

# Wagon Tracks

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Article 1

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2002

## Wagon Tracks. Volume 16, Issue 4 (August, 2002)

Santa Fe Trail Association

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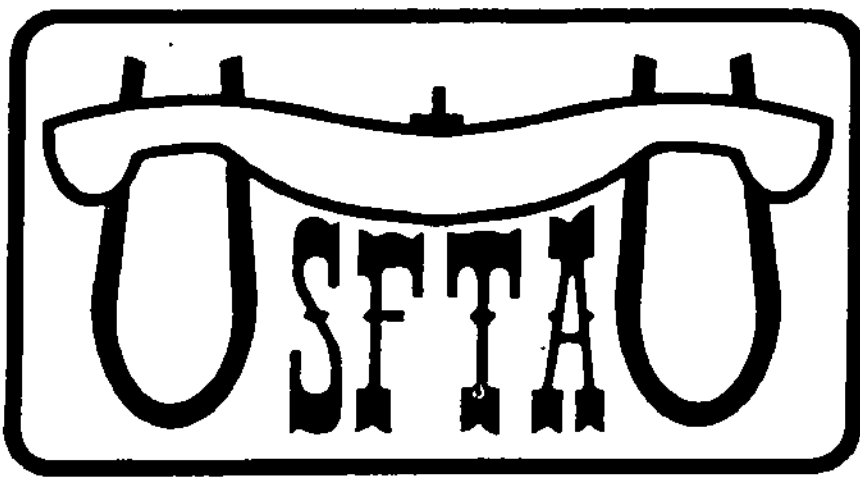
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# WAGON TRACKS

**SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY**

VOLUME 16

AUGUST 2002

NUMBER 4

## RENDEZVOUS 2002 SEPTEMBER 19-21

**P**ROGRAMS and registration materials for the September Rendezvous at Larned, KS, have been sent to all SFTA members. Remember to get registration in by September 1 to take advantage of the early-bird rates. The presentations and tours about "The Santa Fe Trail in Lore and Legend" will offer a variety of interesting and educational perspectives. The SFTA board meeting is Thursday, September 19, 8:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. All members are welcome to attend.

There is one change from the printed program. Terry Ortega, who was to speak about the murder of Antonio José Chávez on Saturday morning, is unable to attend. Instead, Robert Torrez, recently retired State Historian at the New Mexico State Records Center and Archives, Santa Fe, will speak about "Demythcizing the Santa Fe Trail through the Mexican Archives of New Mexico."

The Rendezvous is a great opportunity to help satiate your Trail appetite and enjoy some new adventures along the historic road. We hope to see you there.

## JERE KRAKOW NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF SFNHT

**JERE L. Krakow**, Salt Lake City, Utah, has just been named new superintendent of long distance trails in the intermountain region, including the Santa Fe National Historic Trail. David Gaines resigned as superintendent of long distance trails at Santa Fe a few months ago. Krakow has been in charge of the Oregon, California, Mormon, and Pony Express historic trails. He will now add the Santa Fe, Trail of Tears, and Camino Real historic trails. Krakow is no stranger to the SFT, as he was involved in the 1988 survey of the historic trail and development of the management plan.

August 2002

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

## RICHARD POOLE RESIGNS MARY GAMBLE MOVES

by Hal Jackson

**RICHARD** Poole, board member representing Oklahoma, notified the board that he is resigning for personal reasons. He will be sorely missed as he demonstrated keen insights and worked very hard to develop our life membership plan. In the short time he served he made a substantial impact. Best of luck to you Dick!

Mary Gamble, longtime member of the board representing Colorado, has a new address: 2649 SE Burton, Topeka KS 66605. Sadly, since our bylaws require delegates from states to live within that state, this move requires Mary to surrender her Colorado seat on our board. We extend condolences to Mary for the recent loss of her husband, Leo, and wish her well. Thanks Mary for many years of service to SFTA.

In addition to these openings in Oklahoma and Colorado, we also have a board position open for Texas. If you know of someone willing to serve from Oklahoma, Colorado, or Texas, please notify Ruth Olson Peters at the national office.

## LIFE MEMBERSHIP PROPOSED CHANGE IN BYLAWS

by Hal Jackson

**THE** SFTA bylaws may be amended by a majority vote of the members present and voting at any annual members' meeting when the proposed amendment has been sent out in the notice of such meeting. This article constitutes notice of the members' meeting to be held at the Santa Fe Trail Center, Larned, KS,

(continued on page 3)

## YOUTH TRAIL DIARIES, 2001

edited by Chris Day

[*Editor's note:* These diaries were scheduled for publication a year ago but were somehow omitted at the last minute. Thinking they had been printed, your editor failed to include them in subsequent issues until now. My apologies to all concerned.]

(Chris Day and Marcia Fox, SFTA members and teachers at Wamego, KS, recipients of SFTA education awards, take a large group of 5th and 6th graders on a camping trip over the Santa Fe Trail every other year. Their 2001 trip produced the diaries printed below. Cheyenne Barron from Alma, KS, and Michael Heldstab from Junction City, KS, were two of the 81 students who traveled the Trail for 11 days in 2001. The following diary excerpts show their perspective on the journey. Special thanks to the teachers for involving young people in Trail adventures and to Cheyenne Barron and Michael Heldstab for sharing their experiences.)

## Day 1-May 27, 2001

**Cheyenne Barron:** "We're off! I sat with Meggan on the bus and we played cards and Mad Libs. We first went to Ralph's Ruts and the ruts were made by the wagons on the Santa Fe Trail. At Ft. Larned, men, women and children were dressed as people during the trail days. The men showed us the cannon and shot it and the women showed us around the houses. At the Gunsmoke Campground in Dodge City, it rained so we had to stay in a middle school gym."

**Michael Heldstab:** "At Ft. Larned, the soldiers shot the guns and in the barracks they showed us the bunk beds. Two men slept on each level. At the Gunsmoke Campground in Dodge City, it started to hail so our first night we stayed in a gym instead of the campground. We waited in the bus and told jokes until we found a place to stay."

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## PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

**T**HIS makes my fourth report to you as president and I have good news and bad news to report. Beginning with some good news, the Six Western Chapters meeting was held in Ulysses, Kansas, during early June, and it was a real treat. Registration was held in the Grant County Museum. This is a very nice facility and you should look it up if you are in southwest Kansas. Jeff Trotman did a truly remarkable job of organization and execution. His chapter, Wagon Bed Springs, is a small one in terms of membership but a large one in regards to hospitality.

On the first day we were led to Fort Aubry and the sites around Lakin. Paul Bentrup, Trail Ambassador, joined us for lunch at the Kearny County Historical Museum. This is another wonderful museum by the way. The barbecue dinner in Ulysses was followed by a presentation of a western character.

A general meeting was held on Sunday over breakfast. Pam Najdowski of the End of the Trail chapter volunteered to host the next Six Western Chapters meeting (2003) in Santa Fe. Jeff then led a caravan to Wagon Bed Springs, other Trail indentations, and finally to Middle Spring, near Point of Rocks, for lunch. It was an excellent trip for Trail enthusiasts, affording some sights seldom seen.

If your appetite is whetted with the above tour descriptions, then you should send your reservations off to the Trail Center for the 2002 Rendezvous. In addition to several paper presentations, there will be two extensive field trips—one east and one west of Larned. Each is offered both days so you can take advantage of both. Leaders for the trips are Leo Oliva and David Clapsaddle. We can't go wrong here. See you all there.

Now to a small glitch. I reported to you in the last *Wagon Tracks* that your board had voted unanimously to create life memberships. When I returned home I was looking at our bylaws and discovered our categories of memberships did not include life memberships. That being the case I contacted the board by mail and we are asking you to vote on a small change to our bylaws that will add

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the life membership category. The change is spelled out in another space in this issue of *Wagon Tracks*. We will have a discussion followed by a vote on this change at our general membership meeting at the Rendezvous in Larned.

Board member and committee member Dick Poole also urged the board to spell out the life membership requirements and create a life membership endowment. I believe that these changes are needed but should be sent to committee where the necessary language could be discussed. Therefore, the only change we are suggesting in the bylaws at this time is the simple addition of a life membership category.

Mapping of the Trail continues. I sent the Colorado Mountain Route section to John Schumacher, chairman of the mapping committee, in April and now have the New Mexico Cimarron Route ready to send. I spent two days in the Hamilton and Kearny county courthouses and have that section almost ready to go. We must get going on the missing sections!

Now that we have a marking policy in place, it is time to look at the sites in your area that need attention. Jeff Trotman is working on a site just south of Lakin, Kansas, and I have alerted Sharon Brown of the National Park Service that this site needs interpretation. Bent's Fort is addressing the Hole-in-the-Rock site which is unmarked at this time. All along the Trail are locations needing our attention.

Linda Revello of our central office has compiled a report of current membership data and it is not encouraging. It indicates a ten per cent drop in national membership since this time last year. I have asked the

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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

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Membership Committee to help us address our decline. Jan McDaniel, the chairperson, and her committee will work on some strategies and report to the board in Larned.

The issue of reimbursing board members for attending board meetings will be on the agenda at Larned. In the last *Wagon Tracks* I asked for your feelings on this issue and have received but one letter thus far. I hope more of you contact me if you feel strongly one way or the other on this.

Hope to see you at the Rendezvous and remember that your board meets on Thursday, September 19, of Rendezvous week. You are, of course, always welcome at board meetings.

—Hal Jackson

## CHANGE IN BYLAWS

(continued from page 1)

on Thursday, September 19, 2002, 8:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., and the following proposed amendment will be voted on at that meeting.

The SFTA board has unanimously proposed an amendment to the bylaws to add the category of life membership. The relevant section of the current bylaws follows:

### ARTICLE III - MEMBERSHIP AND DUES Section 1. MEMBERSHIP

Membership is open to any person(s) and organization(s) interested in the purposes of the Association. There shall be six (6) classes of membership: Youth (age 18 and under), Individual, Family, Business/Institutional, Patron, and Benefactor.

The proposed amendment is to change the second sentence of the above paragraph to read as follows: "There shall be seven (7) classes of membership: Youth (age 18 and under), Individual, Family, Business/Institution, Patron, Benefactor, and Life."

That is the only change proposed. The following paragraph is part of the recommendation of the board, and you should read this to see how the life category is structured and the funds protected.

"Life memberships in the Santa Fe Trail Association (SFTA) are restricted to individuals. A life membership can be in the name of husband and wife. Payments for life membership must be invested in the

Life Membership Endowment. The endowment principal cannot be invaded. Earnings from the endowment will be used for operating expenses of the Association. Annual earnings in excess of some percentage will be reinvested in the endowment to help offset inflation. The foregoing restrictions on life memberships insure an investment in perpetuity by members on behalf of the SFTA."

In addition, pending adoption of the proposed bylaw change, the board approved a life membership fee of \$885 until 2004, when the life fee will be \$1000.

Please come to the September 19 members' meeting prepared to vote on this proposed amendment.

## LEO E. GAMBLE

Leo E. Gamble, age 89, husband of SFTA board member Mary Gamble, died July 14 at Springfield, CO. He was born December 23, 1912, at Greensburg, KS. He graduated from Prichett, CO, High School. He married Mary Brewer on June 8, 1934.

Leo worked for the Santa Fe Railroad for 38 years, retiring in 1975. He began as a track laborer during the dust-bowl era and retired as a track supervisor. He had a longtime interest in the Santa Fe Trail. He and Mary were charter members of SFTA.

His interests included photography, making arrowheads, rock cutting and polishing, tool collecting, and woodworking, including making tool handles. After retirement he joined the Springfield Lions Club and was active in club projects, most notably in repairing bicycles for the club's annual toy drive.

He and Mary also devoted time and effort to the Santa Fe Trail, and they documented the location of all the Trail markers in Colorado and repaired the bases of several markers. Mary is a member of the DAR, and they maintained the DAR markers in Colorado. The Trail has lost a good friend.

Survivors include his wife Mary, three sons (Bill of Urbana, Illinois; Dennis of Topeka, KS; and Mickey of Meade, KS), five grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. Sympathy is extended to family and friends.

Memorials may be sent to the Springfield Lions Club or SFTA.

## VIRGINIA LEE "GINNY" FISHER

Virginia Lee "Ginny" Slusher Fisher, 84, of Arrow Rock, Missouri, died July 16, 2002, at Columbia, Missouri. She was born October 8, 1918, in Dover Township, Lafayette County, Missouri, near Lexington. She married Theodore "Ted" R. Fisher, on November 9, 1946. He survives at their residence in Arrow Rock.

She was retired from the faculty of the University of Missouri where she served for a number of years as Professor and Chair of the Child Development and Family Life Department in the former School of Home Economics, now College of Human Environmental Sciences. She received a Faculty-Alumni Award from the Alumni Association of the University of Missouri-Columbia in 1977. She held memberships in several professional and historical organizations.

She received a BS Degree in Education with emphasis in home economics from the University of Missouri in 1940, followed by a MS Degree in Child Development and Family Life and a Ph.D. Degree in Social Psychology at the University of Missouri.

Following graduation from the University of Missouri in 1940, she resided in Sedalia and served as associate supervisor for the Farm Security Administration for Pettis and Saline counties until her marriage in 1946. In September 1944 she received a private pilot rating, the first issued at the newly-opened Sedalia Municipal Airfield. She received a commercial pilot rating in July 1945, also the first issued at the local field. Her commercial flight instructor rating was issued at the airfield at Warrensburg in September of that year. She was employed on weekends by the Warrensburg Flying Service to provide flight instruction in a flight program offered by Central Missouri State College. During this time she also served as a warrant officer in the Civil Air Patrol.

In 1976 she and her husband moved to Arrow Rock, where she resided until her death. She was active in the support of the Arrow Rock Lyceum Theatre, the Friends of Arrow

Rock, the Historic Arrow Rock Council, and the Arrow Rock Craft Club. She was a charter member of SFTA, served several years on the board of directors, and wrote articles for *Wagon Tracks*. She served on the Advisory Council of the Santa Fe National Historic Trail for a decade. In September 1999 Ginny was named a Santa Fe Trail Association Ambassador for her many years of service. The Trail has lost another good friend.

In addition to her husband, survivors include two sons, Michael Lee Fisher, of Napa Valley, California, and Larry Ray Fisher, of Columbia, Missouri, three granddaughters, and one brother. A memorial celebration of her life was held in Arrow Rock on August 4. Sympathy is extended to family and friends. Memorials are suggested to the Child Development Laboratory Development Fund, College of Human Environmental Sciences at the University of Missouri-Columbia, the Arrow Rock Lyceum Theatre, the Friends of Arrow Rock, the Historic Arrow Rock Council, or SFTA.

## YOUTH TRAIL DIARIES

(continued from page 1)

### Day 2-May 28

*Cheyenne Barron:* "We went to Ft. Dodge and looked at the older buildings. At Ft. Dodge, we attended a memorial service and sang Home on the Range. At Autograph Rock, there were lots of signatures of people who traveled on the Santa Fe Trail."

*Michael Heldstab:* "It is DRY! There is no water in the Arkansas River! When we drive, dust flies everywhere. It's very flat and there are no trees for miles. At Autograph Rock, there are autographs from 1840-1970. There are probably one thousand signatures. It's a very pretty stone."

### Day 3-May 29

*Cheyenne Barron:* "At Clayton State Lake, there were lots of dinosaur tracks and the dinosaur tracks are really hard to see. Wagon Mound landmark was really cool because it looked like a wagon from far away. Up close it just looked like a mound. At Ft. Union, they had little pictures along the trail that told stories about the people who lived at the fort."

*Michael Heldstab:* "There must have

been five hundred pairs of dinosaur tracks at Clayton State Lake. Someday, I would like to come back to this place again. I wish we could take some of the rocks. Wagon Mound really looks like a real wagon. We saw the cemeteries and then went to see Mr. Nemezio. We sang the Happy Birthday song to him in Spanish. He is ninety-eight years old. I took many pictures at Ft. Union of the old ruins that are still standing. So far, it's my favorite fort."

### Day 4-May 30

*Cheyenne Barron:* "At Pecos National Historical site, we went along a trail and saw different buildings that we called ruins. One of the ruins was a church and there was a place for worship. During lunch, there was a lady that re-enacted a person during the Civil War. She talked about the hard life and what they did. The Miracle Staircase in Santa Fe is called this because a man built it and then disappeared without being paid. At San Miguel Church, we went inside and listened to a recording about the chapel. The houses in Santa Fe are really cool. There are people who sit along the sidewalks and sell you stuff."

*Michael Heldstab:* "At Pecos Ruins, we saw the old mission that people still use to get married. Even though it doesn't have roof anymore, it is still in pretty good shape. The civil war re-enactor told us that when the soldiers died, other men used their ammunition and supplies. She also told us that they fought against each other in two-line formations. San Miguel Church in Santa Fe is the oldest church in the U.S.A. I didn't like the altar but the rest of the chapel was nice. I thought the Miracle Stairway in the Loretto Chapel was pretty cool and I can't wait to go shopping."

### Day 5-May 31

*Cheyenne Barron:* "In the Bandelier National Monument, there are many caves that you can climb up into using ladders. Ceremonial cave is one hundred forty feet high. At the Bradbury Science Museum, you can do different science activities. In the auditorium, a woman was showing different experiments."

*Michael Heldstab:* "In the Bandelier National Monument, the rules are strict but I had a good time. It was

hot and my hat was wet from sweating. By climbing ladders, we went inside several of the cliff dwellings. Some of the dwellings were small and some were large. At the Bradbury Science museum, a girl put her hand on the static ball and her hair stuck straight out. She really looked funny."

### Day 6-June 1

*Cheyenne Barron:* "Shopping in Santa Fe was fun. Many of the Native Americans were selling jewelry, pottery and other things. At the Children's Museum, you could stand inside a hoop, pull on a rope and then a bubble would go up around you. Also, you could paint your face and make stuff out of recycled items."

*Michael Heldstab:* "I had to be tight with my money, but I got a lot of stuff while shopping in Santa Fe. Near the plaza, we watched them make part of a movie. At the Children's Museum, I spray-painted my hair pink, blue, red and green. I wanted to keep my hair colored but the nurse made me wash it out."

### Day 7-June 2

*Cheyenne Barron:* "El Rancho de Las Golondrinas is a living history museum. They had singing, dancing, soap making, wool dyeing and a blacksmith. They also had a place where you could make your own tortillas. They were good!"

*Michael Heldstab:* "At El Rancho de Las Golondrinas, I saw a man demonstrate on how to handle a rattlesnake. Also, I made eight tortillas."

### Day 8-June 3

*Cheyenne Barron:* "The Capulin volcano is eight thousand, two hundred and fifteen feet high. We walked around the rim of the volcano and I found it hard to breathe. It was like being in an airplane. In the evening, we toured an old mining camp near Raton."

*Michael Heldstab:* "I liked the Capulin volcano even though the high altitude made me sick."

### Day 9-June 4

*Cheyenne Barron:* "Raton Pass was very rough looking and rocky. It would have been really hard to cross over the pass in a wagon. At Stonewall, Colorado, we stopped at the gravesite of Marian Russell and her family. Mrs. Chris Day re-enacted the life of Marian Russell."



*Michael Heldstab*: "I liked riding up and over Raton Pass. The John Martin Dam sure had a lot of floodgates. We took a tour under the dam and the walls were thirty feet thick. To me, it was cold below the dam since I was only wearing shorts and a tank top."

#### Day 10-June 5

*Cheyenne Barron*: "Bent's Old Fort was really neat. A woman showed us around the fort. There was a bar, a blacksmith and many other different rooms. William Bent and Susan Magoffin were two important people that lived at the fort."

*Michael Heldstab*: "At Bent's Old Fort, I learned the meaning of the phrase, 'Don't let the bedbugs bite.' I bought old-fashioned lemon drops at the Bent's Fort store."

#### Day 11-June 6

*Cheyenne Barron*: "I had a great time on this trip!"

*Michael Heldstab*: "We visited the Coronado/Quivira Museum at Lyons, Kansas. I had learned about Coronado at Franklin School but the museum was still fun."

## THE WAGON TONGUE

### -OBSERVATIONS & OPINIONS-

I recommend that the dates for all major event dates planned by chapters and SFTA be sent to *Wagon Tracks* for publication as early as possible in order to avoid the many scheduling conflicts that now occur. My dear Corazón chapter has taken some heat for a scheduling conflict with the Six Western Chapters meeting this year, yet we had our schedule finalized in February. Should we be slapped on the wrist for being organized? There are varying opinions on whether we could have changed the Pecos tour, but the bottom line is, we were told we couldn't, and didn't.

I am a random newcomer and cannot and am not speaking for anyone but me here. It does seem to me that major multi/SFTA/Chapter events should be scheduled far enough in advance that they could be published in WT. Could not all such major dates for the following year appear in the November issue? Then chapters like Corazón de los Caminos would have in hand a published calendar of major events scheduled for

the next year when we meet in January to plan our meetings for the coming year. I would like to know what others think and if this is feasible. I am a compulsive organizer.

Alma Gregory  
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*This is a good idea, but I wonder if there might not be a better solution. Since WT only appears quarterly, I think it might be better (more timely) to have the national office at Larned maintain a master Trail calendar. Everyone could send the dates to Linda Revello. In turn, anyone or any chapter planning to schedule an event could check with her to see if the date or dates had already been taken. This assumes that whomever gets on the calendar first has those dates nailed down and those coming after are responsible for avoiding conflicts whenever possible. Some events could be on the same date and not be in conflict, such as regular chapter meetings. No matter how careful the scheduling, some major events will still come at the same time. It is too bad, especially for those who want to attend both, that this year's Rendezvous and the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration of the Sisters of Loretto in New Mexico occur at the same time. A master calendar at the national office would especially help chapters to avoid conflicts with major events. It could also be the primary source for the calendar feature in each issue of WT. This is a subject the SFTA board might consider at its next meeting.*

Editor

### Journal Recovered

by Phyllis S. Morgan

*[SFTA member Phyllis Morgan, Albuquerque, is a consultant to electric utility and energy industries. She also researches and writes about the Southwest. Her most recent publication, with Cesar A. Gonzalez-T., A Sense of Place: Rudolfo A. Anaya: An Annotated Bio-Bibliography, won a national award last year. She is a member of End of the Trail and Corazón de los Caminos chapters. She is one of five women who are walking the Trail from west to east (a section at a time), and they have now reached the halfway point. Morgan is preparing a series on wildlife along the Santa Fe Trail for WT, the first of which appears in this issue.]*

IN an article titled "Journal Stolen" in the May 1990 issue of *Wagon Tracks*, Marc Simmons alerted readers to be on the lookout for the original journal of J. W. Chatham, a traveler on the Santa Fe Trail in 1849. The handwritten journal and an accompanying bound, typed transcript of the narrative were among rare books and documents stolen from the special collections of the University of New Mexico Library by Stephen Blumberg, known today as the most accomplished bibliokleptomaniac of the twentieth century. An amazingly resourceful and persistent thief, Blumberg managed to steal and amass a collection of 23,600 items weighing more than 19 tons from 268 libraries in 45 states, the District of Columbia, and two provinces of Canada.

It is gratifying to report to readers that Chatham's handwritten journal and the accompanying bound transcript were returned in good condition to UNM's special collections. Both items were examined during research conducted for the article "Pronghorn on the Santa Fe Trail," which also appears in this issue. Considering the monumental problems involved in returning the stolen materials to the institutions from which they were stolen, we are very fortunate to have these items relating to the Santa Fe Trail again available for research.

Blumberg was arrested in Ottumwa, Iowa, in March 1990. He was found guilty as charged in 1991, fined \$200,000, and sentenced to five years and eleven months in prison. Paroled in December 1995, Blumberg's repeated parole violations resulted in his return to prison in 1996 to serve out the remainder of his original sentence. Since then, he was arrested, charged, and convicted for stealing antique doorknobs and lighting fixtures—his other collecting passion.

Readers interested in learning more about this bibliokleptomaniac and "the Blumberg collection" will find an informative, well-written account in Nicholas A. Basbanes's *A Gentle Madness: Bibliophiles, Bibliomanes, and the Eternal Passion for Books* (Henry Holt, 1995) and in an update included in Basbanes's preface to the paperbound edition (Holt, 1999).

## PRONGHORN ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by Phyllis S. Morgan

[This is first in a series Morgan is preparing about wildlife on the Trail. Her next topic will be prairie chickens. Readers should note the mentions of antelope hunting in Alphonso Wetmore's report in this issue.]

**PRONGHORN** (*Antilocapra americana*) were observed and commented on by European explorers and other early travelers to North America. They were named *berrendo* by the Spanish and *cabrie* by the French Canadians. Indians on the plains, where millions of pronghorn once roamed, gave them many different names, 20 having been recorded.<sup>1</sup> The name "antelope" was given to them during the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804-1806, when the first specimen was collected for science.<sup>2</sup> Thus, "antelope" was the name used by English-speaking travelers on the Santa Fe Trail and has been used colloquially ever since. Today, however, the accepted common name is "pronghorn," derived from the short prong on their horns, which distinguish them from all other animals. Although reference is occasionally made to "pronghorn antelope," the name "pronghorn" is most commonly used by those who study and write about this unique, fascinating animal—the fastest mammal in the western hemisphere and one of the fastest in the world.

Many of the travelers on the Trail who kept journals or personal accounts of their experiences crossing the plains and prairies mentioned antelope. Some only noted seeing antelope during the day's journey over the Trail, while others added the number counted, whether antelope were shot at, and if the shots missed or killed them. A number of travelers provided more detailed descriptions of this animal and its characteristics. In particular, they frequently mentioned the intense curiosity of the antelope, their penchant for checking out any unusual activities, and their amazing fleetness.

Lewis Garrard wrote about antelope on his trip across the prairie in 1846; those observations were published in *Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail*, which first appeared in 1850: "There is much that is singular

about the antelope, it being a most inquisitive creature; their curiosity, like Eve's, often results in their downfall. While hunting before reaching camp, a band came running past. Bewildered & fascinated, they described two complete circles around us, during which we gave them several shots, though their motions were too swift for sure aim."<sup>3</sup>

Garrard also wrote about "toling" game. Toling refers to methods used to lure or decoy game by arousing curiosity. A popular way of toling antelope, according to Garrard, was for a hunter to stand on his head and shake his legs in the air. An expert at this type of toling was Marcellus St. Vrain, brother of Céran St. Vrain, partner of William and Charles Bent and leader of Garrard's group.<sup>4</sup>

Josiah Gregg commented on antelope and toling in his classic account of the overland trade, *Commerce of the Prairies*, first published in 1844: "Being as wild as fleet, the hunting of them is very difficult, except they be entrapped by their curiosity. Meeting a stranger, they seem loth to leave him until they have fully found him out. They will often take a circuit around the object of their curiosity, usually approaching nearer and nearer until within rifle-shot-frequently stopping to gaze. Also, they are often decoyed with a scarlet coat, or a red handkerchief attached to the tip of a ramrod, which will sometimes allure them within reach of the hunter's aim. But this interesting animal, like the buffalo, is now very rarely seen within less than 200 miles of the frontier: though early voyagers tell us that it once frequented as far east as the Mississippi."<sup>5</sup>

Gregg crossed the plains with trade caravans four times from 1831 to 1840 and described characteristics of the antelope, incorrectly identifying them as gazelles. The pronghorn of North America are not related to the true antelope of Africa or Asia. Gregg wrote: "That species of gazelle known as the antelope is very numerous upon the high plains. This beautiful animal, though reckoned a link between the deer and the goat, is certainly much nearest the latter. It is about the size and somewhat of

the figure of a large goat. Its horns also resemble those of the latter . . . but they are more erect, and have a short prong projecting in front. . . . The antelope is most remarkable for its fleetness; not bounding like the deer, but skimming over the ground as though upon skates. The fastest horse will rarely overtake them. I once witnessed an effort to catch one that had a hind-leg broken, but it far out-stripped our fleetest 'buffalo horse.' It is, therefore, too swift to be hunted in the chase. I have seen dogs run after this animal, but they would soon stop and turn about, apparently much ashamed of being left so far behind."<sup>6</sup>

In June 1846 Susan Shelby Magoffin wrote in her diary, first published in 1926 as *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico*, while camped at Bluff Creek Camp No. 8: "As we were quietly jog[g]ing along in front of the wagons, a beautiful little animal of some kind attracted our attentions. I supposed it a dog, or a wolf at first, my dearest after many suppositions settled on its being nothing more than a stone. To settle all doubts, we drew the spy-glass-and what was it? Nothing more or less than a timid though curious antelope. It did not run, but all curious as we were about it at first, to know what great objects we were coming toward it, it advanced to its own destruction, poor creature."<sup>7</sup> Susan related how her husband fired his rifle and the antelope jumped to the side of the road unharmed. However, as it continued its persistent gaze, Mr. Magoffin shot again and wounded the antelope in its shoulder. Susan expressed the sorrow she felt watching it run away: "It ran off over the hills, poor creature, no doubt to die. Since it was left with life and pain attached to it, I am sorry it was shot at."<sup>8</sup>

J. W. Chatham of South Carolina wrote in his private journal in camp near Wagon Mound, New Mexico, on July 7, 1849: "I struck out with my gun for game, but did not succeed. Antelope is the principal [game], and it is amusing to see what inquisitive animals they are . . . if it cannot make you out it will take a circuit around all the while drawing



nearer."<sup>9</sup> Earlier on the Trail, not far from Pawnee Rock, Chatham briefly noted that antelope were plentiful and a fawn, about a month old, had been caught alive and its tongue was coal black. He did not add any other comment about how the young one was captured or what happened to it. Chatham also kept a list of pebbles and stones collected along the Trail. He included in his list "two female antelope horns from the Plains."<sup>10</sup>

Many observers commented on the abundance of these animals. Lieutenant William B. Lane, stationed at Fort Union in 1857, recalled he "could, from the front door of my quarters at the old post up against the bluffs at Fort Union, see at one time nearly any and every day several hundred antelope on the plain between the post and the Turkey Mountain." He also recorded the humorous details of one of his antelope-hunting expeditions near the fort, in which he failed to shoot a pronghorn but had an encounter with a rattlesnake, got thoroughly intoxicated, and thought he was going to die before he discovered he had not been bitten by the snake.<sup>11</sup>

Ernestine Franke Huning, traveling the Trail to Santa Fe and beyond to Albuquerque in 1863 to live in the home of her new husband, Franz, made the trip in relative comfort, much as Susan Shelby Magoffin had on her trip. Ernestine also dined well on food, including goose breast and truffles, prepared by her husband's cook. She briefly mentioned in her diary that they saw "lots of antelope without being able to shoot one." Her diary entry dated May 24, 1863, reads: "Last night we had a terrible storm, but it is lovely today. Here is a spring with good water called Wet Stone. Here we met some herders who gave us a quarter of antelope for some salt. The meat tastes like venison."<sup>12</sup> Wet Stone, according to Marc Simmons, was Whetstone Creek, a familiar campsite on the Trail between Round Mound and Point of Rocks in New Mexico.<sup>13</sup>

Writing in camp on the Mountain Route during his trip to the Colorado gold fields, Samuel D. Raymond recorded in his journal on May 23, 1859, that 18 miles of the Trail had been completed that day, and he saw the Spanish Peaks in the distance. He also noted: "Today we bought a

quarter of antelope which was killed by two men encamped near us. We had some of it for supper, which was very good."<sup>14</sup>

In 1858 Hezekiah Brake, who had immigrated to Minnesota from England and was on his way to New Mexico to work on a dairy farm west of Fort Union wrote: "Mr. A[lexander] declared we were now within the range of antelope, and as we approached the Cimarron river we caught several glimpses of these shy and beautiful animals. As we neared our camping-ground, he was fortunate enough to bring down a fine young kid. When we had camped for breakfast, we took a sack of buffalo chips-carried forward for fuel-made our fire, and for the first time in my life I had the satisfaction of cooking and helping to eat fried antelope-chops."<sup>15</sup>

James Francis Riley's reminiscences of freighting on the Trail include an incident involving his brother and an antelope while the brothers were on their way to Fort Union in the spring of 1863: "Brother Charley was one of the herders that night. He lay down close to an old steer and went to sleep. Just after it began to get light he woke up and not more than a rod [16.5 feet] from him, stood an antelope looking at him as though it was wondering what he was. He had a little four inch pistol in his pocket, he slipped it out and shot and killed it. He said it made one jump and fell dead."<sup>16</sup> Riley recounted how the shot woke up the rest of the guard and the excitement that ensued over Charley shooting the antelope square between the eyes with such a small pistol. Riley added: "He [Charley] considered it a mere accident. But, we enjoyed the antelope all the same."<sup>17</sup>

Although Riley, Brake, and others seemed to find antelope meat palatable, Gregg expressed a differing opinion: "The flesh of the antelope is, like that of the goat, rather coarse, and but little esteemed: consequently, no great efforts are made to take them."<sup>18</sup>

In recent times, few have written as eloquently about pronghorn as Jack Schaefer in his book *An American Bestiary* (1975). Schaefer confided: "My favorite [among the mammals who are confirmed vegetarians] is one who is a true native American,

who to me is and always should be one of the prides of our continent, the pronghorn. . . . There is only one species of him. He is the one and only living representative of his genus, of his entire family. And he is completely and absolutely American."<sup>19</sup>

According to Schaefer and others,<sup>20</sup> taxonomists were confounded with difficulties in classifying pronghorn, because they did not fit into any category. Few animals have caused so much debate about their place in the order of life. Like members of the large family of bovids (*Bovidae*), which includes oxen, goats, and sheep, pronghorn are ruminants (cud-chewers) with compartmentalized stomachs; they are ungulates (hoofed mammals), have high-crowned teeth for grazing, and have horns, not antlers. At this point, pronghorn diverge from the bovid family and others to go their own way. The naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton summarized the peculiarities that made their categorization difficult: "Like the giraffe, the American antelope has two hoofs [prominent toes] on each foot; like the goat, it has a gall bladder and a system of smell glands; like the deer, it has four teats and a coat of hair with an undercoat of wool; like the goat, it has hollow horns on a bony core; yet as in the deer, these horns are branched and are shed every year."<sup>21</sup> Seton did not mention that unlike the deer, pronghorn do not have dewclaws. Their horns make them truly unique. They are the only animal in the world with branched horns that are shed annually. Eventually accepting the singularity of pronghorn, taxonomists designated them *Antilocapra americana* and established their own family-*Antilocapridae*.

As many as forty to fifty million pronghorn once inhabited western North America from Canada south to the Mexican Plateau. By 1915, however, an official government survey put the total estimated population for the United States and Canada at 15,000.<sup>22</sup> Pronghorn populations suffered drastic declines during the nineteenth century and into the twentieth century for many reasons, but primarily because of market hunting, loss of habitat, and wanton slaughter. Their numbers, however, rebounded significantly in



the second half of the twentieth century. Today, the American West has an estimated pronghorn population of about one million.<sup>23</sup> The five states through which the Santa Fe Trail passed reported their estimated pronghorn populations in 2001: Missouri-0; Kansas-2,000; Colorado-54,000; Oklahoma-1,200; and New Mexico-30,000. Wyoming and Montana, with a combined estimate of over 750,000, have the largest populations among all of the states.<sup>24</sup>

The species has increased in number through the dedicated efforts of wildlife departments, conservation clubs, and a multitude of citizens, including ranchers and hunters, whose cooperation and heroic efforts have shown that conservation works. A moratorium on hunting pronghorn lasting until the 1940s and the passage of laws to raise funds for wildlife restoration and conservation efforts were also instrumental. Valerius Geist, who writes and speaks extensively on pronghorn, has stated: "The pronghorn is now abundant because we made it so. . . . Today, the pronghorn stands as a symbol to much that is good and decent in North America."<sup>25</sup>

Millions of years ago, the peculiarities of pronghorn had already been established. The species survived the extinctions of mammals over various epochs going back to the Miocene some twenty million years ago. Much later, pronghorn thrived along with mammoths, giant sloths, dire wolves, saber-toothed tigers, and other mammals roaming North America. Over 10,000 years ago during the late Pleistocene, when about seventy percent of all species of large North American mammals are thought to have become extinct, pronghorn survived. Thus, pronghorn were living in North America when the modern bison arrived as immigrants from Asia, and they were here when the first human beings arrived in North America.

Among the pronghorn's greatest assets are fleetness and the most acute eyesight of any mammal. Pronghorn are reported to be able to sustain sixty miles per hour for three to four minutes. Bursts of forty-five miles per hour are not unusual, and they are able to cruise at thirty miles per hour for up to fifteen miles.<sup>26</sup> Physiologically, pronghorn are per-

fect running machines, built for maximum efficiency. When running, they are almost level in action, which explains why Josiah Gregg thought they looked like they were "skimming over the ground as though upon skates."<sup>27</sup>

Some scientists believe their eyesight may be the best of any living thing, except for some predator and carrion-eating birds. Their large wide-set eyes are about the same size as those of the elephant. Set in protruding sockets, their eyes provide a wide arc of vision, with a power of sight reported to be "the equivalent of a human being with 20-20 vision using 8-power binoculars, giving them the ability to detect movement four miles away."<sup>28</sup> Darkly pigmented eyes help them to deal with intense light from sun and reflection from snow; long, thick eyelashes provide shade.

Sharp eyesight is used in conjunction with their signaling system, or flashing of white rump patches. Pronghorn are able to communicate with each other over distances of a mile or more. A specialized muscle system controls the coarse, loosely attached hair on their bodies, including rump patches, and allows the hair to stand almost erect or flatten layer upon layer. Besides providing a means of communication, it also provides excellent insulation in hot or cold weather. Scent glands are also used to communicate a variety of messages.

Over the ages, pronghorn adapted to life on vast open spaces, learning to rely on their speed, agility, and sharp eyesight to outrun any predator. Unlike deer and other wild animals, they do not seek cover, flee, or run blindly from potential danger, but respond to predators selectively. It is their natural response to check out whatever may be a threat. After scoping out what has attracted their attention, they will either run or not run. Frequently, they will stay where they are and totally ignore whatever it was that had caused such close scrutiny. Thus, what observers have called "curiosity" is the pronghorn's natural behavior in responding to possible threats. This response always worked well for them. With the arrival of predators with guns, however, pronghorn could no longer rely on their swiftness and

agility to outrun a speeding bullet.

As you hike, ride, bike, or drive along the Santa Fe Trail, or other open spaces of the American West, and are fortunate to catch sight of pronghorn, recall their ancient heritage, long history on the prairie, and near extinction. Remember that these colorful, graceful creatures are truly survivors-and true Americans.

## NOTES

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16. John Riley James, "Recollections of James Francis Riley," *Wagon Tracks*, 9:3 (May 1995): 15c-16a.
17. Ibid., 16a.
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22. Ibid., 19.
23. Ibid., 21.
24. Statistics provided by Mace Hack, Head of Wildlife Research, Nebraska Games and Parks Commission, Lincoln. Statistics are gathered from pronghorn specialists for the various states at the Biennial Pronghorn Workshops, most recently held in early 2002.
25. Geist, *Antelope Country*, 26.
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28. Ibid., 23; Geist, *Antelope Country*, 35-38.

## ALPHONSO WETMORE'S REPORT OF A JOURNEY TO SANTA FE IN 1828

edited with an introduction by Harry C. Myers

(Harry Myers, Santa Fe, is National Park Service project coordinator for El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro National Historic Trail and former superintendent of Fort Union National Monument. A frequent contributor to WT, Myers has received nearly every award SFTA presents, including an award of merit, ambassador, and Jack D. Rittenhouse Award for lifetime achievement. He suggested reprinting Wetmore's report several years ago and offered to edit it for WT. The original was published as a government document, and the report has been reprinted in the Missouri Historical Review. It deserves circulation to everyone interested in the Trail. A recent prod from Jane Mallinson, urging publication of this document in WT, prompted your editor to contact Myers, who promptly submitted this article. Thanks Harry.)

ON October 11, 1831, Missouri resident Alphonso Wetmore, army officer, Santa Fe Trail traveler, keen observer, and author, responded to an inquiry made earlier that year by the United States Senate. They wanted to know the names and number of men killed in the Santa Fe trade and in the pursuit of the fur trade in the Far West. The Senate was also curious about the conduct of the trade, asking about its value and the number of persons annually employed.

When Secretary of War Lewis Cass compiled the report and sent it to President Andrew Jackson, a total of 24 reports were included concerning both the Santa Fe trade and the fur trade. Wetmore's report joined those of Superintendent of Indian Affairs William Clark, Joshua Pilcher of the American Fur Company, Major Bennett Riley of the U.S. Army, and Indian Agent Auguste P. Chouteau.

Alphonso Wetmore is no stranger to readers of *Wagon Tracks*. His *Book of the Muleteers* was published in the August 1991 issue; Jami Parkison prepared a nice biography of him for the November 1996 issue, and two Wetmore letters written in 1824 were printed in the February 2000 issue. Another of his letters ap-

pears in the Council Trove column following this article.

Alphonso Wetmore was born in Connecticut in 1793. He lost his right arm in the War of 1812 and became an army paymaster, stationed in Franklin, Missouri, from 1819 to 1833. He was involved in the Santa Fe trade from the start as an observer and an early chronicler. After his military service, Wetmore settled in the Boone's Lick area where he was a merchant, lawyer, and writer. He was one of the founders of the town of New Franklin, established after most of the original town of Franklin had been washed away by Missouri River floods. He soon moved to St. Louis where he practiced law and wrote for the remainder of his life, publishing the *Gazetteer of Missouri* in 1837. He died in the 1849 cholera epidemic in St. Louis.

Wetmore's report appeared as item No. 5 in *Senate Document 90*, 22nd Congress, 1st Session [Serial 213], titled "Message from the President of the United States in compliance with a resolution of the Senate concerning the Fur trade, and Inland Trade to Mexico, February 9, 1832." His contribution was a double-edged sword of keen observations and keen wit. No dry diary this, Wetmore enlivened his account, making light of himself and the hardships of the journey. Congress paid attention to this report and in response, in 1832, authorized a regiment of Mounted Rangers to be added to the Army, and only a year later replaced the Rangers with the First Regiment of Mounted Dragoons. Wetmore's account of the dangers added to the justification for this new regiment.

### No. 5

#### Alphonso Wetmore's Report.

Franklin, Missouri, October 11, 1831.

Sir: In reply to the queries transmitted under cover of your letter of the 9th ultimo, I have the honor to submit the following history of our trade to Mexico. Early in the summer of 1821, several citizens of Boonlick made a small outfit at this place, and departed with the avowed purpose of visiting the settlements of New Mexico. The enterprise was, at the time, deemed one of infi-

nite peril; and the pecuniary venture was accordingly limited in amount; and the articles of merchandise comprized in it, were suited either to Mexican or Indian taste. In the event of failure to reach the point of destination, it was a part of the plan of the adventurous party to remunerate themselves with the capture of wild horses, or, in the manly and animating sport of the buffalo chase: they returned the same season.<sup>1</sup> In the spring of 1822, an increased number of adventurers packed on mules a small amount of merchandise (valued at \$3,000,) at this place, with the purpose of making a farther experiment in the Santa Fe trade. In pursuing the route, in their judgment the most direct, they fell upon a sandy desert beyond the Arkansas, where they suffered infinitely from thirst, for more than forty hours.<sup>2</sup> They continued their route, and were remunerated for their toil and perils, with a profit of about two thousand per cent. Encouraged by this essay, in 1823, the trade assumed a more settled and regular character.<sup>3</sup>

An additional number of respectable citizens, with increased capital, engaged in it, and wagons were employed this year, for the first time, in the transportation of merchandise. This company, too, suffered extremely in the passage of the great Jornada, a day's journey, from one watering place to another, beyond the Arkansas river. A safer route across the sands has been since traced out, and is now pursued with little or no inconvenience. The experiment of this year, gave encouragement for an increase of the trade, which has been progressive ever since; and its importance induced Congress to appropriate \$30,000 for laying out and making the route. This task had been previously performed by the traders themselves; and no advantage was derived from the expenditure of the money in the summer of 1824.<sup>4</sup> The protection subsequently afforded in 1829 by the troops, is matter of record in the War Department.<sup>5</sup> The whole number of lives lost in the Mexican trade, up to this year, is eight souls, to which we may add two of the fur traders, who fell on or near the trace, while the caravan of this year, which has just arrived, was returning.<sup>6</sup> In 1827, the robberies on the Santa Fe trace amounted



to 130 head of stock; and, in 1828, the loss was estimated at 825 head of animals of all kinds.<sup>7</sup>

Since that year, the losses have been so inconsiderable, that no mention is made of the particulars. The Comanches and Panis are chargeable with these frays. In 1821, the caravan consisted of 21 men, and their merchandise was valued at \$3,000.<sup>8</sup> The caravan of last spring numbered 260 men, with 135 wagons, and merchandise to the amount of \$270,000.<sup>9</sup> Autumn is not the most favorable season for going through the unsettled tract of country of 800 miles, although it has been several times successfully attempted. A small company went out this fall. The dangers that are encountered in this trade, consist in the hostile operations against the caravans, of the Panis, Chians, Comanches, Kiawas, and Arapaho Indians, all of whom hunt in and claim the country through which the Mexican road leads.

The Blackfeet Indians have this year, for the first time, made their appearance in great force on the trace.

To insure the safety of the caravans, it is the custom of the traders, on reaching the rendezvous on the western boundary of Missouri, to elect a caravan bachi,<sup>10</sup> and other officers, who are invested with such authority as may be voluntarily conceded from day to day, or such as they may have the address to enforce. This is greater or less, as the dangers increase or diminish. When on the march, as night approaches, the wagons are thrown into a square, and made to resemble, with much aid of the imagination, a camp fortified by Roman legions. Guards are always set, and these watch or sleep, as their interest or love of repose may predominate.

The capital employed in the trade this year, is about three hundred thousand dollars. The outfits consist of wagons, mule, and ox teams. The arms carried, are generally rifles and pistols, with a light piece of artillery to each caravan. A small supply of provisions is laid in to subsist the company until they reach the buffalo country, where an abundance is always procured by hunting during the march. The returns consist of bullion, Mexican dollars, fine gold, beaver, and horses, mules, and asses. One hundred packs of beaver are embraced in this year's return. The time of departure from the rendezvous on our border, is settled at or about the

middle of May, when the prairie grass is sufficiently advanced to forage the teams, and the return caravans reach the same point from the 1st to the 10th of October. The time employed in going, in effecting sales, and in returning, is less than five months.

Those traders who bring their operations within the compass of one season, never penetrate the settlements more than one hundred miles, visiting the towns of Santa Fe and Toas [Taos], and some small Pueblos, and Ranchos, on Rio Del Norte.<sup>11</sup> Those who remain in the country, extend their operations throughout the State of Senora, and as far south as some of the most considerable towns of the State of Chihuahua, (Chiquaqua,) including the city of that name.<sup>12</sup>

When any of these traders may have completed their sales at a season unfavorable for their return by the interior routes, they proceed to the port of Brazos Santiago, near the mouth of Rio del Norte, or Rio Grand, (as it is there called) and return to the United States in one of the New Orleans packets. They likewise travel home through Texas. Thus it is the practice to perform the whole route from Franklin, in Missouri, with wagons, and the same mule team, to the gulf of Mexico, a distance by the coach road of three thousand miles. There is a good coach road from Santa Fe through El Pasos, Chihuahua, El Bayo, Mapomis, Paras, Saltillo, and Monteroy, to Matamoras, the business town for the port of Brazos Santiago. It will be perceived that there is some connection subsisting between the Mexican (interior) and the fur trade. American mountain companies are annually fitted out at Santa Fe, and at Toas, after the arrival of the caravans at these towns; and our traders take into account this branch of business in laying in their goods.<sup>13</sup>

In responding to the inquiry "what are the facilities or impediments offered by the Mexican Government," we are led to the most interesting point to which this communication tends. There are no facilities afforded the merchants of the United States who trade to Mexico by the interior route. But great impediments have been always thrown in the way of this class of our citizens, who have, by their risks and daring enterprise, deserved much indulgence. The Mexican Government has always given a preference, strongly marked, to their own merchants. This

cannot be objected to. But facilities are afforded to the merchants of Great Britain and France, that are denied to those of the United States. The most grievous exactions have been imposed on our merchants latterly in the form of a per diem tax, for keeping open retailing shops; and an arrival duty of ten dollars on each cargo, or mule load of merchandise, has been collected. State and federal enactments have sometimes conflicted, and these have tended to enhance the impositions.

The suggestion for a remedy for those evils cannot, I presume, with propriety, come within the compass of this communication. But, the merchants of the United States, trading to Mexico, by the interior, if allowed the advantage of debenture,<sup>14</sup> will, on entering the market, be placed on an equal footing with those of all nations trading through the sea ports. With this change, the interior trade would assume an importance, which it has never claimed; and it would, probably, advance to several millions per annum. It might then be extended as far south as the city of Durango.

A heavy duty is now collected in our ports on many of the leading articles of the Mexican trade, to which the Mexican duty is added before the goods are offered in market. The articles of foreign manufacture chiefly in demand, and which are not contraband, in the States of Chihuahua, and Senora, and province of New Mexico, are French calico and cotton shawls, English calico, brown and bleached cotton shirtings, and cotton hose, India black silk handkerchiefs, and German linens. If it is in contemplation to do any thing for this trade, it is only necessary to allow drawback on all merchandise imported into the United States for the Mexican market, and actually exported by the interior, and our caravans will be strong enough for self defence.<sup>15</sup>

With all the disadvantages which have been encountered, this trade has continued to increase steadily for a period of nine years, and the circulating medium of Missouri now consists principally of Mexican dollars. Many of our citizens are profitably engaged in the trade; horses, mules, and oxen, are employed in carrying it on; the farmers and mechanics derive advantage from the outfits, and our whole community is benefited by this interesting

traffic. It has been remarked that the Government of Mexico evinces an unfriendly disposition towards the citizens of this country engaged in the trade; yet, in the personal intercourse I have had with the Mexicans in their own belief that they entertain any but the most friendly, if not kindred feelings, for their republican friends of the north.<sup>16</sup>

The commercial regulations of which we have a right to complain, have been always effected by the deep laid schemes of the English merchants resident in that country. They, too, may have retarded the negotiation of our commercial treaty with Mexico, and its ratification by that Government.<sup>17</sup> The unsettled state of the Mexican Government gives encouragement, and insures success to the machinations of crafty men, who, perhaps, address themselves, on some occasions, to irresponsible and corrupt officers.

The accompanying letter from a respectable merchant in Chihuahua, is offered for the information of the War Department; but it would, perhaps, be impolitic to publish its contents:

With the existence of the kind feelings which the people and the Government of this country entertain towards the Mexicans, there can be no occasion for a hint, which, at this moment, occurs to me, but adopting the doctrine which may be applicable, if our just expectations are not realized, that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," it may not be amiss to observe that a field or battering train would encounter little or no obstruction between the place where I write and the city of Mexico. The provincial Government of New Mexico has sometimes facilitated the operations of our traders; and, in 1829, furnished the return caravan with an escort commanded by Colonel Biscarara,<sup>18</sup> a very distinguished officer of the Mexican army.

The following extract from a diary which I kept while travelling from Missouri to New Mexico, may not be inappropriate, and it is accordingly offered for your perusal. In the memoranda made while pursuing my route from Santa Fe to the mouth of Rio Grande, I find nothing that relates to the subjects embraced in your inquiries, which I have not already noted or alluded to, and the extracts, therefore, end on reaching the former place.

May 28, 1828. Reached the Blue

Spring<sup>19</sup> the rendezvous of the Mexican traders, in season to attend to the election of officers; *ourself* elected captain of the host. "There may be some honor in it," as the deacon remarked on his own promotion, "but not much profit." 29th. In preparation for departure, inspection of arms, fixing ammunition. 30th. The caravan moved at 7 o'clock, A. M. made 16 miles, and encamped early. Formed our wagons into an oblong square, and set a horse guard. 31st. Made ten miles at noon, halted, and prepared for the approaching storm; after dinner, the rain commenced, and continued until sun set.

June 1. (Sunday,) a tempest just as we were ready to set forward, the mules disengaged from the wagons in haste, and double reefs taken in the wagon covers. All hands employed in detaining the mules, who are disposed to take leave of *nos amigos*. At 9 o'clock under way, reached the "Big Blue," all our spades in requisition to make the descent into the river practicable; the wagons eased down the bank by 20 men at a trail rope; encamped in the prairie beyond the river; met here two bee hunters; one of our hunters brought in a deer in the red, and lean of course; one prairie fly discovered to-day, alarming;<sup>20</sup> my Mexican servant furnished with a gun, proud as Franklin was with his whistle. This character is to-day mounted on the verbatim copy of old Rosinante,<sup>21</sup> caparisoned in character.

June 2. Set off early, and marched 14 miles, and encamped at the Round Grove.<sup>22</sup>

3d. Our route to-day lies over a fine prairie country, timber at a distance on our right, and a little on the left; encamped at 20 miles distance from last night's camp, at a point of timber opposite Bel Mont.<sup>23</sup> Found today a swarm of bees in our path.

4th. Moving smoothly forward, met an Indian moccasin track; encamped at a little grove on the left of the trace. Made 18 miles.

5th. The road to-day fine and the country beautiful; nothing wanting but timber; two irregular hills on our right, passed over corn hill, encamped on the right of the trace, one mile from timber. March of the day estimated at 18 miles.

6th. At 5 miles reached Elk Creek, where we discovered the corpse of a wagon which had been left by the pre-

ceding caravan. O Temperance! O Ditch Water! Crossed Mari De Signe. Made 16 miles.

7th. At ten o'clock reached Rock creek, 8 miles; ate strawberries and caught fish; crossed two other small creeks, and, at 6 o'clock, encamped, after completing 18 miles.<sup>24</sup>

8th. (Sunday.) Passed three or four rocky fords, and over a thin rocky soil; rolling ground; took our siesta at an old Indian camp; picked up a soft-shelled turtle; saw fresh Indian signs. Made 18 miles.<sup>25</sup>

9th. At 2 o'clock, A. M., thunder, lightning, and rain; in motion at ten o'clock; and at six miles arrested by high water. This, and the last stream, fell into the Arkansas river. Ate this morning bacon and goose eggs, and at noon turtle soup. Not an alderman present!!!<sup>26</sup>

10th. Still waiting for the fall of the small water courses in our route.

11th. The small streams are down this morning, and we are in motion at the usual hour. Road muddy; reached Council grove; the creek Ni Osho too high to ford, Made 8 miles.<sup>27</sup>

12th. Detained by high water; one mess breakfasting on ham and eggs, another dining on alderman soup; met here a return caravan.

13th. Made a bridge to the water edge and crossed the wagons in season to encamp before the storm; rain in the evening, and at midnight a thunder gust.

14th. Rain continues, which detains us until the middle of the day. Made only six miles, and encamped in time to reef wagon cover before a Noah-like tempest descended.

15th. Under way at 8 o'clock; made eight grievous miles, and encamped early at Diamond spring; a mutinous disposition repressed by bandit logic.<sup>28</sup>

16th. With infinite labor, through mud, we reach 8 miles, and slept in the prairie at a spring; no fuel.

17th. In four hours' march made only 8 miles; found weeds and brush sufficient to boil coffee. Our route to-day is over a roundabout (Irish) cut off; encamped after marching 14 miles; not a tree in view; enough fuel procured to dress our suppers. These scanty gleanings consist of sumack brush. While suffering with extreme thirst, about the middle of to-day, one of the party discovered a spring, the water of which



bubbled through white sands, at the head of a prairie ravine.<sup>29</sup>

18th. Made a prairie bridge, and marched 12 miles, to Cotton Wood grove.<sup>30</sup>

19th. After having proceeded 10 miles, halted at a place where there are "ferruginous appearances;" our mules found salt here on the surface of the earth. The antelope is a subject of speculation this morning, and one of our hunters has been occupied in decoying, with a flag, one of these nimble footed animals. He likewise attempted this ruse de guerre to draw a wolf within reach of his rifle: a piece of flesh on the end of his gun-stick would have been more effectual. We find buffalo grass today; and fresh traces of buffalo remind us of the approaching marrow-bone feasts that are to change the monotony of our meals. No fuel; made 18 miles.<sup>31</sup>

20th. Our route to-day is over a fine tract of table-land; passed several branches of Turkey creek, which runs into the Arkansas; saw one wild horse and a few antelope; encamped at a little creek; without fuel; two men lost; fired a gun, and, late at night, they reached camp. This day's march extended 20 miles.<sup>32</sup>

21st. A little before day light, the mules made an abortive attempt to raise a stampede; half an hour later an alarm was created by a shot from one of the sentinels, and the cry of Indians, aroused the whole camp. Killed and wounded, blank; alarmed, none.

22d. At 5 o'clock, A. M., after moving quietly forward three hours and an half, a team in rear of the caravan took fright, and, in an instant, more than twenty were coursing over the prairie with Olympic speed. Dined at twelve miles, and dressed our first meal over a fire made of dry buffalo ordure; marched six miles further, and encamped on the branch of Little Arkansas.<sup>33</sup> An Irish sentinel of the horse guard, about 10 o'clock, mistook one of the company for an Indian; he fired, and then challenged. Several fish caught this evening.

23d. At six o'clock commenced a bridge, and completed it at ten. Several fine fish caught this morning; crossed, and put the caravan in motion at 2 o'clock. The road lies over a less fertile country than that which we have passed; a hot wind from the sand hills to the south, and on our left. The

ground here, in many places, covered with salt; made 12 miles, and encamped at a branch of Cow creek; timber on its banks.

24th. Dined at a difficult crossing of another branch of Cow creek, which we passed after an interesting entertainment of a wagon race. It is one of the foibles of mule teams, that, after they have travelled four or five hundred miles, and when it is supposed they are about to tire, to take fright from a profile view of their shadows, and run like the antelope of these plains. After marching 13 miles, reached the main branch of Cow creek, which is barely fordable. Bridged the crossing.<sup>34</sup>

25th. Finished crossing at 10 o'clock; a good supply of fish caught last night and this morning. Reached the Arkansas at 4 o'clock, encamped and replenished our shot pouches. "Keep your eyes skinned now," said the old trapper. We are now entering upon the most dangerous section of the trace, the war ground of the Panis, Osages, and Kansas. This is likewise a fine buffalo country, but we have no hump! no marrow bones! and no tongues, except our own parts of speech. Our hunters have brought in an antelope. We have observed in the prairie, during the last six days, the sensitive plant, or, as our Englishman says, "the plant to try maids with." One of our hunters has filled the camp with "smiles" and buffalo meat: the first two buffaloes which we discovered are slain. Natty Bumpo himself would have granted an approving grin on such a hunt.<sup>35</sup>

26th. Our route to-day lies up the left [north] bank of the Arkansas river. Saw a hare, larger than the English animal of that name. We have bigger thunder here, too. Passed through several prairie-dog villages. Our hunters saw thirty buffalo, and selected two. Made 20 miles. We find the Walnut creek swimming.<sup>36</sup>

27th. A fish resembling a shad caught this morning. Waiting for the high water to recede.

28th. Discovered a shallow ford, and crossed. The prairie on our right and left, and in front, speckled with buffalo. Encamped early near the Arkansas. Our hunters give tongue and hump meat: this our old trapper calls "strong" buffalo signs, and the old Englishman was heard to mutter something about one Sir Loin, whom he had seen once

or twice in Cumberland. A strong gale of wind at night fall. Made six miles to-day.

29th. Fine short grass prairie; buffalo in immense herds on all sides; selected several fat ones, and encamped, after a march of 19 miles.

30th. At 8 miles, reached the Pani fork of the Arkansas, cut down and bridged the muddy banks, and passed over in a thundergust.<sup>37</sup>

July 1st. Half the day spent in drying, and bringing up arrears of meals. Our route continued over a beautiful inclined plane 15 miles. During this day's march, the caravan bachi shot his own mule through the head in a buffalo chase. Stearne's lament over the dead ass repeated.<sup>38</sup>

2d. Saw two small herds of wild horses; hunters killed five buffalo. Our road lies over a fine buffalo grass plane until noon, when we enter a rolling prairie country. Twenty-one miles to-day.

3d. Our march to-day is through a plane and rolling prairie, surrounded with buffalo. A herd of these attempted to break through our column of teams. "It will take a smart skirmish and sprinkle of shots," said the old trapper, "to turn them aside," and the leader fell at the flash of his rifle. Marched 20 miles, and encamped without timber-our supper dressed as usual, over buffalo fuel.

4th. Continued our march over the finest natural road in the world, along the left bank of the Arkansas, 18 miles, to Anderson's caches. Saw here the grave of a white man and a broken swivel; two miles farther reached the ford of the river. Encamped.<sup>39</sup>

5th. This day employed in preparation for passing the deep ford.

6th. Doubled teams, and passed the river. Here we take in water for three days' march.

7th. At 4 P.M. we entered Jornada. After passing the sand hills, a few buffalo were discovered, which is an indication of water, and at 5 and 7 miles, ponds were discovered: at the last we encamped for the night.<sup>40</sup>

8th. We have found water at 3, 4, and 12 miles; all apprehensions are at rest. Wild horses have approached within four miles of our line of march. Made 22 miles, and encamped without water.

9th. Three miles from camp, on the trace, we observed water; sixteen

miles further on several ponds of water were discovered, which had been indicated as we approached by herds of buffalo and swarms of mosquitoes. Encamped, after a march of 19 miles.

10th. Water in abundance along the trace today. At the pool where we dined, a buffalo approached within gunshot, and was slain. This day's march is estimated at 22 miles.

11th. Our course to-day was parallel with the Semiron. Crossed Sandy creek, and, at 14 miles, halted. The Semiron here presents a fine view of water, and 8 miles further up, at our camp, not a drop of water appears in the channel. Our course from the Arkansas to the Semiron is generally southwest; along the left bank of the latter, it lies almost due west.<sup>41</sup>

12th. At 12 o'clock reached water. In the afternoon our course changed to south-southwest; about sunset a hill ahead and buffalo in view: both these indicate water. At 7 o'clock encamped at a small pond, after completing 22 miles.

13th. At 8 miles reached the Semiron, changed our course up the stream two miles, and dined at a spring which waters a small piece or parcel of tierra calicante. In the evening, proceeded up the stream 8 miles: the earth whitened with salt and saltpetre; thunder and wind; the earth thirsting, but not a drink obtained from the clouds. This day's march 18 miles.

14th. Advanced 11 miles up the left bank of the Semiron, and dined. In the evening marched 10 miles, crossing and recrossing the river. Saw two wild horses. Course southwest in the forenoon, and south-southwest in the evening. 21 miles, a stampido at night, with wind and rain.

15th. At 7 miles, reached the Willows, a noted land mark, and at the same time obtained a view of the Sugarloaf mound; the two middle mounds, and the table mound, all above and near the upper Semiron spring.<sup>42</sup> At 12 o'clock, encountered an Indian and squaw of the Kiawa nation. Several teams tired; the road good, but the saltpetre along the river bottom weakens our animals. This might be avoided by keeping out on the plains.<sup>43</sup> Only 17 miles today.

16th. Crossed and filed off from the Semiron, and at 10 miles reached the upper Semiron spring, at the base of a very abrupt rocky hill, on the summit of

which is a cross standing over the bones of two white men, who were slain while asleep by the *gallant, high-minded, persecuted, gentlemen Indians*. Saw here the first timber in nine days' march.<sup>44</sup>

17th. At 7 miles a creek; cedars in abundance on the neighboring cliffs; marched 8 miles farther, and encamped at water, in a drain: 15 miles.

18th. After two hours' march, discovered Rabbit Ears,<sup>45</sup> two high isolated mountains which rise above the plain; since we crossed the Arkansas, the soil is miserably poor; marched 10 miles over hilly ground. In the evening, our road lies up an inclined plane, towards the Rock mountains; seven miles to our camp, on the bank of a muddy pool, around which one hundred and sixty mules are pressing; a puddle is reserved for ourselves, which is deemed a luxury, after having drank unto pickling the salt waters of the Semiron; our long eared stoics opened their konks half an hour before we halted, inviting this humane measure. The chapter of untoward events to-day, are, the resignation, in disgust, of a guard sergeant, and a gun-broken head of a driver, who held a seditious rein of ill-governed ass colts: at 17 miles we halted, without timber.

19th. The road this morning over rolling ground six miles, to a dry creek; thence up the bed of the creek to a rocky basin of water; the videttes ahead. In the evening discovered three Kiawa Indians, who were at war with a buffalo bull; they hid themselves in cliff of a rock; when they came forth, they uttered all the Spanish they were masters of, bellowing lustily *amigo! amigo! friend! friend!* This day's march estimated at fifteen miles.

20th. The road to-day hilly until noon; in the evening over a plane; passed an excellent spring, and a small creek. *La Madre Loma*, (Mother hill,) in our view. Yesterday morning after we encamped, a small party of red gentlemen called on us; smoked, ate, drank, and slept with us; one of them, at the first setting, drank nine pints of water; he was probably a secretary of some cold water conventicle. The chief of this little band claimed the honor for them of being Kiawas. Through the medium of the Pani language, we learned that they had been on a gentleman-like horse stealing expedition against the Chians, in which they were at first successful, but when they believed

they had escaped with their booty, the Chians were down upon them, and retook the cavalry and a few scalps. They had walked at double quick step for the last two or three days; finding themselves at ease and secure in our camp, they 'slept fast.' Our march of the day was 15 miles.<sup>46</sup>

21st. This morning, we parted with our guests, with mutual expressions of esteem and good will; our old trapper told them that when he returned their visit, he would leave his card, meaning a ball cartridge. The soil to-day is improving as we advance. Saw wild horses, deer, and antelope; encamped four miles short of the Round Mound; 15 miles.<sup>47</sup>

22d. Sent a party of 8 men ahead to-day to make arrangements for payment of duties; the supposed distance from Toas, the nearest settlement, is one hundred miles. This evening our road is fine, and lies over a plane, on all sides of which, detached mountains render the scenery extremely picturesque; a few wild horses in view; the buffalo have been banished their usual range in these plains, by the droughth of the seasons. Recent rains have afforded us a supply; and in the deep rocky branch near where we are tonight encamped, there is really a deficiency. Our mules, during the last few days, have been thriving.

23d. Reached this morning the summit of the ridge which divides the waters of the Semiron and Canadian branch of the Arkansas. From this point, we have a view of a spar of the Rocky mountains; we observe, likewise, *Cievas las Gallinas*, (Chicken Hills,) which are situated not far from St. Magill. The atmosphere on this mountain region is so clear that we can, with the naked eye, take in incalculable distances; a hill that may seem within an hour's ride, proves to be ten leagues from us.<sup>48</sup>

24th. After four hours' march, we find ourselves at the Point of Rocks. We were to-day gratified with a full view of the Rocky mountains ranging along to the right. When our Mexican, from a hill top, caught a distant view of the mountain, he leapt for joy, discharged his carabine, and exclaimed, "*Las luz de mis ojos, mi casa, mi alma;*" light of my eyes, my house, my love. Such emotions as these, we call in Spanish, *amor de la patria*. Marched 17 miles.<sup>49</sup>

25th. In the morning entertained with mule races by several teams;



crossed the Canadian branch of the Arkansas; encamped after a march of 15 miles.

26th. Still encamped at the ford of Canadian river; the base of the Rocky mountains appeared to us not more than six leagues distant; the mountain tops are covered with snow. This evening when threatened with a famine, or a mule feast, two black specks appeared far off, up the ravine leading to the mountains: these were buffalo, and they cost us only two ball cartridges.<sup>50</sup>

27th. Marched to-day twenty-five miles, and encamped at the Pilot Knobs. The only occurrence worthy of note, is a sample of sharp shooting by Maj. Nimrod; he attempted to create a wild mule, and shot him somewhere about the hips.<sup>51</sup>

28th. Timber to the right and left, not far off; the soil sufficiently fertile for growing small grain. Our mules have been recently much benefitted by the *gramme* grass, the best pasturage between the Atlantic and Pacific ocean. A heavy shower of rain fell on us as we were about to renew our afternoon march; before we halted for the night, another shower; and, about 9 o'clock, a rain far hung over the hills on our right; the moon was up; encamped near a grove of pines, after completing 20 miles.

29th. At dawn of day the whole caravan of merchants and muleteers resolved themselves into a committee of tar makers, and long before night every tar bucket was filled. Ourself here "bruised a serpent's head;" the snake measured 5 feet 3 inches in length, and one of the tar kill operators killed his brother or cousin, which measured 5 feet 4 inches, inclusive of rattles. This last had swallowed a prairie dog of mature age and full grown.<sup>52</sup>

30th. Resumed our march, and crossed el Moro and el Sapiote. Timber in all the streams of this region of country.<sup>53</sup>

31st. Waiting the return of our advance party. The Mexicans spinning rope yarn out of the foretops of buffalo.

August 1st. The caravan in motion at the usual time; at one mile from camp, "a horse loose in cane brake," said the old trapper; turned around and saw twenty teams in full career; the mules had rested one day, and grateful for the indulgence, volunteered this entertainment. About noon saw a party of horsemen on the trace ahead; they

were our advance party, with several Mexicans. Continued our march, and encamped at *Rio las Gallinas*.<sup>54</sup>

2d. Left the caravan, which was within a day's march of San Magill, the first Mexican settlement through which the wagon road passes. A guide proposed to lead the light party which I had joined, by a direct route, in one day to Santa Fe; he did so, but over Alps and Appenines. Before we reached the summit of the mountain, in mercy to our mules, we were constrained to dismount. All marvellous, and some scientific; travellers write, "that, on ascending the summit of cloud-ridden mountains, they feel great difficulty in respiration, on account of a change in the atmosphere;" never bearing in mind that their impatience to reach the end of the journey, imposes on their lungs the double duty of a blacksmith's bellows.<sup>55</sup>

End of extracts from the diary.

In expressing an opinion that the caravans are competent to self-defence, I have perhaps adopted the impression that prevails among men, with arms in their hands, and impelled by that fearless spirit which animates the people of this country.

But the loss of several valuable lives in this trade has occurred; and this evil may be extended, if the Black feet Indians and the Chians continue to infest the route of the traders. These tribes are numerous, warlike, and extremely hostile. Perhaps the War Department may suggest some mode of military protection to this trade, which will meet with the approbation of Congress, so as to prevent a recurrence of the disasters of 1820.<sup>56</sup>

In the autumn of that year, the largest return caravan was repeatedly attacked, and two lives lost. A smaller company, which returned late in the fall, was defeated, with the loss of one man, all their horses and mules; and they were to a precipitate flight in the night, lighted on their way by the blaze of their wagons. Toiling under the grievous weight of their money packs, feeding on the herbage of the prairies, they marched in this manner more than three hundred miles to our frontier settlements.

The larger company was strong enough, and so prudent as to escape defeat, although two of their number were slain. One of these, with only the faint flickerings of life remaining, was

borne along, with great care, two days' march; and when at length the caravan halted in the wilderness, to perform for him the last sacred office, the enemy appeared. A band of the same nation which had enacted the mischief, approached with friendly indications. The grief and indignation which were mingled, and strongly operating at the grave of their companion, rendered abortive all the conciliatory efforts of the commander of the caravan: not from the pipe of peace, but from fifty rifles, a volume of smoke arose. The bloody reprisal was complete; and when the traveller subsequently passed that way, he saw the wolf of the prairie

"Gorging and growling o'er carcass  
and limb;

They were too busy to bark at him;  
From a Panis' scull they had stripped  
the flesh,

As ye peel the fig when the fruit is  
fresh;

And their white tusks crunched o'er  
the whiter scull

As it slipped through their jaws, when  
their edge grew dull,

As they lazily mumbled the bones of  
the dead,

When they scarce could rise from the  
spot where they fed."

Permit me to conclude this communication, which, perhaps, has been already extended beyond endurance; with the description of a surgical operation that was performed on the plains beyond the Arkansas. One of the traders had a dangerous gun-shot wound in the arm; he was reduced to the alternative of death or amputation. The last was attempted, with such instruments as could be found in the camp. The operation was performed by one of the hunters of the company, who had attained some celebrity in cutting out hump meat. A small cord twisted around the limb was the tourniquet; the cutis was separated from the muscles by the application of the sharpest butcher's knife in camp. The muscles were divided, and the bone was cut asunder with a carpenter's saw. It was not deemed necessary to take up the arteries, and a large wagon bolt was heated, with which the stump was seared so effectually as to prevent hemorrhage.

The whole operation was concluded by the application of a dressing from the nearest tar bucket. Not a groan nor a sigh was uttered during the operation, and the patient recov-

ered.<sup>57</sup>

This is a lively picture of the shifts to which human ingenuity is sometimes driven; and the fortitude evinced by the sufferer in this case, is a trait of character belonging to the pioneers of the perilous commerce.

I am, very respectfully,

Sir, your obedient servant,

ALPHONSO WETMORE.

Hon. Lewis Cass,

Secretary of War.

#### NOTES:

1. This paragraph is an excellent description of William Becknell's 1821 journey to Santa Fe which opened the Santa Fe trade. See "Captain William Becknell's Journal of Two Expeditions from Boon's Lick to Santa Fe," *Wagon Tracks*, 11 (May 1997): 1, 20-24; "The Diary of Don Pedro Ignacio Gallego . . .," *Wagon Tracks*, 7 (Nov 1992): 1, 15-21.
2. The party which suffered for want of water was that of Col. Benjamin Cooper in 1822. See Kenneth L. Holmes, "The Benjamin Cooper Expeditions to Santa Fe in 1822 and 1823," *New Mexico Historical Review*, 37 (April 1963): 139-50; Stephen Cooper, *Sketches from the Life of Maj. Stephen Cooper* (Oakland: Pacific Press Publishing Company, 1888), 9-10.
3. Wetmore was wrong about the first wagons being used in 1823. William Becknell, in 1822, took three wagons to Santa Fe. "Captain William Becknell's Journal," 22; *Franklin Missouri Intelligencer*, November 12, 1822, and February 18, 1823. The *Intelligencer* of Feb 19, 1823, also speculated that the 1822 return was \$10,000 or more. In these first paragraphs one can see that Josiah Gregg relied upon this essay in writing his *Commerce of the Prairies*.
4. Wetmore here refers to the survey authorized by Congress in early 1825 and led by George C. Sibley. The entire survey took place 1825-1827, not in 1824 as Wetmore stated. Kate L. Gregg, *The Road to Santa Fe* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1952).
5. The first United States military escort on the Santa Fe Trail was provided by Major Bennett Riley and soldiers of the 6th Infantry in 1829. See Leo E. Oliva, *Soldiers on the Santa Fe Trail* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1967); Fred S. Perrine, "Military Escorts on the Santa Fe Trail," *New Mexico Historical Review*, 2 (April 1927): 175-193.
6. It appears that more than eight persons had lost their lives in the trade up to 1831. A quick accounting of some deaths, total of 25, follows:  
*Missouri Intelligencer* (MI), April 10, 1824: Mr. Cole and his nephew were killed by Navajos on the Rio del Norte in August, 1822.  
Augustus Storrs, "Trade Between Missouri and Mexico," *Senate Document No. 7*, 19th Congress, 2nd session [Serial 108], p. 12: A Mr. Maxwell killed and another wounded by Comanches near the mountains in 1822.

MI, Feb. 18, 1823: A nephew of Col. Cooper joining an expedition against Indians was killed.

MI, April 12, 1823: John McKnight was robbed and killed by Comanches on the Canadian River.

MI, July 22, 1823: Four men reported killed by Pawnees on the Arkansas River.

MI, Oct. 28, 1823: Mr. Mars succumbed to fever.

MI, Jan. 25, 1825: Mr. Wixon murdered by the Osages on the way in last fall.

MI, April 19, 1825: Three men were killed in New Mexico: Mr. Nance by Spaniards and Foot and Hadley by Indians.

MI, May 14, 1825: Capt. Glenn Owen killed at El Paso del Norte by Indians.

MI, Sept. 12, 1828: Capt. Daniel Munro and Robert McNees of Franklin were killed by Indians.

MI, Oct. 24, 1828: Capt. John Means killed by Indians.

MI, Nov. 6, 1829: Mr. Samuel C. Lamme killed by Indians near the Arkansas.

Bennet Riley Report, *Senate Document No. 90*, 22nd Congress, 1st session [Serial 213], 1829: Four soldiers of Riley's command sent to escort traders on the Trail were killed by Indians during the summer: George Gordon, Samuel Arrison, William Nation, and Matthew King.

Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, ed. by Max L. Moorhead (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), 64-65, 1831: Jedidiah Smith and a clerk of the company killed by Indians.

7. En route to Missouri from New Mexico, with "horses, mules, asses, and specie," a party of traders, including James L. Collins, Elisha Stanley, Solomon Houck, Edwin Ryland, Thomas Talbott, James Fielding, and William Wolfskill, were robbed of about 166 animals on October 12. They recovered 66 of the animals the next day. The *Fayette Missouri Intelligencer* of November 9, 1827, reported that 12 to 15 fellow citizens "lost about 250 or 300 mules, and whatever other property they had." Louise Barry, *The Beginning of the West* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 146. In 1828, in addition to Daniel Monroe, Robert McNees, and John Means being killed, all of the stock and animals of the second returning party from Santa Fe was stolen by Indians. The party had a difficult time getting to the settlements for relief.
8. Wetmore was referring to William Becknell's second journey in 1822.
9. Josiah Gregg gave as total statistics for the Trail in 1831 a merchandise value of \$250,000, with 130 wagons, 320 men, and 80 proprietors. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 332.
10. Captain of the caravan.
11. The Rio del Norte is the Rio Grande del Norte.
12. These cities are in Mexico.
13. See Wetmore's letter to the *Missouri Intelligencer*, June 19, 1829, reprinted in this issue, pp. 17-18.
14. Debenture: A certificate acknowledging a debt, especially a bond issued by a civil or governmental agency.
15. Drawback was an issue throughout the history of the Trail until an act was passed in 1845. A duty was charged on all goods imported into the United

States, even if they were just passing through to be sold in Mexico. A drawback act would establish a port of entry at Independence, Missouri, and goods bound for New Mexico would pass through there and be noted, and again noted upon delivery in Mexico. With the accompanying certificate that the goods had indeed just passed through the U.S., a rebate would then be given on the duty paid for the importation of the goods. See Terry Ortega, "The 'Drawback Act' of 1845," *Wagon Tracks*, 16 (Nov 2001): 17-25.

16. In 1824 Augustus Storrs had much the same to say about the natives of New Mexico: "The door of hospitality is opened with a cheerful welcome, and every effort of friendship and kindness which might be expected from intimate acquaintance, is voluntarily proffered by a stranger. In all their principal towns, the arrival of Americans is a source of pleasure, and the evening is dedicated to dancing and festivity. . . . Their accommodations are generally indifferent, but they deserve much praise for their kindness, urbanity, and hospitality. Few nations practice these virtues to a greater extent." Storrs, "Trade between Missouri and Mexico."
17. The treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation was ratified and proclaimed in 1832. Of its 34 articles, only a couple dealt specifically with the Santa Fe Trail. Article 32 was titled "Interior Commerce" and concerned the protection of the caravans by each government. Article 33 addressed Indian hostilities by encouraging the maintenance of "peace and harmony among the several Indian nations who inhabit the lands adjacent to the lines and rivers which form the boundaries of the two countries." Each country pledged to restrain by force, "all hostilities and incursions on the part of the Indian nations living within their respective boundaries" so that neither nation would suffer attacks or hostilities.
18. Colonel José Antonio Viscarra served as governor of New Mexico, 1822-1823, and served as military commander of the province off and on up to 1829. That year he led the first Mexican escort on the Trail from Santa Fe to the Arkansas River where he met and handed off the escort to Major Bennett Riley and his escort of 6th Infantry soldiers. Otis E. Young, *The First Military Escort on the Santa Fe Trail, 1829* (Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1952), 140-145.
19. Blue Springs was a way-point and a point of rendezvous for those heading to Santa Fe from 1823 to 1830. It is located in present Jackson County, Missouri.
20. The caravan was camped in southwestern Jackson County, MO. Sighting a prairie fly was bothersome, because they could be a terrible nuisance to the animals. Missionaries traveling the military road between Fort Gibson and Fort Leavenworth described an attack by prairie flies: "Meanwhile our horses became furious from the attack of swarms of flies, broke from us, and started upon a full lope over the boundless prairie, they knew or cared not wither." The horses took refuge in timber near a



stream before they were captured. The description continues: "Those who have never traveled in our large western, and especially south-western prairies, in fly-time, would form little conception of the severity of these bloodsuckers. They rise from the grass as the animal passes, fasten themselves upon him in immense numbers, and draw blood from every pore. It is said, and I doubt not its truth, that they will kill a horse if not relieved. As might be expected, a horse becomes furious and ungovernable; it is extremely difficult even to extricate him from the harness." Rev. William H. Goode, *Outposts of Zion* (Cincinnati: Poe and Hitchcock, 1864), 90-91.

21. Rosinante was Don Quixote's steed, a pathetic broken down nag.
22. Round Grove, Elm Grove, and Lone Elm are all in southern Johnson County, KS.
23. The distance traveled would place their camp in the vicinity of Baldwin City, about 7 miles south of the Blue Mound.
24. Wetmore's mileage is difficult to follow, but it would seem most correct that they were at the Rock Creek, just a couple miles east of present Overbrook, KS. Rock Creek flows north into the Wakarusa River. This is probably Mule Creek as noted by Joseph C. Brown of the Sibley survey. He said, "Mule Creek small, runs north'd and has no timber near the road. Down the creek at about 1 mile is a little timber and southward at about 2 or 3 miles distance is some timber on the waters of the Marias de Cygne which is the principal fork of the Osage river." Joseph C. Brown, "Report of a Committee Appointed to Prepare a Correct map of the old Santa Fe Trail across the State of Kansas," *Eighteenth Biennial Report of the Board of Directors of the Kansas State Historical Society for the Biennial Period July 1, 1910, to June 30, 1912* (Topeka: State Printing Office, 1913), 117.
25. Another 18 miles would put them on Switzler Creek in the vicinity of present Burlingame.
26. Wetmore's statement and mileage would place them on Rock Creek, about seven miles east of Council Grove. Both Rock and Bluff creeks to the east, flow into the Neosho River, which indeed is a tributary of the Arkansas River. The connection between "aldermen" and turtles, noted more than once by Wetmore, apparently comes from a popular comic song, "Dancing Quadrilles," which was popular in the early 19th century. In the song the piano music is played by Aunt Dinah, and there are several pairs of dancers noted. In the second verse, for example:  
 "Mister Longshank will dance with Miss Roundabout,  
 "Little Miss Frizzle with tall Mr Post; -"  
 The third verse contains these relevant words (boldface italics added):  
 "Major Toledo shall dance with Miss Sprigginsby, -  
 "Blow me! she'll scarcely reach up to my knees;  
**"Tabitha Turtle with Alderman Higginsby;**  
 "Now Aunt Dinah strike up if you please."  
 See <<http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/chrisbrady/dquads.htm>>.

27. In 1825 the commissioners of the Sibley Survey met with the Great and Little Osage Indians and concluded a treaty which allowed for the passage of the Santa Fe trade through Osage lands. That location became known thereafter as Council Grove. In the early 1830s it became the rendezvous for caravans heading to Santa Fe and points south.
28. Diamond Spring is near the headquarters of the Diamond Spring Ranch southwest of Council Grove. This spring was a campsite favored by Trail travelers because of the high-quality water. It was known during the Trail era as the "Diamond of the Plains." A stage station and small settlement grew up here prior to the Civil War, but these were destroyed in a raid by Missouri bushwhackers, led by Dick Yeager, in 1863. The station was never rebuilt, but Diamond Spring continued to be a valuable water source and popular campsite as long as the Trail was active in this vicinity. Diamond Spring was noted by the Sibley Survey, August 11, 1825, discovered by "Old Ben Jones" a hunter with the party. On the 10th and 11th of June 1827, Sibley and the re-survey party camped there and Big John Walker carved on an elm tree "Diamond of the Plain." Brown also called it "Diamond of the Plains, a remarkably fine large fountain spring, near which is good camping ground." Brown, "Report of a Committee," 118.
29. This was probably Lost Spring, west of the present village of the same name. Lost Spring was a valuable source of water for Trail travelers and was also used for a trading ranch, stage station, and campground. The spring still flows today, and wagon ruts are visible near the crossing of the small creek on the south side of the paved road.
30. The Cottonwood Creek crossing is about one mile west of the town of Durham, KS. This site was a major campsite on the Trail. It was widely known as a difficult crossing because of the steep banks and occasional high water. There were several instances when wagon trains were caught here by blizzards and suffered losses of both livestock and human lives. This was also the site of a stage station and trading ranch about 1856, and this site became the first post office in Marion County. A. A. and Ira Moore bought the property in 1859 and operated it until the railroad came to the area in 1870-1871. Today nothing remains of the crossing or the ranch but a few wagon ruts may still be seen north-east of Cottonwood Creek, and there is an outstanding segment of eroded ruts southwest of this stream.
31. Ten miles from Cottonwood Grove or the Cottonwood Crossing would place them just east of present Canton. Eighteen miles would place them just shy of Turkey Creek.
32. They were in the vicinity south of present McPherson, KS.
33. The Trail crossed the Little Arkansas about midway between present McPherson and Lyons.
34. Cow Creek crossing is west of Lyons.
35. The sensitive plant is the *Mimosa Pudica* L, according to Janét Bare, *Wildflowers*

and Weeds of Kansas (Lawrence: Regents Press of Kansas, 1979), 156. Its leaves curl when touched. Natty Bumppo is the hero of James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* (1823-1841) and a superior frontiersman. The most famous work of the series is *The Last of the Mohicans*.

36. The Walnut Creek crossing was about two miles east of present Great Bend, KS, and south of US Highway 56. The crossing included a trading ranch, toll bridge, and military post (Fort Zarah). When the creek flooded, wagon trains would camp on its banks for days waiting to cross. It was one of the first streams in the region to have a toll bridge.
37. There were three crossings of Pawnee Fork. One, the wet route or river road crossing, was on the south edge of the present town of Larned, KS; the second, the dry route crossing, was on the west edge of the present Larned State Hospital grounds; and the third apparently established as a stage line crossing, was approximately one-half-mile east of the present site of Fort Larned National Historic Site.
38. Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), English novelist and clergyman, was author of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* (1760-1767), one of the most widely read novels of its day. This whimsical work proceeds by association of ideas and conversation rather than by plot structure. A *Sentimental journey* (1768) recounts travels in France and Italy. *New American Desk Encyclopedia*, 1185.
39. The Caches, located west of present Dodge City, was an oft-noted landmark on the Trail. These famous pits were dug out in 1822 (-1823). The broken swivel referred to a small cannon on a swivel that could be mounted easily in case of danger.
40. The *Jornada* was a typically waterless stretch of trail between the Arkansas River and the Cimarron River. Depending on where the crossing of the Arkansas was made, the distance without water could be up to 80 miles. The caravan started at four in the afternoon in order to march at night when it was cooler.
41. The party was generally south of present Ulysses, KS. Sandy Creek or Sand Creek is the North Fork of the Cimarron River.
42. The Willows were in or along the Cimarron River about 11 miles east and 11 miles north of present Boise City, OK. The Sugarloaf Mound is today known as Wolf Mountain. It and the Upper Cimarron Spring are both about nine miles north of Boise City.
43. This statement is one of the few justifications for the Trail being routed in different places.
44. One month after Wetmore passed this site, in August 1828, Daniel Munro and Robert McNees of Franklin, Missouri, were killed at Corruppa or McNees Creek. They had gone ahead of the Missouri-bound caravan to find a camping place. When they reached the creek they turned out their mules and "the Indians came and kild them both." Munro was still alive when the main caravan came up, and McNees was

buried there and the train moved on. By the time they reached Upper Cimarron Spring, Munro had died and he was buried there. Only one grave, instead of two as Wetmore stated, was marked by the cross. Harry C. Myers, "Death on the Trail, 1828, McNees Identified," *Wagon Tracks*, 9 (August 1995): 1-2.

45. The Rabbit Ears are north and east of present Clayton, NM.
46. Wetmore's "Mother Hill" is now known as Sierra Grande, an 8700-foot-high shield volcano just south of Capulin and Des Moines, NM. They met some Kiowa (Kia-wa) Indians and were able to communicate with them in the Pawnee (Pani) language and learned they were stealing horses from the Cheyenne (Chian) Indians.
47. The stated mileage from the Willows is incorrect and if used would place the party to the west of Round Mound (also known today as Mt. Clayton), a well known landmark about five miles south of Grenville, NM.
48. The dividing ridge between the Cimarron and Canadian drainages is in the approximate location of Sofia, NM. The "Chicken Hills" are the Turkey Mountains west of and between Wagon Mound and Watrous, NM.
49. Point of Rocks is the noted New Mexico landmark located about 25 miles east of Springer, NM. The Sangre de Cristo Mountains, the southern extension of the Rocky Mountains, are plainly visible from there.
50. They were at the Rock Crossing of the Canadian River, about seven miles east of Springer and two miles south of Taylor Springs where U.S. Route 56 crosses the Canadian. Buffalo usually were not found this far west except as stragglers. The party was lucky to find these.
51. The "Pilot Knobs" are the mesas west of Wagon Mound. Perhaps Wetmore was calling the Wagon Mound one of the Pilot Knobs. Nimrod was a descendant of Ham and a great hunter mentioned in Genesis in the Bible.
52. They were just to the east of the Turkey Mountains. Blue Grama, Black Grama, and Buffalo grass dominate the rich pastures in this area. Pine Tar was commonly used to lubricate the axles on which the hubs of the wagon wheels turned.
53. The Mora and Sapello rivers join at present Watrous, NM.
54. Their camp on the Gallinas River was the future site of Las Vegas, NM. A permanent settlement began there about 1835.
55. San Miguel was bypassed by taking a trail over the Sangre de Cristo Mountains to Las Colonias, Pecos, and then on the trail into Santa Fe. Wetmore's difficulty in breathing was indeed because of the elevation. He crossed over peaks close to 10,000 feet in elevation.
56. Wetmore was referring to 1828 rather than 1820. In that year Daniel Munro and Robert McNees were killed at what would be known as McNees Creek in northeastern New Mexico. Wagonmaster John Means was killed later that year.
57. Andrew Broadus wounded himself in a gun accident that required the amputation of his arm. Kit Carson was with this 1826 caravan and witnessed the amputation.

## COUNCIL TROVE

### -DOCUMENTS-

#### THE NEW MEXICAN TRADE, 1829 ALPHONSO WETMORE LETTER

Harry C. Myers sent the following letter from Alphonso Wetmore to Senator Thomas Hart Benton, May 26, 1829, as another Wetmore document for *WT* and as a supplement to Wetmore's report reprinted in this issue. The original was published in the *Missouri Intelligencer*, June 19, 1829, and is reprinted here in full.

It should be noted that Wetmore's prediction that oxen would become important in the trade was soon fulfilled, for Major Bennet Riley's military escort with the 1829 caravan, heading out on the Trail at the time Wetmore wrote his letter, introduced oxen to the Trail. Charles Bent used some of those oxen to pull a wagon to Santa Fe that summer, demonstrating their efficacy, and soon thereafter oxen were the draft animal of choice for many freighters, for the reasons Wetmore explained.

#### New Mexican Trade.

We lay before our readers the following interesting letter from Captain Wetmore, to Col. Benton, on the subject of our trade with New Mexico. Capt. W. having visited that country during the whole of last year, and travelled extensively through it, his opinions are entitled to great weight. We publish the letter entire, though we presume the concluding paragraphs were intended exclusively for the meridian of Washington:

Franklin, Mo. May 26, 1829.

Sir-In a tour I made last year, from the frontier of Missouri, through the province of New-Mexico, & thence down Rio del Norte, to the Gulf of Mexico, some information was obtained in relation to our commerce with the interior of Mexico, highly interesting to the people of this state. The trade, though productive of general benefit to Missouri, in the occupation it has given to individuals and the employment of teams, and in the production of a sound circulating medium, not only here, but in other western states, has not tended to enrich greatly any of those enterprising men who have encountered the hazards of this com-

merce. At present, they are compelled to encounter an unequal competition with English and French merchants, by paying on their merchandise the duties collected in our ports, and that charged in the Mexican Custom Houses. If Congress will by enactment, allow the advantage of debenture on original packages of foreign merchandise transported through the United States to New-Mexico, our traders can compete, forever, with the merchants who introduce goods by the ports on the gulf of Mexico, the northern half of the states Chihuahua and Senora, including the cities of Chihuahua and Arispe. This trade may amount to about two millions per annum. Although the extent of land carriage by the Missouri route is greater, the expense of transportation is less. This fact I know by actual experiment in both routes. The city of Chihuahua is one thousand miles from the nearest port, Los Brazos Santiago, by the coach road.

In the whole distance forage is extremely scarce and very high, and will remain so, not only in default of agriculturalists, but for want of arable land likewise. I have travelled on this road six days consecutively without seeing a blade of grass. Brackish water for my mules I was forced to purchase frequently. By the Missouri route, there is an abundance of grass and water, the Buffalo and Grama\* [\*Gramma is the panic grass; panicum dacty-lon] grasses that grow on the Santa Fe trace are equal to hay and oats, and will fatten mules that labor unremittingly. The mule teams will be changed for oxen, which will greatly reduce the expense of transportation. I have witnessed experiments made in New-Mexico with ox teams rudely yoked, and attached to carretes; vehicles of the most primitive workmanship. It was perfectly satisfactory; and these ox teams held out through a jornada, (a day's journey,) or stage between two watering places, of forty miles, without water, in the hottest weather, with apparent convenience.

It is known that oxen are employed for the transportation of salt from Perecop, in the Crimea, to Petersburg and Moscow, over a similar tract of country, and a greater distance; and they sometimes return, with merchandize, the whole route. If German, French and English goods are exported by this interior route, with drawback and unbleached domestic, and calicoes,



## THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, PART I

by Matt Thomson

Reprinted from *Early History of Wabaunsee County, Kan* (1901)

which are in great demand in the market. If the supply for the same market is introduced by the Mexican ports. British cottons and calicoes of this description will be preferred; thus it will promote the interests of our manufactories, by granting this privilege, which is so reasonable in itself. It will only be necessary to fix some mode of insuring the exportation which is promised-and this may be done by bonds, as is usual in the ports, and returning the certificate of the American Consul at Santa Fe, that the packages are there delivered in their original form.

The merchants of this place are desirous that this subject may engage your attention, and at an early stage of the next session of congress. The prompt and efficient manner in which you have always advocated the interests of your state, induce them to trouble you with this claim upon the consideration of the national legislature. The trade between the United States and Mexico may be at this time with great convenience, improved inasmuch as the people of that republic are partial to us, and particularly so to the present executive of the United States. In the city of Monterey, I received the first intelligence from home that had reached me for eight months; and this was, the election of General Jackson. This communicated by the administrator (collector of the custom,) who added the following remark:

"The Mexicans rejoice at this, for they remember the General declined the mission to Mexico during the reign of Iturbide, because he would not sanction the usurpation of the tyrant, by his presence at Court—he is friendly to our freedom."

I have no direct interest in the trade which the proposed measure would improve; but it will afford me pleasure to communicate any information of which I am possessed, that relates to the subject.

I am respectfully, your ob't serv't.

ALPHONSO WETMORE.

Hon. T. H. Benton.

REMEMBER THE SFTA IN  
YOUR WILL AND BE-  
COME A MEMBER OF THE  
JOSIAH GREGG SOCIETY

*[SFTA member Michael Stubbs, Santa Barbara, CA, suggested re-printing this chapter about the Trail from Early History of Wabaunsee County, Kan (Alma: Alma Signal Enterprise, 1901), 205-220. Matt Thomson lived for a time at a stage station on the Trail, operated by his father, and he also worked on the Trail. He heard many stories from other travelers, and his recollections add to the wealth of Trail stories. Some readers may recall, too, that Thomson fabricated the story of the murder of 28 Mexican teamsters on the Trail (see Wagon Tracks, Feb & Nov 1990, Aug 1991, & Aug 1992). That tale may cause some to question the following narrative, but this appears to be the truth as he knew it. Thanks to Stubbs for providing a copy of the following chapter from the 1901 publication. The book was re-printed in 1976. Footnotes from the original appear in brackets. The final part will appear in the next issue.]*

**AT** the old mail station at Elm creek, just over the line in Breckenridge (now Lyon Co.) we first became initiated into the mysteries of plaincraft.

It was here that was born the desire to know more of the boundless West—to see with our own eyes the land of the Aztec.

Through the influence of an uncle, Mr. Ben. Thomson, of Independence, Mo., my father was appointed agent of the Overland Mail Company (carrying the U. S. mail from Independence, Mo. to Santa Fe, New Mexico).

My father entered upon his duties March 1, 1859, and for three years we lived at the old station, building the frame house seen in the illustration in 1859. The old log buildings were constructed several years before by former agents of the mail company.

In the Southeast corner of Richardson county (now Wabaunsee) the military road from Fort Leavenworth formed a junction with the greatest and most extensively traveled thoroughfare on the American continent.

For three quarters of a century

the people of more than a hundred flourishing towns in the valley of the Rio Grande and old Mexico had received their supplies in wagons drawn by mules and oxen over the historic Santa Fe trail.

From small ventures the traffic increased until goods to the value of two millions of dollars were annually purchased from the merchants of Kansas City, Independence, Lexington and Boonville (Old Franklin).

This meant the employment of an army of men and the purchase of thousands of oxen and mules, with hundreds of wagons to meet the constantly increasing demands of the trade between the people of the States and those of New Mexico.

Having crossed the plains half a score of times during the sixties and having been a quasi resident of the territories for nearly three years during that period our knowledge of the then existing conditions is based upon actual experience among the participants in the stirring scenes of a most eventful period in our country's history.

Our stay at the old mail station we regard as the most pleasurable of our existence. For three years we unthoughtedly reveled in an atmosphere of romantic incident. With boyish eagerness we listened to tales of frontier life—to the stories told by plainsmen, army officers, soldiers in the ranks, and employes of the mail company—each and every one of whom had courted danger from every standpoint.

While among the relators there were some poltroons there were many heroes—heroes without dreaming of it. There was no braggadocio in manner or speech. The greatest difficulty lay in eliciting facts from unwilling tongues; only the mock hero is prone to lavish and extravagant recitals of tales of personal prowess that have an existence only in the relator's vivid imagery.

But few other than those who know the facts can realize the immense volume of trade that passed over the trail through Wabaunsee county to Santa Fe prior to the ad-

vent of the iron horse.

For days the rumble of the heavily laden wagons, the cracking of whips, and the noise incident to a constant passing of trains made a din indescribable and almost incessant. During the summer season hundreds of wagons passed daily on their way to Santa Fe. During the Pike's Peak excitement in '59 as many as 300 vehicles of all descriptions would go into camp near the old mail station at the Elm creek crossing. In this motley crowd would be from 500 to 1,000 men-but few women-of a dozen nationalities. Usually Americans predominated but our Mexican neighbors came in for a close second.

Fully one-half of the overland traffic was carried on by Mexican freighters-in wagons drawn by mules or oxen-about equally divided.

Around the nightly campfires could be heard songs of mirth, tales of adventure, and recitals that would almost congeal the blood in one's veins. Possibly exaggeration was purposely engrafted for the edification-or discomfiture-of the tenderfoot.

That in the youthful listener the desire was enkindled to know more of the great plains, the historic ground and the quaint people beyond was but natural. As with the New England boy the stories of people beyond the seas begot a longing to cross the ocean so with the youth living on the margin of the Great American Desert-whether on the prairies of Kansas or the borders of Missouri-there was early instilled in his veins an unquenchable longing to cross the plains.

He would view with his own eyes the halls of the Montezumas. The weird and gruesome tales of the deadly trail across the "Jornada"\* [\*This refers to the dry route between the Cimarron crossing of the Arkansas and the Cimarron (Lost) river. The distance trains were compelled to travel without water varied from 50 to 90 miles and during a dry time there was no water for man or beast, except that carried in kegs from the tepid waters of the Arkansas or the brackish liquid oozing through the sands of the Cimarron. Sometimes whole trains would perish and the bones lay bleaching on the Plains. For this reason this part

of the trail was called "Jornada del Muerto"- "The journey of the Dead."] incited no fears in the boy who would brave every danger to do as many boys had done before him.

He would see the "Big Timbers," but in the scattering cottonwoods of the Upper Arkansas there was naught but disappointment. "Old Fort Atkinson" dwindled into insignificance as the few rods of dilapidated stone and adobe walls loomed into view. "Raton Pass," "Apache Hill" and the "Turkey Mountains" divested of the romance clinging to their names become commonplace, and even Historic Santa Fe, Old Baldy Mountain and the turbulent Rio Grande are not worth the candle as compared with the pleasant memories clustered about the home fireside and the old log cabin of the early pioneers.

But lack of water wasn't the only unpleasant feature of a journey over the old trail. The Indians were a constant source of anxiety if not of vexation and trouble. Wagon-masters in charge of trains, no matter how large the outfit were given opportunities to disgorge. It was a case of put up or lose a "whoa-haw." The custom was to put up a sufficient amount of bacon, flour, sugar and coffee for a feast-the amount depending on the hostile attitude of the begging Indians, their numbers, or estimated ability to enforce their demands.

The leader of every band of Indians, large or small, went armed with his begging-paper. It was just as essential as any other part of a warrior's equipment-not so war-like, but equally effective in replenishing the empty larder as the rifle and lance, or bow and arrow. But all this is changed-by that modern civiliz[er], the railroad. The modern school-house with its patent seats stands where stood the Indian Tepee. Forty years ago (1862) the writer in search of Indian curios wandered down the banks of the Pawnee (near Larned) and found more than he was looking for. He found himself ushered into the presence of Satank,\* [\*His begging paper gave us the first intimation as to his name.] was asked to dine, and-well, he didn't refuse. But as Mr. Satank will hardly see these lines and no apology be demanded, we will take the liberty of saying that the coffee

was too strong, the plum stew too sour, and the buffalo soup was altogether too fresh. The horn spoons and mussel shell ladles were interesting as curiosities but "by the great horn spoon" our appetite did not crave soup without salt conveyed to the mouth in a mussel shell. But we never grumbled at the fare. Just two years before Satank had settled his score with Peacock at the mouth of the Walnut. Possibly our knowledge of this fact caused us to partake of the fare set before us with a seeming relish. As we were about starting on our return trip to camp we were somewhat startled by a blast from Satank's bugle (any person passing over the Santa Fe trail from '60 to '65 will remember Satank and his bugle). The blast brought into his presence a young Indian mounted on a beautiful pony and leading Satank's war-horse. The old chief was going to our camp but he had no idea of walking, nor of permitting himself to enjoy this much preferred privilege. We rode-at Satank's invitation. It may be that or ready acquiescence in complying with the old chief's every request was due to some hypnotic influence, for which we were then unable to account. But at this, the eleventh hour, we mingle our thanks with congratulations. The thanks are for Satank and the congratulations for ourself-that we are here to chronicle this long deferred account of our first banquet with the wildest of Kiowas in his tepee on the banks of the Arkansas.

During the summer of 1867 the combined tribes of the plains disputed the passing of all trains over the Santa Fe trail. If there were exceptions the fact was due to advantages in the matter of force or organization not in favor of the Indians. They were peaceable or otherwise as the probability of losing their scalps seemed apparent. But with the advent of the railroad came the conviction to the Indian that it was time to be good. The mysterious power of the "talking wire" and the facility with which troops could be transported from one point to another caused Mr. Lo to put on his thinking cap. This thing of swooping down on a train and cutting out a few of the hindmost wagons was ended. The iron horse could not be stampeded, nor could his locomotion be stopped by the old



process of cutting the ham-strings. Corraling a train and cutting off the water supply; shooting and scalping the teamsters while guarding the herds of cattle or mules; picking them off while hastily constructing breastworks behind which to conceal their bodies-are among the things of the past, and are less to be attributed to a change of heart on the part of the Indian than to the civilizing influences exerted by the iron horse.

This article on the Old Trail would be incomplete without some reference to the overland mail-carried in the sixties in a Concord coach drawn by six mules with an outrider\* [\*Boyish pleasure never assumed the superlative form in a more eminent degree than in our own case while playing the role of outrider on the overland mail. If we could manage to meet the mail at Wilmington and be "whipper-up" to the old station and thence to 142 creek (of course we wanted to go there after the mail) we would feel as though we had met with an unusual piece of good luck. Our predilection for this employment is probably responsible for our failure to take a course at college. Being proffered a scholarship (at Lebanon college, Tenn.) my brother Davis remarked that a place on the mail line would be more to my liking. My father's displeasure in the matter was shown by his never referring to the matter again. But we are not complaining.]-as a promoter of speed. With each coach were three men and occasionally one or more extra coaches were required. The schedule time from Independence to Santa Fe was twenty days until 1860, when it was reduced to fifteen days. Until 1859 Lost Springs was the last station and outfitting point. Beyond this only "long-route mules" being detailed for service on short drives on the east and west ends of the line. Here, time was made, as much as 150 miles being covered in the first 24 hours. Conductors and drivers were heavily armed as a protection to the mail and the large sums of money sent in the care of the company. Though seldom attacked the crews were frequently held up by the Indians with begging papers. This meant generous treatment or imminent risk of the consequences, that were, as a rule, averted. The killing of the Smith brothers referred

to in "Bill Cole's Last Drive" was an exception-one that had little effect in curtailing the number of applications for employment at the office of the Overland Mail Company.

As early as 1831 [1821], the town of Franklin, 150 miles west of St. Louis, was an outfitting point for the Santa Fe traders.

Wagons, drawn by oxen, were first used in 1829, by Major Riley, who, with three companies of infantry and one of riflemen, escorted the caravan as far as Choteau Island on the Arkansas. The train being attacked by Indians the escort continued with the caravan as far as Sand creek. The use of oxen by Major Riley was a surprise to plainsmen. The oxen stood the trip as well, if not better, than mules and after that time about half the freighters used oxen.

As early as 1831 Council Grove was used as an outfitting point by fur traders and emigrants to Oregon, though up to that time there was not a house west of Independence. The name-Council Grove-had its origin in the fact that in 1825 Messrs Reeves, Sibley and Mathers, commissioners appointed to establish and mark a road from Independence to Santa Fe, made a treaty with the Osages to gain their consent to the establishment of the road. The council was held in the Grove at the crossing of the Neosho. The caravans organized here by electing a captain, detailing guards, etc., for the protection of the caravan while passing through the hostile tribes of the plains, and the more dangerous hordes of robbers that preyed on unsuspecting outfits at will.

In 1843, large escorts, under Capt. Philip St. George Cook[e] accompanied the caravans as far as the Arkansas river.

An item from "Annals of the Great Western Plains" is deserving of a place here. "In 1857, 9,884 wagons left Kansas City for New Mexico. Now, if these wagons were all in one train, they would make a caravan 223 miles long, with 98,840 mules and oxen, and freighting an amount of merchandise equal to 59,304,000 lbs."

As fully as many wagons were outfitted at Leavenworth, Independence and other points the above figures represent not more than half

the traffic passing over the old trail.

Among the items of traffic received at Kansas City that year was one of 50,000 buffalo robes.

Another item in the "Annals" says: "As early as 1840 it was not uncommon, on the arrival of Mackinaw boats, to see as many as 300 or 400 men on the levee (at Kansas City) at one time, and all of them buying more or less from the traders."

Among other items of trade were rings that cost ten cents in St. Louis and sold to the Indians for five or six dollars. In view of these prices there need be no cause for wonder at the fabulous fortunes piled up by the Astors.

Among the landmarks of the Old Trail not yet obliterated is an old log house on Bluff creek, twelve miles east of Council Grove-made memorable as the home of the noted guerilla, Bill Anderson. In 1862, Bill was a harmless youth, to all appearances at least. He was a regular attendant at the neighborhood debates\* [\*At one of these debates (so deeply impressed on memory's tablet, as never to be effaced), in which Bill took part in January, 1862, held at Charley Withington's, at the crossing of 142 creek, the writer had the honor of acting as secretary. As we remember it a handsome Miss "Muller"-and as worthy and accomplished as handsome-presided as one of the judges. If the "Judge" failed, through fickleness, or from dilatory uncertainty, to make hay while the sun shone so brightly it is safe to say that as he looks regretfully down the long vista of years his eyes are never so bedimmed that he is unable to see the application of Wittier's truthful lines: "It might have been." As to Bill Anderson (in his boyhood days he was known by no other name than Bill): Mild in manner and timid in speech, as one might have observed him that evening, Bill was a study. Tall and straight as an Indian, with his light blue eyes and jet black hair-long and flowing, one can hardly realize that within one short year, with bridle reins in his teeth and a revolver in either hand. Bill Anderson could be transformed into a living exemplification of Sherman's truism that "war is hell."] and spelling schools, taking a part, with other young men, in the vicinity of his old home. Bill's first trip, and we believe

his last, across the plains, was with Parker's mule train, just before the civil war. On this trip Bill became an expert at pistol practice, affected broad-brimmed hats and in a few months cast his lot with Quantrill; was at the sacking of Lawrence and on the night of July 3, 1862, burned Baker's stone house at the Santa Fe crossing of Rock creek, shooting Baker as he attempted to escape through the cellar window. Bill celebrated the 4th the following morning by shooting 36 holes through the front door of the old stage station at Elm creek-then occupied by Henry Jacobi. The bed in which two children slept was filled with lead but the little ones were unharmed.

Santa Fe was the Mecca of boys living on the border in the sixties desirous of graduating in plainscraft. This city has the honor of being the oldest town but one in the United States. At the time my father was agent for the Mail company Santa Fe was the western terminus of the line. It is the capital of New Mexico now as it was then. It boasts of some fine buildings but a large majority of the residences are built of adobe. Many wealthy families are located here, having grown rich in the mining, ranching or mercantile business-being the proprietors of many of the trains that in the early days hauled all their merchandise from points on the Missouri river on the great thoroughfare passing through Wabaunsee county.

While many of the families residing here were fabulously rich the worldly possessions of the great majority is a matter of but little concern to the tax collector and but little more perhaps to the average Mexican, provided he is of the "Greaser" class and the average Mexican is always a "Greaser."

Give the Greaser a serapa (Mexican blanket), a burro (donkey) and a few rich relations on his visiting list and he is independent. Add to these possessions a horse, saddle, a huge pair of spurs, and a broad-brimmed hat, and he is monarch, in a literal sense, of all he surveys; and, in many instances, of all he can lay his hands on.

The Greaser's dream of happiness is to marry some rich man's daughter that he may live at his ease-and, at the expense of his wife's relations.

Failing in this he is content to become an outlaw, and firm in the belief that the world owes him a living he starts out to look it up. As to whether it is to be found at the gambling table, or at the end of a lasso, it is immaterial to him.

But these remarks refer only to the reckless class whom the fates ordained should be born in New Mexico. Rowdies with the self-same characteristics are not peculiar to that latitude, to the climate, or to the people.

Though Santa Fe was the terminal point of the mail line from Independence the trail over which the thousands of tons of freight were hauled extended far down the Rio Grande and beyond into old Mexico.

On the lower Rio Grande is another "Jornada del Muerto"-an arid waste of sand and cactus, interspersed with sage-brush and some dwarfed mesquite. There are no trees and yet the arid plain is not destitute of fuel. A species of cactus fifteen feet in height and thick as a man's body is found here. This and the sage-brush is utilized as a substitute for the more solid woods abounding in the mountains.

Then, there is the mesquite, the greater part of which, grows underground. In the past, when we were told that on the arid plains of New Mexico wood was obtained by digging, we concluded that the narration would make a fitting appendix to the stories of Munchausen, but such is a fact.

Prior to the advent of the railroad, nearly all the fuel used by the troops at Fort Craig, on the Lower Rio Grande, was nothing more nor less than the roots of the mesquite-a small bush furnishing as much as a cord of wood. These roots are very easily dug from the sandy soil and are less crooked than much of the piñon and other scrubby timber growing in the foot-hills.

Though in a dry time the stretch of arid plain without water lies between terminal points ninety miles apart there are occasional rains or downpours that fill up the holes along the route across the Jornada.

At the Point of Rocks was one of these holes at which water was occasionally found after a hard rain. The place is what the name indicates-a

rough, jagged promontory, not very high above the surrounding country, but conspicuous by reason of its altitude above the surrounding plains. Here, the dust-begrimed traveler was supplied with a fair quality of water with which to quench his thirst after his weary march.

In times past, the weary traveler looked forward to his arrival at this point on his route with feelings of joy, mingled with a dread that could not be shaken off. Though almost famished, he hardly dared approach the water holes for fear that the draught, though refreshing, might be his last. He feared that his stooping to drink might be the signal for the launching of a shower of arrows sent on their deadly errand by a score of Indians that might lay concealed behind the boulders.

Many a lone expressman or mail carrier met his death at the hands of the treacherous Apaches at the Point of Rocks.

But connected with the history of the old trail are hundreds of horrifying incidents for which the Indian is in nowise responsible. Just beyond the point where the old trail emerged from the mountains at the foot of Raton pass was a little clump of willows where in 1868 an American miner encamped for the last time. He was on his way to the "States," doubtless anticipating the many pleasures in store for him at the old homestead. There was no railroad then and he could not afford the luxury of a ride in the mail coach at twenty-five cents a mile. To his mind it would be extravagant to expend for stage fare, at the rate of \$25 per day, money that had been earned by hard work at perhaps a half a hundred per month.

Purchasing a burro, he started with his camping outfit for home. He had saved considerable money and for this, probably, he was waylaid and murdered. His body was found, wrapped in his blankets and cast away in the willows-another victim whose murder is unavenged. Thirty-four have gone by and mayhap loving friends are yet listening for the footsteps of him who will never come. But a city (Raton) now occupies the spot and long ago neighboring church bells have tolled the requiem of the departed spirit of the victim of the assassin's treachery.

(concluded next issue)



## KATIE BOWEN LETTERS, 1851: PART II

edited by Bonita and Leo Oliva

*(The first segment of the Bowen Letters [Bowen Family Papers, U. S. Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, PA], telling of a trip to New Mexico over the Trail in 1851, appeared in the Feb. 2002 issue. Part I took the Bowens from New York to St. Louis. This segment continues with more about St. Louis, the river trip to Fort Leavenworth, and preparations for a trip across the plains. Captain Isaac Bowen was newly-appointed chief commissary officer of the military department of New Mexico. Katie accompanied him and kept her parents apprised of their trip. Her references to "pet" refer to their daughter Margaret Amelia who died November 26, 1850, at the age of 13 months and 2 days. Editorial notes appear in brackets. This series will continue in the next issue.)*

St. Louis, April 9, 1851

[Planters House]

My dear Mother-

As we have everything packed and ready to go on board the "Pochahontas" I sit down to tell you that we are in prime order for Santa fe. In all probability we will be at Leavenworth two or three weeks - and I will write as soon as we get there. The weather for two days past has been delightful and we have the prospect of a fine sail up the Missouri. Isaac has made everything very complete. Has a mess chest with every convenience for a small family. Small bags in a champaign basket of groceries to use on the way and everything one can think of - a nice little furnace to boil a kettle or make a cup of tea over - and altogether I think we may be very thankful. He bought me a fine side saddle, bridle & all, and we are taking out one bedstead & two more camp chairs. That is all the furniture we can afford just now - and I know I can make comfortable seats from the quantity of boxes we will have. I got some more red covering and we will be very cosy and comfortable. I only wish you and Father could come and see us after we are settled. If we have good weather I will not complain at all. There are many persons boarding at this house who have been in Santa fe - and say it is a very nice place. We wait at Ft. Leavenworth for Col [Edwin V.] Summer who

goes out in command of the 6 hundred men who accompany the train. Isaac yesterday saw an order to send out 100 cows for government use in Santa fe so you see we will be able to have butter by taking the trouble to make it. Mary [servant] keeps up good courage although the Catholics here are saying everything to discourage her. She seems inclined to stick by us. The boat starts about 5 o'clock this afternoon and we will be about five days going up. I will write on the way and if we meet any boats coming down will send you a few lines. I never felt in better health, and I relish any food that is well cooked (and we are not often favored with that). I want very much to get another letter before leaving, but they will follow us. Capt. [William T.] Sherman will see that they are sent safely. Every article of household stuff is very dear here, but our funds have held out well and we have everything that in reason one could ask. We have formed some pleasant acquaintances & I would like to stay part of our time here, only that it is so dreadfully expensive living at one of these hotels. At Leavenworth we can probably have two rooms and live as we will on the plains and Mary can earn her board at something - here I have nothing for her to do. After dinner we go on board and I must close this in order to have my face clean for the important ceremony of eating a poor dinner half cooked. Give much love to all. Isaac has worked like a trojan - and has just come in to brush up a little. We have not had a word from Buffalo - No one need take the trouble to mention me to the Mathews for I won't have anything to do to with them. They did not treat me with common decency - and I think the whole batch are a mean lot --. Mrs. Townsend would have been glad to have seen me alone - and I would have liked to go, but she is the only halfway decent one. Holmans letter I expect will come from the plains. Fathers birthday I am looking out for. Ever truly and affectionately,

Your daughter Katie

Fort Leavenworth, April 15th  
Tuesday morning

Dear Mother

Well, do we not get on famously? We have arrived here without an accident, and where do you think we are quartering for today? At Maj [Joseph A.] Haskin's house. All the houses are

full, and we could not get a room last night when the boat landed, so Mrs. Haskins offered her parlor and we spread a mattress on a lounge and were very comfortable. We have had a good time talking over old times, and our tongues have run like mill races. You will be glad to hear that I have found an old acquaintance and they are living very happily with their four children and another one coming pretty soon. She is the same as ever, always easy and goodnatured, and altogether I guess she makes a good mother. Her oldest boy is as large as Jeff and a very pretty child. We will get a room in mess today, and have our meals in mess, but Mary will remain here, till we get ready to start, which will be in two or three weeks. I met one lady last evening who is going to Santa fe and she is right pleasant. She has one child the same age that pet would have been had she lived - and will have another as soon as she settled in Santa fe. I ought to be thankful that I am free at present and hearty to undertake the journey.

Our goods are in a good state of preservation, and the worst of our journey is over. We were four days and a half coming from St. Louis and met with no trouble. It is a dreadful river to navigate, and we overtook a steamboat hung up on a sand bar that started a day before us, and another that started a week before we passed some way down the river, full of passengers, but had broken a shaft in attempting to get off a sand bar, and there the people are laying until the boat can be repaired. Our captain did not see fit to take them off. I never saw such a river, perfectly thick with mud, full of snags & sandbars, and the pilots had to go entirely by the lead, to ascertain the depth of water. I am thankful that we are off these rivers. The open sea, with plenty of room, is not to be dreaded, but confined on either side by woods & bluffs, and no channel in the river. These are hard times. I want a letter so much and this you must excuse. The mail closes this morning and I do not want to miss the chance, but will send you a longer one next mail. Mrs. Haskin sends much love. she is very kind and generous to us, and we have not met with anything unpleasant during the whole journey of twenty-five hundred miles. I shall have a good deal to tell you while we stay. Give much love to all. I have talked myself hoarse al-

most; but we are having a pleasant visit. Old Doct [Lawrence] Sprague is in Philadelphia for his health & Isaacs dog is a bouncer. We call him Bruno. He will be a fierce protector. Has Augusta Prince[?] returned to Houlton If so tell her we have been raking up old times & her amongst other things. Let me hear from you often. From here I shall keep a journal. This is a delightful location and must be charming in summer. Flowers are in great abundance all through the woods, and some of the children send you some in this letter, of course they are not very well preserved. Isaac is busy as usual fitting up things and sends love. Ever truly yours

Katie

I am sure Father would enjoy this trip and wish with all my heart he were here.

Fort Leavenworth, April 20, 1851

My dear Father,

Time seems very long while waiting for a letter from home. I fully expected one yesterday, but was obliged to get over my disappointment as well as I could. only one has reached me since we left Buffalo and that was received at St. Louis. I hope you have got all that were written from St. Louis, and I wrote from here the day after we got here, which was last Tuesday. This is a very fine post. The country for miles around is charming. Uncle Sam has a very handsome farm, and I would like it if our 150 acres were located here. The indians living near cultivate their land, and are perfectly peacable. We see them here every day on their wild horses, dressed in the most fantastic manner, usually bareheaded. The small remnant of a tribe living here is in reality the "last of the Mohicans." The ladies here ride every day on horseback and look as hardy as any of our Maine girls. I have taken one drive, out about five miles to a mountain called "*pilot knob*." It is a large square hill perfectly flat on top and sloping gradually on all sides, looking for all the world like some of the earth forts thrown up around Boston by Washingtons men. I did not ascend it, but my companions told me that there are indian mounds on the top, supposed to be graves. I expect to find many curious things on our route. Since we have been here, several parties have come in from Santafe. Today Major [William N.] Grier arrived with two men, he came from a fort[Rayado?] a hundred and fifty miles this side of

Santa fe, in sixteen days. he is going on to Philadelphia for his family. The wagons that are going on with us are encamping a few rods from here just under a hill. You cannot imagine how prettily their tents look these bright moonlight evenings, and then the men are so jolly, sitting on the grass singing or playing on their fiddles. There is no place so far out of the world that its occupants cannot make themselves contented and cheerful. I would much like to remain here if we were certain of being stationary any length of time, but the persons stationed here are hourly expecting to move. Four companies are already under orders for Arkansas and leave on Tuesday. They belong to the 7th Infantry, and until now have been mounted. They were dismounted on Saturday, or Friday, and I believe the horses are to be sold, or perhaps the Dragoons fall natural heirs to them. I am not quite certain. Isaac had his pick out of the lot and got a fine beast at contract price \$60 and an hour afterwards he was offered \$30 for his bargain but would not sell him for \$125- He looks very much like Holman's Rolla and is as gentle as a kitten. I expect to have some rides after our journey is over. We do not know what day we will set out. Col Sumner will have command, and he is expected here on the 25th or the first of the month at Farthest. Ask Mother if she remembers last "Easter Monday." Tomorrow will be the anniversary of the day, and we were so happy then. I never look for the same bright days again when we walked in the sunshine carrying our dear little Amelia in our arms. Always living in hope I trust to be back in a shorter time than we now anticipate. There is a nice little town [Weston, MO] six miles above here on the opposite side of the river, and tomorrow I am going up with Maj [James Henry] Carleton and wife [Sophia] to get some butter for our march. I am going to melt it in[and] put it into a stone jar, more for experiment than anything else. I have discovered how to keep eggs fresh for years. Hold them in boiling water *an instant* just long enough to fasten the white to the shell, and by so doing it keeps the air from penetrating though. Consequently preserves the meat sweet for any length of time. Sea captains do this and always have fresh eggs in any climate.

This is Sunday and although there is a chaplain here I have not attended

service today. I am thinking much of your birthday which is to come so soon, and wish I were there to count the days for you. I trust your health is as good as usual, and do send letters as often as can be afforded. We expect to go through sooner under Col Sumners command than if almost anyone else had command. Take good care of yourself and Mother, and let me find you enjoying every blessing on my return. When I leave here I shall begin to count the time when we will be coming back. I hope you have as fine weather as we have, quite clear and warm. Each day renders our arrangements for travel more complete.

Monday evening 21st.

Isaac and I had a grand gallop this afternoon around the farm. If you had such farms in Houlton as this, you would all have so much money that you would not know what to do with it. Over and above all expenses last year it cleared \$6000 after paying \$1100 for farming tools and seeds. I would not mind if it belonged to someone who would will it to us. No boat has landed here since we came and I suspect they are all hung high and dry upon sand bars. We have been very fortunate, and we are duly thankful for it. We did not go to Weston today but will go tomorrow, and I will carry this to the postoffice myself, trusting to find one in the office for myself. The waggons to convey the baggage for the troops leaving tomorrow are all drawn up in front of the doors, and look as I suppose ours will look in a few days, all clean and comfortable. Please pass this round to all who are interested enough to read it. I will try to write better ones when we have the excitement of the travel to relate. Remember me most kindly to Mr & Mrs Hodgson, and of course to all the family. Tell Aunt Eliza that I scraped acquaintance with a Mormon preachers family, on the boat, who are going direct to Salt Lake and that I told her who I was and asked her to hunt out Catherine Woodbury, and inform her respecting her family who were all well, and flourishing. I should have written a letter to Catherine, but I did not know but they were humbugs. The preacher played the best hand at cards and checkers of any one on board, and I did not much appreciate his piety. Love ever

from your daughter Katie

(continued next issue)



## POST OFFICE OAK

### —LETTERS—

Editor:

The latest *WT* [May 2002] was the best yet!

Eleanor Fry  
1111 Bonforte Blvd #505  
Pueblo CO 81001

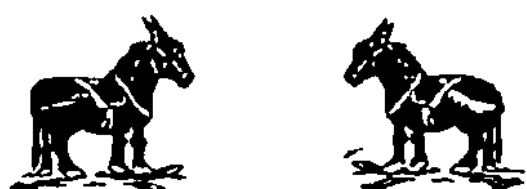
*You are so kind and appreciated.  
Thanks.*

Editor

Editor:

The Feb 2002 issue of *WT* (Vol. 16, no. 2) contained the first letters from Katie Bowen. Her letters mention the Planter's Hotel in St. Louis. I mentioned this to my son, Darrell, and he forwarded a picture that may be accessed on the Internet at <<http://www.usgennet.org/usa/mo/county/stlouis/postcards/plantershotel-photo.jpg>>. I just thought your readers might find this of interest.

Marvin Burke  
10548 Quivas St  
Northglenn CO 80234



## HOOF PRINTS

### —TRAIL TIDBITS—

Dewey Trading Company, Santa Fe, now has the Chihuahua Trail Blanket available in the Southwest Trails Blanket project. To order it, the Santa Fe Trail blanket, or one of the others, call 800-444-WOOL or online at <[www.deweytrading.com](http://www.deweytrading.com)>.

On April 20 leaders of the Kaw Nation, assisted by the Friends of Kaw Heritage and other local groups, dedicated 168 acres of their native homeland near Council Grove, KS, as the Al-le-ga-wa-ho Memorial Heritage Park. Al-le-ga-wa-ho was the principal chief of the Kansa tribe at the time of their removal from Kansas to Indian Territory in 1873.

Also on April 20 a 3.5-mile segment of the Flint Hills Nature Trail connecting Al-le-ga-wa-ho Park to Council Grove was dedicated. This hiking and biking trail follows the grade of the Missouri Pacific Railroad line. When completed, this trail will extend from Osawatomie to Her-

ington in Kansas.

A two-mile trail, The Kanza Heritage Trail, has been laid out through Al-le-ga-wa-ho Park. A trail brochure interpreting the park's natural and cultural features is available at the Kaw Mission State Historic Site in Council Grove.

Marjorie Paxton and Preston McCall have opened a new gallery in Santa Fe, Paxton & McCall Fine Art, 221 W San Francisco. The gallery features the work of McCall, who lives in Santa Fe and Kansas City, and many of whose landscapes are of prairie scenes along the Santa Fe Trail. McCall has been driving the SFT for 25 years.

Alice Thompson, the great-grandniece of Sister Mary Alphonsa Thompson who died and was buried along the Trail in southwest Kansas in 1867, led another search expedition seeking the gravesite on August 12. A report is expected for the next issue.



## CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

### —BOOK NOTICES—

Stephen G. Hyslop, *Bound for Santa Fe: The Road to New Mexico and the American Conquest, 1806-1858*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2002. Pp. xiii + 514. Maps, illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$34.95. Available from Last Chance Store.

This is the best single volume written about the Santa Fe Trail since the death of the last participants in its history. It should be at the top of anyone's list who wants to understand the history of the Trail during its formative and international years, the first three decades.

Hyslop is an independent scholar who edited the 23-volume Time-Life series on American Indians. He understands the value of primary sources, the foundation for all historical studies. In *Bound for Santa Fe* he weaves together in a beautiful pattern the documents produced by those who used the Trail, a masterpiece of editing and profound com-

mentary, telling the stories of commerce and conquest, geography and society, economic interdependence and warfare.

This volume offers historical perspective on all cultures involved, Anglo, Hispanic, and Indian. It explains the workings of the trade, the process of freighting, life on the Trail, Indian-white relations, Hispanic-Anglo relations, and the detailed history of the Trail and trade between the United States and Mexico. It ends with the Mexican War and the role of the Trail in the conquest of the Southwest.

This is a book to purchase, read, keep for reference, and return to again and again. One hopes Hyslop will do a similar volume about the last three decades of the Trail.

Marc Simmonds, *Spanish Pathways: Readings in the History of Hispanic New Mexico*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2001. Pp. ix + 206. Illustrations, selected references, notes, index. Paper, \$17.95. Available from Last Chance Store.

For many who are fascinated with the history of the Santa Fe Trail, the fact that the Trail once led to a foreign country, inhabited by brown-skinned people with a culture very different from that of the United States, may underlie some of their interest. In this volume of eleven essays, nine of which previously appeared in scholarly publications, Southwestern historian Simmons explores social and economic forces in the far northern colonial province that influenced the domestic lives and shaped the character of these Hispanic people during the 225 years they were Spanish subjects.

An 18-page introduction encapsulates the colonial history of the province and includes information on the economic importance of trade fairs which were later vital to the Santa Fe Trail trade. Topics range from the Pueblo Revolt of 1680, the smallpox epidemic of 1780-1781, to public health and the development of cattle ranching. The reader may be surprised to learn that many of the water laws and customs pertaining to irrigation came from medieval Spain, and not from practices of the Indians of the Southwest. One of the new essays deals with colonial physicians and medical practices, the sec-

ond with the festivities surrounding the once-important summer feast day honoring St. John the Baptist. The bloody event known as *corrida de gallo* or rooster "pull" captured the attention of visitors.

Simmons's many years of researching colonial history resulted in *Coronado's Land: Essays on Daily Life In Colonial New Mexico* in 1991. *Spanish Pathways* expands the story of that era. Scholars and persons interested in the Southwest will benefit by having these essays available and gain a deeper appreciation of the courageous pioneering spirit of those who stubbornly made New Mexico their home.

—Bonita M. Oliva

Patricia Jean Manion SL, *Beyond the Adobe Wall: The Sisters of Loretto in New Mexico, 1852-1894*. Independence: Two Trails Publishing Press, 2002. Pp. 201. Illustrations, sources, index. Paper, \$14.95. Available from Last Chance Store.

Written to commemorate 150 years of the Sisters of Loretto in New Mexico, this book, with an introduction by Marc Simmons, records the history of their mission and growth in New Mexico and the Southwest during the time Magdalen Hayden lived there, 1852-1894. Bishop Jean Baptiste Lamy recognized the need for girls' education, and in response to his request in 1852, the first four Sisters arrived in Santa Fe.

Mother Matilda Mills had died of cholera during the journey, while on the Missouri River, so Magdalen Hayden, age 39, was appointed Mother Superior. She oversaw the growth and expansion of Our Lady of the Light Academy, a boarding and day school for girls near the Plaza of Santa Fe, and established other schools in Taos, Mora, Las Cruces, Bernalillo, Socorro, Albuquerque, and Las Vegas. Schools were also established in Denver, Colorado, and San Elizario, Texas. Mother Hayden purchased adjoining property to enlarge the Academy in Santa Fe and by 1863 owned five acres of property near the Plaza. She resigned her position in 1881 and died in 1894.

Sister Patricia Jean Manion used the writings of Mother Magdalen and Lamy as primary sources in this, her second book about the Sisters of Loretto. Bishop Lamy, the Catholic

Church, and the Sisters of Loretto were an important facet of the history of Santa Fe and New Mexico, and all traveled the Santa Fe Trail until the arrival of the railroad. Readers who have enjoyed Mary Jean Cook's recent work on the Miraculous Staircase and who have followed the search for the grave of Sister Mary Alphonsa Thompson near the Trail in southwest Kansas, will find this volume interesting.

—Bonita M. Oliva

## CAMP TALES

### —CHAPTER REPORTS—

#### Cimarron Cutoff

President D. Ray Blakeley  
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(505) 374-2555

No report.

#### Texas Panhandle

President Kathy Revett Wade  
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<krevett@arn.net>

No report.

#### Wagon Bed Spring

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

#### Six Western Chapters Meeting by Marion McGlohon

Modern-day Santa Fe Trail enthusiasts began to understand just a little bit of the 19th century discomforts of being on the Trail June 1-2, as the 100+ degree temperature and wind gusts made the touring not quite as pleasant as it could have been. Air-conditioned cars, and well stocked ice chests were welcome accommodations for the 50 some enthusiast who visited area historical places.

They came from several states, representing six chapters. Wagon Bed Springs Chapter President Jeff Trotman, host for the conference, remarked, "We covered as much territory and saw as much in the two days as the Trail travelers would have done in two weeks."

Leaving the Historic Adobe Museum at Ulysses, after Saturday morning coffee, the group traveled a 130-mile circuit in a 15-car caravan

to the Fort Aubry site near Syracuse, KS. for the first stop. The 135-year-old dugout remains (just shallow pits now) were viewed as the history of the place was related. Artifacts that had been unearthed from some of the soldiers dugouts were shown by the present owner, David Brownlee. A ceramic mercury jar and a rust corroded picket stake were among the articles examined.

Other morning stops included DAR markers at Kendall and at Indian Mound just off the river road west of Lakin, KS, for a grand view of the Arkansas River where Chouteau's Island once stood. The cool comfort of the Kearny County Museum offered a respite and box lunch stop, along with the fine Trail exhibits, as well as local history exhibits. A large aerial map of the Trail across Kearny County clearly showed where the ruts are. The group was also treated with the presence of SFTA Ambassador Paul Bentrup, one of the treasures of the Trail.

Trail ruts were the agenda for the next three stops. At the Menno Road, where one segment of the trail exits the sandhills, the greener shade of the shallow swales was more clearly evident than ever before. The Carl Higgs pasture ruts and those on Gerald Klien's farm were also easy to see in the short, dry buffalo grass.

On south to the Joyce pasture west of the Lower Cimarron Spring (Wagon Bed), a dozen or more deeper ruts, paralleling one another along the side of the hill, were walked by the group. Then the final tour stop at Wagon Bed Spring was made where local members explained its history as an important watering place along the Cimarron Route. Edward Dowell exhibited some of the artifacts that he had retrieved from the area: bullets and bits of metal left by travelers of over 150 years ago and Indian artifacts.

Back at the Historic Adobe Museum in Ulysses, the group viewed the fine exhibits and Grant County's aerial map of the Trail, then enjoyed a barbeque supper. The evening's entertainment included hearing from Inez Ross, Phyllis Morgan, and Carolyn Robinson, who musically related some of their experiences during their project of walking the Santa Fe Trail (they are now more than half way completed). Featured speaker



was "California Joe," a grizzled, red-haired and bearded "veteran" of several decades on the trail during the 1800s. As a scout, he hob-nobbed with the likes of George Custer, François Aubry, Wild Bill Hickok, and Kit Carson, and he had plenty of adventures to relate. (Mark Berry of McDonald, KS, was the enactor.)

After Sunday morning's breakfast and business meeting, the multi-car caravan traveled south of Ulysses to the Mormon Battalion and Jedediah Smith historical markers on the hill overlooking the Cimarron River valley. Ed Lewis recounted Jed's history and association with nearby Wagon Bed Spring and the conflicting accounts of his death. Continuing the 150-mile circuit, stops were made at Gerald Schmidt's farm, where there ruts in his front lawn, DAR marker #92 in north Stevens County, and then paralleling the Cimarron River and Trail ruts on the Cimarron National Grassland. Several miles later, the Middle Spring welcomed the modern-day travelers, just as it had the 19th-century traders, but with box lunches, ice-cold sodas, and shady trees.

The afternoon and last stop provided a most magnificent view from atop the Point of Rocks (and perhaps the weekends highlight) of the river below and Trail ruts stretching away into the distance to the southwest.

Richard Loudon, at-large director of SFTA, recounted a colorful description of a cowboy campout held on the plain below in the late 1800s, as it had been told to him years ago by an old cowboy. Then the group dispersed to travel homeward.

Among the participants was SFTA President Hal Jackson, who said, "I have learned so much history from the local people about the Trail who have made a personal quest to preserve history. It has enriched my life." Margaret Sears, past president of SFTA, commended the Wagon Bed Spring Chapter for "leading the way in educating its schools and citizens about the Trail."

### Heart of the Flint Hills

President Sheila Litke  
RR 2 Box 2A  
Alta Vista KS 66834  
(785) 499-6313  
<cowgirl@FHRD.net>

No report.

### End of the Trail

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

The chapter enjoyed a field trip to investigate some the Trail ruts within the boundaries of Pecos National Historic Park on July 20.

The next meeting will be September 28. SFTA President Hal Jackson will conduct a tour, beginning at the Sandoval County Historical Society Museum, with stops at important sites in Bernalillo, Las Placitas, and Las Hertas. For more information, contact President Najdowski.

We are sad to report that Robert Yeager, chapter member and former treasurer, died in Santa Fe on June 22, 2002. Sympathy is extended to his family and friends.

### Corazón de los Caminos

President Mary Whitmore  
120 Gabaldon Route  
Las Vegas NM 87701  
(505) 454-0683  
<whitmore@newmexico.com>  
<www.nmhu.edu/research/sftrail/corazon.htm>

Fall greetings! We have been busy travelers on the Santa Fe Trail this summer.

Our June expedition was to Pecos National Historic Park where we were treated to presentations and guided walks by Park Volunteer Carol Decker and Park Ranger Lorenzo Vigil. In July we returned to a favorite "watering hole," Santa Clara Springs on the Daniels' Ranch at Wagon Mound. We toured rock art sites in Santa Clara Canyon with a presentation by Dr. Paul Williams of the Taos Archaeological Society and enjoyed another sumptuous dinner of the Daniels' barbecued brisket with all the trimmings, and real, old-fashioned cranked ice cream! Their generosity is genuinely appreciated.

Harry Myers and Joy Poole gave us an informative and entertaining presentation on El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro in August. "The Royal Road of the Interior" was made a national historic trail in November 2000. Harry is preparing the management plan for El Camino Real for the National Park Service. Joy is the first director for El Camino Real International Heritage Center being built 30 miles south of Socorro, NM.

Harry provided maps showing the old trade routes between New Mexico and other areas. He said it was Juan de Oñate who blazed, about 1598, what actually became known as the Camino Real between San Juan Pueblo (his first occupied settlement), down through what became Santa Fe and on to Mexico following the Rio Grandé, though not always immediately adjacent to it.

As "the lifeline between Mexico and New Mexico," caravans made the trip north with supplies for the Catholic missions and eventually other settlers. Sacramental wine, cloth, tools, cooking utensils, and "a razor for each two friars" were some of the goods carried. Traveling about 1600 miles could take nearly a year, and the trips were made every two to three years. The major portion of the route, 1200 miles, is in Mexico. (The NPS is working toward making this an international trail with Mexico, and eventually Spain will be involved.)

It ceased to be the "royal road" after Mexico's independence in 1821, and the caravans wound down after the railroad reached Albuquerque in 1881. It is, however, still a "living trail in New Mexico," now known as Interstate 25.

Joy, formerly head of the Santa Fe Trail Museum in Trinidad, CO, brought along beautiful color projector sheets of plans for the Camino Real International Heritage Center. In January 2002, NM Governor Gary Johnson accepted a 120-acre land transfer from the BLM for the Center, which will be part of the Museum of New Mexico State Monuments. They hope to open the building, about 50% completed, in December. Eventually, when funding arrives, there will be exhibits, "education outreach and living history programs."

Its location in the southern desert will allow visitors "the experience of being in the Jornada," Joy said.

She and Harry are working with the New Mexico Historical Society to form an El Camino Real Association based on our SFTA.

(Inside tip: SFTA President Hal Jackson is currently working on a book about the Camino Real that will be similar to his and Marc Simmons's *Following the Santa Fe*

Trail.)

The owners of the Eklund Hotel in Clayton, Union County, have received a \$1.6 million loan from the USDA Rural Development Program to renovate the building. The three-story stone building was originally a restaurant, saloon, and hotel. Kyn-dal Monroe, one of the owners, said that the building has been in continuous use since 1892 but the second and third floors were closed off in the 1970s.

Lastly and sadly, it was a great loss to all of us when Leo Gamble passed away in July in Colorado. He and his sweet wife, Mary, were charter members of the SFTA and active members in more than one chapter. It was just three years ago that Leo and Mary worked right alongside us at our annual Fort Union workday, painting the white picket fence to the hospital. We shall miss him and extend our deepest condolences to Mary and their family.

Hope to see you at the Rendezvous.

### **Wet/Dry Routes**

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

The chapter will offer its seventh Trail Seminar, in conjunction with the Fort Larned Old Guard annual meeting, on May 3, 2003. The theme for this seminar will be the Trail and the War with Mexico. Mark this date on your calendar and plan to be there.

The chapter has challenged the Fort Larned Old Guard to raise \$500, which the chapter will match, to help pay printing costs for a handsome brochure about the story of the Indian village on Pawnee Fork and the Winfield Scott Hancock Expedition of 1867 that resulted in the capture and destruction of the village. These brochures will be available at Fort Larned NHS.

### **Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron**

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

There were 13 people at the June 5 noon meeting at the Inn Pancake House. After a short business meeting, President Trauer introduced

David Clapsaddle who presented a program on "Sutlers of South Central Kansas."

Fort Dodge Days was July 6-7 at the Fort this year. For the sixth year our chapter sponsored a living-history presentation in Eisenhower Hall. This was the eighth year we have been a part of the July patriotic celebration and the second time we sponsored Marla Matkin. Her presentation of "Cattle Towns and Soiled Doves" was enjoyed by an audience of over 125.

We are going to stay out of the heat till fall. The chapter is planning a second bus tour of Trail sites in Ford county in October.

### **Missouri River Outfitters**

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

The officers are President: Nancy Lewis, Vice-President Mary Conrad, Secretary Anne Mallinson, Treasurer John Atkinson, Historian William Wall, Preservation Officer Jane Mallinson, and Board Members Julie Daicoff, Ross Marshall, Sandy Slusher, and Roger Slusher.

The next meeting will be held on Thursday, September 12, at the National Frontier Trails Center. Other historic groups have been invited to join us as the topic is of importance to many in the area.

The program is on the proposed Missouri/Kansas National Heritage area that will affect 12 counties in both Kansas and Missouri. Twenty-two National Heritage Areas already exist in local partnership with the National Park Service. The project goals are:

1. To protect historic, environmental, scenic, and cultural resources.
2. To increase tourism and economic development.
3. To educate residents and visitors about community history, local traditions, and the environment.
4. To create new outdoor recreation opportunities.
5. To build partnerships among federal, state, and local governments.

This project is to be proposed next year to the United States Congress for budget consideration. It will be cost up to \$10,000,000.

### **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 quarterly meeting was held May 23 at Cheryl's Cafe in Canton. The scheduled speaker was unable to attend, so members contributed to the evening program. A proposal by Vice-President Dale Brooks to request the National Park Service to make Cottonwood Crossing a national historic site was approved by the members. Brooks will prepare and present the proposal to the NPS.

On June 20 chapter members enjoyed a picnic at the Clover Cliff Ranch near Elmdale, KS, in the Flint Hills. Jim Donahue, ranch owner, provided two teams of draft horses and wagons to transport 27 people out on the prairie to a picnic site near a spring that runs year round. This location was a historic Indian campground.

Donahue described his ranching operations. Clover Cliff is operated as a bed-and-breakfast facility. The native-rock main house has been renovated and is a fantastic structure. Everyone enjoyed this outing, but the next day they were scratching chigger bites. Somebody forgot the bug spray.

The next meeting was scheduled for August 22, location and program to be determined.

### **Bent's Fort**

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

The chapter met May 18 for a business meeting, to make plans for several tours and educational programs, and an evening program with Dr. Irene Blea speaking on the life of Josefa Carson. Tours planned include Bent's Old Fort on July 27, Rails and Trails ride on Amtrak to Las Vegas, NM, and back on August 16, and Cudahy Ranch on September 7. An education program was sched-



uled for November 2 at the Otero Museum in La Junta, featuring Dr. David Sandoval speaking on Mexican traders on the Trail. Another project being planned is a Zebulon Pike Memorial Marker at First View (where the Pike expedition first saw the Rocky Mountains) and a Santa Fe Trail Memorial Park.

On June 8 ten chapter members and thirteen guests toured the Historic Black Community site, "the Dry," south of Manzanola. Alice (Craig) McDonald gave a tour that included the spring where they got drinking water for their homesteads. After the tour, a video of the Craig family reunion at the homestead site, taped in 1970, was viewed.

### NEW SFTA MEMBERS

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

#### FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Dorothy Alexander, PO Box 117,  
Sayre OK 73662

David & Judy Stanard, 3950 Grey-  
stone Dr, Cedar Rapids IA 52411

#### INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

M. J. Eberhart, 215A Avery Trail,  
Dahlonega GA 30533

Paul Eastes, 4993 Fairview Rd, Le-  
noir City TX 37772

Aileen Garriott, PO Box 863, Placi-  
tas NM 87043

George C. Stone, 148 Bayview Cir-  
cle, Knotville AR 72845

**Santa Fe Trail Association**

**PO Box 31**

**Woodston, KS 67675**

*Change Service Requested*

Jack L. White, 500 E Maple, Cold-  
water KS 67029

### TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send notices for this section; provide location, date, time, and activity. This is a quarterly. The next issue should appear in November, so send information for December and later to arrive by October 20, 2002. Thank you. Dates of additional events may be found in chapter reports.

**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. 7, 2002:** Bent's Fort Chapter tour of Cudahy Ranch, beginning at Crowley County Community Center at 10 a.m.

**Sept. 19-21, 2002:** SFT Rendezvous, Larned, KS.

**Sept. 20-21, 2002:** Sisters of Loretto celebration of 150th anniversary of their arrival in Santa Fe, with ceremonies at the cathedral beginning at 7:00 p.m. on Sept. 20 and, on Sept. 21, 1:30 p.m. at the Inn of Loretto, a panel presentation by Marc Simmons, Mary Jean Cook, and Alice Thompson.

**Sept. 27, 2002:** Living-History Day, Cimarron Heritage Center, Boise City, OK, 9 a.m.-4 p.m., (580) 544-3479.

**Sept. 28, 2002:** End of the Trail Chapter trip to Sandoval County Historical Society Museum and other sites in Bernalillo, Las Placitas, and Las Hertas, with Hal Jack-

son as guide, 1:30 p.m., (505) 982-1172.

**Oct. 12, 2002:** Candlelight Tour, Fort Larned NHS, required reservations accepted starting Oct. 1, (620) 285-6911.

**Oct. 12-13, 2002:** Heritage Craft Festival, Arrow Rock, MO, 10-5.

**Oct. 17-21, 2002:** 8th Conference on National Scenic & Historic Trails, Fort Smith AR, (608) 249-7870.

**Nov. 2, 2002:** Bent's Fort Chapter program at Otero Museum, La Junta, with program by David Sandoval.

**Nov. 15-17, 2002:** Washita Battlefield Symposium, Cheyenne, OK, (580) 497-2742.

**Nov. 16, 2002:** End of the Trail Chapter program on Trail merchant James Johnson, at his family home El Zagan, 1:30 p.m., (505) 982-1172.

**Dec. 14, 2002:** Christmas Open House, Fort Larned NHS.

**Jan. 18, 2003:** End of the Trail Chapter meeting, lecture by Mary Jean Cook on Doña Tules, 1:30 p.m. at El Dorado Community Center, (505) 982-1172.

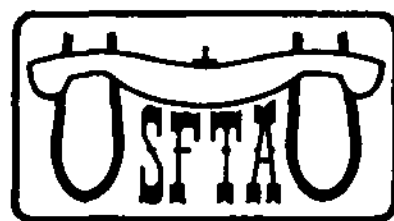
**Sept. 25-28, 2003:** SFT Symposium, Independence, MO.

### FROM THE EDITOR

It has been a hot and dry summer along the Trail. Streams are low or dry, grass is short, and some sites are closed because of fire danger. There is still lots to see, so get out and look. See you at the Rendezvous.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva



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