

Wagon Tracks

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Santa Fe Trail Association

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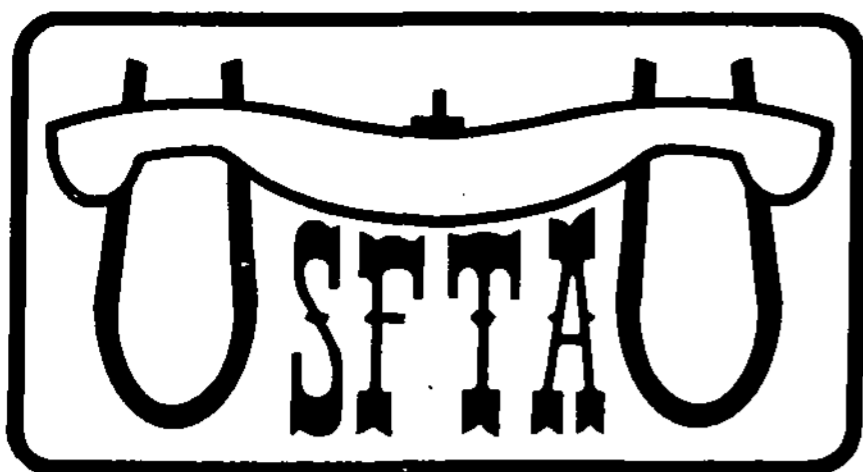


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 18

AUGUST 2004

NUMBER 4

SFT RENDEZVOUS SEPT. 16-19

by Ruth Olson Peters

PLANs are nearly completed for the 2004 Rendezvous history seminar in Larned on September 16-19. This year's theme is "The Santa Fe Trail as Portrayed by Artists and Writers of the Period." The seminar is funded in part by the Kansas Humanities Council. As always, the SFTA board will meet prior to the seminar's opening event. The board meeting is scheduled for 8:30 a.m. on Thursday, September 16, and is open to all SFTA members as well as the public. It will be followed by a Public Relations Workshop from 1:00-5:00 p.m. for SFTA chapter presidents or their representatives.

Also on Thursday a bus tour over the northern half of the Fort Hays/Fort Dodge Road will be offered, with Dr. David Clapsaddle, Larned, as guide. Seating is limited and the tour is expected to fill up quickly. From 9:00-10:00 a.m. a pre-field trip demonstration will be given in the Trail Center's library. Larry Mix, member of the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter, will show how to use the chapter's Santa Fe Trail Auto Tour Guide which is now available online.

The Rendezvous opening event will begin at 6:00 p.m. with a meal on the west grounds of the Santa Fe Trail Center. After the meal, there will be time to "Meet the Artists" and view their works in the Trail Center's auditorium. Art works by Rendezvous speakers are expected to include Southern Cheyenne Ledger Art by Gordon Yellowman and Southern Cheyenne quilling and bead work by Connie Yellowman, Hispanic Santos including retablos and bultos by Santero Charles Carrillo, traditional Hispanic micaceous pottery by Debbie Carrillo, and representative Anglo works from the museum collection at Fort Larned National Historic Site.

Friday's activities will begin at
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August 2004

SEPTEMBER 16-19, 2004

SFT RENDEZVOUS
LARNED, KS

SEPTEMBER 16, 2004

SFTA BOARD MEETING
LARNED, KS

SEPTEMBER 16, 2004

PUBLIC RELATIONS WORKSHOP
LARNED, KS

SIX WESTERN CHAPTERS MEET

THE Six Western Chapters meeting began at the Cimarron Heritage Center in Boise City, OK, on Friday, June 25, where participants from five Trail states met to begin a tour of Trujillo Springs and Flag Springs. The noon meal was served at the Cimarron Heritage Center, and the group toured the museum before going to the site of Camp Nichols. The weather was wonderful and the tours, led by Morris Alexander, were enjoyed by all. The evening program, following dinner, was provided by SFTA board member Sara Jane Richter, "Plucky & Purty: Women on the Santa Fe Trail."

On Saturday, June 26, the meeting moved to Elkhart, KS, gathering at the Morton County Historical So-

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SFT HIKERS REACH GOAL; 8-YEAR TREK ENDED AT FRANKLIN, MISSOURI

by Inez Ross

SATURDAY, June 26, 2004, was a day for celebration as Judith Janay, Phyllis Morgan, Carolyn Robinson, and I finished our hiking project to cover the entire Santa Fe Trail on foot. By shuttling cars, walking on the actual ruts of the Trail when we could, or on country roads nearest the original route, we followed the Trail via the Cimarron Route across five states to end where the Trail began in 1821.

When William Becknell, the first successful Anglo trader to Santa Fe, left Franklin that year, he crossed the Missouri River on a ferry at Arrow Rock. Determined to follow Becknell's route, we wanted to cross the river at the same location. There is no longer a ferry or even a bridge at Arrow Rock, but Joyce Briesemeyer of the South Howard County Historical Society found us a boat.

Because there are no landings there and the water was high, we were forced to board several miles

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Judith Janay, Carolyn Robinson, Inez Ross, and Phyllis Morgan had strawberry shortcake at a Boonville cafe to celebrate finishing the 875-mile trek on the Santa Fe Trail via the Cimarron Route from Santa Fe to Franklin, Missouri.

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

THIS has been a very busy time for me and others in the Association. I had the great pleasure to work with Marcia Fox and Chris Day in three workshops for teachers in June. Partially funded by the National Park Service, the workshops were held in Council Grove, Lamar, and Las Vegas. A total of 55 participants attended these workshops and I think they benefited greatly from the experience. Marcia and Chris have provided a more detailed report in the Fort Larned column. You should know that every attendee was given a copy of the book *Following the Santa Fe Trail* by Marc Simmons and myself, and the money for these copies came from the donations that many of you made to our Education Fund. Many thanks. Our thanks also go to Marcia and Chris. The NPS did give them a modest stipend for developing and presenting at the workshops, but I know that they spent many extra hours making certain that things went just right. There will be more of these workshops next year.

You know that we are currently seeking an Association Manager for SFTA. Some of you have either nominated good candidates or passed the word along about our needs. Joanne VanCoevern is chairperson of the search committee and reports that more than one hundred people have applied for the position. She and her committee will narrow this number to about six or so, and finally two or three candidates will be asked to come to Larned for interviews. Joanne hopes to be able to introduce the new manager at Rendezvous in September.

There is something of importance I want you to think about and act upon. Some years ago your Association solicited donations for a special marker fund. For some reason(s) we can't seem to get chapters to utilize this money. Cottonwood Crossing chapter is using \$1000 for the crossing marker this year, but they are the exception.

We have tried to simplify the procedures for getting money to chapters requesting it to no avail. At the SFTA board meeting in Larned we will visit this issue once again. We want the money spent on marking

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>>

our trail!

Right now I want you to reflect on the SFT in your area, or an area you know. Does the passing public know about important sites and events there? I know that I have driven the Trail a great deal and know of many sites that should be marked (a preliminary list of my suggested sites is found below). If you know of such a site, call your chapter president or a board member and request that it be marked. Let's put our marker fund to good use!

Lastly, a workshop will be held immediately after the board meeting in Larned concentrating on public relations. If I were asked the greatest shortcoming in the Association, my response would be that we do a very poor job of getting the word out about our programs and chapters. Each chapter is encouraged to send two representatives to this workshop. We can pay each representative \$50 for attending. Talk to your president if you would like to be one of your chapter's representatives at this very important session. Other participants are welcome to attend the sessions, without compensation, so long as space is available.

Make plans now to attend the Rendezvous in September (see article about the programs in this issue). I hope to see you there.

—Hal Jackson

MY MARKER WISH LIST

by Hal Jackson

THIS is my preliminary wish list for additional markers along the Trail. Before you review and critique my personal list, you should know that the area covered by the Wet/Dry

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Membership Categories

Life	\$1,000
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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Routes Chapter is very well marked. In this case, the chapter did not wait for the SFTA and NPS to "get their act together" and marked many, many sites at their own expense. They continue to do so on a regular basis (see their chapter reports).

My list is:

1. Center of Old Franklin Square (in progress).
2. Trail split west of Gardner, KS (in progress?).
3. Black Jack ruts east of Baldwin City, KS (these are not well marked in my view).
4. Site of Sibley signing of treaty with Kaws south of McPherson, KS (a natural for our Symposium in 2005).
5. Pike marker at Great Bend where Lt. Wilkinson began his descent of the Arkansas.
6. Pike marker in Larned area (in progress).
7. Site south of Lakin, KS, where Riley "rescued" Bent's 1829 caravan from Indian attack.
8. Fort Aubrey near Syracuse, KS.
9. Site east of Granada, CO, where Granada to Fort Union Road splits off.
10. Site of Zebulon M. Pike's first sighting of the Rockies.
11. Emory Pass on Granada to Fort Union Road.
12. Tiptonville, NM, area.

RENDEZVOUS 2004

(continued from page 1)

the Larned Community Center with a keynote address by Dr. Michael Olsen of Colorado Springs, CO, "Dime Novels, Purple Prose, and History." He will focus on literature of the Santa Fe Trail era. Connie and Gordon Yellowman of El Reno, OK, will also speak on Friday. Connie's topic is "The Role of Cheyenne Women" and will focus on bead work, quilling, and lodge making. Gordon will talk about Southern Cheyenne Ledger Art, discussing both historical and contemporary. Dr. Leo Oliva will then show how the Anglo view of the Trail cultures was presented through images in *Harper's Weekly*, "Wood Engravings in *Harper's Weekly*: Art in a News Magazine, 1857-1880."

Later on Friday afternoon at the nearby Haas Building, SFTA mem-

ber Bill Gonzales-High, owner of Sonora Catering Service in Denver, CO, and El Descanso, a cultural Mexican retreat in Puebla, Mexico, will give a cooking demonstration on "The Art and Culture of the Traditional Foods of New Mexico." Everyone will get a taste of his creations. Afterward, the SFTA's Wet/Dry Routes Chapter will serve a Mexican dinner. Music will top off the evening's event.

Saturday activities will begin with Dr. Charles Carrillo of Santa Fe, NM, speaking on the Colonial Santo tradition of New Mexico and how it was affected by the Santa Fe Trail and the railroad. Dr. David Clapsaddle of Larned, KS, will speak next about "Pawnee Rock Through the Eyes of Matt Field," followed by a box lunch and self-guided tour of Pawnee Rock State Historic Site.

Saturday afternoon activities will take place at Fort Larned National Historic Site and will highlight the beautifully-restored Kansas fort built to protect traffic along the Santa Fe Trail. In addition to living-history stations at the bakery, blacksmith shop, and post hospital, visitors will also be taken into areas of the fort that are not normally open to the public. During the afternoon, from 2:30-5:30, Debbie Carrillo of Santa Fe, NM, will give an informal demonstration on making micaceous pottery in the Hispanic tradition. She will show how to make hand-coiled utilitarian pottery. After the retreat ceremony, dinner will be served in Fort Larned's historic quartermaster storehouse. The evening program will be Carolyn McArthur of Denver, CO, speaking on "The Cheyenne Dog Men: A Community in Transition, 1820-1870."

On Sunday morning, September 19, a bus tour of the southern half of the Fort Hays/Fort Dodge Road will be offered beginning at 10:00 a.m. Seating is limited and the tour is expected to fill up quickly. A pre-field trip demonstration of how to use the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter's Santa Fe Trail Auto Tour Guide online will once again be offered in the Trail Center's library at 9 a.m.

Registration packets for Rendezvous 2004 will be mailed to all Santa Fe Trail Association members in early August. If you have questions or do not receive a packet,

please call the Santa Fe Trail Center at 620-285-2054. Rendezvous 2004 promises to be a great program. We hope to see you there!

HERB NIEBRUEGGE

Herbert J. Niebruegge, a longtime member of the Santa Fe Trail Association, died April 24. He was 81. Herb was a founding member of Franklin or Bust, Inc., the organization seeking recognition of Old Franklin, MO, as the birthplace of the Santa Fe Trail. He was a founding member of the South Howard County Historical Society, based in his hometown, New Franklin. At the time of his death he was a board member of Franklin or Bust. He was a Navy veteran of World War II and for 27 years was a fire department captain in Columbia, MO.

CORRECTION

Thanks for publishing in the May issue of *Wagon Tracks* the tidbit about the reopening of the Eklund Hotel in Clayton, NM, after a \$2.6 million restoration. I have chaired the restoration and reopening project, and ask you in the next issue to correct the omission of the final digit in the toll-free telephone number, which is 877-Eklund-1. Thank you.

-Kendyl Monroe

DONOR HONOR ROLL

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

Bill Gonzalez-High

Pete Petruccione

SFNHT PINS & PATCHES

SFTA Last Chance Store now has available pins and patches featuring the logo of the Santa Fe National Historic Trail. Permission to sell these items was recently granted by Long Distance Trails Superintendent Jere Krakow. See Last Chance Store flyer for prices and ordering information.

MAKE YOUR MARK BY
REMEMBERING THE
SFTA IN YOUR WILL

AMBASSADOR HATHAWAY BIRTHDAY AUGUST 30

SFTA Ambassador Ralph Hathaway will turn 90 on August 30. He is a charter member of SFTA and proprietor of "Ralph's Ruts" west of Chase, KS, perhaps the finest Trail remnants that exist today.

Despite vision problems, Ralph is in good health and still welcomes visitors to his ruts. He is always glad to share Trail stories with them.

Ralph's daughter, Carolyn Kern, also a member of SFTA, has requested that SFTA members honor Ralph with a card shower to celebrate his 90th birth anniversary. She will read the cards and letters to him. Ralph and his ruts are treasures of the Trail.

Send cards to Ralph Hathaway, 422 Ave L, Chase KS 67524.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

Jane Mallinson brought my attention to the note in your last issue about the desire to seek designation of the Booneslick Trail as part of the National Historic Trails System. Jane asked me for a statement, which follows.

One of the most historic, yet totally overlooked segments of American history, took place in the early 1800s with the uprooting of hundreds of thousands of American families, as they left their homes in eastern states to migrate to places west of the Mississippi River. The end of the War of 1812 resulted in treaties removing Indian claims to all but the westernmost 25 miles of what became the state of Missouri, and as a consequence a large region of excellent farming land became available. The massive flow of migration westward had everyone funneling to and through the center of Missouri and the lands along the Missouri River. All but a very few traveled over the Booneslick Trail. The Booneslick Trail remained as the major migration route west through the eastern and middle sections of Missouri for many years, not only for populating western Missouri, but also as the initial trail segment for the later Santa Fe, Oregon, and Cali-

fornia trails. When realizing the importance of the Booneslick Trail to so many events in American history, it is rather shocking to also realize that this trail has never been properly recognized.

For the information of your readers, the Booneslick Trail was originally established in 1808 when Nathan Boone was requested by General William Clark to lead Clark and his company of Dragoons from the village of St. Charles to the site of Fort Osage, to establish the fort. Clark's journal defines the exact route quite clearly and leaves no doubt that the route Nathan Boone took at that time was the later Booneslick Trail route. If the route had already been blazed, there would have been no need to have Nathan as the guide. The route taken by Nathan Boone and Clark in 1808 is the route marked by the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1915. It seems almost certain that the Nathan Boone-William Clark route beyond the salt lick and on to the site of Fort Osage was most probably the route of the later Santa Fe Trail. The DAR marker in New Franklin notes on one side that it is the end of the Boone's Lick Road and on the other side states it is the beginning of the Santa Fe Trail.

Prior to the Booneslick Trail route noted above, there was the "The Boone Trace," the original route to the salt lick (now Boone's Lick State Historic Site located across the Missouri River from Arrow Rock, about 10 miles north of Boonville or 10 miles south of Glasgow). Nathan Boone, Daniel Morgan Boone, and their partners James and Jesse Morrison started manufacturing salt at the lick in 1805, within months of when Nathan Boone and his brother-in-law Mathias Van Bibber came across it while returning home after being robbed of horses, traps, furs, and most of their clothing by Osage Indians in November 1804. "The Boone Trace" originated in 1805 as a Boone blazed trail, no doubt along a much earlier trail of the Missouri Indian tribe running along the north side of the Missouri River. The trail ran 140 miles from Daniel Boone's Spanish Land Grant near present Matson, went over the hills and past most of the Boone family land grants in the Femme Osage Valley, then on

to the village of Charette (near present Marthasville), and then westward along the north side of the river to the salt lick. It would be great if this earlier trail could also be recognized.

I offer to help any way possible to get the Booneslick Trail designated as a National Historic Trail.

Ken Kamper, Historian
Lindenwood University
Daniel Boone Home, Defiance MO
1770 Little Bay Rd
Hermann MO 65041
<kenbeakamper@juno.com>

SFTA QUESTIONNAIRE

THE results of the SFTA questionnaire sent out a few months ago provide important information about the organization. More than 200 members responded, a remarkable number. Some of the basic data continues below. Everyone did not respond to every question.

Respondents are apparently satisfied with *Wagon Tracks*, with 170 reading "almost every article in every issue," 38 occasionally reading "an article or two," and one person thinks the "articles tend to be too scholarly." Most comments were favorable, and one person wants to know if plans have been made to replace the editor when he retires.

Although many respondents are not aware of what the governing board does, most think it is doing a good job. Many think SFTA could be doing more for chapters. Several suggested help with speakers for chapter meetings, a program that has been in effect for several years but is not widely used. Many chapter members feel that communications between SFTA board and the chapters needs improvement.

Most respondents think SFTA is doing a good job of protecting, preserving, and promoting the Trail. Most think the current dues structure is satisfactory, some think membership is a bargain, and 37 would support an increase in dues. There is definite support for additional marking of the Trail.

Even though the current board is large, with 18 members, most respondents were not in favor of reducing the number. A few thought a smaller board could be more efficient and productive.

UNDER SIEGE AT THE WALNUT AND COW CREEK TRAIL CROSSINGS, JULY 1864

by Beverly Carmichael Ryan

[SFTA member Ryan of Lynchburg, VA, presented this paper at the 2003 symposium. It is a supplement to the article she wrote for *Wagon Tracks*, Aug. 2000, pp. 5-9, which readers are encouraged to look at again before reading the following. Beverly is the granddaughter of Thomas White Carmichael, a participant in the siege at Cow Creek in 1864.]

MARY Conrad, facilitator for symposium speakers, kindly prepared and handed out as background for my talk copies of an article I wrote for *Wagon Tracks*¹ as well as copies of a pertinent section of the National Park Service Map and Guide of the Santa Fe Trail. My thanks to Mary for this help.

By the time the events covered in my paper occurred in July 1864, the Santa Fe Trail was no longer a road between nations but a road within western states and territories of the United States, and a road through what remained of various native nations and cultures. Indians had long resented ever-increasing Trail travel through their lands by traders and government wagon trains and encroachment on their hunting grounds by military posts, settlements, and trading ranches.

Smoldering resentment burst into full-fledged warfare in July 1864. Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Plains Apache Indians made violent attacks on posts and wagon trains along the Trail, and most pertinent to this talk, attacked especially along the Trail from Fort Larned in central Kansas eastward toward Council Grove. Colonel John C. McFerran, chief quartermaster at Fort Union in New Mexico, traveled from Kansas City to Santa Fe in mid-summer of 1864, and wrote: "Both life and property on this route [are] almost at the mercy of the Indians. Every tribe that frequents the plains is engaged in daily depredations on trains, and immense losses to the Government and individuals have occurred, and many lives have already been lost. . . . Many contractors and private trains are now corralled and unable to move from their camps for fear of Indians, and other trains have had their entire stock run off, and cannot move. . . ." Colonel

McFerran also reported that the small numbers of troops on the Trail were unable to protect public property, horses, and other animals at military posts which were being raided.²

A major raid took place at Fort Larned on July 17, 1864. Kiowas and other Indians encamped near the fort clashed with a sentry and in the ensuing melee drove away all the fort's animals. Official reports of the number of animals captured vary from 150 to 172. However, a correspondent to the Leavenworth (Kansas) *Daily Conservative*, who was present at Fort Larned during the raid, wrote on July 21, 1864, that the Indians stampeded and drove away 128 horses belonging to the cavalry, 12 or 15 additional government horses, all the post beef cattle, 50 government mules, and 30 mules belonging to the sutler. "Nearly a clean sweep," he judged.³ James Brice, who was employed by Hall and Porter to transport mail and passengers between post offices along the Trail, lost 12 of his own young cows in the raid.⁴

Over the following three days, Indian tribes combined in a gathering force 600 or 700 strong, swept east along the Trail, and surrounded and attacked three separate wagon trains. Because the attacks were made almost concurrently and short distances apart, the three wagon trains have been confused with one another and details of each attack intermingled in numerous accounts from 1928 until the present. Study of records contemporary to the attacks shows clear differentiation among the three.

The first to be struck, on either July 17, the same day as the raid on Fort Larned, or on July 18, was a small wagon train loaded with flour and stores bound for Fort Union. This train was overwhelmed about a mile west of the Walnut Creek Crossing of the Trail, little more than 30 miles east of Fort Larned. The attack took place in sight of Camp Dunlap (later Fort Zarah), where a stone blockhouse had been constructed the preceding month by Captain Oscar F. Dunlap and 45 men of H Company, 15th Kansas Cavalry. Writing

from Walnut Creek ten days after the attack, General Samuel R. Curtis (commander of the recently-formed Department of Kansas) said this train was "under Coan and Brown."⁵ Other sources identify it as a Fort Union-bound train of freighters Jerome Drow and Richard Barrett. All sources describe a violent attack by either "a band of over 100 Kiowas and Arapahos,"⁶ or, as seems more likely, a large force of Arapahos, Cheyennes, Apaches, Kiowas, and Comanches.⁷

Ten teamsters were killed and five wounded, wagon covers and cattle were taken, and contents of some of the flour sacks were dumped along the Trail. The correspondent to Leavenworth's *Daily Conservative* wrote, "the Indians . . . murdered eight white men and two negroes, wounded others, and scalped two of the wounded who are now at this fort [Fort Larned]." He expected that one of the two would recover, but that the other teamster, scalped and wounded in many places, would not.⁸ General Curtis wrote that among those killed were "old Mr. Beeher and son," and that the two boys "scalped alive" were "Mr. Edwards and Mr. [Robert] McGee," the "whole hair and cuticle [skin] being taken off to the ears," and that one of them had 18 wounds besides.⁹ This would seem to have been "Mr. Edwards," who is not heard of again, and who apparently did not survive. Robert McGee, however, did recover, and became quite well known for having survived his scalping and for leading a normal life thereafter. James Brice remembered that the eastbound mail coach had reached Walnut Creek just after the attack and found McGee scalped and apparently dead. The mail party placed him on the baggage in the coach, realized before reaching Fort Larned that he was alive, and took him to the post hospital where he recovered. Brice wrote that McGee returned to his family in Missouri, married and had several children, one being a son with whom Brice became acquainted.¹⁰

Within a day of the Walnut Creek massacre and only 23 miles farther east, hundreds of Indians surrounded two other separate wagon

trains corralled near the Cow Creek Crossing of the Trail. These trains were camped one and one-half miles apart, one of them very near the Cow Creek trading ranch of William Mathewson. Cow Creek was described by earlier Trail travelers as a small, deep stream with a narrow channel and steep banks, difficult to ford and often impassable in flood.¹¹ The creek looks much the same today, near the site of Mathewson's well and the Cow Creek Crossing certified by the National Park Service in 2000, four miles west of present Lyons, Kansas.

The first of these two trains, having been warned of large numbers of hostile Indians, had crossed Cow Creek a mile north of the ranch (and thus north of the NPS certified crossing and the DAR marker placed in 1906).¹² On July 17, the wagons of this train formed their protective horseshoe-shaped corral one and one-half miles west of their crossing of Cow Creek.¹³ This was a government supply train of roughly 100 wagons and 104 men, several of whom had joined the wagons of Cliff Barnes at Westport, Missouri, which then joined the main body of the government supply train at Fort Leavenworth. They were bound for Fort Union with arms and ammunition. The attack on this string of trains—four ox-drawn wagon trains and a fifth train of 16 wagons drawn by 96 mules, of which 15 wagons were ordnance wagons loaded with guns and ammunition—is the best documented of the three wagon train attacks. This is due to detailed Lyons, Kansas, newspaper coverage of a reunion of three wagon train survivors held in Lyons on July 20, 1914, 50 years after the Indian siege and battle. In addition to extensive interviews with the old survivors, the newspapers had access to information in the 1864 diary kept by one of the surviving reunion attendees, I. W. (Ike) Gray.¹⁴

Wagonmasters for this string of trains were L. C. Palmer of Junction City, Kansas; George W. Harrison of Warrensburg, Missouri; William DeLong; and G. W. Marion or Manning.¹⁵ John Kerr, 30 years old and from Independence, Missouri, was an assistant wagon boss and was in command of the mule-drawn ordnance wagons. Twenty-year-old Ike

Gray from Urich, Missouri, was here with his diary. Joshua Barton (J. B.) Carmichael, assisted by his 18-year-old son, Thomas White Carmichael, had escaped house arrest in Lexington, Missouri, where he had been held as a Confederate sympathizer. These two men and many others who had fled federally-imposed martial law in Missouri, joined this train. Wagonmaster L. C. Palmer later commented that one-half of his men were Missouri rebels with whom he had more trouble than with the Indians. Additional Missourians known to have been with this train were Oscar Galloway, from the Carmichaels' home town of Odessa, M. C. Ryland, Horace Cox, and William Cox. From Ogden, Kansas, were William Still, James Wood, and E. Whittaker. Also among the 104 men may have been P. O'Malley, and men named Scharp, Moore of St. George, Howser, and Jones (possibly J. H. Jones), as well as Crenshaw (possibly H. Clay Crenshaw), and Wheeler (perhaps S. Wheeler). At least one Mexican man was there, a caretaker for John Kerr's mules.

The other train surrounded by Indians near Cow Creek was a large Mexican ox train, also said to be carrying government supplies. According to a later account by William Mathewson, this train was camped east of his ranch. Mathewson's Ranch, a string of small buildings, was on the east side of Cow Creek. The Mexican train was comprised of 135 wagons and 155 men.¹⁶ The *Leavenworth Daily Conservative* for July 27, 1864, reported the Cow Creek attacks and included a supposition that the "captured trains" were those of George Bryan, Ambrozio Armijo, Jesus M. Luna, Vincente Otero, and Lauriano Jaramillo, all of which except Bryan's were said to have been loaded at Fort Leavenworth and left there July 9. It is unclear whether or not this accurately refers to the train camped at Mathewson's.

The wagon train west of Cow Creek was under full siege by July 18. The Indians' primary objective there was to force surrender of the mules, which were prized for their speed, or to stampede them out of the corral and drive them off. To that end, the Indians kept up perpetual "unearthly" noise, continuously

pelted the camp with arrows, and targeted anyone who attempted to go for water, day and night. Camped on a slight rise of ground midway between the bend of Cow Creek on their north and the Trail to their south, the men of this train could look across a "government bridge" spanning Cow Creek (apparently used by them in their crossing) and see a sod hut and rifle pits on the east side of the creek. It is unclear whether these were put in place by William Mathewson for defense of his ranch, or whether "a few soldiers" actually were posted at Cow Creek as early as July 1864 (see notes 12 and 13).

The Mexican train on the east side of Cow Creek and Mathewson's Ranch was heavily besieged by July 19. Mathewson, nicknamed "Buffalo Bill," and already a sort of folkloric character, had prepared for battle with carbines, revolvers, and a two-pound artillery piece. He and the two or three men with him placed this cannon or howitzer on his front porch at the ranch and trained it facing west toward his toll bridge, a high span eight feet wide and thirty feet long.¹⁷

A full-fledged onslaught by hundreds of Indians fell on both wagon trains and Mathewson's Ranch on July 20. At sunrise that day, the trailsmen west of Cow Creek rolled out of their beds under wagons to see the Indians charge "like a cloud from the southwest." Armed with guns and plentiful ammunition from John Kerr's ordnance wagons, the men laid their rifles between wagon wheel spokes and shot at waves of Indians who circled beyond rifle range and launched a hail of arrows into the corral. The men were able to hold off the Indians attacks; they had enough ammunition to last for months, but water in the camp was running out. Mathewson and his few companions successfully defended the ranch July 20 and July 21. The Mexican train, however, was in trouble from the first. General Curtis wrote (July 28) that this train "raised a white flag and negotiated peaceable arrangements. But the Indians proved false and stole 300 head of their stock," on July 20.¹⁸

That night, the train camped west of Cow Creek suffered its first casualty. The Mexican mule herder with

Kerr's wagons left camp after dark to retrieve a stray mule, or to escape the besieged camp, and was fatally wounded. Ike Gray and others hauled him back into camp, but he died, probably the next day. This camp was now desperate for water. The four wagonmasters prepared and signed a plea for help dated "Cow Creek - July 21, 1864," and addressed to Brigadier General Samuel Wood, Commanding State Militia, Council Grove, Kansas: "We have been here three days, surrounded by a formidable and hostile foe who are murdering indiscriminately every white man they find. They commenced their depredations on Sunday last, at Fort Larned, by running off the horses. The next was to attack a Government train, bound for Fort Union - killing twelve men, and destroying a great quantity of stores [the attack on the train at Walnut Creek]. They made their appearance at this place yesterday attacking us from all sides. We rallied our forces, and drove them back with the loss of one man. They surrounded us, and made an attack upon a large train encamped a mile and a half below us [the Mexican train], firing upon them, running off their stock and shooting them down on the prairie. They also took the stock belonging to the U.S. Mail Company. We are, and have been for two days, completely surrounded - the Indians attempting to run off our stock, and to kill our men as they go for water. We are suffering extremely for water for our stock and men, and if we do not receive assistance shortly, we shall have to give up our trains. We appeal to you, the nearest commander . . . for without some aid we cannot move, as they have their combined forces ready upon the road, awaiting our march. We keep a vigilant watch, night and day. Our men have had no rest for two days and nights."¹⁹ A volunteer carrying the wagonmasters' appeal for help stole out of camp that night and rode hard for Council Grove 110 miles to the east. A second messenger managed to elude the Indians the following night and also made it to Council Grove with a dispatch.²⁰

July 21 and 22 were deadly days at the Cow Creek Crossing. Young Whittaker went for water, was surrounded, killed, and scalped outside

of the camp. Ike Gray rode out for water and filled a five gallon jug, but dropped it in his rush to get back in the corral. This camp's third casualty was a man who made it to the creek but could not return to the camp without being detected by the Indians. He lay on his back in the high grass near the water for three days in the July heat. The men found him when the siege ended, but he died a few days later at Fort Larned. At Mathewson's Ranch on July 22 the Indians massed for an assault and charged across his toll bridge. They knew nothing of the two-pounder. Mathewson now fired his cannon, killing and wounding great numbers of them. Having driven the Indians from his ranch, Mathewson rode to the assistance of the terrified teamsters in the Mexican corral east of his ranch. Mathewson later stated that he knew something the teamsters did not know, that in this train were twenty wagons carrying Sharps rifles and ammunition. Mathewson split open the boxes and armed the men, enabling them to defend themselves. Reports of casualty numbers for this train are contradictory and unclear, but they seem to have been few.²¹

On July 22 or 23, at about noon, Tom Carmichael and other men in the camp west of Cow Creek began to dig for water. By night time, muddy water oozed into the nine- or ten-foot-deep hole they had dug. The men stood in water up to their ankles and dipped water up to the men above. Tom Carmichael always believed that the Indians somehow knew that the men now had water, and so began to leave. General Curtis wrote on July 28 that the Indians had set the prairie afire and moved off under cover of the smoke. It may have been that the Indians learned that troops were on the way to help the beleaguered wagon trains.²²

James H. Dodge, captain of the 9th Battery, Wisconsin Volunteers, at Council Grove received the wagonmasters' appeal, delivered by the first messenger to arrive from Cow Creek, at 10:00 p.m., July 23. Early July 24, Captain Dodge wrote two letters to General Curtis at Fort Riley. Dodge's first letter enclosed the wagonmasters' appeal and stated Dodge's intent to start for Cow Creek "this morning" with Cap-

tain Booth's company - one artillery section and mounted militia.²³

Dodge's second letter to General Curtis reported that a second messenger from Cow Creek had just arrived with a report that the wagon trains had been fighting for five days.²⁴ Also on July 24, Captain Dodge wrote to the Adjutant-General, District of South Kansas, that "last evening two messengers bearing different dispatches arrived at this camp from Cow Creek, 100 miles west," informing him of the plight of the trains. Dodge wrote that he planned to go to their aid by forced marches with 100 Kansas State militia volunteers, mostly mounted, and one battery section. He reported that "this morning" Company L, 11th Kansas Cavalry, with one section under command of Lieutenant Edington, 9th Wisconsin Battery, had marched to join Major General Curtis in his march from Fort Riley to Fort Larned.²⁵ At day break on July 24, a troop of cavalry was seen passing Atlantic A. Moore's ranch at the Cottonwood Creek crossing of the Santa Fe Trail, on its way west to Cow Creek.²⁶

General Curtis assembled what he called his "little army," a total of 396 men, by July 27, and marched to Cow Creek. But by the time troops arrived, the Indians were gone.²⁷ The men at the camp west of the creek had waited three days to be sure hostilities were not resumed. They buried the Mexican man and Whittaker east of their well, near the eastern edge of the camp. They broke camp and advanced to the Arkansas River, where the teamsters "plunge[d] into the cool water, clothes and all," then on to Fort Larned. General Curtis gave the men of the trains and William Mathewson great credit for having held out against the Indians.²⁸ An ironic postscript is that on the night of August 2, 1864, while these men were camped at the Cimarron Crossing of the Arkansas, a small group of Indians stampeded and drove away the 96 mules that had been fought for so fiercely west of the Cow Creek Crossing.²⁹

The men so intensely involved in these events of 1864 perhaps never expected that they would be remembered nearly 140 years later. But they come alive, like the Santa Fe

Trail itself, under the light of abiding fascination, research, and educational events such as SFTA's symposiums.

NOTES

1. Beverly Carmichael Ryan, "Under Siege At The Cow Creek Crossing, July 1864," *Wagon Tracks*, 14 (August 2000): 5-9.
2. Leo E. Oliva, *Fort Larned: Guardian of the Santa Fe Trail*, (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1997), 20.
3. Ibid., 20; Robert M. Utley, *Fort Larned National Historic Site* (Tucson: Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, 1993), 8; *Leavenworth Daily Conservative*, July 30, 1864.
4. James Brice, "James Brice's Trail Reminiscences, Part I," *Wagon Tracks*, 6 (May 1992):1; "James Brice's Trail Reminiscences, Part III," *Wagon Tracks*, 7 (November 1992):12.
5. Letter of General Curtis, July 28, 1864, *Kansas Daily Tribune*, Lawrence, August 7, 1864.
6. Louise Barry, "The Ranch at Cow Creek Crossing (Beach Valley P.O.)," *Kansas State Historical Quarterly*, 38 (Winter 1972): 428, 432.
7. Letter from Major-General S. R. Curtis at Fort Larned, July 30, 1864, to John Evans, governor of Colorado, *War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* [hereafter OR], Ser. I, v. 41, pt. 2, 484, 485.
8. *Leavenworth Daily Conservative*, July 30, 1864.
9. *Kansas Daily Tribune*, August 7, 1864; OR, Ser. I, v. 41, pt. 2, 484, 485.
10. Brice, "Trail Reminiscences, Part III," 12.
11. David L. Richards, ed., "Charles W. Fibley's Trail Diary and Letters, 1857-1859, Part I," *Wagon Tracks*, 12 (Aug. 1998): 17 (entries for Sunday, July 11, and Monday, July 12, 1858); Richards, ed., "Charles W. Fibley's Trail Diary and Letters, 1857-1859, Part II," *Wagon Tracks*, 13 (Nov. 1998): 23 (letter of Feb. 25, 1859); David K. Clapsaddle, "Toll Bridges on the Santa Fe Trail," *Wagon Tracks*, 13 (Feb. 1999):15; Stephen Clyde Blair & Bonita M. Oliva, transcribers, "Diary of William Anderson Thornton: Military Service on the Trail and in New Mexico, 1855-1856, Part I," *Wagon Tracks*, 13 (May 1999): 21 (entry for July 18, 1856).
12. T. W. Carmichael, "At Cow Creek," from the *Odessa (Missouri) Democrat*, Lyons (Kansas) *Republican*, Aug. 11, 1914. T. W. Carmichael (Thomas White Carmichael) and his father, Joshua Barton Carmichael, were trailsmen with the government supply train in July 1864. Tom Carmichael was a boy of nearly 19 years of age at that time. Fifty years later, he organized a reunion of wagon train survivors at Lyons, KS. Only three of the ten men known to be still living in 1914 were able to attend. In "At Cow Creek," written just after the 1914 reunion, TWC wrote: "Five miles out [of Lyons] we came to the crossing, where the Santa Fe Marker stands [DAR marker placed in 1906]. We examined the crossing and decided it not the place. . . . At dinner we met Dr. Bohrer, who in 1873 home-

steaded the first claim on Cow Creek. He told of finding, on his claim, the remains of an old sod house and also timbers of a low-down bridge nearly a mile above the present crossing. We went to that crossing and found everything as we had left it except the growth of trees, which is beyond belief. From there we started to locate the camp more than a mile away. Taking a course as best we could, we went in search of a well we dug. The land had never been plowed, used as a pasture. We found many buffalo wallows which very much resembled an old caved in well. Finally, we found one hole that had a roll of higher dirt round it. From that point we found the mound of heaped up soil over the graves of the boys we buried there"; "Plainsmen Change Date," *Lyons Republican*, July 17, 1914: "It was 50 years ago Saturday that the company of 104 plainsmen made the old Santa Fe crossing southwest of Lyons. . . . At the old fort at the crossing, the company met a stage from the west, guarded by U. S. troops. The troops warned the men not to go on as the Indians were on the war-path and were committing all manners of depredations. The company pulled to the right of the crossing about a mile and a half and went into camp"; "Plainsmen Visit Old Battle Ground," *Lyons Republican*, July 21, 1914: "Accompanied by a crowd of over 50 Lyons citizens, the men were taken in Automobiles to the old Cow Creek crossing of the Santa Fe Trail at the Six farm, southwest of Lyons. Here the old fighters commenced their explorations. Instead of the old fort and crossing being on what is now the section line just south of the Six farm, it was at that time about half a mile north of the road where there was once an old government bridge. When this old bridge was washed out the trail was changed to the south. From the old crossing the men traced their line of march over the into the Speck-Markle pasture. The battle field extended for over a mile south into this pasture with its north boundary at the present line of the Santa Fe railroad. The old well which the Republican has told about in previous issues was found about half a mile south of the Lyons-Chase road." Rather than relocation of a single Cow Creek crossing one mile to the south following a post-1864 bridge washout, there were two bridges and two Trail crossings at Cow Creek in July 1864: Mathewson's toll bridge and crossing (as marked today) were at this ranch, and other bridge (government bridge?) and crossing were one mile north of Mathewson's. Barry, "Ranch at Cow Creek," 416-426; see also Clapsaddle, "Toll Bridges on the Santa Fe Trail," 17, which describes the establishment of the trading ranch on the east side of Cow Creek by Asahel Beach and his son, Abijah, predecessors to William Mathewson, and the Beach construction of a toll bridge by 1860, as well as the construction in 1859 by William Edwards of a rival toll bridge within the geographical limits of Beach's bridge charter. The Edwards's bridge could not have been the "old government bridge" of 1864, as Abijah Beach

and his men removed Edwards's bridge in 1861. It is possible that the "government bridge" was rebuilt at the site of Edwards's bridge prior to July 1864, but this is pure conjecture. The question of the exact location and date of establishment of the "old fort" (sod hut and rifle pits) on the east side of Cow Creek warrants further study.

13. "After Half a Century," *Lyons Daily News*, July 21, 1914: "After dinner the party went forth to the old camp ground where the battle and siege took place. With the help of Dr. G. Bohrer of Chase, who settled in the immediate vicinity a few years after the battle, and who knows a lot of the old trail history, an approximate line on the location was soon obtained. . . . The old men remembered distinctly that their camp was on a slight rise of ground about midway between the bend of Cow Creek on the north and the trail on the south of them, so located that when they looked across the old wooden government bridge they were in line with the sod hut and with the rifle pits of the few soldiers who guarded the ford. These are on the brow of the hill, just above the L. J. Cotton home. . . . Dr. Bohrer, who took some of the sill timbers of the old bridge in his time and used them for ridge poles in his dug outs, located the spot where the bridge had stood, and from there it was not difficult to get a line on the camp. . . . This camp was located on a spot about half a mile south of where the railroad passes in the middle of what is now the Speck-Markle pasture, and for a wonder there had not been any change in the site itself - no plowing, no trees, no houses. . . . Dr. G. Bohrer of Chase was full of reminiscences that throw an interesting sidelight in history; and it was due to his keen memory of the location of the old bridge that it was possible to go to the old camp. . . ." "Fought Indians Nine Days," *Odessa Democrat*, July 11, 1924: "Ten years ago Professor Cochel, of the Kansas Agricultural college at Manhattan, Kansas, assisted by Mr. Carmichael, located the place where the battle took place." Some form of defenses (sod hut and rifle pits) existed in July 1864, which the men of the wagon train could see on the east side of Cow Creek as they looked across the "government bridge." According to Horace Jones, *The Story of Early Rice County* (1928; reprint, Lyons: Lyons Daily News Plant, 1959), 67-68, the rifle pits were visible for many years, preserved by Mrs. Elmira Six on her farm at that time. Barry, "Ranch at Cow Creek," 428-429, noted that in June 1864 Major General Curtis sent Major T. I. McKenny to organize defense of mail stage routes as far west as Fort Larned. McKenny left Captain Dunlap at Walnut Creek to construct Camp Dunlap, as noted in this paper. Barry further noted that Major McKenny was reported (June 25) to have erected defenses "on Cow and Walnut Creeks." Barry, however, concluded that no troops were sent to Mathewson's Cow Creek station, and that no fortification was erected. Barry wrote that Mathewson made his own preparations and had carbines, revolvers, and an artillery piece. Perhaps the

sod hut and rifle pits present in July 1864 were part of Mathewson's "preparations." But, see "Major John C. McFerran's Report and Journal, 1865," written July 27, 1865, Marc Simmons, ed., *On the Santa Fe Trail* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1986), 101, which makes it abundantly clear that by the time of his report there were troops at Cow Creek. When they were posted there is not stated.

14. For detailed information about the government supply wagon train, the Indian attack and siege of this train, and men who traveled with this train, see Ryan, "Under Siege At The Cow Creek Crossing, July 1864," 5-9.
15. The wagonmasters' July 21, 1864, signed plea for help was printed in the *Kansas Daily Tribune*, July 27, 1864, and this signature was printed: "G. W. Marion." However, a letter dated July 28, 1864, from General Curtis which was printed in the *Kansas Daily Tribune*, Aug. 7, 1864, and said to be "[f]rom the Conservative" lists a few attack survivors, including Palmer, Harrison, and DeLong, as well as a "G. W. Manning," but no "Marion." Undoubtedly Marion and Manning refer to the same person.
16. Barry, "Ranch at Cow Creek Crossing," 432, 435, 357, n55; *Kansas Daily Tribune*, Aug. 7, 1864. General Curtis stated in his July 28, 1864, letter that 400 (total) wagons were involved in the Cow Creek attacks. Barry's estimated total of 250 wagons seems nearer the mark.
17. Near-mythic accounts of William Mathewson's exploits and heroics prior to and in July 1864 are found in several sources quoted in Barry, "Ranch at Cow Creek Crossing," *passim*: (1) A sketch of Mathewson in the *United States Biographical Dictionary, Kansas Volume* (Chicago and Kansas City, 1879), 192-195. (2) William N. Byers, co-publisher of *Denver Daily Rocky Mountain News*, Jan. 29, 1866. (3) Charles Christy's "Memoirs," *The Trail*, Denver, Jan. 1909. Christy's exaggerated account was written well after the events of July 1864 and written as if he had been a participant in the 1864 battle at Mathewson's ranch. In fact, Christy was not even present. Christy said the cannon was a six-pounder; General Curtis wrote on July 28, 1864, that it was a two-pounder. Christy's story, including even more flamboyant detail, is also given in "Captain Charles Christy's Memoirs, 1867," Simmons, *On the Santa Fe Trail*, 106-199. (4) A later (than 1864) account by William Mathewson himself. (5) An account by an unknown writer in 1888.
18. *Kansas Daily Tribune*, Aug. 7, 1864.
19. *Kansas Daily Tribune*, July 27, 1864; *Leavenworth Daily Conservative*, July 28, 1864.
20. Information about the messengers who went for help is found in several sources. The first messenger to leave camp, probably carrying the wagonmasters' appeal and reaching Council Grove first, may have been the man remembered by the three old survivors at the 1914 Lyons, KS, reunion, as the man who responded to the wagonmaster George W. Harrison's call for a volunteer. Harri-

son was "elected captain of the company on the second day of the fight" (*Lyons Republican*, July 21, 1914, "Plainsmen Visit Old Battle Ground"), or "elected commander of the company when the Indians had surrounded them" and "chosen by the men to direct the battle. . . . In the evening of the first day . . . called for a volunteer to . . . go after help from Fort Leavenworth [Council Grove]. He started that night" (*Lyons Daily News*, July 21, 1914, "After Half A Century.") If this were the man carrying the wagonmasters' appeal dated July 21, 1864, he had to have started July 21 or thereafter. A second story, probably about the second messenger to reach Council Grove, is told in "The Death of Ed Miller on the Santa Fe Trail, Articles from the *Marion County Record*, Marion, KS, 1911-1912," *Wagon Tracks*, 10 (Feb. 1996): 10-13 (see especially, p. 11). On July 23, 1864 (date is confirmed by Atlantic A. Moore and his 1864 diary), this messenger, riding hard from the west and armed with a Colt revolver and Spencer carbine, came upon a group of men burying 18-year-old Ed Miller. Miller had been killed and scalped by Indians west of the little settlement of Marion. The men's memory in 1911-1912, was that the rider had said he was a wagonmaster in charge of about 100 wagons corralled at Cow Creek, surrounded by 2,000 or 3,000 Kiowas and Comanches for two or three days, and that food and water were gone. He was on his way to Council Grove for help. He had left camp about 3:00 a.m. in a most remarkable way, by first crawling stealthily out of camp, then signaling his men to let his horse out by way of pulling on a cord of tied-together lariats, the last of which was tied to his horse in the camp. Indians guards had wakened, alerted others, and he had been pursued within five or six miles of where he came upon the burial party. If this man did leave camp at 3:00 a.m., July 23, he would seem to be the second messenger to reach Council Grove. It seems unlikely he was one of the four wagonmasters, but even allowing for exaggeration and the lapse of time in the telling of the story (from 1864 to 1911-1912), it seems clear that the details relate to the wagon train camped on the west side of the Cow Creek Crossing.

21. *Lyons Daily News*, July 21, 1914; *Kansas Daily Tribune*, Aug. 7, 1864; Barry, "Ranch at Cow Creek Crossing," 432, 433, 435, 436.
22. *Lyons Republican*, July 17, 1914; *Lyons Daily News*, July 21, 1914; letter of B. H. Carmichael to Horace Jones, July 8, 1864; *Kansas Daily Tribune*, Aug. 7, 1864.
23. *Kansas Daily Tribune*, July 27, 1864. The *Tribune* incorrectly dates this first letter from Captain Dodge to General Curtis, "July 25, 1864." The letter was copied for the *Tribune* by "Capt. McLain." The correct date for the letter is July 24, which is made clear in reading all three of Dodge's letters cited in this paper.
24. *Ibid.*
25. OR, Ser. I, v. 41, pt. 2, 378.
26. "Death of Ed Miller," 12.
27. OR, Ser. I, v. 41, pt. 2: 368, 378, 428; *Kan-*

sas Daily Tribune, Aug. 7, 1864; *Lyons Daily News*, July 21, 1914; "Death of Ed Miller," 12.

28. *Lyons Republican*, July 17, 1914; *Lyons Daily News*, July 21, 1914; *Kansas Daily Tribune*, Aug. 7, 1914.
29. *Lyons Daily News*, July 21, 1914.

HIKERS REACH GOAL

(continued from page 1)

downstream at the Lamine River, a tributary, and travel upstream into the Missouri. Our "crossing" turned out to be a ten-mile cruise on a 34-foot pontoon party-boat complete with sofas and awnings. We relaxed in the sun, enjoying the smooth ride on the "Big Muddy" Missouri River while huge silver carp leaped from the water, some thumping against the boat. Our Admiral Ron Nelson piloted us past tree-lined banks and limestone cliffs to our takeout point above Arrow Rock where we had parked our car.

A fisherman met us at the bank with a warning that we had parked the car under a branch with a hanging nest of wasps! The thanks and good-byes were dispensed with quite hurriedly as we jumped into the car and escaped unstung.

The hiking terrain along corn fields and thickly wooded roadsides was a contrast to the wide open spaces of New Mexico and western Kansas. But the lush greenery came with a disadvantage—ticks. We learned to inspect our hair and pants legs carefully at the end of the day.

Because this year is the bicentennial of Lewis and Clark's voyage of discovery, we saw several historical markers about their journey along our route. At the Port of Waverly a message board indicated that they had camped there in June of 1804 and their report included that they had been bothered by ticks. Some things haven't changed in 200 years!

The history we've learned, the friends we've made, and the fun we've had over the years have generated two books. *Forward to Franklin* is a paperback record and commentary of our travels. *Perilous Pursuit on the Santa Fe Trail* (due out this fall) is a fiction adventure based on historic sites along the way.

Everyone is invited to the celebration and luncheon to be held in New Franklin on Sunday, September 5. Call Joyce Biesemeyer (573) 445-4997 for a ticket.

IN SEARCH OF FURS AND FREEDOM: AFRICAN-AMERICANS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by William W. Gwaltney

[Bill Gwaltney of Englewood, CO, a 24-year veteran of the National Park Service, is currently Assistant Regional Director for Workforce Enhancement for the Intermountain Region of the NPS. He presented the following lecture at the 2003 Symposium in Kansas City. Although it is unusual to print a paper without complete documentation, this lecture is printed here as delivered. For more information, please contact him at Bill_Gwaltney@nps.gov.]

MY story today is about some of the many peoples who traveled the road connecting nations but have been forgotten in our national revival of the past. Recent interest by scholars, writers, filmmakers, and history enthusiasts, such as yourselves, has made it necessary for all of us interested in the future of the past to ask new questions. As Mark Twain was reputed to say, "It's not what you don't know; it's what you do know that ain't so!"

While all history can be said to be revisionism, my discussion here is less about being politically correct than it is about encouraging all of us to be as thoughtful and inclusive as we can be as we look at the past. American history, particularly in the American West, has always been made up of people from many different backgrounds.

My premise is simply that the opportunities created by the Western Fur Trade in general, and the Santa Fe Trade in particular, created important, if limited, incentives for African Americans. These economic opportunities represented unusual chances to participate in American society and in westward expansion, as well as expanding the personal liberties of African Americans. For all of these reasons, African Americans were attracted to and participated in the Santa Fe Trade.

As we shall see, some African Americans had no choice in their involvement with the Santa Fe Trade, being enslaved. Others, including trappers, traders, and suppliers of goods and services on the Trail, used the opportunities the Trail created to advance their own economic and personal interests. This should not be

seen as unusual, as historians and history enthusiasts interested in the history of the early West often come across references to black mountain men, traders, and voyageurs in narratives and ledgers.

Many writers who spent time on the early western frontier mention the presence of numerous Blacks. African-Americans are mentioned in the writings of such notable early western observers as Lewis H. Garrard, Rudolph F. Kurz, John Palliser, Washington Irving, Francis Parkman, George Catlin, George Frederick Ruxton, James Abert, Thomas Jefferson Farnham, and Francois de Montagnes (Isaac Cooper). It should be pointed out that the persons and events cited in this paper have all been culled from common sources of Western history research and do not represent special collections or volumes not available to the casual researcher.

The fur trade that connected on many levels with the trade to Santa Fe was an industry which was itself amazingly multicultural. It employed people from many far flung places including Great Britain, French Canada, the Sandwich Islands, South America, Mexico, New England, the Middle Atlantic States, the American South, Switzerland, and Germany.

The canvas on which the history of the American West is painted, the background and the foreground that helps to create the picture, is the culture and personality of the American Indian people of the West. Before the lands we are discussing were New Spain, or Louisiana Territory, before they were Missouri or Colorado, before the lands were named New Mexico or Kansas, they were Indian Country. Moreover, the Fur Trade not only involved western tribes as suppliers in the Buffalo Trade and customers in the Whiskey Trade, but it also embraced Eastern Indians from the Shawnee, Delaware, and Iroquois tribes as Mountain Men.

Slavery in Early 19th-Century America

To understand the participation of African Americans in the history of the Fur Trade and in the Santa Fe Trade, we must begin by under-

standing the centrality of the institution of slavery in American life in the United States of the early 19th Century. While slavery came early in the history of the United States, by the end of the 18th Century there were cracks beginning to appear in the facade. Some Americans began to believe that chattel slavery was not economically viable. Others objected on moral and religious grounds. Slavery was on the decline worldwide and abolitionists were making a good case on multiple levels for the end of the "Peculiar Institution."

During the second half of the 18th Century, the American hotbed of abolitionism was not Boston, New York, or New Bedford, but Charleston, South Carolina. This would all change with the patenting of the Cotton Gin in 1793. Since the development of that timesaving device, the value of slaves as property saw a significant rise. By the time of William Becknell's first trip down the Santa Fe Trail in 1821, the value of human beings of African ancestry as property had become the largest single type of financial investment in the United States. In fact, substantial monies from the Santa Fe Trade were often invested in slaves, since they were one of the safest of investments. Slaves had a personal interest in living a long time, reproduced themselves, and could be made to change with the needs of the economy. They could be willed as part of an estate or sold to create cash flow.

The institution of slavery permeated all aspects of American life. Today, it comes as no surprise to Americans that slaves had significant roles in building Jefferson's Monticello in Virginia, and the White House and the U.S. Capitol in the nation's capital.

Slavery also permeated nearly all aspects of American business. Slaves and free Blacks were engaged in the maritime industry, and the building of American infrastructure including roads, barges, ships, and canals. Slaves were most heavily involved in the production of food crops and in the growing of cotton, indigo, and tobacco. Slaves also served as cooks, house servants, coachmen, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, and artisans

of nearly every type. It is difficult indeed to find a trade in which African Americans, enslaved or free, were not engaged, either to make money for their legal owners, or in the case of free Blacks, for themselves.

The Fur Trade

Given the use of slaves in so many aspects of business in the United States, it is not difficult to understand why slaves were put to work in America's first big business, the Fur Trade. The Fur Trade was not just big business; it was international and multinational. Furs from animals from the rivers and mountain valleys of the East, Midwest, and the Great Lakes were originally brought to government trading posts, called factories, for shipment to Europe.

The items that flowed to a changing frontier came from around the globe. Beads came from Italy, vermilion and tea from China, gunpowder from England and Delaware, cloth like Calico (Calicut) and Madras from India, hardware and guns from St. Louis, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Lead came from Missouri, blankets from France and England, and even medicinal bitters from Riga in Poland. Indeed, Europe was the most important market for American furs. There, they were crafted into trim on women's clothing and other items of apparel. Beaver fur was particularly important. It was used for many years as a remedy for venereal diseases, but its primary use was to make felt for fancy hats for gentlemen.

With the return of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1806, there was interest in the new lands of the Louisiana Purchase for furs. After the War of 1812, the United States could better focus on exploiting its natural resources with fewer concerns about competition from Canadian neighbors. As the fur trade in the Great Lakes region faded and the Government Factory system failed, this lucrative trade began to take on a distinctively western flavor as the fur trade moved onto the Great Plains and into the Rocky Mountains.

The bison-hunting Indians living on the plains and mountains of the "Great American Desert" were not interested in becoming direct suppliers of small animal furs as their Great Lakes Indian counterparts had been. American Fur Trade en-

trepreneurs had to make immediate changes to make their investments profitable. They engaged enterprising young men from the states to do the trapping, rather than Indians.

The dirty, difficult, and often dangerous work of trapping, fleshing, and pressing beaver and other pelts for eventual shipping back to Missouri, became the job of "Mountain Men." Because the work was dangerous, the Fur Trade made it possible for the jobs to go to whomever would do the work and share the risks. This meant that these men were recruited from the ranks of adventurous young men of all classes. These included immigrants, French Canadians, New Englanders, sons of the South, ne'er do wells, remittance men, escaped slaves, free Blacks, Hawaiians, and Eastern American Indians who had been displaced by removal from their eastern homes. "Mountaineers," as they called themselves, were a wild and diverse bunch, as one of them remembered, "Fat, ragged, and saucy." This diverse set of trappers and camp keepers made the Fur Trade one of America's first multi-cultural industries.

Other business innovations were important as well. Missouri businessman and later politician William H. Ashley knew there was money to be made in furs, but stumbled onto real success when he applied the Indian concept of trade fairs to re-supply trappers in the mountains. The result was the "Rendezvous" that has today become a fixture in American popular culture.

The Fur Trade itself had three major aspects:

1. The Beaver Trade, already described.
2. The Bison Robe Trade.

By the 1830s the Beaver Trade was in decline, based on a significant decline in beaver due to overtrapping and the growing popularity of top hats made from silk and other materials. In the days before central heating and closed vehicles, the population of the United States and Europe made use of heavy lap robes and bed coverings. The bison proved to be excellent for this use, and American Indian women had long been expert in the tanning of buffalo robes. Lesser quality buffalo robes were also used as bedding for slaves

in the South. These robes, tanned during the long Plains winters, became an important secondary source of revenue for the fur companies.

3. The Whiskey Trade.

Over the course of the trade, a third and more sinister sub-trade developed. In order to obtain buffalo robes, fur traders made frequent and liberal use of whiskey. This Whiskey Trade had the subsequent effect of creating substantial drunkenness among many of the tribes with concurrent destabilization of families and a derogation of tribal values.

Black Fur Traders

Blacks held positions in the fur trade, ranging from slave to free trappers and from camp keeper to independent entrepreneur. Numerous African Americans are mentioned in the Fur Trade in the Northern Plains. From "Mose" at Fort Sarpy to "Auguste" at Fort Berthold with artist and traveler Rudolph Frederick Kurz, we begin to get a picture of the multiculturalism of the industry.

There was mention of a black cook named "Joseph" and a black fur trade employee named Jim Hawkins, both working at Fort Union Trading Post on the upper Missouri River. Hawkins later worked as cook at Fort Laramie on the Oregon Trail. Fort Union was also home to Jasper, a black man whose specific job at the fur trading post was not recorded.

A black man named Willis was a member of William H. Ashley's 1823 expedition. He was wounded when Indians attacked the expedition's keelboat on the Missouri. Black trapper Jim Beckwourth was also on a later foray with Ashley into the upper Missouri River country. The Blackfoot killed a black man named Reese who was a servant to Francis A. Chardon on the Judith River during the winter of 1844-1845.

Black fur trade entrepreneurs were not an unusual phenomenon according to historian Kenneth W. Porter, who wrote, "The earliest (blacks) known to be connected with the fur trade were among those who occupied the highest functional category, that of independent entrepreneurs." The founder of Chicago was African American fur trader John Baptiste Pointe DuSable, who died in 1818 at St. Charles, Missouri. In 1833, Indian Agent James Kennerly

set to building storehouses for issuing goods to Kickapoo and Pottawatomie Indians above Fort Leavenworth. In his employ was a slave named "Ananias" and a slave belonging to Smith Story.

African Americans were not found only in the northern reaches of the Fur Trade. Long before William Becknell traveled the Trail, Joseph McLanahan, Rueben Smith, Manuel Blanco, and James Patterson left St. Genevieve to trade in New Mexico, in 1809, with three slaves. They arrived in Santa Fe in late February 1810 and, like many others, were promptly arrested and taken to Chihuahua, where they languished in prison for years. I was recently reminded by Leo Oliva that David Meriwether and his slave-servant Alfred traveled to Santa Fe in 1820-1821, with a party of Pawnee Indians. They too were arrested and imprisoned.

In the Southwest, we find Jim, a slave of fur trapper David Jackson, later made famous for Jackson's Hole, accompanying his owner on an expedition to California through Santa Rita del Cobre in Mexico, and over the desolate Gila Trail. Peter Ranne, a free black man, rode with Jedediah Smith over the Mojave Desert during a grueling journey that killed many seasoned veterans of the western wilderness. Auguste Janise and Polette Labrosse were two other mountain men associated with Smith who were remembered as being of African-French ancestry.

Jacob Dodson and Sanders Jackson were free black men who accompanied John C. Fremont on one of his expeditions to California. Dodson went with Fremont and Kit Carson on all three expeditions to California and Oregon. Isaac Cooper, writing under the nom de plume of "Francois de Montagnes" told about an African American servant of John Charles Fremont named "Mesty-Woolah" on the Santa Fe Trail in 1845.

The Santa Fe Trade

As Trail students know so well, the Santa Fe Trade was two-way international trade which allowed entrepreneurs to participate as individuals, as small coalitions of merchants, as large businesses, and as huge multinational corporations. Larger companies with more resources and financial connections

soon replaced individual traders.

Regardless of the circumstances, the road to Santa Fe was a place where expectant capitalists found adventure in a far-off land that seemed exotic at a time when most Americans lived and died within 25 miles of their birthplaces. Many Anglo-American men and a smaller number of women from Missouri and the States found substantial business opportunity in a place that was a province of Mexico and had only recently had been a province of Spain. Here, traders from the States lived and worked among people quite different from themselves.

American businessmen learned to live, laugh, and love in Spanish, a foreign language little spoken and even less valued, back home. They formed close business alliances and loving family ties with people from a different culture and a different religion. Indians were part of the everyday lives of this new breed of Americans, either as customers of their trade goods, producers of valuable buffalo robes, or as potential enemies. Manufactured goods from all over the world were traded for Mexican silver, wool, mules, and blankets. The influx of Mexican silver pesos into the United States helped lessen the shortage of hard currency experienced after the Financial Panic of 1819.

The province of Nuevo Mexico previously had had little access to manufactured goods since the few goods New Mexicans did receive came all the way from Vera Cruz by way of Mexico City. The shorter distance that goods could be brought to New Mexico from Missouri meant that a wider variety of goods could be obtained at relatively good prices. The Santa Fe Trade provided a relatively high profit margin for traders, but also brought lots of financial risk and lots of hard work.

African Americans and the Trail

The first slaves in Missouri may have been brought around 1720 by Philippe Francois Renault to work in lead mines near St. Louis. The production of lead would be important for the military and later for the Santa Fe Trade. For some, the possibilities inherent in the Louisiana Purchase meant new lands and new potential for business and adventure. For others, it meant a place into

which the institution of slavery could be extended. Missouri was well suited to the cultivation of hemp and tobacco as well as livestock, forage, and grains. The climate was inviting for slaveholders and they brought their slaves to Missouri to work mostly on small farms and plantations.

Jabez F. Smith of McCoy, Waldo and Smith, an important Santa Fe trading company, was said to have owned 165 enslaved persons himself. Many of the deck hands and stevedores of the river boats involved in bringing goods west for the Santa Fe Trade on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers were made up of enslaved African Americans.

In 1820, the year before the Santa Fe Trail got underway in earnest, the Missouri State Constitution stated that enslaved Blacks could not be manumitted "without the consent of their masters, or without paying them, before such emancipation." As in many states, too, enslaved African Americans in Missouri were not allowed to possess a firearm. During the era of the Santa Fe Trade, laws were passed that stated that African Americans were incompetent as witnesses in trials involving white people and another prohibited the education of African Americans in Missouri. Enslaved persons used the "Underground Railroad" to run away from Missouri to the three free states of Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois. Most slaves, however, did not escape.

Planter Archibald Rice purchased land alongside the Santa Fe Trail in 1836 and using slave labor began construction of a house and farm structures. Matt Field remembered: "About half a day's travel brings the Santa Fe bound traders past the flourishing plantation of Farmer Rice, where leisure travelers often linger to enjoy his sweet bacon, fresh eggs, new milk, and the other nutritious and unsophisticated that always appease appetite without encumbering digestion."

One slave who lived on the Rice plantation was named Sophie. Born in the 1820s, Sophie lived until 1896 and died on the same plantation where she had lived for years. A log cabin, a silent testimony to "Aunt Sophie" still stands along the Trail.

In contrast, a free Black from Mis-

souri, Reverend John Berry Meachum, was the owner of two steamboats on the Mississippi as well as a barrel factory that produced barrels for the Overland Trade.

We begin to see something of the complexion of the Santa Fe Trail when we take notice of the fact that some authors have suggested that southwestern trappers Charles Autobees and his half brother Tom Tobin were of partial African ancestry. The mother they had in common was a black woman who had been brought to the United States from the Caribbean. This would rank these two famous denizens of the Old Santa Fe Trail as African-American Mountain Men.

Another place we find African Americans along the Santa Fe Trail is at Bent's Big Lodge on the Arkansas. William and Charles Bent, along with Ceran St. Vrain, built their mud fort on the north bank of the Arkansas in 1833. Their mission was to trade with the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians for bison robes and with trappers drawn to the mountains of Colorado and New Mexico in what would become the last gasp of the mountain fur trade beginning in 1834. The adobe fort quickly became the center of the Bent, St. Vrain Company's expanding trade empire that included Fort St. Vrain to the north and Fort Adobe far to the south, along with company stores in Mexico at Taos and Santa Fe. In time the so-called "Mountain Route" of the Trail passed Bent's Fort.

Alexander Barclay, a key trader at the post, mentioned in his diary a mysterious figure known only as Nigger Loyd who visited the fort from Pueblo in May and June of 1846. At Bent's Old Fort, a trio of slaves was well known and mentioned by several visitors in their diaries and narratives. Charles Bent, one of the founders and partners in the fort operation, had brought from St. Louis his slave Charlotte, who was assigned the task of preparing food and drink for the fort employees and visitors. Charlotte was well known for her skill at cooking and especially for her stews of buffalo seasoned with herbs and assorted vegetables. Charlotte's griddle cakes, French pastries, and pumpkin pies were known throughout the southern Rocky Mountains.

Charlotte was one of a very few nonnative women on the southwestern frontier and was extremely popular whenever a dance or fandango was held at the fort. Charlotte often boasted of being "de only female lady in de whole dam Injun country" and was no doubt proud of her accomplishments and her reputation as a cook extraordinaire, a source of gossip and news as well as being an active part of a large scale fur trade operation.

Charlotte's husband, Dick Green, is was a large black man and probably served as the fort blacksmith, although there are some who speculate that the blacksmith was yet another black man, perhaps Dick's brother, Andrew. The blacksmith would have had the important responsibility of keeping horses, mules, and oxen shod, repairing wagon hardware, traps, chains, and keeping the fort fixtures in repair. Persons who stopped at Bent's Fort in the 1830s and 1840s mention both Dick and Charlotte Green conspicuously in numerous journals and diaries.

In 1846, Charles Bent was appointed Territorial Governor of New Mexico, but not everyone in the new territory wanted a governor appointed by the new government. In an attempt to rid New Mexico of the hated gringos, a plot to kill all "Norte Americanos" was hatched in Taos in January of 1847. Charles Bent was killed and scalped.

When news of the killing reached Bent's Fort, the trappers there were stunned. They were furious and their blood lust began to rise. A party of trappers under Ceran St. Vrain started for Taos for revenge, and with them rode Dick Green.

When the Pueblo and Mexican forces were finally brought to bay at Taos Pueblo north of town, the trappers found that the Pueblo was already being engaged by elements of Stephen Watts Kearny's Army of the West. Artillery under Captain Sterling Price pounded a hole in the thick adobe walls and the trappers began their deadly assault. The first inside was Dick Green who reportedly single-handedly killed several of the rebels with his bare hands. For this act of courage and carnage, a grateful William Bent freed Dick and Charlotte and they returned to Missouri. Undoubtedly pleased with

their good fortune, the Greens headed east along the Santa Fe Trail to an uncertain future.

Since 1835, Missouri had enacted laws that excluded free Blacks. The Missouri General Assembly decided that it had the authority to "pass such laws as may be necessary . . . to prevent free Negroes and mulattos from coming to, and settling in this state, under any pretext whatsoever." The legislature went further to mandate that if free Blacks wanted to live in any county in Missouri, they had to first get a license from the county court.

This meant that the actual determination of how these laws would be enforced would be left up to the wishes of county judges. This meant that a court could deny the issuance of a license or could decide that the license was "legal" only in the county where it was issued. This also meant that if a free black person moved from one county to another, he or she would have to apply over again or provide evidence of such a license in the new county.

Dick Green's brother, Andrew, was employed at Bent's Fort first as a slave and later as a free trapper and trader after being given his freedom. Andrew had worked as a cook and as a blacksmith's assistant before gaining his freedom and is listed in 1848 as a Bent Company Trader on an official license.

A number of African Americans found themselves attracted to the free life of the fur trapper. None has attracted more attention than James Pierson Beckwourth, and Jim would have had it no other way. The son of a slave mother and a white plantation owner, Beckwourth would see the fur trade run its course and would experience a meteoric rise to notoriety and success.

Beckwourth had been apprenticed to the blacksmith's trade and had trapped as a young man on the Wood River in Missouri. He developed skills quickly and seemed to enjoy the freedom that living in the wilderness afforded him.

Beckwourth's career spanned almost 50 years and saw him advance from wrangler to cook, then on to hunter, trapper, interpreter, trader, war chief of a band of Crow Indians, explorer, soldier, scout, and ghost

writer of an autobiography. Beckwourth was also a hotel keeper and pioneer California rancher. Beckwourth traveled the Santa Fe Trail many times, as a trapper, and representing various fur interests among the Cheyenne and Arapaho, including Bent, St. Vrain and Company, the American Fur Company, and himself.

Despite dismissals from certain historians over the years, Beckwourth's story of life during the fur trade era has emerged again under the light of recent historical evaluations and discoveries as a useful and largely accurate document reflecting what life was like during the heyday of the American Fur Trade. His services were seen as so valuable that he was employed late into his life, and we know of him being unemployed for a period of only five days.

Fur trade entrepreneurs Andrew Sublette and Louis Vasquez later employed Beckwourth to work for them as a trader on the South Platte. To reach his new duty station, Beckwourth set out on the Santa Fe Trail in 1838 before turning north on the Trapper's Trail for Fort Vasquez. Beckwourth was "agent-in-charge" and set out to establish himself among the Cheyenne. Through an interpreter, Beckwourth connected with his new customers through storytelling, using his experiences among the Crow. The ploy worked. Beckwourth managed to get close to the Cheyenne and the trade over the fall and winter went well. Sublette and Vasquez did well enough to pay down some of their debts and stock up for the next year's trade.

Beckwourth quit his post when his employers went out of business and went to work for Bent, St. Vrain and Company, trading with the Cheyenne. Tiring of working for others, Beckwourth headed down the Santa Fe Trail and set up shop in Taos, New Mexico, where he formed a partnership with a friend and became a hostler and the owner of a Monte Parlor, while still trading with Indians. In 1842, Beckwourth, in cooperation with others, moved north to the Arkansas where Pueblo, Colorado now stands, where the group built a trading post to trade whiskey to Indians. Others soon joined them, and the community of Pueblo was born. The Pueblo whis-

key traders were an irritant for Bent, St. Vrain and Company, and Bent wrote to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, complaining about the "renegade Americans" and "Mexican traders" in Pueblo.

When the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ended the war in 1848, the Santa Fe Trail became a national road connecting the United States to the new Southwest territories. Commercial freighting along the trail, including considerable military freight hauling to supply the southwestern forts, increased quickly. This freighting included African American teamsters. Thousands of gold seekers, including a number of black argonauts, heading to the California gold fields, also used the Trail.

There was other money to be made in the Santa Fe Trade. People attracted to the trade found they needed supplies and services. One former slave, Emily Fisher, living in Missouri, took advantage of this situation and opened a hotel in Independence where she welcomed black and white teamsters traveling the trails. Her hotel became a popular stopping place for Santa Fe bound merchants until the Civil War.

The economic opportunities made available by the Santa Fe Trail were a boon to Missouri slave Hiram Young. By carving ox yokes, Young was able to purchase his freedom from his owner. Moving from yokes to freight wagons, Young placed himself firmly in the economic center of the Santa Fe Trade. His business thrived and as a result, Young was able to purchase the freedom of his wife, Matilda, and that of his daughter, Amanda. Young's business grew and at one point, employed dozens of people, including black and white Missourians, slaves and free. As such, Young was one of the largest single employers in Independence.

Hiram Young provided an important product for the Santa Fe Trade and was respected by many in the industry, but that respect could not outrun the shadow of war and racism. With the coming of the Civil War, local hostility grew to the point where Young and his family felt they would not be safe in the town they had lived in for years. They moved to Leavenworth, Kansas, where they lived until their passing in the 1880s. They rest today in Independ-

ence's Woodlawn Cemetery.

While African Americans were officially banned from joining the U.S. Army during the Mexican American War, historians have turned up cases of light skinned African Americans who found their way around this regulation. Since many of the troops in the War with Mexico traveled south using the Santa Fe Trail, it is likely that some of these men traveled the Trail. We have solid evidence of black slaves acting as servants to officers and musicians traveling south to participate in the War with Mexico.

The 125th United States Colored Troops was one of the last of the 166 black infantry regiments to be recruited for the Civil War. Raised in 1864 for four years' service in the Civil War, the regiment was reassigned to Fort Union, New Mexico, when the war ended in the spring of 1865. They saw service in a number of parts of the territory and used the Santa Fe Trail to move from place to place. The regiment was not mustered out of service until 1867. They used the Santa Fe Trail to march much of the way home where they once again became civilians.

In 1866, an Act of Congress created four regiments of black infantry and two regiments of black cavalry. Several of these regiments were stationed along the Santa Fe Trail. Men of the 38th U.S. Infantry were decimated by a cholera epidemic while stationed along the Trail. African American soldiers in the U.S. Army made heavy use of the Santa Fe Trail after the Civil War. Some of these regiments, nicknamed "Buffalo Soldiers," used the Trail to get to their duty stations or to pursue their Indian opponents.

Assigned to Texas after their establishment in 1866, the 9th Cavalry was transferred to the Department of New Mexico in late 1875. Their headquarters was at Fort Marcy in Santa Fe. Like all regiments at the time, the men were scattered in companies all over the department and beyond. The companies of the regiment attempted to capture and return to their reservations bands of non-treaty Apaches. Special targets were the Mimbres and Warm Springs bands led by Nana and Victorio. During five years spent in New Mexico, the 9th traveled over sec-

tions of the Santa Fe Trail in the performance of their duties, although much of their duty was in the south and west of what is today the state of New Mexico.

The first black cavalry unit assigned to duty in Kansas after the Civil War arrived in April 1867 at Fort Larned. Company "A," 10th U.S. Cavalry, was garrisoned there until 1869. Their stay was not pleasant. During the evening of January 1, 1869, at the Enlisted Men's Saloon, a fight broke out between soldiers of Company "C" of the 3rd U.S. Infantry and two soldiers from Company "A" of the 10th U.S. Cavalry over the use of a billiards table. Major John Yard, 10th Cavalry, commanding Fort Larned, ordered all of the black troops of Company "A" a half mile from the fort to "guard" a wood pile, even though a severe snowstorm made life difficult even at the fort.

Back at the post, the Company "A" stables were guarded by two members of the 10th Cavalry inside and a guard from the 3rd Infantry outside. At about 6:30, on the morning of January 2, 1869, a fire broke out in the stables. No soldier from either regiment discovered the fire; soldiers of the 19th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry reported it, bivouacked about four hundred yards away.

In the ensuing fire, 39 horses, 30 tons of hay, 500 bushels of grain, dozens of saddles, Spencer carbines, light cavalry sabers, and thousands of rounds of ammunition were destroyed. Major Yard decided to transfer Company "A" to Fort Zarah where they served on detached service assignments to Fort Harker and Fort Hays. Captain Nicholas Nolan protested the treatment of his company in a letter to Colonel Benjamin Grierson, commander of the 10th Cavalry regiment, to no avail. Even though the men of the company were far away from the post, the Army held their white officer responsible for the losses to the stable fire. Nolan would pay from his own salary for the equipment lost in the fire for over a decade, and the men of Company A would remember their assignment on the Santa Fe Trail with disdain. Nolan and his troops would later leave Kansas and be reassigned to Fort Sill in Indian Territory where much of the regiment had been sta-

tioned after leaving Fort Riley.

The development of railroads across the Great Plains after the Civil War caused sections of the old Santa Fe Trail to fall into disuse for the overland transportation of goods. The railroads that replaced the Trail also employed Blacks.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway attracted passenger business by using Pullman Sleeping Cars. Pullman Porters, who were almost always African American, accompanied these cars. Long after the wagons had stopped rolling, the trains were plying the road from Kansas City to Lamy. Even today, the Southwest Chief continues to make its run and onboard are sizable numbers of African Americans who take pride in their work for Amtrak, but also in the legacy of service and western hospitality that they are heir to.

With the luxury of time, we can now imagine the enthusiasm of an African American headed west down the Santa Fe Trail. Whether slave or free, they would have looked forward to leaving Missouri, a place long associated with slavery. They would have anticipated entering Kansas Territory, a place where disputes over slavery were loud and often bloody. Kansas was a place where enemies of slavery lived.

African Americans connected with the Santa Fe Trade may have taken a special pleasure in entering Mexico. Historian David Weber reminds us in his book, *The Mexican Frontier 1821-1846: The American Southwest under Mexico*, that "Mexican laws specifically forbade the slave trade and provided for manumission of slaves." He goes on to say that "Free Blacks and runaway black slaves from the United States who made their way to northern Mexico found themselves in a society where they enjoyed judicial equality as well as considerable tolerance of racial differences. What racial prejudice they did encounter on the Mexican frontier existed in a milder form than in the United States, and seldom led to overt discrimination."

With the close of the Civil War, the nation's energies could be redirected, and railroads headed west. Over time, as noted, this shortened and then replaced the Santa Fe

Trail. The end of the Civil War also set the stage for Reconstruction and the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments to the Constitution, ending slavery and changing forever the relationships of African Americans and their fellow Americans.

Some say that by 1880, when the railroad reached Lamy, the Santa Fe Trail faded into history. I would suggest that the trail has faded little in the minds and imaginations of Americans. The role of African Americans in this great road of commerce and cultural exchange has faded, but like the Trail, is still there, if you know where to look. Truly, "Westward, they went free."

In days past, the Santa Fe Trail prospered in the 19th Century because it was relevant to people from many stations in life and multiple ethnic backgrounds. Our challenge today is to ensure that the Santa Fe Trail remains relevant not in a changing America, but in an America that has already changed.

The next frontier is to provide for the education of this nation's young that includes the historical importance of a Trail that connected nations, acted as a cultural crossroads, brought people together, and made it possible for many people to live in ways they had previously not thought possible. The history of the Santa Fe Trail still has the power to connect nations and to bring people together. It can still be a crossroads of cultures and communities. It can still bring economic opportunities, this time through heritage tourism and the sustainable economic growth that can come with it.

Members of the SFTA are challenged with finding ways to connect with American teachers and schoolchildren. How can the Association better connect with communities that have felt left out of the history books and left out of tourism opportunities? The modern challenge of the Santa Fe Trail is for us to make it as vital and as important today as it was in the days of legend when William Becknell cut open his leather sack and silver coins spilled out onto the dusty streets of Franklin.

There is still adventure to be had on the Santa Fe Trail. As Marc Simmons declared at the founding of the Santa Fe Trail Association in 1986, "The Santa Fe Trail lives on!"

KATIE BOWEN LETTERS, 1851: PART VI

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. This section begins with her letter of July 7 at Council Grove and includes notes from the earlier part of their trip on the Trail. The letters will continue next issue.]

Monday morning ¼ 7 oclock
Council Grove July 7th 1851

My dear Father and Mother. I promised to write from this point and will copy some of the notes I have taken by the way. Although they are not very interesting, they will show how we pass our times. Yesterday we came to this place about fourteen miles from our last camp and will start again at noon today. This is a small settlement of whites, french half breeds and Indians. The houses are entirely of log and bark and altogether the most desolate looking spot we have seen on the road. We have encamped about a mile from the town in a beautiful little semicircle, a spring, brook and large trees on three sides of us. The water fresh from the spring is as cool as ice water and the grass for our animals, three feet high, as delicate and tender as lettuce. It is a spot just big enough for our waggons and three tents in the center with a space all around next the woods for our mules to feed. I will commence back to the Kansas where I sent off my first letter which I hope is nearly to you by this time. Isaac is at the town getting his horse shod and I am having a weeks supply cooked up. Pottawattamie creek, Thursday June 26 1851 3 5/m P.M. Just in camp. The men pitching tents, picketting horses and mules, building camp fires and making all arrangements for spending the night. Isaac is grinding loaf sugar to put in the eye of his horse which is "sick" as the Indians say. We have had a delightful day thus far and although the sun is hot, we always have a fine breeze on these plains. Our march has been slow today for we did not get started till all the

teams were ready and then at seven miles we waited for the oxen to come up, hoping they would be able to make thirteen miles today but they gave out at eight and we came on and will wait here tomorrow until they come up. We will have time to wash out towels, check shirts and socks etc. We have passed over some of the handsomest farming country that ever was seen and the Pottawattamie settlement we passed through today boasts as fine gardens as the eastern towns. Some of our men climbed the fence to sit down and the corn was then two feet above their heads all of seven feet high from the ground, and the cabbages looked large enough for the table almost. Squash vines that did make by mouth water and a peach orchard that must be tempting a few months later. There were several very clean log houses and I noticed one squaw washing her dishes scouring her tins and knives in the sun and they shone like silver. They were dressed like white people, use chairs and eat from tables, perhaps sleep in beds like christian people though I did not investigate the matter. They were all sitting or working out of doors, one woman making a blue calico shirt. All looked very neat. After we passed one horrid old indian tattooed with powder, and drunk as well as half naked came riding furiously past us giving the mules a cut with his whip and brandishing his whiskey bottle calling us to stop but the teamster sent him off with some smart cuts around his red legs. He frightened one team so much that the mules fairly jumped out of their harness. If he shows his head again the soldiers will tie him up to the wheel and give him a tremendous lashing that will made him yell for something beside the fuddle of whiskey. Our camping ground tonight is lovely, a green bank sloping down to the stream with plenty of shade and a glorious breeze. Today we have noticed several graves by the roadside where the poor fellows of Col. Sumner's command lie buried after suffering the horrors of cholera and giving up the ghost, without friends to mark their mounds. We do most fervently bless God that we were

detained till this fine weather set in and feeling so strong and hardy I can assure that a piece of boiled ham or pork and pickles tasted just right. Yesterday we were in camp in time for soup and today we had decided upon ham and eggs with rice and stewed peaches and apples for dessert. We have delicious cream for coffee and waffles. Isaac is in the stream and the train is just fording at one side the men calling down big blessings on their oxen.

Wakarousa [Wakarusa] creek Friday night June 27. We waited this morning for the train to come up and it passed us at 10. Margaret got out quite a little washing of flannels but as we could not wait for them to dry I hung the carriage full and we started for this ground at 12. The train has moved nine miles today but we have come but five to encamp with the rest. After this we intend to keep together if possible even if we do not move more than ten miles a day because it is so much pleasanter to see what is going on. The soldiers caring for their horses, the teamsters for their oxen every little gives life to a journey like this. We have passed over all the worst of the road and crossed more than half of the streams. There have been many bad pitches where some of the teams have broken waggon tongues and hounds, but the carpenter steps into the woods, cuts a young hickory and soon the accident has made the waggon stronger than at first. It is about 30 miles from here to Council Grove. Birds in the greatest abundance fly around us and the streams are full of fish but as yet we have not had many. Snipes are very nice and occasionally we get a duck. Water has been excellent. Isaac went in to bathe a few moments ago and as he was swimming around, struck his knee against a sharp rock and cut it a little. Our cow yields abundance of milk and the soldiers milk her two or three times a day, all the better for the cow, if not for the men. The wind has been blowing for twenty four hours and we are bound to have a smart rain before morning although several nights have looked threatening when the mornings after would prove clear.

Isaac is having guy ropes put out to support our tent in case of a "jim-myjam" and I am superintending the cooking of tomorrows dinner for in rains the fires will not live in the open air. Baked beans and boiled bacon, ham bread and cold biscuit with mustard pickles, pepper-sauce, butter eggs, etc., with brandy and water (or coffee) to wash it down. Rather primitive living you *civilized* folks will think, but let me tell you that these meals eaten in the open air taste as well as anything ever did. Health and cheerfulness are excellent appetisers and pleasant, yes delightful memories of dear friends to remind us that duty is always right. Oh, I wish all dear friends could see this fine country quite surpassing Maine in Beauty though wholly uncultivated. The richest kind of grass in abundance and flowers in infinite variety are to be seen on every side. I am trying to pick a few but we pass the prettiest ones in the open prairie during the day when I am shut up in the carriage and cannot always spend the time to gather them. At night we encamp on the banks of streams where they do not dominate. The wild rose is everywhere to be seen as if just coming from the seed and but few of the plants are large enough for flowers. None are more than a foot high and must have planted themselves lately, or perhaps we can account for their size, that the fires destroy them every fall. These plains are burned every year. Beautiful sensitive plants are beneath our feet continually but none have gone to seed. We do not suffer any inconvenience because we have all necessary comforts along. I never slept sounder or awoke more refreshed than for the past week. As soon as we are in camp tents are pitched and one trestle bedstead put down in one corner, a nice bed made up and most always I lie down for an hour and read or sleep as the fancy strikes me, then knit or sew to pass the time before dinner (which takes place at a genteel hour, 5 o'clock) afterwards take up these notes and devote the remainder of the evening to absent friends which occupation I enjoy vastly. The little cares of arranging our

traps for starting or stopping are a pleasant recreation. One thing is not so pleasant, these prairie winds are making a complete squaw of me. I wear gloves as much as I can but a veil is so close that I prefer a tawny skin to wearing it. Our sojourn at Leavenworth kept me so close that my skin cuts with these winds as bad as it would in winter and really is sometimes very painful. I use my share of whiskey for lathering, it is nearly time to stretch our mosquito bar and I will lay this aside till tomorrow and see if anything interesting occurs. House flies are around us in legions and bite like midges.

12 oclock Saturday. Wakarousa stream still June 28. Here we are fast stuck in the mud quite unable to move till tomorrow even should the sun come out clear and warm. When we went to bed last night the clouds were lowering and the wind was blowing hard which brought up a big thunder storm just before daylight. It surely will cause a sinner to reflect upon his past life to be out on the open prairie with nothing between himself and the clouds save a few yards of "topsail duck", particularly when, as last night, the Heavens uncork their "phails of wrath" upon our devoted heads. Although we were perfectly comfortable as respected bedding and warmth, still our thoughts will steal to the dry, cheerful home where "Uncle Sam" never dares call down discomfort. The big drops pattered much harder than I have been accustomed to listen to under the pleasant old roof of earlier days. At daybreak we discovered that it would be necessary to have trenches cut around our tent else we might betake ourselves to chanting I'm "afloat, I'm afloat," not exactly on the "wide raging sea," but on the broad, open prairie. Maj. Rucker thought it prudent not to move today and we are fixing up to spend the remainder of the day here and another night on this camp ground. The men servants managed to make us a cup of coffee in the rain and as we have a quantity of cream and biscuit we did not fare badly for breakfast. Now at noon the clouds are giving place gradually to the "deep azure and gold" of a west-

ern sky and *oh sentiment* our dinah has gone about baking beans and roasting a fat prairie chicken that one of the teamsters just brought to me. We do not fare so badly as some would imagine and you town people with fastidious appetites have no idea how well we relish our homely meals. Our silver and china consists of tin and brittania but we have a handsome walnut table to spread it upon. One of the men has gone to the stream to gather green walnuts and I am going to prepare some glorious pickles, not for use on the way because they would not be old enough but oh how fine a relish they will prove in Santa fe. We are all so hearty that we do not think anything about the thousand little annoyances we would feel in *civil* life. If we get to our journeys end by the first of September we will do very well for these trains do move "mortal" slow. I will be able to herd with any tribe of Indians of Mexicans in point of complexion. Afternoon. Clouds again gather around us and most likely we will have a wet night. It cannot much effect us anyway for our Mexican blanket spread on the bed would shed rain like a duck if occasion required. I am so impatient to get on for it is so long since we have had letters and they will be a feast such as we have not tasted these many days. It is a pretty sight to see this large herd grazing on these fresh beautiful undulations. A fairy picture truly and I would be pleased to possess the power of transmitting the scene in its true colors to canvas. The white tents of the detachment are sprinkled about in soldier-like regularity and the men amusing themselves with mock auction of an old sieve of a hat warranted the finest leghorn (and started at five cents) and some old pants that a Virginia housewife would hesitate to make floor cloth of.

Sunday afternoon, June 29, 4 10/m p.m. Here we still are at Wakarousa, but have been exerting ourselves to get on the other side of the stream. Yet even though we were packed and started before 7 oclock this morning we could not cross for the ox teams that started at 6 only crossed four of their twenty in consequences of the stream rising very rapidly. We

waited patiently on the bank till half an hour ago, when despairing of the water falling sufficient for us to ford tonight, we turned back and selected a camping place. One of Maj Ruckers mule teams attempted to cross a few minutes ago and getting part of the waggon body under water the current took the lead mules off their feet and before they could be liberated, two had drowned. Men immediately swam in to cut their harness but the poor beasts floundered so much it was dangerous to go near them. Mules are singular birds, bipeds or beasts as the case may be a conglomeration of them. The moment they feel their big ears wet they give up all idea of living and sink at once. They are like a creole or Mexican, an unfortunate mixture of the blood of several good races, spoiling all in the making up. I am entertaining myself most *intellectually*, sitting in the carriage eating cold beans and peppersauce. While waiting to have tents pitched and waggons unpacked the time seems long and to look on after the first novelty is passed is no recreation so for the want of something better to do, I nibble at cold "vittles" or scribble here, which is about the same thing, both insipid and not presentable to a friend. This is a stupid way to spend the sacred Sabbath day, but we have our bibles near and can retain our reverence for the day even if this irregular life does not prove conducive to the increase of our just views. However we are doing what seems to us right and heaven in its justice will not render us accountable for what we do not have.

Monday morning ½ past 8. This is the last day of June and a bright bracing one it is. There was frost on the grass at daylight and with three blankets and a comforter we were scarcely able to keep warm during the night. This climate seems somewhat like home to have these clear cool mornings of summer turn into mild lovely afternoons. We are tardy in getting started this morning because the heavy teams are crossing the stream before us. The water is completely down now but leaves the road that was overflowed very soft. Maj Rucker had

decided bad luck yesterday. His waggon had to stand in the water till another team could get to his assistance after the drowning of his mules and the consequence was that his packages in the front part of the waggon were completely saturated. Several bundles of small stores, spices, ribbons, silks, laces, mirrors, and in short nicknaks of all sorts going out to Mrs Maj [James D.] Graham were all drenched. He had them spread in the sun to dry, such a medley no one ever saw. We had had three trunks in the back of the waggon and they only got their covers wet, very fortunate we consider ourselves. A chest of new uniforms just from John Earle's for a young officer in Sante fe was wringing wet, gold lace and all. It was too provoking for anything. We leave at 10 and trust to get through the stream safely. Thus far we have been prosperous in everything and we feel sure a kind providence is caring for us. After a glorious breakfast of hot rolls, hot coffee, hot beefsteaks, I feel equal to the task of traveling fifty miles before sleeping.

Tuesday July 1. I don't know how far we came yesterday but this I do know, that we are in camp today waiting for the Maj to come up. We passed him yesterday some miles back and hoped he might make this camp last night with his teams, but the prairie was so badly cut up and there were so many mud holes to pass that he could not get the oxen over and as we came easily enough (probably 15 miles) we are all day in camp waiting for him. We had a tremendous thunder storm this morning about daylight which continued till 12m and I am quite sure that the fords will be so bad that the Maj wont get here before tomorrow. We are on a side hill well protected by trees else the wind today would take us off bodily. The streams have very steep banks and for oxen exceeding hard to ascend, but the little mules are so light and quick that they are up to the top before one thinks they have time to fasten their toes in the soft soil. In the morning we passed the camping spot where Dr. [Alfred W.] Kennedy died and we noticed the tall grass waving over the mounds of soldiers and one "camp

woman" was also buried. Near where we are now encamped, Col Sumner remained with his command some days and is called his wet camp. We noticed deep trenches dug around where his tents were pitched and a sorry time many must have had who came along then. Our tent sheds rain well and we have room to spread a bed, set a table and then a little to spare. When the evenings look like rain Isaac has a small ditch made under the eaves and in case of a shower, our floor is left dry. Most fortunate we have been in getting pleasant water every night. We are rising, rising every day and I believe continue to do so until we reach the Arkansas. We have many fine views from these ridges and I often wish I were able to describe faithfully all I see. Today I cannot look out of doors on account of wind and rain, but I have busied myself in reading and sewing and thinking I would like conveniences for preserving some of these pretty flowers. We are moving so constantly that books are no protection to their delicate leaves. At breakfast time the rain was pouring so fast that the men could scarcely keep the fire but we managed to get a cup of coffee to send to Col Wooley [Indian Agent Abraham R. Woolley] and Mr. Martin [Isaac's clerk] in their tents, and we drank ours without the *parade* of setting a table. Heigho: when we left Houlton [Maine] we expected fully to be in Sante fe to spend the 4th, but we will be six hundred miles and perhaps have no better dinner than boiled beans and rice. We partly promised to spend it at Maj [Edmund A.] Ogden's at Leavenworth and if we had we could easily have overtaken this slowest of all trains. Alack: and a well aday: we cannot tell a moment beforehand what will be best for us. We do not suffer from heat for we always have a breeze on this open prairie and there is very little else than open prairie here. July 2nd. Still remaining at the same camp. More rain last night, and we all have to leave our beds and stand by the tent poles to keep them upright. I never saw such continual flashes of lightening or as bright, and the rain did come down in the biggest drops and the

most of them. Yet we do not feel any ill effects from this constant exposure. Not a stiff joint or cold have I heard complained of since leaving Leavenworth. This morning we had an opportunity of sending letters out and I wrote two short ones. It gave me more pleasure than I can express to be able to communicate good news to our dear friends at home. May this continue. The roads are in a shocking state and so many bad crossings for oxen that they do not make more than five miles a day. We may have to remain here tomorrow, but I hope for more air. About 12m I thought the flies would devour us. We selected this camping ground because in case of high winds, which are very frequent in this latitude, we would be protected by the hills, and in consequence shut ourselves in from the gentle breeze. At this rate of travel we will be most likely to spend Christmas on the plains, but we hope for better things. I read when it is not too much trouble, and sleep quite *naturally*, taking it kindly. One thing is certain, this life will make me very indolent and by and by I will dread to do anything. Shades of evening are gathering around and I must retire within our "white house" 9 by 9. I do wish you good dear folks could see our camp.

July 3. Thursday. This is Shepards [Katie's brother] birthday, and we have been living in camp all day again. Maj Ruckers train came up this afternoon, and we will be off tomorrow morning. I have had ironing done today and got soundly laughed at for indulging in the luxury. I did not intend having any washing done but with plenty wood and water, a strong servant with nothing else to do it seemed like laziness to carry along a bag of soiled clothing. We keep our big dog chained to the waggon in front of our tent at night but he must have slept wondrous sound last night, for a wolf went to the fire and ate what scraps were left in the pots, rattled among the tin pans so that the teamsters were disturbed, and then put out for the herd. He had a big fight with an *old gentlemen sheep* in trying to get one of the lambs, but the old fellow kept him on the defensive so long

and whipped him so badly that at daylight one of the sentinels discovered how matters stood and finished the career of Mr. Wolf. They are so tame that we often see them in the road directly in front of us, but they soon hide themselves in the long grass. Tonight looks as though tomorrow might be a dull 4th. It will necessarily be so to us. I remember how often mother has said on the evening of the third, "Well, I would be glad to see it pour tomorrow and keep the bluenoses at home, then there would be no fighting." We thought of having a lamb killed and all get together at dinner, but upon reflection gave up the idea as being too much trouble. July 4th, At a small creek with a clean stony bottom and I shall call it Rock creek. A fourth of July to you almost as good as St. Patrick. We left camp this morning at ¼ 7 oclock and have had a pretty good days journey. In three miles we struck the Independence road and it really was a luxury to slip along on a decent track. It has been traveled these thirty years and is as hard beaten as a rock. There are some ruts to be sure, after these severe rains, but nothing to impede our progress. This morning at ten oclock we met Col [William] Hoffman and family on their way out from Fort Mackey [renamed Fort Atkinson] at the crossing of the Arkansas whither they went eight months ago and built this fort and now ordered to Texas. They do not like the change at all with the prospect of having another fort to construct. When Col Sumner reached Arkansas [River] his second surgeon was sick and he remained to go on with us, so we have something to look forward to, having a pleasant gentleman added to our company, and he a surgeon, which at present we are without, but I certainly hope we may not require his services. I have looked back today the whole time thinking of the happy 4th I spent at home last year. All the pleasant family and dear little children happy and well. Alas, the change now, but the days may come again by and by. Our strawberries and cream tonight were bread and molasses—quite a wide difference in favor of home. One year

ago this time, 7 oclock in the evening, I was assisting to dress Carrie for the dance, and Adelaide was weaving wreaths to bedeck her hair. How pretty and innocent she looked. After today's journey being so successful I have some hopes of getting through before *Christmas*, but Col Hoffman informed us that there had been no rain at the Arkansas for ten months, and I much fear that the rainy season may set in before we pass that point, and if so, what shocking roads we will find. However we wont borrow trouble but take everything as quietly as we can. Col Sumner was forced to take the long route by Bents fort as the Cimerone route 70 miles shorter was destitute of water and grass. We have been singularly favoured in finding streams and springs of pure sweet water, plenty of dry wood and the finest grass in the world. We see numerous persons going to and coming from Santa fe and I think we will often have opportunities to send out our charming productions. No doubt Col Sumner is within two hundred miles of Las Vegas. They will be in time to make houses for us. Mrs. Hoffman told me that she likes the Arkansas country and that a sister of hers at Las Vegas spoke in high terms of the climate and never was in as good health. Well, I go to sleep and forget the poor fourth of July.

Bluff Creek, July 5th. 8½ evening. We got into camp at 2 oclock after making a march of thirteen miles. The day has been fine and airy though rather warm in the sun, but the oxen traveled off bravely. The country is much the same as at Leavenworth, fine rolling farming country. We move now thirteen miles a day and I believe the Maj intends going twenty after the oxen get used to this good road. The streams are beautiful, clear gravel bottoms and skirted with a scanty but pretty wood. This is certainly the prettiest creek that I ever saw, banks rising in abrupt bluffs but patches along the shore quite level with the stream. Mr Martin went out and soon returned with a string of little sun fish for our dinner. This morning just before starting, two Indians rode into camp, driving mules. They were the most frightful

looking objects I ever saw and painted a bright scarlet color all over their faces, hair cut over the crown of the head quite like a cropt mane, feathers stuck in the back of the hair, bodies entirely naked, with the exception of a piece of red flannel or cloth answering the purpose of a fig leaf. They had fine bows and arrows and amused the soldiers much in trying their skill at a mark for a penny a hit. We doubtless shall see very many before reaching our destination but traders whom we have seen assure us that they are perfectly peaceable this year, their only desire being to beg or steal flour or provisions. We all remain perfectly well owing no doubt to the good water we drink so freely of. I hope we may not fall short of a supply before we get through, but most likely we must meet some inconveniences. Clouds tonight indicate a storm, but as they have passed over three nights, I think they may not. Our cow is a treasure, giving cream almost, and even now our big dog Bruno is lapping up a quart or two warm from the bucket. We have sweet milk cakes, and even in every form, nor forgetting cottage cheese. Last year I was making it for Holman [Katie's brother] and taking a great deal of comfort helping him eat it. This life often reminds me of what his is in the woods far from home, but not quite as distant as we are from that cherished haven. In a day or two we expect to meet a company of dragoons coming from Fort Mackey, whither they have but just gone. They are ordered back to go on an expedition with some hair brained Indian agent who has made the president believe his services are worth two thousand dollars a year and furnished, when to tell truth he will do the Indians more harm than good. They do not thank him for his pains nor glass beads either. Well, Mother, if you can wade through these pages you certainly deserve credit. We thought to leave this grove today, but some work had to be done which will keep us till tomorrow the 8th. This place is 118 miles from Leavenworth, and I should have written to Mrs. Hodgson from here, but there naturally is so much sameness in the details

that if she can have patience to read so much trash, please let her have the perusal of this. If we do not meet the company coming out tomorrow I will add anything that may happen. Give very best love to all friends and I will continue to chronicle whatever may occur. We can send in the mail from Arkansas. I leave this space to fill up when we meet the persons coming out.

(continued next issue)

FORT LEARNED -TEACHER'S TRADING POST-

Chris Day, Editor

Santa Fe Trail Education Workshop

SFTA President Hal Jackson, along with Chris Day and Marcia Fox, SFT members and classroom educators from Wamego, KS, recently completed workshops for educators and museum curators along the Trail through the sponsorship of the National Park Service and the Santa Fe Trail Association. This workshop was designed to encourage participants to use best teaching practices and research methods for educating students about the Trail and Westward Expansion. The two-day educator workshops were held in Council Grove, KS, Lamar, CO, and Las Vegas, NM, for 55 total participants.

The pedagogy portion of the workshop consisted of teaching methods, including cooperative learning, reading for meaning, and experiential exercises. Several of the materials used were from David Webb's *Santa Fe Trail Adventures* activity book, copies of which were supplied to all participants. Musical activities included songs, games, and dances of the cultures of the Trail-Hispanic, American Indian, and Anglo-American. Some of the music emphasized was from the CD *Frontier Music Old Time Favorites of the Wild West* by historian Mark Gardner and Rex Rideout. Participants also experienced field trips to Trail sites in the area and practice using Global Positioning System (GPS) instruments. An educational trunk consisting of facsimiles of Trail days' items, such as period clothing, trade items, and buffalo hide was left at each site for future use by the participants of the workshop.

The first workshop, June 21-22, was held at Council Grove Elemen-

tary. Judy Parks, principal of the school, was the site coordinator. The second workshop was June 24-25 at Parkview Elementary, Lamar, CO. Kathleen Pickard, sister of Joanne VanCoevern, SFTA board member, was the site coordinator. SFTA board member Dub Couch, former president of the Bent's Fort Chapter, assisted with the field trip to the sites of Bent's New Fort and Red Shin's Standing Rock.

In Las Vegas, June 28-29, the site of the workshop was Bridge Academy Charter School. Mary Whitmore, news editor for the Corazon chapter, was the coordinator. Whitmore is also on the advisory board of the charter school. At this site, Hal was unable to attend the workshop due to the illness of his daughter, and Michael Macklin, retired lawyer and experienced swale explorer, assisted with the field trips. Macklin, along with his wife Pat, and SFTA board member Stephen Whitmore, guided the group to several swales in the area, the site of Becknell's first meeting with Mexican troops under Pedro Gallego, Kearny Gap, plus historic sites of the Las Vegas Plaza region. The Corazon Chapter also provided each participant with a bag and CD of New Mexico's Scenic Byways. George Donoho Bayless, SFTA member and descendant of Mary Donoho, was one of the participants at the workshop. He gave everyone a copy of *Mary Donoho: First Lady of the Trail* autographed by author Marian Meyer, with a special note for each participant from George.

The participants at each of the workshops completed evaluations. Some of the comments were: "the enthusiasm was great, and the interdisciplinary uses of history and music was superb"; "the field trip was very interesting and useful for classroom day trips of our community"; and "the enthusiasm, knowledge, and professionalism of the presenters made it a great workshop."

This summer was the first of two grants aimed at motivating educators of the five Trail states to incorporate the Santa Fe Trail into their Social Studies curriculum. Next summer's workshops, also sponsored by the National Park Service and Santa Fe Trail Association, will be held in Elkhart and Larned, KS, and Independence, MO.

SIX WESTERN CHAPTERS

(continued from page 1)

ciety Museum. At 10 a.m. everyone headed for the Cimarron National Grassland and remnants of the Santa Fe Trail. Bill Barnes, Jake Lee, and Pete Barnes were waiting with horses and wagons to give everyone an opportunity to "experience the Santa Fe Trail." The wagons took the group to Point of Rocks and then to Middle Springs for lunch. There the Trail "experience" temporarily ended as the modern travelers enjoyed a "six foot Subway Sandwich, salads, chips, homemade ice cream, brownies, and iced tea"

After lunch some took the Forest Service Auto Tour of the National Grassland, and others went to "Eight Mile Corner" and visited the Harris Gallery, a local glass blowing and ceramic art shop. In the evening everyone returned to the museum for dinner and a program by Marla Matkin who portrayed Libbie Custer. This was followed by an unscheduled event: 4 inches of rain in less than 1.5 hours, with lots of lightning and thunder. There were a few leaks in the museum, but guests found buckets and mops and moved some exhibits out of harm's way. No serious damage was done.

On Sunday morning the conference ended with church service at the Santa Fe Trail Room and a free brunch. It was voted to hold the 2005 Six Western Chapters meeting in Amarillo, TX, hosted by the Texas Panhandle Chapter.

COUNCIL TROVE

—DOCUMENTS—

SANTA FE TRAIL DESIGNS, 1946

Mel and Mary Cottom, Manhattan, KS, sent the following item from the *Independence (Kansas) Daily Reporter*, November 22, 1946, written by Naomi Black with dateline at Los Angeles.

Santa Fe Trail Is the Theme as Designers Open Showings

With a forward look to the American woman's fashion needs for next spring and summer and a backward glance at the West's most fabulous era, California's textile designers take the Santa Fe Trail as the theme for the most spectacular fabric and fashion showing this market has known.

Hand-screened prints comprising

50 designs, created by California Authentic and depicting the various phases of Santa Fe trail history, were shown on the very rim of the Grand Canyon. Lending themselves readily to textile interpretation were fabrics from famous mills including such textures as one-denier rayon crepe and 75-denier weaves of canton crepe, shantung rayon, superlative novelties and ceanese jersey.

Twenty-four top-name California designers have turned these fabrics into play clothes, casual wear, swim suits, afternoon dresses, teen-age garments, blouses and slack suits.

Flashing through the collection are vibrant colors and unconventional designs. Prints are large and small, closely spaced and widely scattered: bayadered and bordered Borders—often 14 inches deep—depict such colorful scenes as the buffalo hunt, a brilliant six-color print of feathered Indian warriors on galloping ponies charging a buffalo herd against a backdrop of purple mountains. As spectacular is "Santa Fe Train Time," a finely-drawn panorama of the early days complete with travelers, covered wagons, friendly Indians and the historic "trail" posed against a backdrop of the early Western town.

"Zuni war dance" is another motif used. This is an action pattern of elaborately costumed Indians in various motions of the historical dance.

Widely spaced prints include "Kachina masks," authentic reproductions of ceremonial dances. The masks are in brilliant blues, reds, greens and yellow on a mat black background. "Indian war-bonnets" reproduces a series of famous bonnets on a dark background.

Other wide-spaced designs include the flowers of the west, Indian pottery motifs, wagon wheels and the fantastically beautiful designs found in Indian bead work and sand paintings.

All-over prints pay style tribute to Taos in picturizations of that famous landmark; Pueblo land in a panorama motif of pueblos, yucca, cactus and miners, and Grand Canyon in a colorful delineation of vast expanses of layered strata of purple, gold, green and red.

Stripes throughout the group of Santa Fe trail-inspired prints are mostly broken and tend to give the effect of an all-over design. An example is the broken stripe used in the

pattern called "Kachina dolls," small wooden images made by Hopi Indians. Faithful to the natural willow-root color is the motif of the doll, dressed in colorful red and blue costumes and feathered headdresses which the tribe favored for ceremonial dances.

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.

This poem is reprinted from *An Anthology of 63 Contemporaries: Kansas Poets* (New York: Henry Harrison, 1935) submitted by Mary Conrad after the most recent symposium. Nothing can be ascertained about the author, Jessie Applegate Ebble. What readers can notice, however, is the romantic view of the Santa Fe Trail that has developed by 1935. Drivers have turned to cowboys whose spurs ring; the "mirage" is not one of Murphy wagons, but rather of bucking broncos. Still, the use of the rhymed couplets is artful, the meter measured, and the alliteration delightful. The last stanza captures what some Trail fans experience, even today.

On the Santa Fe Trail

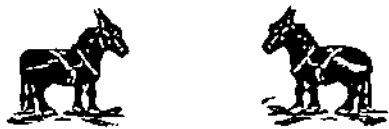
by Jessie Applegate Ebble

Is this ghost music
Of cowboy spurs
Or wind through cactus
And cockle-burrs?

In a cloud of dust
There seems to sail,
Flying ahead,
On the dimming trail

A bucking broncho
A figure of grace
Merging into
Mirage of space.

Soul of adventure—
Fetterless! Free!
A prairie phantom
Of memory.



HOOF PRINTS —TRAIL TIDBITS—

On Monday, May 17, 2004, National Public Radio's Morning Edition carried a story about the Las Vegas (Nevada) Strip seeking designation as a National Scenic Byway. NPR's Renee Montagne interviewed T. R. Reid of the *Washington Post*.

Renee asks: "So tell me, the Santa Fe Trail [Scenic Byway] is 180 miles of breathtaking natural landscape, what qualifies this strip for a national scenic designation?" There was no more mention of SFT, but more than you want to know about the Las Vegas Strip

Thanks to the efforts of Ross Marshall, Craig Crease, and others, a city park in Overland Park, KS, has been renamed Sapling Grove Park, as the historic Trail campground located there was originally called Sapling Grove.

The National Frontier Trails Museum in Independence, MO, dedicated a new Jim Bridger statue March 14. Bridger is looking west.

Buster Wheat died June 29. He was a rancher and stockman east of Council Grove. There is a DAR marker on his property. Some members may remember him from the Council Grove symposium.

PIKE'S COLUMN

[This special column will continue as a series in Wagon Tracks until the close of the 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.

The only item this issue is the sixth installment of Pike's journal. Keep informed with the Pike Bicentennial plans at www.pikebicentennial.org/



PIKE'S JOURNAL, PART VI

This reprint of Pike's journal of the expedition of 1806-1807 continues, starting with the December 1, 1806, entry. They were on the Arkansas River in Colorado, after making a failed attempt to climb the Grand Peak later named Pike's Peak. The wandering recorded here led to Pike being called the "lost pathfinder." It seems obvious that Pike was seriously seeking the source of the Red River (one of his missions).

Pike's Journal

1st December, Monday.—The storm still continuing with violence, we remained encamped; the snow by night one foot deep; our horses being obliged to scrape it away, to obtain their miserable pittance, and to increase their misfortunes, the poor animals were attacked by the magpies, who attracted by the scent of their sore backs, alighted on them, and in defiance of their wincing and kicking, picked many places quite raw; the difficulty of procuring food rendered those birds so bold as to light on our mens arms and eat meat out of their hands. One of our hunter's out but killed nothing.

2d December, Tuesday.—It cleared off in the night, and in the morning the thermometer stood at 17 below 0, (Reaumer) being three times as cold as any morning we had yet experienced. We killed an old buffalo on the opposite side of the river, which here was so deep as to swim horses. Marched and found it necessary to cross to the north side, about two miles up, as the ridge joined the river. The ford was a good one, but the ice ran very bad, and two of the men got their feet froze before we could get accommodated with fire &c. Secured some of our old buffalo and continued our march. The country being very rugged and hilly, one of our horses took a freak in his head and turned back, which occasioned three of our rear guard to lay out all night; I was very apprehensive they might perish on the open prairie. Distance 18 miles.

3d December, Wednesday.—The weather moderating to 3 below 0, our absentees joined, one with his feet frozen, but were not able to bring up the horse; sent two men back on horseback. The hardships of last voyage had now began, and had the cli-

mate only been as severe as the climate then was, some of the men must have perished, for they had no winter clothing; I wore myself cotton overalls, for I had not calculated on being out in that inclement season of the year. Dr. Robinson and myself, with assistants, went out and took the altitude of the north mountain, on the base of a mile; [footnote: The perpendicular height of the mountain from the level of the prairie, was 10,581 feet, and admitting that the prairie was 8000 feet from the level of the sea, it would make the elevation of this peak 18,581 feet, equal to some, and surpassing the calculated height of others, for the peak of Teneriffe and falling short of that of Chimborazo only 1,701 feet. Indeed it was so remarkable as to be known to all the savage nation for hundreds of miles around, and to be spoken of with admiration by the Spaniards of N. Mexico, and was the bounds of their travels N.W. Indeed in our wandering in the mountains, it was never out of our sight, (except when in a valley) from the 14th November to the 27th January.] after which, together with Sparks, we endeavoured to kill a cow but without effect. Killed two bulls, that the men might use pieces of their hides for mockinsons. Left Sparks out. On our return to camp found the men had got back with the strayed horse, but too late to march.

4th December, Thursday.—Marched about five; took up Sparks who had succeeded in killing a cow. Killed two buffalo and six turkies. Distance 20 miles.

5th December, Friday.—Marched at our usual hour. Passed one very bad place of falling rocks; had to carry our loads. Encamped on the main branch of the river, near the entrance of the south mountain. In the evening walked up to the mountain. Heard 14 guns at camp during my absence, which alarmed me considerably; returned as quickly as possible, and found that the cause of my alarm was their shooting turkies. Killed two buffalo and nine turkies. Distance 18 miles.

6th December, Saturday.—Sent out three different parties to hunt the Spanish trace, but without success. The doctor and myself followed the river into the mountain, which was bounded on each side by the rocks of

the mountain, 200 feet high, leaving a small valley of 50 or 60 feet. Killed two buffalo, two deer, and one turkey.

7th December, Sunday.—We again dispatched parties in search of the trace; one party discovered it on the other side of the river, and followed it into the valley of the river at the entrance of the mountain, where they met two parties who were returning from exploring the two branches of the river, in the mountains; of which they reported, to have ascended until the river was merely a brook, bounded on both sides with perpendicular rocks, impracticable for horses ever to pass them; they then recrossed the river to the north side, and discovered (as they supposed) that the Spanish troops had ascended a dry valley to the right—on their return they found some rock salt, samples of which were brought me. We determined to march the morrow to the entrance of the valley; there to examine the salt, and the road. Killed one wild cat.

8th December, Monday.—On examining the trace found yesterday, conceived it to have been only a reconnoitering party, dispatched from the main body, and on analysing the rock salt, found it to be strongly impregnated with sulphur. There were some very strong sulphurated springs at its foot. Returned to camp; took with me Dr. Robinson and Miller, and descended the river, in order to discover with certainty, if the whole party had come by this route. Descended about seven miles on the south side. Saw great quantities of turkeys and deer. Killed one deer.

9th December, Tuesday.—Before we marched, killed a fine buck at our camp as he was passing. Found the Spanish camp about four miles below, and from every observation we could make, conceived they had all ascended the river. Returned to camp, where we arrived about two o'clock. Found all well; would have moved immediately, but four men were out reconnoitering. Killed three deer.

10th December, Wednesday.—Marched and found the road over the mountain to be excellent. Encamped on a dry ravine. Obligated to melt snow for ourselves and horses; and as there was nothing else for the latter

to eat, gave them one pint of corn each. Killed one buffalo.

11th December, Thursday.—Marched at ten o'clock, and in one mile struck a branch of the Arkansaw, on which the *supposed* Spaniards had encamped, where there was both water and grass. Kept up this branch, but was frequently embarrassed as to the trace; at three o'clock P.M. having no sign of it, halted and encamped, and went out to search it; found it about one mile to the right. Distance 15 miles.

12th December, Friday.—Marched at 9 o'clock. Continued up the same branch as yesterday. The ridges on our right and left, appeared to grow lower, but mountains appeared on our flanks, through the intervals covered with snow. Owing to the weakness of our horses, made only 12 miles.

13th December, Saturday.—Marched at the usual hour and passed large springs, and the (supposed) Spanish camp; and at twelve o'clock, a dividing ridge, and immediately fell on the small branch running N. 20° W. There being no appearance of wood, we left it, and the *Spanish Trace* to our right, and made for the hills to encamp. After the halt I took my gun and went out to see what discovery I could make, and after marching about two miles north, fell on a river 40 yards wide, frozen over; which after some investigation, I found run north east, this was the occasion of much surprise, as we were taught to expect to have met with the branches of the Red river, which should run south east. Quere. Must it not be the headwaters of the river Platte? If so the Missouri must run much more west, than is generally represented; for the Platte is a small river by no means presenting an expectation of so extensive a course. Distance 18 miles. One horse gave out and was left.

14th December, Sunday.—Marched. Struck the river, ascended it four miles, and encamped on the north side. The prairie being about two miles wide, was covered at least six miles (on the banks of the river) with horse dung and the marks of indian camps, which had been since the cold weather, as was evident by the fires which were in the centre of the lodges; the sign made by their horses was astonishing, and would have

taken a thousand horses some months. As it was impossible to say which course the Spaniards pursued, amongst this multiplicity of signs, we halted early, and discovered that they or the savages had ascended the river. We determined to pursue them, as to the geography of the country, had turned out to be so different from our expectation; we were some what at a loss which course to pursue, unless we attempted to cross the snow cap'd mountains, to the south east of us which was almost impossible. Bursted one of our rifles, which was a great loss, as it made three guns which had bursted, and the five which had been broken on the march, and one of my men was now armed with my sword and pistols. Killed two buffalo.

15th December, Monday.—After repairing our guns, we marched, but were obliged to leave another horse. Ascended the river, both sides of which were covered with old Indian camps, at which we found corn cobs; this induced us to believe that those savages although erratic, must remain long enough in one position to cultivate this grain, or obtain it of the Spaniards; from their sign they must have been extremely numerous, and possessed vast numbers of horses. My poor fellows suffered extremely during the cold, being almost naked. Distance 10 miles.

16th December, Tuesday.—Marched up the river about two miles and killed a buffalo. When finding no road up the stream, we halted and dispatched parties different courses; the doctor and myself ascending high enough to enable me to lay down the course of the river into the mountains. From a high ridge we reconnoitered the adjacent country, and concluded putting the *Spanish trace* out of the question, and to bear our course south west, for the head of Red river. One of our party found a large camp, which had been occupied by at least 3000 Indians, with a large cross in the middle. Quere. Are these people catholics?

17th December, Wednesday.—Marched, and on striking a left hand fork of the river we had left, found it to be the main branch; ascended it some distance, but finding it to bear too much to the north, we encamped about two miles from it, for the purpose of benefiting by its water.

Distance 15 miles.

18th December, Thursday.—Marched and crossed the mountain which lay south-west of us, in a distance of seven miles, arrived at a small spring; some of our lads observed, they supposed it to be Red river, to which I then gave very little credit. On entering a gap in the next mountain, came past an excellent spring which formed a fine creek, which we followed through narrows in the mountains for about six miles; found many evacuated camps of Indians the latest yet seen, after pointing out the ground for the encampment, the doctor and myself went on to make discoveries (as was our usual custom,) and in about four miles march we struck (what we supposed to be Red river) which here was about 25 yards wide, ran with great rapidity and was full of rocks. We returned to the party with the news, which gave general pleasure. Determined to remain a day or two in order to examine the source. Distance 18 miles. Snowing.

19th December, Friday.—Marched down the creek near the opening of the prairie, and encamped, sent out parties hunting, &c. but had no success. Still snowing and stormy, making preparations to take an observation.

20th December, Saturday.—Having found a fine place for pasture on the river sent our horses down to it with a guard, also three parties out hunting, all of whom returned without success. Took an observation. As there was no prospect of killing any game, it was necessary that this party should leave that place, I therefore determined that the doctor and Baroney should descend the river in the morning; that myself and two men would ascend and the rest of the party descend after the doctor until they obtained provision and could wait for me.

21st December, Sunday.—The doctor and Baroney marched; the party remained with me to take a meridional observation; after which we separated. Myself and the two men who accompanied me (Montjoy and Miller) ascended 12 miles and encamped on the north side, the river continuing close to the north mountain and running through a narrow rocky channel and in some places not more than 20 feet wide and at least

10 feet deep. Its banks bordered by yellow pine, cedars, &c.

22d December, Monday.—Marched up thirteen miles, to a large point of the mountain from whence we had a view at least 35 miles, to where the river entered the mountains, it being at that place not more than ten or fifteen feet wide, and properly speaking, only a *brook*; from this place after taking the course, and estimating the distance we returned to our camp of last evening. Killed one turkey and a hare.

23d December, Tuesday.—Marched early, and at two o'clock P.M. discovered the trace of the party on the opposite of the river; forded it, although extremely cold and marched until some time in the night, when we arrived at the second night's encampment of the party. Our cloathing was frozen stiff, and we ourselves were considerably benumbed.

24th December, Wednesday.—The party's provision extending only to the 23d, and their orders being not to halt until they killed some game, and then wait for us: consequently they might have been considerably advanced. About 11 o'clock, met doctor Robinson on a prairie, who informed me that he and Baroney had been absent from the party two days without killing any thing, (also without eating,) but that over night, they had killed four buffalo, and that he was in search of the men; and suffered the two lads with me to go to the camp where the meat was, as we had also been nearly two days without eating. The doctor and myself pursued the trace and found them encamped on the river bottom. Sent out horses for the meat, shortly after Sparks arrived and informed us he had killed four cows. Thus from being in a starving condition we had 8 beeves in our camp. We now again found ourselves all assembled together on Christmas Eve, and appeared generally to be content, although all the refreshment we had to celebrate that day with, was buffalo meat, without salt, or any other thing whatever. My little excursion up the river was in order to establish the geography of the sources of the (supposed) Red River, as I well knew the indefatigable researches of doctor Hunter, Dunbar and Freeman, had left nothing unnoticed in the extent of their voyage up said river, I

determined that its upper branches should be equally well explored; as in this voyage I had already ascertained the sources of the Osage, and White Rivers, (been round the head of the Kans River) and on the head waters of the Platte.

25th December, Thursday.—It being stormy weather and having meat to dry; I concluded to lie by this day. Here I must take the liberty of observing that in this situation, the hardships and privations we underwent, were on this day brought more fully to our mind. Having been accustomed to some degree of relaxation, and extra enjoyments; but here 800 miles from the frontiers of our country, in the most inclement season of the year; not one person clothed for the winter, many without blankets, (having been obliged to cut them up for socks, &c) and now laying down at night on the snow or wet ground; one side burning whilst the other was pierced with the cold wind: this was in part the situation of the party whilst some were endeavoring to make a miserable substitute of raw buffalo hide for shoes &c. I will not speak of diet, as I conceive that to be beneath the serious consideration of a man on a voyage of such nature. We spent the day as agreeably as could be expected from men in our situation. Caught a bird of a new species, having made a trap for him. [footnote: This bird was of a green color, almost the size of a quail, and had a small tuft on its head like a pheasant, and was of the carnivorous species; it differed from any bird we ever saw in the United States. We kept him with us in a small wicker cage, feeding him on meat, until I left the interpreter on the Arkansas, with whom I left it. We at one time took a companion of the same species, and put them in the same cage, when the first resident never ceased attacking the stranger until he killed him.]

26th December, Friday.—Marched at two o'clock and made 7 1-2 miles to the entrance of the mountains. On this piece of prairie the river spread considerably, and formed several small Islands, a large stream enters from the south. As my boy and some others were sick, I omitted pitching our tent in order that they might have it; in consequence of which we were completely covered with snow

on top, as well as that part on which we lay.

27th December, Saturday.—Marched over an extreme rough road, our horses received frequent falls and cut themselves considerably on the rocks. From there being no roads of buffalo, or sign of horses, I am convinced that neither those animals, nor the aborigines of the country, ever take this route, to go from the source of the river out of the mountains, but that they must cross one of the chains to the right or left, and find a smoother tract to the lower country. Was obliged to unload our horses and carry the baggage in several places. Distance 12 1-2 miles.

28th December, Sunday.—Marched over an open space and from the appearance before us, concluded we were going out of the mountains, but at night encamped at the entrance of the most perpendicular precipices on both sides, through which the river ran and our course lay. Distance 16 miles.

29th December, Monday.—Marched but owing to the extreme ruggedness of the road, made but five miles. Saw one of a new species of animals on the mountains; ascended to kill him, but did not succeed. Finding the impossibility of getting along with the horses, made one sled, which with the men of three horses, carries their load.

30th December, Tuesday.—Marched: but at half past one o'clock; were obliged to halt and send back for the sled loads, as they had broken it and could not proceed owing to the waters running over the ice. Distance 8 miles. Crossed our horses twice on the ice.

31st December, Wednesday.—Marched; had frequently to cross the river on the ice, horses falling down, we were obliged to pull them over on the ice. The river turned so much to the north, as almost induced us to believe it was the Arkansaw. Distance 10 3-4 miles.

1st January, 1807, Thursday.—The doctor and one man marched early, in order to precede the party until they should kill a supply of provision. We had great difficulty in getting our horses along, some of the poor animals having nearly killed themselves falling on the ice. Found on the way one of the mountain rams

which the doctor and Brown had killed and left in the road. Skinned it with horns&c. At night ascended a mountain, and discovered a prairie ahead about eight miles, the news of which gave great joy to the party.

2d January, Friday.—Laboured all day, but made only one mile, many of our horses much wounded in falling on the rocks. Provision growing short, left Stoute and Miller with two loads, to come on with a sled on the ice, which was on the water in some of the coves. Finding it almost impossible to proceed any further with the horses by the bed of the river, ascended the mountain and immediately we were again obliged to descend an almost perpendicular side of the mountain; in effecting which, one horse fell down the precipice, and bruised himself so miserably, that I conceived it mercy to cause the poor animal to be shot. Many others were nearly killed with falls received: left two more men with loads and tools to make sleds. The two men we had left in the morning had passed us.

3d January, Saturday.—Left two more men to make sleds and come on. We pursued the river, and with great difficulty made six miles by frequently cutting roads on the ice, and covering it with earth, in order to go round precipices, &c. The men left in the morning encamped with us at night, but those of the day before, we saw nothing off. This day two of the horses became senseless, from the bruises received on the rocks, and were obliged to be left.

4th January, Sunday.—We made the prairie about three o'clock, when I detached Mr. Baroney and two soldiers with the horses, in order to find some practicable way for them to get out of the mountains light; I then divided the others into two parties of two men each, to make sleds and bring on the baggage. I determined to continue down the river alone, until I could kill some sustenance, and find the two men who left us on the 2d inst. or the doctor and his companion, for we had no provision, and every one had then to depend on his own exertion for safety and subsistence. Thus we were divided into eight different parties, viz. 1st. The doctor and his companion; 2d. The two men with the first sled; 3d. The interpreter and the two men with the

horses; 4th. Myself; 5th. 6th. 7th. and 8th. Two men each with sleds at different distances; all of whom except the last, had orders, if they killed any game, to secure some part in a conspicuous place, for their companions in the rear. I marched on about five miles on the river, which was one continued fall through a narrow channel and immense cliffs on both sides. Near night I came to a place where the rocks were perpendicular on both sides, and no ice (except a narrow border) on the water. I began to look about, in order to discover which way the doctor and his companion had managed, and to find what had become of the two lads with the first sled, when I discovered one of the latter climbing up the side of the rocks; I called to him; he and his companion immediately joined me; they said they had not known whether they were before or in the rear; that they had eaten nothing for the last two days, and that this night they had intended to have boiled deer skin to subsist on. We at length discovered a narrow ravine, where was the trace of the doctor and his companion; as the water had ran down it and frozen hard, it was one continued sheet of ice; we ascended it with the utmost difficulty and danger, loaded with the baggage. On the summit of the first ridge we found an encampment of the doctor, and where they had killed a deer, but they had now no meat. He afterwards informed me that they had left the greatest part of it hanging in a tree, but supposed the birds had destroyed it. I left the boys to bring up the remainder of the baggage, and went out in order to kill some subsistence: wounded a deer, but the darkness of the night approaching, could not find him, when I returned hungry, weary and dry, and had only snow to supply the calls of nature. Distance 8 miles.

5th January, Monday.—I went out in the morning to hunt, whilst the two lads were bringing up some of their loads still left at the foot of the mountain. Wounded several deer, but was surprised to find I killed none, and on examining my gun, discovered her bent, owing as I suppose, to some fall on the ice, or rocks; shortly after received a fall, on the side of a hill, which broke her off by the breach; this put me into *desespoir*,

as I calculated on it, as my grandest resources for great part of my party; returned to my companions sorely fatigued and hungry; I then took a double barreled gun and left them, with assurances that the first animal I killed, I would return with part for their relief. About ten o'clock rose the highest summit of the mountain, when the unbounded space of the prairies again presented themselves to my view, and from some distant peaks, I immediately recognized it to be the outlet of the Arkansas, which we had left nearly one month since! This was a great mortification, but at the same time I consoled myself with the knowledge I had acquired of the source of the La Platte and Arkansas rivers, with the river to the north west, supposed to be the Pierre Jaun, which scarcely any person but a madman would ever purposely attempt to trace any further than the entrance of those mountains, which had hitherto secured their sources from the scrutinizing eye of civilized man.

I arrived at the foot of the mountain, and bank of the river, in the afternoon, and at the same time discovered on the other shore, Baroney with the horses; they had found quite an eligible pass, and had killed one buffalo and some deer. We proceeded to our old camp, which we had left the 10th of December, and re-occupied it. Saw the traces of the doctor and his companion, but could not discover their retreat.

This was my birth-day, and most fervently did I hope never to pass another so miserably. Distance 7 miles. Fired a gun off as a signal for the doctor.

(continued next issue)

REUBEN GENTRY'S RETURN VISIT TO SANTA FE

by Marc Simmons

[This is Simmons's "Trail Dust" article, published in the Santa Fe New Mexican, May 22, 2004, and reprinted here with permission of the author. Special thanks to Simmons for sharing this with WT.]

IN the summer of 1883, when the elderly Reuben Gentry of Kentucky paid a return visit to Santa Fe after an absence of more than 30 years, *The Daily New Mexican* thought his recollections of old days in the South-

west of sufficient interest to give them extensive coverage in the newspaper's pages.

His interviewer described Gentry as "a well-preserved gentleman in his 60s who retains a keen recall of the past." And he added, "Gentry was much astonished by the many changes in the capital and by the fact that most of the people he had originally known were now dead."

As he told the journalist, Gentry had first come to Santa Fe in 1839 over the trail from Missouri. He was employed as a wagonmaster on a caravan destined for Chihuahua.

This caravan numbered 30 wagons, each laden with five tons of dry goods, and was supported by 250 oxen and mules and 60 employees. After paying the Mexican customs duty on the Santa Fe Plaza, the train continued on to Chihuahua City.

The following year Gentry had come out from Missouri again, a wagon trip that lasted 40 days. This time he carried his own merchandise with which he opened a store at Santa Fe.

Three years later, Gentry sold his store and went to Mexico. At the city of Zacatecas, he was hired by an English mercantile firm to begin freighting goods overland from Independence, Mo. These wares had been purchased in London and shipped to the American frontier, where they awaited transfer to Zacatecas.

For the next four years, Gentry prospered in this business. One of his employees during that period was James Magoffin, brother-in-law of famed Santa Fe Trail diarist Susan Shelby Magoffin.

When the Mexican War broke out in 1846, Reuben Gentry happened to be in Independence loading his wagons with British goods. Owing to the conflict, it appeared that he would not be able to make his deliveries in Zacatecas. But by pulling strings, he was able to secure a British passport.

With that document as his security, he led his caravan to New Mexico. From Santa Fe, he moved down the Rio Grande to Valverde, below Socorro, where he had been instructed to wait for the troops of Col. Alexander Doniphan.

That officer had taken his regiment and made a side trip to Bear

Springs in western New Mexico for the purpose of arranging a treaty with the Navajos. Then he was scheduled to hasten on to Valverde and from there escort several merchant caravans into Mexico.

As it turned out, Doniphan was delayed. When his teamsters became restive, Gentry decided to risk the journey south without the protection of soldiers.

At El Paso he found the town "all in confusion with war preparations," and quickly pushed on to Chihuahua City.

There he was arrested and held in detention for several days. He displayed his British passport, but some of the local authorities were suspicious of its authenticity.

Fortunately, an English businessman living in the city came forward and testified that Gentry's document was genuine. As a result, by order of Gov. Angel Trias, he was released and allowed to continue on to Zacatecas without further trouble or delay.

Gentry reached Zacatecas, a town well outside the war zone, and safely delivered his cargo. That proved to be his last commercial venture in Mexico.

He wound up his affairs and caught a train for Matamoros on the Mexican Gulf Coast. There he took ship for New Orleans, continuing on to Kentucky where he married and settled down to enjoy a less challenging life.

Upon revisiting Santa Fe in 1883, Gentry found many new buildings and only a few landmarks left from his day.

Among the latter were the Exchange Hotel (now La Fonda), San Miguel Chapel and the adobe Palace of the Governors.

The newspaper story covering his arrival informed readers that after an overnight stay in Santa Fe, Gentry had departed by rail for El Paso and Chihuahua.

The reporter concluded: "He will now make the entire trip from Kansas City to Chihuahua in less than six days, where it used to require three months to cover the same distance when he passed over this exact route by oxen just 37 years ago."

**SANTA FE TRAIL RENDEZVOUS
LARNED, KS, SEPTEMBER 16-19**

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

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The chapter hosted the Six Western Chapters meeting, June 25-27 (see article in this issue). The next meeting is at Clayton, NM, July 24, with a visit to the exhibit "Yesterday's Tomorrows" at the Herzstein Memorial Museum, followed by lunch, business meeting, and program at the Eklund Hotel.

Texas Panhandle

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No report.

Wagon Bed Spring

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No report.

Heart of the Flint Hills

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No report.

End of the Trail

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On March 22 the chapter held a joint meeting with the Old Spanish Trail Association and with Palace of the Governors docents for a tour of the New Mexico State Archives.

On July 17 the chapter held a joint meeting with Corazón Chapter at the National Park Service headquarters building in Santa Fe, with a tour provided by Harry Myers. The 1933 Spanish-Pueblo Revival building may be the largest adobe office building in the U.S. It is a National Landmark. It is noted for its art collection as well as its architecture.

The chapter has received a \$500 grant from the Historical Society of New Mexico for printing costs for our Santa Fe Walking Tour brochure.

Plans for the October 20 meeting will be announced later.

Corazón de los Caminos

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Our May meeting in Springer at the Santa Fe Trail Museum and Interpretive Center attracted many members to see the newly installed exhibit on the Santa Fe Trail. The entire museum has been remodeled and reorganized. Members gathered at Fort Union in June to help celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the National Monument. Superintendent Mitzi Frank and staff organized a wonderful day of events with a number of invited speakers and guests who were important in the history of the establishment of the Monument, including Arrott family members, Fort Union Ranch owners and managers, and representatives of the State of New Mexico and the National Park Service. Our *Wagon Tracks* editor, who has written the history of Fort Union, spoke about the importance of the Fort to the Santa Fe Trail.

The third in a series of two-day Workshops for Teachers was held in Las Vegas, presented by Kansas teachers Chris Day and Marcia Fox. Michael Macklin helped with the workshop, conducting a field trip to Trail sites with instruction in GPS mapping techniques.

July 17 took us to 1100 Old Santa Fe Trail for a tour of the National Park Service adobe office building—a joint trip with members of the End of the Trail Chapter. Harry Myers gave us a tour of the building which is a National Historic Landmark, and we enjoyed lunch in the patio area.

The August 14 meeting will be at Fort Union National Monument.

Wet/Dry Routes

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<adsaddle@cox.net>

The chapter met on July 9 at The Little Red House in Larned, with a large number of members and guests present. Business conducted in-

cluded plans to serve a Mexican dinner at the September Rendezvous and a discussion of additional interpretive markers to be erected at selected sites. Approved were such markers at Jones Point and Love's Defeat. Following a hamburger and watermelon feed, the chapter was treated to a classical guitar concert by Borislav Peranovic from Kinsley. He is a recent Bosnian immigrant who produced the portraits of the early Larned citizens associated with The Little Red House. The fall meeting will be at Burdett, KS.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

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

The quarterly meeting was held at noon on May 20, with 10 members present to enjoy the program by Jim Sherer on Elderhostel's tour of the Santa Fe Trail.

Several chapter members joined a car caravan to Borger, TX, on June 26, for the 130th anniversary celebration of the 1874 Battle of Adobe Walls. This included a program at the Hutchinson County Historical Society Museum and at the site of Adobe Walls.

For eight years the chapter has been part of the program at the Fort Dodge July 4 festivities, known as "Fort Dodge Days." The chapter has sponsored 11 reenactors and historical interpreters with programs about the history of the fort's active era. Fort Dodge is now the Kansas Soldiers' Home.

Missouri River Outfitters

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

SFTA President Hal Jackson presented the program for the May 16 meeting. He told about Santa Fe traders who also traveled the Camino Real farther into Mexico.

Quivira

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

The Quivira & Cottonwood Crossing chapters continue to work on the 2005 symposium. The next chapter

event will be in August with a tour to Quivira Indian sites in Rice County after a short business meeting.

Chapter members and the public have been invited to a picnic and program at the Cottonwood Grove Cemetery July 27, 7:00 pm. The program will be Carol Near portraying Elizabeth Mathewson, wife of Buffalo Bill Mathewson. Tickets are available at the Coronado Quivira Museum.

Cottonwood Crossing

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

On May 22, 18 members and guests met at the Maxwell Game Preserve north of Canton, KS. A catered lunch, including buffalo burgers, was followed by a tram tour on the prairie and into the buffalo herd. This provided a close-up view of the more than 200 buffalo and spring calves. A guide/narrator presented interesting comment on how the prairie is taken care of and how the herd is managed.

The next meeting will be July 24, with a pot luck picnic at the Steve Schmidt farm north of Lehigh, KS. There are three sets of ruts/swales there, plus water holes. Supposedly this is the location of French Frank's Trading Rancho.

Bent's Fort

President Dub Couch
PO Box 325
Rocky Ford CO 81067
(719) 254-3000
<dubcouch1@mindspring.com>

Rick Wallner resigned as chapter president and Vice-President Couch

has assumed those duties until election.

The chapter has a booth at the Arkansas Valley Fair. The next meeting is at Bent's Fort on July 31. That is the time of the fort's annual Santa Fe Trail Encampment.

On August 28 the chapter will meet at El Pueblo Museum in Pueblo, CO. On September 18 Craig Moore will give a Chivington Massacre presentation at the Eads Cafe. On October 9 the chapter will trek to Fort Garland.

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

Harold & Verda Swagerty, 1009
Washington, Hugoton KS 67951

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

David Bentrup, 1887 Silver Bell Rd
#219, Eagan MN 55122
Joseph (Mac) Gross, 398 W Cherry,
Winchester IL 62694
Valerie Heinrichs, 924 N Wilson,
Ulysses KS 67880
James R. Kaliveda, 1059 Abbey
Blvd, Clyde KS 66938
David Nigh, 640 Sonora Dr, McPherson KS 67460
Nanette Simonds, 1020 15th St #25-A,
Denver CO 80202
Rick Wallner, 402 Santa Fe Ave, La
Junta CO 81050

**SANTA FE TRAIL RENDEZVOUS
LARNED, KS, SEPTEMBER 16-19**

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 November, so send information for December and later to arrive by October 20, 2004. Thank you.

Aug. 11-15, 2004: OCTA annual convention, Vancouver, WA.

Aug. 14, 2004: Corazón Chapter meeting at Fort Union NM, 505-425-8025.

Aug. 28, 2004: Bent's Fort Chapter meeting, Pueblo CO

Sept. 16-19, 2004: SFT Rendezvous, Larned, KS.

Sept. 18, 2004: Bent's Fort Chapter meeting, Eads CO

Sept. 19, 2004: Corazón Chapter meeting at Loma Parda, 505-454-0683.

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

FROM THE EDITOR

I look forward to seeing many SFTA members at the Rendezvous in Larned in September. Attend the board meeting, if you can't get on the tour, and see what goes on there. Stop by the Last Chance Store exhibit and visit. I hope those chapters that have scheduled programs during the Rendezvous will change to another date. This points up the need for a master SFTA calendar.

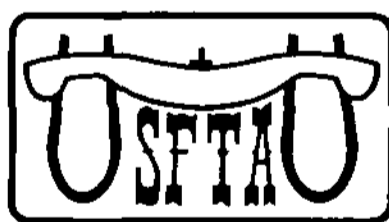
Thanks to all for getting early copy to me for this issue. The WT office and Last Chance Store will be closed until August 25.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

**Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675**

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