

Wagon Tracks

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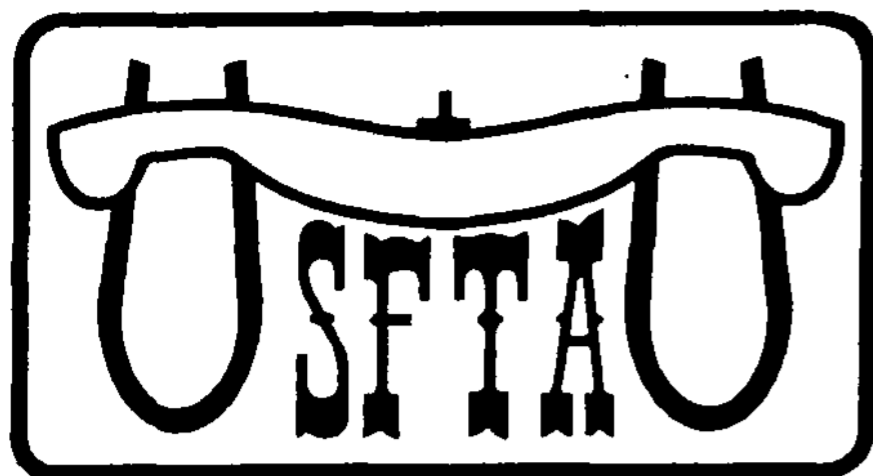


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 16

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NUMBER 3

RENDEZVOUS 2002 SEPTEMBER 19-21

by Ruth Olson Peters

MARK your calendars now and plan to attend Rendezvous 2002, September 19-21, in Larned, Kansas, sponsored by the Santa Fe Trail Center, Fort Larned National Historic Site, and the Santa Fe Trail Association. Primary funding is from the Kansas Humanities Council.

The theme, "The Santa Fe Trail in Lore and Legend," will be presented by the following speakers and topics:

- Dr. James Hoy, Emporia State University, "The Importance of Folk Narrative in Regional History"
- Dr. David Clapsaddle, author and historian, "Murder and Mayhem at Walnut Creek"
- Lawrence Hart, Principal Chief of the Southern Cheyenne Tribe, "Stories of the Cheyenne and the Santa Fe Trail"
- Terry Ortega, independent historian, "The Murder of Antonio José Chávez"
- William Chalfant, author and historian, "The Battle of Coon Creek"

For those new to the Trail or for those simply wishing to brush up on basic Trail history, Dr. Leo Oliva will conduct an "Orientation for Newcomers" on Thursday of the seminar, just prior to the opening event.

Field trips from Larned, with buses going both east and west along the Santa Fe Trail, will be offered both Friday and Saturday afternoons of Rendezvous, so participants will have the opportunity to see all that is offered. Tour guides will be Leo Oliva and David Clapsaddle.

In addition to speakers and field trips, there will be an opening event at the Trail Center, an evening dinner and music at Sibley's Camp in Larned, and a closing event at Fort Larned NHS. Look for program details with your registration packets to be mailed this summer. We hope to see you at Rendezvous 2002.

May 2002

SEPTEMBER 19-21
SFT RENDEZVOUS & SFTA BOARD
MEETING, LARNED, KS

REMINISCENCES OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL MOVIE PREMIERE OF 1940

by Mary Jean Cook

(Mary Jean Cook of Santa Fe is a charter member of SFTA and a frequent contributor to WT. An accomplished musician and historian, she wrote the book on the Sisters of Loretto in New Mexico and solved the mystery of the builder of the spiral staircase in Loretto Chapel. Anyone who has watched the movie, Santa Fe Trail, with a critical eye will find her reminiscence far more accurate and entertaining. Thanks Mary Jean. The movie, in VHS or DVD format, is offered constantly on ebay under "Santa Fe Trail.")

ONLY balmy Hollywood could have scheduled the 1940 world premiere of the movie Santa Fe Trail in Santa Fe, New Mexico, during the dead of winter when temperatures often dipped below zero. Only naïve Santa Fe could have financed the two-day extravaganza, which left the city still in debt six months later.

I was too young in 1940 to witness all of the colorful events surrounding the heralded arrival of Hollywood in Santa Fe. But as a drum majorette at Harrington Junior High School (in truth, only a fifth-grader from nearby Wood-Gormley Grade School), I stood firmly frozen to ground zero at the Guadalupe Street train depot that Friday, December 13, 1940. Inappropriately dressed for the 20-below-zero-degree weather, I was wearing a thin satin majorette uniform and bare legged to mid-thigh. The year 1940 preceded the era of warm pantyhose and today's more sensible apparel for such outdoor events.

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EMBARKING FROM ST. LOUIS

by Stephen G. Hyslop

(This article by SFTA member Hyslop is an excerpt from his new book, Bound for Santa Fe: The Road to New Mexico and the American Conquest, 1806-1848, copyright © 2002 by the University of Oklahoma Press and reprinted with the permission of the publisher. The book draws on travelers' accounts to follow the course of the Santa Fe Trail historically—from Zebulon Pike's military reconnaissance of 1806-1807 through the Mexican War—and geographically from Missouri to New Mexico, beginning here at St. Louis, the gateway to the Trail. The book is available through SFTA Last Chance Store. Special thanks to Hyslop for sharing this and to the University of Oklahoma Press for permission to publish.)

IN June of 1839, Matt Field, actor turned adventurer, boarded a steamboat in St. Louis and headed up the Missouri River to Independence, the starting point for his overland journey to Santa Fe. Among his fellow passengers on the paddle-wheeler was an "oddity of the first water," Field noted in one of many articles he wrote for the New Orleans Pica-yune after his return from New Mexico, a Frenchman "who had, for seventeen years, been domesticated among the Indians."¹ Field had a fine ear for the nuances of language and chose his words carefully. He used the term "domesticated" here not only to indicate that this man had lived at length among Indians (to domesticate with others meaning to lodge with them) but also to suggest in a deeper sense that he had been transformed by his tribal keepers. The result, Field observed, was a man caught between two worlds:

"He had that free and lordly tread so characteristic of the Indians, but it was most strangely amalgamated

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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

IT is a pleasure to report that a great deal of important business was accomplished during the April board meeting in Lexington, MO. Special thanks go to Roger and Sandy Slusher for their gracious hospitality in Lexington. In addition to arranging meeting rooms and lunch at Wentworth Military Academy, they hosted the board and other guests at their home on Friday evening.

On Saturday, after the meeting, Roger led us through historic Lexington, and on Sunday, after a wonderful breakfast at the Slushers, Roger took us east along the Trail for lunch at the Huston Tavern in Arrow Rock. Virginia Lee (Slusher) Fisher of Arrow Rock sent Sacajawea dollars to each board member and guest at the lunch, to commemorate William Bechnell's reported dumping of Spanish dollars upon return from his first trading venture to Santa Fe. From Arrow Rock, Roger arranged for Denny Davis to meet us in Old Franklin for a tour of that area. Are there any more Slushers out there who will host a board meeting?

Our principal business dealt with the Mapping and Marker Policy statement. John Schumacher presented his document for our consideration and it passed unanimously. We now have a policy in place and chapters can submit requests to John for funds to place markers along our Trail.

The second important issue was that of a life membership category. This matter was delved into by the board several years ago but I felt, after reading the discussion of it in *Wagon Tracks*, that it needed further discussion. Jan McDaniel and the Membership Committee reported in favor of a life membership category. Richard Poole, new board member from Oklahoma and a member of the committee, led us through the process the committee had used to arrive at the cost of such a membership. We were persuaded to accept their recommendation, and we now have a life member category. We also have several life members.

The last area of discussion dealt with the possibility of reimbursing some or all board members for a portion of the cost of attending the April board meetings. Several board mem-

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

Toll-free Phone: (888) 321-7341

FAX: (785) 425-6865

E-Mail: <oliva@ruraltel.net>

Headquarters of the Santa Fe Trail Association are located at the office of Treasurer Ruth Olson Peters, Santa Fe Trail Center, RR 3, Larned KS 67550.

Telephone: (620) 285-2054

FAX: (620) 285-7491

E-Mail: <trailassn@larned.net>

bers had asked me to place this item on the agenda as they felt there were dedicated Trail folks who would make good board members but for the cost of attending distant meetings. We discussed the issues but quickly came to the conclusion that we needed more information. How much might this cost the Association? Would it, or should it, be available to all board members? Let me assure you that no one was suggesting a great deal of money. The suggested amounts dealt with some gas money and part of a motel bill. If you have feelings on this issue please write to me before the September meeting.

This meeting was my first as SFTA president and as such I wasn't certain how things would go. The board members made it easy for me—all cooperation and smiles. Thanks. I want you all to know that your board members spend many hours preparing for meetings as well as time attending them. From discussions at Lexington, it was clear to me that we have a fine board, a board that will really look out for our Trail and our Association.

I hope to see many of you in Ulysses, Kansas, at the June meeting of the Six Western Chapters. Jeff Trotman has a wonderful program for us.

—Hal Jackson

LIFE MEMBERSHIP

THE SFTA board proposed a life-membership category, subject to membership approval of a bylaws amendment, at rate of \$885, available only to individuals and couples. Life members will be listed in an insert included with each issue of *WT*, along with business/institution, patron, and benefactor members. Several people have already paid the new life dues.

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Membership Categories

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

Editor: Leo E. Oliva, PO Box 31, Woodston KS 67675 (888) 321-7341, <oliva@ruraltel.net>

President: Hal Jackson, 45 Calle del Norte, Placitas NM 87043 (505) 867-1742, <halitojacks@aol.com>

Vice-President: Anne Mallinson, 964 NW 600, Centerville MO 64019 (816) 230-7228, <SFTAMRO@aol.com>

Secretary: Michael Olsen, PO Box 2543, Las Vegas, NM 87701 (505) 454-0383, <olsen_m@nmhu.edu>

Treasurer: Ruth Olson Peters, Santa Fe Trail Center, RR 3, Larned KS 67550 (620) 285-2054, FAX (316) 285-7491, <trailassn@larned.net>

2003 Symposium Coordinator: Anne Mallinson, 964 NW 600, Centerville MO 64019 (816) 230-7228, <SFTAMRO@aol.com>

Publicity Coordinator: Michael E. Pitel, PO Box 31386, Santa Fe NM 87594 (505) 982-2704, <PitelTSNM@aol.com>

Directors:

John Atkinson, MO (816) 233-3924

Helen Brown, KS (620) 697-4597

Clint Chambers, TX (806)-791--3612

Dub Couch, CO (719) 254-3000

Faye Gaines, NM (505) 485-2473

Mary Gamble, CO (719) 523-4520

Nancy Lewis, MO (816) 229-8379

Richard Loudon, At-Large (719) 946-5513

Richard Poole, OK (405) 372-4507

Ramon Powers, At-Large (785) 478-9526

Mike Slater, OK (580) 327-5249

Joanne VanCoevern, KS (785) 825-8349

Stephen Whitmore, NM (505) 454-0683

Vacancy, TX

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

SUMMARY OF SFTA BOARD MEETING, APRIL 13, 2002

by Michael Olsen, Secretary

AT its meeting of April 13, 2002, the Board of Directors of the Santa Fe Trail Association took the following actions:

1. Moved, seconded, and approved the minutes of its September 27, 2001 meeting.
2. Moved, seconded, and approved the treasurer's report.
3. With reference to membership, moved, seconded, and approved the motion that, "Anyone who joins the Santa Fe Trail Association after September 1 of any given year will receive a membership through the following year."
4. With reference to mapping/marking, moved, seconded and approved the motion that, "The Santa Fe Trail Association adopt the Trail mapping and marking policy document presented to the board."
5. With reference to Speaker's Bureau Guidelines, moved, seconded, and approved the motion that, "Item #3 of the Speaker's Bureau Guidelines for 2002 be eliminated and that item #2 be changed to read, 'Each grant shall not exceed \$250 for reimbursement of travel expenses and/or honorarium for each speaker.'"
6. With reference to life memberships, moved, seconded, and approved the motion that, "The provisions for life membership as proposed be adopted."

The Board made the following recommendations to the president:

1. That the issue of charging non-members a fee, or requiring them to become a member when registering for a symposium be discussed at the September board meeting.
2. That the issue of requiring national membership in the SFTA for all chapter members be discussed at the September board meeting.
3. That the proposed Financial Funding Policy be discussed at the September board meeting, with board members being provided copies of both the old policy and the proposed policy for purposes of

discussion.

4. That the issue of payment for board members be placed on the agenda for the September meeting.

A copy of the complete minutes of the board meeting may be obtained from the headquarters office in Larned.

RESEARCH GRANT AWARDED

A scholarly research grant fund was established by action of the SFTA board last September. The award committee, chaired by Stephen Whitmore, received several applications for funds, and they have selected the first recipient.

Topher L. McDougal of Albuquerque, a graduate student in geography at the University of New Mexico, received funds for research on his project, "The Mora Grant and the Confluence of the Santa Fe Trails." When completed, the results of McDougal's research will be submitted to *Wagon Tracks* for publication.

Whitmore noted that several of the applications related only tangentially to the Trail, and these were not funded because the grants are designed for projects that focus primarily on the Trail. Research grants will be award again next year, with application deadline of February 1, 2003.

TRAILS AND RAILS

A joint program between the National Park Service and Amtrak is providing weekly programs on the Southwest Chief along much of the Santa Fe Trail between La Junta, CO, and Albuquerque, NM. Staffed by volunteers who follow a carefully researched and written script, these special trips provide passengers with interpretive commentary over the speaker system about the land through which they are passing. It is a great way to see portions of the historic Trail that can best be viewed from the railroad.

This program began May 10 and will run through September 14, 2002. Volunteers and staff also manage a contact station in the lounge car and conduct onboard activities. Passengers may join and leave Amtrak trains at any point where service is provided between the two terminal communities.



RAMON POWERS

by Hal Jackson

OUR newest at-large board member, Ramon Powers, needs little introduction to longtime SFTA members. Ramon joined the Association in 1988, has served on the board, and has been vice-president. Most recently he served as Executive Director of the Kansas State Historical Society, retiring just this year.

Ramon served on the Santa Fe National Historic Trail Advisory Council from 1989 to 1999. He received his Ph. D. in history from the University of Kansas in 1971 and has taught at several colleges in Kansas and Missouri. He has an outstanding publication record mostly dealing with frontier issues of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Powers brings to the board a strong interest in education (president of the Kansas History Teachers Association 1991-1992) and this interest will help us forward our Association's efforts. He also is involved with tourism (board member Travel Industry Association of Kansas) and many of us feel that tourism will bring us added support.

Welcome to the Board (again) Ramon.

**MAKE YOUR MARK ON
THE SANTA FE TRAIL:
REMEMBER THE SFTA
IN YOUR WILL**

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

We always have a race for the *Wagon Tracks* when it comes in. We do enjoy every issue and appreciate the time you spend to send it to our homes so we can travel the Trail from our easy chairs and dream of the next time we can get out on the actual Trail. Thanks a million and Happy Trails to you.

Walter & Teresa Pickett
1954 41st St
Los Alamos NM 87544

Kind words from wonderful members like you keep me going. Thanks.

Editor

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. Submit poetry, in open or closed form, along with a brief biography to Sandra M. Doe, Dept. of English, Campus Box 32, Metropolitan State College of Denver, PO Box 173362, Denver CO 80217-3362.

Inez Ross, no stranger to these pages, is one of a group of five women walking the SFT bit by bit from Santa Fe to Franklin. They have traveled not quite half way. Their most recent walk was through the Cimarron Grassland in southwest Kansas, and next they plan to walk northeast through Kansas.

Southwest Kansas

by Inez Ross

Like long-necked birds
With bobbing heads
The oil wells drink.

And on the far horizon lie
The long low barns
Of neo-agronomy.

But we think, in 1821,
The wind blew just as warm,
The grasses leaned like this,
And the hatted shadows
Were crisp silhouettes
In the bright hot air.

And over all of us
The same lark sings.

TRAIL MOVIE PREMIERE

(continued from page 1)

The huddled drum and bugle corps, pictured beside Rudy Vallee at the train station, proved newsworthy and appeared the following day on the front page of the *Santa Fe New Mexican*. In the photo, I shivered just to the right of the New Mexico State flag and a banner reading, "Come Along," telling the stars to follow the teeth-chattering crowd to the Plaza six blocks away. The 1940s route from the train depot to the center of town was a meandering journey through narrow, crooked streets. The year also preceded the four-lane street known as Paseo de Peralta, which forever destroyed Santa Fe's historic downtown streetscape.

Much of Santa Fe came to the train station that miserably cold day to welcome the movie stars of the premiere of *Santa Fe Trail*, not one foot of which was shot on or near the actual Trail, but instead filmed on location at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. John Brown—JOHN BROWN?—was portrayed by Raymond Massey and had been written into the Trail script for "exciting fiction." Then, as now, Hollywood loosely regarded dull historical facts in contrast to the more exciting fictional plot. *Santa Fe Trail*, starring John Brown rather than William Becknell, followed closely on the southern coattails of the memorable *Gone with the Wind*.

The following contemporary critique of the movie by one Internet viewer appears in the amazon.com web site: "For all those DVD owners who are Errol Flynn fans or just plain love movies of the 30's and 40's, *Santa Fe Trail* is a fine film [given a ****+ rating]. Never mind political correctness or historical accuracy (none to be found), just smile and emerge yourselves in great entertainment by great stars. . . ."

In 1940, Santa Fe's historic newspaper, the *New Mexican* (founded in 1849), missed the opportunity to editorialize on the plot. A short time later, a far deadlier plot, the advent of the atomic bomb in nearby Los Alamos, received front-page coverage.

The train arrival with its dazzling array of movie stars proved to be an inauspicious entrance for the touted Hollywood premiere. For want of a

turntable, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe train carrying the stars backed its way into Santa Fe from Lamy, caboose first, and two hours late at that! The anticlimactic arrival lacked the familiar sound effects of an old steam engine with its bell clanging away, a scene Hollywood had conditioned us all to expect from movieland.

One can't help but wonder if an authentic wagon train entrada, such as the November 1996 reenactment of William Becknell and others into Santa Fe's Plaza, would have been more appropriate and practical. Yet, few nineteenth-century Santa Fe Trail wagonmasters could have boasted of backing into Santa Fe, especially after an unlikely December crossing of the Trail.

Back to the depot scene. The ATSF train's brakes screeched as the cars groaned to a stop, followed by the concussion of dominoing passenger cars. Thus, the world premier mayhem began! Once crooner Rudy Vallee emerged from the caboose doorway, waved to the frozen crowd, immediately fell down the icy train steps and then picked himself up to plant a "distilled" kiss on the head drum majorette, Hollywood would forever stamp its trademark on old Santa Fe.

Brief and inaudible welcomes were extended by Santa Feans to the Warner Bros. dignitaries at train-side which included Hollywood director Hal Wallis (Michael Curtiz actually directed the movie) and studio owner E. B. Mayer. At the conclusion of the welcoming speeches, my mother quickly wrapped me in a warm coat and we struggled toward Guadalupe Street and to our parked car (yes, Guadalupe Street was then the red-light district of Santa Fe).

Mother and I were forced to wait in the cold even longer in a three-foot snowbank at curbside (no snowplows then). Large Greyhound buses filled with the newly-arrived movie stars, the windows fogged with the steam from Hollywood body heat, idled bumper-to-bumper in front of us, blocking the street. By then, I was crying from the brutal cold.

Mother told me to stop crying and to notice what was happening. In the bus stopped directly in front of us the movie stars had seen my misery and were writing their names backwards

in the window steam to comfort me. Through my frozen tears I read the names of Irene Hervey, Alan Jones, and a newcomer named Ronald Reagan, names which meant little to a fifth grader.

The original premiere plans called for the immediate incarceration of the Santa Fe Trail movie stars in the cárcel (jail) of the Palace of the Governors according to the tradition of the earlier days of the Trail when visitors were not readily welcomed. The plan was abandoned because of the weather. Singer Kate Smith was scheduled to broadcast her program that evening from Santa Fe. Her vibrant "God Bless America" voice was nowhere to be heard, so the broadcast must have been abandoned as well.

Five thousand fast-frozen Santa Feans and about ten or twenty cowboy-hatted and fancy-booted Hollywood stars rendezvoused in front of the historic Palace of the Governors on the Plaza. Loud speakers were set up on the roof of the Palace which served only to gouge already frozen eardrums with static. New Mexico Lt. Gov. James Murray proved unable to project his words over the equipment noise. The distinguished actor Donald Crisp made a few introductions, finally turning to Rudy Vallee in order to keep the whole affair from disintegrating further.

The reeling Vallee displayed his creative genius by improvising a megaphone, in lieu of the dysfunctional loud speaker, from a bass horn section requisitioned from a band member. Among those introduced were Errol Flynn, Johnny Weismuller, Jean Parker, Nancy Carroll, and Charlie Ruggles. Other stars scheduled to attend the premiere in Santa Fe were Van Heflin (who grew up in an apartment over the Oklahoma City drugstore belonging to my husband's grandfather), Alan Hale, Wayne Morris, and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams.

Errol Flynn had arrived in Santa Fe with a half-dozen bodyguards, and not without good reason. He was a handsome cuss even to a scrawny grade school girl. In October of 1940, while on vacation, Flynn had been one of 1644 men, including 78 Taos Pueblo Indians and 7 Picuris Indians, who had registered for the draft

in Taos.

Where was the lovely Olivia de Havilland? Word quickly circulated that she had been left on the train with a "stomach ailment" and would have to be flown back to Hollywood with a possible appendicitis. The local Dr. Eugene Fiske was called. De Havilland (who lives in Paris, France, today) was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital for observation, but kept conveniently out of sight of the press and public.

Dr. Fiske's interview in the *New Mexican* told that he had made a blood count and a complete physical examination, and "while Miss de Havilland undoubtedly is a sick woman, her condition is not serious." As she boarded the TWA flight from Albuquerque to Hollywood the next day, she was given a sedative and slept her way out of town to recover from what was rumored to have been the mother of all hangovers.

The opening evening of the premiere found revelers dancing at La Fonda Hotel, the official end of the Santa Fe Trail—the trail that didn't end in Independence, Missouri, but went eastward to Harper's Ferry, according to Hollywood. In La Fonda's New Mexico Lounge, temporarily renamed the Hollywood Room, the athletic Errol Flynn thrilled his dance partners to the tunes of "La Raspa" and "La Varsoviana." Young Santa Fe girls were there to teach the folk dances. Flynn also took a stint with the baton before the orchestra, undoubtedly that of La Fonda musician Billy Palou.

Following premiere showings at both the Lensic and Burro Alley theaters (then directly across San Francisco Street), orchestras provided more dance music. Decorations by some of Santa Fe's artist colony served to create an atmosphere of "The West That Once Was." There were caricatures of the stars, and the dance was open to all for \$5 a costumed person. Henry Busse's brassy dance band sound bounced off the ceramic-tiled walls of Seth Hall at Santa Fe High School (site of today's City Hall parking lot). The gymnasium was transformed into an 1860 dance hall. Santa Fe donned its finest nineteenth-century Spanish heirloom gowns saved from the days of doña Tules, the notorious hostess of fandangos during the 1840s.

Santa Fean Nora Chávez was a featured vocalist.

In place of Santa Fe's fiesta Zozobra (known as Old Man Gloom), Will Shuster rigged up Tio Coco (called a "Sour-pussed Boogeyman") for Saturday evening's (Day 3) entertainment. Tio Coco went up in flames at Fort Marcy Park (as it still does at fiesta time) amid a snowstorm. The suntanned movie stars from southern California threw snowballs at one another. There were more star introductions on La Fonda's roof top as spotlights crisscrossed the snowy night sky.

The next day, one boot-footed star was overheard saying, "never again," as he slouched in a leather sofa in La Fonda's lobby to nurse his aching feet. A Bostonian woman raved, "I have never seen so many men with small feet and huge hats!"

During the evening festivities, veteran actress May Robson was rushed 60 miles to the 2,000 foot lower altitude of Albuquerque after collapsing in La Fonda's lobby. One of the Hispanic bellhops (later a high school classmate of mine) who attempted to assist the tipsy elder to her room, told me that she had refused his offer with the searing command, "Get your black hands off me!" Thereafter during her brief stay in Santa Fe, room service in the noted fonda came to an abrupt halt for Miss Robson. Dr. W. R. Lovelace was called to care for the well known actress in Albuquerque. A mixture of old age and alcohol is serious business at 7,000 feet. The doctor's prognosis was that with rest she would be able to return to Hollywood with the premiere group.

On the third and unofficial day of the *Santa Fe Trail* premiere, *New Mexican* headlines read, "Errol Flynn Tries to Ski; Ends Up Winner Over Tree." Flynn, known for his fencing and roughhousing on screen, met head-on with a pine tree on the ski slope at Hyde Park. After swerving to miss it and finally grabbing the tree with both arms, he ended the tree-hugging affair with nature without serious injury and was awarded a paper "loving cup" from Rita Hayworth. A small crowd of five hundred Santa Feans witnessed the dangerous near miss, later marking the tree with a sign reading, "Errol Flynn Hit Here!"

The movie stars left Santa Fe, each with the rank of a New Mexico colonel, commissioned by then-Governor John E. Miles. Flynn accepted the honorary commission for Miss de Havilland. Lt. Gov. Murray, a personal friend and admirer of the absent-minded actor Charles Ruggles, personally signed his certificate.

And so ends a firsthand account of but another end-of-the-trail, twentieth-century episode. Strangely, my feet grow cold each time I pass the old railroad station en route to our farmers' market of today and recall those Santa Fe events of that December 1940.



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES —BOOK NOTICES—

Frances Bollacker Keck, *The JJ Ranch on the Purgatory: The Jones Family and the Prairie Cattle Company*. La Junta: Otero Press, 2001. Pp. x + 132. Illustrations, sources, index. Paper, \$15.00.

This book brings alive a significant segment of the history of Southeastern Colorado and would complement the library of anyone interested in the area's past or in the history of ranching in general. Keck, a lifelong resident of the area, relies on personal interviews with descendants of the Jones family, their friends and neighbors, and a few elderly persons who actually lived the history. She had access to family and company papers as well as a large bibliography of printed sources and information gathered in a lifetime spent in the area. With these, Keck has woven a story of pioneer ranch life in the Purgatory River basin and surrounding area.

The Jones brothers, Stephen Fuqua Jones, Peyton Smith Jones, and James Columbus Jones, brought a herd of longhorn cattle up from Texas in 1870 and established a ranching operation headquartered in Nine Mile Bottom of the Purgatory, utilizing the then abundant free range. This ranch grew in size and importance over the next twelve years then was sold to The Prairie Cattle Company. The book relates

the colorful lives of the three brothers and to quote the blurb on the back cover, "the joys, hardships and cultural conflicts faced by those that lived on the rolling, eastern Colorado prairie."

The book is well illustrated with period photographs from various family collections plus a few modern photographs.

Frances Bollacker Keck has lived in La Junta, Colorado, for more than 50 years. She is also the author of *Conquistadors of the 21st Century: A History of Otero and Crowley Counties, Colorado*. She is a charter member of the Santa Fe Trail Association.

—Peyton O. Abbott

Helen Hunt Jackson, *A Century of Dishonor: A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with Some of the Indian Tribes*. New York: Harper & Bros., 1881; reprint, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995. Pp. xxiv + 528. Appendix, index. Paper, \$19.95.

In the late 19th century the United States Indian policy was oppressive, yet accepted by the general public. Among those persons one would expect to entertain no objection was Helen Hunt Jackson, a proper, well-educated New Englander who easily moved within academic and literary circles. She had already achieved recognition as a writer whose works extended across a broad literary range—from poetry to articles in such prestigious magazines as *Atlantic Monthly*—when in 1879, quite by chance, she attended a lecture presented by Chief Standing Bear of the Ponca Indian tribe. He vividly described the suffering of his people when they were forced to sell their land in the Dakotas and remove to Indian Territory. Her life was forever changed, and for the next 16 years until her death, she championed the cause of justice for the American Indians.

From this obsession emerged *A Century of Dishonor*. First published in 1881, this work has undergone numerous reprints. In 1995 an unabridged edition was unveiled which includes Jackson's original Appendix, sometimes missing from intervening editions, and thereby raising it to the historical level of the original.

In 500 pages, we are privileged to gaze back through a window in time into the lives and ordeals of a number of Indian tribes, dating from the first European settlement in the early 17th century to the time Jackson died in 1885. Jackson parades before the reader a multitude of Indian injustices committed by the U.S. government in the nation's first one hundred-plus years. I question whether any other single volume compresses between two covers such a breadth of powerful information about Indians.

Divided into three principal sections, the book is well organized, flowing easily from general to specific. Content is drawn from official treaties and reports of the departments of War and Interior, testimony of captured Indians and eyewitnesses, and a variety of personal documents and correspondence. To open the testimonial, Jackson devotes the first chapter to documenting the issues of "sovereignty of the soil" and "right of occupancy" in defense of Indian land claims and as indictment against U.S. policy. She quotes liberally from legal documents, but the origin or historical time frame of many of these is vague. Completing the first section are brief but excellent histories of seven Indian nations: Delaware, Cheyenne, Nez Perce, Sioux, Ponca, Winnebago, and Cherokee. Accounts of three massacres of Indians by whites comprise the second section.

But it is the lengthy Appendix which lures the reader, and is worthy of more than one "read." The topics, 15 in all, are diverse. "The Ponca Case," where her journey began, is marked by a bitter letter exchange between the author and Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz. Other topics include a detailed census of the major Indian tribes, Sand Creek massacre, Delaware Nation laws, Sioux grievances, treaty with Cheyennes following the Sand Creek massacre, and Cherokee alphabet "inventor."

In an "Author's Note," Jackson offers her disclaimer that the work is a sketch, not a history. However, I hold her scholarship in higher regard, and believe it falls somewhere in between, notwithstanding woefully weak referencing. Her sources are often missing, and persons are

repeatedly identified by their surnames or titles only. (Does any of us know who the U.S. Secretary of War was in 1833? And Grotius? My encyclopedia claims he was a 17th century Dutch scholar and statesman. And "Colonel" Bent? Which Bent? A quick search of David Lavender's *Bent's Fort* [1954] revealed William Bent had been dubbed an "honorary" colonel for scouting Gen. Stephen Kearny's advance toward Santa Fe in 1846 at the outset of the Mexican-American War.) Miami tribal chief Little Turtle Jackson mistakenly called "The" Turtle. Similarly, significant dates, such as the year of the Nez Perce War (1877), are occasionally omitted.

Footnotes are incomplete and, locating an author, document, or event was a chore. Rarely are the specific sources of quotations identified. Instead, Jackson simply supports her claims and even quotations with such statements as "are reported" and "stands supported by the official records of the Indian Bureau." But, we must honor her disclaimer in the "Author's Note" that all quotations which are not specifically cited are from the Official Reports of the War Department or the Department of the Interior. Another weakness is that the prefatory chapters are missing from the Index. However, such perceived "weaknesses" are not those of Jackson exclusively, but represent a different time, a time preceding manuscript style manuals, which are taken for granted today. If one could be so generous as to say that a referencing "style" existed in the 19th century, it was quite arbitrary.

Was *A Century of Dishonor* primarily propaganda, sentimental, and one-sided as claimed by some of Jackson's critics? Of course. She was on a crusade. Yet, the work was "truth," and this divulgence of the government's broken treaties and unfulfilled promises must be accepted exactly for what it was. If readers expected that she had solutions to offer, they were disappointed. She chose to express an opinion about only one—U.S. citizenship. Granting Indians citizenship was gaining momentum in the 1880s, but Jackson felt that instant citizenship was not an instant panacea. She believed it should be

granted only, in her words, "as fast as they are fit." The other wrongs committed against them—cheating, robbing, breaking promises, stealing land—were less difficult to control, and might take a bit longer to correct.

The initial response to the book was minimal, much to Jackson's disappointment. However, many years later Indian policy was influenced by it, and 121 years after its first publication, *A Century of Dishonor* is still in print. Oh yes, in 1889, four years after Jackson's death, the Ponca's land on the Nebraska-South Dakota border was returned to them, although approximately 72 percent of the 825 tribal members elected to remain in Indian Territory.

Do not interpret this work as a historical text, although history it is. Do not presume that it was the emotional rantings of an east-coast armchair zealot unworthy of respect from Washington, D.C. Rather, in 1883 she was appointed by the U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs to tour 18 southern California Mission Indian villages to search out public lands which could be suitable as permanent reservations for tribes that at the time had no secure lands. Her report (Jackson-Kinney Report) to the Commissioner, which first appeared in the 1885 revision of *Century*, is the final article in the present edition.

"I never so much as dreamed what we had been guilty of," Jackson wrote in a letter to newspaper friend Charles Dudley Warner, editor of the *Hartford Courant*. I daresay everyone who reads this work will echo her words.

"H. H." was no literary giant except as a poet whereby she gained her place in literature. But, as a voice for American Indians, she could not be trivialized. This is an excellent reference today in the 21st century about the Indian situation as it was in the late 19th. Beyond the fact that this book is a good "read," I must ponder what its historical contribution would be if the referencing was brought up to contemporary scholarly standards. If one must read but one book about the original inhabitants of North America, I would recommend *A Century of Dishonor*.

—Margaret Sears

EMBARKING FROM ST. LOUIS

(continued from page 1)

with a dancing-master trip, which he was in the habit of assuming, and he would cock his hat over the right eye, and run his fingers through his hair in the most approved and accepted fashion of a modern beau. He had been a Frenchman—I say had been, for really I feel a hesitation in saying that he is one—and these symptoms plainly told that he has been a youth of some fashion—noticed by the fair—a wild boy, and a rake. His language he had forgotten. English he spoke about as well as a border Indian, who catches enough to trade his skins, & c. True, he may never have spoken it, but his French was about as bad as his English, and he evidently had no relish for either. I drew him into conversation, and questioned him freely about his life. After many years residence among a tribe where he had his family, his dignity, his wigwam, and his home, he had visited St. Louis with \$3,000 dollars, and was now returning to his forsaken squaw without a dollar."²

This forlorn "Frenchman," perhaps one of the many venturesome French-Canadians who lived among Indians as trappers or traders along the Missouri River frontier, was hardly the first visitor ever to squander a small fortune in St. Louis. The city teemed with grog shops and gambling dens that deprived frontiersmen of their earnings in short order and sent them back upriver to their labors with scarcely a penny. (One lively French district near town, Carondelet, was known evocatively as *Vide Poche*, or "empty pocket.") Some who went on sprees in St. Louis ended up in jail like Abraham Bogard, a trapper who accompanied artist George Catlin on a journey down the Missouri River from Fort Union in 1832. Catlin described St. Louis at that time as a bustling city of 15,000 inhabitants that served as "the great depôt of all the Fur Trading Companies to the Upper Missouri and Rocky Mountains, and their starting-place; and also for the Santa Fe, and other Trading Companies, who reach the Mexican borders overland, to trade for silver bullion, from the extensive mines of that rich country."³

Some of the wealth gleaned through such trade was expended

wisely in St. Louis by shrewd merchants seeking goods and equipment for future ventures. But other visitors like Catlin's companion and helper Bogard were freer and looser with their cash. Bogard had profited in a small way as a trapper and "made show of a few hundred dollars" in St. Louis, Catlin noted. "He came down with a liberal heart, which he had learned in an Indian life of ten years, with a strong taste, which he had acquired, for whiskey, in a country where it was sold for twenty dollars per gallon; and with an independent feeling, which illy harmonized with rules and regulations of a country of laws." Predictably, Bogard took to the bottle in St. Louis and ended up in the jug, "where he could deliberately dream of beavers, and the free and cooling breezes of the mountain air, without the pleasure of setting his trap for the one, or even indulging the hope of ever again having the pleasure of breathing the other."⁴

Although Catlin did his best to console "poor Bogard," he did not seem to regard the trapper's plight as a tragedy. By contrast, Matt Field saw something deeply pathetic in the situation of that Frenchman-gone-native he met aboard the steamboat—a frontiersman who had lost not only his fortune but his identity. Like Bogard, this wayfarer had a weakness for liquor and reverted under the influence of alcohol to what Field called "his savage manner." Encouraged by his fellow passengers, the man danced that night in a drunken frenzy to the strains of a violin in the steamboat's Social Hall, exhibiting the "wild contortions of the Indian," Field reported, and losing all self-control:

"In this state he pounced upon me, his acquaintance of the morning, and it required my utmost address to shake him off and take refuge in my state room, from whence I heard him half the night yelling and whooping, and now and then mingling a French or English oath with his Indian lingo.

"What a most novel, yet most melancholy subject for reflection was this man! There can be no doubt but in the excited state in which I saw him he actually fancied himself an Indian. His habits, even his tastes, his very nature had become savage,

and I saw before me the degrading spectacle of a Christian being wandering forever like a thing accursed, an outcast from his kin, his people and his God."⁵

Field, like most of his American contemporaries, took it for granted that Indians were intrinsically wild or savage (he sometimes referred to them as "red devils") and assumed that whites who lived at length among them and adhered to their customs risked becoming savages themselves. Yet by Field's own account, this Frenchman had achieved a measure of prosperity and "dignity" among his tribal hosts. Was it they who degraded him, or was it rather his contacts with whites and their intoxicating wares that brought him to this sorry pass? Was it his years among the Indians that reduced him to a "thing accursed," or his trip to St. Louis?

This is just one of many episodes in the literature of the Santa Fe Trail that lends itself to varying interpretations. Matt Field himself, in other articles he wrote about his journey to Santa Fe and back, demonstrated a keen awareness of the competing claims made by civilization and the wilderness on those who crossed frontiers. Every party that ventured down the Santa Fe Trail was in some sense weighing the values of one world against another and exploring the uncharted ground that divided Anglo-American society from the rival cultures of the West, whether Indian, Spanish, or French—cultures often presumed by Anglos to be inferior to their own and yet so durable, distinctive, and well-suited to the frontier environment that few English-speaking travelers escaped their influence. That influence was felt not just in tribal territory or in New Mexico but in that great depot of western travelers, St. Louis, a city steeped in the traditions of its French settlers, its former Spanish governors, and its many Indian visitors.

Strictly speaking, St. Louis was not the "starting-place" for the Santa Fe trade, as Catlin suggested. The traders who pioneered commerce with New Mexico set out in the early 1820s from the vicinity of Franklin, situated on the Missouri River roughly midway across the state. Later, the jumping-off point shifted

westward, first to Independence and then to nearby Westport, within what is now Kansas City. Each of those so-called prairie ports had stores and shops that met the basic needs of merchants gearing up for their expeditions. But many traveling the Santa Fe Trail for the first time reached Franklin or Independence by road or by river from St. Louis, as Matt Field did. And veteran traders often returned to St. Louis to take advantage of its larger market, where they could purchase wagons, weapons, or trade goods that might be cheaper or of higher quality than those available at the prairie ports.

James A. Shirley, a storekeeper in the town of Fayette, near Franklin, placed a notice in a local newspaper in 1829 that tacitly acknowledged the bargains to be had at St. Louis: "We are determined to sell Goods as low as they can be purchased in any retail house west of St. Louis, without any exception."⁶ Shirley may well have been miffed to see this recurring advertisement in the same newspaper that year, placed by Henry Reily, who kept a store in St. Louis: "The subscriber has just returned from New York, with a fresh and Extensive stock of Seasonable and Fashionable Goods, which he is enabled (from having purchased most of them at auctions) to dispose of at prices much less than what has usually been obtained in this market, for similar Goods. Country merchants, and those engaged in the SANTA FE TRADE, are particularly invited to call and examine the goods."⁷ The phrase "Seasonable and Fashionable Goods" was well calculated to appeal to Santa Fe traders, whose New Mexican customers relished fine fabrics and apparel. To meet that demand, some enterprising merchants went as far afield as Philadelphia or New York, where they secured better deals on choice articles produced in eastern factories or imported from Europe and shipped their wares back to Missouri. All this ensured that St. Louis would remain a conduit for the Santa Fe trade even as the prairie ports grew and prospered.

Those heading west with their wares from St. Louis generally boarded steamboats for Franklin, Independence, or Westport by early

May. This allowed them to assemble their wagon trains and cross the Plains while the grass their animals depended on was still fresh and green. It also got them out of St. Louis before summer arrived with its oppressive heat and humidity, which tried visitors' nerves and left them pining for fresher and healthier climes. One foreign visitor in that vexing season, Captain Frederick Marryat, an English novelist and veteran of the Royal Navy, remarked after stopping in St. Louis in 1838:

"In point of heat, St. Louis certainly approaches the nearest to the Black Hole of Calcutta of any city that I have sojourned in. The lower part of town is badly drained, and very filthy. The flies, on a moderate calculation, are in many parts fifty to the square inch. . . . I found sleep almost impossible from the sultriness of the air, and used to remain at the open window for the greater part of the night. I did not expect that the muddy Mississippi would be able to reflect the silver light of the moon; yet it did, and the effect was very beautiful. Truly it may be said of this river, as it is of many ladies, that it is a candle-light beauty. There is another serious evil to which strangers who sojourn here are subject—the violent effects of the waters of the Mississippi upon those who are not used to them."⁸

Some residents touted the city's notoriously murky water for its purgative effects, remarking that it "scours out the bowels."⁹ But visitors remained understandably leery of water the color of coffee and other apparent health hazards. Humidity, pestilence, and poor water were not unique to St. Louis, of course. Residents of many eastern and midwestern towns faced similar conditions, particularly in the summer, and some who fell ill were inclined to blame their surroundings and seek a more invigorating setting. A number of them looked to the West for a cure, hoping that arduous exposure to its clear, dry air and purportedly pure waters would restore their health. The West and its native inhabitants might be savage, such venturesome invalids reasoned, but there was strength in the wild, and many who embarked down the road to New Mexico and other western trails hoped to tap into that presumably

restorative power. Benjamin Taylor, an editor who refashioned a traveler's account of his journey to New Mexico for publication, touted the venture as a tonic for the soul as well as the body: "No monotony, no life on a sea becalmed, is the tour to Santa Fe, but a moving diorama of stirring and unexpected incidents, that quicken the pulse like an electric thrill, promote a brisk and healthful circulation, develop courage, endurance, presence of mind, generosity and patience, of which the new possessor never before dreamed—in a sentence, it brings out the whole man, physical, mental and moral."¹⁰

Those who knew more about the Santa Fe trade than Taylor did might question whether it transformed men into paragons of virtue, but many people shared the belief that a pilgrimage to New Mexico could work wonders for those frail in constitution and sick at heart. Matt Field set out for Santa Fe in the hope of curing a stomach ailment that he saw as symptomatic of deeper disturbances in his life. As he wrote in his diary in April 1839, a few months before he left St. Louis and his career on the stage: "My sickness still continues—worse—worse! Doctors do me no good. I am very miserable, and I am lonely—very lonely. But how shall I marry? Where shall I marry? Why should I marry when Death seems to be at work within me?"¹¹

For heartsore invalids like Field, taking to the trail offered not only the hope of a cure but the welcome prospect of an absorbing engagement abroad, free of romantic complications and disappointments. (Like those Frenchmen who signed on with trading and trapping outfits that embarked from St. Louis, Field was happily engagé, or pledged to the company for the duration of the expedition.) A year or so after returning from New Mexico, bolstered by his success in trading on that invigorating journey in print, he married Cornelia Burke Ludlow, daughter of Noah Ludlow, his former theatrical producer.¹² Field lived only a few more years, leaving behind his wife and two children, but his stint as a Santa Fe adventurer defined him as no other role had and infused his remaining days with purpose.

Another Missouri bachelor—in this case, a lifelong one—who took to

the Santa Fe Trail in his twenties to improve his health and lift his lagging spirits was Josiah Gregg, who felt restored by the experience and recommended the regimen to others:

"The Prairies have, in fact, become very celebrated for their sanative effects—more justly so, no doubt, than the most fashionable watering-places of the North. Most chronic diseases, particularly liver complaints, dyspepsias, and similar affections, are often radically cured; owing, no doubt, to the peculiarities of diet, and the regular exercise incident to prairie life, as well as to the purity of the atmosphere of those elevated unembarrassed regions. An invalid myself, I can answer for the efficacy of the remedy, at least in my own case. Though, like other valetudinarians, I was disposed to provide an ample supply of such commodities as I deemed necessary for my comfort and health, I was not long upon the prairies before I discovered that most of such extra preparations were unnecessary, or at least quite dispensable. A few knickknacks, as a little tea, rice, fruits, crackers, etc., suffice very well for the first fortnight, after which the invalid is generally able to take the fare of the hunter and teamster. Though I set out myself in a carriage, before the close of the first week I saddled my pony; and when we reached the buffalo range, I was not only as eager for the chase as the sturdiest of my companions, but I enjoyed far more exquisitely my share of the buffalo, than all the delicacies which were ever devised to provoke the most fastidious appetite."¹³

Many shared Gregg's hope of finding a cure on the trail, but experience taught travelers that a trip west could just as easily ruin one's health as restore it. Among the serious ailments that sometimes afflicted those embarking from St. Louis was malaria, often described as "fever and ague." One traveler laid low by fever and ague was Alexander Barclay, an Englishman raised in genteel poverty who crossed the Atlantic in the hope of making his fortune. Barclay spent two years working as a clerk in St. Louis before setting out on the Santa Fe Trail in the summer of 1838 to serve as bookkeeper and superintendent of stores at Bent's Fort. One of his motives for leaving St.

Louis was to escape the suffocating humidity and swarms of mosquitoes. He soon discovered as others had before him, however, that those same pestiferous conditions prevailed in summertime clear across Missouri and into the eastern reaches of Indian country. On the way to Bent's Fort, he came down with a severe case of fever and ague that sapped his strength for months to come. "I am so reduced every movement is an exertion and cannot walk 60 yards without resting," he wrote home from the fort that October.¹⁴

A similar fate befell William Fairholme, a British officer who stopped in St. Louis briefly in 1840 before taking to the Santa Fe Trail for a hunting expedition with some comrades serving with him in Canada. Fairholme was delighted with the flora and fauna he met with on his journey, but he was less enthusiastic about the society he encountered. Much like Missourians visiting New Mexico, he found Americans on the frontier rather boorish and backward. A run-in with a high-handed magistrate in Illinois left him fuming. "So much for the administration of Justice in the United States," he wrote.¹⁵ And when he fell sick on his way across Missouri after sweltering in St. Louis—the heat there "in summer is quite overpowering,"¹⁶ he complained—a physician of doubtful qualifications in Jefferson City offered him a cure that was perhaps worse than the disease: "In the evening I was obliged to take to my bed, and sent for a doctor who, giving me mercury in quantities that would have astonished an English M.D., told me that I had a severe attack of fever & ague. He had the prudent kindness to inform me at the same time that 3 men had died of it within the last week at that house."¹⁷ Had it not been for the attentions of a fellow traveler and a "dear little Englishwoman" who was boarding at the same hotel, Fairholme added, "I do not think I should have lived, for the people of the house took scarcely any trouble about me and little groups of the townspeople used to assemble in my room at all hours of the day to stare at me." Whether because of the disease he contracted or the harsh cure his doctor administered, he was debilitated for some time to come

and had to leave much of the hunting to his companions. He would have been better off taking the quinine pills devised by Dr. John Sappington, who settled in the town of Arrow Rock, where travelers heading to and from Santa Fe crossed the Missouri River by ferry, and purveyed his worthy medicine to those suffering from malarial fever.

Travelers bound for Santa Fe were less likely to come down with "fever and ague" once they reached drier country with fewer mosquitoes. But they remained at risk of contracting dysentery and other disorders caused by poor sanitation or foul drinking water (streams on the Plains could be as muddy as the Mississippi). In this as in other respects, St. Louis offered less of a contrast to conditions at the far end of the trail than it did a preview of what lay ahead. The city's rough, frontier aspects were neatly summarized by Philip St. George Cooke, who was stationed as a lieutenant at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, before embarking on the first of several eventful journeys on the Santa Fe Trail:

"The characteristics of St. Louis, in 1827, which first struck me, were the muddiness of the streets—the badness of the hotels—the numbers of the Creole-French, speaking the French language—working on the Sabbath—a floating population of trappers, traders, boatmen, and Indians—and finally, an absence of paper currency. These were all very distinctive; and in truth, St. Louis had very little of the Anglo-American character. Rowdiness was the order of the day—the predominating influence of the street population of Indian traders and other northwestern adventurers. These men, in outre dresses, and well armed, were as characteristic in their deportment as sailors; exhibiting the independence, confidence, and recklessness of their wild and lawless way of life."¹⁸

Cooke would find conditions much the same when he later reached New Mexico, where trappers and other rowdies mingled with Indians and settlers who might be described in Cooke's terms as Creole-Spanish (in the sense that their Hispanic heritage had been modified by native influences). In both St. Louis and Santa Fe, the populace seemed to

defy Protestant scruples in ways that went beyond the custom of trading on the Sabbath. One young easterner who arrived in St. Louis in 1829 complained that its French inhabitants were "Generally absolute Strangers to the Social virtues and remarkable for Laziness & Debauchery,"¹⁹ a complaint of the sort often directed at New Mexicans.

Over time, St. Louis took on more of an Anglo-American flavor, but up until the 1840s, it embodied the polyglot nature of the frontier West. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Indians lived in and around the town, and many more visited there on such occasions as the treaty councils convened by William Clark, the celebrated explorer and longtime superintendent of Indian Affairs. Clark's nephew, William Clark Kennerly, who went west on the Santa Fe Trail as an officer during the Mexican War, witnessed several of those councils while growing up in St. Louis in the late 1820s and 1830s:

"We were, of course, fascinated with the pirogues (sort of dugout canoes) which kept arriving at the water front. We would tag along with the Indians to their camp sites and watch them make their domestic preparations and would later help distribute the presents which Uncle Clark had brought out to them. . . . After the real business was concluded, they would relax their dignity and, to the rhythm of their drums, sing and dance through the streets. They would call on their white friends and partake of much refreshment; and, as much of the entertainment was of an alcoholic nature, things got pretty lively toward the end. I have sometimes wondered if there were not many aching heads and bad tempers in the departing canoes."²⁰

Many Indians living along the upper Missouri found it more convenient to travel to and from councils in St. Louis by steamboat once paddle-wheelers began venturing farther up that river on a regular basis in the 1830s. Santa Fe traders who boarded steamboats in St. Louis packed with Indians and other exotic figures got a foretaste of what they might encounter later at Bent's Fort on the Mountain Route, where Cheyennes and other tribal trading partners of the fort's proprietors camped

outside the gates and made themselves at home. And few stretches of the trail's notorious Cimarron Route were as hazardous for wayfarers as Battle Row and other mean streets down by the levee in St. Louis. William Fairholme described the shock of disembarking there in 1840 after a tranquil journey down the Mississippi: "The stunning, never ceasing roar of the steam of boats coming in & departing, the hum of the bustling throng of people on the shore, the rattling of numerous drays & carts, and the loud vociferations and strange appearance of the crowds of black porters, touters of hotels, &c. who make a rush at each steamer as she takes up her berth, formed a disagreeable contrast to the silence and solitude of the prairies & forests we had for some days past been traversing."²¹

Among those lurking amid the crowds on the levee were more than a few thieves and cutthroats. Kennerly, who got to know George Catlin during the artist's frequent visits to the home of William Clark, which included a museum of Indian artifacts, recalled that Catlin "used to complain that he could leave no baggage on the levee or he would never see it again."²² One wary merchant disembarked from a steamboat there to make purchases for the Santa Fe trade with two strongboxes, watched over by six Mexican guards toting carbines and wearing "formidable sombreros."²³

Those strongboxes most likely contained bullion or specie—money in coin form—both of which were heartily welcomed in St. Louis and in the prairie ports upriver. Missouri was chronically short of cash, and trade with Mexico, which abounded in silver, did much to reduce the reliance of Missourians on barter or on suspect bank notes. In May 1841, a newspaper in St. Louis announced the imminent arrival in Independence of a wagon train returning from Santa Fe with as much as "200,000 dollars in specie." Around the same time, the same issue related, a group of merchants including citizens of Mexico arrived from that country in St. Louis by boat: "It is reported that this party bring with them about \$120,000 in specie. An acceptable commodity here just now."²⁴ Mexican and Spanish coins mingled in the

cash boxes of St. Louis with American dollars, French crowns, and English shillings, Kennerly noted, and merchants had to be "alert to compute the circulating coin of so many realms."²⁵

Infusions of cash from the Santa Fe trade helped to transform rough-and-ready St. Louis into a city of some refinement by the 1840s, with paved streets, public schools, and at least one hotel of distinction, the Planter's House. Frenchman Victor Tixier, who stopped in St. Louis in 1840 during an expedition that carried him up the Missouri River into Osage country, observed that the frontier had advanced far beyond the city in recent decades, leaving its inhabitants relatively safe and secure:

"We took lodging at the house of a M. Viguier, a countryman of ours who keeps a boarding house on Main Street. One can see on this street, across the Market Place, an old house, built like the old Louisiana houses; it is shielded on one side by a wall with loopholes, which protected it twenty-five years ago from the attacks of the Osage who lived close to Saint Louis. At that time people went to New Orleans on sailboats. It was a six months trip that one never undertook without writing his will. But times have changed; Saint Louis has become an American city; one can travel in five or six days the 1,221 miles which separate it from New Orleans, and the Osage have been driven beyond the borders of the State of Missouri."²⁶

St. Louis may have lost its raw frontier character by the 1840s, but it still derived much of its wealth and vitality from dealings with people who were making plans to set out across frontiers at considerable risk and expense. Wagonmakers like Joseph Murphy prospered in St. Louis, for example, by successfully competing for the business of Santa Fe traders, who used their vehicles both as freight carriers and as bulwarks against attack and often had need of new ones. (Many sold their battered wagons for a tidy sum once they reached Mexico and bought a fresh set of wheels for their next venture after returning to Missouri.) Some traders ordered wagons from Pittsburgh, renowned for its sturdy Conestogas, and others purchased their vehicles in Independence or one of

the other prairie ports. Murphy and his fellow wagonmakers in St. Louis knew the needs of their customers, however, and adapted to their changing requirements. When Governor Manuel Armijo of New Mexico altered the tariff on American goods imported to Santa Fe in 1839 by charging a flat \$500 fee for each wagon load, Murphy reportedly came up with a bigger vehicle that entered legend and grew to fabulous proportions—his son later described that behemoth as having a fifty-foot-long tongue and wheels that were eight inches wide at the rim and stood seven feet high.²⁷ A monster of those dimensions never stalked the trail, but local wagonmakers like Murphy indeed built larger vehicles in response to Armijo's new tariff. Traders made the most of such oversized wagons, Josiah Gregg noted, loading them with the costliest articles and forcing Governor Armijo to "return to an ad valorem system."²⁸

Those who catered to the Santa Fe trade and other frontier ventures in St. Louis were by no means assured of success. Traders seldom paid cash in full for goods they purchased to be sold in Mexico or offered to Indians along the way. Often, they bought on credit and settled their accounts when they returned from their ventures, as much as a year or two later. When traders Charles Bent and Céran St. Vrain formed the partnership in 1832 that led to the establishment of Bent's Fort, for example, they purchased goods on credit from merchants James and Robert Aull of Missouri and left the brothers this note: "Ten months after date we promise to pay James & Robert Aull or order—at St. Louis, Eight hundred and forty Two dollars and Sixteen cents for Value recd."²⁹ This was a favorable arrangement for the Aulls, for the note specified the date of payment and the borrowers were men of their word. Not all accounts were settled promptly or in full, however, and merchants awaiting payment from Santa Fe traders sometimes had trouble meeting their own obligations.

James J. Webb, before embarking for New Mexico in 1844, operated a dry goods store near the levee in St. Louis that featured such items as muslins, calicoes, and linens—popular offerings in the Santa Fe trade as

well as in the local market. That store turned out to be a losing proposition, and Webb concluded that he would be better off trying to sell such wares directly to the New Mexicans. In July 1844, he related, "I found myself with six hundred dollars left from a borrowed capital of one thousand dollars, and out of business and ready for any adventure that offered employment and a reasonable prospect of future profit." Eugene Leitensdorfer and other veterans of the Santa Fe trade offered Webb advice and helped him obtain credit. "I bought about twelve hundred dollars' worth of goods," Webb wrote, "and left St. Louis about the fifteenth for Independence, with money enough to pay my freight and passage up the river and hotel bill at Independence."³⁰ There he received further credit from one of the town's leading merchants and outfitters, Sam Owens, an associate of the Aulls who helped many get started in the trade and ventured to New Mexico himself more than once.

As illustrated by Webb's story, failure or adversity often had much to do with propelling men down the road to New Mexico. Merchants who faltered in St. Louis or Independence could always try to recoup their fortunes in Santa Fe or Chihuahua. And mountain men who drank or gambled away their savings in town could always enlist with a west-bound caravan as wagon men or hunters and regain a measure of solvency and self-respect. Like the hope of a cure that drew invalids westward, the dream of financial redemption on the trail had spiritual overtones. Every journey was indeed an "adventure," as Webb put it, a commercial outing that took on aspects of a pilgrimage, replete with trials that tested a man body and soul and held out the promise, for those who prevailed, of rewards that transcended financial calculation.

Such were the dreams that drew the aspiring young writer and historian Francis Parkman to St. Louis in the spring of 1846 on a journey that would carry him up the Missouri to Westport, out along the Oregon Trail to Fort Laramie, and back east along the Santa Fe Trail. Born in Boston to a prominent family, Parkman did not seek fortune in the West, but he did hope to restore his faltering

health and enhance his prospects as an author. He reached St. Louis in mid-April, a month or so before the United States declared war on Mexico. Santa Fe traders were racing to get started before hostilities interfered with their business, while land-hungry emigrants, largely oblivious to border tensions, were hectically outfitting for long journeys west that could prove disastrous if launched too late in the year. The burst of activity provided Parkman with a compelling lead for his classic, *The Oregon Trail*:

"Last spring, 1846, was a busy season in the city of St. Louis. Not only were emigrants from every part of the country preparing for the journey to Oregon and California, but an unusual number of traders were making ready their wagons and outfits for Santa Fé. The hotels were crowded, and the gunsmiths and saddlers were kept constantly at work in providing arms and equipments for the different parties of travellers. Steamboats were leaving the levee and passing up the Missouri, crowded with passengers on their way to the frontier."³¹

These were exciting times, but the crush of goods and humanity in St. Louis—and on the steamboat *Radnor*, which Parkman boarded with a friend and relative in late April—forced the young Bostonian to confront realities that defied any romantic notions about the frontier he may have harbored. In his book, he described the scene dispassionately, but in the journal that he kept during his travels he made it clear that he found these first encounters with the West somewhat disillusioning. Such were his considered impressions of the *Radnor* and its diverse cargo in *The Oregon Trail*:

"The boat was loaded until the water broke alternately over her guards. Her upper-deck was covered with large wagons of a peculiar form, for the Santa Fé trade, and her hold was crammed with goods for the same destination. There were also the equipments and provisions of a party of Oregon emigrants, a band of mules and horses, piles of saddles and harness, and a multitude of nondescript articles, indispensable on the prairies. . . .

"The passengers on board the 'Radnor' corresponded with her freight.

In her cabin were Santa Fé traders, gamblers, speculators, and adventurers of various descriptions, and her steerage was crowded with Oregon emigrants, 'mountain men,' negroes, and a party of Kansas Indians, who had been on a visit to St. Louis."³²

In his journal, Parkman had more to say about these passengers, and little of it was complimentary. He offered these tart observations on the Kansas, or Caw, Indians, in his journal entry for the last day of April, which brought the *Radnor* to Jefferson City:

"The wretched Caw Indians on board were hired, for a pint of whiskey, to sing. The chief, a mean-looking old fellow, expecting a friend at Jefferson, painted, took his sword, and wrapped his blanket about him. In this attire he went ashore, and saluted his acquaintance—a white man—with great cordiality. One of the others indulged in a little fooling with a fat Negro, who danced while the Indian sang."³³

On the following day, Parkman noted that the Indians were "playing cards about the deck. They have a paper for begging, and one of them sat on the deck collecting contributions yesterday."³⁴ Parkman was not the only observer who found something "wretched" or unseemly in the way members of the Kansas tribe sought favors from strangers. Many traveling up the Missouri River and out along the Santa Fe Trail complained of their penchant for "collecting contributions" or otherwise imposing on wayfarers they encountered. These Kansas seemingly resembled that Frenchman-gone-native lamented by Matt Field, only in reverse. They had been transformed in tragic ways by too-close contact with whites—deprived of their ancestral lands by treaty, relegated to meager reservations that offered them little in the way of subsistence, fobbed off with annuity payments that sometimes ended up in the hands of unscrupulous traders in exchange for whiskey, and reduced on occasion to begging or stealing. Knowing little of their history, Parkman and others could only deplore their dismal and dependent condition.

Perhaps what most disturbed travelers about the Kansas, how-

ever, was that their plight was not really that exceptional. They were vivid embodiments of the dangers that faced all those who crossed cultural frontiers and exchanged one way of life for another. Anyone who abandoned his native ground and lost his moorings—whether willingly or reluctantly, whether in pursuit of mere subsistence or conspicuous profit—might end up “wandering forever like a thing accursed,” as Matt Field put it. Indeed, the *Radnor* had among its wealthier passengers a merchant who was as much an outcast in his way as Matt Field’s fellow traveler. As Parkman observed in his journal on May 1st: “Speyer, the Santa Fe trader, has an immense number of goods on board.”³⁵ This was Albert Speyer, a man of many countries and no fixed loyalties who held passports from his native Prussia and from England. He gained lasting notoriety in the months following his voyage up the Missouri on the *Radnor* by eluding pursuing American troops and carrying a shipment of arms and ammunition to Mexico, which by then was at war with the United States. Speyer was not an American citizen, and he had contracted to deliver the goods before hostilities erupted. But those facts did not keep him from being regarded as suspect.

Parkman and his companions on board did not have to know much about Speyer or the nature of his business to sense that there was something about the Santa Fe trade that defied custom and lured risk-takers. The journey up the Missouri by steamboat, for all its excitements and diversions, was fraught with warnings of the dangers that lay ahead for those who ventured too far afield and crossed boundaries. Passengers could hear those warnings in the drunken cries of whites like Field’s traveling companion who had seemingly lived too long among Indians or in the begging songs of Indians who had perhaps come to depend too much on whites. And they could sense those warnings as well in the angry antics of the river itself, described with poetic precision by Parkman in his book:

“Thus laden the boat struggled upward for seven or eight days against the rapid current of the Missouri, grating upon snags, and hang-

ing for two or three hours at a time upon sand-bars. We entered the mouth of the Missouri in a drizzling rain, but the weather soon became clear, and showed distinctly the broad and turbid river, with its eddies, its sand-bars, its ragged islands, and forest-covered shores. The Missouri is constantly changing its course,—wearing away its banks on one side, while it forms new ones on the other. Its channel is continually shifting. Islands are formed, and then washed away; and while the old forests on one side are undermined and swept off, a young growth springs up from the new soil upon the other.”³⁶

It must have seemed at times to those who struggled upward against the current in pursuit of profit that the fitful Missouri was dead-set against them. What could adventurers hope to gain in a race for riches or redemption that began at a snail’s pace on a course that was constantly shifting? Perhaps their dreams would be undermined as thoroughly as those old trees on the crumbling banks of the Missouri, leaving only pointed tales of their folly to alert future travelers. Or perhaps they would persist in defiance of all warnings and forebodings, negotiate the hazards in their path, and profit handsomely in the end by those fresh opportunities that seemed to sprout up eternally on one side of the abyss even as ambitions tottered and collapsed on the other.

NOTES

1. Matthew C. Field, *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail*, ed. John E. Sunder (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995), 60.
2. *Ibid.*, 60.
3. George Catlin, *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Conditions of the North American Indians* (1844; reprint, New York: Dover Publications, 1973), vol. 2: 29. Catlin, after returning to St. Louis from the upper Missouri River in 1832, attached himself in 1834 to a peacekeeping expedition on the southern Plains commanded by Colonels Henry Leavenworth and Henry Dodge and made sketches and observations of the Comanches and Kiowas, among other tribes of the region.
4. *Ibid.*, 2: 30.
5. Field, *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail*, 61.
6. *Missouri Intelligencer and Boon’s Lick Advertiser*, September 18, 1829.
7. *Missouri Intelligencer and Boon’s Lick Advertiser*, June 26, 1829.
8. Captain Frederick Marryat, *Diary in America*, ed. Jules Zanger (1839; reprint, Bloomington: Indiana University Press,

1960), 254. Marryat, not content with his own observations of the West, later concocted a narrative entitled *Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet among the Snake Indians and Wild Tribes of the Great Western Prairies* (1843) that borrowed from the work of George Kendall and Josiah Gregg and exposed Marryat to charges of plagiarism.

9. Charles van Ravenswaay, *Saint Louis: An Informal History of the City and Its People, 1764-1865*, ed. Candace O’Connor (St. Louis: Missouri Historical Society Press, 1991), 337.
10. Benjamin F. Taylor, *Short Ravelings from a Long Yarn, or Camp March Sketches of the Santa Fe Trail*, from the notes of Richard L. Wilson (1847; reprint, Santa Ana: Fine Arts Press, 1936), 9. Taylor, a newspaper editor in Chicago, used Wilson’s account of a journey to Santa Fe in 1841 to craft this flowery narrative, resembling a work of fiction in places. For details on the caravan Wilson joined in 1841, see Louise Barry, *The Beginning of the West: Annals of the Kansas Gateway to the American West, 1540-1854* (Topeka, Kansas: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 426-31.
11. Matthew C. Field, “The Diary of Mat Field: St. Louis, April 2-May 16, 1839, Part 1,” ed. William G. B. Carson, *Bulletin of the Missouri Historical Society* 5 (January 1949): 95.
12. Field wed Cornelia Ludlow in February 1841. He was already much attached to her when he left St. Louis for Santa Fe in June 1839, for he described himself in verse in his journal, “Musing upon a dear friends Daughter, / Of whom he thinks both night and day.” (*Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail*, 15-16.)
13. Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, ed. Max L. Moorhead (1844; reprint, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), 23-24.
14. Barclay in George P. Hammond, *The Adventures of Alexander Barclay, Mountain Man* (Denver: Old West Publishing Co., 1976), 23.
15. William Fairholme, *Journal of an Expedition to the Grand Prairies of the Missouri 1840*, ed. Jack B. Tykal (Spokane: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1996), 41-42. Fairholme, born in Scotland and serving as a lieutenant in Canada when he took leave of his regiment for this hunting expedition, traveled to St. Louis down the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers by steamboat and offered a fine description of conditions aboard the paddle-wheeler. “None of our fellow passengers could understand our motives in leaving our comfortable homes to go on such an expedition as we were engaged in,” he wrote, “and what puzzled them most was our disclaiming any idea of profit accruing to us therefrom.” (*Ibid.*, 46.)
16. *Ibid.*, 48.
17. *Ibid.*, 64.
18. Philip St. George Cooke, *Scenes and Adventures in the Army: Or Romance of Military Life* (Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, 1857), 16-17.
19. Warren Angus Ferris, *Life in the Rocky Mountains*, ed. LeRoy R. Hafen (1940; reprint, Denver: Old West Publishing Co.,

- 1983), 46.
20. William Clark Kennerly, *Persimmon Hill: A Narrative of Old St. Louis and the Far West*, as told to Elizabeth Russell (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1948), 44-45. Kennerly, who took part in the occupation of New Mexico in 1846, dictated this memoir to his daughter late in life.
 21. Fairholme, *Journal of an Expedition*, 47-48.
 22. Kennerly, *Persimmon Hill*, 51.
 23. Ravenswaay, *St. Louis*, 329.
 24. *Daily Missouri Republican*, May 19, 1841. A number of merchants traveling back and forth between the United States and Mexico made at least part of the journey by water. Some traveled overland from Missouri to Santa Fe and on to Chihuahua, before heading for the Gulf Coast and returning by ship to New Orleans and on up the Mississippi to St. Louis.
 25. Kennerly, *Persimmon Hill*, 34.
 26. Victor Tixier, *Tixier's Travels on the Osages Prairie*, ed. John Francis McDermott, trans. Albert J. Salvan (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1940), 97-98. Tixier, who trained as a physician in his native France, traveled up the Missouri by steamboat from St. Louis to Lexington and then overland to Independence before heading for Osage country.
 27. Emily Ann O'Neil Bott, "Joseph Murphy's Contribution to the Development of the West," *Missouri Historical Review* 47 (October 1952): 22. Mark L. Gardner critiques the legend of the Murphy "monster" wagon in *Wagons for the Santa Fe Trade: Wheeled Vehicles and their Makers, 1822-1880* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2000), 35-39.
 28. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 80.
 29. Ralph P. Bieber, ed., "Letters of James and Robert Aull," *Missouri Historical Society Collections* 5 (1927-28): 280. See also Lewis E. Atherton, "James and Robert Aull—a Frontier Missouri Mercantile Firm," *Missouri Historical Review* 30 (October 1935): 18. Atherton comments that the goods James Aull offered to Santa Fe traders "were purchased in the East in January on credit and were sold on credit to the caravans in May. Some return was made in the autumn, but twenty-four months would elapse before all of the money could be collected." For more on James Aull and the credit problems plaguing the Santa Fe trade, see Max L. Moorhead, *New Mexico's Royal Road: Trade and Travel on the Chihuahua Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1958), 79-80.
 30. James Josiah Webb, *Adventures in the Santa Fé Trade, 1844-1847*, ed. Ralph P. Bieber (Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1931), 41-42.
 31. Francis Parkman, *The Oregon Trail*, ed. E. N. Feltkog (1849; reprint Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994), 1. The 1849 edition of Parkman's book was entitled *The California and Oregon Trail*, but the title was abridged to its present form in later editions.
 32. *Ibid.*, 2.
 33. Francis Parkman, *The Journals of Francis Parkman*, ed. Mason Wade (New York:

Harper & Brothers, 1947), vol. 2: 416. Curiously, this entry is dated "April 31st."

34. *Ibid.*, 2: 416.

35. *Ibid.*, 2: 417. Speyer entered the Santa Fe Trade around 1843. He later became involved in an even riskier business, assisting financier Jay Gould in an effort to corner the gold market in New York in 1869.

36. Parkman, *Oregon Trail*, 2-3.

HOOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

Dora (Froetschner) Wetzel of Offerle, KS, mother of SFTA board member Joanne VanCoevern, died April 26, 2002, at the age of 86. She lived along the Trail. Sympathy is extended to family and friends.

Judge Peggy Nelson of Taos has ruled that the former public road on the UU Bar Ranch south of Rayado, NM, following a portion of the Mountain Route of the Trail, that was closed to the public in 1985 will remain closed.

A copy of the January 1950 issue of *Popular Mechanics* was recently offered on ebay. Your editor won a dueling bid with SFTA member Chris Patterson. The issue contains an informative article by pilot Heath Proctor, "An Airline Pilot Rides the Wagon Trail," with story and photos about the Santa Fe Trail. This collector's item will be donated to the Santa Fe Trail Center.

The Friends of Arrow Rock report that they find the most consistent givers to their organization come from the group of life members. They have 106 life members, 17% of their membership. Last year life members contributed 38% of all membership gifts.

The Kansas City Port Authority is constructing a pedestrian and bicycle bridge to give visitors a view of where the city began along the banks of the Missouri River. The trail they will link with other portions of the Riverfront Heritage Trail along the river, which includes the site of Westport Landing used by Santa Fe traders.

Charles Goslin has completed an oil painting for the National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO, titled "Trails Out of Independence—

1837." It shows the village of Independence in the background, with a wagon train headed for Santa Fe across the present Bingham-Waggoner grounds, a circle of wagons where the National Frontier Trails Center now stands, and local traffic. This painting will be used on one of the interpretive panels planned for the swales on the Bingham-Waggoner grounds.

Fundraising is underway for the Fort Osage Education Center, a \$3.6 million project of Jackson County Parks and Recreation to be built at Fort Osage in Sibley, MO. The 1825-1826 survey of the Santa Fe Trail began at Fort Osage.

On April 6 a special program at the Las Vegas City Museum and Rough Rider Memorial marked the opening of the "Traveling Santa Fe Trail Exhibit," designed by Dan Enger, an artist from Taos. He is also designing another traveling exhibit, "The Santa Fe Trail in Popular Culture." These exhibits are funded by a Scenic Byways grant.

Mike and Patti Olsen are moving from Las Vegas, NM, to Colorado Springs, CO. Both retired from teaching positions in Las Vegas. Patti plans to teach in Colorado Springs, and Mike has been appointed archivist for the Old Colorado City Historical Society. Their new address is PO Box 25175, Colorado Springs CO 80936. We wish them well.

Mark L. Gardner has an article, "The Brave Cowboy," in the June 2002 issue of *New Mexico Magazine*. It is about Edward Abbey's book and the 1957 movie that was based on it: *Lonely are the Brave*, starring Kirk Douglas.

Belfonte and Blue Bunny brands of ice cream, both based in Kansas City, have issued a new flavor: Santa Fe Trail Mix. Maybe it will become the official dessert at all Trail meals.

Kaw Heritage Park near Council Grove, KS, was officially opened with appropriate ceremony on April 20. This included the opening of 3.5 miles of the 150-mile Flint Hills Nature Trail, the section from Council Grove to the Park.

THREE MONTHS TO SANTA FE

by Sister Patricia Jean Manion, SL

(The following account of a trip over the Trail by several Sisters of Loretto in 1852 is an abridged excerpt of one chapter from Sister Patricia Jean Manion's forthcoming book, *Beyond the Adobe Wall*, scheduled for release in June by Two Trails Press in Independence, MO. This book tells the story of Magdalen Hayden who with five other Sisters of Loretto volunteered to travel to New Mexico Territory from Kentucky in 1852. Only Magdalen and three of the other women survived the journey. Over the next 42 years, besides establishing Our Lady of Light Academy in Santa Fe, she opened schools in Bernalillo, Denver, Las Cruces, Las Vegas, Mora, Socorro, and Taos.

Author Patricia Jean Manion is a Sister of Loretto who taught at the Santa Fe Academy in the 1950s. She returned to Santa Fe two years ago to write this book and to plan the 150th anniversary celebration of that journey to be held in Santa Fe September 20-22, 2002. Special thanks to Sister Patricia Jean for sharing this. The book will be available from SFTA Last Chance Store.)

THE rest of the wagon train had moved on to Santa Fe. Magdalen and her companions, escorted by Father Machebeuf, had kept to the Trail as far as Tecolote. Later they turned south in order to reach Bishop Jean B. Lamy's ranch some miles from Galisteo. Now after resting there for five days, they were eager to reach Santa Fe. The three-month journey from Kentucky would soon be over.

Magdalen Hayden, Catherine Mahoney, Rosanna Dant, and Roberta Brown had left the Loretto Motherhouse in Kentucky on June 27, 1852. With them that day were their superior, Mother Matilda Mills, and another sister, Monica Bailey. All six had volunteered to leave the United States and travel more than 1200 miles to the recently-acquired Territory of New Mexico.

Their journey began by horse-drawn wagon, winding over heavily wooded hills and across small streams to Bardstown. There they took the afternoon stage for nearly 50 miles of rolling landscape to reach

Louisville and the Ohio River. They knew as they waved to their sisters standing at the convent gate that they were not likely to see them again. Others had gone to Missouri and to Osage Mission in Indian Territory—and returned, but they were taking Catholic education farther west than any of their predecessors. Vast stretches of river, plains, and mountains, many days and nights and seasons would soon lie between them and all they knew.

On the day of departure from Louisville, they saw the paddlewheel steamer, *The Lady Franklin*,¹ being unloaded and reloaded with cargo. They watched as their one trunk was carried aboard. Then the little group with their small valises found themselves crossing to the deck.

As the sisters waved to the slowly fading figures on the levee, *The Lady Franklin* edged into mid river. From Louisville it followed the Ohio River downstream, south to the confluence with the Mississippi, then north to St. Louis. For nearly a week they would pass small river towns and forests. The splendor of the night sky and the full greenness of the summer fields would prove to be the most congenial part of their long journey to Santa Fe.

On arrival in St. Louis, the six women went by carriage another 15 miles to Florissant where the Sisters of Loretto operated a fine academy. The travelers were to wait there for word from Bishop Lamy about their departure date for Independence.

Jean Baptist Lamy² had been Bishop of Santa Fe for only two years. Eleven years before his appointment to Santa Fe, Lamy, a 25-year-old missionary from France, landed in Cincinnati, Ohio, knowing little English. His years there made for fluency in his adopted language, which like his Spanish always carried echoes of his native Auvergne.

Formal education was an urgent need Lamy found in his vast diocese, which included not only the Territory of New Mexico, but parts of what would be Colorado and Arizona. In the short time he had been in Santa Fe, he had begun to teach some of the young boys. He wanted

religious Sisters to establish schools for the girls. His appeal to the Sisters of Loretto, the 40-year-old community of women founded in Kentucky, brought a positive response. They could spare six from the many who had volunteered.

From Baltimore, Bishop Lamy had sent word to the sisters in Florissant that he hoped to meet them in St. Louis on July 4. It was, however, some days later when they received a second message that he was necessarily delayed.

It was not until July 10 that Sister Magdalen Hayden first met Bishop Lamy on the levee at St. Louis. The area near the river front still showed signs of the devastating fire which three years before had destroyed more than 20 riverboats and most of the buildings nearby.³ Only by heroic efforts had the Cathedral of St. Louis been saved from destruction.

The day they boarded the stern-wheel packet, *The Kansas*,⁴ the trip to Independence was expected to take eight days, more or less, depending upon the river's cooperation. The Missouri, because of its frequent twists and turns, was North America's longest river at the time. Its snake-like meandering caused the channel to shift. Those shifts made for delays as the captain had to calculate each situation. On the Missouri, steamboats dropped anchor at night because the river was only safely navigated in daylight. Besides, the steamboat had to stop twice a day for the crew to purchase, or sometimes gather, wood to feed the hungry furnace that fired the boilers. Without steam, even a sleek vessel like *The Kansas* could not move upstream.

Once underway, Bishop Lamy explained the nature of his delay. When he reached St. Louis, he had found that Reverend Mr. Prenderprat, a young priest from Cleveland, whom the bishop had expected to go with him to Santa Fe, was seriously ill. Sadly, the priest died of cholera and the bishop had taken care of his burial. As the bishop shared news of the loss of the young priest, neither Lamy nor the six women had any idea that more disappointments

were to come. Already cholera was a passenger on *The Kansas*.

The Sisters were quartered in two cabins on the top deck of the low two-deck vessel. From there they had a clear view of the expanse of forest and fields on either side of the river. During the long summer days, Bishop Lamy began giving the sisters lessons in the language of New Mexico. With his own recent efforts to learn Spanish and his early struggles with English, Lamy was patient and careful. Although military personnel and some Santa Fe merchants spoke English, Spanish was the language of the people.

The first five days on the temperamental Missouri River, with its unpredictable shifts, went smoothly. The Sisters had time to practice Spanish phrases with each other, laughing at their mistakes. Sister Magdalen began copying Spanish sentences, preparing to write letters in Spanish.

In the early hours of July 16, the future of the little group changed radically. The first case of cholera appeared. Mother Matilda, the superior, was suddenly ill. The burning fever, vomiting, and cramps left no doubt that she had contracted the fatal disease. In a matter of hours, it was apparent that she was dying. They had scarcely realized their loss when it became apparent that Sister Monica, too, was ailing. She had the first symptoms of cholera.

Captain Joe La Barge, required by law to dock as soon as possible in the case of serious contagion, dropped anchor at Todd's Landing, six miles down-river from Independence. Bishop Lamy and his party had to leave the boat. As evening fell, they made a forlorn picture: the tall clergyman, four black-garbed Sisters followed by a makeshift coffin and Sister Monica on a cot. The only place for the night was a deserted warehouse belonging to the owner of Todd's store.

Understandably the few inhabitants of Todd's Landing moved away from the dock. Even the mention of cholera made them mortally afraid. For several years they had seen many of their kin die from cholera. Only later would Lamy and the sisters realize that they were part of the 1852 epidemic.

Because of contagion, Bishop

Lamy knew it would be impossible to get permission to take Mother Matilda's body into Independence for burial. Fortunately, a Mr. Stayton approached the bishop and offered a place on his property. After dark, with several volunteers, they carried the coffin some distance through the woods and up a hill where a grave had already been dug.

By the next morning, it was clear that Sister Monica was too ill to be moved. She would have to remain in the warehouse. Sister Magdalen offered to stay and care for her. Bishop Lamy arranged for a carriage to take the other three Sisters into Independence. There he found lodging for them with a Mrs. Chambers.

When Lamy returned to the warehouse the next day, he found that Sister Magdalen, too, had taken ill. The sun beating on the warehouse roof had created unbearable conditions. Monica and Magdalen would not survive if they remained there. Immediately he put the two women into the buggy and moved them a few miles closer to Independence where he had a tent erected for them. Mrs. Dermody, a woman who had been waiting to depart for Santa Fe, volunteered to care for Monica and Magdalen. With the change of location and with Mrs. Dermody's care, Sister Magdalen began to regain her strength almost immediately.

On July 29 after purchasing several more mules and replenishing the supply of flour, beans, and coffee, Lamy announced that with the ten wagons and "several other conveyances" that he had secured, the caravan would start west in two days. It was already clear that Sister Monica could not make the trip. She would have to return to Florissant when she felt well enough to travel. Bishop Lamy reassured her that there would be other opportunities for her to make the journey west. Santa Fe was going to need more teachers and she would be welcome whenever she was able to travel.

Bishop Lamy took Sister Magdalen aside. Seated on a small rise of land, they talked briefly. He asked if she was well enough to make the journey. With no hesitation, Magdalen assured him that she was ready to start for Santa Fe. With that settled, Lamy asked if she would be willing to be named supe-

rior in Mother Matilda's place. Somewhat surprised by the question, Magdalen said that she was willing but only if her superiors in Kentucky agreed. For Lamy that was assurance enough.

Magdalen Hayden, 39, had already served as superior at several Missouri convents. Being responsible for a community of four seemed simple enough. Going to a foreign land with so many unknowns was the challenge. How unlike other places would Santa Fe be?

Early on August 1, word was passed from tent to tent that it was time to break camp. All personal belongings and camping items were to be placed in designated wagons. They were leaving Independence. Eager to be on the way west after waiting so long, all 23 members of Lamy's party seemed "jubilant."

Typically, as Josiah Gregg wrote earlier, the first "All's set!" is heard. "All's set," is directly responded from every quarter. "Then, the 'heps' of drivers—the cracking of whips—the trampling of feet—the occasional creak of wheels—the rumbling of wagons. . . ." They are on their way!⁵

In less than an hour, other words were passed from the front. A wagon was in trouble. A wheel had to be repaired. There was nothing to do but stop. Perhaps it would be necessary to camp for the night. That thought was short-lived. Rain began to fall. In minutes it was too late to raise the tents. The only alternative was for everyone to crowd inside the covered wagons and wait.

As night fell, a raging storm took over. Wind, lightning, and thunder rocked the wagons. Each blast threatened to rip the canvas from its moorings. The sisters huddled together fearing the wagon would be torn apart. Sleep was impossible. Sometime before dawn the rain stopped and the storm moved on.

Later Sister Magdalen learned from the bishop that during that stormy, sleepless night, he had considered returning to Independence. Had he been premature in bringing sisters to the primitiveness of New Mexico? The first weeks had already carried indications that this was perhaps a doomed undertaking. By daylight, he apparently reconsidered. Only later did he share the misgiv-

ings of that stormy night. Once the wagon was repaired, the caravan continued toward Indian Territory.

After several shorter delays, on August 6, at a resting place called Blue River Camp, Lamy wrote to his friend Bishop Blanc in New Orleans: "I am writing to you from under a tree twenty miles west of Independence. The first time I went to New Mexico, I met with some contretemps, but it seems that the divine providence has been pleased to send me this time, more severe trials, disappointments and troubles than at my first. A grand priest from the diocese of Cleveland was coming with me to share the labour of our ministry in N. Mexico, but he died of the cholera at St. Louis on the 4th of July. His name was Rev. Mr. Prenderprat. From St. Louis to Independence the mother superior of the Sisters of Loretto died also of the cholera on board the steamboat Kansas. The 16th of July the same day another Sister was taken sick and is yet very low. I have been obligated to leave her at Independence, a much grave regret. Two more Sisters were also attacked by the same dreadful epidemic but thank God they got over. My Mexican priest has been very sick, and now he is just able for travel in a carriage. Besides I have lost nine of my best animals. You know, Mgr, that we have to travel through the plains with caravans, and that every thing has to be brought by wagons. . . . I hope to take a fair start tomorrow for the plains are only two or three miles from the boundaries between the State of Missouri and the Indian territory."⁶

Again on their way, while descending a steep hill, the mules pulling the Sisters' Dearborn carriage⁷ apparently became frightened and began running. At the time, besides the driver, only Sister Magdalen was in the wagon. Those watching thought it would turn over, but the driver calmly stopped the mules at the foot of the hill. Neither Sister Magdalen nor the driver was harmed. Those watching, however, had found the incident extremely frightening.

During the summer months, wagon trains traveling east to west and west to east passed frequently, often within shouting distance. A growing interest in buffalo and other

animal skins meant profitable trade in Missouri. Returning to Santa Fe, ox-drawn wagons carried bolts of cotton material and every kind of household item for trade as far as Mexico.

One day not far into Indian Territory, Lamy and his party came upon a train of some 25 wagons. Also headed west, for some reason, they had stopped. Thinking that perhaps they were in need of help, Lamy had his driver inquire if some assistance was needed. Further inquiry indicated that the Mexican leader, fearing a spread of infection, intended to leave behind a man with cholera. As the man was being taken toward a sod hut, Lamy went over to check on his condition. Immediately he recognized him. He was one of the Spiegelberg brothers, a well-known Santa Fe merchant.⁸

Lamy's recent experience with cholera told him that Levi Spiegelberg did not show any symptoms of cholera. In fact, Levi explained to Lamy that he was not in danger of dying. He was suffering from dysentery. Without hesitation, Lamy had him moved to Lamy's own carriage. Spiegelberg was relieved that he was not being abandoned on the Trail. How he would have gotten to Santa Fe was fortunately no longer a worry.

On Sunday, August 8, the wagon train camped within sight of the first Indian dwellings they had encountered. Much improved, Levi Spiegelberg took part in helping to set up a large tent where Bishop Lamy offered Mass. Whether Lamy chose as the subject of his short sermon "charity" because tempers were wearing thin, Sister Magdalen did not say, but that was the bishop's subject that Sunday morning.

During the next week, the wagon train crossed miles of tall grasslands, territory of the Osage Indians. The Osage by treaty with the United States government posed no threat to caravans. For Magdalen Hayden this area of Kansas held particular interest. Somewhere south of the Trail was Osage Mission, where her sister Bridget had been working for five years. Since Bridget was so devoted to the people, Magdalen, too, had felt a fondness for the Osage although she did not know them nor the territory she was seeing for the

first time. Whether close or far, Magdalen knew that there was no way to see Bridget.

On August 14, the vigil of the Feast of the Assumption, Lamy's party reached Council Grove on the Neosho River. Now 150 miles from Independence, they had been on the Santa Fe Trail for two weeks. The name Council Grove had been given to the spot by three men commissioned by the United States in 1825 to mark a road from Missouri to Santa Fe. At that spot they had met with some Osages with whom they made a treaty, allowing citizens of the U.S. and Mexico to pass unharmed. The name honored the treaty signed by the commissioners with the Osage Indians.⁹

Before leaving Council Grove, Magdalen wrote a letter to Sister Monica in care of Mrs. Murphy in Independence. Whether she placed the letter in the Mail Box Tree to be picked up by traders heading to Independence or was able to hand it to a wagon driver, she did not say, but Monica did receive the letter.

With the now familiar creak of the wheels and the rattle of harnesses, Lamy's assemblage of wagons and carriages once again were back on the Trail. For the next 200 miles, travel for a group the size of Lamy's was relatively safe. Had he felt that they needed to travel with a larger group, Council Grove would have been the place to wait to make such an arrangement.

As the sisters learned more about the bishop, they found that they were not alone as first-time travelers on the Trail. Traveling this route to Santa Fe was, remarkably, Lamy's first, too. Two years before, he had gone south from Ohio to New Orleans, then by way of the Gulf of Mexico, and overland through Texas to New Mexico. That trip had taken eight months, involved a number of delays, and the disaster of losing most of his baggage in a shipwreck off the coast of Texas. In comparison to that earlier journey, even including the battle with cholera and Mother Matilda's death, for Lamy this trip had been less rigorous. However, he knew that the highly oppressive heat and the ever-present dust, since leaving Missouri, had made the trip difficult for the sisters.

The farther west they traveled, the cooler the nights became. That was the time when, prepared for sleep, the sisters could hear the distant howl of wolves and the back-and-forth calls of coyotes outside the circle of tents. During the days when they passed through areas home to the grizzly bear, even though they watched carefully none appeared.

By the last Sunday in August, they had covered 300 miles. They reached Pawnee Fork, where the Pawnee River joins the Arkansas. It was a day's travel farther west from Pawnee Rock, a hill where a few years earlier, Indians were reported to have ambushed and massacred small parties of travelers. They had traveled that way without any trouble.

Pawnee Fork provided a grassy area where they spent a pleasant day. Men, experienced at killing buffalo, took the opportunity to find a herd. In a few hours, they returned. Watching the meat being prepared provided great excitement for the uninitiated. For most in the party and certainly for the sisters, roasted buffalo meat provided a rare treat.

"From then on those animals began to appear more numerous and sometimes as if there were millions together," Sister Magdalen recalled. Of the many sights she mentioned on her journey to Santa Fe, the buffalo seemed to her most extraordinary. The massive herds left an overpowering impression. She found them to be a reminder of the majesty and power of God.

About 90 miles after leaving Pawnee Fork, a short distance from Fort Atkinson (just west of present Dodge City), on September 7, the caravan was surprised by the sudden appearance of a band of Indians on horseback. Quickly these natives formed a single line and began circling the wagon train. Lamy's party, with no time to form their own enclosure, halted. Each driver instinctively grasped his rifle; those mounted, restrained their horses, also making sure the natives could see that they were also armed. Those who had been walking quickly took refuge in the nearest wagon.

Not sure whether the Indians planned to attack, Lamy and his people waited. Estimated at about 300,

the Indians continued to circle the halted train but made no attempt to draw closer. Then as quickly as they had come, they departed. Not a word had been exchanged nor a bullet fired.

The caravan then forded the Arkansas River. Once on the other side, the head waggoner called for the wagons to draw into a circle and for guards to be posted. They would rest for the remainder of the day. For a time, those within the circle exchanged quiet words, almost whispering as if the Indians were somehow close enough to hear. No effort was made to prepare their usual afternoon meal. Many waited and watched. The Sisters prayed.

At nightfall word was passed that they would begin moving, staying close to the Arkansas River. Experienced Trail travelers knew that the Indians were reluctant to attack in the dark. For the next few nights the caravan traveled, camping and resting near the river during daytime hours. They counted on the Indians not being interested in attacking a wagon train of their size which was obviously well armed. Fortunately, they had calculated correctly. They had no further threat of attack.

The next challenge was La Jornada, the Cimarron desert, that waterless stretch after fording the Arkansas River and heading for the Cimarron River. Before heading south, leaving the Arkansas behind, they spent the day giving the animals time to graze and get well watered. Their water barrels had to be filled. Each person had to be supplied with at least five gallons of water. For 60 miles they would not be near any water source. Unprepared travelers had been known to lose animals and life by taking this shorter route to Santa Fe.

The trek across the Cimarron desert was extremely hot. At times the sand whipping against the wagons sounded deceptively like the beat of rain. By the time they reached Middle Spring on September 12, everyone was ready to stop. Fortunately, they had not lost any horses or mules, but the animals were clearly in need of rest. They had been traveling steadily for six weeks. The chance to rest was long overdue.

By September 14 the caravan fi-

nally reached New Mexico Territory, near the branch of the Canadian River, called by the Mexicans Rio Colorado. Now they could safely estimate reaching Santa Fe in ten days. As they drew near the river, they could see on the horizon what appeared to be a group of men herding cattle. As the men drew closer, Lamy called out. He recognized his vicar and loyal friend Joseph Machebeuf. Father Machebeuf had come well over a hundred miles with fresh animals and supplies to meet Lamy and his party.

The joy with which the two Frenchmen greeted each other—Lamy tall and imposing, the other short and plain in appearance—left no doubt that these brother missionaries were long-time friends. Magdalen could not help but remember the many dear friends she had left, her loved ones in Missouri and Kentucky.¹⁰

On the following Friday they reached Fort Barclay, a privately owned fort at the junction of the Mora and Sapello rivers, near present-day Watrous. For the first time in two months they slept beneath a roof. Before departing, Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf offered Mass for a "rather large congregation which had come together from that vicinity at news of their arrival."¹¹

Later that day they reached Las Vegas—the first town in New Mexico, with flat-roofed adobe houses, a town that looked as they imagined Mexico to be. Affected by the immense difference from any towns they had known, the sisters suddenly became silent. Here, too, they saw for the first time men wrapped in serapes and women wearing rebozos, long scarves over their heads and shoulders. Magdalen found herself with feelings that she was unable to express. Was it the realization that these were the first of those she had come to serve?

The rest of the caravan continued toward Santa Fe, leaving Magdalen and the sisters with Lamy and Machebeuf in Las Vegas. They stayed over night at a private home where the next morning Bishop Lamy offered Mass for a large gathering. As Lamy elevated the host at the offertory of the Mass, the silence was broken by a low rumble, like thunder. At

first startled, Magdalen quickly realized that the source of the sound was the fervor of the people striking their breasts. This, too, was a new experience.

Lamy announced that he would stay a few days in Las Vegas to visit the people. He arranged to have Father Machebeuf escort the sisters to his ranch about 17 miles from Santa Fe.¹² There the sisters could rest. A few days of rest might restore their energy for the reception Lamy had in mind for their arrival. His plans were to go by horseback from Las Vegas to Santa Fe. He would be there when the City of Holy Faith received the first Catholic sisters.

Machebeuf with Magdalen and her three sisters left Las Vegas on September 21. Traveling across the undulating terrain, with the sun at its zenith, the mountain vegetation appeared black against the red-brown earth. As strange as the sisters had found the appearance of Las Vegas, equally magnificent did they find the beauty of the land opening out before them. The hills and knobs had been green when the sisters left Kentucky in June. Nature was gentle there, but here they found a beauty of mesas and mountains with a sky that seemed to reach forever, a sky more blue than they had ever imagined.

Near midnight the little party reached Lamy's ranch. Because the wagons could not make a very steep hill, the little group walked the final stretch under a sky of a million stars. When they entered the house, they found a table of refreshments prepared for them by Don Carlos, a deacon. This, like the meeting with Father Machebeuf, mystified the sisters. How did Carlos know when they would arrive?

The next morning they were surprised to see how beautifully the ranch was situated, the vast distances, and in every direction those splendid purple mountains.

The stay at Bishop Lamy's ranch had given the sisters leisure to rest and time to repair the damage inflicted on their clothing by the heat and dust. The opportunity to bathe and to sleep in beds was a welcome luxury. It took several nights before the rolling motion of the wagon no longer invaded sleep.

They remained at the ranch until Sunday. Sufficiently rested, they were eager to cover the last miles that would bring them to Santa Fe. After dinner on September 26, they left the bishop's ranch. Those last miles seemed endless. At each rise of the rough terrain, the four strained forward for the first glimpse of their destination.

As the driver urged the horses toward each rise in the terrain, Magdalen Hayden looked for signs of the city. Instead only another expanse of piñon and chamisa lay before them. In the distance folds of blue and purple mountains rose above the horizon. The vista that Sunday afternoon in 1852 was a wonder to these women who so recently had left the fertile stretches of Missouri and crossed the tall grasslands of Indian Territory.

Finally, as their carriage began a slow descent along the last downward reach of the Trail, scattered dwellings seemed to emerge fully formed from the sun-baked earth. Was this the long-awaited City of Holy Faith?

More than 1200 hundred miles from Kentucky's knobs by steamboat on three great rivers, by wagon caravan through Osage Country and along the Cimarron Route, at last they were at their journey's end, cholera and death behind them.

Close to a thousand people came that Sunday afternoon to greet the black-garbed strangers from Kentucky. For the four women the welcome was overwhelming. They had come only to open a school for girls. How could they have imagined such a celebration upon their arrival?

Like the adobe dwellings and the dirt floor of the parroquia, the Te Deum sung to the accompaniment of violins and guitars confirmed that this was indeed a different land. With the ceremony over, they were escorted out of the church, through the crowd and across the street "to their quarters, in a large building, which had been occupied by the Bishop."¹³

NOTES

1. Frederick Way, *Way's Packet Directory, 1848-1994* (Athens: Ohio University Press, 1994), 275. *The Lady Franklin*, built at Wheeling, VA, in 1850, snagged and sank at the foot of Coon Slough at Warren Landing on Oct. 23, 1856.

2. John Baptiste Lamy (1814-1888) was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1850. On July 29, 1853, he was named Titular Bishop of Agathonica as Bishop of Santa Fe.
3. Elmer H. Behrmann, ed., *Catholic Special Education* (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co., 1971), 11. On May 17, 1849, mattresses on the steamboat *White Cloud* caught fire at the foot of what is now Cole Street. The blazing hulk drifted into other steamers lining the river front and 22 were set ablaze.
4. Carl Lane, *American Paddle Steamboats* (New York: Coward-McCann, 1943) 172. *The Kansas*, built in St. Louis in 1847, navigated the Missouri River. It snagged and was lost in Kansas Bend above Linden Landing, Brownsville, Nebraska, on April 25, 1853.
5. Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of The Prairies* (1844; reprint, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), 36.
6. Lamy letter, Archdiocesan Archives, Santa Fe.
7. A light carriage, usually covered and curtained, named to honor General Henry Dearborn. Mark L. Gardner, *Wagons for the Santa Fe Trade: Wheeled Vehicles and Their Makers, 1822-1880* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2000), 113-114.
8. Paul Horgan, *Lamy of Santa Fe: His Life and Times* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1975), 164.
9. The Osage Indians were moved from Kansas to Oklahoma in 1865 by the United States government. From that time until her death in 1890, Bridget Hayden with other Sisters of Loretto taught the children of white settlers there. The place is known today as St. Paul, Kansas.
10. For the first ten years that Magdalen Hayden was in Santa Fe, she seldom failed to mention in her letters how much she missed those she had left. Spanish Letters, Loretto Motherhouse Archives (LMA).
11. Magdalen Hayden, LMA.
12. *El rancho de Nuestra Señora de la Luz*, the ranch of Our Lady of Light, Lamy's ranch, today includes the location of the town of Lamy, New Mexico. Lamy's house was more than a mile from present-day Lamy toward Cañoncito. Lamy sold the land in 1871.
13. Owned by Alexander Valle, Santa Fe Record of Deeds, C 21-22. Louis Warner, Archbishop Lamy, an Epoch Maker (Santa Fe: Santa Fe New Mexican, 1936), 124, "Probably it stood upon the site of the present post office and directly across from the cathedral." That location, formerly the Santa Fe Post Office, is currently the location of the instial of the Southwest.

Due to space limitations, part two of the Katie Bowen Letters, 1851, will appear in the August issue. The diary and letter of Alphonso Wetmore have also been carried over.

Deadline for material for August issue is July 20, 2002.

TAOS TRAPPERS AND INDIAN TROUBLES: CROSS-CULTURAL VIOLENCE ON THE SOUTHWEST FUR TRADE FRONTIER

by S. Matthew DeSpain

(Dr. DeSpain delivered this paper at the 2001 symposium in Las Vegas, NM. He holds a Ph.D. in history from the University of Oklahoma, where he now serves as visiting professor of history. His publications include several articles on American Indian history, on the fur trade, and on the environment, and one book, Fur Trappers and Traders of the Far Southwest (Utah State University Press, 1997). Another book, The Mountain Man Hero: His Image in American History and Culture, will be published this year. Special thanks to Professor DeSpain for sharing this.)

Introduction

VIOLENCE and conflict are a good part of the romantic, even mythic, history of the Far West fur trade. Bloody brushes with grizzly bears and the rough-and-tumble, sometimes deadly, shenanigans of the rendezvous, river life, or the fandango are moments of violence made fantastic and familiar in history and legend. So too have the cross-cultural clashes between Indians and fur trade men been romanticized and fundamental to the mountain man hero image.¹ Yet, beyond their occurrence, how much is understood about these conflicts? What causes or motivations led one group to attack the other? What cultural, social, legal, and extra-legal factors came to bear in this quarter of colonization and conquest? These are worthy questions in reassessing Indian-trapper conflicts.

Santa Fe and Taos, the terminuses of the Santa Fe Trail (that highway of cultural intrusion), were the pivot of a complex, multiethnic frontier. Part of that multiethnic frontier, though late in the mix, were Euro-American fur men known as "Taos trappers."² Their economic pursuits extended through the Southwest, flaring like spokes from their hub of operations in Santa Fe and Taos. In searching for beaver these trappers invaded lands occupied by various indigenous groups, but their intrusions were more than terrestrial. Their presence traumatized the political economies and social structures of the region's tribes

whose survival rested precariously upon the Southwest's environments. Conflicts sprang from these invasions and cross-cultural contacts, but their sources were varied. Three patterns of Indian-fur trapper violence in the Southwest fur trade were revenge, revenue, and vigilante tradition. There were far more causes to cross-cultural violence to be sure, but these three are the most common and visible types. They therefore warrant discussion.

Revenge

Revenge led both groups to battle one another most. An early example of this revenge custom by Indians against Taos trappers occurred in 1824, when a Shoshone (Snake) band killed ten trappers of Etienne Provost's party. The Shoshone invited the trappers to "smoke the calumet of peace with them."³ No hostilities were anticipated since the Shoshone were considered friendly. But on a prearranged signal the Indians attacked, killing all Provost's men except Provost and two others who escaped.⁴ The question is why did the Shoshone attack Provost's group without provocation? Why would these natives risk the sum of friendly relations and trade goods? The answer is blood revenge. These Shoshone were avenging wrongs done to them.⁵

Letters from Peter Skene Ogden of the Hudson's Bay Company reveal that the previous year Hudson's Bay men under Alexander Ross killed a Shoshone chief during a scuffle over stolen horses. Ogden speculates this killing led the Shoshone to respond with payback vengeance on the next group of trappers that came along which, by chance, was Provost's.⁶ So why did the Shoshone exact revenge upon Provost's trappers and not upon the perpetrators or the British in general? The answer lies with how the Shoshone determined liability in this case of international homicide. Some tribes would have held the British responsible, and exacted revenge upon them only. But what we see from this attack is the Shoshone perspective that "whitemen" had perpetrated a crime that warranted

blood vengeance. The Shoshone held all whites culpable. No distinction was made between British and American trappers, evidenced by their revenge on Provost's trappers and not the Hudson's Bay men.⁷

But the blood revenge exacted by the Shoshone on Provost's group was more than the blood owed for the killing by Ross's men. Eight to ten trappers were killed for the death of one Shoshone. Why such unbalanced revenge which was not the traditional restricted nature of tribal warfare? Such genocidal conflict was uncommon in pre-contact Indian societies, but seems to have risen following contact with Euro-American explorers and traders. Escalation in blood revenge by tribal societies resulted from changing parameters of political economies and modes of production influenced by the intrusions of European goods such as guns and horses. These items transformed Shoshone culture-remember, the scuffle with the Hudson's Bay men was over horses. Changes from traditional modes of conflict best exemplified by the practice of counting coup to more genocidal modes was a common pattern among horse-based-culture tribes of the American West. Genocidal clashes appeared between competing Indian societies, but we also see this pattern transcending intertribal conflicts to include cross-cultural hostilities. The clash between the revenge-seeking Shoshone and the unaware trappers displays the shift to this bloodier more extensive form of payback vengeance.⁸

Other trapping groups faced similar payback vengeance, the most well known, perhaps, is the Mojaves' attack on Jed Smith's 1827 brigade in which 18 trappers and some native wives were killed. Like Provost, Smith suspected no hostilities. The previous year he spent two weeks with the Mojaves recuperating and trading with them, and left them, bound for California, under amicable relations.⁹ But Smith's second visit ended far more bloody.

As Smith was returning to the Mojave villages along the Colorado River in 1827, he found few groups

and many burned lodges. With historical hindsight we see how these signs should have alerted Smith. Unbeknownst to Smith, earlier that season a group of Taos trappers led by Ewing Young and William Wolfskill pushed a campaign of terror through the region.¹⁰ Mojave culture required blood vengeance. The Indians gave no hint of their intentions while Smith stayed three days with them. They waited patiently for the best opportunity to attack when Smith's group was divided while crossing the Colorado River. Caught by surprise, ten men lay dead in seconds, more in the following minutes. Smith and the other survivors in a destitute situation fled west across the desert to California.¹¹

Again, the motive deserves analysis. Why did the Mojaves attack this group of trappers who fostered only good relations? The answer falls again to the issues of blood revenge and collective responsibility. Only months before Smith's return to the Mojaves, Young and Wolfskill's party of 30 Taos trappers pushed up the Colorado River from the Salt and Gila Rivers. They endured numerous Indian harassments, mostly by Apaches. They were in no mood to deal amicably with Indians. So when they encountered the bellicose Mojaves these trappers killed over 20 in a handful of fights. For the Mojaves, collective responsibility for such international homicide rested with all white men, not just the Young-Wolfskill party. That is why Smith's peaceable group was attacked and so many killed. It was also why the Mojaves tried to lure another group of Taos trappers, led by George Yount, but who sensed the trap laid for them and escaped.¹²

Revenge was also meted out by Taos trappers. Indeed, revenge motives precipitated the hostilities with the Mojaves. After one of the Mojaves' attacks on the Young-Wolfskill group, James Pattie and 17 other trappers pursued the Indians and killed many in revenge for the killing of two trappers. But mere blood revenge was not enough. As Pattie described, "We suspended those that we had killed upon the trees and left their bodies to dangle in terror to the rest, and as proof, how we retaliate aggression."¹³ For Pattie and his cohorts, such violence went beyond

mere eye-for-an-eye satisfaction. Like many western trappers, they felt a necessity to dole out as much vengeance as deemed necessary to deter future Indian violence. The spectacle of hanging the Indian bodies from the trees was to instill fear. It was more than punishment, it was seen as preventive vengeance through unchecked retaliation.

A similar example of such harsh retaliation is found in George Frederick Ruxton's *Life in the Far West* in which a group of trappers tracked down a group of "Digger" Indians to exact what he called "mountain law" for the theft of a few horses; quite a slaughter and scalping was the punishment.¹⁴ Here too was a form of preventive vengeance. Horse theft was a serious crime in the minds of frontiersmen and met with a history of regulator and vigilante movements that began in the South and were carried westward by frontiersmen including those in the Southwest fur trade.¹⁵ These men, many Southerners, brought the brutal regulator traditions westward using such violence to teach the Indians lessons about horse theft. Similarly, Pattie and other trappers would, if possible, destroy everything a belligerent tribe possessed.¹⁶ Remember, the trappers' first goal was to get furs, to trade, and induce Indians to work, trap, and hunt on good terms, not to battle incessantly. But trappers could not let such actions go unpunished if possible. Many trappers felt that failing to meet such actions with force would lead to repeated cross-cultural conflicts.¹⁷

Other aspects of trapper revenge were the parameters of culpability and vengeance. In contrast to the Shoshone and Mojave examples, where those tribes laid blame and revenge upon all whites, most often the trappers coupled their concept of vengeance with the doctrine of individual or collective responsibility of the offending village or group. Such legal behavior reflected the society these men came from and the legal baggage they carried west. What we discover is limited revenge with white trappers. Looking again at the conflicts between the Mojaves and the Young-Wolfskill party, we see that revenge, though bloody and extreme, was exacted upon the Mo-

javes only, not against any native group they stumbled upon. Such was also the case when these same trappers avenged an attack by Coyotero Apaches on Michael Robidoux's 1826 Gila River venture. Even in this act of revenge the culprits were differentiated from Indians who were not guilty. After the pitched battle, Pattie and others entered the deserted Apache village. There they found, according to Pattie, a "poor old blind and deaf Indian, who sat eating his mush as unconcerned as if all had been tranquil in the village," and who they "did not molest."¹⁸ This old Apache committed no hostilities and therefore was not culpable in the minds of these trappers.

In the male world of the fur trade such attacks were also challenges to men's honor and their status in the patriarchal, small-scale, mobile trapping communities. Defense of such status was woven into the very fabric of daily life in a frontier society where aggressiveness and ferocity were hallmarks of masculinity, not chivalry, duty, or piety. In such a society any Indian attack was an affront that forced a man to either devalue himself through shame by inactivity, or to strike back violently and avenge the wrong. As such, some Indian-trapper conflicts were not only based on issues of blood vengeance for equity, or as a deterrent, but for redeeming or reinforcing an individual's sense of manly identity among his peers and with himself. Examples of such ideals can be found throughout the frontier experience, across the boundaries of time, geography, and social class. But there was a strong tie within the American fur trade societies to the American South where the primal concepts of male valor, loyalty, and vindication through bloodshed thrived, and from where a significant percentage of American fur trade men came.¹⁹

Out of Southern culture came one other factor that influenced how Taos trappers perceived their acts of violence: the prism of paternalism. The best example of Southern-based paternalism with Native Americans is Andrew Jackson who, as president, held himself in a paternal role in relation to his "Indian children."²⁰ The words of Pattie reflect this ideal as well, for he called the Mojaves "red children of the desert."²¹ Creat-

ing such a false sense of cultural and therefore paternalistic superiority allowed Pattie and those like him to justify in measure their interactions with tribes as beyond mere revenge, but moments of teaching these recalcitrant "red children" of the Southwest proper behavior through punishment.²²

Revenue

The Taos trappers were also part of America's newly emerging democratic and competitive social order.²³ The Southwest, like the West generally, offered men like Taos trappers and traders opportunity to pick up and move when the pursuit of happiness required it, and such opportunity was central to ideals of American freedom.²⁴ This combination of competition and liberty helped create what historians have labeled "Jacksonian men," meaning men who were "expectant capitalists," a hard-working ambitious type "for whom enterprise was a kind of religion."²⁵ The Southwest became an empire of opportunity and liberty. It was an empire to pursue individual happiness with little restriction, but at the cost of the conquered. In such an ideological climate, profit was enticing and a motivating force in dealing violence to indigenous groups.

Again James Pattie's adventures provide insight. James and his father Sylvester Pattie entered Santa Fe in November 1825, eager to trap. Federal decrees from Mexico City, however, limited New Mexico's governors in granting U.S. citizens a license to trap Mexico's northern frontier. Still, the Patties approached Governor Antonio Narbona for one, and had difficulties until events intervened on their behalf. As Pattie told it, Governor Narbona seemed unsure about the legalities of giving the Patties a trapping license. Narbona and his predecessor, Vicente Baca, had winked at such decrees. While the Patties were negotiating with Narbona, news arrived about a Comanche raid in which the daughter of a former New Mexican governor was taken captive. Governor Narbona asked the Patties and other American trappers to aid in the woman's rescue. As Pattie put it, "We complied readily with his request, as we were desirous of gaining the good will of the people."²⁶

According to Pattie he and the other Americans joined the Spanish posse, led the attack, and rescued the ex-governor's daughter—or so the story goes. Why? Why did Pattie and other American trappers throw into a fight that held no immediate threat to life or property? Why fight for a people and a race held generally as mongrel, "swarthy," venal, "cowardly," "trecherous," and a "lazy gossiping" sort "always lounging on their blankets and smoking cigarillos."²⁷ The reason comes from Pattie's own admissions, that the American trappers "were desirous of gaining the good will of the people," meaning, the good will of Narbona, all to open the Southwest for them to trap and trade.

But no Taos trapper embodied the profit motive in cross-cultural conflict more than James Kirker. Kirker's career in the Southwest seemed average at first. Besides trapping and trading, he prospected, mined, and moved freight. His multi-occupational life typified the Taos trapper life. But by Spring 1837, New Mexicans found Apache hostilities on the rise, and from that change Kirker found a new occupation: scalp hunter.²⁸ His success at gathering frontier ruffians and using strong arm tactics against the Apaches in protecting the Santa Rita de Cobre mines as a contracted guardian attracted the attentions of Chihuahua Governor José Maria de Irigoyen in dealing with his state's Indian troubles. Irigoyen established the *Sociedad de Guerra Contra los Barbaros* (Society for War Against Barbarians), which collected funds from taxes to finance campaigns against the Apaches, Comanches, and Kiowas and hired Kirker to lead the campaigns. As Chihuahua's head of defense and in the state's pay, Kirker organized local militia and created his private mercenary group of fur trade men to deal with these tribes, and did so mercilessly. Eventually the Chihuahua government offered Kirker and his men payment through scalp bounties and for mules and horses recovered.²⁹

Kirker and his band demonstrate the commercialization of Indian conflict as part of a greater economic transformation occurring on the Mexican frontier. In this transformation, once isolated Northern Mex-

ico became more rapidly entangled in the American economy than the rest of Mexico.³⁰

Concerns over Athapascan hostilities on Spain's and subsequently Mexico's frontier were nothing new. A long tradition of anti-Apache bias was well in place in New Mexican society before the arrival of Americans. Early Spanish efforts to conquer, control, or pacify the Apaches were at bottom imperial in intent since the Apaches were a barrier to the northward expansion of the Spanish empire.³¹ Following Mexican independence, the reasons to continue, even escalate, actions against the Apaches, Comanches, and Kiowas were influenced more by economics than empire, and became more so with the influx of Americans and New Mexico's strengthening economic ties with its American neighbor.

Kirker's life reflected this shift. His switch to mercenary and scalp hunter was to protect commercial mining operations and to increase his own profit. When hired by the state of Chihuahua to deal with the Apaches, it was the *ricos*, those controlling the region's greatest commercial concerns, who anted up most to the *Sociedad De Guerra Contra los Barbaros* to pay Kirker and his men.³² The idea was to encourage the killing of Indians considered to be hostile as part of the commercial interests of the government.

There were the moral repercussions of such commercial warfare to consider too. The extent of abuses certainly multiplied, encouraged by profits to be made. The innocent and helpless, even women and children, fell victim to this system. The limitations of vengeance outlined earlier vanished amidst the hunger for profit, made easier by depicting the Apaches, "Los Barbaros," as subhuman and deserving extermination.

Offering bounties also affected the native scalping ethic. A large number of men who were part of Kirker's group were Delaware and Shawnee Indians recently removed to Indian Territory. They were so much a part of Kirker's band that one Mexican called them Kirker's "Shawnee Company."³³ For these Delaware and Shawnee mercenaries, scalping now took on a different meaning: financial reward. Scalping

also took on new meaning with the Apaches, Comanches, and Kiowas since the Mexican government played each tribe against the other in offering scalp bounties. With this bounty system came a transition in warfare. Traditional warfare as military adventure dominated by the search for personal prestige, tribal honor, and familial "blood" revenge became subordinated to the commercial constraints and military need of foreign powers. Such actions further drew these Indians into New Mexico's economic web while simultaneously reinforcing it. Essentially, traditional warfare became commercialized, the resulting byproduct being increased dependency.³⁴

Vigilantism

On January 19, 1847, an orchestrated uprising of Pueblo Indians and Hispanics shattered the morning stillness in Taos. One of the first to die was Charles Bent, the newly-appointed governor of New Mexico. Other Americans and those who supported them were killed as the rebellion spread. Those killed embodied the new American control and power elite of New Mexico, and thus became the focus of the uprising. These actions were a resistance to the changing power structure and threatened freedoms that accompanied America's recent invasion and colonization. Their rebellion also uncovered the intense political and commercial rivalries within the colonized's ranks. Concerns about the protestant horde were part of the rebellion matrix as well. All the tensions and complexities of colonization erupted. To be sure, this was not the first such upheaval from this corner of the world.³⁵ But that day Gen. Stephen W. Kearny's bloodless conquest of New Mexico ceased to be bloodless, and matters would grow more sanguineous with each passing day.³⁶

News of Bent's death and the uprising brought immediate military response. Troops from Santa Fe along with a company of volunteers comprised of many fur trade men quickly took revenge on the insurgents, killing over 150. Those who did not pay with their blood immediately were hastily put on trial. With former mountain man and trader Charles Beaubien, whose son was

killed in the revolt, as one judge and close Bent friend Joab Houghton as the other judge, and with Bent friend and business partner Ceran St. Vrain as interpreter, Bent's brother George as foreman of the grand jury, and several former trappers and traders (American and Hispanic) on the jury, many having worked for Bent, the outcome was never in doubt.³⁷ Indeed, one historian labeled this legal tribunal the "Trader's and Trapper's Court."³⁸ This round of "justice" was so askew that it deeply troubled one onlooker, Lewis H. Garrard, who described the court proceedings as "a strange mixture of violence and justice."³⁹

Court proceedings were quick and sure. Fifteen revolt leaders were tried and convicted in fifteen days either for murder or treason. The jury of trappers usually took only a few minutes for judgment. Appeals were not much favored since each defendant who received the sentence of "*muerto, muerto, muerto*" was quickly hanged before appeals could be written.⁴⁰ The intent and the determination of those controlling the courts was clear. Those executed all faced a stacked court and inevitable vengeance; but it was vengeance hiding behind the robes of justice. The young traveler Lewis Garrard witnessed these events and his words are poignant about the justice rendered. He wrote: "I left the [court] room, sick at heart. Justice! Out upon the word, when its distorted meaning is the warrant for murdering those who defend to the last their country and their homes."

What sort of justice, or violence, was doled out in the courtrooms and upon the gallows of Don Fernandez de Taos? The quickness and surety, the conservative and organized nature, the facade of law and order used while locals in power took matters into their hands to establish order, stability, and assert their values and power over "lower people," these are characteristics indicative of vigilantism and define what transpired in Taos.

What I suggest is that the events following the Taos uprising of 1847 reflect more a vigilante movement with a facade of legality to justify actions taken. This means the first significant vigilante movement in the American West was not in the gold-

rush metropolis of San Francisco in 1849, but in Taos in 1847. With vigilantism and regulator movements a Southern heritage, it was a familiar mode of justice for Americans in Taos, many (both fur men and troopers) being Southerners, who brought this concept of justice west along the Santa Fe Trail as part of their cultural baggage. In the classic sense, vigilante tradition refers to organized extralegal movements for the purpose of establishing order and stability and the civilized values of life, liberty, and law and order in newly conquered areas. Such movements were led by the frontier elite and organized, often in military fashion with officers, trials, etc. Most lasted only a few weeks or months. Their main concern was ending disorder and protecting property, since property and freedom for these Jacksonian Americans was viewed as the basis of life itself. All these aspects of vigilantism are found in the Taos affair. Their existence supports the idea of vigilante violence as another type of cultural conflict on the Far Southwest frontier that just so happened to emerge at the end of the Santa Fe Trail with the American take-over.⁴¹

Cross-cultural clashes are usually the most dramatic of resistive responses to colonization and repression. They reflect the point where intrusions into societies and individual psyches induce enough trauma to cause ferocious reactions. The methods and reasons for cross-cultural conflict in the American Southwest are far greater than just those discussed. I have only scratched the surface. But it is in their discovery and study that spectacular, even romanticized, moments gain meaning, and from meaning comes a deeper reality of past American values and American behavior.

NOTES

1. See for instance Fred R. Gowans, *Mountain Man and Grizzly* (Orem, Utah: Mountain Grizzly Publications, 1986); Fred R. Gowans, *Rocky Mountain Rendezvous: A History of the Fur Trade Rendezvous, 1825-1840* (Layton, Utah: Peregrine Smith Books, 1985); Barton H. Barbour, *Tales of the Mountain Men* (Santa Fe: Museum of New Mexico Press, 1986); James H. Maguire, Peter Wild, and Donald A. Barclay, eds., *A Rendezvous Reader: Tall, Tangled, and True Tales of the Mountain Men, 1805-1850* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1997); Walter Blair and Franklin J. Meine, eds., *Half Horse, Half*

- Alligator: The Growth of the Mike Fink Legend* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1956); John Myers, *The Saga of Hugh Glass: Pirate, Pawnee, and Mountain Man* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1976) Burton Harris, *John Colter: His Years in the Rockies* (Casper, Wyoming: Big Horn Book Company, 1983); Darlis A. Miller, "Kit Carson and Dime Novels: The Making of a Legend," in R.C. Gordon-McCutchan, ed., *Kit Carson: Indian Fighter of Indian Killer* (Niwot, Colorado: University Press of Colorado, 1996), 1-19; Frederick Manfred, *Lord Grizzly* (New York: Signet Books, 1964); Raymond W. Thorp and Robert Bunker, *Crow Killer: The Saga of Liver-Eating Johnson* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1958). Matt Despain, *The Mountain Man Hero: His Image in American History and Culture*, Dissertation, University of Oklahoma, 2000, chapter one.
2. The best single volume on the Southwest fur trade is David J. Weber, *The Taos Trappers: The Fur Trade in the Far Southwest* (Norman: University of Oklahoma, 1971).
 3. Warren A. Ferris, *Life in the Rocky Mountains*, new revised edition (Denver: The Old West Publishing Company, 1983), 385.
 4. Ibid.; Jack Tykal, *Etienne Provost: Man of the Mountains* (Liberty, Utah: Eagle's View publishing Co., 1989), 49-51.; Dale L. Morgan, "A New Ashley Document," in *The Westerners' New York Posse Brand Book 12* (1966): 87, in which Morgan quotes a draft copy of an 1825 letter from William H. Ashley to General Henry Atkinson in which Ashley wrote, "a war party of the Shoshone in Octr. 1824 met a party of ten of our citizens who had Crossed the Country from Taus and killed Eight of them."
 5. For a study on the variations of Indian-trapper revenge, see John Phillip Reid, *Patterns of Vengeance: Crosscultural Homicide in the North American Fur Trade* (Ninth Judicial Circuit Historical Society, 1999).
 6. Frederick Merk, ed., "The Snake Country Expedition Correspondence, 1824-1825," *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, 21 (June 1934): 67-68.
 7. The variances in Indian law regarding domestic and international homicide are outlined in John Phillip Reid, "Principles of Vengeance: Fur Trappers, Indians, and Retaliation for Homicide in the Transboundary North American West," *Western Historical Quarterly*, 24 (Feb 1993): 23-25.
 8. Jeffery P. Blick, "Genocidal Warfare in Tribal Societies as a Result of European-Induced Culture Conflict," *Man* 23 (Dec 1988): 654-670.
 9. Dale Morgan, *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* (New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 1953), 199-200; Jedediah S. Smith, *The Southwest Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith: His Personal Account of the Journey to California, 1826-1827*, ed. by George R. Brooks (Glendale, Calif: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1977), 71-78. That Smith purchased horses from this tribe gained from raiding Catholic missions reveals to some degree the influence of European goods on the tribe.
 10. James O. Pattie, *The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky*, ed. by Timothy Flint (Cincinnati: J. H. Wood, 1831), 85-90.
 11. Morgan, *Jedediah Smith*, 238-243, 337-343.
 12. Charles Camp, "George C. Yount," in *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West*, 10 vols., ed. by LeRoy R. Hafen (Glendale, Calif: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1965-1972), IX, 415.
 13. Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, 87.
 14. George Frederick Ruxton, *Life in the Far West*, ed. by LeRoy R. Hafen (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1951), 81-84.
 15. Richard Maxwell Brown, *Strains of Violence: Historical Studies of American Violence and Vigilantism* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1975), 95-100.
 16. Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, 82-83
 17. Robert Newell, *Robert Newell's Memoranda: Traveles in the Teritory of Missouri; Tale to the Kayuse War; together with a Report on the Indians South of the Columbia River*, ed. by Dorthy O Johansen (Portland, Oregon: Champoege Press, 1959), 153.
 18. Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, 76-83. For another example of this behavior, see *ibid.*, 87-90.
 19. Bertram Wyatt-Brown, *Southern Honor: Ethics and Behavior in the Old South* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1982), chapters 2, 3, 6, 11, 13; Dickson D. Bruce, *Violence and Culture in the Antebellum South* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1979), chapters 1-4; Elliot Gorn, "'Gouge and Bite, Pull Hair and Scratch': The Social Significance of Fighting in the Southern Backcountry," *The American Historical Review*, 90 (Feb 1985): 18-43; Richard J. Fehrman, "The Mountain Man—A Statistical View," Hafen, *Mountain Men*, X, 9-15; William Swagerty, "Marriage and Settlement Patterns of Rocky Mountain Trappers and Traders," *The Western Historical Quarterly*, 11 (April 1980): 159-180.
 20. See Michael Paul Robin, *Fathers and Children: Andrew Jackson and the Subjugation of the American Indian* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1975).
 21. Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, 86.
 22. This tone of paternalism is found throughout Pattie's work, see for example *ibid.*, 89-90.
 23. See Gordon S. Wood, *The Radicalism of the American Revolution* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1992), 229-369.
 24. The connection between the ideals of American freedom and democracy inherited from westward expansion and enterprise is discussed in Eric Foner, *The Story of American Freedom* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1998), 47-58.
 25. William Goetzmann, "The Mountain Man as Jacksonian Man," *American Quarterly* 15 (Fall 1963): 404-406.
 26. Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, 41. See also Weber, *Taos Trappers*, 95.
 27. Albert Pike, *Prose Sketches and Poems, Written in the Western Country*, ed. David J. Weber (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1987), 34; Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, 43, 98. Similar examples of American's disparagement of Mexicans can be found beginning with Zebulon M. Pike, *Exploratory Travels through the Western Territories of North America* (Denver: W. H. Lawrence, 1889), 335; Archer B. Hulbert, ed., *Southwest on the Turquoise Trail: The First Diaries on the Road to Santa Fe* (Denver: Stewart Commission of Colorado College and Denver Public Library, 1933), 64-65. See also Arnaldo De Leon, *They called them greasers: Anglo attitudes toward Mexicans in Texas, 1821-1900* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1983).
 28. The Apaches were seeking vengeance for the killing of one of their leaders, Juan Campo. Like the Shoshones and Mojaves, the Apaches held all Americans accountable.
 29. For the life of James Kirker, see Ralph Adam Smith, *Borderlander: The Life of James Kirker, 1793-1852* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1999); a brief article on Kirker is William Cochran McGaw, "James Kirker," Hafen, *Mountain Men*, V, 125-143.
 30. See David J. Weber, *The Mexican Frontier, 1821-1846: The American Southwest Under Mexico* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982), chapters 7 and 8.
 31. See Jack D. Forbes, *Apache, Navajo, and Spaniard*, 2nd edition (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1994).
 32. Smith, *Borderlander*, 101.
 33. *Ibid.*, chapter 5.
 34. Some of the basic issues I apply to scalp hunting on the Mexican frontier are drawn from James Axtell, "Scalping: The Ethnohistory of a Moral Question," in James Axtell, *The European and the Indian: Essays in the Ethnohistory of Colonial North America* (New York: Oxford university Press, 1981), chapter 8.
 35. See for instance Andrew L. Kaunt, *The Pueblo Revolt of 1680: Conquest and Resistance in Seventeenth-Century New Mexico* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995).
 36. E. Bennett Burton, "The Taos Rebellion," *Old Santa Fe* 1 (Oct 1913): 176-209; David Lavender, *Bent's Fort* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1954), chapters 15 and 16.
 37. Weber, *The Taos Trappers*, 227-229; Bernard DeVoto, *The Year of Decision, 1846* (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1943), 394-395.
 38. Francis T. Cheetham, "The First Term of the American Court in Taos, New Mexico," *New Mexico Historical Review* 1 (Jan 1926): 23.
 39. Lewis H. Garrard, *Wah-To-Yah and the Taos Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955), 172.
 40. *Ibid.*, 172-173; Cheetham, "First Term," 27.
 41. On the history and character of America's vigilante tradition, see Richard Maxwell Brown, *Strains of Violence: Historical Studies of American Violence and Vigilantism* (New York: Oxford University Press, Inc., 1975), 91-143.
- [Editor's note: This is the last of the symposium papers submitted for publication.]

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

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

The January 19 meeting at the Morton County Historical Museum in Elkhart, KS, conducted chapter business, elected officers for 2002 (same as last year), and had a program by Joe Hartman who gave a first-person interpretation of a bull whacker on the Trail. Hartman also reported on the Santa Fe Trail Room at the museum, including how it developed to the present stage and plans for the future, which all present enjoyed.

On April 20 the chapter met for lunch at the Eklund Hotel dining room in Clayton, NM, followed by the business meeting, then moved to the Herzstein Memorial Museum to view a special exhibit on the Santa Fe Trail put together by Lani Kyea. A slide program on the Cimarron Route was presented by Sara Richter and Tom Lewis of Panhandle State University at Goodwell, OK. This is a program they prepared for presentation at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. The program then moved to the Kiowa National Grassland Santa Fe Trail site north of town to see the new facilities there.

The next meeting is July 13 at Boise City, OK.

Texas Panhandle

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

No report.

Wagon Bed Spring

President Jeff Trotman
PO Box 1005
Ulysses KS 67880
(620) 356-1854
<jtkb@pld.com>

The chapter quarterly meeting in Hugoton, KS, on April 11, was attended by 11 members.

Spring cleanup of the Lower Spring campsite was held March 9. Some of the activities were a tumbleweed roundup, mowing of the site area, and repainting the letters on the DAR markers in Grant County.

Another workday at the site area was held May 4..

SFTA President Hal Jackson met with Jeff Trotman on March 14 in Ulysses. They spent the day working on mapping of the Trail in the Grant County area. Twenty sections of land were mapped and recorded. The segment of Trail that was recorded is that portion of the route from the Upper Crossing of the Arkansas River between the north Grant County line and US Highway 160.

The Historic Adobe Museum in Ulysses has sent in certification forms to the National Park Service in Santa Fe, NM. to be a Santa Fe Trail interpretive site.

The chapter will host the Six Western Chapters meeting, June 1-2, in Ulysses. Sites included in tours are Fort Aubry, Indian Mound, Chouteau Island area, Kearny County Museum, selected ruts between the Upper Crossing and Lower (Wagonbed) Spring, Lower Spring camp site, Historic Adobe Museum in Ulysses, and Cimarron National Grassland.

The next chapter meeting will be held in conjunction with the Six Western Chapters meeting.

Heart of the Flint Hills

President Deanne Wright
PO Box 45
Council Grove KS 66846
(620) 767-7080

No report.

End of the Trail

President Pam Najdowski
1810 Paseo de La Conquistadora
Santa Fe NM 87501
(505) 982-1172
<mikenaj@cnsnp.com>

The chapter held a joint meeting with the Salida del Sol Chapter of the Old Spanish Trail Association and the Docent Program of the Palace of the Governors History Museum on March 16, 2002, at St. Francis Auditorium in the Fine Arts Museum. Skip Miller's talk titled "The History of Trade, Old Bent's Fort and the Trails" was amended to be "All Trails Lead to Taos." Miller is former director of the Taos Museums. The lecture was about American Indian slavery. He began with some early history of trade among the Indians of the Southwest. As the Spanish arrived and, later, the fur trappers, the exchange for good was

Indian women and young boys who were captured by other tribes. The trade was complex and involved many tribes, the Spanish, and later the French and Americans. As late as 1929 the trade of humans for good was reported in Taos.

Miller brought the trails—Camino Real, Santa Fe, and Old Spanish Trail—into the lecture as important routes for the trade, which extended as far west as California. He presented a comprehensive view of the interactive and illegal slave trade in the Southwest.

On April 4 four board members representing the chapter met with the superintendent at Pecos National Historic Park. We presented our concern about Santa Fe Trail sites being accessible to the public whenever the park is open. It was agreed that the Trail is important and the matter will be addressed. Among issues discussed were clearing areas adjacent to the Trail for a walkway, interpretive signs, and a guide book. Mapping the Trail will have to be completed and archaeological sites near the Trail will have to be protected. The chapter will study this further and see how it can assist in getting the public on the Trail in the park.

On May 18 the chapter met at San Gabriel at Yungue, with Herman Agoyo (former chairman of the All Indian Pueblo Council) as guide. San Gabriel was the first Spanish capital and the terminus of El Camino Real National Historic Trail. The Spanish settlement was built on and out of materials of Yungue, a Tewa pueblo that was occupied when Juan de Oñate appropriated it for the Spanish. It was abandoned in 1609 and the capital was moved to Santa Fe.

The July 20 chapter meeting will be at Pecos National Historic Park, beginning at the visitors' center at 9:00 a.m. Guests are welcome.

Corazón de los Caminos

President Mary Whitmore
120 Gabaldon Route
Las Vegas NM 87701
(505) 454-0683
<whitmore@newmexico.com>

Summer greetings! Our programs this spring have been terrific and the schedule has been completed for the rest of the year. On June 1 we will meet at Pecos National Historic Park

for special tours of the Santa Fe Trail and Glorieta Civil War Battlefield. July is a return trip to a favorite spot—the Daniels' Ranch in Wagon Mound for tours of the ranch and petroglyph sites plus their delicious barbecued buffalo dinner. In August Harry Myers and Joy Poole will treat us to lectures on El Camino Real in the Upper Rio Grande area. September will find us on a tour of the private Fort Union Ranch; in October a resident of Ocaté will give us an introduction and show 1940s' photographs of the area, followed by a field trip to the Ocaté Crossing. Finally, in November, we will gather at the NRA Whittington Center for our annual business meeting followed by a catered lunch and field tour in the afternoon. Dates and times are on our web site, <www.nmhu.edu/research/sftrail/corazon.htm> or you may contact President Whitmore. We always welcome guests.

We regret that the June 1 meeting is in conflict with the Six Western Chapters meeting in Ulysses, KS, but the event was arranged several months ago and we could not change the date for the tour at Pecos.

Some projects the board has addressed include establishing a way-side exhibit at Point of Rocks Ranch, a permanent repository for our archives, and redoubling our efforts at mapping and marking.

Our mapping and marking chairman, Ray Marchi, is setting up four or five regional groups to cover the approximate 300 miles of the Trail in our chapter area. Each group will have its own GPS unit and will evaluate Trail ruts and sites. More SFT Crossing signs will be placed where the Trail is crossed by paved and county roads, bringing a total of 22 marked crossings. Additional signs will be placed where the Trail parallels highways. Volunteers are always needed! You may contact Ray at (505) 387-5082.

Wet/Dry Routes

President Rusti Gardner
801 Vernon Dr
Larned KS 67550
(620) 285-3433
<jaxrus@larned.net>

The spring meeting was conducted April 7 at Pawnee Rock, with a covered-dish dinner. Discussion was held regarding (1) purchase of a

coffee pot and six roaster ovens to be used for chapter projects, (2) May 4 seminar and joint meeting with Fort Larned Old Guard, and (3) SFT Rendezvous at Larned, September 19-21. The program was presented by Rusti Gardner, "Fort Larned Then and Now." Using a computerized Power Point system, She depicted changes made to the post's buildings subsequent to the date the property fell under the auspices of the National Park Service. The summer meeting is slated for August 10, 2002, 6:30 p.m., Clapsaddle Rancho, Larned, KS.

The chapter has an e-mail address: <wetdrytrail@hotmail.com>.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

Nancy Jo Trauer
1309 West Brier
Dodge City KS 67801
(620) 227-8343

On February 6 the chapter met at the Dodge House. Officers for 2002 were elected: President Nancy Jo Trauer, Vice-President Dixie Oringerff, Treasurer Richard Dryden, Secretary Kathie Bell, Program Chair David Kloppenborg, and Board Members Ernie Breeding and Bill Bunyan. Several members presented the program, telling of their interest in the Trail.

The April 3 chapter meeting, attended by 16 members and guests, was held at Fort Dodge. Following the business meeting a program was presented by Larry Montandon, administrative assistant at the Kansas Soldiers Home.

The next meeting will be June 5, at noon at the Inn Pancake House, with a program by David Clapsaddle, "Trading Ranches Along the Trail." On July 6, the chapter will sponsor a presentation by Marla Matkin, "Cattle Towns and Soiled Doves," at Fort Dodge, as part of the annual celebration there.

Missouri River Outfitters

President Nancy Lewis
1112 Oak Ridge Dr
Blue Springs MO 64015
(816) 229-8379
<SFTAMRO@aol.com>

The chapter met May 16 at the National Frontier Trails Center for a joint meeting with the Trails Head Chapter of the Oregon-California Trails Association and with the Friends of the National Frontier

Trails Center. Members of the Missouri-Kansas River Bend Chapter of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation were also invited to attend. Steve Kidwell of Lafarge Corporation gave the program on progress and proposed signs for developing the Wayne City site (also known as Independence Landing). The Wayne City Landing site overlooking the Missouri River is the only place where the Santa Fe, Oregon/California, and the Lewis and Clark trails share a common point.

President Nancy Lewis and Anne Mallinson attended the Missouri History Conference in Kansas City, April 20-21. They set up a display promoting the Santa Fe Trail, Missouri River Outfitters Chapter, and the 2003 Symposium. We hope that the many SFTA brochures that disappeared from the table show up at SFTA headquarters in Larned as memberships.

Chapter members surely enjoyed visiting with board members when they met in Lexington. Thanks to Roger and Sandy Slusher for opening their historic home and for making the arrangements for the meeting and the Trail trek to Franklin. Roger led a tour of Lexington Saturday afternoon. Sandy surely fed us all well.

Chapter elections were postponed until the May meeting to allow more members to participate. The schedule during the April 14 trek to Franklin was too tight to allow for a meeting.

The steering committee for Symposium 2003 has been meeting every two weeks.

Quivira

President Britt Colle
PO Box 1105
McPherson KS 67460
(620) 241-8719
<blkcolle@midusa.net>

No report.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Gil Michel
605 Park Place
Newton KS 67114
(620) 284-0313

The chapter board of directors met in Hesston on February 18, 2002, and elected new officers: President Gil Michel, Vice-President Dale Brooks, Secretary Vernon Lohrentz, Treasurer David Silverstrand, His-

torian John Wiebe, and Directors John Dick and Sharron Schutte. Meeting dates and plans for the year were discussed. Dale Brooks reported on the plans for signs and an auto-tour route to encompass all the DAR markers, plus all Trail crossing signs in Marion County.

The chapter quarterly meeting, with 34 members and guests, was held at the Marion County Historical Museum on April 18. They also visited the recently-reopened spring in the park adjacent to the museum. Dinner was served at the McGillicuddy Restaurant in Marion, followed by a short business meeting.

The evening program was an overview and experiences of those who attended the symposium in Las Vegas last fall. Sharron and George Schutte, Dale Brooks, Vernon Lohrentz, and John and Janet Wiebe all gave their impressions of lectures, tours, and travel to and from Las Vegas. Pictures were provided by John Wiebe and Sharron Schutte.

The next chapter meeting was scheduled for May 23, with a program by Russell Stark on "The Mormon Battalion Trail."

Bent's Fort

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

In January Hal Jackson presented the keynote address at our annual meeting. New board members elected are President Richard Carrillo, Vice-President Eric Weisman, Secretary LaDonna Hutton, Treasurer Emery Murray, and the immediate past president became a board position, filled by Dub Couch.

On May 25 the chapter joined in the "Annual Spring Evening at Boggsville," program, with dinner, music, and a speaker.

Plans for the summer include:
August 10—Educational speaker at Boggsville Historic Site.
September 7—Tour of Crowley Museum and the historic Cudahay Ranch.

The chapter has an e-mail address to receive news and information for the chapter newsletter and to improve communications:
<sftabentsfort@yahoo.com>.

HELP WANTED

I am an elementary education major at Emporia State University. I am creating a WebQuest project about the Santa Fe Trail. I'm looking for good websites about the Trail that are designed for students in the 3rd and 4th grades. If you know of any sites, I would appreciate it if you could e-mail them to me. Thank you

Abbey Vieux
<vieuxme@hotmail.com>

I am always looking for information about women on the Trail. James J. Webb, *Adventures in the Santa Fe Trade, 1844-1847* (1931; reprint, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995), 145, wrote: "On leaving Santa Fe [November 2, 1845], there were but five: Mr. Pruett and myself, an Irishman and wife who came out with Messrs. Kerford, Jenkins and Gentry, of Zacatecas, as servants of Dr. Jenkins, but for some reason took their discharge in Santa Fé and were anxious to return to 'the States' and willing to take the risk of many privations to gain their object." The fifth person was a Mexican herder. Webb later stated, p. 148, that "the married couple concluded to wait for an opportunity to return with a larger train which would afford more protection and comforts." Here is another woman who apparently traveled the Trail, at least to Santa Fe and possibly back to Missouri, prior to Susan Magoffin's 1846 trip.

On that same trip, Webb mentioned, p. 149, "At the Rio Moro we found a family of Americans from Arkansas who had come out in the fall and taken possession of a house built the summer before. . . ." This family probably included a woman. They may have traveled the road from Fort Smith to New Mexico, which crossed Texas.

Does anyone have more information about these women? Can someone compile a list of all women known to have traveled the Trail prior to the war between the United States and Mexico? It would make a nice addition to *Wagon Tracks*.

Betsy Crawford-Gore, Archivist
Santa Fe Trail Center
RR 3
Larned KS 67550
<trailasn@larned.net>

NEW SFTA MEMBERS

This list includes new memberships received since the last issue. Those received after this printing will appear in the next issue. If there is an error in this information, please send corrections to the editor. We thank you for your support.

BUSINESS/INSTITUTIONAL

Arizona State University Library, Periodicals, POB 871006, Tempe AZ 85287
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LIFE MEMBERSHIPS (pending approval)

Phil & Laura Poole Ross, PO Box 278, Newkirk OK 74647

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Gerald & Karen Boxberger, PO Box 26, Carson NM 87517
Miriam L. Clark & David W. O'Boyle, 11290 Glennon Dr, Lakewood CO 80226
Daniel & Elaine Day, 3742 SE 27th St, Topeka KS 66605
Denise & Patrick Hunt, 27212 Lost Colt Dr, Laguna Hills CA 92653
Michael & Elizabeth Koehn, PO Box 175, Montezuma KS 67867
Marietta Gonzales & James Nason, 713 Allen Dr, Longmont CO 80503
Jean & Galen Johnson, 108 Main St, Dwight KS 66849

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

David L. Avant, 2352 So Race St, Denver CO 80210
Nancy Inge Baker, 1201 Colorado Ave, La Junta CO 81050
June Bowers, O Box 807, Rociada NM 87742
William B. Bundschu, 3310 S Crysler, Independence MO 64055
Juanita Crownover, 18062 W Legend Dr, Surprise AZ 85374
Charlene K. Downey, 708 South 3 Rd, Lamar CO 81054
Marcus Gottschalk, 331 Perez St, Las Vegas NM 87701
Carol S. Hodge, 337 Madison, San Antonio TX 78204
Margaret A. Johnston, PO Box 40, Capulin NM 88414
Lani Kyea, HCR 72 Box 29, Clayton NM 88415
Jeanne E. Metz, 5822 N Dearborn St, Indianapolis IN 46220
Mark S. Poole, 3204 Crestridge Dr, Farmington NM 87401
Richard W. Poole, Jr., 2920 Canterbury, Ponca City OK 74604
Loretta Sandmeyer, 3910 N Stone Guilly Circle, Mesa AZ 85207
Kevin Tilly, 1494 S 13 Hwy, Lexington MO 64067

Eric Weisman, 311 Raton Ave, La Junta
CO 81050
Tom West, 8924 E 56th Pl, Tulsa OK 74145
Lee B. Zink, 3741 Mt Rainier Dr NE,
Albuquerque NM 87111

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 August, so send information for September and later to arrive by July 20, 2002. Thank you. Dates of additional events may be found in chapter reports.

May 25-June 9, 2002: Second annual "Grassland Heritage Festival," Elkhart, KS.

June 1-2, 2002: Third Annual Six Western Chapters meeting, hosted by Wagonbed Spring Chapter, Ulysses, KS.

June 8-9, 2002: Old Spanish Trail Association Conference, Southern Utah University, Cedar City, Utah.

June 9, 2002: Lewis & Clark Trail Celebration, Arrow Rock, MO.

June 15, 2002: Juneteenth Celebration, Arrow Rock, MO.

June 15-16, 2002: Wah-Shun-Gah Days, Council Grove, KS.

July 13, 2002: Corazón de los Caminos Chapter meeting at Daniel's Ranch, Wagon Mound, 10:30 a.m.

July 13, 2002: Cimarron Cutoff Chapter meeting at Boise City, OK.

July 20, 2002: End of the Trail Chapter meeting at Pecos National Historic Park, meet at the visitors' center at 9:00 a.m.

Aug. 3, 2002: Corazón de los Cami-

Symposium 2003

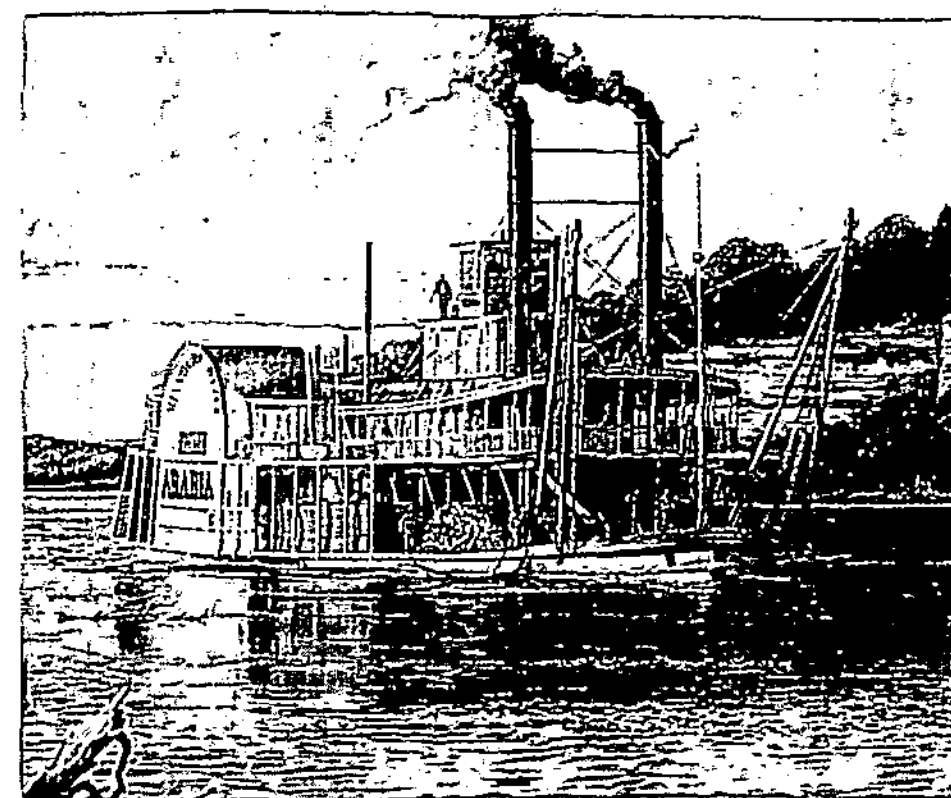
Independence, Missouri
Campsite on the Little Blue



September 25, 26, 27, 28

Join us for Tour #1,
featuring the Steamboat Arabia
and the Santa Fe Trail
through western Missouri.

Tour chair: Ross Marshall



nos Chapter meeting with lecture on El Camino Real by Harry Myers and Joy Poole, place and time to be announced.

Aug. 10, 2002: Wet/Dry Routes Chapter meeting, 6:30 p.m., Clapsaddle Rancho, Larned, KS.

Aug. 14-17, 2002: OCTA Annual Convention, Reno, NV, contact <www.OCTA-trails.org>.

Aug. 22-24, 2002: Order of Indian Wars Annual Assembly, "The Cavalry on the Plains," Kansas City, MO, contact <indianwars@aristotle.net>.

Sept. 7, 2002: Boonslick Folk Music Festival, Arrow Rock, MO, 1:00 p.m.

Sept. 7, 2002: Corazón de los Caminos Chapter meeting at Fort Union Ranch, meet at Fort Union NM visitors' center at 10:00 a.m.

Sept. 19-21, 2002: SFT Rendezvous, Larned, KS. Registration and program will be sent to all SFTA members this summer.

Sept. 25-28, 2003: SFT Symposium, Independence, MO.

FROM THE EDITOR

I won't mention that this issue is also late. Thanks to a good supply of articles, a few things have been carried over to the next issue. Additional materials are needed for the August issue, and if you have something to submit for consideration please send it along.

As editor, it is my good fortune to receive and read the chapter publications. Several chapters publish outstanding newsletters, and it would be worthwhile to hold membership in several chapters just to receive them (some people do belong to several chapters). These fine publications reinforce the reality that the chapters are the strength of SFTA, where most of the preservation, education, and promotion take place. If you are located near a chapter, please become involved in its activities. Have a great summer on the Trail.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675

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