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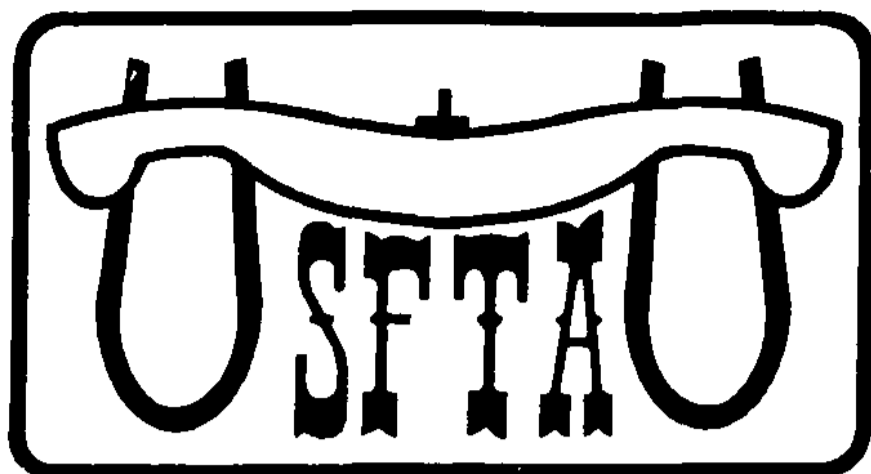


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 15

AUGUST 2001

NUMBER 4

BONITA OLIVA LIVES ON!

(SFTA Ambassador Paul Bentrup suggested the above headline, noting that the slogan declared by Marc Simmons at the first symposium in 1986, "The Santa Fe Trail Lives On!", had been paraphrased in WT to announce Simmons's survival of his nearly-fatal automobile accident in that same year. Simmons's remarkable recovery has been an inspiration to Bonita, whose injuries were minor compared to his, and her comeback has also been astonishing.)

BONITA Oliva was participating in the 2001 Bike Across Kansas (BAK) ride when, on June 11 on Highway 400 east of Greensburg, KS, she bumped into another rider, lost control of her bicycle, crossed a lane of traffic, and hit an oncoming Ford Excursion. She lives on because of the helmet she wore, although she had multiple injuries, including broken elbow, two broken vertebrae, broken upper jaw, crushed sinuses, broken orbital bone around right eye, and many contusions (the most serious being a battered left leg which has caused the most pain).

She received emergency treatment at Kiowa County Hospital in Greensburg and was flown to the trauma center at Via Christi St. Francis in Wichita where damages were assessed and repaired. She was able to go home ten days later, with a back brace and a walker plus the help of her daughter and a retired nurse. On July 26 she was able to be up without the brace and to consume solid food again. She continues to recuperate at home. Insurance has replaced her bicycle, and she plans to complete the BAK next year.

She is grateful for the outpouring of well wishes received, and she feels her survival of the accident has given her a new perspective on life and a more positive attitude. It also explains why there will be a delay in the revised index of *Wagon Tracks* which she is preparing.

August 2001

**SFT BIKE TREK
SEPTEMBER 9-28**

**SFTA SYMPOSIUM
LAS VEGAS, NM
SEPTEMBER 27-30**

SFTA ELECTION RESULTS

A total of 273 ballots from 22 states were cast in the election of officers and board members. No recount was necessary. The results are:

President Hal Jackson
Vice-President Anne Mallinson
Secretary/Treasurer Ruth Olson Peters
At-Large Director Clint Chambers
Colorado Director Mary Gamble
Kansas Director Joanne VanCoevern
Missouri Director John Atkinson
New Mexico Director Steve Whitmore
Oklahoma Director Richard Poole
Thanks to everyone who voted.

THE DAM THAT BURIED HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK

by Richard Poole

(Dick Poole, retired vice-president at Oklahoma State University, was recently elected to a term on the SFTA board as a director from Oklahoma. He notes that the purpose of this article is to encourage SFT addicts visiting Hole-in-the-Rock to allow extra time for a short hike, approximately 1 1/2-mile, through the picturesque canyon to the dam that silted over this historic watering/camping site.)

ONCE Santa Fe Trail wagon trains following the Mountain Route left the Arkansas River (at present La Junta, Colorado) for the trek to the Purgatory River, they encountered a beautiful but barren landscape noted for its scarcity of watering places. The water at the first camping site (16 miles from the Arkansas River) on Timpas Creek (near the present-day ghost town of Timpas) and far-

(continued on page 18)



The downstream side of the 195-foot dam that buried Hole-in-the-Rock Spring. The drop from the top of the dam to the canyon floor is estimated to be 30 feet. On the upstream side the canyon floor is silted to the spillways.

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

FOR two weeks in July I found myself again toddling down trails, although when I planned this vacation to Nova Scotia, I had no knowledge that driving "trails" is the way to see this incredibly fascinating Canadian province. The provincial tourism department has designed the most comprehensively outstanding tourism guidebook I have ever perused. The province is geographically divided into 11 "trails," each named for a specialty for which the specific region is noted. To wit, what do you surmise one would see on the Lighthouse Trail? Each trail is well marked with appropriate road numbers/names and directions for getting to them. I have seen nothing like this in the states—one guide to cover everything—but the potential certainly exists. It is easy to speculate how the Santa Fe Trail would fit into such a design, and this was frequently on my mind as we roamed these trails. This concept may be well worth SFTA's consideration.

As the current term of office begins winding down, I am drawn into reflection of the past four years. What did we accomplish, and what opportunities were missed? Getting our ducks in a row was the logical starting point, so we inaugurated a strategic planning Board retreat at the outset of the 1997-1999 term with a follow-up two years ago. From these intensive one-day retreats evolved the course SFTA is now following. Notably, the mapping program, implemented during past president Ross Marshall's term, began to take shape. Markers bearing the SFTA approved design began to appear on highways, primarily in New Mexico. The awards policy was rewritten to include two new categories—Marc Simmons Writing Award to recognize outstanding articles in *Wagon Tracks* and Scholarship awards to honor undergraduate and graduate college student research projects about the Trail—and the final touches to a handbook are being polished. Marshall's annual chapter presidents breakfasts are making positive marks on relations between chapters and national.

The first jointly-sponsored Rendezvous between SFTA, Santa Fe Trail Center, and Fort Larned Na-

tional Historic Site, another of Marshall's accomplishments, was first launched in 1998, and has been a solid winner since its inception. A significant new project is a Santa Fe Trail credit course offered by Emporia State University and coordinated with our symposiums and rendezvous.

Strengthening the partnership with the National Park Service Long Distance Trails office was a primary goal in the strategic plan, so the position of Liaison Officer was established, having recently been expanded to formally address preservation issues as well. NPS also provided funding through its Challenge Cost-Share Program for a SFTA survey of the 47-plus museums positioned along the Trail which house Trail exhibits. This project, too, was concerned with partnership issues, specifically between us and these museums. NPS also dropped some change in our coffers to help pay the salary of our national office staff administrator. Oh yes, establishing a paid staff position in national office was a BIG first for us in 1998, moving SFTA into bona fide professional national organization status. We joined yet another partnership, the Partnership for the National Trails System. This national trails advocacy organization is comprised of representatives from private-sector trails organizations. Although "lobbying" Congress is its acknowledged primary mission, establishing relations among all the national historic and scenic trails organizations may prove to be its most valuable contribution.

Continuing down the list of new beginnings, SFTA moved into the electronic age last year with its own web site. We also established a speakers bureau grant program to assist the chapters obtain speakers for chapter functions. An estate planning program was inaugurated to encourage members to consider SFTA when planning the disposition of their worldly goods. The Internal Revenue Service granted SFTA group exemption status as a 501(c)(3) organization. This designation includes the chapters. Much of what we do deals with money, and the Board did not forget that a viable budgeting process was needed. This was achieved by constituting a

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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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Faye Gaines, New Mexico
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Nancy Lewis, Missouri
Anne Mallinson, Missouri
Mike Slater, Oklahoma
Joanne VanCoevern, Kansas
Stephen Whitmore, New Mexico

budget committee to annually draft a budget for the Board's action.

The above list of achievements is respectable. However, undoubtedly I have missed some, for which I apologize. What is obviously missing and which drives all that we do are the people who make it all happen, whether it be editing our outstanding *Wagon Tracks*, now in its fifteenth year, or engineering our fledgling web site. Why do we do it? Certainly not for the money! The only answer I have been able to deduce, prosaic though it may appear, is the passion we feel for the Trail.

And what about those "missed opportunities"? That terminology may be inappropriate, so I will change it to "unfinished work." Understanding the office management concept may need more work. We started small—10 hours paid staff per week—and are expanding as our needs increase. The headquarters of a national organization should support the members, relieving them of the tasks best performed in an office environment. There is work left to be done in understanding how it all fits together. Locating persons who will run for office (another "unfinished work" item) is a genuine conundrum which seems to defy solution by the best minds! There is other unfinished work, of course, and it will join those works in progress to be carried into the next term.

It is time to say so long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen, goodbye. Thank you for allowing me to share my passion with you, and for the privilege of rubbing shoulders and walking the Trail with some of the finest people I have encountered over the years

—Margaret Sears

BYLAWS AMENDMENTS ON AGENDA, SEPTEMBER 28

THE SFTA bylaws have been evaluated by a select committee and the governing board, and a series of proposed changes will be on the agenda at the membership meeting in Las Vegas, NM, September 28. The proposed changes are included as an insert in this issue. These will be voted on by members present, to accept or reject the package of recommendations. Discussion will be open, but additional amendments are not possible under current bylaws.

CATHERINE E. GAINES

Catherine Gaines, Santa Fe, NM, wife of David Gaines, Chief of Long Distance Trails, National Park Service, died of heart failure on July 30, 2001. She was 51. Born in Trenton, NJ, she earned a degree in speech pathology at Case Western Reserve.

Cathy had a long and distinguished career specializing in services for children with disabilities. In recent years she worked with the Santa Fe public schools as a technology specialist. She was an advocate for services and legislative programs to benefit families with disabled children and a special supporter of the International Rett Syndrome Association.

She is survived by her husband and two children, Jeffrey and Lauren. Sympathy is extended to her family and friends.

VOICES OF THE WIND PEOPLE PAGEANT, COUNCIL GROVE

by Ron Parks

(SFTA member Parks is curator of Kaw Mission in Council Grove and author of the pageant.)

THE *Voices of the Wind People*, an outdoor drama about the Kaw Indians and the Santa Fe Trail, will be produced again in Council Grove September 21 and 22. Set in the Old Riverbed Amphitheater near the Santa Fe Trail crossing of the Neosho River, the pageant brings the past alive from the points of view of two radically different cultures.

The action is alternately narrated by Kaw chief Al-le-ga-wa-ho and Santa Fe Trail trader Seth Hays. Al-le-ga-wa-ho's narration is rendered by Luther Pepper, great-grandson of Al-le-ga-wa-ho. Hays is portrayed by Council Grove attorney Ken McClintock.

The *Voices* script, first written in 1992, has undergone some revisions in preparation for the 2001 performance. Author Ron Parks, curator at the Kaw Mission State Historic Park, has added several scenes and vignettes incorporating dramatic dialogue and action.

In the production, Al-le-ga-wa-ho and Hays tell the story from their culture's perspective, but each is much more involved in the action on

stage. A scene has been added in Act Two dramatizing Al-le-ga-wa-ho's struggle to deal with the white's encroachment on Kaw land and the afflictions visited upon his people.

"There will be less explanation and more dramatization," Parks said. "We've felt good about the production in the past. But we feel these changes provide a lot more dramatic texture overall. I think the new script allows the Kaws to come alive as a complex people caught up in a complicated and, ultimately, disastrous situation. And the character of the Kaw chief, Al-le-ga-wa-ho, is much more interesting now."

New scenes and vignettes involving the Kaws (or Kansa) people include: Kaw village vignettes of everyday activities; women scraping deer hides; an elder telling stories around a campfire; Kaws convening to discuss whether to accept terms of a treaty; Al-le-ga-wa-ho's vision quest, and Al-le-ga-wa-ho saying good-bye to the Neosho River Valley.

New scenes and vignettes involving the Euro-Americans include a Santa Fe Trail rendezvous in Council Grove and Seth Hays operating his store as townspeople shop, argue, drink, play cards, and visit.

New scenes in Act Two include a chorus of townspeople; Dick Yeager's guerrillas threatening Council Grove; "Bloody Bill" Anderson's murder of Arthur Baker; a picnic to celebrate the end of the Civil War; appearances by Seth Hays' bagpipe player and his adopted daughter, Kittie; and the U.S. Secretary of the Interior's haranguing of the Kaws.

Two major scenes are illustrated by videotape: the Kaw creation legend and the 1859 confrontation between whites and Kaws which led to the hanging of two young braves. These scenes are being taped and edited by David MacFarland, professor of Radio and TV in the Department of Journalism and Mass Communications at Kansas State University. MacFarland will also direct the *Voices* audio production.

JoAnn O'Bregon, secretary, Kaw Nation Executive Council, welcomes the changes, despite the painful memories that surface in the new script. "The addition of the new scenes portray my people in a different light," she said. "It touches my

heart to know this happened to my tribe, but it is a part of history that needs to be told."

Over 100 cast and crew members, including American Indians, are preparing for the production of *Voices of the Wind People*. Historical and natural images are shown on a twenty-four-foot screen. Flint Hills artist Judy Mackey and Emporia photographer Larry Schwarm contributed their work depicting the tallgrass prairie.

Sharon Haun, Kathy Haun, and Cheryl Hayes are the directors of the pageant. Carl Ponca has the on-stage role of Al-le-ga-wa-ho, and Sharon Haun will be Eliza Huffaker.

This will be the fifth performance of the pageant. It was a featured program of the 1999 Santa Fe Trail Symposium.

Voices is a multimedia presentation combining historical scenes, slide images, and singing and dancing performances. The pageant also features the 1821 Becknell pack train, two Santa Fe Trail caravans, signing of the 1825 Council Oak Treaty, and the removal of the Kaws from Kansas.

For ticket information, call the Council Grove Convention and Visitor Bureau at (620) 767-5882 or (800) 732-9211. Advanced tickets are \$8.00 for adults and \$4.00 for students K-12. Tickets sold at the gate are \$9.00 for adults and \$5.00 for students.

OCTOBER 6 TRAIL TOUR IN CIMARRON COUNTY, OK

THE Cimarron Heritage Center in Boise City, OK, will host the 2001 Santa Fe Trail Tour on Saturday, Oct. 6, 2001. This tour was canceled in 2000 due to very dry grass conditions, but they are hoping for wetter conditions in 2001.

Participants will meet at 7:30 a.m. (CDT) at the Cimarron Heritage Center Museum located on HWY 287 North or 1300 N Cimarron in Boise City. They will leave promptly at 8:00. Vehicle numbers will be limited, so rides will be shared, using high clearance vehicles. Trail sites will include Trujillo Springs, Wolf Mountain, Autograph Rock, and Camp Nichols. Speakers will be at each site. This is an all-day tour, with some walking.

Tour reservations and more information may be obtained by calling the Cimarron Heritage Center at 580-544-3479 or e-mail the museum at <museum@ptsi.net>. The tour is free. Call now.

SEARCH FOR NUN'S GRAVE CONTINUES IN KANSAS

SISTER Mary Alphonsa Thompson, Sisters of Loretto, died along the Santa Fe Trail some 25 miles west of the Cimarron Crossing on July 24, 1867, while accompanying Archbishop Jean B. Lamy and other religious personnel to Santa Fe. Her cause of death was given as fright after an Indian attack, but she probably succumbed to cholera.

The search for her grave has gone on episodically for some time, and through the efforts of Sister Alphonsa's great-great niece, Alice Thompson, SFTA member from St. Louis, the quest continues nearly 135 years after Sister Alphonsa died on the Trail. SFTA Ambassador Paul Bentrup was active in this search several years ago and believes the grave site to be in eastern Finney County, KS. There the search goes on.

Alice Thompson returned to the area in May, visited with Bentrup, and secured the services of two grave dowers, Irene Lemaster and Elaine Post from Meade, KS. They found two locations worthy of further investigation. Thompson will return for further fieldwork in September. She hopes to interest the National Park Service or some other organization to use ground-penetrating radar (GPR) in the effort.

If a grave site is found, Thompson hopes to involve professional archaeologists in help with identification and possible disinterment of remains. Should the grave of Sister Alphonsa be located, the family will decide on a final resting place for her remains. She had three sisters who also were Loretto nuns, and they were buried at different locations: Nerinx, KY; Las Vegas, NM; and Pueblo, CO.

If anyone has come across information that may be helpful in the search for the nun's grave, please contact Alice Thompson, 12836 J. Portulaca, St Louis MO 63146, (314) 434-3982, or <aatwest@worldnet.att.net>.

SANTA FE TRAIL CENTER ACCREDITED AND DESIGNATED OFFICIAL SANTA FE TRAIL MUSEUM FOR KANSAS

THE Santa Fe Trail Center, Larned, KS, has again been awarded the highest honor a museum can receive: accreditation by the American Association of Museums. Accreditation certifies that a museum operates according to standards set forth by the museum profession, manages its collections responsibly, and provides quality service to the public. Of the 8,000 museums nationwide, only some 750 are accredited. Kansas claims nine of these accredited museums.

The Santa Fe Trail Center opened its doors in 1974 and was accredited by the American Association of Museums three years later, becoming one of the youngest museums in the nation to be granted such accreditation. The Trail Center went through its first re-evaluation process in 1985 and was re-accredited. This latest re-evaluation reconfirms the Trail Center's ongoing commitment to maintain the highest level of accepted museum standards.

The accreditation process was rigorous and demanding, as the museum's staff and the historical society's governing board were required to examine every aspect of the Trail Center's operations; a year of self-study and an on-site review by a team of experienced museum professionals was required.

During the 2001 Session of the Kansas Legislature, both the House and Senate passed resolutions designating the Santa Fe Trail Center as the *Official Santa Fe Trail History Museum in Kansas*. Thanks to Representative Melvin Minor and Senator Larry Salmans for helping to make this possible.

The museum staff and governing board invite everyone to celebrate these prestigious awards with them by visiting the Center and exploring its fine programs and exhibits. The Trail Center is located TWO miles west of Larned, KS, on K-156. It is a regional museum which interprets the history of the Santa Fe Trail from its pre-history through the era of settlement. The museum also contains a research library and ar-

chives. It serves as the official archives of the Santa Fe Trail Association. The Trail Center is open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. seven days a week during the summer. It is closed on Mondays between Labor Day and Memorial Day.

SIXTH ANNUAL WET/DRY ROUTES SEMINAR PLANNED

THE annual Santa Fe Trail Seminar sponsored by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter will again be held in conjunction with the Fort Larned Old Guard annual meeting scheduled for May 4, 2002. The theme of the seminar will be "From Trail to Rail, the Railroad Truncation of the Road to Santa Fe."

Speakers include Craig Crease, Shawnee, KS, addressing the origins of the Santa Fe Trail and the steady movement of the Trail's eastern terminus to various landings on the Missouri River; David Clapsaddle, Larned, KS, discussing the western thrust of the Union/Kansas Pacific Railway and its several railheads from which roads ran southwest to merge with the established route of the Santa Fe Trail; and Michael Olson, Las Vegas, NM, speaking on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway which finally reached Santa Fe in 1880. A complete program of the seminar will be published at a later date.

The Fort Larned Old Guard program will include an afternoon at the Indian village site on Pawnee Fork, evening dinner, and a special evening performance by professional historian and actor Louis Kraft, portraying Edward W. Wynkoop, soldier and Indian agent on the Santa Fe Trail.

PRIVATE AND COMMANDER IN THE EASLEY LINEAGE

EN ROUTE to Santa Fe during the second year of the Mexican War, Private Robert Easley of the First Illinois Infantry died on August 5, 1847, at the Pawnee Fork crossing of the Santa Fe Trail near present Larned, KS. Within hours, he was buried nearby. To commemorate Easley's untimely death, the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter placed a grave stone with appropriate inscriptions near the site of the burial at the Pawnee River bridge on U.S. 56 at the south

edge of Larned.

On May 25, 2001, a flag and flowers were placed at the grave stone by a great-great-great granddaughter of Private Easley, Janice Mercer-Barker of Wichita, KS. Passing through Larned the previous week, she was delighted to discover the grave stone of her ancestor which she had researched in her genealogical studies over the past 20 years.

Another direct descendent of Easley is Commander Scot Altman, an astronaut, scheduled to be in command of a space flight slated for either this coming November or February.

GEOCACHING: A NEW GAME, OLD IDEA

by John Schumacher

(Schumacher, a geologist from Rolla, MO, is chairman of the SFTA mapping and marking committee.)

WHAT does the end of the Cold War and the Santa Fe Trail have in common? One possible answer is geocaching. In May 2000, the federal government ended the deliberate degradation of radio signals, called selective availability or SA, transmitted by 24 geostationary military satellites. This system, called the global positioning system (GPS), was initially used by the military and later civilians for worldwide navigation. Until May of last year, the hand-held GPS units that hikers, hobbyists, and several SFTA chapters have been using to locate markers or map SFT ruts were accurate to only about 200 or 300 feet. Now, the same GPS units are accurate to about 10-20 feet.

This is a major boost for SFT trail mapping and marking (subject for another article) and has given rise to a new sport called "geocaching"—a "high tech" treasure-hunting game that is growing faster than the Internet. As of June 16, 2001, there were more than 2,200 geocaches in the USA.

On May 3, 2000, a few days after the government turned off SA, a small plastic container was hidden outside of Portland, Oregon, and the coordinates posted on a local Internet bulletin board. Within a couple of days, several people hunted the

cache down using hand held GPS devices and the sport of geocaching was born. The concept is simple, a person hides a "cache" somewhere in the world, uses a GPS to obtain the coordinates of the location, then lists a description of the "cache" and its coordinates on the Internet site geocaching.com. People seeking the "cache" get the coordinates from the Internet site and "seek" the cache using their own GPS.

Visitors to the caches log their comments on the geocaching.com web site. The caches usually contain small trinkets of nominal value, a log book for visitors to write their comments, and possibly a camera for visitors to take their picture. People finding the cache are expected to sign the log book and replace any items taken with items of equal value. The sport is quickly evolving from individuals placing isolated geocaches to Hollywood studios and outdoor clubs placing series of geocaches as promotional tools with prizes up to several thousand dollars.

I first heard about the game in November 2000 while listening to a National Public Radio show one Saturday morning. Within a week the wife, two kids, and I were seeking our first geocache in a little park in St. Louis, Missouri. We've now logged more than 40 caches and still love every minute. The kids (5 and 8 years old) are excited about hunting for "treasures." In addition, the geocaches have led us to unusual places that we otherwise would never have visited.

After the fourth or fifth find, the light bulb went on. Could geocaches be used to draw people to SFT sites? The answer is a definite YES. In February and March 2001, after discussing the idea with local park managers in the Kansas City area and John Conoboy with the NPS, three experimental geocaches were placed along the Trail in the Kansas City area at Schumacher Park, Minor Park, and the Bingham-Wagoner Estate.

These geocaches were placed in cooperation with the KCMO Neighborhood Tourism Development Fund, Kansas City Missouri and Independence Parks and Recreation departments, 3-Trails West Inc., the SFTA, and NPS. As of July 1, 2001, the combined visitor count at the

three SFT geocaches has exceeded 150.

More important than visitor counts are the comments indicating that most visitors were not aware of the Santa Fe Trail, had never seen trail ruts, or had never visited these local parks. Comments on the geocaching.com web site are an invaluable tool for collecting information about visitor impressions of the site. Excerpts of some of the visitor comments are listed at the end of this article. The visitors haven't been just local folks either. People seeking geocaches will drive hundreds of miles as evidenced by a recent visit to the SFT geocaches by two families from Ames, Iowa, and a family from St. Louis, Missouri. Another family stopped by the Minor Park cache on their way from Colorado to Kentucky, and another stopped by on their way from Texas to Michigan. The Schumacher Park geocache was even visited by a couple visiting in the US from Australia.

Treasures originally placed in the SFT geocaches included mineral and fossil specimens (the geologist in me), NPS brochures, SFT maps, t-shirts, buttons, SFT magnets, a few plastic dinosaurs, free passes to the Frontier Trails Center, and batteries. Items left in the caches have ranged from toy airplanes, restaurant and theater coupons, to antique marbles. However, the lure is not the trinkets but spirit of adventure in going someplace new and the challenge of finding the geocache.

Don't let the "high-tech" nature of the game fool you into thinking that only computer "geeks" play the game. People playing the sport are a diverse group including retired auto-workers and park rangers, families such as mine, and even a district court judge in Utah. The Santa Fe Trail geocaches were mentioned in a recent feature article on the sport in the *Kansas City Star*. Since the article ran in June 2001, interest in the Santa Fe Trail geocaching has grown rapidly. In the past month, I have received more than a dozen emails from people interested in additional SFT geocaches.

In an effort to "think outside the box" and respond to the explosive growth of geocaching, the SFTA Mapping and Marking Committee is attempting to place a network of ge-

caches along the entire SFT. Our hope is to gain some exposure for SFTA while using people's enthusiasm for the sport and sense of adventure to expose them in some small way to the SFT. A web page dedicated to the "trail caches" as they will be called is being developed and a "grand prize" for those visiting all of the SFT geocaches is being discussed. The web page will be linked to the geocaching.com web site, which receives thousands of "hits" each day.

The Mapping/Marking Committee is seeking the assistance of local chapters in placing these "trail caches" at sites that will be of interest to the general public. The committee is proposing to send each chapter one or two geocaches with a few simple guidelines for their placement. Chapters are encouraged to include items of local flavor and work with local landowners or parks officials to obtain permission to place the caches. A generic geocache account has been set up so that local chapters as well as SFTA committee members can access the visitor logs on the geocache website and maintain a database of visitor email addresses. In addition to the SFTA trail caches, chapters are certainly encouraged to place their own geocaches.

While it appears that most geocachers are responsible, as with all things there are some risks and concerns. For example, most geocaches placed in public parks have been placed without the knowledge or consent of park managers. There are some real concerns about the development of "social trails" around the geocaches or the disturbance of historic resources by people placing or seeking the caches. A serious concern are the reports of some people burying geocaches in sensitive areas and disturbing archeological resources. Others are worried about geocaches encouraging vandalism or the appearance of hundreds of "tiny landfills" in their parks. In response to the above concerns, the National Park Service has banned geocaches from all National Parks. Local park officials seem to be a little more innovative. On the positive side, many city, county, and state park managers in the KC metro area are enthusiastic about the sport and look at it as a new and evolving use of public

lands. In addition, most geocachers appear to be responsible and respectful of others.

So what's the connection between the Cold War and the SFT? Recall "The Caches" site just west of Dodge City where members of the Baird/Chambers party hid trade goods in underground chambers in the spring of 1823. The Mapping/Marking committee does not intend to work in a vacuum and comments regarding the placement of geocaches along the SFT are welcome. Please contact Anne Mallinson or John Schumacher for questions or comments and visit eocaching.com for more information on geocaching.

Visitor Comments:

The following are excerpts from visitor comments to the Kansas City Area Santa Fe Trail geocaches. To view all comments log on to eocaching.com and enter 64134 for the zip code. These comments are worth their weight in gold to park planners and tourism officials.

Schumacher Park (SFT Mo-01)

*July 11, 2001 — This was my first day out geocaching. what a great time. i did all three of the Santa Fe Trail caches even though #3 is missing. Really enjoyed the trail center. The cache was in excellent shape. Thanks for the hunt. travis.

*July 3 by Who_Me_Lost — My first Find! I've lived close to this sight most of my life but never took time to stop and have a look around. Took me a while to find it because of the tall grass. Had a relaxing lunching sitting under the shelter listening to the song birds and the wind blow through the grass and trees. Took pamphlet, left two flint arrowheads. S.C.

*June 19, 2001 by dannyt190 — Just got my GPS receiver yesterday, and this was my first hunt. Success! I was wondering why people don't write in the logbook, and then realized that I was the first to find it. Kind of neat, first find on my first find. Great place I never knew existed. Took pamphlet on New Santa Fe, Mo., left Argosy dice. Thanks! DannyT190

*May 20, 2001 by GLNash — SF #1 09:45 I suspect we have been covering the distance between these two spots much faster than they did in the olden days. This was a neat spot.

The cache sheet we have has this in Schumacher Park, planted by Mr. Schumacher. Darn, ya got yer own piece of history right in your own park!! Cool. These are really awe inspiring places. The caches have been in good shape and we found them without too much of a problem. Glenn & Joanna from STL, Mo

*February 26, 2001 by smcginnis —Ft. Scott, Kansas. I didn't know this park was here. I used to drive within a half mile of here every day. I also never realized tall grass was that tall. Cache was in good condition. Took the Santa Fe Trail Pin and left AA batteries. Interesting history in the area. Good hunt, good cache. Steve

*February 17, 2001 by Nicki&Doug —Kind of funny. I have lived in Kansas City for most of my life but never knew that the park was there. It was a wonderful surprise and a nice getaway hidden amongst the hustle and bustle of the city. Cache was in good order. Took the batteries — we needed those for the GPS. Left a bone ball point pen and some lapel pins. Met another couple there geocaching too!

*February 17, 2001 by Ray —Nice cache! Not too difficult to find. The cache is in very good shape and with double containers, will probable stay very dry. I got there about 6:00 p.m. It was cool, cloudy and the sun had set. The native prairie grass is tall and thick. This is a good effort on the part of the conservation department to help educate us about the condition of our county when the Indians still roamed the plains. This type of grass is a warm season grass and grows abundantly when other cool season grasses (bluegrass for instance) goes dormant. This grass is what you would have found if you had toured our land in 1700's - 1800's. I took nothing but left a new gold dollar. Had a great time. Looking forward to finding more. Ray

*February 3, 2001 by RickL —Thoroughly enjoyed finding this cache — locating it along the historic Santa Fe Trail adds to the allure and makes for a memorable find! Removed the pyrite-looking sample, the ammonoid, and a plastic dinosaur. I left two collections echoing the spirit of the cache, first, a group of antique Bennington marbles, contemporary with the trail itself. Sec-

ond, a group of U.S. silver coins. Unfortunately none date as old as the trail, but I'm sure the finder won't mind. Thanks again John — looking forward to more treasures along the trail!

Minor Park (SFT Mo-02)

*July 8, 2001 —This one was fun in that it was a tad more difficult to get to and requires a bit of climbing and planning. Too bad it was so hot — I would have loved to explore the trails some more. We took the Sacajawea gold dollar and left a toy ambulance. It's interesting, too, about the history of the park. I'd forgotten it was part of the Santa Fe trail. Those old settlers sure tore up the real estate with their narrow steel wagon wheels, didn't they?

*May 20, 2001 by GLNash —SF-#2 08:45 Moving right along with the morning, the 3 SF trail caches have been very interesting. A bit of a trip back in time. Its hard to imagine all those wagons and oxen trudging thru the fields so long ago. I guess they wouldnt let them out on the highways. :-). Glenn & JoAnna from St. louis, Mo

*February 25, 2001 by Turken&Hatzs —Very cool place for a cache! This is the first time we've actually seen wagon ruts in person. Cache took a little while to find, but wasn't too difficult. We also liked the disposable camera idea. Took a glowstick and magnet game. Left a Frisbee and a lightsaber toy.

*February 25, 2001 by wineinger —Nice Cache! Well placed. We enjoyed reading about the Santa Fe Trail before our search. We took a very nice Street Atlas USA by DeLORME and left a movie soundtrack CD. Santa Fe #1 is next on our list and look forward to other Santa Fe caches!

*February 25, 2001 by Todd & Tracy —This is a nice Geocache! Learning about the Santa Fe Trail (that we knew nothing about) is very interesting. The trail is very nice and scenic. The stream along the trail will be good for the dogs when it gets warmer. Being close to a golf course, I picked up a dozen balls in the water! We had no problem finding the cache. We took a pin and a music CD that was left by a prior visitor (not logged here yet). We left a small book, a pen and a magnetic solitaire

game. Thanks for placing it! (Note: We forgot to log that we are from Mission KS)

Bingham-Wagoner Estate (SFT Mo-03)

*May 20, 2001 by GLNash —F-#3 10:35am We sure are glad we are not lugging wagons and ox with us today. Those stinkin ox move soooo slow. We took a trails pamphlet or two to move along to some caches closer to St. Louis and on this one i believe we left some monies. This is a really cool estate that the cache sits on. A very worthwhile visit. We thank Trilobites profusely for getting us to go out to the trail sites. Again, this cache is still in good very shape. Glenn & JoAnna from St. Louis, Mo

*May 6, 2001 by byonke —Nice park, nice cache. Did need to use the hint to find that the cache was offset from the coordinates. Took turtle and left Easter egg and toy car. We did visit the museum and found it to be interesting. Had no idea that it was there

*March 21, 2001 by Turken&Hatzs —I think it took us longer to navigate the neighborhoods and find the park than it did to find the cache in the park. A real neat neighborhood. After visiting all these Santa Fe Trail caches I'm getting better Left a couple finger puppets.

*March 18, 2001 by Nicki&Doug —As soon as we were notified that there was a new Santa Fe Trail cache, we knew we had to see this hidden gem of the Park System. We made a day of it and this was the first of 3 for our Gundersen Clan excursion. Loved it! Can't wait to see the next Santa Fe Trail cache.

*March 18, 2001 by van3 —Our GPS took us within 10 feet of Cash. It was in great shape. Took Cosmos paperback book and left a Comedy CD. Was surprised to find such a great area. Have lived around KC most of our lives and didn't know it existed. Will come back when Museum is open. van3@kc.rr.com.

*March 14, 2001 by djc3000 —Nice cache, in a nice area. I wasn't aware of the Bingham home and the Trails museum before finding this cache. I'll go back and visit them when time allows. Nice things in cache, including a cool fossil buffalo tooth, batteries and toys. Took t-shirt, left a Cosmos paperback book.

WILLIAM B. AND LYDIA SPENCER LANE ON THE SOUTHWESTERN FRONTIER, 1854-1869

by Alma Gregory

(Alma Gregory, Sapello, NM, is a member of SFTA and the Corazón de los Caminos Chapter. She is a freelance writer and photographer. She expresses gratitude to Harry C. Myers and Leo E. Oliva for their participation in this article. Lydia Spencer Lane's memoirs, *I Married A Soldier or Old Days in the Old Army*, first published in 1893, is being reprinted again this year by the University of New Mexico Press with an introduction by Darlis Miller, emeritus professor of history, New Mexico State University. It is a remarkable story of frontier life by the spunky woman who lived it, available in time for the symposium at \$17.95.)

LIEUTENANT Lane got into a lot of trouble the first time his wife went away.

Born in 1825, William Bartlett Lane enlisted in the army at Bedford in his native Kentucky on July 17, 1846, at age 20. His father, Daniel S. Lane, made a written statement that he did "hereby agree and consent" to his son's enlistment.¹

William rose from private to corporal, sergeant, and then first sergeant in the Mounted Rifles (later Third Cavalry) by January 1848. He was a participant in the war with Mexico and was wounded at Vera Cruz. From January 21 to July 25, 1848, he was a private in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, becoming a brevet second lieutenant back in the Mounted Rifles on June 28, 1848. Lane made second lieutenant on October 31, 1848, and was promoted to first lieutenant on September 16, 1853.²

By that time the young soldier was making the munificent sum of \$93 a month and figured he could afford to get married. With wisdom and possibly a dash of good luck, Lane chose a slender, pretty young lady with a modicum of background in military life. Lydia Spencer Blaney was a 19-year-old³ Pennsylvania lass. Their courtship remains a mystery, but Mrs. Lane chronicled 15 of their ensuing 45 years together in her book, *I Married a Soldier or Old Days in the Old Army*.⁴

The daily life that young woman endured in the frontier Southwest



Major William B. Lane, 1867

with often tongue-in-cheek humor would test the mettle of any adventurer, male or female. "And so they were married," the new Mrs. Lane wrote in her book, "and this is how the marriage notice read:

"In Carlisle, Pennsylvania, May 18, 1854, by the Reverend Merwin Johnson, Lieutenant William B. Lane, U.S. Mounted Rifles, and Lydia Spencer, youngest daughter of the late Major George Blaney,⁵ U.S. Engineer Corps. . . ."

"The ceremony was short, the marriage feast not elaborate, and after it was over, the farewells spoken amid hearty good wishes for our future happiness, we started for Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where Lieutenant Lane was to be stationed."⁶

The newlyweds remained at that station where "cholera was epidemic" near St. Louis for three months before visits home to Kentucky and Pennsylvania. In mid-October, Lieutenant Lane received orders posting him to Fort Inge, Texas. For sheer desolation, the army would have been hard pressed to find a post less resembling the green hills and dales the Lanes had previously called home.

During the sea journeys from New York City to Corpus Christi, Texas, Lydia noted that a baby had died on

one ship and she saw a moccasin snake on another. They arrived on the south coast during a yellow fever epidemic. Their journey to Fort Inge that winter of 1854 took them straight across south Texas to forts on the Rio Grande, then turning back northeast toward San Antonio.

The weather was probably bearable at that time of year, in spite of the "dreary, desolate country, where nothing lived but Indians, snakes, and other venomous reptiles, and I expected to see some dreadful thing whichever way I turned," Lydia wrote.

They camped briefly at Fort McIntosh where other officers of the Mounted Rifles were stationed. This fort, 138 miles from Corpus Christi, had been established in 1849, "on the east bank of the Rio Grande River, three-quarters of a mile above the city of Laredo, Webb County, Texas. . . an uncultivated wilderness."⁷

Marching at the pace of the foot soldiers, their party made "ten or fifteen miles per day," Lydia wrote. "In due course of time we reached Fort Duncan, on the Rio Grande . . . a wretched place. . . ."

Fort Duncan, founded in 1850 according to Inspector General Randolph B. Marcy,⁸ was another of the many forts established to scrutinize traffic along the United States' new southern border following the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in this case Eagle Pass. On the east bank of the Rio Grande, the post of about 18 square miles was rented from John Twohig of San Antonio for \$1,560 a year. San Antonio, 150 miles away, was the nearest source of supplies.

Marcy reported that the Indian population consisted of: "Kickapoos, in Mexico, Comanches and Lipans, in Texas, and a small band of Seminole Negro Indians, who are encamped on the reservation under military control."

The travelers continued onward for "three or four days" to Fort Inge, his assigned post, "and were glad to reach the place, forlorn as it was," Lydia wrote. "The post was dilapidated; but the surroundings were far more agreeable than at either Fort McIntosh or Fort Duncan. A beauti-

ful little river, the Leona, ran just behind the quarters, which were built of logs, and almost ready to tumble down." Lydia noted that the Leona had black bass, Inge was a one-company post commanded by Captain Thomas Duncan, and she and Mrs. Duncan were the only white ladies there.

San Antonio was only three days' ride east of them, and in February, 1855, Lieutenant Lane wrangled a two-week leave. They traveled by mule-powered military ambulance with no escort, stopping the first night at Dhanis, "a small German settlement," and Castroville the second.

Harriet and Fred Rochlin included Castroville, founded in the mid-1840s, in their book about pioneer Jews.⁹ The caption under a photo of a stern, balding Castro states: "Henri Castro angered almost everybody involved in the promotion of his west Texas settlement. He considered himself a European aristocrat, maintaining a regal distance from the daily struggles with the raw land. On one occasion, when a rainstorm drenched Castroville, he wrote, 'Even I was wet.'"

Luckily for the Lanes, they stayed in "a nice house kept by a quaint old French woman," although the room dividers were canvas. Arriving in San Antonio the next day, they stayed at the Plaza House, "then the best hotel in the town ... on the main Plaza, not far from the Cathedral."

While the young couple may have had to "whisper" behind canvas walls in Castroville, the Plaza House was apparently more conducive to romance. It was about that time that Mrs. Lane became pregnant.

In the spring everyone at Fort Inge was ordered "a day's drive" west to Fort Clark. That fall, 1855, the Lanes' first child was born. They named her Mary and called her Minnie.

Lieutenant Lane was ordered back to Fort McIntosh in May 1856, and that summer the Mounted Rifles were ordered to New Mexico. Traveling from fort to fort up the Rio Grande valley, in October they arrived at Cantonment Burgwin near Taos.

The Lanes were at Burgwin just a few days when they learned that Ly-

dia's sister, Valeria, had arrived at Fort Union with her new husband, Captain Washington L. Elliott. "Of course," Lydia wrote, "the next thing to be done was for husband to go to Fort Union and bring her to Burgwin. . . .

"When Captain and Mrs. Elliott arrived it was decided that 'the lieutenant' should exchange from Captain Duncan's company to Captain Elliott's, leave Burgwin, and go to Hatch's ranch for the winter, and it was done. We packed up again and left, after a stay of only three weeks at Burgwin. . . .

"On the 4th of November [1856] we left, taking the road to Fort Union, which was as bad as the one from Santa Fe; it could not be worse. . . . When we reached the ranch, on the 9th, we found Captain Elliott's company of Mounted Rifles already in quarters, with Lieutenant John Edson in command."¹⁰ They remained there over the winter.

"Captain Elliott, Lieutenant William B. Lane, Second Lieutenant John H. Edson, and 73 enlisted men of Company A, Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, established the post, which Elliott called Fort Biddle, on November 7, 1856. His proposed name was not approved and the post was known as Hatch's Ranch. It was occupied off and on, depending on the threat of Indian troubles, into the Civil War. It was generally considered an outpost of Fort Union, from which troops and supplies were typically sent, and the activities of the garrison at Hatch's Ranch were often coordinated with the actions of troops at Fort Union [about 65 miles away]."¹¹

Giving way to a seemingly rare moment of dismay, Lydia wrote: "When we saw the ranch we felt somewhat melancholy at the prospect of spending the winter in such an isolated spot, so far from everywhere.

"It stood alone, on slightly rising ground, a long, low, adobe house, with a high wall all around it, except in front. Mr. Hatch and his wife lived in one part of the building, and, with the exception of our own little party, were the only white people. . . .

"We passed a very quiet, though pleasant, winter; but we were by no means sorry when the company was

ordered to Fort Union in the spring."¹²

William and Lydia had now been married a little more than three years, and baby Minnie was nearly two. The lieutenant was apparently a good and attentive husband, providing his wife with servants whenever possible and the best — deplorable though they might be — living quarters available. However, Lydia decided it was time to visit Pennsylvania and introduce Minnie to her grandmother.

They left in July 1857 with a regiment of Mounted Riflemen and soldiers heading east over the Santa Fe Trail. Lieutenant Lane accompanied them for three nights before returning to Fort Union.

Many years later he wrote about that fourth day.

"My horse stood near by ready for the sixty miles' start, the train was rapidly 'hitching up,' and our last good-byes must soon be said. We were young then, and had had many hardships as well as pleasures together, and this was our first separation. The wrench soon came. . . .

"Fortunately the anxiety at the prospect of meeting Indians took away to some extent the bewildering desolation and sorrow which seemed to have shut down on everything. . . .

"It was a long and tedious fifty miles ride to the milk ranch, where I arrived some time after dark, and found the soldier with my fresh horse anxiously expecting me."¹³

The dairy ranch, 10 miles from Fort Union, was run by "negro" men, one of whom had gone to the fort for supplies and not returned. Stories of Indian depredations were rife and the worst was feared by all.

Determining to reach the fort that night, Lane and the unnamed soldier saddled and started out in the dark.

"The soldier followed close in my rear, and for three or four miles everything went well. Then we heard a noise which at first was faint, but rapidly grew louder. We halted to listen, and in a few minutes could distinctly hear a sound which we were both satisfied was made by pots and pans and other traps pertaining to an Indian outfit, which were fastened to lodge-poles and dragged by Indian ponies."

The two men concluded their only

hope was a dash straight through the Indians, "making as much noise as possible by yelling, and firing our pistols [hoping] to get by safely. . . .

"We made a rush right at the head of the enemy's column, and at the same time let off a succession of yells that would have done credit to an entire squadron of cavalry. Our success was complete, as the anxiously expected negro of the milk ranch was scared almost into fits. It was he, and not the Indians, that was the cause of all the alarming noise we had been hearing . . . had it not been a natural impossibility every hair on his head would have 'stood on end. . . ."

"In little over an hour about the longest and most miserable day's ride I ever remember came to an end, and I entered again my very empty room at Fort Union."¹⁴

Yet, apparently that same summer, Lane suffered another adventure that he recorded nearly 40 years later.¹⁵

Envious of Captain Shoemaker's skill in shooting the antelope that were so accessible from the first Fort Union under the bluff, Lane set out one day to bag his own.

"In the afternoon, when well abreast of the northern end of Turkey Mountain, but some miles to the east of it, and about fifteen miles from the post, I saw quite a large herd of antelope quietly grazing, and as the cover and wind were all in my favor, my hopes were high for game.

"I approached to within sixty yards, . . . dismounted quickly, laid my rifle on the ground . . . took the picket-pin in my hand . . . and then found a stone to drive it into the ground. After about the third stroke with the stone I felt a sharp sting on the back of my left hand, and at the same moment heard the rattle of a snake, and saw within a few inches of my hand the last half of a large and horrid-looking rattlesnake just about to disappear in a hole in the ground. . . .

"I immediately examined my hand, and sure enough there were the two punctures, just the distance apart to correspond to the fangs of a snake. I was of course frightened almost out of my wits."

Realizing he was a good distance from the fort and a doctor, he retrieved the picket pin from the

ground and the brandy flask from his saddlebags. "I took a drink, and a big one." Mounting, he headed back to the post at a gallop, only to witness his snakebit hand swelling all the way. Halting, he took another drink, "a whopper."

Trying not to look at his hand and feeling better all the time, Lane "raised both hands together that I might see just how much the left one was swollen. To my amazement the right one was just as large as the left, and not only that, there seemed to be several pairs of hands; in fact, the air was full of them, and all badly snake-bitten. It suddenly occurred to me that I was *very drunk*, and at the same time realized that I could not be badly poisoned, or the brandy would not have taken effect so soon."

Struggling to remain upright on his horse, he began to argue with himself. "I seemed to be two fellows. The sober lieutenant was saying to the lieutenant who was drunk something to this effect: 'You are a pretty fellow, you are; scared to death because pieces of the stone broke off when you drove the picket-pin in the ground, struck your hand, and made the blood come, but you ought to be court-martialed for cowardice. . . .'"

Riding on, becoming "sober and sleepy," he spied some wild geese in a pond not far from the post. Thinking to redeem himself with at least a goose to take back to the fort, he tied his horse and crept toward the fowl.

He then realized his horse had become spooked and, looking out, saw some men approaching on horseback. Thinking them Mexicans or Indians, he concluded he best be on horseback and away. The horse was of the same opinion and pitched and plunged as Lane tried to mount. Finally throwing himself too far over the saddle, he clung "in this ungraceful position [while] my horse went thundering across the plain . . . nearly a quarter of a mile" before righting himself and regaining control.

"I had had what one might call 'a full day.' I had ridden over thirty miles, been bitten, and I supposed by a rattlesnake, got drunk and sober, was at the point of death and had recovered, and all this within twelve hours of the same day.

"I rode quietly to my quarters, dis-

mounted, sent my horse to the stable, and went to bed, feeling thankful that I had a back and a comfortable place to put it."

Lieutenant Lane passed the winter on army business at various forts, escort trips on the Santa Fe Trail, and finally was sent to Fort Defiance to deal with the Navajo – just as he learned his wife and daughter were returning from Pennsylvania. William and Lydia were finally reunited at Fort Stanton in probably late November 1858.

"I found my wife living with and 'messing' [having meals], as usual with her sister, Mrs. Elliott, and the baby was there all right – no longer a baby, however, but a big girl, and much bigger in her own estimation than she really was, and about the only one at the post who always protested before obeying an order."¹⁶

The following May, 1859, Captain Elliott's company, including Lieutenant Lane, was ordered to Fort Bliss, Texas, arriving on May 25. "Our quarters of three rooms were of adobe," Lydia wrote, "with thatched roof and dirt floors . . . we were well fixed. . . . Almost at our doors flowed the red, muddy waters of the Rio Grande. . . . Three miles away was the little town of Franklin – now El Paso."¹⁷

Their second daughter, Susan, "was born at Fort Bliss early in the fall, and as she had more comfortable surroundings and better care than her sister, she took a more cheerful view of life, and behaved quite well."¹⁸

Lieutenant Lane received a year's leave of absence that fall and they headed east, arriving home by Christmas 1859. His leave was later canceled, however, and they were back at Fort Union in September 1860.

After the Civil War began, Lydia with her two girls and servants left for the East in the fall of 1861 with other returning troops. Following a harrowing journey, during which a grass fire started by a soldier burned much of their camp and belongings, they reached Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to find Captain Lane waiting for them. He had arrived some weeks earlier by overland stage, and was "stationed at Harrisburg and Philadelphia until the close of the war."¹⁹

By the time they returned to New Mexico in the summer of 1866, "a baby boy had been added to our small family."

The Lanes shared more adventures in the Southwest, including Major Lane's stint as commanding officer of the third and last Fort Union from February 20 to October 12, 1867.²⁰ The Lanes were the first occupants of the new commanding officer's quarters at Fort Union, and Lydia experienced the crash of the drying plaster from the ceiling onto a table spread with a full meal ready to be served to a large party in her dining room. As usual, she recovered, cleaned up the mess, and prepared another dinner for her guests.

Late that year they left the territory, on leave for the East due to Lane's health. Lydia recalled, "We had not been particularly comfortable at Fort Union, but we were sorry to leave. We liked the old log quarters, up towards the hills, much better than the new adobe houses, planted right down on the plain, which was swept by the winds all summer long. How they did howl!"²¹

Following another brief trip to the Territory, they returned east in December 1869. In late 1870, Major Lane was determined to be "incapacitated for active service, and that said incapacity is due to sickness, 'hepatitis' and 'formation and passage of gallstones' supposed to have been induced during his service as Mustering and Disbursing Officer in Philadelphia during the [Civil] War, and to long and faithful service."²² He retired from active Army service in 1870.

The Lanes had another 29 years together before William, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.A., died at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, "of a disability which originated while in U.S. Service and line of duty."²³

In a statement dated March 28, 1900, Calvin De Witt, Deputy Surgeon General, U.S.A., Chief Surgeon, wrote: "... at Fort Monroe, Va., I treated Maj. W.B. Lane [in 1897-98] for chronic intestinal indigestion with frequent attacks of intestinal colic, also frequent and often severe diarrhoea and dysentery; he died during a very severe attack of dysentery on June 28th, 1898. From the character of the diseases, and from

the history of the case, as received from Major Lane and from others, I am of the opinion that the remote cause of these diseases was exposure in the Mexican War, and in service on the frontier before the Civil War; and the immediate cause of death was dysentery."²⁴

It appears from National Archives records that Lydia Lane, in elegant, bold handwriting, first applied for her widow's pension on August 13, 1898, from Fortress Monroe, Virginia. Exactly what happened with that claim is unclear, and the official handwriting is unclear, but appears to state "no claim."

A year later, November 9, 1899, Lydia refiled, with the aid of attorneys Wm. W. Dudley and Co. of Washington, DC. That claim shows a prior application had been filed and given a claim number. Her marriage is restated, and now Wm. B. Lane is said to have served "in the war of Rebellion (also in Mexican War), who died of a disability. . . ."

On November 21, Dudley & Co. filed two notarized "General Affidavits." One stated, again, that Lydia was "the widow of the late Wm. B. Lane" and had not remarried since his death. The other affidavit was apparently in lieu of a missing marriage certificate. It was signed by Clement B. Penrose and his sister, Lydia S. Penrose, who were attendants at the Lanes' wedding 45 years earlier. (Clement was and had been "for more than twenty-one years . . . one of the Judges of the Orphans' Court of Philadelphia County.")

On December 18, 1899, Dudley & Co. filed another affidavit stating that, "there is no church or public record" of the marriage so Mrs. Lane can't furnish such document but that she has "heretofore filed the affidavits of two witnesses who were present at her marriage to Wm. B. Lane."

Sweet-tempered Lydia Spencer Blaney Lane had not yet encountered the U.S. Pension Office when she published her book in 1893. For a woman who had been nigh to hell and back with her cavalry husband many times over, one can only imagine there must have been some gnashing of teeth and thoughts of thrashing some pension bureaucrats as the paperwork dragged on. The March 28, 1900, statement by Dep-

uty Surgeon General De Witt probably played some part in the episode.

She finally succeeded, for her postmaster returned her last pension check to the Bureau of Pensions who notified the Department of the Interior that: "I have the honor to report that the name of the above-described pensioner who was last paid at \$20 to June 4, 1914, has this day been dropped from the roll because of death, June 27, 1914."²⁵

Lydia Spencer Blaney Lane survived her husband for 16 years. She died about age 79 in Philadelphia.

NOTES

1. National Archives and Records Administration, enlistment document from the State of Kentucky, Town of Bedford, Trimble County; courtesy of Trevor K. Plante, Old Military and Civil Records, Textual Archives Services Division, Washington, DC.
2. Heitman, Francis B. *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army*, 2 vols. (1903; reprint, Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1965), I, 614..
3. National Archives, Military Pension Records, Lydia Lane's Declaration for Widow's Pension dated August 9, 1898, states she was then 63 years old.
4. Lane, Lydia Spencer, *I Married a Soldier or Old Days in the Old Army* (1893; reprint, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1987).
5. Oliva, Leo E., *Fort Union and the Frontier Army in the Southwest* (Santa Fe: National Park Service, 1993), 215. Blaney died in 1835, when Lydia was about a year old.
6. Lane, *I Married a Soldier*, 15.
7. Marcy, R. M., comp., *Outline Descriptions of the Posts and Stations of Troops in the Geographical Divisions and Departments of the United States* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1872), courtesy of the U.S. Army Military History Institute, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.
8. *Ibid.*, 180.
9. Rochlin, Harriet and Fred, *Pioneer Jews, a New Life in the Far West* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1984).
10. Lane, *I Married a Soldier*, 51-52.
11. Oliva, *Fort Union*, 138.
12. Lane, *I Married a Soldier*, 53.
13. W. B. Lane, "Frontier Service in the Fifties," *The United Service*, NS X (Dec. 1893), 523, 524.
14. *Ibid.*, 524-525.
15. W. B. Lane, "About Hunting and Snakes," *The United Service*, NS XI (April 1894) 317-322.
16. W. B. Lane, "Frontier Service in the Fifties," *The United Service*, NS XI (Jan. 1894), 63, 64.
17. Lane, *I Married a Soldier*, 68, 69.
18. *Ibid.*, 72.
19. *Ibid.*, 129, 130.
20. Oliva, *Fort Union*, 677.
21. Lane, *I Married a Soldier*, 151.
22. National Archives, War Department, Ad-

jutant General's Office, Washington, November 16, 1870, Proceedings of the Retiring Board.

23. National Archives, Declaration for Widow's Pension signed by Lydia S. Lane, November 8, 1899, U.S. Pension Office.
24. National Archives, 2nd Endorsement, Headquarters Division of Cuba; Office of the Chief Surgeon, Havana Cuba, March 28, 1900.
25. National Archives, "Pensioner Dropped – Department of the Interior – Bureau of Pensions.", September 19, 1914.

AIRSTREAMING THE TRAIL

by Deborah and Jon Lawrence

(The Lawrences are SFTA members from Irvine, CA, and they traveled the Trail in 2001. Jon is a physicist at the University of Southern California, Irvine. Deborah, an early Americanist at California State University, Fullerton, is currently working on a book about women's narratives and the rhetoric of westward expansion. Leonard is a two-year-old Bearded Collie who is a first-time traveler on the Santa Fe Trail.)

WHETHER you are a professional historian or like us, greenhorn enthusiasts, experiencing the Trail requires an act of the imagination. Modern travelers will find that sites along the way have often been so transformed by modern usage that they bear no resemblance to 19th-century Trail days. It can be difficult to visualize the road as the merchants saw it. The aim of this article is to give examples of how we used our imagination to make the past come alive on our trip down the Santa Fe Trail this spring.

We traveled in a 1964 Bambi Airstream trailer, with our sheep dog Leonard riding shotgun in the navigator seat of our pickup. The Airstream provides a reasonable level of comfort for the modern Trail traveler, but it is sufficiently primitive to allow for some of the same experiences that plagued 19th-century travelers. It was hot in Kansas City and leaked like a sieve near Baldwin City, when it rained three days straight. When it poured without letup, there was nothing in the whole wagon that wasn't damp. When it was hot and windy, a thick layer of brown dust powdered everything. And oh the mud! Once when we attempted to follow Greg Franzwa's directions to the Durham Ruts, we naively "jogged right" into a narrow

dirt lane, sinking to our axles in mud. Only by adding extra oxen, i.e. 4-wheel drive, were we able to extricate our wagon. We wasted hours attempting to find these "not to be missed" ruts. Not accustomed to long travel days, Leonard often acted up at hitch-up time in the morning . . . or any time when traveling didn't suit his fancy. Just like a mule!

Our philosophy is that you can't bring enough books on a trail trip. Discovering that you are lacking a helpful resource when you are 100 miles from a good bookstore can be pretty frustrating. Although we carry two boxes of books in the back of the pickup, the following books never left the front seat: Marc Simmons and Hal Jackson's *Following the Santa Fe Trail*, Gregory Franzwa's *Santa Fe Trail Revisited*, Susan Magoffin's *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico*, Lewis Garrard's *Wah-to-yah*, Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, Marian Russell's *Land of Enchantment*, Matt Field on the *Santa Fe Trail*, and *The Road to Santa Fe: The Journal and Diaries of George Champlin Sibley*. To visit Ash Creek and know that it is a Trail crossing is nice, but to read Magoffin's entry about her fall from her carriage at this site and to know that the injuries she suffered here led to her miscarriage at Bent's Fort makes the crossing truly memorable. With the help of our books, men and women like the Bent brothers, Ceran St. Vrain, Susan Magoffin, Kit Carson, George Sibley, Marian Russell, and Francis X. Aubrey became our constant traveling companions.

A key part of our approach is to spend time at the interpretive displays at forts and museums along the way. We have learned not to rush them. Physically, Fort Union is crumbled walls and decaying wagon wheels, but the museum and the outdoor interpretive signs and audio speakers, coupled with Marian Russell's memoirs, made this one of our favorite Trail experiences.

You will magnify your experience a thousand-fold by talking to people along the Trail. Whether it is the farmer who proudly talks about the ruts on his property, or the fish and game officer who volunteers his weekends as a docent at Fort Larned in the summer, meeting people you would not ordinarily have the occa-

sion to talk to is certainly a Trail highlight. Even people we have encountered living on or near the Trail who are unaware of its existence have often befriended us and showed us kindnesses that we will treasure.

Finally, be open to serendipity. When you get an opportunity to listen to the stories and memories of other people or take an unexpected twisting dirt road that intrigues you, take it. We enjoy winding two-lane dirt roads the best. And we never take the interstate unless there is no alternative. This adds a lot of additional miles to the trip. We made our first trip over the trail in five days. This time we spent two and a half weeks, and it was not long enough. Next time we intend to allocate a month.

Our journey began in St. Charles. Just like the merchants, our first task was preparing the wagon. We called a mechanic from On Site Repair. Doc had emigrated from Pennsylvania to take advantage of better RV opportunities. He fixed the kitchen sink pipe in less than an hour, and while he worked he regaled us with stories of the different people he had met in the campgrounds around the St. Louis area. Afterwards, Jon and I set out to buy provisions, including canned oysters and champagne which Susan Magoffin reported eating in one of her diary entries.

At Bellefontaine Cemetery, we picked up the brochure and map locating notable graves, but the gravesites of primary interest to us were not listed. The manager was kind enough let us go through the cemetery's card catalogue. As a consequence we located the woman and her family whose gravesites we wanted to find and also four more people that we had an interest in, none of whom was listed on the map.

One of the best museums that we encountered was at Arrow Rock. It put the Boone's Lick country and earlier Trail history into a larger context. It also introduced us to Dr. John Sappington and his famous malaria pills. Fascinated, we opted to spend more time than we had planned and visited the Sappington Memorial Building and the Sappington Cemetery. Although we had not done any reading on the role that physicians played on the Santa Fe

Trail, because of our new interest in the doctor—even Susan Magoffin carried Sappington's pills with her—we have a possible focus for a future trip.

Because we expressed so much interest, a kindly biologist at Fort Osage opened up the Sutler's Store even after closing hours. This man was a font of information and led us to a new appreciation of George Sibley and an introduction to his wife Mary Easton Sibley, who accompanied her husband to Fort Osage and later founded Lindenwood College in St. Charles.

On our first night in the Independence campground, it rained. Jon began reading Mark Gardner's *Brothers on the Santa Fe and Chihuahua Trails* and I browsed the Lamar introduction to Magoffin's diary. Coincidentally, we were simultaneously reading about Camp Magoffin, the property owned first by Harmon Gregg, then passed to Josiah Gregg, and then to James Magoffin. In 1851, James sold the farm to Samuel and Susan Magoffin. Camp Magoffin was right outside Independence not far from our campground. The next morning we went directly to the Independence Courthouse Archives. Three archive librarians made our research not only fruitful but also enjoyable, and they gave us a greater awareness of the value of using archives along the Trail. With their help, we were able to locate the land deeds for the property and without much difficulty, Jon and I were able to drive to the general area and locate what was Camp Magoffin. We knocked on several doors, but got no response until finally we met a gray-haired woman in a western-type shirt whose father had owned a considerable portion of land in the area. Although she had never heard of the Greggs or the Magoffins, she had an extensive knowledge of the last hundred years of history of the area. Through her stories and memories, Jon and I were able to make a real connection to the place, both its past and its present.

Like Francis Parkman and the thousands of other travelers who passed through Independence and Westport in the mid-19th century, we spent time in the Kansas City area completing our purchases for the road. We bought a cassette tape

of Mark Gardner's Santa Fe Trail music, film, a Boy Scout compass so that we could "take a bearing" when following Franzwa's more complicated directions, and a stack of blank notebooks. At Kelly's Wesport Inn, once owned by Albert Gallatin Boone, Mark Webber was behind the bar. Over a couple of glasses of Flat Tire Ale, he told us about the history of the building. He also loves to give his customers restaurant advice. On this night he directed us to the finest pan-fried chicken with rich yellow gray we had ever eaten. Off the beaten track, Stroud's is an institution for the locals and offers scrumptious meals. Mark also recommended Oklahoma Joe's which we stopped at the next morning on our way out of town. Delicious barbecue—their rub on their succulent pork ribs is phenomenal! And the restaurant is located in a gas station! The rains became frequent and fierce in eastern Kansas: so torrential that in Baldwin City we were brought to a complete stop. This was the edge of a storm that later brought tornadoes to the area. Imagine being in this weather with only a canvas cover for protection! And the rain brought mud. Our trek into 110-mile Creek left us with mud up to our ankles, wet shoes, socks, jeans, and a filthy, hairy, muddy sheep dog.

Traveling from Trail ruts to stage stations, from nooning and camping sites to river crossings, we made our way slowly to Council Grove. By the time we arrived, we sought relief from muddy RV campsites. Our appetites were whetted for a night in a real bed and a dinner not cooked over a campfire. We checked into the honeymoon suite at the Cottage House—all three of us reveled in the luxurious accommodations—and we dined on roast beef and history at the Hays House Restaurant.

At Lost Spring, we saw the watercress planted by the army in the late 1840s to prevent soldiers from getting scurvy. We nooned it at Cottonwood Crossing and picked berries by the edge of Cottonwood Creek, just as Susan Magoffin describes doing in her Cottonwood Crossing diary entry. To escape another torrential storm one afternoon, we stopped at the Coronado Quivira Museum in Lyon. One of their outstanding exhibits introduced us to the murdered

trader José Antonio Chávez—a man we determined to explore in more depth on our next trip. We climbed Pawnee Rock Monument and read Sibley's, Garrard's, and Magoffin's descriptions of the giant outcrop. Through their words, we were able to see the surrounding plains, not only as it is today, but also as it was over a century and a half ago. Nothing much but loose rock remains of Bent's New Fort today, but with the help of Lavender's *Bent's Fort*, we were able to reconstruct in our imagination the fort that William Bent built as a stopover for travelers on the Mountain Route. We blew two hours one morning learning how to play monte with the trader in the Bent's Old Fort gift shop. A historian and an archeologist who were working on new interpretive signs at Boggsville readily answered the questions we peppered them with and then gave us a tour of the area. We ate corn and bean soup in the Las Vegas Plaza Hotel as we read an excerpt of Magoffin's diary where she describes not only her first experience with New Mexican food, but her eating of this soup. At Pecos, it was so hot that before we could stop him, Leonard drank from some stagnant water, and within an hour he began to show signs of digestive disorder. Thankfully, it wasn't cholera!

After twenty days, we entered Santa Fe and made our way into the plaza and to La Fonda. After clean clothes and lotions replaced Trail dirt, we went downstairs to a quiet corner table in the Fiesta Lounge and ordered champagne. Our first toast was to the end of the Trail. Rehashing our Trail stories and thumbing through our filled notebooks, we attempted to cheer ourselves up by reminding each other that next year we would do it again, but we would go even more slowly, talk to more people along the way, and bring more books. We lifted our glasses and gave a heartfelt toast to the interpreters and devoted friends of the Trail who make it possible for greenhorns like us to use our imaginations to experience a sense of the Trail as it was in its heyday.

REMEMBER THE SANTA FE
TRAIL ASSOCIATION
IN YOUR WILL

LAST DAYS OF THE LATE JOSIAH GREGG

by Hal Jackson

(Jackson is a professional geographer who taught at Humboldt State University in Arcata, CA, for 20 years. He now resides in Placitas, NM, and will become the new president of SFTA in September. Josiah Gregg's classic, *Commerce of the Prairies*, first published in 1844, remains in print today and is an important source of early Trail history. Gregg was also a physician, scientist, and explorer.)

Introduction

THE story of Josiah Gregg's last few months has come to most of us through two sources. Max Moorhead, in his 1954 introduction to a new edition of *Commerce of the Prairies*, devoted several pages relating Gregg's trip from the gold fields to the California coast and then south to his death near Clear Lake, California.¹ Paul Horgan gave basically the same account in his book, *Josiah Gregg and His Vision of the Early West*. Horgan provided substantially more detail.²

For 20 years I lived in Humboldt County and made numerous trips through the area traversed by Gregg and his party. My feeling is that neither Moorhead nor Horgan understood the difficulty of Gregg's journey. The country is one of ups, downs, roaring streams, and, in the winter wet season, rain and snow. The story has one surprise in it and a possible murder mystery. Neither the surprise nor mystery were mentioned by Moorhead or Horgan.

Moorhead, Horgan, and I rely on the same written data source. Unfortunately, Gregg's notes, journal, and maps of his last journey were never found. One member of Gregg's party, L. K. Wood, wrote a narrative of the trip which was first published in 1856, only six years after the fact. The narrative was subsequently published in several other locations. The version I am relying on—all versions are virtually identical—is from the book *The Quest for Qual-A-Wa-Loo*, edited by Oscar Lewis.³ This book contains several stories about Humboldt Bay and its discoveries. I use the plural intentionally, for several parties can make claim to the

discovery.

My thanks to Chris Haynes of the Humboldt State University geography department for his help in creating the map of Gregg's journey. Haynes has traveled over many sections of the Gregg route, some in winter time on skis. He and I agree on the many points made in this story about travel difficulty. To make such a trip in November after the rainy season has begun and without a map or knowledge of the country is truly a remarkable feat.

Gregg's Travels in California

Although Oscar Lewis has Gregg accompanying General Stephen Watts Kearny to California during the war with Mexico in 1846, it is clear that Gregg's first trip to California was not until August 1849. He had gone to Mexico after the conclusion of hostilities with that country and then succumbed to the "gold fever" and left from Mazatlán, Mexico, arriving at Monterey, California, by ship on August 26, 1849.⁴

Gregg was next heard of from Rich Bar, a gold camp on a branch of the north fork of Trinity River (Map A). There were 40 men gathered there in October 1849.⁵ All had traveled north up the Sacramento Valley and then west over a pass into the drainage of Trinity River. The speed with which the gold exploration expanded was truly amazing. President James Polk had only announced to the country the discovery of gold in California in December 1848. By October 1849 miners were half way down what turned out to be the gold-bearing section of the Trinity. This is in addition to miners having ascended virtually every gold-bearing stream in the Sierra Nevada on the east side of the Sacramento Valley.

The rain and snow commence in October and do not abate until May in northwest California. The weather at Rich Bar was bad in October and likely to get worse. The assembled men had heard from local Indians that eight days travel west would bring them to a beautiful bay on the mighty Pacific Ocean.⁶ They could envision a wonderful harbor and see themselves transshipping

supplies to the mines and towns along the Trinity and upper Sacramento valley. They probably hoped to "mine the miners" as others had before them.

At first all 40 miners signed up to make the trek west. Only eight, however, including Gregg and our narrator L. K. Wood, started for the coast on November 5, 1849. Wood wrote that "Josiah Gregg, a physician by profession," was chosen as leader. The group was impressed that Gregg "had with him all implements necessary to guide us through the uninhabited, trackless region" that was before them.⁷ Of course, it certainly was neither uninhabited nor trackless. And what purpose could Gregg's implements have served without a map to guide them? Gregg's only knowledge of northwest California was the fact that the Spaniard Bruno Heceta had discovered a bay in 1776.⁸ He also knew the latitude of the bay and this latitude turned out to be a driving force in the party's westward movement.

The party knew Gregg as a physician but never took note of his extensive travel and authorship of *Commerce of the Prairies*. It is part of the Gregg family lore that he was under commission to the federal government to find the bay discovered by Heceta.⁹ The instruments Gregg carried with him at Rich Bar were the same he carried wherever he went, probably sextant, barometer, and thermometer.

Two Indians from the nearby *ranchería* at Rich Bar were supposed to guide the party. At the last minute they begged off and told Wood that the great storm recently experienced made the mountains impassable because of snow.¹⁰ They were not far off on this point. The party began without them on November 5, 1849, descending the north fork of the Trinity River to the main stream. They crossed the Trinity and began the ascent to an east-west ridge. It was a very difficult climb as the ridge was 2700 feet above the river at 4000 feet elevation. As Wood told it "the character of the ascent was materially changed, snow had taken the place of slippery mud, which had obliterated

all there was of a trail, its depth increasing in proportion to the altitude gained."¹¹ They made camp in the snow the first evening.

The mining camp and this ridge were located on are part of the geologic Klamath mountains. Map A shows that the streams really had no pattern until the group moved farther west. The ridge took them westward but not without "a constant succession of mountains, now over the top of one, then through the deep valley beneath and again climbing the steep side of another."¹² Their route was not on top of the ridge but just north of it, which required them to cross the many heads of creeks that led north to the Trinity.

For five days they and their animals traveled westward near this ridge. Finally, they heard what sounded like surf, but this sound came from a roaring stream. The stream was the south fork of the Trinity River and had too much fast water for them to cross where they first encountered it. They continued downstream, paralleling the stream, until they reached a point almost at

the confluence with the main Trinity River. There they were able to cross the south fork and climb a bank to a bench above the river.¹³

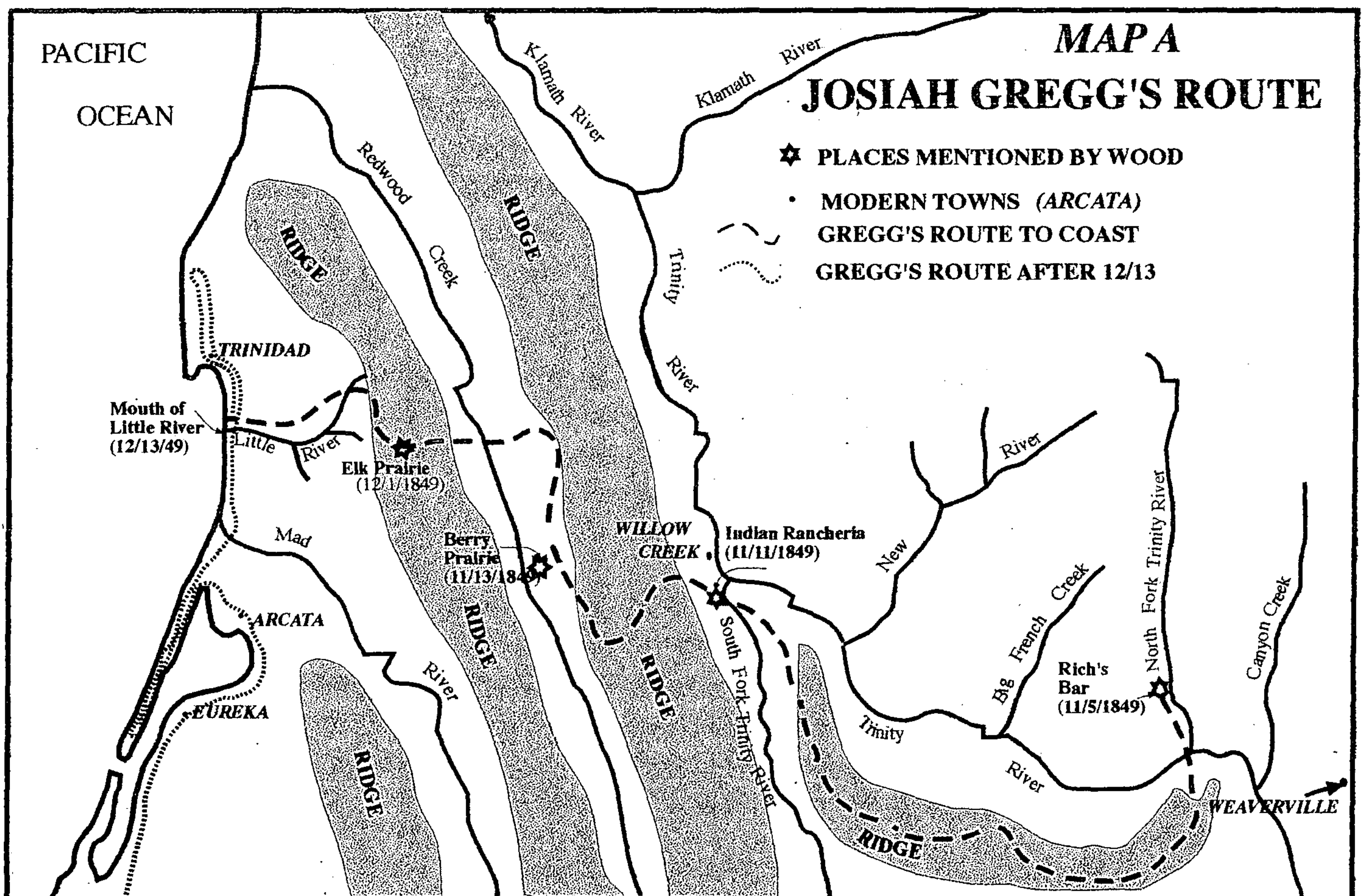
On this bench there was an Indian *rancheria* (see Map A). When Gregg's party appeared, the entire population of the *rancheria* fled. Wood says some Indians plunged headlong into the river while others climbed the nearby mountains. He said they fled because they had never seen a white man and were completely surprised by their sudden appearance.¹⁴ A better explanation for their fear is that they had seen white men, and the earlier encounter was not to their advantage.

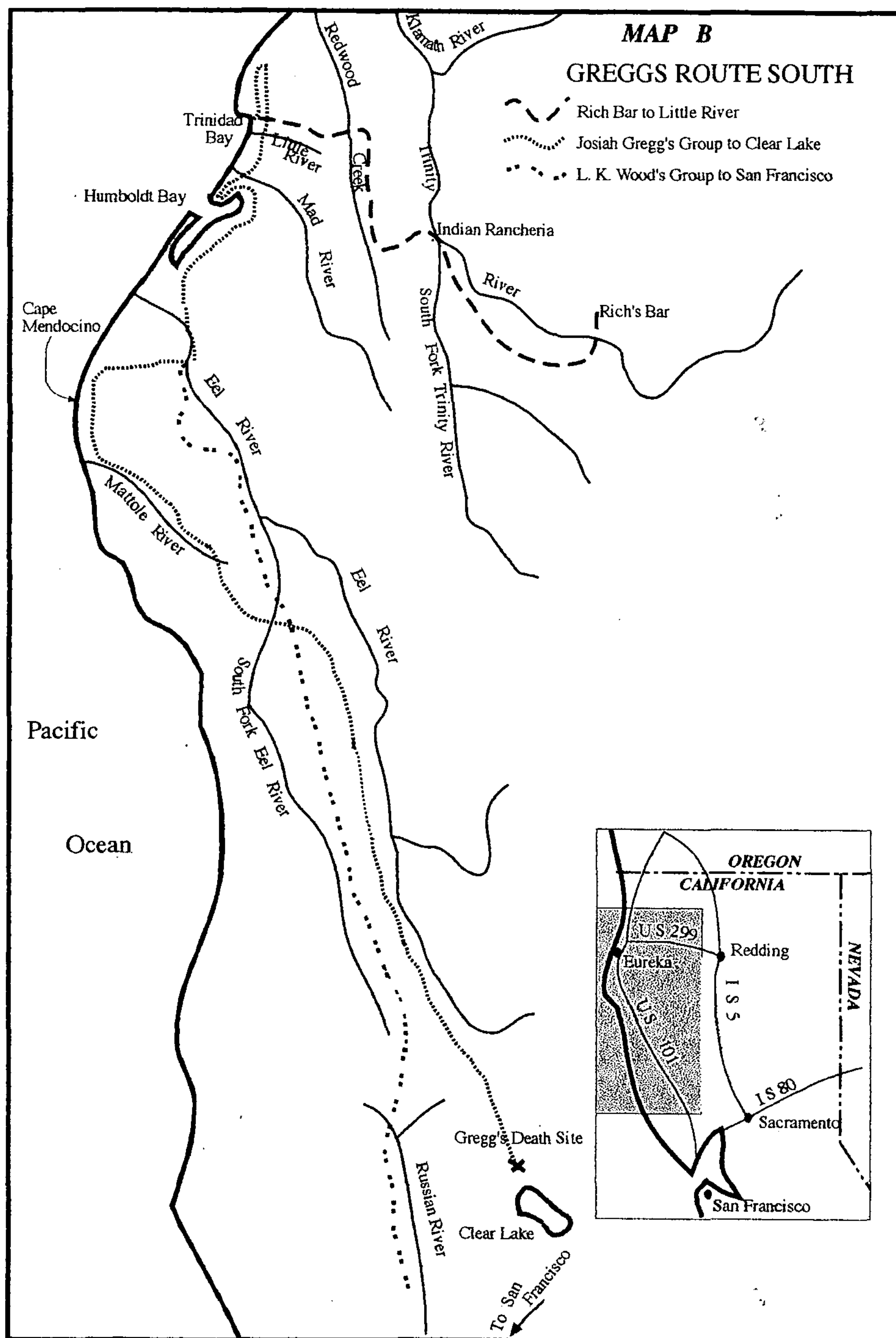
In May 1828 a party of 18 trappers and explorers, led by Jedediah Smith, with 300 head of horses and mules, passed through this same area. Smith had come north along the Sacramento River (which he called the Buenaventura) passing over the coast ranges into the Trinity River drainage.¹⁵ The party traveled down the south fork of the Trinity, arriving at the confluence with the Trinity on May 3.¹⁶ This had to be al-

most the exact location where the Gregg party crossed in 1849. Neither Smith nor his clerk mentioned the *rancheria* in their journals, but Smith did describe the change in the form and style of Indian dwellings near here.¹⁷ They were now in the Hupa Indian region. Rogers, his clerk, called the Trinity River the Indian Scalp River, but neither he nor Smith told why the stream was so named.¹⁸

Whatever took place in 1828 certainly was remembered by the Indians here in 1849, and that explains their flight. Smith was a very religious man and not prone to start fights with anyone. At every turn he tried to befriend the Indians on this journey and only opened fire on them when they shot arrows at him or his colleagues. Or so said his journal.¹⁹ It was later on this trip that 14 of Smith's party died at the hands of Umpqua Indians in Oregon. Smith, a survivor in Oregon, met his death on the Santa Fe Trail on the Cimarron River in 1831.

When Gregg's party readied to leave the *rancheria* they were ad-





vised by the Indians that they should not continue down the river as they had planned. Gregg thought the harbor he sought would be at the mouth of the Trinity River. Too many hostile tribes downstream, warned the Indians.²⁰ A better route was to leave the river and head west. This was good advice, and if Gregg had followed it they could have been on the coast in a few days.

Unfortunately, Gregg only accepted part of the advice. The party began by leaving the river and climbing another ridge to the west. At this

point they had left the geologic Klamath mountains and were in the Coast Ranges. Notice the regular northwest-southeast trend of these ranges and their streams (Map A).

The night of November 13 found them on a ridge at about 3000 feet elevation and out of food.²¹ However, there was grass for their animals. From this point they could have continued due west, crossing one more ridge, and descended to the coast just north of present-day Arcata. But remember that Gregg had implements (a sextant and barometer at least)

and knew the latitude of his sought-after harbor. The party went north to about the harbor's latitude before turning west once again.²²

West meant another descent (into Redwood Creek this time) and it was here their most serious problem occurred. They had been traveling through a mixed fir and ponderosa pine forest, but now they entered the coastal redwood belt. The redwood forest was devoid of game, very wet and boggy, and littered with toppled giants of the forest. Up to this point they had been averaging about three miles per day. Wood claimed an average of seven, but most of the seven were consumed by wandering. Their daily average dropped to two miles per day in the redwoods.²³

Another major problem in the redwood forest, according to Wood, was Gregg. "Doctor Gregg frequently expressed the desire to measure the circumference of some of the giants of the forest, and occasionally called upon one of us to assist him."²⁴ The members of the party were now answering Gregg's calls for help with "shameful abuse."²⁵ Wood did state that one redwood had a diameter of 22 feet and others a height of 300 feet.²⁶ Wood described their slow travel through the redwoods in detail. They would send two men ahead to cut steps in fallen trees so that the animals and men could climb up and over the trees.²⁷

At last they heard the sound of surf. Two men were sent ahead to ascertain the best route for the animals. They returned the same day with news that the great Pacific Ocean was but six miles distant. It took the party three days to go six miles, finally arriving on December 13, 1849. Their point of arrival was the north side of Little River and only three miles south of the harbor they sought.²⁸

Arriving at the beach without food, they shot a bald eagle and a raven which was busy eating a fish. Eagle, raven, and fish went into the kettle to make a stew to satiate their hunger.²⁹

Summarizing the journey to this point, Wood claimed that the seven subordinates had become very dissatisfied with the "old doctor." He was forever wanting them to help make his measurements, which slowed the party down.³⁰ Gregg

wanted to enlighten a curious world, but they were not interested. Their growing exasperation with Gregg no doubt came from the difficulty of the trip. In truth, the eight had suffered a great deal. They had gone to bed many nights without food. The eight days that the Indians claimed the trip should have taken had stretched to thirty-eight.

Was this Gregg's fault? Partly. He insisted on traveling at the latitude of the sought harbor. This took the party many miles away from the best and quickest route. But the seven associates accepted his leadership. They only balked when things were difficult, leading them to blame him for things not his fault. The best example of this was the sterile redwood forest without game or grass.

From the mouth of Little River the group headed north, passing Trinidad Head. They went about 11 miles before returning to the head.³¹ They now knew that the Trinity River did not enter the ocean near Trinidad Head. At the head Gregg took his readings establishing the latitude of the "harbor" at Trinidad. The harbor is more an open roadstead with some small protection from northwest winds. Gregg engraved upon a tree the following:

Latitude 41° 8' 30"

Barometer 29° 86"

Ther. Fah. 48° at 12 M.

Dec. 17, 1849

J. Gregg³²

The ship *Cameo* entered Trinidad Bay on March 16, 1850, and the crew found Gregg's carving.³³

Wood noted in his journal at Trinidad that the "old gentleman took the trouble to engrave upon the trunk. . . ."³⁴ He had said in a previous paragraph that the "old doctor" took several observations along the way and, as their toil and sufferings accumulated, they gradually cultivated distaste in these matters. He went on to say at the beginning of the trip they regarded his scientific experiments with indifference, while later in the journey they looked upon them with contempt.³⁵

They remained at Trinidad Head for two days, eating mussels and salmon obtained from the Indians.³⁶ There is a *ranchería* (with casino) nearby even today. Moving south along the coast they encountered a

deep gulch and two of Gregg's animals mired down. The Doctor "called lustily for assistance but no one of the company would aid him to rescue them. We had been annoyed so much and detained so long in lifting fallen mules . . . that one and all declared they would no longer lend assistance to man or beast and that from this forward each would constitute a company by himself, under obligations to no one and free to act as best suited his notions."³⁷ Gregg was apparently not included in Wood's "one and all." It was clear that discipline and camaraderie were fast breaking down. Paul Horgan said it best, "they were sick of each other."³⁸

Continuing south, they recrossed Little River and soon came to another river swollen by heavy rains. Their challenge was to find a means to cross the stream. Indians from a nearby *ranchería* supplied canoes and the party began to cross. Gregg, meantime, thrilled with the prospect of what he felt was a navigable stream, began his ritual of taking measurements, i.e., the latitude. The other seven were opposed to any delay and began to cross without Gregg. As the canoes were pushing off, Gregg finally realized he was about to be left behind and quickly gathered his instruments and ran for a canoe. Wood says that Gregg was extremely annoyed but remained quiet until the south side of the stream was reached. There Gregg "opened upon us a perfect battery of the most withering and violent abuse." This stream, as a result of the episode, they named the Mad River.³⁹

The party continued south on the hard sand paralleling the surf, finally camping in some sand hills one mile back from the ocean. Two men were sent to fill pails with drinking water. One found some brackish water, barely potable. The other man had gone east, away from the ocean, and came back with his pail full. Gregg tested the water and found it to be salt water pure and simple. The man told Gregg that he had "dipped it out of a bay of smooth water."⁴⁰

Thus was Humboldt Bay discovered. Gregg named it Trinity Bay. The bay was rediscovered a few months later by a small ship's crew and they named it Humboldt Bay after the German naturalist. That

name persists.

They spent some time on the margins of the bay finding that the entrance was too dangerous for them to cross. They circled to the north, passing by present Arcata, then south through what is now Eureka. Leaving Humboldt Bay, they traveled south to a large river where they met two old Indians who were fishing for eels. They arranged to be transported across the river by Indian canoe and remained on the west (left) bank for several days, eating eels obtained from Indians. This stream they named Eel River.⁴¹

At this point there was division of opinion. Some members wished to follow the coast down to San Francisco, others urged the most direct route upstream along the banks of the Eel River. As they could not agree, Gregg and three others opted for the coastal route, while the remaining four (including the narrator Wood) went along the river.⁴² Gregg was still thinking harbors and navigable rivers, and these were to be found along the coast.

Neither group was very successful. Wood's party had to leave the river and seek the ridges (Map B). Gregg's foursome could not follow along the coast much past Cape Mendocino where they left to follow the small Mattole River inland. From the time of the division, we have only a first-hand account of Wood's group. Wood's narrative is sketchy for the last part of his trip, but they finally arrived at the farm of a Mrs. Mark West some 30 miles north of the town of Sonoma on February 17, 1850.⁴³ From there they headed for San Francisco to report their discoveries. It had taken them ten days from the split with Gregg.

Gregg's story is based on Wood's interview of Charles Southard, one of the men with Gregg. Southard told his story to Wood, who placed the story in his narrative. Southard later told the same basic story several times to Wood's son, David Wood. The story was that after leaving the coast they climbed to a ridge and tried to head for the Sacramento Valley. On entering Clear Lake Valley, Dr. Gregg fell from his horse several times from sheer weakness. They had been subsisting on acorns and herbs and were without meat for several days. After Gregg's second fall

he was unable to mount again. He died on the spot of starvation.⁴⁴ The "old doctor" was 44 years old. The *Alta California* of March 7, 1850, gives the day of his death as February 25, 1850.⁴⁵

This version of Gregg's last days has not gone unchallenged. Howard Dimick, writing in the *New Mexico Historical Review*, claimed there is every likelihood that Gregg was murdered.⁴⁶ Dimick has no real evidence to support this supposition. The best he can do is reason that Gregg's murder would explain the disappearance of his notebooks and personal effects.⁴⁶ Someone in his party suspected Gregg of writing negative things about him and killed Gregg to keep the information out of the public eye. Gregg certainly had not gained much favor with his travel companions, but to consider murdering him so close to their destination is a difficult position to support.

Josiah Gregg and his party made important contributions to the geographic knowledge of northwest California. Trinidad Bay was located and perceptions about the head's proximity to the Trinity River were dispelled. Gregg had discovered Humboldt Bay as well. Moorhead rightfully states that Gregg's paramount achievement was the discovery of the bay.⁴⁸ Within two months of the Gregg-Wood party arriving in San Francisco, two towns were sited on Humboldt Bay and another at Trinidad. Both Arcata and Eureka became entrepôts for the gold mining camps along both the Trinity and Klamath Rivers. L. K. Wood was one of Arcata's most important citizens after the town was formed.

NOTES

1. Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, ed. by Max L. Moorhead (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1990), xxvii-xxix.
2. Paul Horgan, *Josiah Gregg and His Vision of the Early West* (Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1979), 102-108.
3. Oscar Lewis, ed., *The Quest for Qual-A-Wa-Loo* (San Francisco: College Publishing Company, 1943), 107-159.
4. Horgan, *Josiah Gregg*, 101.
5. Lewis, *Quest for Qual-A-Wa-Loo*, 114.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid., 115.
8. Moorhead in Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, xxviii.
9. Horgan, *Josiah Gregg*, 103.
10. Lewis, *Quest for Qual-A-Wa-Loo*, 115.

11. Ibid., 117.
12. Ibid., 118.
13. Ibid., 119.
14. Ibid.,
15. Dale L. Morgan, *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1964), 261.
16. Maurice S. Sullivan, *The Travels of Jedediah Smith* (Santa Ann, CA: The Fine Arts Press, 1934), 87.
17. Ibid., 88.
18. Harrison Clifford Dale, ed., *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829* (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1918), 246.
19. Smith's openness to the Indians is mentioned in his journal too often to cite here. From the Sacramento River to the Trinity, the Indians were constantly shooting arrows at his horses. Smith always ended by shooting back, often wounding or killing a few Indians.
20. Lewis, *Quest for Qual-A-Wa-Loo*, 122.
21. Ibid., 123.
22. Ibid., 126.
23. Ibid., 128.
24. Ibid., 129.
25. Ibid.
26. Ibid. If the Gregg party had continued down Redwood Creek some 12 miles they would have been in what is now the Tall Trees Grove of Redwood National Park. The tallest tree in that grove is about 375 feet in height.
27. Lewis, *Quest for Qual-A-Wa-Loo*, 129.
28. Ibid., 130.
29. Ibid., 131.
30. Ibid., 132.
31. Ibid., 131.
32. Ibid., 133.
33. Ibid.
34. Ibid., 132.
35. Ibid.
36. Ibid., 133.
37. Ibid.
38. Horgan, *Josiah Gregg*, 107.
39. Lewis, *Quest for Qual-A-Wa-Loo*, 135.
40. Ibid., 136.
41. Ibid., 142.
42. Ibid.
43. Ibid., 153.
44. Ibid., 158.
45. Ibid.
46. Howard T. Dimick, "Reconsideration of the Death of Josiah Gregg," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XXII (July 1947): 274-285.
47. Ibid., 284.
48. Moorhead in Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, xxix.

DAM THAT BURIED HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK

(continued from page 1)

ther on at Iron Spring was quite bitter. At Hole-in-the-Rock, however, travelers found a dependable supply of relatively "sweet" water.

During the recent meeting of the

Six Western Chapters of the SFTA (June 9-10), one of the Trail sites visited was Hole-in-the-Rock, located at the headwaters of Timpas Creek. Our 25-plus vehicle caravan turned off Highway 350 at Thatcher onto a gravel road, crossed the railroad tracks, passed by an abandoned schoolhouse, and crossed a small bridge over Timpas Creek. At this point we entered a gate on the right side of the road and parked our vehicles. (Note to visitors: PLEASE KEEP THE GATE CLOSED.)

Bob and Marylou Jones bought this 80-acre site in 1991 to ensure (1) the preservation of this historic location and (2) that the public would have access to it. In 1996 they gave it to the Archaeological Conservancy with the condition that "the Conservancy cannot transfer the property to any individual or local group. It can only be transferred to a recognized entity that will preserve the site." We are in their debt for this significant contribution to Trail preservation.

Our group gathered for a ceremony honoring Bob Jones who died recently (see *WT*, Feb. 2001, p. 3). Mark Mitchell, our tour guide, conducted the ceremony. He then led us up the hill a short distance to the foundation remains of the Hole-in-the-Rock Stage Station built in 1866 by Barlow, Sanderson Co.

Three of us summoned the energy to follow Timpas Creek downstream into the canyon—Morris Alexander, Emery Murray, and myself. As we walked, we gained an appreciation for Susan Magoffin's description of the canyon as "quite romantic—high rocks covered with cedar trees; shelving and craggy precipices. . . ." We had heard of a dam that resulted in the silting of the famous watering hole. It reportedly was built by the railroad to collect water for their steam engines. Our objective was to see if we could locate it (we had not done so on previous visits). After a half-mile hike, what appeared to be a 4 to 5 foot rock wall came into view. As we neared the wall we realized it was the dam. Its size surprised us. The dam is approximately 195 feet long (2/3 of a football field) across the narrowest part of the canyon with a spillway at each end. The floor of the canyon leading to the dam is silted over to the top of the spillways,

which are six feet below the top of the dam—burying forever the famous Hole-in-the-Rock.

When we looked over the dam we saw a 20- to 30-foot drop and gained a view of the canyon as it used to be. Needless to say we three SFT enthusiasts were delighted with our find. We hiked to the bluff overlooking the dam for a better view. We returned to our vehicles by hiking the high ground. Our families, Mark Mitchell, and Dub Couch were waiting for us. The remainder of our caravan had departed for home.

For those visiting this historic site who are in good health, we suggest that a hike through the canyon will yield an excitement, scenic reward, and a feeling of what the Trail was like for those traveling the Mountain Route to Santa Fe.

TRAIL TROUBADOUR

—Traffic in Verse—

Sandra M. Doe, Editor

This column seeks poetry which addresses the history, realism, romance, and diversity of the Trail and demonstrates authentic emotion, original images, and skill in craftsmanship. Submit poetry, in open or closed form, along with a brief biography to Sandra M. Doe, Dept. of English, Campus Box 32, Metropolitan State College of Denver, PO Box 173362, Denver CO 80217-3362.

Kyle Laws returns to these pages from Pueblo, Colorado, where she writes and hikes the Santa Fe Trail. In "I Live by the Tracks in Thatcher" she speaks to the ephemeral nature of "owning" anything, even a homesteaded stretch of the Santa Fe Trail. In "Little by Little . . ." she speaks to the disturbances which people leave on the land, disturbances that "tear" the land, "two deep cuts," and yet, paradoxically, she notes the faintness of our existence here, "traipsing through."

I LIVE BY THE TRACKS IN THATCHER

by Kyle Laws

Went through my head when
I passed the For Sale sign,
not just the railroad tracks,
but the tracks of the Santa Fe Trail,
and for a while I wanted to own that
house
and the poems that would come with
it.

But I could no more own the poems
than the homesteaders who
ploughed the land
to have it blow away in the 30's
after successive seasons of no rain.

LITTLE BY LITTLE MY FEET FOUND THEIR WAY ALONG THE SANTA FE TRAIL

by Kyle Laws

A clump of trees that was Timpas,
a divide of land,
the easiest path a little to the side
where there is less brush.
A slab that is a trail marker
and prickly pear, a sign of a torn landscape,
and every so often a faint rut.
I head west to the trees and
two deep cuts in a ridge.

Other things I notice:
broken pieces of metal,
a buckle and part of a harness,
pieces of ceramic that were dishes,
an old corn cob drilled for a pipe.
I leave them for the next person
traipsing through.

STATE SUES TO OPEN OLD ROAD: CASE TO REMOVE GATE ON TRUST LAND BEGINS

by Brenden Smith

(This article appeared in the July 18, 2001 issue of Albuquerque Journal North and was submitted by Marc Simmons Brenden Smith is a Journal staff writer.)

RATON—Since its beginning as a public trade route almost 200 years ago, the Santa Fe Trail has carried traders, settlers and soldiers across the rugged, unforgiving terrain of the Southwest.

But in Colfax County, 2.6 miles of the Mountain Route of the historic Trail has become a private road after UU Bar Ranch erected a gate in 1997 where the road enters ranch property south of Cimarron.

The locked gate—which blocks the only eastern access to more than 40,000 acres of state trust land popular with hunters in the Whites Peak and Black Lake area—is at the center of a three-year legal battle that went to trial Tuesday before state District Judge Peggy Nelson.

The state Attorney General's Office, on behalf of the state Game Commission, is suing the ranch seeking a declaration from Nelson that the road is still public, which would

force the removal of the gate.

In his opening statement, Assistant Attorney General Bennett Cohn outlined the history of the road that the judge will travel Friday as part of the three-week trial.

New Mexico's Territorial Legislature renamed the road as part of El Camino Real in 1905, and it was included in the state highway system in 1929, later designated as N.M. 21/199, Cohn said.

"The road in this case has a glorious past, a checkered present and an uncertain future," he said. "We are here to vindicate the public right and access to this road."

UU Bar Ranch attorney Hank Bohnhoff countered that the state abandoned the road in 1985 and took no action to claim it was public for a dozen years.

A deed transferring part of the road from the state Highway Commission to the Game Commission in 1985 is so vague that state officials don't even know where the road goes, Bohnhoff said.

Further complicating the picture, both sides agree the deed was never recorded and the original has disappeared.

The Highway Commission, which was concerned about liability for the unmaintained dirt road, did not have the right to transfer the road to the Game Commission because it should have reverted to the abutting property owner, UU Bar Ranch, Bohnhoff argued.

"The government has never acted in a straightforward or legal manner in regard to this road," he said in his opening statement.

The ranch of roughly 95,000 acres is owned by a limited partnership controlled by businessman Wesley Adams of Las Vegas, Nev.

Bohnhoff has said the gate was erected by the ranch in 1997 because hunters using the road had killed cattle and damaged grazing land with their vehicles.

Dozens of hunters and outdoors enthusiasts staged a rally Sunday at the locked gate. Some hunters contend UU Bar Ranch, which profited from guiding guests on elk hunts, is trying to turn the adjoining state trust land into a private hunting reserve by blocking access to the area.

The fight with the ranch began in 1997 when Edward Olona, a hunter from Springer, petitioned state officials to have the gate removed. The Game and Fish Department investigated the case, and a department employee wrote in an October 1997 letter forwarded to the Game Commission that the road had been legally abandoned and was now private property, Bohnhoff said.

The Game Commission, which oversees Game and Fish, did not object to that decision but then changed its mind in 1998 when it joined then-Attorney General Tom Udall in suing the ranch over the locked gate, Bohnhoff said.

The case has survived several challenges by UU Bar Ranch and some changes in legal tactics by the Attorney General's Office.

About 25 people listened to the opening statements Tuesday in Nelson's third floor courtroom. Attorneys sometimes had to repeat themselves because the courtroom's open windows carried noises from the street, including barking dogs, honking horns and the rumble of trucks.

The trial is scheduled for three weeks because of the tangled history of the road and the convoluted actions of several state agencies. Nelson is expected to issue her decision in the weeks or months after the close of the trial.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

In response to Mr. Vilda's letter to your magazine [WT, Nov. 2000, p.7].

His retelling of the event in question is not exactly factual, but as any good mountain man's tale seems to get more hair-raising with each retelling.

Videos taken of the event show that Mr. Davis used the appropriate procedure, to the side and down at the ground, most gunfighting teams employ. What we and the rest of the participants failed to realize, was that the surface we were performing on was different than any we had been on before—a pea-gravel racing track for racing buggy horses. This caused a "bounce" effect and did indeed injure Mr. Vilda. After the injury happened we urged Les to go im-

mediately to the hospital but he told us "This was as much my fault as yours, I know better than to turn back like I did." He was not as badly injured, as the story seems to have grown. He did have some powder spray on his nose, and like any face wound it did bleed. He said that all he required was a bottle of wine, this was procured for him and he spent the rest of the evening quietly. He was finally convinced to go to the hospital the next day (Sunday).

As to taking care of the bills, we requested Mr. Vilda to sign a form and send it directly to the insurance company. That as far as we knew should have covered his hospital bills. However, the insurance provider informed us that the form was never received. We have attempted to make things right, but instead have encountered a nationwide smear campaign.

As a result of this, our one and only mishap, we no longer "play gunfight," keeping only to choreographed routines with other professional reenactors, who we know are covered by their own insurance. We are no longer with the same group or insurance company we were with at the time of Mr. Vilda's injury. We have enclosed a copy of our current insurance certificate and current membership cards for your examination [copies available at WT office].

This event has not stopped several major museums from hiring us: our safety record is clean with the exception of that one lone blemish. We are very conscientious about gun safety, and are currently hunting safety instructors in the state of Kansas. We try to be very careful, and if anything, this event has only made us double and triple check everything we do. We have entered many reenactment competitions, and are one of the few groups who have lost NO points in competitions to safety violations.

We are now in the process of trying to come to terms with Mr. Vilda, if he will allow it. I do not know what friends he is speaking of we allegedly lied to, but again, we try very hard to be honest with people. We are sorry he carries no insurance himself, most professional living historians expect a mishap from time to time (re-enacting can be a very dangerous business to the re-enactors them-

selves) but when we start into this business and take on roles we know the risk.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Marna Jean Davis
Shooting Star Enterprises
1114 1100 Avenue
Abilene KS 67410
(785) 479-2156

THE CACHES

—MUSEUM NEWS—

Anna Belle Cartwright, Editor

(Please keep sending those newsletters, your important dates, and happenings to Anna Belle Cartwright, SFTA Museums Coordinator, 5317 Charlotte St, Kansas City MO 64110, e-mail <Acartwrgh@aol.com>.)

In this issue almost all of this column will be devoted to The History Museum of New Mexico and its long term changes, some planned, some realized. On the north side of the Central Plaza, The Palace of the Governors was witness to the Santa Fe Trail days, and countless other events for nearly 400 years, and now proudly wears the title, "The Jewel in New Mexico's Crown."

The Palace of the Governors in Crisis

When it comes to problems, there are similarities among all the museums along the Trail, with respect to lack of space and lack of money. In Santa Fe, the History Museum of New Mexico has these problems and more compounded by its 391-year-old building, a national treasure that places the museum as unique among its peers. For more than 16 years, recognizing the museum to be in a state of crisis, the directors and staff have been working to meet the decisive moment with a plan of action, by creating new support groups, raising funds, reconfiguring spaces, acquiring property and planning a new annex to the Palace. All plans are in place and await an appropriation by the state government.

The old Palace has an illustrious history: It was built in 1610 to serve as an adobe fortress and center of government for the frontier outpost of Spain. It is the last remaining vestige of a fortified compound that was nine city blocks square. During the course of history, it served not only Spain but Mexico, tribal govern-

ments, and finally the United States, withstanding tests of time, wars, and the elements, to become the oldest occupied public building in the country. Because of its adobe construction and inadequate structural support it was remodeled and repaired many times.

The last of the 101 gubernatorial residents, Governor George Curry, took his leave in 1907, and not long after, the Palace was shored up and fitted out once again, to become the Museum of New Mexico, by an act of the territorial legislature. The building itself has always been the principal artifact, but now increasing attendance has begun to take its toll.

If the Palace itself is endangered, what of their other artifacts? Director Tom Chávez says, "the History Museum's obligation to the building extends as well to the collections." Artifacts began to accumulate in 1859, thanks to the Historical Society of New Mexico and others, and kept on accumulating until today, in 2001, they number in the thousands. With no room for their display, these rarely seen artifacts represent the "best kept secret" in New Mexico. They are currently stored in two decrepit buildings behind the Palace. A brochure states, "It is no longer feasible to hold collections in converted basketball courts and indoor shooting ranges behind crumbling walls and on seeping floors." Damage to some of the collections has already occurred. Is it any wonder that site plans, renovations, and new construction represent the first priority of the Museum of New Mexico and of the Museum of New Mexico Foundation?

Well Laid Plans

When the Museum Staff embarked on their plans they called in the Foundation to help form Museum support groups, the first of which was the Friends of the Palace. Then they purchased the old city of Santa Fe library, behind the Palace, thus creating space for a new history library and photographic archives, naming it for Santa Fe's most eminent 20th-century historian, Fray Angelico Chávez. They began planning a new building and the renovation of the Palace itself. In the plans, the Palace of the Governors will be preserved and shown off as a true "palace," with period rooms and trap

doors showing original floors and foundations. Radiant heating on the portal sidewalk will make native vendors more comfortable on winter days, when they spread out their wares of silver, turquoise, and pottery.

Essential needs and dreams of all the staff went into the planning of a new annex that would be situated behind the famous Palace of the Governors and wrap around the new History Library. Using an "open storage" system, the new facility could put 80% of its collections on display, showcasing more of the State's heritage than has been possible in the past. A new facility that meets internationally-accepted standards of care and storage for the collections would assure their preservation for generations to come.

In 1997, architects put these dreams on paper and came up with an edifice that rises up behind the Palace. Keeping the familiar low profile of the Palace intact, the new building stretches from Washington Avenue to Lincoln Avenue. Expansion is limited on the north and south sides, so it extends up for three stories and extends down, adding two basement levels, to achieve the space it must have. In the plans, lofty spaces accommodate the collections display while storage is contained on several floors. State-of-the-art systems safeguard environmental needs, security, fire detection, and suppression. A book and paper conservation laboratory enables staff to care for invaluable cultural resources. Plans are for a new information system to be installed, and the information that would be funneled through an expanded education department could eventually reach every community in the state.

The New Annex's Price Tag

"Now we are in the ultimate stages of gathering funds," says Director Chávez, noting that the private sector has already contributed more than \$2.7 million in donations while the state has invested \$2.9 million. "The federal government has allocated \$10 million, with another \$5 million authorized to help construct the new annex." Now it is up to the state to match the federal funds. In February, because of the wording of a recent bond issue and because the Museum was lumped to-

gether with a variety of state projects, an \$8.5 million bond issue failed. But undeterred, the Legislature and the Governor's Office have been working on an appropriation for \$9 million. The full price tag for the annex is \$36 million and keeps on going up every year.

But the ever-optimistic Chávez says, "With the full participation of our local and state governments, we will design, build and implement an institution that does honor to ourselves and benefit future generations."

Visit A Museum

Do plan to visit a museum on your way to the symposium in Las Vegas. Remember that the Trinidad Museum is free to SFTA members during the symposium and that Richard Loudon will be there to tell about Trinidad history on September 26.

On November 23, the Friday after Thanksgiving, there will be a dedication of the Trinidad and Santa Fe Trail Information Center, at noon.

Take time to visit other museums as you travel the Trail.

FORT LEARNED

-TEACHER'S TRADING POST-

Anne Mallinson, Editor

This column presents math problems created for classroom use by John Atkinson, vice-president of the Missouri River Outfitters Chapter of SFTA. John is Professor Emeritus at Missouri Western State College in St. Joseph, Missouri. He retired June 1, 2000, after a 43-year career teaching mathematics in Kansas and Missouri.

The material offers practice exercises to help students master educational objectives as set forth by state testing guidelines. The exercises utilize both right and left brain thinking skills and can be adapted by the classroom teacher for enrichment or to engender creative thinking skills. The material encompasses a variety of levels, and the problems can be utilized as a template for creating other similar learning opportunities. Thank you John for sharing your expertise.

More Math Exercises

In 1825 Thomas Hart Benton, influential senator from the young State of Missouri, successfully pro-

moted a bill through Congress calling for a survey and marking of the Trail to Santa Fe. George Sibley, factor at Fort Osage, was chosen to head the survey commission. He and Joseph C. Brown, a gifted surveyor, chose a survey team, then set out from Fort Osage to record the trade route to New Mexico. The team measured the route, negotiated treaties with some of the Indian tribes, found stream crossings, and marked the Trail with mounds of earth.

Distances were determined by a surveyor's chain, an instrument used for land measurements in both England and America. A chain is 66 feet in length. Each link in the surveyor's chain is 8 inches long. The length 66 feet has been defined as a unit of linear measure called a "chain." Since a "rod" equals 16.5 feet, it follows that a "chain" is equivalent to four rods.

The following problems vary from simple arithmetic to problems involving some analytical reasoning and the use of a scientific calculator.

1. How many 8-inch links are needed to form a chain 66 feet in length?

2. A mile is 5280 feet.

a. How many "chains" in a mile?

b. A "rod" is $\frac{1}{4}$ of a "chain." How many rods in a mile?

3. When Kansas was surveyed in 1854, stone mile markers were buried at mile line intersections. Many of these stones are still in place. The Santa Fe Trail was in heavy use in 1854 and survey reports carefully noted where the trail crossed section lines. From these records it is known that the Santa Fe Trail crossed a certain road $19\frac{1}{2}$ "chains" from a given intersection. How many feet is the Trail crossing from that intersection?

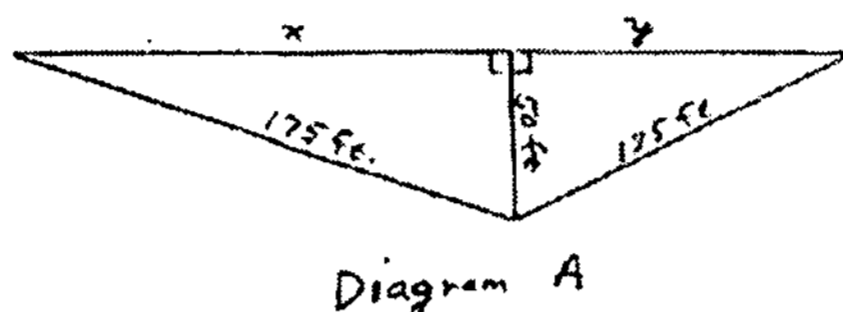
4. The width of an alley measures 63 links of a surveyor's chain. How many feet wide is the alley?

5. The Sibley/Brown survey team marked the Trail with mounds of dirt. Within a couple of years the mounds were eroded away by wind and water and the wagons themselves marked the trail. One such mound was placed near 110 Mile Creek, so named because it was 110 miles from Independence. How many "chains" are 110 miles?

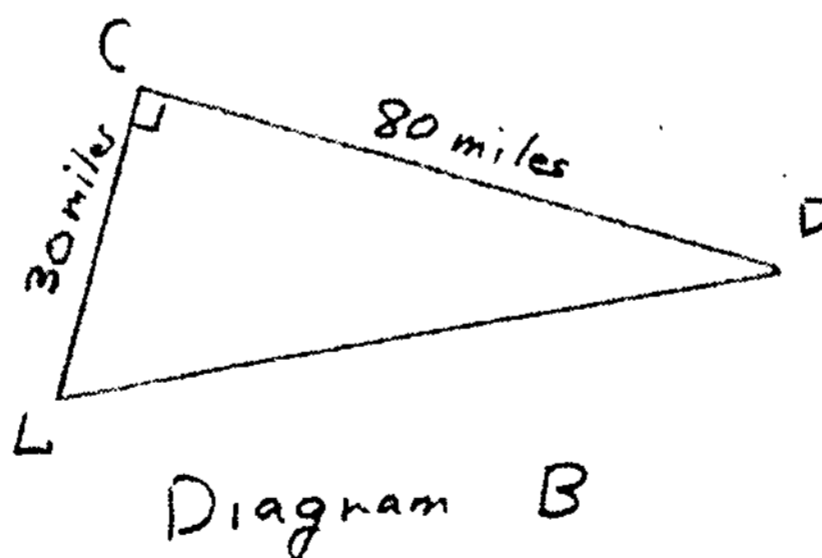
6. History tells us that the distances determined in 1825 were remarka-

bly accurate. No doubt undulations of the landscape had some effect on the accuracy of the measurements. The following problem compares the distances from one side to the other of a deep ravine as measured along the contour of the land versus a modern level bridge across the ravine.

Suppose a ravine is 50 feet deep and has sloping sides of 175 feet and 125 feet, respectively. (See Diagram A) Use the Pythagorean Theorem to find lengths x and y . Compare the sum of x and y (the distance modern cars would travel) with 300 feet, the distance wagons would travel to cross the ravine.



7. The Sibley/Brown party followed the Arkansas River to Chouteau's Island near present-day Lakin, Kansas, then turned south to Lower Spring, marking a trail that was longer but avoiding part of the dreaded Cimarron Desert. The survey route was approximately along the legs of a right triangle. How many miles were saved by caravans traveling from point D (site of present-day Dodge City) and crossing the Cimarron Desert to point L (Lower Spring, aka "Wagon Bed Spring")? (See Diagram B.)



HOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

The Santa Fe Trail Center will sponsor a fall workshop conducted by David Clapsaddle, Larned historian, and Janice Klein, Dodge City teacher, for primary and middle school teachers. The workshop will meet for four evening classes and a Saturday field trip, and will be based on Dr. Clapsaddle's recent children's book *Robert's Trunk*. For information, contact the SFT Center, (620)

285-2054.

The Coronado Cross Park east of Dodge City, KS, on Highway 400, has been reopened to the public. With work by the Methodist Church Boy Scouts, Ian Stuart, Eagle Scout candidate, the Department of Public Works, and the Ford County Commission, the cross has been cleaned, the road improved, a new foot-bridge built, and benches installed at the crest of the bluff near the cross. New signs by the road will be completed soon.

Park Superintendent Don Hill reported that Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site had over 945 visitors during the three-day Santa Fe Trail Encampment, July 27-29. There were 52 programs with additional ongoing demonstrations. An *aparejo* pack saddle was constructed by Bob Schmidt and is now being used at the fort.

A new evening program, "Surviving Way-Back," was held in Bent's Old Fort Plaza on August 18. Stories were told of the life and death struggles suffered by the Mountain Men, Plains Indians, and frontier travelers. Volunteers from the audience participated in flint and steel fire starting, problem solving, gun reloading, and other necessary means of survival. Refreshments included frontier survival food.

Using the latest USGS 1:100,000 topographical maps, trail expert Gregory Franzwa has depicted the precise routes of the California Trail and several other wagon roads in *Maps of the California Trail*, available from The Patrice Press, PO Box 85639, Tucson AZ 85754-5639 for \$29.95 plus \$3.95 shipping. For information, call (800)367-9242.

The Cleveland Mill Historical Museum, Cleveland, NM, is located in the restored Cleveland Roller Mill, a 2-story adobe mill built in 1901, with a capacity of 50 barrels a day. It is open to the public on weekends, Memorial Day through October 31. For information, call (505) 387-2645.

Dennis Downing, operator of the Scouting Museum, Raton, NM, has painted a map of the Santa Fe Trail on the side of the museum to serve as

a backdrop for photographs with something that recognizes a historical highlight of the area. The museum is a popular destination for Boy Scouts riding the train from the Philmont Scout Ranch near Cimarron, NM.

SFTA member Mark L. Gardner's article "Have Camera Will Travel" on early photographers in New Mexico was the leading feature in the July 2001 issue of *New Mexico Magazine*.

The Spirits and the Trail Living History Tour presented by the Morton County Theatre Group was such a hit during the Grassland Heritage Festival that it was repeated on July 5. Traveling by bus through the Grasslands, stops were made to visit with mid-1800's rancher John Beaty and rancher's wife, Virginia Streeter; a woman traveling with a wagon train; one of Becknell's scouts; Nora Brite, whose two daughters perished in the 1914 Point of Rocks flood; and Wood Walsh, founder of the '81 Ranch.

D. Ray Blakeley, Cimarron Cutoff Chapter president and director of the Union County Historical Society, has constructed a web site for the museum which will have a page devoted to the Santa Fe Trail in Union County, NM. You may log on at <www.herzsteinmuseum.com>.

Larry Mix reports that several of the large oval signs that were placed on schools along the Trail in 1948 have recently surfaced and been offered for sale. He indicated that one was purchased by someone in the Wagonbed Spring Chapter, but confirmation has not been provided.

Joanne VanCoevern, SFTA board member, reports that oil companies are drilling wells and setting tanks along and on the Santa Fe Trail south of Offerle, KS. There may be plans to drill more wells on the Trail northeast of there toward Kinsley.

The DAR marker that was once located across the road from Bent's Fort Inn, Las Animas, CO, on Highway 50, was recently moved to the parking lot of the inn. The Trail actually passed right through the parking lot, so the new location is a

more accurate site.

The Coronado Quivira Museum in Lyons, KS, has out-grown the current facility, and the Rice County Historical Society board is now looking for a new location.

Sue Stubbs is the new president of Friends of Arrow Rock. She is a historian and taught social studies in the middle school system for approximately 20 years. She maintains a Victorian home in Warrensburg, MO, and a log cabin in Arrow Rock, which she and her late husband, Roy, purchased in 1986. Sue brings a wealth of experience and enthusiasm to the Friends.

From the *Santa Fe New Mexican* (6-26-01), courtesy Mary Jean Cook:

Santa Fe radio personality and businessman Will Sims is offering a caravan auto tour between Santa Fe and Las Vegas, N.M. along the last 60 miles of the Old Santa Fe Trail.

Participants drive their own vehicles in a convoy and listen to Sims on their car radio.

Tours begin at 9:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. at Harry's Roadhouse on Old Las Vegas Highway and end at Old Town Plaza in Las Vegas 2 1/4 hrs. later. Tours start at \$39 for one person in a vehicle and drop to \$30 per person for four or more in a vehicle.

For more information, call Sims at [505] 424-1302.



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

—BOOK NOTICES—

Deena J. González, *Refusing the Favor: The Spanish-Mexican Women of Santa Fe 1820-1880*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1999. Pp. 186. Maps, tables, illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$45.00; paper, \$17.95.

Hispanic-American women, like women of other regions and ethnic groups, receive scant attention from historians. Chicana historian Deena J. González, associate professor of history and Chicano/a studies at Pomona College, Claremont, CA, and a descendant of a Spanish-speaking

New Mexican family, selected a small segment of Hispanic women, those living in Santa Fe from 1820 to 1880, for this study. Years were spent searching newspapers, court and church records, and wills to determine how these women reacted to and dealt with social, economic, and political changes brought by the independence of Mexico, the Mexican War, and colonization by the United States. The Santa Fe trade figured largely in these changes.

During the period of Mexican independence, court cases were used by González to reveal women's activities and actions in matters important to them. Gertrudis Barceló figured prominently in the second chapter as an example of a successful business woman. Her gaming saloon was frequented by Euro-American traders and soldiers who were, to some degree, acculturated there. Anglo writers impugned her reputation. The negative racial attitudes of these writers toward Hispanic men were also displayed toward the women, openly questioning their morality. Overall, most Hispanics, especially women, were further impoverished by American colonization, a trend that continues today. The glimpse this book gives into the lives of the other half of the Santa Fe population is fascinating.

In the final chapter, titled "The Politics of Disidentification," the author analyzes the shortcomings of newer histories dealing with the cultural encounters in the Southwest. This reviewer found some of González's ideas and speculations in this chapter difficult to understand. Sentence structure often seemed convoluted. The word "disidentification" in the chapter heading makes one wonder what is meant. The book, overall, is engaging and informative, especially to readers interested in women, the history of the Southwest, and the Santa Fe Trail.

—Bonita M. Oliva

Marc Simmons & Hal Jackson, *Following the Santa Fe Trail: A Guide for Modern Travelers*, third edition revised and expanded. Santa Fe: Ancient City Press, 2001. Pp. xi + 236. Maps, illustrations, bibliography, index. Paper, \$15.95 plus shipping, available from Last Chance Store and at symposium.

Hal Jackson has added materially to Marc Simmons's guide, providing new maps, illustrations, and information. Directions to sites are easy to follow, and information about each location is helpful to beginning travelers as well as those who have been over the Trail many times.

One wishes they had followed policy of the SFTA and National Park Service in avoiding the use of "Cimarron Cutoff" (which is incorrect and has no historical basis) and used the preferred "Cimarron Route." Somehow Milo M. Quaife's name came out "Quaise" each time. It takes more than a vivid imagination to state that Rabbit Ears peaks "vaguely resemble a pair of rabbit ears" (p. 178).

They also should be chided for stating, "travel on the Santa Fe Trail should be avoided in winter" (p. 18). That may have been good advice 150 years ago, but it is an overstatement today. One should be cautious and watch the weather during winter months, but winter travel is quite safe most of the time. Some of the best views of Trail remnants are when they are covered with snow.

These are detractions to only the most critical eye. This is the best guidebook for anyone traveling or hoping to follow the entire historic Trail or any portion of it. Commendations to Simmons and Jackson for a splendid job. This is essential gear for any Trail trek.

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

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

The summer meeting of the chapter was hosted by the Cimarron Heritage Center, Boise City, KS, in Cimarron County, OK, on July 14. A tour of various sites in the Kenton area was planned, followed by a chuck wagon meal.

Texas Panhandle

President Kathy Revett Wade
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<krevett@arn.net>

No report.

Wagon Bed Spring

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

The July quarterly meeting was at the Peddlers Inn in Ulysses, with 14 members present. Jeff Trotman reported to the membership about the British Petroleum gas well project in Kearny County. The proposed site for the well location would have affected Santa Fe Trail Ruts in Kearny County. With a few meetings with the BP project foreman, the issue was favorably resolved. Research at the Kearny County courthouse confirmed that they were in fact Santa Fe Trail ruts, and BP agreed not to drill at this location. British Petroleum has very strong preservation policies, not to disturb any prehistoric or historic cultural resource or wetlands area, and should be commended for this.

The Six Western Chapters meeting was also discussed, and the Wagon Bed Spring Chapter will host the next meeting in 2002. More information will be provided in the upcoming issues of *Wagon Tracks*.

The meeting concluded with a well-presented program by Larry Mix about the web page he has made for the Wagon Bed Spring Chapter. He also shared his display of artifacts that he has collected through the years.

The next chapter meeting will be held in Hugoton, at the Daylight Donut Restaurant, October 11, at 6:30 p.m.

Heart of the Flint Hills

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

No report..

End of the Trail

President Tom Steel
12919 Chitalpa Place
Albuquerque NM 87111
(505) 821-5805
<tomcarly@swcp.com>

At our May meeting at the Santa Fe Community College, Harry Myers gave a lecture on "Hispanic Cultural Ideas and Interactions." He talked about Spanish settlement in New Mexico as it related to water and food. He described the agriculture,

land grants, villages, and customs. This lecture was right on target; the audience familiar with New Mexico culture could reflect understanding and appreciation of his description of Spanish settlement in the Southwest.

We congratulate Harry on his new adventure as Project Director for the Camino Real National Historic Trail with the Long Distance Trail Group in Santa Fe.

Faye Gaines, SFTA board member and liason officer for preservation of the Trail, spoke about her position and goals for Trail protection and preservation. She asked that we select a preservation officer to represent our chapter. Teresa and Walter Pickett have agreed to act in that capacity. They have a long history of Trail preservation as they have volunteered to monitor the condition of DAR markers from Santa Fe to Raton for several years. This is not an easy job; at several locations debris, trash, beer cans, etc. accumulate. The marker at Glorieta, NM, was threatened when the road to the post office was widened. The Picketts made sure that the marker was moved to safety.

Our latest event, July 21, was a tour around San Miguel del Vado, a visit to the "custom house," and a hike along the Trail from the Plaza at San Miguel. We ascended a steep rise to an area with ruts and swales going in the general direction of San Jose, NM. There are no ruts visible from the Plaza to the rise but we have to assume that wagons went in that direction at least some of time. Several ruts converge and go toward San Jose; others head north and then seem to converge with present day AT&SF Railroad tracks that run behind San Jose. It was a cool day for July with a breeze that kept us quite comfortable. Mike Najdowski, who has been mapping the Trail, led the group.

Our next event, September 15, will be a walking tour of Trail sites in Santa Fe. Margaret Sears and Pam Najdowski will lead the group.

Corazón de los Caminos

President Faye Gaines
HC 60 Box 27
Springer, NM 87747
(505) 485-2473
<www.nmhu.edu/research/sftrail/corazon.htm>

Registrations for Symposium 2001 are pouring in and most are signing up for the commercial bus tours. Seats are going quickly.

Volunteers are needed for a variety of light-duty services. The Eilands (505/454-1985) need extra hands to serve drinks and doughnuts during breaks, in the hospitality lounge at Kennedy Hall, and for the Sunrise Service.

Don McCloskey (505/425-2960) needs help setting up tables and chairs at NMHU, Fort Union, and the Sunrise Service.

Mary Whitmore (505/454-0683) needs guides for the Walking and Old Churches of Las Vegas tours, plus hands and backs for cleaning up the old Upper Town Plaza prior to the church tours.

The Santa Fe Trail horseback ride and campout is a "go." Ray Marchi has nearly 50 riders signed up and can also refer you to Rent-a-Horse now. To join all or some of the adventure, call Ray at 505/387-5082, or lynnmarchi@hotmail.com.

Seven Corazón chapter members attended the Six Western Chapters meeting in June. The tours were excellent. The road to La Junta followed the military route, a beautiful drive. Thanks to Dub Couch for all his work.

The chapter's May activity was a "Walking Tour of the Plaza and Bridge Street" in Las Vegas. Marcus Gottschalk, author of *Pioneer Merchants of the Las Vegas Plaza*, and Mary Whitmore led the way among the historic buildings and Acequia Madre.

The June meeting at Point of Rocks Ranch was well attended. Faye Gaines, Dixie Odum, and Becky Sauble talked about "Ranching and Ranch Women" following a gastronomic potluck picnic.

The July event was an "Old Churches of Las Vegas Tour," led by Mary Whitmore. Northern New Mexico has many beautiful churches of Santa Fe Trail vintage. This event highlighted two Catholic, one Jewish, and two Protestant structures. These churches, among others, and the Walking Tour will be part of the organized free city tours at the Symposium.

In August we toured the Santa Fe Trail Museum in Springer. Charlotte

Hollis and Mike Taylor talked about developing a Scenic Byway interpretive center.

The speaker at the Oct. 21 meeting will be Glen Faith, M.D., speaking on "Medical Support at Fort Union, 1851-1861."

Jean Jordan will present a Chautauqua performance of "Mary Donoho" at the Nov. 18 meeting.

See you at Symposium 2001!

Wet/Dry Routes

President Lon Palmer
358 W 8th St
Hoisington KS 67544
(620) 653-2827

The chapter convened for its summer meeting on July 8, 2001, at the home of David and Alice Clapsaddle in Larned, KS. Business items discussed included the replacement of a marker recently vandalized, appreciation to Gary Nelson for the maintenance of markers, and the award presented to the chapter for Kansas History Day. Also discussed were the chapter's annual seminar scheduled for May 4, 2002, in conjunction with the Fort Larned Old Guard annual meeting and the Faye Anderson Award applications.

Leo E. Oliva, chairman of the Fort Larned Old Guard, was on hand to receive \$500 from the chapter for that group's purchase of the Cheyenne/Sioux Village Site on Pawnee Fork.

Following a covered dish dinner, the program of classical Spanish guitar music was presented by Borislav Peranovic of Kinsley.

The next meeting is scheduled for October 14 at the Quivira National Wildlife Refuge, 2:00 p.m.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge/Cimarron

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

The chapter met Saturday, June 16, 2001, at the Kansas Heritage Center. President Trauer presided. Seventeen persons were present. Larry Mix posted a copy of his web site on the wall for viewing by the chapter. Trauer urged chapter members to join the National Santa Fe Trail Association and for SFTA members to vote in the national election. She reported on the upcoming SFTA symposium in Las

Vegas, NM, and handed around information on a SFTA scavenger hunt on the Internet.

The chapter discussed plans participate in Fort Dodge Day on July 7.

The meeting was adjourned for Jeff Trotman, president of Wagon Bed Spring Chapter, to give a program about the Spring.

The chapter participated again this year in the day-long patriotic celebration of Fort Dodge Day on Saturday, July 7, 2001. For the fifth year the chapter sponsored a living history program in Eisenhower Hall, Fort Dodge, KS. More than 200 people enjoyed a splendid presentation by living historian Kirk Shapland, Dighton, KS, as Buffalo Bill Cody in "Cody of the Plains—On the Trail Between Civilization and Savagery."

On Nov. 3 the chapter will take a DC Trolley ride to the Santa Fe Trail Museum in Ingalls and tour Trail sites along the way.

The chapter is celebrating its tenth anniversary in 2001. It was December 14, 1990, that interested Dodge Citians and area residents were invited to attend an organizational meeting to explore the possibility of developing a SFTA Chapter. The DC/FD Chapter was organized as an affiliate of the SFTA by the board of directors at their meeting in Arrow Rock, MO, on September 26, 1991.

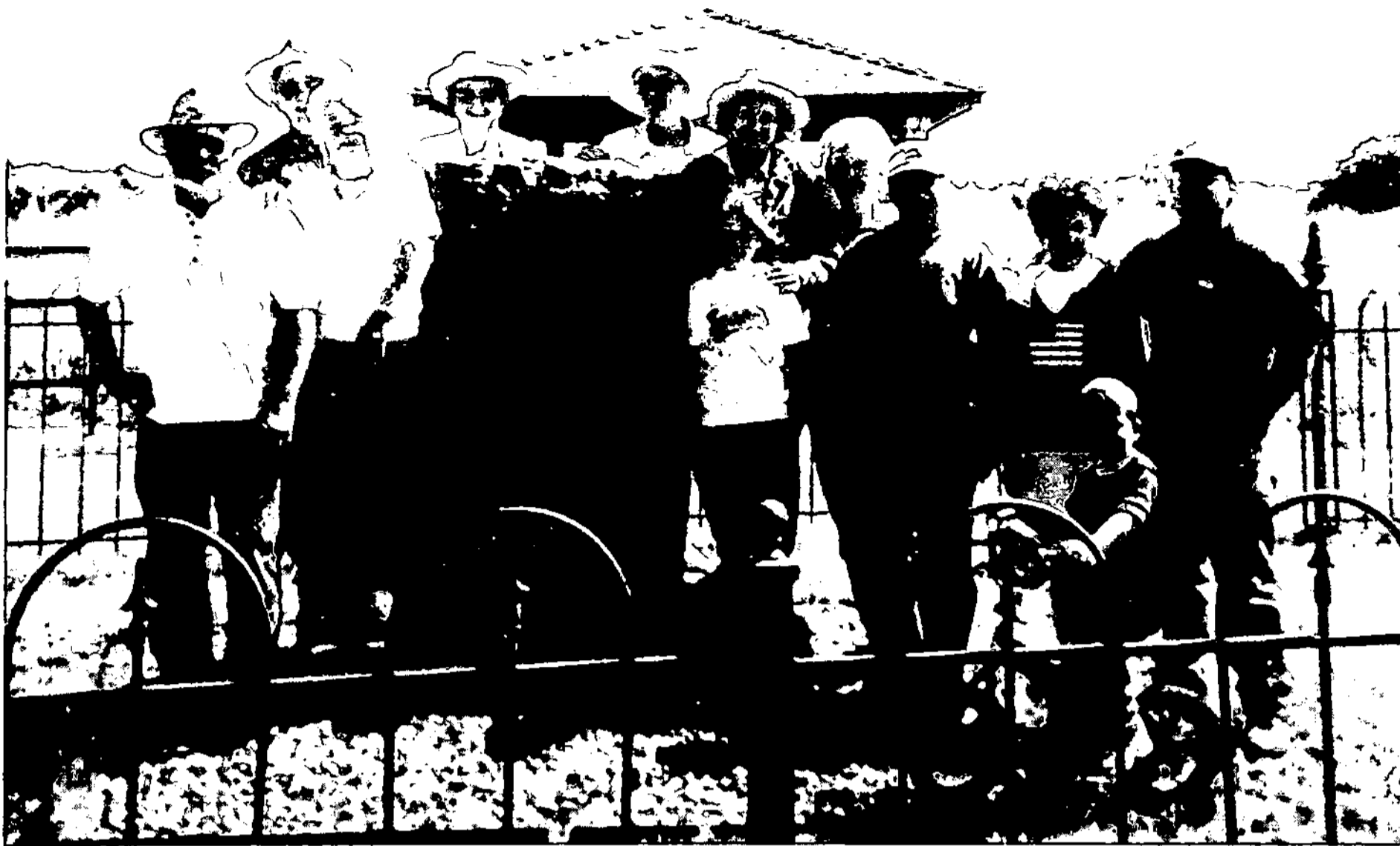
Missouri River Outfitters

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

The chapter celebrated its 10-year anniversary on Saturday, June 2. Members met at Schumacher Park in east Kansas City, Missouri, for a pot luck dinner. Charter members attending included Glenda Sours, Jane Mallinson, Ruth Ayres, and Anne Mallinson.

The chapter announced that it was presenting Jane Mallinson with the first annual Schumacher Award for her years of dedicated service to the chapter.

John Schumacher, chairman of the SFTA mapping/marketing committee, gave a program on mapping progress, upcoming projects, and the geocaching activity. He demonstrated use of the GPS locaters and



Missouri River Outfitters Chapter, tenth anniversary at Schumacher Park, l to r: Bill Wall, John Atkinson, Ruth Ayers, Barb Atkinson, Anne Mallinson, (child) Lauren Schumacher, Nancy Lewis, Topper Schumacher, John Schumacher, and (child) Carl Schumacher.

provided several for members to practice with.

Participants documented the location of the site and found a geocache hidden nearby. John explained the geocaching concept and recommended that members initiate contacts so that caches may be hidden all along the Trail from New Franklin westward to Council Grove.

John Atkinson announced that the next chapter event will be a trail trek to St Joseph, Missouri, on August 19 to visit historic sites and museums.

The 2003 Symposium Committee reported on progress made with individual assignments.

Quivira

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

The SFTA board voted to accept the proposal from the Quivira Chapter to host the 2005 Trail symposium in McPherson. Local planning is beginning this summer for 2005. So mark your calendars to travel the Santa Fe Trail to McPherson.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Dale E. Brooks
316 W 16 St
Newton KS 67114
(620) 283-6454

On May 24, 23 members and guests enjoyed a meal at Cheryl's

Café in Canton during the spring quarterly meeting. Following the meal reports were given. Vernon Lohrentz described locations of existing ruts in Marion County so members could locate these on maps provided. John Wiebe then described a proposed auto tour route that would follow the Trail through Marion County. The proposal was adopted as the Auto Tour Route and is to be developed by chapter members.

Following chapter business John Dick, chapter director, led members on a tour to the nearby old town site of Empire and SFT campground. An impressive marker designates the Empire site.

The next meeting is scheduled for August 23, to be held in Durham with a tour of the ruts where wagons, and teams pulled out of the Cottonwood Crossing campground. Ruts here are 4 to 6 feet deep.

Bent's Fort

President Dub Couch
PO Bos 325
Rocky Ford CO 81067
(719) 254-3000
<dubcouch@ria.net>

The chapter was host of the six western chapters meeting June 9-10, with 50 participants representing all six chapters in attendance. On Saturday, June 9, the group toured Bent's New Fort, Fort Lyon VA Hospital, the Las Animas Cemetery, and Boggsville. At Boggsville there was a special tour, a barbecue, and a program which focused on the famous Boggsville resident Kit Carson, given by Carson's great-grandson, John Carson of Taos, NM.

On Sunday, June 10, the group held a business meeting and then toured the Timpas, Iron Spring, and Hole-in-the-Rock sites along Highway 350 southwest of La Junta.



Bent's New Fort Monument



Six Western Chapters Tour at Bent's New Fort, June 9, 2001



Boggs House at Boggsville Historic Site, June 9, 2001



Six Western Chapters Tour at Hole-in-the-Rock Stage Station Remnants

Much of the success of the event is the result of work by Dub Couch and Dale and Teresa Kesterson.

The chapter has rescheduled the Rock Art tour for Sept. 8. This is a members only event. It was canceled in July because of the heat.

THANK YOU

I was overwhelmed by the concern and good wishes extended to me by SFTA members during my recovery from the bicycling accident. I thank everyone for cards, letters, phone calls, and visits. Each one meant a lot to me. I appreciate even more what a great group of people who belong to SFTA.

The scariest part of the accident was "knowing" I was going to be directly in front of the oncoming Ford Excursion. Fortunately I was not, and from then on my life was in good hands. I received excellent medical care and have just begun physical therapy to regain muscle tone. A Nissan advertisement in the current *Bicycling* magazine contains

the lines, "That which does not kill you makes you stronger. Seriously injured, but definitely stronger." I think I know what that means.

Bonita M. Oliva
2985 C Rd

Woodston KS 67675

FOR SALE

One oval Santa Fe Trail sign, placed on school building in 1948, a rare item in good condition, \$500.

Alma Kuhns
1301 Colorado Ave
La Junta CO 81050
(719) 384-7304

HELP WANTED

We are continuing with our development of a documentary of the Santa Fe Trail for The History Channel and solicit input from other members. We are particularly interested in first-person accounts from original SFT travelers on sites that still have some visible evidence today that would enhance this documen-

tary. Any assistance will be greatly appreciated.

Jim Ryan
RYAN ASSOCIATES//ims
PO Box 867057
Plano TX 75086

After the Civil War, my great-great-grandfather, Thomas J. McKinney, was employed as a teamster. Family lore relates that, after his marriage to Esther Jane Umberger in Clinton, Douglas County, KS (1867), she worked as a cook for the wagon train and traveled with him the first six months of their marriage.

Are there any resources regarding commerce on the Trail? What wagon train companies were supplying military installations, etc.? Thomas McKinney was listed in the 1870 census as living in Clinton, KS, so I would assume the wagon trains were operating in the vicinity. Any help will be appreciated.

Patricia Burnett
Las Cruces NM
<burnettp@zianet.com>

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

Marion & Lucille Cavis, 2225 N Beaver, Guymon OK 73942
Pamela & Doyle Daves, 519 Washington St, Las Vegas NM 87701
Bill & Rosemary Foster, 633 Iliff Dr, Pueblo West CO 81007
Gerry & JoAnne Leonard, 716 S Willow Ave, Tampa FL 33606
Dan & Gail Thoma Patterson, 3201 Wendover Rd, Dallas TX 75214
Nancy & Pete Petruccione, 1212 7th Ave, Canyon TX 79015
Richard & Rebecca Rhodabeck, PO Box 3284, Sherpherdstown WV 25443
David & Irene Schneider, 3001 Monte Vista NE, Albuquerque NM 87106
John & Bonnie Welch, 1400 Pipeline Rd, Fowler CO 81039
Jack & Donna Woods, PO Box RRR, Taos NM 87571

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Max Byrd, 43329 Walnut Ln, Davis CA 95616

J. M. Creevey, 515 Annette St, Dodge City KS 67801

Jimmie Draper, RR 3 Box 32M, Guymon OK 73942

Lynn Finnegan, PO Box 1229, Las Vegas NM 87701

Sylvia Flott, 1754 Road 190, Emporia KS 66801

Carlene Gurley, PO Box 45, Boise City OK 73933

Wayne Hemmen, 5916 Rockwood, Wichita KS 67208

Mary Hines, 8125 Rosewood, Prairie Village KS 66208

Martha Mitchell, PO Box 207, Wayne IL 60184

Jimmy "Tumbleweed" Northcutt, PO Box 676, Canyon TX 79015

Frank J. Pucci, 111 W Forrest Ave, Shrewsbury PA 17361

Dr. Sara Jane Richter, 620 Edwards, Liberal KS 67901

Lloyd Rivera, PO Box 366, Rancho de Taos NM 87757

Karen Tanner, 818 Kensington Blvd, Garden City KS 67846

John Thorup, 4149 E Oxford Dr, Tucson AZ 85711

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, 2001. Thank you. Dates of additional events may be found in The Caches column and chapter reports.

Sept. 9-28, 2001: SFT Bike Trek, contact Willard Chilcott at (505) 982-1282.

Sept. 15, 2001: End of the Trail Chapter walking tour of Trail sites

in Santa Fe.

Sept. 21-22, 2001: Voices of the Wind People: Historical Pageant of the Kaw Indians, Santa Fe Trail, & Council Grove. Contact Kaw Mission State Historic Site, 500 N. Mission, Council Grove KS 66846 (620) 767-5410, <kawmission@cgtelco.net>.

Sept. 23, 2001: Cimarron Heritage Center's Living History Day, Boise City OK.

Sept. 26-29, 2001: 3rd International Trails and Greenways Conference, sponsored by Rails to Trails Conservancy, at St. Louis MO, (202) 974-5152.

Sept. 27-30, 2001: SFTA Symposium, Las Vegas NM. Contact Steve Whitmore, 120 Gabaldon Rt, Las Vegas NM 87701, (505) 454-0683.

Oct. 6, 2001: Cimarron Heritage Center's Annual Tour of the Santa Fe Trail in Cimarron County, OK. Tour reservations necessary. Call (580) 544-3479 or e-mail <museum@ptsi.net>.

Oct. 6 & 7, 2001: Civil War Reenactment of Battle of Marshall MO, call (660) 886-3324.

Oct. 13, 2001: Annual Arrow Rock Craft Show.

Oct. 13, 2001: Fort Larned NHS candlelight tour, required reservations accepted after Oct. 1, (620) 285-6911.

Oct. 14, 2001: Wet/Dry Routes Chapter meeting at the Quivira National Wildlife Refuge.

Oct. 21, 2001: Corazón Chapter meeting, program by Glen Faith, M.D., "Medical Support at Fort Union, 1851-1861."

Nov. 3, 2001: Dodge City/Fort Dodge /Cimarron Chapter, Dodge City Trolley ride to the Santa Fe Trail Museum in Ingalls KS.

Nov. 3-4, 2001: Soup & Craft Days, Rice-Tremonti Home Association, Raytown month

Nov. 8-10, 2001: Missouri Folklore Society meeting, sessions on trails, Independence MO, see <www2.truman.edu/~adavis/mfs.html>.

Nov. 18, 2001: Corazón Chapter meeting, Jean Jordan performance of "Mary Donoho."

Nov. 29-Dec. 2, 2001: Holiday Open House, Rice-Tremonti Home Association, Raytown MO.

FROM THE EDITOR

We are sorry this issue is late but have a better excuse than usual. Bonita has made a remarkable recovery and feels better every day. We look forward to the symposium.

Thanks to all who have submitted material for *WT*. We now have several things to work on as time permits for future issues. Trail documents and researched articles are always welcome.

Our most faithful volunteer to help stuff, staple, and label each mailing of *WT*, Anne Brumbaugh, has moved to Overland Park, KS. We miss her and wish her well. Her daughter, Holly, is now a freshman at Kansas State University and continues to type for us.

I hope to see you at the symposium.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675

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