you informed of our whereabouts. Father must read all the news for us. Isaac is ready for church, but I cant go because I have packed my bonnets. Again love to all. Tell Holman to write and every body else though I do not expect they will. Ever truly your daughter

Katie

(continued next issue)



PIKE'S COLUMN

[This special column will continue as a series in Wagon Tracks until the close of the Zebulon Montgomery Pike Southwestern 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, and suggestions are welcome.

There are three Pike items in this issue: (1) an article about the Pike Family in America, (2) an article about the Pike Stockade by Marc Simmons, and (3) the fourth installment of Pike's journal. Keep informed with the Pike Bicentennial plans at www.pikebicentennial.org.

THE PIKE FAMILY IN AMERICA

by Roy Escott Pike

[Rev. Roy Pike is a direct descendant of John Pike, who came to America from England in 1635 and was the

great-great-great-great-grandfather of Zebulon Montgomery Pike. Roy, a 4th cousin five times removed of Z. M. Pike, is current president of the Pike Family Association of America, which is making plans for a special celebration in 2006 to commemorate the bicentennial of the Pike Expedition. Material for this article came from Records of the Pike Family Association of America, 1900-1948; Pike Family Newsletter, 2001-2003; and The Family of John Pike of Newbury, Massachusetts, 1635-1995, by Allen Raymond Pike (Penobscot Press, 1995).]

ZEBULON Montgomery Pike came from a distinguished American family, including one of the early settlers of Massachusetts Bay Colony (John Pike and family, 1635), with ancestors including military officers and civil officials. The genealogy of this family is of interest to more than just the descendants, since many of them served the public good. If anyone is interested in more of the Pike family history, beyond the information here, please check <<http://pikefamily.org>>.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike Ancestry

An outline of Zebulon Montgomery Pike's ancestry is presented first, since that will be of interest to everyone. It begins with John Pike, who came from England to America with his children in 1635.

1. JOHN PIKE, 1572-1654 m. Dorothy Kingsford (Daye), 1592-1631
2. JOHN PIKE, 1613-1689 m. Mary (Turvell), 1615-1680
3. JUDGE JOHN PIKE, 1650-1714 m. Sarah (Stout), 1656-1714
4. ZEBULON PIKE, 1693-1762 m. Janet (Foreman), 1698-1769
5. JAMES PIKE, 1725-1761 m. Mary (Heriot), unknown-1757
6. COLONEL ZEBULON PIKE, 1751-1809 M. Isabella (Brown), 1753-1809
7. GENERAL ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, 1779-1813 m. Clarissa Harlow (Brown), 1783-1847

It is worth noting that Zebulon Montgomery and his wife Clarissa had no male issue that lived to adulthood. Their daughter, Clarissa Brown (Pike), 1803-1837 m. John Cleves Symmes Harrison, 1798-1830, son of President William

Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States. Clarissa Pike and John Cleves Symmes Harrison had two daughters and four sons, and they had sixteen grandchildren. President William Henry Harrison was the son of Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and grandfather of Benjamin Harrison, the twenty-third President of the U. S.

Pike Family Association of America

The Pike Family Association of America, hereafter referred to as PFA, first met at the turn of a new century in 1900, when C. L. Pike, Saco, Maine, sent the following notice to many members of the Pike family on August 15: "The Reunion of the Pike Family will be held at Salisbury, Mass., Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept 11 and 12, 1900. All persons of this great name or descended therefrom, and all interested in commemorating the life and deeds of that 'Great English Commoner,' the 'Worshipful Maj. Robert Pike,' of Salisbury Beach [Massachusetts] are respectfully requested to be present. Accommodations can be had at Hotel Cushing, Salisbury Beach for meals or lodging, provided due notice is given the undersigned in advance. Please give notice through local papers and notify your relatives."

From that September meeting to the present the PFA has been in existence, although it was inactive for long periods of time. It met first in September 1900 and again in June 1901. During those beginning years, they sent out about 2000 notices, formed committees, and developed a constitution and bylaws. The first two annual meetings consisted of a major address, vocal and piano selections, readings, poems, the history of the family, and plans for its future. During the first two years there were 299 charter members.

What began as a Pike Family Association of the descendants of Major Robert Pike (1615-1708) soon turned into an association of all of the descendants of his father, the original immigrant, John Pike (1572-1654), who came to America in 1635. Today the PFA includes all Pikes.

In 1902-1903 a new constitution and bylaws were written, and PFA held meetings in 1902, 1904, 1906,

1908, 1910, 1912, and 1914. In 1902 a new genealogy section was added to PFA. Also added was vital information on the map of the first settlers of Salisbury, MA. Heraldry was mentioned for the first time. In 1904 the coat of arms of John Pike of England was adopted as official coat of arms of PFA and a badge was adopted.

By this time PFA members extended across the entire United States, and other lines of Pike families had been invited to join. These included George Pike of Marblehead, MA; Hugh Pike of Newbury, MA; James Pike of Charlestown and Reading, MA; Philip Pike of Kittery, ME; Robert Pike of Providence, RI; Samuel Pike of Falmouth, ME; and William Pike of Connecticut. In 1906 PFA celebrated the centennial of Zebulon Montgomery Pike's sighting of Pikes Peak at a meeting held in Colorado Springs.

In that year, as part of the commemoration of the Pike Expedition in Colorado Springs, a large boulder some ten feet in height was moved from Pikes Peak to Antler's Park in the city, and a bronze plaque was placed on each side of the monument. They read as follows:

Plaque #1

THE PEOPLE OF COLORADO HAVE PLACED HERE THIS GRANITE ROCK IN RECOGNITION OF THE NOBLE CAREER OF ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE SOLDIER - EXPLORER AND IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS HISTORIC EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTHWEST.

Plaque #2

NOVEMBER 15, 1806 FROM A POINT IN THE ARKANSAS VALLEY ABOUT 120 MILES DISTANT, GENERAL Z. M. PIKE FIRST SAW THE PEAK THAT NOW BEARS HIS NAME ON NOVEMBER 27 HE ABORTED HIS ATTEMPT TO ASCEND ITS SUMMIT.

Plaque #3

GENERAL PIKE ENLISTED AS A CADET IN HIS FATHER'S REGIMENT IN 1794; BECAME ENSIGN IN 2ND INFANTRY, MARCH 3, 1799; 1ST LIEUT., APRIL 24, 1800; CAPTAIN, AUG. 12, 1806; MAJOR, MAY 3, 1809; LIEUT.-COLONEL, DEC. 31, 1809; COLONEL, JULY 6,

1812; BRIGADIER GENERAL, MARCH 12, 1813.

Plaque #4

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, BORN AT LAMBERTON, NOW TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, JANUARY 5, 1779; DIED APRIL 27TH, 1813, IN AN ATTACK ON YORK, LATER TORONTO, CANADA. AGED 34 YEARS; BURIED AT MADISON BARRACKS, N. Y.

There were apparently no meetings for a number of years after 1916. World War I took a toll on the Association and the Great Depression put more of a strain on activities.

PFA was incorporated in 1903 in the State of Maine, but over the years that status has lapsed and the Association has to date not chosen to change its constitution and bylaws to be tax exempt. Since 1980 the federal tax rules do not allow single-descendant family associations to be tax exempt.

In 1938 there was an attempt to activate the PFA, which had been inactive since World War I. The Association had last officially met December 7, 1916, in Boston, MA, when Herbert Allan Pike was president and Frances C. (Dickerman) Noyes was secretary/treasurer. By that time a fund was started to help build a library in Salisbury, MA. Today there is a Robert Pike Genealogy room in Salisbury Library, where a painting of him hangs. Some of the funds came from the PFA to help build the library.

In 1939 the Association met in Boston. Dr. Maurice Mitchell Pike was elected president. The matter of future meetings was discussed and left to the board of directors. The Association met again in 1941 in Boston, MA. Then came World War II.

No formal meeting of PFA seems to have taken place again until 1956, when the sesquicentennial of the Pike Expedition was held in Colorado Springs. At that time the Association was still headed by Dr. Maurice Mitchell Pike. The executive secretary of the Pike Family Association, Rev. Rufus Vernon Pike, seems to have spearheaded the activities for the family reunion.

In 2001, once again, the PFA was reactivated. Marshal Woodard Pike took over the secretary/treasurer's task from his first cousins once re-

moved, Kenneth Russell and Janet (Handeland) Pike. Janet had kept the books and excellent records for 42 years. During the recent lean years of the Association Janet and Kenneth maintained the Association records and answered many question for the Association. They made significant sacrifices on behalf of the PFA, and now the Association is attempting to become more active a century after its beginning.

The following members currently comprise the Pike Family Executive Committee under leadership of President Roy Pike, Jenks, OK, and Livermore, ME: George Amberg, Redondo Beach, CA; Vernon W. Pike, Altaville, CA; Paul M. Noyes, Snellville, GA; Marshall W. Pike, Red Bluff, CA; Carol J. Mahr, Indianola, IA; Pamela L. Brady, Pleasanton, CA; Brian L. Pike, Dunbarton, NH; John H. Pike, Belmont, MA; Deborah Willis, Maryland Heights, MO; Barbara Newell, Medford, OR; Carol Cox, Auburn, ME; and the following members emeritus: Janet Pike, Hartford, WI; Kenneth R. Pike, Hartford, WI; and Allen R. Pike, Carmel, NY.

The PFA has a web site (see above) and is currently developing a database of Pike Family members from 1635 to the present. Perhaps most important, the PFA is planning a large family reunion in 2006 to commemorate the sighting of Pikes Peak by Zebulon Montgomery Pike in 1806. Current plans call for the celebration on July 14-16, 2006, to be held in the Colorado Springs area. Planning is in progress by coordinating events with the local Pioneer Museum, where PFA hopes there will be a special Pike exhibit for the year of 2006, including all of the materials on Zebulon Montgomery and the previous celebrations which are normally housed in their vault area and are rarely available to the public. Other activities planned include the "AdAMan" Society (which sets off fireworks on Pikes Peak at midnight each December 31), the Library (to present facts about Zebulon Montgomery and the previous two celebrations of 1906 and 1956, with newspaper clippings and other celebration details, and the Chambers of Commerce of Colorado Springs and Manitou Springs. We are also coordinating our event with the State of

Colorado and the Cities of Colorado Springs and Manitou Springs. Pikes Peak is in Manitou Springs. Other groups with which we have already communicated are the Cog Railway system, the Old Colorado City Historical Society, the Penrose Library in Colorado Springs, and various other attractions. At this writing, 75 PFA members have already pre-registered.

Finally, the PFA thanks the Santa Fe Trail Association for helping coordinate many activities planned to celebrate the bicentennial of the Pike Expedition to the Southwest and for the articles appearing in "Pike's Column" in *Wagon Tracks*.

PIKE'S STOCKADE: FROM COLORADO'S FIRST FORT TO UNKEMPT MONUMENT

by Marc Simmons

[This is Simmons's "Trail Dust" column from the Santa Fe New Mexican, August 20, 2003. Special thanks to him for permission to use this in WT.]

NOT long ago I attended a family gathering at my niece's new home, located east of Antonito, Colo., on the beautiful little Conejos River. About 15 relatives had assembled from various parts of the West.

I took the opportunity to seek out Lt. Zebulon Pike's reconstructed log stockade, the original having been built in 1807 somewhere lower on the Conejos.

No one in my family had heard of Pike's Stockade and, as I discovered, few people in southern Colorado knew of it either. Trying to interest relatives in joining me on a search, I announced that the stockade was a National Historic Landmark and had been the first American fort built in Colorado.

Initially, I got only three takers, my sister and two nieces, all of us over 50. Desperate, I lured my 12-year-old great-grandnephew Matthew into joining us by telling him that the place would undoubtedly have a small gift shop selling Pike mugs and T-shirts.

In 1806, President Thomas Jefferson had sent Lt. Pike at the head of a 22-man expedition to explore the southwestern corner of the Louisiana Purchase. The lieutenant left St.

Louis in July, crossed Kansas and entered the future state of Colorado.

He attempted, unsuccessfully, to climb a 14,000-foot mountain in the Front Range, which would come to bear his name, Pike's Peak.

The expedition crossed into the San Luis Valley, facing terrible cold, as winter had come. Pike struck the Rio Grande, but owing to his faulty map he thought it was the Red River that flowed down to Texas. The United States recognized that stream, the Red, as its new boundary with Spanish territory.

Lt. Pike found no timber on the river, but when he struck the mouth of the smaller Conejos, he ascended it for five miles until he came to a stand of cottonwoods.

There he had his men cut down to build a small stockade to provide shelter and protection for the party. They would occupy the place for only a month.

Then a troop of 100 Spanish soldiers from Santa Fe appeared and arrested them for trespassing on Spanish soil. During his year of captivity, Pike obtained the first inside look by an American of the New Mexican settlements down the Rio Grande Valley.

After his release, the officer wrote about his experience, and the publication of his book in 1810 first aroused America's interest in possible trade with New Mexico.

In 1925 the state of Colorado acquired the site of Pike's long-vanished stockade. In 1952, it was rebuilt in conformity with the lieutenant's description of the original plan.

My own little expedition, as it happened, had more trouble finding the new stockade than the New Mexican soldiers seem to have had in locating the old one. My information indicated that it was a few miles east of the village of Sanford, off Colorado 285 north of Antonito.

I expected to find large signs pointing the way, but none were to be seen. After roaming about lost for an hour, I finally got directions from a rural mail carrier.

We found the entrance, unmarked, off a narrow farm road. Inside, we drove a quarter-mile in our sport-utility vehicle on two tracks through grass with a wall of willow

shrubs lining both sides. It looked like we were the first to enter in a long while.

The stockade backed up to a thick stand of cottonwoods. A wire fence, decorated with "No Trespassing" signs, encircled the structure. The signs, a general untidiness, shoulder-high weeds growing through the floor boards of a frame outhouse and the primitive access road all combined to render this National Historic Landmark quite inhospitable.

Young Matthew and I began taking pictures of the stockade. With the bicentennial of the Pike Expedition coming up in 2006-2007, I needed photos on file for future publication.

Soon we were assailed by swarms of aggressive mosquitoes, and the ladies raced for the car. Matthew and I quickly joined them, and we started out on the faint trace of the road.

Then, I asked my niece, Judy, who was driving, to stop so I could take a long-view photograph of the site. I had no more stepped outside than I was covered with mosquitoes. When I got back in, they came with me and the interior was filled with stinging insects and the shrieks of passengers. Pandemonium reigned!

Judy stepped on the gas, we lowered the windows, and the in-rushing air blew the mosquitoes out. With that, I apologized to everyone for leading them into The Historic Site From Hell.

Matthew, with the resilience of youth, declared: "Oh, I thought it was a great adventure. But I'm sorry we missed the gift shop."

PIKE'S JOURNAL, PART IV

This reprint of Pike's journal of the expedition of 1806-1807 continues, starting with the September 30, 1806, entry. They were at the Pawnee village in south-central Nebraska.

Pike's Journal

30 September, Tuesday.—Remained all day at the camp but sent Baroney to town, who informed me on his return that the chief appeared to wish to throw great obstacles in our way. A great disturbance had taken place in the village, owing to one of the young Pawnees who lately came from the United States, (Frank) having taken the wife of an Osage and

ran away with her. The chief, in whose lodge the Osage put up, was extremely enraged, considering it a breach of hospitality to a person under his roof, and threatened to kill Frank if he caught him.

1st October, Wednesday.—Paid a visit to town, and had a very long conversation with the chief, who urged every thing in his power to induce us to turn back. Finally, he very candidly told us that the Spaniards wished to have gone further into our country, but he induced them to give up the idea—that they had listened to him and he wished us to do the same—that he had promised the Spaniards to act as he now did, and that we must proceed no further, or he must stop us by force of arms. My reply was, "that I had been sent out by our *great father* to explore the western country, to visit all his red children, to make peace between them, and turn them from shedding blood; that he might see how I had caused the Osage and Kans to meet to smoke the pipe of peace together, and take each other by the hands like brothers; that as yet my road had been smooth, and a blue sky over our heads. I had not seen any blood in our paths; but he must know that the young warriors of his *great American father* were not women to be turned back by words, that I should therefore proceed, and if he thought proper to stop me, he could attempt it; but we were *men*, well armed, and would *sell our lives* at a dear rate to his nation—that we knew our *great father* would send our young warriors there to gather our bones and revenge our *deaths* on his people—when our spirits would rejoice in hearing our exploits sung in the war songs of our chiefs." I then left his lodge and returned to camp in considerable perturbation of mind.

2d October, Thursday.—We received advice from our Kans that the chief had given publicity to his idea of stopping us by force of arms, which gave serious reflections to me, and was productive of many singular expressions from my brave lads, which called for my esteem at the same time that they excited my laughter. Attempted to trade for horses but could not succeed. In the night we were alarmed by some savages coming near our camp in full speed, but

they retreated equally rapidly, on being hailed with fierceness by our sentinels. This created some degree of indignation in my little band, as we had noticed that all the day had passed without any traders presenting themselves, which appeared as if all intercourse was interdicted!! Writing to the secretary at war, the general, &c.

3d October, Friday.—The intercourse again commenced. Traded for some horses. Writing for my express.

4th October, Saturday.—Two French traders arrived at the village in order to procure horses to transport their goods from the Missouri to the village. They gave us information that *captains Lewis and Clark*, with all their people, had descended the river to St. Louis: this diffused general joy through our party. Our trade for horses advanced none this day.

5th October, Sunday.—Buying horses. Preparing to march, and finishing my letters.

6th October, Monday.—Marched my express. Purchasing horses and preparing to march on the morrow.

7th October, Tuesday.—In the morning found two of our newly purchased horses missing. Sent in search of them: the Indians brought in one pretty early. Struck our tents and commenced loading our horses. Finding there was no probability of our obtaining the other lost one, we marched at two P. M. and as the chief had threatened to stop us by force of arms, we had made every arrangement to make him pay as dear for the attempt as possible. The party was kept compact, and marched on by a road round the village, in order that if attacked the savages would not have their houses to fly to for cover. I had given orders not to fire until within five or six paces, and then to charge with the bayonet and sabre, when I believe it would have cost them at least 100 men to have exterminated us (which would have been necessary) the village appeared all to be in motion. I galloped up to the lodge of the chief, attended by my interpreter and one soldier, but soon saw there was no serious attempt to be made, although many young men were walking about with their bows, arrows [sic], guns and lances. After speaking to the chief with apparent indif-

ference, I told him that I calculated on his justice in obtaining the horse, and that I should leave a man until the next day at 12 o'clock to bring him out. We then joined the party and pursued our route: when I was once on the summit of the hill which overlooks the village, I felt my mind as if relieved from a heavy burden; yet all the evil I wished the *Pawnees* was that I might be the instrument in the hands of our government, to open their *ears* and *eyes* with a *strong hand*, to convince them of our power. Our party now consisted of two officers, one doctor, 18 soldiers, one interpreter, three Osage men and one woman, making 25 warriors. We marched out and encamped on a small branch, distant seven miles, on the same route we came in. Rain in the night.

8th October, Wednesday.—I conceived it best to send Baroney back to the village with a present, to be offered for our horse, the chief having suggested the propriety of the measure; he met his son and the horse with Sparks. Marched at ten o'clock, and at four o'clock came to the place where the Spanish troops encamped the first night they left the Pawnee village. Their encampment was circular, and having only small fires round the circle to cook by. We counted 59 fires; now if we allow six men to each fire, they must have been 354 in number. . . . We camped on a large branch of the second fork on the Kans river. Distance 18 miles.

9th October, Thursday.—Marched at eight o'clock, being detained until that time by our horses being at a great distance. At eleven o'clock we found the forks of the Spanish and Pawnee roads, and when we halted at twelve o'clock, we were overtaken by the second chief (or Iskatappe) and the American chief with one-third of the village. They presented us with a piece of bear meat. When we were about to march, we discovered that the dirk of the doctor had been stolen from behind his saddle; after marching the men the doctor and myself, with the interpreter, went to the chief and "demanded that he should cause a search to be made;" it was done, but when the dirk was found, the possessor asserted that he had found it on the road; I told him "that he did not speak the truth," and informed the

chief that we never suffered a thing of ever so little value to be taken without liberty. At this time the prairie was covered with his men, who began to encircle us around, and lieutenant Wilkinson with the troops had gained half a mile on the road. The Indian demanded a knife before he would give it up; but as we refused to give any, the chief took one from his belt and gave it to him, took the dirk and presented it to the doctor, who immediately returned it to the chief as a present, and desired Baroney to inform him he now saw it was not the value of the *article* but the *act* we despise, and then galloped off. In about a mile we discovered a herd of elk which we pursued; they took back in sight on the Pawnees, who immediately mounted 50 or 60 young men and joined in the pursuit; then for the first time in my life, I saw animals slaughtered by true savages, with their original weapons, bows and arrows; they buried the arrow up to the plume in the animal. We took a piece of meat and pursued our party; we overtook them and encamped within the Grand or Solomon Fork, which we crossed on the 23d September, (lower down) on our route to the Pawnees. This was the Spanish encamping ground. In the evening two Pawnees came to our camp, who had not eaten for three days; two of which they had carried a sick companion whom they had left that day; we gave them supper, some meat and corn, and they immediately departed in order to carry their sick companion this seasonable supply. When they were coming into camp, the sentinel challenged, it being dark; they immediately (on seeing him bring his piece to the charge) supposing he was about to fire on them, advanced to give him their hands, he, however, not well discerning their motions, was on the point of firing, but being a cool collected little fellow, called out that there were two Indians advancing on him, and if he should fire; this brought out the guard, when the poor affrighted savages were brought into camp, very much alarmed, for they had not heard of a white man's being within their country, and thought they were entering one of the camps of their own people. Distance 18 miles.

10th October, Friday.—Marched at

seven o'clock and halted at twelve o'clock to dine. Were overtaken by the Pawnee chiefs, whose party we left the day before; who informed us the hunting party had taken another road, and that he had come to bid us good by. We left a large ridge on our left, and at sun down crossed it.... From this place we had an extensive view of the south-west: we observed a creek at a distance, for which I meant to proceed. The doctor, interpreter, and myself, arrived at eight o'clock at night; found water and wood, but had nothing to eat. Kindled a fire in order to guide the party, but they not being able to find the route, and not knowing the distance, encamped on the prairie without wood or water.

11th October, Saturday.—Ordered Baroney to return to find the party and conduct them to our camp. The doctor and myself went out to hunt, and on our return found all our people had arrived, except the rear guard, which was in sight. Whilst we halted five Pawnees came to our camp and brought some bones of a horse which the Spanish troops had been obliged to eat, at their encampment on this creek; we took up our line of march at twelve o'clock, and at sun-down the party halted on the saline. I was in pursuit of buffalo and did not make the camp until near ten o'clock at night. Killed one buffalo. Distance 12 miles.

12th October, Sunday.—Here the Belle Oiseau and one Osage left us, and there remained only one man and woman of that nation—their reason for leaving us was that our course bore too much west, and they desired to bear more for the hunting ground of the Osage. In the morning sent out to obtain the buffalo meat, and laid by until after breakfast. Proceeded at eleven o'clock, and crossing the river two or three times, we passed two camps where the Spanish troops had halted. Here they appeared to have remained some days, their roads being so much blended with the traces of the buffalo that we lost them entirely. This was a mortifying stroke, as we had reason to calculate, that they had good guides, and were on the best route for wood and water. We took a south-west direction, and before night, were fortunate enough to strike their roads on the left, and at dusk, much

to our surprise, struck the east fork of the Kans or La Touche de la Cote Bucanieus. Killed one buffalo. Distance 18 miles.

13th October, Monday.—The day being rainy, we did not march until two o'clock, when it having an appearance of clearing off, we raised our camp, after which we marched seven miles and encamped on the head of a branch of the river we left. Had to go two miles for water. Killed one cabrie.

14th October, Tuesday.—It having drizzled rain all night, and the atmosphere being entirely obscured, we did not march until a quarter past nine o'clock, and commenced crossing the dividing ridge between the Kans and Arkansaw rivers. Arrived on a branch of the latter at one o'clock; continued down it in search of water, until after dusk, when we found a pond on the prairie, which induced us to halt. Sparks did not come up, being scarcely able to walk with rheumatic pains. Wounded several buffalo, but could get none of them. Distance 24 miles.

15th October, Wednesday.—In the morning road [sic] out in search of the south trace, and crossed the low prairie, which was nearly all covered with ponds, but could not discover it. Finding Sparks did not arrive, sent two men in search of him, who arrived with him about eleven o'clock. At twelve o'clock we commenced our line of march, and at five o'clock, Dr. Robinson and myself left the party at a large creek (having pointed out a distant wood to lieutenant Wilkinson for our encampment) in order to search some distance up it for the Spanish trace. Killed two buffalo and left part of our clothing with them to scare away the wolves. Went in pursuit of the party. On our arrival at the creek appointed for the encampment, did not find them. Proceeded down it for some miles, and not finding them, encamped, struck fire, and then supped on one of our buffalo tongues.

16th October, Thursday.—Early on horseback; proceeded up the creek some distance in search of our party, but at twelve o'clock crossed to our two buffaloes; found a great many wolves at them, notwithstanding the precaution taken to keep them off. Cooked some marrow bones and again mounted our horses, and pro-

ceeded down the creek to their junction. Finding nothing of the party, I began to be seriously alarmed for their safety. Killed two more buffalo, made our encampment and feasted sumptuously on the marrow-bones. Rain in the night.

17th October, Friday.—Rose early, determining to search the creek to its source. Very hard rain, accompanied by a cold north-west all day. Encamped near night without being able to discover any signs of the party. Our sensations now became excruciating, not only for their personal safety, but the fear of the failure of the national objects intended to be accomplished by the expedition; and our own situation was not the most agreeable, not having more than four rounds of ammunition each, and 400 miles in the nearest direction from the first civilized inhabitant; we, however, concluded to search for them on the morrow, and if we did not succeed in finding them, to strike the Arkansaw, where we were in hopes to discover some traces, if not cut off by the savages.

18th October, Saturday.—Commenced our route at a good time, and about ten o'clock, discovered two men on horse-back in search of us, (one my waiter;) they informed us the party was encamped on the Arkansaw, about three miles south of where we then were: this surprised us very much as we had no conception of that river being so near. On our arrival were met by lieutenant Wilkinson, who with all the party was greatly concerned for our safety. The Arkansaw, on the party's arrival, had not water in it six inches deep, and the stream was not more than 20 feet wide, but the rain of the two days covered all the bottom of the river, which in this place is 450 yards from bank to bank, which are not more than four feet in height, bordered by a few cotton-wood trees on the north side by a low swampy prairie, on the south by a sandy sterile desert at a small distance. In the afternoon the doctor and myself took our horses and crossed the Arkansaw, in order to search for some trees which might answer the purpose to make canoes; found but one and returned at dusk. It commenced raining at 12 o'clock at night.

19th October, Sunday.—Finding the river rising rapidly, I thought it best

to secure our passage over, we consequently made it good by ten o'clock, A. M. Rain all day. Preparing our tools and arms for labor and the chase on the morrow.

20th October, Monday.—Commenced our labor at two trees for canoes, but one proved too much doated.... Killed two buffalo and one cabrie. Discharged our guns at a mark, the best shot a prize of one tent and a pair of shoes. Our only dog, was standing at the root of the tree, in the grass, and one of the balls, struck him on the head and killed him. Ceased raining about 12 o'clock.

21st October, Tuesday.—Doctor Robinson and myself mounted our horses, in order to go down the river to the entrance of the three last creeks, and we had crossed on our rout, but meeting with buffalo, we killed four; also, one cabrie. Returned to camp and sent for the meat.

22d October, Wednesday.—Having sat up very late last evening, expecting the sergeant, and party (who did not arrive) we were very anxious for them, but about 10 o'clock Bradley arrived and informed us, that they could not find the buffalo, which we had killed on the prairie, they all arrived before noon, and in the afternoon we scaffolded some meat and nearly compleated the frame of a skin Canoe, which we concluded to build; overhauled my instruments and made some rectifications preparatory to taking an observation &c.

23d October, Thursday.—Dr. Robinson and myself, accompanied by one man, ascended the river with an intention of searching the Spanish trace; at the same time, we dispatched *Baroney* and two hunters to kill some buffalo, to obtain the skins for canoes. We ascended the river, about 20 miles to a large branch on the right; just at dusk gave chase to a buffalo and was obliged to shoot nineteen balls into him, before we killed him. Encamped in the fork.

24 October, Friday.—We ascended the right branch about five miles, but could not see any sign of the Spanish trace; this is not surprising, as the river bears south west, and they no doubt kept more to the west from the head of one branch to another. We returned and on our way,

killed some prairie squirrels, or wishtonwishes, and nine large rattle snakes, which frequent their villages. On our arrival, found the hunters had come in a boat, one hour, with two buffalo and one elk skin.

25th October, Saturday.—Took an observation, passed the day in writing, and preparing for the departure of Lt. Wilkinson.

26th October, Sunday.—Delivered out a ration of corn by way of distinction of the Sabbath. Preparing for our departure.

27th October, Monday.—Delivered to lieutenant Wilkinson, letters for the general and our friends, with other papers, consisting of his instructions, traverse tables of our voyage and a draught of our route, to that place complete; in order that if we were lost, and he arrived in safety; we might not have made the tour, without benefit to our country. He took with him in corn and meat, 21 days provisions and all the necessary tools, to build canoes or cabbins. Launched his canoes. We concluded, we would separate in the morning. He to descend and we to ascend to the mountains.

28th October, Tuesday.—As soon as possible, all was in motion, my party crossing the river to the north side, and lieutenant Wilkinson, launching his canoes of skins and wood. We breakfasted together, and then filed off; but I suffered my party to march, and I remained to see lieutenant Wilkinson sail, which he did at ten o'clock, having one skin canoe, made of four buffalo skins and two elk skins; this held three men besides himself and one Osage. In his wooden canoe, were, one soldier, one Osage and their baggage; one other soldier marched on shore. We parted with "God bless you" from both parties; they appeared to sail very well. In the pursuit of our party, Doctor Robinson, *Baroney*, one soldier and myself, killed a brelau and a buffalo, of the latter we took only his marrow bones and liver. Arrived where our men had encamped, about dusk. Distance 14 miles.

29th October, Wednesday.—Marched after breakfast and in the first hours march, passed two fires, where twenty one Indians had recently encamped, in which party (by their

paintings on the rocks,) there were seven guns. Killed a buffalo, halted, made fire and feasted on the choice pieces of meat. About noon discovered two horses feeding with a herd of buffalo; we attempted to surround them, but they soon cleared our fleetest coursers. One appeared to be an elegant horse; these were the first wild horses we had seen. Two or three hours before night, struck the Spanish road; and, as it was snowing, halted and encamped the party, at the first woods on the bank of the river. The doctor and myself then forded it (the ice running very thick) in order to discover the course the Spaniards took, but owing to the many buffalo roads, could not ascertain it; but it evidently appeared that they had halted here some time, as the ground was covered with horse dung, for miles around. Returned to camp. The snow fell about two inches deep and then it cleared up. Distance 12 miles.

30th October, Thursday.—In the morning sent out to kill buffalo, to have his marrow bones for breakfast, which was accomplished; after breakfast the party marched upon the north side, and the doctor and myself crossed with considerable difficulty (on account of the ice) to the Spanish camp, where we took a large circuit in order to discover the Spanish trace and came in at a point of woods; south of the river, where we found our party encamped. We discovered also that the Spanish troops had marked the river up, and that a party of savages had been there not more than three days before. Killed one buffalo. Distance 4 miles.

31st October, Friday.—Fine day—marched at three quarters past nine o'clock, on the Spanish road. Encamped, sun an hour high, after having made sixteen miles. We observed this day a species of chrysalization on the road (when the sun was high) in low places where there had been water settled, on tasting it found it to be salt; this gave in my mind some authenticity to the report of the prairie being covered for leagues. Discovered the trace of about twenty savages who had followed our road; and horses going down the river. Killed one buffalo, one elk, one deer.

(continued next issue)

CAMP TALES —CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

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The chapter trip to Flag Spring with stops along the Trail, on October 25, was enjoyed by 22 members and guests. They returned to the Cimarron Heritage Center for dessert and a short business meeting. Morton County and Cimarron County will host the Six Western Chapters meeting, June 25-27, 2004. The next meeting will be at Elkhart in April, details to be announced later.

Texas Panhandle

President Kathy Revett Wade
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No report.

Wagon Bed Spring

President Jeff Trotman
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Ulysses KS 67880
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No report.

Heart of the Flint Hills

President Carol L. Retzer
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We are moving ahead with the restoration of Wilmington School. The entire west wall has been repaired and some floor work has been finished. Painstaking work has been done around the windows. Lyndon Building Materials has agreed to donate guttering material.

Plans for our annual trail ride are well underway. We gather at Eureka, KS, June 11 and arrive in Council Grove June 18. For more information, contact President Retzer. The trail-ride registration form is an insert in this issue.

End of the Trail

No president at this time.

On November 15, 2003, Hal Jackson treated us to a slide presentation of his ongoing travels and research of El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro. He accompanied his pictures of settlements and camps

with quotations of past Camino Real visitors, including Josiah Gregg, Susan Magoffin, Zebulon M. Pike and Frederick Wislizenus. He had a chance to visit the hacienda of Juan de Oñate, about 10 miles from Zacatecas, Mexico. Zacatecas was the origin of Oñate's famous 1598 trek northward, along what was to become the Camino Real, to Santa Fe and beyond; this provided a foothold for the Spanish empire into Nuevo Mexico.

On January 17, 2004, 60 members and guests met at El Dorado Community Center and heard Marc Simmons relate his tales, and those of others, in his talk "The Santa Fe Trail is High Adventure." Marc's adventures began with a request from *National Geographic* magazine to write a chapter about the SFT for a book on Western trails. He accepted, and that eventually led to Joy Poole and him establishing the SFTA. One of his early "adventures" was at Pawnee Rock, where Magoffin had an "adventure" a few years earlier. Besides his own, Marc related the adventures had by Josiah Gregg and Marion Russell. Marc's presentation left us with a very positive feeling about working to learn more about the Trail and preserving it as a monument to "high adventure."

John Bloom then headed the annual business meeting. A change in the chapter constitution and bylaws was approved by the membership. The chapter will now elect six board members-at-large, from whom the four officers will be selected. New board members are George Bayless, Carol Klawa, and Marilyn O'Brien. Helen Geer continues as treasurer, and Teresa and Walter Pickett will continue to fill one board position. So we're off to a good start in '04 with willing and talented members.

The next meeting will be on March 20, 2004. This will be a joint meeting with the Old Spanish Trail and the docents of the Palace of the Governor. It will be held at the NM State Records Center and Archives.

Corazón de los Caminos

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razon.htm>

Our last meeting of the year was in Cimarron with a buffet lunch at the St. James Hotel. In addition to elections for the 2004-5 board of directors, we had a wonderful walking tour of old town Cimarron. The new officers for 2004-5 are: Faye Gaines, Point of Rocks, President; Tibor Remenyik, Las Vegas, VP and Program Chair; Henry Ostrander, Rayado and Taos, Secretary; Mary Whitmore, Las Vegas, Newsletter Editor; Ursel Albers, Las Vegas, Treasurer; Dixie Odom, Maxwell, Membership; Joanne Sprenger, Las Vegas.

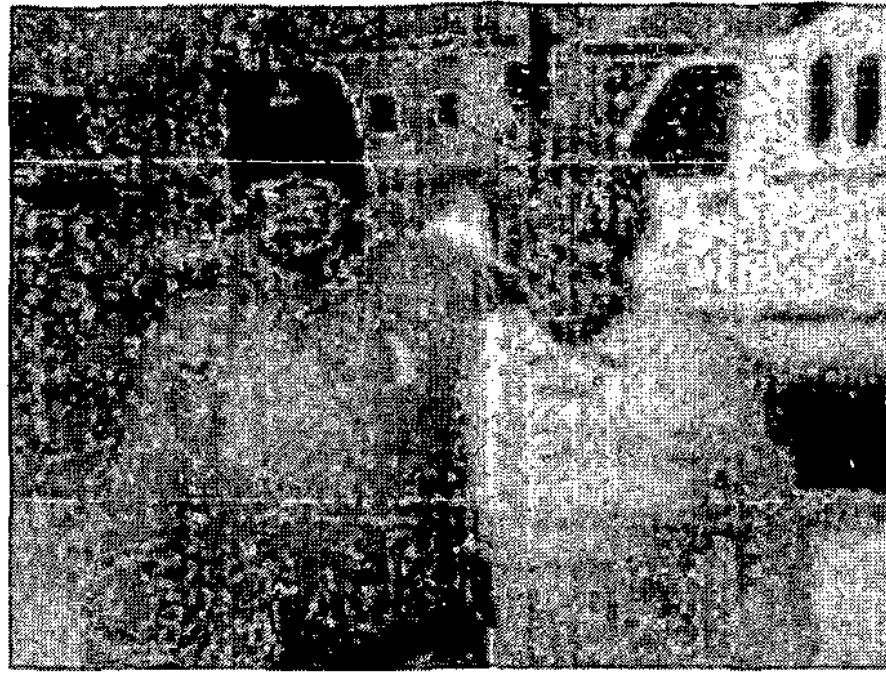
The first meeting for 2004 will be March 21, 1:30 p.m., in Wagon Mound at the Masonic Temple. J. D. Schmidt, Grand Master of the Lodge and SFTA member, will speak about the historic building and review one of the oldest chapters in the state. Many of the officers from Fort Union were members of this Lodge, and most of the furniture traveled to New Mexico on Santa Fe Trail wagons.

Our monthly meetings for the rest of the year will be posted on our web site, <www.nmhu.edu/research/sftrail/corazon.htm>. The chapter will host one of the three SFTA Teacher Workshops on June 28-29 at the Bridge Academy, National and 7th Streets, Las Vegas. Information and registration for the Workshop is available from Chris Day, <dos-days@kansas.net> or any Corazon board member.

Wet/Dry Routes

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

The chapter winter meeting was at Kinsley, KS, January 11, 2004. Officers elected for 2004 are President David Clapsaddle, Vice-President Barbara German, Secretary/Treasurer Robert Sallee, Program Director David Clapsaddle. Retiring President Rusti Gardner was presented a plaque in recognition of her leadership for the past two years. The Faye Anderson Award was given in honor of the late Paul Bentrup. On hand to receive the award on behalf of Bentrup was Dub Couch of Rocky Ford, CO, board member of SFTA. Considerable discussion was devoted to the *Auto Tour and Directory of Santa Fe Trail*



Paul Bentrup and Faye Anderson at Boggsville several years ago.

Sites, an online program dedicated to the 125 sites marked by the chapter. A round of applause goes to Larry Mix for his hard work in the development of this auto tour guide. Check it out at <http://www.stjohnks.net/santafetrail/wet/dryroute.html>. Also, see separate article in this issue.

Following refreshments provided by Larry and Carolyn Mix, the program was presented via a video tape, *The Lost Expedition*. The next meeting is scheduled for April 18, 2004, 2:00 p.m. at the Christian Church, Pawnee Rock.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

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

On January 29 the chapter met at the Inn Pancake House with a program by Marc Ferguson, historical reenactor.

Missouri River Outfitters

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

"Lewis and Clark: Preparations for the Expedition" was the title of a program presented February 8 at the National Frontier Trails Museum by Ross Marshall. He shared his research on the run-up to the Corps of Discovery Expedition. Including Thomas Jefferson's vision, Napoleon's motives, how Meriwether Lewis and William Clark became involved, and many other aspects of the preparations for the 1803-1806 adventure.

The next program will be March 27, a bus tour of Trail sites around Lexington, MO, and points eastward, led by Roger Slusher. The April 25 program will include elec-

tion of officers and a program by Mary Conrad, "Westward Migration as Portrayed in Murals."

The chapter expresses condolences to Ross Marshall at the loss of his wife Jana on January 2. Jana attended many MRO meetings and SFTA events. Her unflagging enthusiasm and quiet ministry will be greatly missed.

Quivira

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

The chapter is making preparations for the 2005 symposium.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Vernon Lohrentz
205 N Beverly
Newton KS 67114
(316) 284-2284

The chapter met November 20 at the Kingfisher Inn at Marion Lake with 35 members and guests present. The following officers were elected: President Vernon Lohrentz, Vice-President Steve Schmidt, Secretary Gil Michel, Treasurer Bill Silverstrand, and Board Members Dale Brooks, Sharon Schute, and John E. Wiebe. Dale Brooks distributed copies of the revised bylaws to be voted on at the next meeting.

The program was presented by Gary Schuler, Marion County Conservationist, on "Prairie Foods." He showed slides of native plants and told how they were used by Indians and early settlers, a very interesting and informative program.

On January 13 Vernon Lohrentz, Gil Michel, and Dale Brooks went to the Cottonwood Crossing site to determine the actual area and location for the proposed kiosk. This information was sent to John Conoboy for planning and design by the National Park Service.

Bent's Fort

President Richard Carrillo
718 W. 2nd St.
La Junta CO 81050
(719) 384-8054
<cuarteletejo@centurytel.net>

The chapter annual meeting was held January 24 at the Otero Museum in La Junta, with Mike Olsen presenting the program, "Fleeting Fame: Faded Heroes of the Santa Fe Trail."

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.

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Charles & Bev Bennett, 11725 W Alderny Ct #44, Wichita KS 67212
Mathew & Linzy Behrs, 501 Sixth St, Las Vegas NM 87701
Gary & Carol Borchers, 4120 Christi Lane, St George KS 66535
Ken Goering, PO Box 110, Moundridge KS 67107
Chester & LaRae Canada, 5201 Pondaseta Rd, Canyon TX 79015
Don & Peg Hatcher, 57755 Hunter Rd, Bethesda OH 43719
Martha & Roland Mace, 904 Allahna Way, Santa Fe NM 87501
Salvatore & Annette Morreale, 10 Mariposa Rd, Santa Fe NM 87508
Randy & Theresa Russell, 10951 W 106th Pl, Westminster CO 80021
Alton Way, 219 Circle Hill Dr, Clarksville TN 37042

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Thomas M. Conley, 1932 N Tejon St, Colorado Springs CO 80907
Jack K. Cooper, 0151 Cottonwood Ln, Monte Vista CO 81144
Jennifer Duncan, 2000 Clover Lane, Cedar Park TX 78613
Bert Jones, 175 Harrelson Rd, Tumbling Shoals AR 72581
David L. Kahle, 931 S First St, Blackwell OK 74631
Virginia Lierz, 139 Ridgecrest Dr, Santa Fe NM 87505
Emmet Mossman, 2941 S Fillmore Way, Denver CO 80210
Patrick Nissen, 3885 Hwy 93 W, Whitefish MT 59937

Tom Reidy, 216 Arborway St, Houston TX 77057
Robert Whitfield, 14 W Cheyenne Rd, Colorado Springs CO 80906

TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send notices for this section; provide location, date, time, and activity. This is a quarterly. The next issue should appear in May, so send information for June and later to arrive by April 20, 2004. Thank you. Dates of additional events may be found in chapter reports.

March 20, 2004: End of the Trail Chapter meeting with the Old Spanish Trail and docents of the Palace of the Governor, at NM State Records Center and Archives.

March 21, 2004: Corazon Chapter meeting, 1:30 p.m., Masonic Temple, Wagon Mound, NM.

March 27, 2004: Missouri River Outfitters Chapter meeting, bus tour by Roger Slusher of Lexington area and points eastward.

April 3, 2004: SFTA board meeting, 8:30 a.m., community room of Lyons State Bank, Lyons, KS.

April 17, 2004: Corazon Chapter Work Day at Fort Union, 10 a.m.

April 18, 2004: Wet/Dry Routes Chapter meeting, 2 p.m., at Pawnee Rock Christian Church.

April 25, 2004: Missouri River Outfitters Chapter meeting, election of officers, and program by Mary Conrad, "Westward Migration as Portrayed in Murals."

May 1, 2004: Fort Larned Old Guard annual meeting, Fort Larned NHS.

May 16, 2004: Corazon Chapter

meeting, 1:30 p.m., Santa Fe Trail Museum, Springer, NM.

June 5, 2004: National Trails Day.

June 19, 2004: 50th Anniversary Celebration, Fort Union National Monument.

June 21-22, 2004: Teachers' Workshop, Council Grove, KS.

June 24-25, 2004: Teachers' Workshop, Lamar, CO.

June 25-27, 2004: Six Western Chapters Meeting, hosted by Cimarron Cutoff Chapter in Morton and Cimarron counties.

June 28-29, 2004: Teachers' Workshop, Las Vegas, NM.

Sept. 16-18, 2004: SFT Rendezvous, Larned, KS.

FROM THE EDITOR

Thanks to everyone who returned the questionnaire in the last issue. The response was good, and the kind comments about *WT* are appreciated. When I took this job 18 years ago, I said the first person who complains will have the job. So far I seem to be the only one complaining.

Everyone is invited to attend the Fort Larned Old Guard annual meeting on May 1, with speakers during the afternoon and a military band concert and dance in the evening. Contact me for details.

Be sure to check the expiration date on your mailing label and renew if you have not done so. As of this printing, 640 members had not renewed. A special mailing will go out soon to those who have not renewed, and this costs additional money.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675

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