

Wagon Tracks

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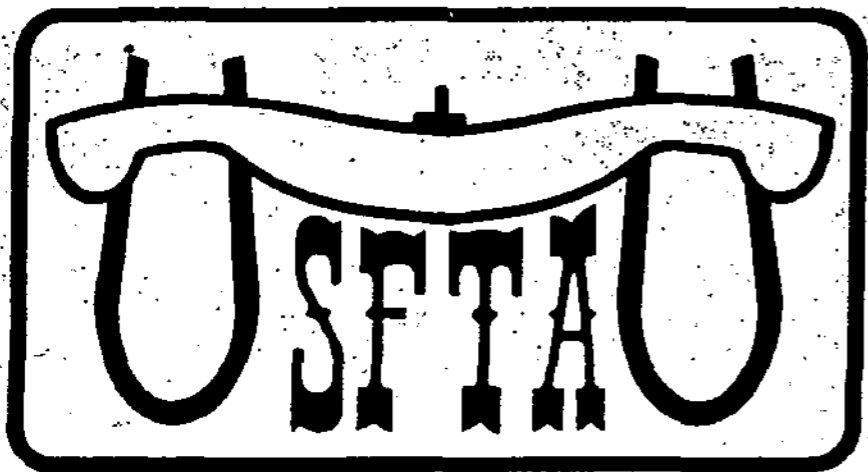


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 11

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NUMBER 3

PATTI OLSEN WINS GOLDEN APPLE AWARD

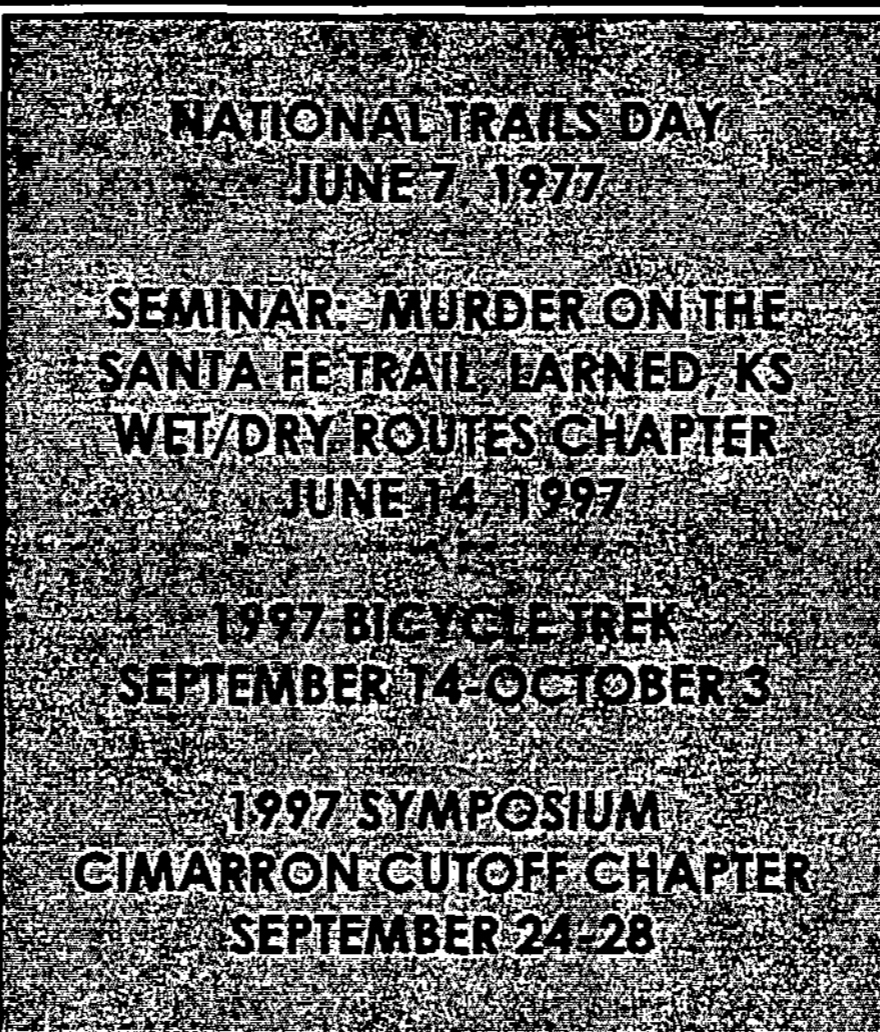


PATTI Olsen, teacher at Memorial Middle School in Las Vegas, New Mexico, chairman of the SFTA education committee, and editor of the education column in *WT*, received the Golden Apple Award from the Golden Apple Foundation of New Mexico. She is one of five New Mexico teachers to be honored with the 1997 award. Congratulations Patti!

The award includes a personal computer from Intel Corporation and a one-semester professional development sabbatical. The recipients were honored at a reception at the governor's mansion in Santa Fe on April 2 and an awards ceremony on April 26 which was broadcast on NM public television station KNME on April 30.

Olsen will take her sabbatical in the fall of 1997 to pursue further studies at either UNM, the College of Santa Fe, or New Mexico Highlands University. Margaret Keller, Golden Apple president, explained the purposes of these awards: "Each fellow is required to enhance and enrich their classroom teaching with their

(continued on page 4)



IT'S TIME TO VOTE

SFTA members are encouraged to mark and return the enclosed ballot for election of officers and board members. This is the first time the nominating committee has offered a full slate, with two nominees for each position on the board as required by the bylaws.

The committee, Deanne Wright (chair), Jane Mallinson, and Harry Myers, worked hard to come up with this outstanding lineup. They and all those who have consented to run deserve the thanks of all members.

The process now requires your participation. Please read the candidates' statements and exercise your privilege to select those who will provide direction for SFTA. Return the ballot in the envelope provided to Secretary Ruth Peters no later than July 15, 1997.

REGISTER NOW FOR THE 1997 SFTA SYMPOSIUM

SYMPIOSIUM programs and registration forms have been sent to all members. Please register as soon as possible, especially for the tours which have a limited capacity. Note that there is a discount for early registration. We hope to see you there.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BECKNELL'S JOURNAL OF TWO EXPEDITIONS FROM BOON'S LICK TO SANTA FE

edited by Harry C. Myers

(Myers is superintendent of Fort Union National Monument, chairman of the 175th anniversary committee, and a frequent contributor to *WT*. He prepared this annotated reprint of Becknell's journal of the 1821 and 1822 trips as part of the 175th anniversary commemoration.)

THE journal of William Becknell has been reprinted several times since it first appeared in the *Franklin Missouri Intelligencer* April 22, 1823. The reprints have, at times, added various other items from the *Intelligencer* or omitted portions of what was originally published. One historical publication even identified William incorrectly as Thomas, and the mistake was repeated by a latter-day editor of the Trail.¹

The authenticity of this journal has been questioned because there is evidence that Becknell's command of the English language was limited. It has been speculated that the editor of the *Intelligencer* helped polish the chronicle. A perusal of other issues of the newspaper indicates that the editor helped many people in preparation of articles printed in the *Intelligencer*. It seems evident that he assisted Becknell.

The discovery and publication of the diary of Captain Don Pedro Ignacio Gallego, leader of the Mexican force that met William Becknell and five other men from Missouri upon their entrance into New Mexico in 1821, confirms at least the encounter between the two parties. Indirectly, this lends credence to the contents, if not the actual syntax, of the rest of Becknell's journal.²

It is difficult from the journal to

(continued on page 20)

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

It is a pleasant task to write this column when the news is all good concerning the Santa Fe Trail Association!

We had a very productive board meeting April 5 in Larned. As always, the agenda was a full one and took the entire day, but with nearly everyone present, we were able to reach clear consensus on several important issues. I have heard from several board members who were especially delighted with the day.

Approved were several recommendations from Bill Chalfant's marker committee which now enables chapters to order carsonite markers with a choice of decals for marking road intercepts or any other site or segment, certified or uncertified. Earl Casteel has agreed to replace Bill as outgoing chair and will do a good job of implementing the policies that are now in place. A workshop is to be held at the symposium which will also help to accelerate our marking and signing efforts.

We have been preparing for two years for the "budget bulge" that is occurring in 1997. Although we will have increased our revenues over 50% we are projecting a small shortfall as we absorb several "one-time" financial obligations, such as brochures, curriculum guides, *WT* index, roster, our 10-year history, etc. 1998 will be a much easier year financially for us. But I thank the board for patiently grappling with these financial issues over the past year or two.

The board also approved an invitation from the Fort Larned Historical Society to make the Santa Fe Trail Center Rendezvous in 1998 a joint-event with SFTA. As the details are worked out, this arrangement should be a "win-win" deal for both organizations resulting in more attendance at this very fine event.

I just returned from being able to represent the Association at the 5th Conference on National Historic and Scenic Trail in Orlando. As usual, the Conference included at the same time meetings of the Partnership for the National Trails System. The bad news was I only saw the sun about two hours for the five-day event! Just as well since nearly all the time was spent in indoor meetings. During the

Partnership meetings, I was asked to be a member of the steering committee for the coming year.

A special thanks to the Bent's Fort Chapter for extending to me their 1996 Certificate of Appreciation for "leadership for SFTA and Chapters." Not only am I pleased to receive the recognition, but I want to commend the chapter for having an awards programs. All chapters should consider such a program, especially to recognize Trail efforts in their local area.

By now you should have received your registration packets for the 1997 Symposium. Dave Hutchison and his committee have done a super job of planning a full and exciting agenda, which includes celebrating our tenth anniversary. I hope each of you will plan to attend.

Thank you all for your many prayers and expressions of concern for Jana. The Lord has been faithful and her recent tests show a dramatic turnaround! We are delighted.

—Ross Marshall

PARTNERSHIP FOR THE NATIONAL TRAILS SYSTEM

by Ross Marshall

The 5th Conference on National Historic and Scenic Trail was held April 12-16 near Orlando, FL, which is a continuation in the series of meetings involving the National Long Distance Trails which began in 1988 in Hartland, WI, under the leadership of the National Park Service office in Washington DC.

Involved are representatives of the support group associations and federal agencies from each of the twelve National Historic Trails and eight National Scenic Trails, of which the Santa Fe National Historic Trail is one. These National Trails have been designated from time to time by Congress since the passage of the 1968 National Trails System Act. Representing the Santa Fe Trail this year was David Gaines and John Conoboy from the NPS office in Santa Fe, and SFTA president Ross Marshall.

At the 1991 Menucha, Oregon, Conference a special group was loosely established involving the volunteer support group associations of the then existing seventeen National Trails which focused primarily on

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

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Deanne Wright, Kansas
Timothy A. Zwink, Oklahoma

speaking with one voice to Congress relative to funding. It was known as the "Committee of 17" and was coordinated by Gary Werner, who was on the staff of the Ice-Age National Scenic Trail in Wisconsin. The group has since evolved into the Partnership for the National Trails System, and has become a forum for each of the trails to address common problems and issues.

At the recent meeting of the twenty-member Partnership, Ross was asked to be a part of a three-person committee to write a vision statement and tasks which were subsequently adopted by the Partnership. Since the Partnership has no officers, except for the coordinator Gary Werner, a six-person steering committee was established, again involving Ross.

Although the Partnership can not, nor does it seek, to take any action that would be binding on associations back home like SFTA, Gary and others testify at the appropriate times to Congress appropriation committees. The Partnership has been instrumental in solidifying the funding for preservation needs such as National Park Services offices like in Santa Fe, and for the annual Challenge Cost-Share Program funds. Likely the Partnership will continue to grow in stature toward the Congress and in support of the work of volunteer organizations like SFTA.

SFTA MARKER COMMITTEE WORKSHOP AT SYMPOSIUM

THE marker committee (Chairman Earl Casteel, Ross Marshall, Nancy Robertson, and Roger Slusher) invites everyone interested in signage to participate in a symposium workshop on Thursday, September 25, 1997, 1:00 to 2:30 p.m. in Elkhart, KS. This session is not listed in the printed symposium program.

Early maps, journals, and reports supply documentary evidence of a Trail segment to be marked, while depressions, swales, ruts, vegetation changes, and names carved in rock provide physical evidence. Auto tour routes, scenic byways, Trail crossing signs, Carsonite posts, site identification signs, interpretive signs, and wayside exhibits are examples of possible signage. Discussion leaders include Bill Chalfant, policy and

forms; Phil Petersen, mapping; and John Conoboy, wayside exhibits.

EDITOR'S APOLOGY

YOUR egregious editor is contrite about the mix-up in photo captions in the last issue and hereby apologizes profusely to Sir Lancelot and Peter the Great. It was a terrible thing to do to bulldogs. Harry Myers and Margaret Sears are another tale (pardon me again), however, and appreciation is extended to them for their indulgence.

THE 175th IN COLORADO

by Lolly Ming

(Lolly Ming is the new president of Bent's Fort Chapter of SFTA. Thanks to her for preparing this report.)

MANY people were made aware of the history and importance of the Santa Fe Trail in Colorado during the observance of the 175th anniversary. Over 350 people participated in the July auto tour in Colorado which started at Lamar and ended in Trinidad. The next day many of them continued the tour into New Mexico. About 50 of these people followed the entire Colorado route. Altogether over 500 people participated in some part of the tour through Colorado and northern New Mexico.

A number of organizations worked together to present this tour, including Bent's Fort Chapter of SFTA, Comanche National Grassland, Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site, and Trinidad History Museum. Lolly Ming of the Bent's Fort Chapter was chairman of the entire tour.

These groups were assisted by chambers of commerce in Lamar and Las Animas, CO, and Raton and Cimarron, NM; museums in Lamar, Las Animas, La Junta, and Trinidad, CO; by private land owners; and by Boggsville historic site and Capulin National Monument. Getting all these groups to work together for the Santa Fe Trail was a tremendous accomplishment. There have already been requests to repeat the tour.

Bent's Fort Chapter also put together a slide show entitled "Wagon Tracks Across Southeast Colorado" which has been shown to over 600 people and is still being requested. Many school children have seen this presentation.

The chapter has also constructed a traveling exhibit of the the Trail in Colorado which will be on display this summer in the Las Animas and La Junta areas.

The 175th celebration in Colorado also gained much newspaper coverage with stories in many papers including the *Denver Post*, the *Colorado Springs Gazette*, and the *Pueblo Chieftain*. *Colorado Country Life* magazine, distributed to all rural electric users, featured the celebration in two issues.

TRAIL TROUBADOUR

—TRAFFIC IN VERSE—

Sandra M. Doe, Editor

IN September many of us will gather along the Cimarron Route to trace the Trail, both physically riding right out in the ruts and also imaginatively following the journeys of those who went before us. One of the many pleasures of the symposium tours is Autograph Rock. When I was there in 1991, I scanned the rock and made a list of what seemed to be Hispanic travelers and Anglo travelers, as best I could tell from the names.

Hispanos seemed content to carve only their names; Anglos were more likely to put a date or a place. I searched for and found a woman. I couldn't resist sketching what the place was like (that's the poet in me); nevertheless, here are my selections from the hundreds of names carved at Autograph Rock: I invite the symposium participants to compile their own "found poems."

The Crosses at Autograph Rock (a found poem) by Sandra M. Doe

J. B. Trujillo
Don Lobato
F. B. Delgado
José Teodore
W. C. Harper 1858
Jesus M. Pacheco
June 3 1862 - Aug 15 1862
C. Green
Tomas Tafolla 1815 - 1860
T. Romero Abril 27 1862
Emma Duey Ill 1880
(spring bottoms, tree singing,
rolling rock hills, meadow to sky)

OLSEN AWARD

(Continued from page 1)

studies. In addition, they are responsible when returning to the classroom to teach their colleagues on new curriculums and ideas. The ongoing forum of the Golden Apple Academy's mission is to train teachers to mentor and support the first-year teacher in our classrooms."

Olsen was named the Koldyke Family Foundation Fellow. Her sabbatical program includes a kindergarten through eighth-grade curriculum guide on the Santa Fe Trail and pre-advance placement curriculum design. Olsen said, "I was stunned. I am excited and wondering just what the fall semester will bring. I am apprehensive about being out of my classroom but look forward to increased curriculum options to use with my students. My own horizon will be widened and that can only improve my teaching."

MURDER SEMINAR ADDS FEATURES

A special treat is in store for those attending the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter's seminar, "Murder on the Santa Fe Trail," June 14, in Larned, KS. On exhibit will be the strong box from Don Antonio Chávez's wagon, which remains in remarkable condition 154 years after the 1843 murder of the New Mexican merchant on Owl Creek southeast of present Lyons, KS. In the wake of the event, part of the treasure which was stolen and other property including the wagon was returned to the Chávez family.

In recent years, the box was obtained from the family and has been a prize possession of New Mexican historian, Alan Minge. Through Mr. Minge's generosity, the box will be on display at the seminar.

The seminar will also feature a book sale at Noah's Ark, a Larned book store. Titles by Bill Chalfant, Leo Oliva, and Ray Schultz will be available. Thomas Goodrich will sell his own books. Other titles, including Marc Simmons's *Murder on the Santa Fe Trail*, will be available.

Those not yet preregistered for the seminar may mail their registration fees (\$10 for Wet/Dry members, \$20 for nonmembers) to Ida Yeager, 416 Wichita, Larned KS 67550.



A BOARD BIO

VIRGINIA LEE FISHER

VIRGINIA Lee Fisher, Arrow Rock, MO, was born on a farm located on the Santa Fe Trail near Tabo Creek in Lafayette County, MO. Her Virginia forebears settled in this area in 1828, and Fisher owns an interest in these family landholdings along the Trail. Fisher attended a rural grade school and rode horseback to attend high school in Dover.

She earned three degrees from the University of Missouri during a period of some thirty years (some assert this indicates she is a slow learner). During World War II she became certified to fly light aircraft, earning commercial and instructor pilot ratings. Her professional experience included positions with the Farm Security Administration and university teaching, program development, and chair of the Child and Family Development Department at the University of Missouri.

She and husband Ted moved to Arrow Rock (population 70) in 1976. They have been active in developing programs to interpret the history of the nineteenth century, especially as it relates to the everyday life of those years. Fisher and others produced the book, *Arrow Rock Places*, the story of the village and its environs. She is a frequent contributor to *Wagon Tracks*, writing about Trail people and places. Fisher's compulsion to promote mules of Missouri has continually been a cocklebur under the saddles of Harry Myers and

Leo Oliva, who as yet show an unprofessional preference for oxen.

Fisher is now completing her second four-year term on the SFTA board of directors, and she has served ten years on the National Park Service Santa Fe Trail Advisory Council. She would like to see local chapters attend to social, cultural, and environmental history of their areas as they carry out Trail marking and mapping.

Virginia and Ted live on a one-acre ranch in Arrow Rock with a peacock, a sheltie dog, miscellaneous wild birds and beasties, and are occasionally visited by two grown sons and three grand girls.

A BOARD BIO

FAYE GAINES

FAYE Gaines, Point of Rocks Ranch, NM, joined the SFTA board of directors in 1996. A native of Colfax County, NM, she has always been interested in the Trail. She is a longtime member of SFTA and Corazon de los Caminos Chapter

She is a modest, compassionate, and intelligent woman who does not toot her own horn. Everyone who visits Point of Rocks Ranch knows she is a gracious host. Only reluctantly did she submit to an interview by the editor to prepare this sketch, and she revealed more about the ranch, her family, and the Trail than about herself. She did not think her photo was necessary. It is her way.

Faye and husband Pete have ten miles of the Trail on their Point of Rocks Ranch, where she has lived for more than 50 years and he for most of his life. Point of Rocks was certified by the National Park Service as part of the SFNHT in 1992. The story of Point of Rocks appeared in *Wagon Tracks*, 6 (August 1992), 1-2, 5-8. There are 13 known graves at the site which date from Trail days, but only one is identified, that of Isaac Allen who died in 1848.

Pete's grandfather, W. B. Stevens, settled on part of the present ranch in 1898, and the ranch was expanded by Pete's father, Bud Gaines, a Texas cowboy who married Stevens's daughter. They moved to the ranch when Pete was one year old, and it has remained a family operation since. Pete and Faye have a grand-

daughter who lives with them, and she enjoys Trail meetings too.

Faye is active in community affairs, including 4-H, and she is an advocate for foster children, working with Health and Human Services. She worked for the Census Bureau as a traveling field interviewer for 28 years, during which she spent much time with the Navajo people.

Faye appreciates very much the work being done by SFTA and its chapters to preserve, protect, and promote the historic route. As a board member, she wants to make sure that it "keeps going." She and Pete are commended for their good work at Point of Rocks.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

I have received and thoroughly enjoyed the latest issue (February 1997) of *Wagon Tracks*. Particularly, I enjoyed the article on the recent celebration of Becknell's Entrada into Santa Fe which was held last November. I do, however, have a question with regard to this article.

On page five there appear two photographs in the upper right hand corner. The top one is a photo of Harry Myers and Margaret Sears. While I recognized Harry, partly because he is up to his usual tricks of "sniffing things out," I certainly did not recognize Margaret. Perhaps the angle of the photograph, the lighting, etc., made her features distorted, but she lacks the slender ladylike grace that is usually associated with her! The only thing I could clearly recognize was her silver hair.

Turning to the lower photograph of the two English bulldogs, Sir Lancelot and Peter the Great, I was again greatly surprised. Sir Lancelot, whom I believe to be the dog on the left, clearly appears to be an English bulldog. The coloring is somewhat unusual, and he has dark fur immediately below his nose which is not typical of this breed, but the heavy jowls and narrow eyes make it clear that this is indeed a fine specimen.

Peter the Great, on the other hand, is a most surprising animal. His engaging smile and manner in which he holds his food are certainly not typical of this breed or most others!

He is obviously of gentle disposition, and for a bulldog, clearly has a wonderful sense of humor. That is not to say that he would avoid reverting to form by desecrating trees, fireplugs, and other stationary objects. Still, there is something that captures the imagination when you look at him.

These two specimens are so unusual that I have been considering sending copies of the photo to the American Kennel Club with the suggestion that they be brought to New York and shown at the Westminster Dog Show when it next occurs. I hope the owners, and especially Margaret Sears, will be willing to do this, if for no other reason than the edification of the dog aficionados of the world!

There was one thing about your caption that caught my eye, and that was the reference to them as "sour-mugs," when at first blush, their faces appear to be entirely happy and not at all sour! Still, a scholarly historical journal such as yours has this time made an extra contribution to our society and culture by bringing to our attention such amazing animals! Who would have thought they would have been present at a DAR event in New Mexico?

W. Y. Chalfant
58 Willowbrook
Hutchinson KS 67502

Is it possible WT is going to the dogs? There should be room for an occasional wagon tale. I can vouch that Sir Lancelot has a wagon tongue. Forgive me again. That last remark will get me in trouble once more with Ambassador Paul "Bulldog" Bentrup. He was not amused to find other bulldogs in WT, noting that only he had earned the title through tenacious research. He is still top dog. Now I have further offended the "Fastest Tongue in the West," another of Bentrup's well-earned sobriquets. He is still the top wagon tongue, too. Finally, it has been pointed out that, had Bentrup been at the Kearny Gap meeting, there would have been three "bulldogs" present, a virtual impossibility (which is why he was not there).

Editor

Editor:

Challenging the notes of Mike Olsen would seem a foolhardy thing to do as we all accept him as one of the leading researchers on Trail subjects, but despite the high regard I

hold for his contributions, I must challenge his interpretation of routing in the notes in the article "Last Lady of the Santa Fe Trail? The Diary of Lucinda Wiseman Trelloff" in the February 1997 issue of *Wagon Tracks*. In the diary, upon reaching Granada, CO, the party clearly left the Mountain Route of the Trail and took the shorter, easier Granada-Fort Union Wagon Road or Military Road. Had they continued on the Mountain Route they would have surely mentioned Las Animas and Fort Lyon, and, certainly, they could not have passed through the middle of Trinidad without taking notice.

On the other hand, the diary fits very nicely the features of the Granada military freight route. Traveling leisurely, they apparently reached Butte Creek by the third day, July 23, 1877. The next day they were in Sheridan's Canyon, now known as Freeze-Out. The table mountain by which they camped was Mesa de Maya, and they were probably camped on Chacuaco Creek just west of the high point of the mesa.

They apparently stopped for a noon meal at Emery Gap "just before entering the mountains." This gap through the Johnson Mesa chain and the view to the southwest toward New Mexico's "Alps," Sierra Grande, Mt. Capulin, and the other peaks in the region would certainly look like "the mountains" to a flatlander.

The toll station where they paid their 75 cents per wagon was that of Basil (Missouri Bill) Metcalf, and it was his established rate for wagons. The store and a few buildings about two miles further on was the little settlement at the mouth of Tollgate Canyon called Ojo, and the next spot mentioned was the village of Madison which, besides dispensing liquid in bottles as mentioned, also boasted the a post office, a blacksmith shop, and a gristmill.

They were now traveling up the Dry Cimarron River, and when they returned to the prairie again they drove past a mountain that "looked exactly like a huge haystack"—Mt. Capulin. The "large ponds" she speaks of had to be the marshy, lake area southwest of Capulin.

One further note, answering the question as to whether Mrs. Trelloff was the last lady traveler on the

Trail, she definitely was not. Mrs. William Hardesty traveled across Kansas and over the Mountain Route to Trinidad in the summer of 1878 with her family in mule-drawn wagons, and it is highly unlikely that she was the last (see "Diary of George W. Hardesty," *WT*, February 1995, 10-12). Covered-wagon travel by settlers and transient population was common into this century and only ceased with the advent of the automobile and blocking of the cross-country wagon roads by fencing.

This correction of routing should in no way detract from the value of this diary and its otherwise excellent annotation. I find it a welcome addition to the limited amount of documentation on the Granada-Fort Union route. I would like to express my appreciation to Mr. Wimberly for sharing this family treasure with us.

Richard Loudon
P O Box 8
Branson CO 81027

Editor:

Richard Loudon, whose letter appears in this issue (above), kindly sent me a copy of his alternate reading of the diary. I am pleased that he has found an alternate route for a portion of her journey. His interpretation fits beautifully and I thank him for taking the time to trace that part of her journey. This is what scholarship and being a "Trail buff" is all about. Thanks again, Richard!

Mike Olsen
1729 8th St.
Las Vegas NM 87701

Editor:

Lucinda Wiseman's diary in the last issue contained mention of the town of Larned when she passed through in July 1877. She noted the construction of a brick business building.

It was the Bright & Booth building at the corner of 4th and Broadway. Builders Henry Booth and D. A. Bright leased the upper story to Pawnee County for use as a courthouse. The lower floor was occupied by a dry goods dealer. Later, a portion of the lower floor housed the post office. The building remains in good repair, the home of Tablers Furniture Company.

David Clapsaddle
215 Mann
Larned KS 67550

Editor:

Thank you for another good issue of *WT*. You are the glue that holds us together! I joined OCTA to find out about all those wonderful things I was missing. Well, it's slick and there is color on the cover and the dues are high—one fine article on the Donner Party—but I wouldn't trade it for *WT*. Best & carry on.

Virginia Fisher
Arrow Rock MO 65320

Editor:

It was with great apprehension that I renewed my membership for 1997. The added feature of the "Trail Troubadour—traffic in verse" is the reason.

I look at the column space used and wonder what was bumped to the next issue or altogether. I'm not a poet nor one who goes out of their way to read poetry. If I were, I would have a poetry membership, not a trail membership. I pay my dues to receive the fine stories and articles dealing with the Santa Fe Trail.

I have no objection to a poem now and then that was of historic value, but please spare me a column every issue. If there is an interest for modern-day trail poetry, than let those who enjoy this kind of literature compile and publish it separately and sell it in the SFTA Last Chance Store.

Over the years, *Wagon Tracks* has been read cover to cover and you do a superb job as editor, but now I skip 2-3 columns every issue. Keep up the good work.

Charles R. Olmstead
305 Susan Lane
Junction City KS 66441

Editor:

I'd like to thank you for the great coverage you gave our Entrada activities of November 16 in the February issue. Gracias! And the "accidental" error on page 5 was itself worth the price of membership.

Jack Barnes, President
End of the Trail Chapter
2213 Calle Cacique
Santa Fe NM 87505

Editor:

I read with great interest the article, "Greer Garson and the Santa Fe Trail," penned by Malcolm Disimone in the last issue. He related that Hollywood actress Greer Garson married E. E. Fogelson, who owned the

Forked Lightning Ranch near Pecos, NM. Disimone said the Santa Fe Trail ran through the ranch, but he failed to mention the historic Martin Kozlowski Ranch that Fogelson bought from the federal government in 1938. It was the Kozlowski Ranch that was historically linked to the Santa Fe Trail, which ran past the door of Kozlowski's ranch house.

Kozlowski's Ranch became a main stop for the Barlow, Sanderson and Company Stage Lines. Earlier, the Kozlowski Ranch served admirably as the field headquarters for the Union Army that fought the Confederates at the Battle of Glorieta Pass, March 26-28, 1862.

Disimone told the undersigned in a telephone interview on July 3, 1984, that after the union of Fogelson and the actress people began calling the Fogelson property, the Greer Garson Ranch.

Francis C. Kajencki
3308 Nairn St.
El Paso TX 79925

Editor:

In the spring of 1996 an SFTA member, Guy Josserand, who lives on US 50 west of Dodge City, told me about a DAR marker located south of some town on the Arkansas River. I politely took notes but did not take a genuine interest in them because I "knew" Ross Marshall and I would find it on our 1996 survey of all the markers on the Santa Fe Trail. In due time I misplaced by notes and promptly forgot about the marker, principally because I did not conceive he had told me of an "almost" unrecorded DAR marker.

After Ross and I had completed our survey of the Cimarron Route of the Trail, I ran into Shirley Coupal who is the Kansas State DAR Historian. She was going to the unveiling of the new marker northeast of Taos, NM, and for some reason I told her about the marker Guy had reported. I still considered it to be a marker that we had surveyed.

She took an interest in it so I gave her Guy's name and phone number. When she got to Dodge City she called Guy and got the same information he had given me—that there is a DAR marker south-southeast of Syracuse. Shirley immediately noted it was not on any Trail segment on which DAR markers were reported to have been erected.

On her return trip from New Mexico she went hunting and found the marker. In fact it is 10½ miles south of Syracuse on US 270, 3 miles east, 1 mile south and ½ mile east. The last half mile is on the remnants of a dirt road. Another way of describing its location is the middle of the north border of Section 9 T26S,R40W.

An interesting thing about this marker is that none of those who surveyed and documented the Santa Fe Trail markers have mentioned its existence—except one. The Kansas State Historical Society's 1908 Sixteenth Biennial Report noted its existence at the top of page 26 in the list of Hamilton County DAR markers. The KSHS's 1907 report did not list it, and that is probably the reason no one noted its existence. In fact that is one reason I missed it. I had reviewed the 1907 report and didn't know another later report existed. Cordry, Berger, Long, Kemper, Ostenberg, Baker, and Mallinson—none of them reported this marker.

So we should doff our hats to Guy Josserand and Shirley Coupal for discovering and recording an old DAR marker that few people knew to be in existence.

John Leamon
5501 NW Platte Purchase Dr
Kansas City MO 64151

Editor:

I'm writing a letter of thanks to you for publishing a request in *Wagon Tracks*, August 1996. I was requesting a map of the Pony Express Trail. A man from Kansas wrote to me in January, giving me an address in Kansas to request a map. I ordered the map, received it, and gave it to my son on his birthday, April 10. It's been almost a year since I began my search, but thanks to you I received my treasure.

Shirley Steele
42574 Saratoga Pk
Fremont CA 94538

Note: The following letter was sent to Secretary-Treasurer Ruth Peters. It is printed here because it voices concerns that the SFTA governing board may wish to consider. It may also help explain why nearly 400 members from 1996 have chosen not to renew to date.

Secretary:

Thanks for your postcard reminding me of the "overdue" nature of our

membership in SFTA. I assume that our membership in the End of the Trail Chapter is similarly overdue.

The truth is unfortunately that membership in both the National organization and local Chapter seem like luxuries to people like us, who live on extremely limited incomes. I notice that the cost of a "Youth" membership is a great deal less than other memberships. Have you considered offering a Senior and Senior Family membership? Perhaps the first might cost \$15 and the second cost \$20. If such existed, they might convince many seniors with limited incomes to choose to stay, rather than to leave. (I suggest that "Seniors" should be defined as one or the other of a family being over 65.)

I have never read a complete newsletter cover-to-cover. Nor have I ever attended an annual meeting. I may or may not be the typical senior member. I DO believe in volunteering to help where needed, e.g., I was Editor of the local newsletter for the EOT Chapter for two years.

It can be argued, I suppose, that the Newsletter, with its lengthy accounts of journals from old Trail days, takes up most of the income from memberships. Perhaps a poll of members might show that a majority finds modern-day news (e.g., of Trail preservation efforts) more worth reading than old journals. If this is the case, two types of newsletters might be offered (and for different rates).

These are just some ideas that I have had of how to keep senior members in the organization, instead of such members finding it not worth remaining while trying to stay on a severely limited budget. Please feel free to pass along these ideas to other officers. SFTA still seems a very worthwhile organization, but just too expensive for what we receive from it. Meanwhile, please consider this our resignation.

Daniel F. O'Connell
4709 Pepe Ortiz Rd SE
Rio Rancho NM 87124

Your situation is fully understood and your suggestions deserve consideration. Please continue to participate in End of the Trail Chapter activities even if SFTA dues are beyond your budget.

Editor

FORT LEARNED

—TEACHERS' TRADING POST—

Patti Olsen, Editor

THE story of the Santa Fe Trail can be taught in many settings and grade levels. Sumner Price, who teaches fourth grade at Legion Park Elementary School in Las Vegas, NM, shares one of her classroom activities. It should appeal especially to teachers with a dramatic bent and to those who can interest parents or local chapter members in becoming "Trail Travelers" for a class period. Her ideas can be utilized even without the theatrics, but the dramatization certainly enhances the "Introduction to the Trail."

A Storyteller's Approach to Teaching the Trail by Sumner Price

The history of New Mexico and the establishment of the Santa Fe Trail are rich in possibilities for exciting and creative projects in the classroom. One of my favorites is "Introduction to the Trail."

On a predetermined afternoon I inform the children that I must leave early for an unexpected meeting and that a parent will be in charge of the classroom for the remainder of the day. Approximately a half hour later I return dressed in a reproduction of a prairie dress and bonnet from the late 1800s, carrying an antique two-sided basket and a 130-year-old cast iron kettle filled with relics from the past. I am no longer Mrs. Price, 4th grade teacher, but a woman who has traveled through time from the 1870s to tell the children about my travels on the Santa Fe Trail. After my story I share with them various items that I have brought to illustrate what everyday life was like.

I decided this character needed to be as believable as possible, so I used by own great-great-aunt, Ida M. Tarbell, who was a famous journalist and author around the turn of the century (see *The History of the Standard Oil Company*). I use her name and several other family members and their stories to add more dimension to my time traveler. Several photographs of ancestors dating back to the early 1800s add something tangible. Photos from the state archives are a great resource, too. These, together with lots of little "treasures" handed down in the fam-

ily, such as an antique Bible, some handkerchiefs, a button hook, a hand-made glove box, and an old diary from 1866, make a great collection of touchables for the kids. I describe how these things were used during "my time," and the children feel personally invested in the past. They're excited and want to know more.

The most important part of the presentation is the story about my experiences on the Trail. Obviously, the origination point, route, and conditions were obtained from various history books, but the anecdotes of the dangers along the way were gleaned from Paul Horgan's *The Centuries of Santa Fe*, which includes two chapters of Trail stories. These make my story more personal and exciting. Another good resource is Susan Shelby Magoffin's diary.

Needless to say, the class is thrilled with the "visit" and the children try their best to break my character. It's all great fun, and they never forget Miss Tarbell's visit and her story of the Santa Fe Trail.

Later, as we "read more about it," the kids travel through time themselves. I divide them into groups of four or five, and they write their own skits under the premise that one of them is a reporter from "Time-Travel News." He/she travels back in time to interview folks who have followed the Santa Fe Trail and are living in Las Vegas or Santa Fe.

The children must research and assume the character of a trader, teamster, writer, ranchero, caballero, shepherd, miller, soldier, mountain man, or someone else who was important to the era. The kids get very involved and quickly put together costumes, and we stage the interviews. This is all caught on video for the children to watch afterward, and copies are made available for parents.

Projects like these have the students begging for more social studies and fostering an interest in the lessons of our past. I'm looking forward to reading more ideas from teachers along the Santa Fe Trail.

Education Award

Nominations for the new SFTA Excellence in Teaching Award, to be presented at the September symposium, are still being sought. This a-

ward recognizes outstanding teaching of Trail history and lore at the elementary or secondary level. It includes \$100 from Last Chance Store.

Please send nominations to Education Committee Chair Patti Olsen, 1729 Eighth Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico, 87701. The letter of nomination should be only one page and include the name, address, school, and teaching level of the nominee. A description of that teacher's project, lesson, or unit plan, materials development, curricular innovation, etc. should then follow.

The education committee will review all entries and select the winner, paying particular attention to the objectives, methods, depth of exposure to the Santa Fe Trail and its history and lore, and originality in each nomination. Nominations are encouraged from anyone who knows of a teacher with a love of the Trail—colleagues, friends, parents, or even students. The deadline for nominations is July 1, 1997.

Symposium Workshops

Don't forget there are two workshops designed especially for teachers and others interested in education, on Saturday, September 27, at Clayton, NM. At 10:00 a.m. Marcia Fox and Chris Day, teachers at Wamego, KS, will present "Traveling the Santa Fe Trail with Kids." They have taken well over a thousand children, ages 11 and 12, over the Trail during the last 14 years.

At 10:45 a.m. Patti Olsen, teacher at Las Vegas, NM, and chairman of the education committee, will host "Fort Learned Live," a roundtable discussion in which everyone is invited to participate. The primary focus will be increasing awareness and knowledge of the Trail in our schools.

We hope to see you there. Meanwhile, continue to send information for this column.

PAPER TRAILS

by Mike Olsen

During the 1920s Harvey Fergusson published three novels set in the Southwest. In 1936 these were issued in one volume entitled *Followers of the Sun, A Trilogy of the Santa Fé Trail*. The one most closely linked with Trail travel is *In Those Days, An Impression of Change*.

As is the case with many of the

books listed in this column now and in the past, there are often many editions of a particular book and some are still in print. Check with your local library or book dealer. If you know of any novels I have not listed, send titles to me at 1729 Eighth Street, Las Vegas, NM 87701. The four Fergusson volumes in chronological order are:

The Blood of the Conquerors. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1921.

Wolf Song. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1927.

In Those Days, An Impression of Change. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1929.

Followers of the Sun, A Trilogy of the Santa Fé Trail. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1936

CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

—BOOK NOTICES—

James A. Burkhart and Eugene F. Schmittlein, *Mules, Jackasses and Other Misconceptions*. Columbia: Stephens College, 1995. Pp. 171. Paper, \$14.00 postpaid. Order from The Booknook, Stephens College, Columbia MO 65201.

Mules were vital to the Santa Fe Trail, and the mule is the symbol of Missouri. Stories from this book will offer great conversation when you join the folks for coffee where the pickup trucks are parked. Queen Isabella had a pack train of 15,000 mules. In New England, before roads and canals, pack trains were used until the late 1700s. In 1780 when pack trains were the only way to travel between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, teamsters tried to prevent building of roads and canals.

Mules may have been responsible for increased efficiency in the marketing of corn—in western Pennsylvania folks found it easier to distill a corn crop to sixteen gallons, easily carried by a pack mule, plus a couple of bottles in the driver's boots. Ever wonder where the word bootlegger came from? This had something to do with the Whiskey Rebellion during George Washington's term.

Speaking of efficiency, did you know white mules revolutionized the mule train business? Did you know that even today railroads refuse to ship a mule with his shoes on?

The chapters "What is a Mule?"

and "The Making of a Mule" are followed by fourteen more for those who do or don't know about mules. Mark Twain is the most frequently quoted author(ity). The final chapter is "The Mule and Harry S. Truman."

Who held the all time record for mules purchased? That some of the first went to Fort Union gives you a clue. The role of the Santa Fe Trail in mule trading and travel is mentioned in this book, but with all due respect, reading this hook expands one's notions of mulling over space and time. If you think professors are boring eggheads, you will change your mind when you roll through this romp. It will give you a better appreciation for this much-maligned hybrid.

—Virginia Lee Fisher

David White, ed. *News of the Plains and Rockies, 1803-1865*, Vol. 2, *Santa Fe Adventurers, 1818-1843, Settlers, 1819-1865*. Spokane, The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1996. Pp. 512. Maps, facsimiles, tables, appendix, guide to series contents. Cloth, \$45.00, from Last Chance Store.

Once again The Arthur H. Clark Company has initiated a series of eight volumes which will become invaluable to collectors, researchers, and lovers of original travel narratives. The bibliography commonly known as Wagner-Camp and properly known as *The Plains & Rockies: A Critical Bibliography of Exploration, Adventure and Travel in the American West, 1800-1865*, by Henry R. Wagner and Charles L. Camp, issued in several printings, is a tremendous guide to the most important first-hand accounts of the American West. While Wagner-Camp only described these documents, this series publishes the most manageable ones with the editor's addition of significance of the item, a biography of the authors and participants, an itinerary of the journey, highlights of the item, and a bibliography for each item.

The first volume covered early explorers and fur hunters. This second volume offers a number of Santa Fe Trail accounts, including a congressional document telling of the arrest of Jules DeMun and Auguste Chouteau and also concerning Robert McKnight (Rittenhouse 391), the journals of William Becknell and

Meredith M. Marmaduke from the *Missouri Intelligencer*, Major Bennet Riley's report of escort of the 1829 caravan (Rittenhouse 461, 486, & 675), and material from *Niles' National Register* concerning Jacob Snively's futile attempt to raid the 1843 Santa Fe Trail caravan.

While fault could be found with the editor's work, overall this is a wonderful accomplishment and any errors are minor and pale in relation to the significance of this volume. Anyone interested in the West will wish to get the entire series while those with just an interest in the Trail will want the second volume. Anyone who casually browses in any volume will become fascinated with the original accounts of travel and an untouched West.

—Harry C. Myers

William W. White, *The Santa Fe Trail by Air, A Pilot's Guide to the Santa Fe Trail*. Logan, Utah: Western Airtrails, 1996. Pp. 125. Air maps, illustrations, appendix, bibliography. Paper, \$14.95. Available from Last Chance Store.

This unusual and attractive little book reminds one of Elaine Pinkerton's *The Santa Fe Trail by Bicycle* (1993). Perhaps it will help launch a whole new trend, flying the Trail to locate sites and ruts from the air.

Although the book is intended for pilots, providing aviation data and airport information, Trail fans generally will find much of interest. A special delight is the abundance of aerial photography that gives a wholly different perspective of some familiar Trail landmarks.

As has happened to so many others, the author stumbled upon the Trail by accident (in this case, airborne in a small plane), and he was hooked. At his first sighting of ruts near Las Vegas, NM, he followed the Trail for forty-five minutes. In that time, he says, "I experienced something that I can only express as almost spiritual." Sound familiar?

The book is dedicated to SFTA members and the text refers to the Association's work. White will soon publish a companion volume on the Oregon, California, and Mormon trails. This small item deserves a place in all Trail libraries.

—Marc Simmons

Terry Tiedeman and Phil White. *Walk Through Turn of the Century Santa Fe*. Santa Fe: Tiedeman and White, 1997. Folded Brochure, \$9.50 postpaid. Order from Terry Tiedeman, 410 Washington Avenue # 10, Santa Fe NM 87501.

If the peripatetic Ben Wittick had hung in a hot-air balloon several hundred feet above Santa Fe a hundred years ago, and had managed to take his cumbersome camera and tripod with him (and had he the benefit of a wide-angle lens back then), the photograph he'd have gotten would have resembled what Tiedeman and White just published.

The 18- by 24-inch fourfold brochure opens to an artist's rendition of the City Different long before the patina of architect John Gaw Meem's Pueblo Mission Revival became the architectural style that transformed Santa Fe.

The view shows 82 historically-significant homes and buildings, some of which were later altered, leveled, or destroyed by fire. For anyone who wished for a time-capsule aerial photograph of old Santa Fe during the post-Trail, pre-statehood days, this oversized brochure may be it.

—Michael E. Pitel

Mrs. T. A. Cordry, *The Story of the Marking of the Santa Fe Trail by the Daughters of the American Revolution in Kansas and the State of Kansas*. 1915; reprint, Kansas DAR, 1996, with prologue by Shirley S. Coupal and addendum by Coupal and Mrs. Vincent Traffas. Paper, \$25.00 postpaid from Last Chance Store.

The DAR performed invaluable service by marking the Santa Fe Trail early in this century with incised granite monuments that have stood the test of time. This standard account of the markers in Kansas has now been updated and reprinted for the benefit of all Trail buffs. It includes the present location of each sign, including the last one placed at Ralph's Ruts in 1996.

Income from this publication is being set aside to restore and maintain the markers. The Kansas DAR deserves accolades for many contributions to Trail preservation and promotion, including this welcome reprint.

MEMOIRS OF A MEXICAN WAR VOLUNTEER: CHARLES HENRY BUERCKLIN

transcribed and edited by Ladd H. Schwegman

(SFTA member Ladd Schwegman of Minot, ND, is a great-grandson of Henry Buercklin. Schwegman grew up in Arkansas and Missouri and had a career in retail sales and management before retiring in 1980. His hobbies are fly-fishing, photography genealogy, and SFTA. He has generously shared this portion of his great-grandfather's memoir for publication during the 150th anniversary of the Mexican War. Thanks to him and also to Harry Myers for assistance with information about the Navajo campaign portion of the diary.)

INTRODUCTION

CHARLES Henry Buercklin, 1821-1909, immigrated to the United States from Germany during the war between the U.S. and Mexico. He volunteered to serve with the First Illinois Volunteers, commanded by Colonel E. W. B. Newby, which marched over the Santa Fe Trail to New Mexico as replacement troops for some of those who had captured the region the previous year. Buercklin's regiment did not see combat with Mexican troops, but it was involved in peacekeeping efforts in New Mexico. This included a campaign against the Navajos in 1848. These volunteers returned to the States over the Trail later the same year.

Henry, as he was known, recorded these memoirs in 1905, apparently utilizing a journal he had kept during his early life. The following portion of his recollections summarizes his background and details his ventures during the Mexican War. He was trained as a gunsmith and locksmith in Germany and practiced those trades in America.

After his term of service, where the following record ends, Henry Buercklin returned to Illinois. The following year he moved to present Conway County, Arkansas, and opened the only gun and locksmith shop to be found between Little Rock and Fort Smith. He was later joined by a partner and they built wagons. Henry married Susan Agnes Stone on April 5, 1852. When the Civil War began, Henry thought it would be safer if his wife and small children were located near some of her rela-



Henry Buercklin late in life.

tives. In 1861 they moved about 50 miles north to Izard County, Arkansas. There Henry bought land, built a home and a water-powered sawmill, did gunsmith work, and served during the Civil War in what was called the Home Guard. Henry also helped treat the sick because there was no physician in the area.

Soon after the Civil War his three sons decided they wanted to attend the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville. Henry moved his family to land he purchased near the university. All three sons, Fred, Marion, and Sam, became medical doctors.

Henry and Susan returned to Izard County, where they resided until they died. They had five sons, two of whom died while children, and four daughters. Susan died May 4, 1902, and Henry died September 3, 1909. He wrote these memoirs in 1905 at the request of his granddaughter, Martha Dodson Evans. His writing is transcribed with original spelling and punctuation.

MEMOIRS OF C. HENRY BUERCKLIN

C. Henry Buercklin son of Jacob Buercklin and Eva Buercklin (nee Hess) was born on the 15th day of October 1821, in the town of Theningen near Freiburg in Breingan in the state of Baden in Germanie and was; according to the certificate; baptised into the Protestant church, which baptism was

afterwards confirmed by me, at the age of 14 years, since then I was regarded as a full member of said church.

My grandfather Buercklin was the son of a miller, in the town of Richenback, he was a prominent Cabinet maker and my father was brought up to the same trade, and his wives name was Fuchs. My grandfather on Muthers side, Johannes Hess was a prominent farmer and highly respected citizen of the town, and my Grandmother was the daughter of a hotellier in the town of Theningen Both of my Grandfathers, and Grandmother Buercklin died before I was born, Grandmother Hess lived to be 92 years old.

My father died when I was about 4 years old and my Mother died when I was 14 leaving me an orphan at that age, and my brother Johann Adam who was then 16 years old was then in his apprenticeship by a cabinet maker, we were the only two left of 8 children the others having died in infancy, over Uncle Johannes Hess (Mothers Brother) was very kind to us, and we regarded his house as over home, and were treaded as belonging to his family. My guardian, then bound me to a lock and gunsmith for 3 years to learn that trade.

After serving my time I was set free and then travelled to different parts of Germanie, Switzerland and France, and worked in different places, to perfect myself in my profession as then required to law. During my Mothers lifetime I attended the town school, from my 6th to my 14th year, and after I went to my apprenticeship I had to attend the Generleshule, a kind of politechnick Schoole which every mechanick is required to attend for one hour each evening.

During my travels I visited many of the old ruined Mountain castels, which are very comon in all parts of that country, which were built during the dark ages and were mostly destroyed during the 30 year war, some of them are however in a good state of preservation, while others are a heap of ruins, they all had supteranen vaults, which appear to have been used, during their occupation, for hiding places, and dungs. I Explored some of them, some ware narrow channels, leading from one part of the building to another, some others ware more roome, and may have been used as secret outlets in time of a siege while still others had the appearance of dungs with rusty Iron doors, and no doubt many a poor presoner has perished therein in

the past time. in passing through Heilbronn I Expected to visit the town where the iron hand of Goetz von Berichingen is said to be preserved I failed to see the relic, for it was awful cold and the warden was disinclined to turn out, so I failed to see that curiosity, I had better luck in Heidelberg where I saw the great hogshed containing 250 fuder, the largest hogshed ever made, besides many other curiosities, Hidelburg Castel is well preserved, part of it being stil inhabited att that time and I think is yett, I think one of the rooms was then used as a lectur room for the University, from Heidelberg I went by the way of Frankfurt and Hannan to Wisbaden where I stayed for sometime, from there I went by the way of Mainz (the R.R. being then completed) by railroad from there to Worms, some distans from Worms I rested under the shads of Luthers Lynn tree. tradition says that when Dr. Maratin Luther left Worms, after being Exiled, or declared an outlaw by the counsel of Worms, he used as a walking cean a bransh of a Lynntree, and arriving att the crossroad where the disguised Knights overtook him he stuck the stick into the earth and said if this dies my cause will die, bot if it lives my cause will live. the tree when I saw it was the largest I saw up to that time, and about 11 feet from the ground it had 4 prongs, each one big enough to be a large sice tree. some years ago the papers stated that the tree had been blown down by a storm.

About that time, (1830) the Jews and Gipsies who had been previosly only tolerated and ware not permitted to work in ay tread or occupation except trading and ware not required to perform the duties of citizens. weare Emancipated and required to settle down and permitted to hold real Estate and Engage in any occupation they saw fit, and also required to perform the duties of citizens and perform military Service, and in order to Ease their couniciens in regard to forbidden diet, they were allowed to board among their own religios friends;

Att the age of 20 years I had to return home and was drafted into the military sevice. I was put into the 4th Regiment stationed in the City of Mannheim, an leaving to Join my Regiment, I visited my Grandmother, she cried until her heart was nearly broken, she said she would never see me again, she was then 92 years old, her fear was correct for after about 6 months I received a letter from my guardien, stating that my grandmother had died, she was the only Grandparent which I knew; the rest having died before I was born; and she always showed a great interest in my and my Brothers wellfare.

The Regiment I served in, also had Lieutenant Seigel [Franz Sigel] afterwards General Siegel, here in the Federal Army [during the Civil War]. also his brother [Albert Sigel] who was then a private in the first Grenadier Companie in the same Regiment, who afterwards figured as Colonel in the Federal Army during the Civil War. General Siegel got his reputation duing more damage to an enemie on a retreat than in a charge by using a favorite plane of Aberst (Colonel) Hofman of the 4th Inf, Regiment. During the time I was garrisoned at Mannheim we had several little disturbenses, there was a man by the name of Bange who undertook to reform the Roman Katolick Church. came to Manheim and as the churches were closed to him; both Catholic and Protestant, he hired the theater but when he tried to enter, some of the manager had loked the doors and for a while it apeared there would be a regular revolt and the Regiment was called out, it was finally settled when one of ouer representatifs offered his Garden for his use which was filled to overflowing, he lectured about 3 hours. I had the pleasure of hearing all of it, he advocated for the Mass to be celebrated in the lingwitsh of the country instead of latin. Abolishment of the Celibasy of the clarky, and many other abuses of the church of Rome. he was a great orator and his arugments were convincing. He made many converts and then afterwards organized what is now existing under the name of the German Katholick Church. Att one time we had to turn out in the night and several Compangnies of us had to go to the R. R. Depot by forced march where we ware put on a special train to be carried to Heidelberg to quiet a Disturbens among the Students of the university, bot when we got there and marched into the city, everything quited down, and we had nothing to do bot to patroll the streets. Occasionelly the citizens giving us all we could eat and drink during the time we stayed there. Everything being quiet we returned the next day, we had such calls very often, bot they never amounted to anything serios or worth relating. During the winter season, I attended the Military School and became very proficient so much so that Lieutenant von Willieiers who commanded our companynie, during the sickness of the Captain, tried to promote me to a Cadetship which however I declined and gave him my reason for it namely that I had not sufficient means to keep up the style of a commissioned officer and unless I could do so, I would be looked down upon by the rest of the officers and debared from their society, he respected

my objections, and soon after give me a fourlough until the fahlrevue of 1845 [1846]. which I improved by traveling and working att my trade. I started from home on Easter monday. the snow which had been very deep during the winter was just beginning to melt and all the rivers were overflowing and I had to travel mostly in skiffs att Wuertsburg I trabeled about 2 miles in a skiff to get to the bridge, and after crossing the bridge I had to take another skiff to get to my tavern which I entered att the second story window the house was full, and the propeiritor said he could not take care of me and advised me to go to anther tavern which was above overflow and he would pay for my ferry and nights lodging att said tavern, which seeing there was no other choice, I accepted.

close by and above the overflow was the church, which had the twoo celebrated pillers Jachim and Boaz and I had the opportunitie to see them, they are a curiositie and very Symbolic. Att Nuermberg which I reached partly on foot and partly by skiff, there ware many things of interest, too tedios to enumerate one tablet at the town house attracted my attention, it said, that in 1784, the snow lay 4 feet deep and did not melt until May, bot that fahl Every Bard and Graner ware full and peple could find no room for the produce raised. and the Harvst following, proved the correctness for crops were abounded in that year. from Nuermberg I went to Regensbury, (Ratisbonn) the Donau (Denub) was still overflowing, while there I visited the Wailhala, a kind of Memorial hall built of Marvel and in it there are the Statuts or names of all the great and celebrated man of the German Nation, it is one of the greatest work of art and was built by Ludwig King of Bavaria, I had intended to go from Ratisbon to Wien bot the river being out of its banks and no boats runing I changed my course and went to Muenchen from thence by the way of Augsburg towards Lindu and Feldkirch in Tirol from Feldkirch I returned and crossed the river Rhine above the lake of Castnitz into Switzerland and found work in the town of Rohrshack, in the canton of St.Gallon, it is a town pleasantly situated on the Badensee (lake of Castnitz) after some months I went by the way of Zuerich, Luzern and Aaran, where I heard of Captain [John Augustus] Sutter; who afterwards was a prominent person in the selling of California; how he left his creditors in the lurch for several thousand dollars, whether he ever settled with them I never learned.

from Aaran by the way of Luestal, & Basel to Millhaus then in france where I again worked for some time. from

there back to Basel where I stayed until I was again called into servis for the Manoevers.

During my stay att Basel I wittnessed an trial Experiment with guncotten which had then been invented by Prov. Baumgartner. it proved to have more than duple Strength of gunpowder.

There was also a kind of Revolution caused by Editor Brenner being put in jail for critizesing some of the doings of the Councilmen, the people took the part of the Editor and demanded his release the public place was crouded with armed men and the Council was in session Everything was Excitment, the mob battered the doors of the prison down, the Mayor of the citie gained the door and declared that only over his dead body should they get entrens to Brunner preson, whereupon a big burly fellow took hold of him and lifted him clear over the heads of the crowd, said there was no need of a dead body he would just set him to one side and let the rest pass, which they did. Brunner however counselled moderation and a compromise was affected and Quiet restored.

After the manuver, which lasted about six weeks, I was released from any further duty and having lived a good part of my time in Switzerland and france I naturely had imbided the spirit of freedom, although Baden was a constitutional Monarchy, it still had to many restrictions to suit me and I concluded to visit the United States of Americka; I put my property into the hands of my Brother Johann Adam Buercklin giving him a power of attorney and in November 1845 [1846] started by the way of Strasbury, where I visited the Munster and saw the celebrated clock which had been newly repaired, then to Paris where I stayed about two weeks to see all, or att least some of the curiosities, the Ark de triumpt vendom Pillow, Louvre, Obelisk, and many other historical monuments, I went on several of the high places to try to see the citie bot the greater part was allways covered by a thick fog. from Paris I went to Havre de Grass, partly by diligens, and partly by Railroad, which was then bot partly completed: I came near being killed I stuck my head out to see the landscape when a man hollowed "heads in" I pulled back and to my dismay saw that we were entering a tunnel the side of which allmost teached the sids of the cares and my head was not over a foot from the entrens, that thought me never to stick my head out of a railroad Window.

on arriving att Havre I engaged passage on a Sailing vessel, named Braham de Havre, and commanded by a

Captain La favre, bound for New Orleans It was at Havre where I got the first sight of the ocean; allthhough I had previosly saw several large lakes bot could allways see the mountains on the opposite Shore. I also became acquainted with two of my fellow passengers with whom I formed a close friendship one of them, Anton Leonhard from Rheinbawaria who semed to be a fugatif, and had left a family att home. made a confident of me he was in distress being out of means, teking pitie on his family, I assisted him to proceed on his journey for which he was very thankfull. the other by the name of Royal was a druggist, and gave me a good deal of information about medicine, and we spent many tedios houers in useful conversation and passing of the otherwise lonesom houers of a see voyage. On or about the 6th of December 1845 [1846], we were towed out of the harbor, to start on ouer trip acros the ocean ouer ship went very smuth while we ware towed out, yett before the cabel was luscned from the toaboard one att least of the passengers was seasick and as the cable was dropped and ouer ship began to bounce many more were struck and about the 3rd day when 135 out of the 145 passengers were seasick I was the only one of the passengers on deck; glancing over the ocean my eyes ware attracted to an object which I believed to be a pilot boat turned bottem upwards, I called the Captains attention to it, bot he only smiled and told me that it was a black whale (Baisin Naar) and to satisfy mu curiosite he told the Pilot to steer close to it and when within about 50 or 60 yards of it, the monster, which had been laying on its side, turned with his back upwards and swam away, not long afterwards, the Captain had the sails taken in I was wondering why, as I could see no indication of a Storm, bot before it was completed a fierce Gale had struck ouer Ship and when I thought it was about getting att its worst the sails ware spread out again and the gale soon ceased, this give me great confidence in the judgement and foresight of the officers Not being subject to seasickness I was nearly always on deck where I could see a great many novelties such as flying fish, one of which in trying to fly over ouer vessel, landed on the deck, and of a night, watshing the phosphorie display caused by the friction of the vessel on the water, one night I saw, to me, a great curiosite a splented Rainbow by moonlight one day we passed a Windhorse within about a mile there was great danger of being dragon into it and the Sailors strained evey nerve to get away from it in which they finally sucseeded, the colom of water ap-

peared att least a mile high, finally part of it dropped back into the ocean, the topp part passing of as a fierce clout. During the passage a School of Hogfish followed the vessel, one of the sailers Harpuned one of them, the Captain ordered the cook to divide part of it to the passengers, giving every one a good mess of it. the Ballance to be retained for the Shipcrew and cabin passengers. it had the right name for its bones and insides resembled a hog more than a fish.

We had a fair passage until about Christmas, we ware becalmed between the Islands of Cuba and Haithie and for two days ouer boat did not move; not a breath of air was stirring. After getting a fair Gale we passed out from between the two ilands past Jamaika and the Peninsula of Yukatan into the Gulf of Mexico, where we encountered a severs Storm lasting twoo nights and one day, during which time we Expected every moment to be the last. the sailors ware Eating their supper when a a heavy waive struck oer from the windside and washed their supper over board, they had to climb into the rigging to take in sails, and we passengers ware ordered below deck and the Hatches ware closed, one woman (Mrs. Flick) came near drowning, the waive had knocked her down and she was washed from one side to the other, bot was finally rescued and put down stairs and the Hedges ware closed, there was no chance for sleep during the storm, all we could do was to hold fast to something to keep from being cast upon the floor and rolled about, there was no chance for kuing and eating, bot on the second day the captain send down a big cattel of Sup and a sack of crackers to keep us from starving. after the storm subsided the Hedges ware opened and we ware permitted to come on deck. many however could not avail themselves of the privilege for the storm had made them seasick again. The sea was running very high yett bot the wind was only moderate, and we had a fair pasag to the end of our Journey landing with one more passenger then we started with, one boy was born att Sea and baptized by the Captain who named him after the vessel he was born in; "Brahma dee Havre", after coming in sight of land the ankers ware drawn out waiting for the Pilot when he came on board he took charge of the Crew bot there was some confusion, the crew being all french and the Pilot could not understand that linguige give his commands in English which the sailors did not understand there was however a Cabinpassenger whom understood both french and English who acted as interpeter, arriving on the

Mouth of the Mississippi we were taken, in tow with two other vessels, and brought to New Orleans, about the 15 of January 1846 [1847], although it was wintertime the weather felt pretty hot to us and the most of them slept on deck and made their first acquaintances with the mosquitoes, and next morning some of them could have passed for smallpock patients. We landed in New Orleans after a passage of six weeks. about then the Mexican war begun recruiting. Parties were going thru the streets in all directions. with drum and fife, making a display; until every Parrot in the city could imitate the drumbeat and give the command, forward march, and Shoulder Arms. they were calling for 6 months volunteers.

My friend Royal who had been in the United States previously and understood English volunteered and after examination was promoted to assistant surgeon he requested me to join and take his former position as Hospital Steward, but on application we were informed that the regiment was full and no more 6 month volunteers could be accepted. I stayed in New Orleans until the latter part of June when the yellow fever season approached I like many others left for St. Louis on the steamer J. M. White which was then running a race with the big Missouri we made the trip in 4 days & 23 hours which was then the fastest trip on record.

After landing in St. Louis I visited a second cousin named George Fuchs, with whom I stayed. we afterwards moved to Illinoistown, then a small village; now East St. Louis; living by the bridge on Cahokia creek, where I ran a Gunsmith Shop, there I made my first acquaintances with the chills, which changed from one type to another until I chilled twice every day, I went back to New Orleans where I had left my trunk of clothing, there I met with an old acquaintance whose Brother practiced medicine, I was just taking my chill, he said he would soon cure it, and poured a tumbler full of Whiskey and two tablespoons full of black pepper and made me drink it. and sure Enough it cured me sound and well.

we lived in Illinoistown when the Hamp warehouse in St. Louis caught fire Although distance over a half mile it gave so much light that I was Enabled to read a newspaper at that distance.

I also made the acquaintance of a Mr. Wiggins [probably William Wiggins who led a party to California in 1847] who had lately returned from California on a visit to his father; who was running the ferryboats between that town & St. Louis; and intended to return to that country, he wanted me to return with him he offered to pay my Expenses, but would not agree to carry more than 50

pounds of baggage for me, and I wanted to take my tools along, as California was then a wilderness. and he could not tell me whether tools could be procured there or not so we parted and I went to Ottawa, Ills; which was then a new town with a good prospect of becoming a respectable city, where I put up my shop and worked as a gunsmith.

Lieutenant Henry Reed had returned from the south of Mexico where he had been discharged on account of ill health, and was making up a company to go to New Mexico and serve for 5 years or during the war. After mature consideration I joined his company, after being temporarily organized we started for Alton where the final organization of the Regiment was to take place.

On the prairie below the town we were formed into a line, and we were presented with a flag by a young lady who made an appropriate speech, of which however I understood but little, and the dignitaries of the town, bid us farewell and good speed with a few remarks, thence we proceeded to Peru where the steamer was waiting us to take us to Alton. At Peoria we halted several hours and got about half a dozen more recruits there I also found a Mr. Gaetz who had been a great friend to my father, he tried to induce me to leave the company and offered to console me until the rest were gone, and when he found I was determined to go, he cried and would have joined us if he had not been too old. without any further interruption we arrived at Alton where we were quartered in a schoolhouse upon a hill back of the town, where we received our uniform and blankets. our company not having the requisite number was consolidated with another Company from Shelby county and the officers elected divided the honors giving our Company the Captain, the new camp the Lieutenant & C. the rest had to be satisfied to fill places as noncommissioned officers or Privates.

The next thing was to Elect Regimental officers there were two sets of Candidates. Hamilton who had seen service in the Blackhawk war and E. W. B. Newby a prominent lawyer, Newby came to our camp and offered to send us a barrel of Whiskey if we would accept of it; I assisted by Captain Reed proposed to reject the whiskey, telling the boys that we were not expecting to go on a spree but to fight the enemies of our Country, and it would be necessary to have officers who know their duty and are well qualified, for otherwise they might lead us into places to lose our lives without benefiting our cause, and that the offer of a Barrel of Whiskey

looked rather suspicious as to the qualification of the party offering it. Newby replied, he was not offering it as a bribe but as a deserved Compliment to our patriotism, as might have been expected the whiskey was voted to be accepted by all but two votes and on the day of the same were cast 98 for Newby and 2 for Hamilton.

So E. W. B. Newby was elected Colonel and Boyken [Henderson P. Boykin] Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment, the Majors name I do not remember, & William Schneider was appointed Adjutant and a very well qualified and pleasant man, if I am not greatly mistaken I saw Abraham Lincoln there at the organization but whether as a candidate or as a state officer I am not able to say. Being thus organized, we were taken by steamer to Fort Leavenworth where we received our arms,¹ and after being again mustered into Uncle Sam's service and then drilled, it was of course a very awkward drilling where the drillmaster knows no more and often less than the one being drilled One incident will illustrate my meaning we were out shooting at the mark by section one of our Lieutenants took the section I belonged to, he stood before the front between the section and the mark and ordered load; each cartridge containing a ounce Ball and three buckshot, then still keeping his position, he ordered ready: aim and was about to order fire when I called out, do not shut, when he saw the position he was in he was speechless and looked more like a dead person he was unable to speak or move. I being an old soldier gave the word recover arms and told one of the sergeants to lead him to the rear, and then give the word to fire which he did. had it not been by my timely interference, at least three Bullets would have went through his breast, I am confident that I saved his life, and he was satisfied that I did.

While at the fort, I was permitted to visit the Hospital to see a Mexican who had been scalped by the Indians it was the first person I saw that had been scalped, but he having been badly wounded, besides being Scalped did not survive but died a few days after I saw him.

Our Regiment belonged to General Canby [Stephen Watts Kearny] Brigade, and we formed the right wing of General [Zachary] Taylor's division. General Kearny having already started west towards California while one Missouri Regiment went south down the Rio Grande valley we were ordered to Santa Fe to hold that place and surrounding Country of New Mexico. in the late part of July or first part of August we started on the long and

tidios march about 900 miles from fort Leavenworth towards Santa Fe N.M.² We had a large wagontrain loaded with supplies, and a large drove of Beef cattle. Each Wagon being drawn by from 4 to 6 yoke of Oxen and the teamsters shouting and creaking their wheips kept up such a racket, we could hardly hear the farwell musick with which the Band serenaded us.

there were three compagnies in our detachment, part of ouer Regiment had started a fue days priviosly and another was to follow in a few days. After crossing the Kansas or Kaw river we camped near an Indian farm, the old Indien was well fixed with a good crop, plenty of stock and every thing a farmer needs. the boys never slept any that nigght, some were getting roasting ears, some digging potatoes, some ketching chickens & pigs, and some milking the cows &C. bot when we went to the spring, which was in the yard, to get water for ouer brakfast, we found the Old Indien dressed in the costume of Old Grandfather Adam standing on a flat rock, which he had roled over the spring, with a hoe for a weapon thredening to kill any one that would try to take some water, and he mad a speech in his own lingo mixed with a few crumbs of English. The case was rapped to the officers who came to negotiate a peace with the old fellow, he agreed to let them have water if they would [pay] him \$1.50. The 3 Captains smilingly chipped in 50 cents a piece and handed it to the Indien he grinned well pleased, rolled the rock from the spring and very pleasantly invited us to come and get water. I do not believe the old fellow knew how much damage the boys had done for \$25.00 would hardly have paid him.

nothing more of interest happened until we passed Council Grove; there was an Indien Camp, some tents, some huts made out of bark and one store, after passing Council Grove we entered the home of the buffalo, it appears almost incredible to us old fellows who have crosed the plains att that time, when we are told that the Buffaloes are now confined in a few Encloser and in the National Park and number less than 200, when we beheld the prairies dotted with them as far as the Eye could reach and ware never out of sight of them beetween Council Grove and the mountain Country of New Mexico a distance of att least 700 miles. West of the Grove we struck the Santa Fe trail formed by twoo roads running paralel and about 40 or 50 yards apart, so that in case of an attack by Indians, they could quickly form a correll by turning the wagons in front to the right and left & closing up

both sides cattle inwards and the rear the same, thus forming a kind of ford [fort] and fight from behind the wagons. When we ware near the big bend of the Arkansas river, we heard a roaring like distand thunder, the wagonmaster informed us that it was ceased by a large gang of Buffaloo, moving Northwards and the wagons ware soon formed into a Correll and we ware instructed to make all the Nois we could to keep them from running over ouer train and when they came close enough to fire on them. they soon came in sight in a collom of from 6 to 10 abreast and as close as they could travel they crossed ouer road somewhat ahead of ouer train I being in the advens guard was close to them, it was a fearful sight, I do not know how long they ware in passing, bot I loaded and fired 40 rounds of cartridges, and had to slow up towards the last to keep from running out of amunition and so did all the rest and the buffaloes was so close together that it was almost impossibol to miss hitting one finally they split and the tailend numbering nearly 100 head passed behind ouer train which Enabled us to proseed on ouer way. in the distuns of about 1/4 mil we found a duzend dead Buffaloes, how many died further on and how many ware wounded, we did of cours not try to find out, among the dead ones close to the road was a three year old heifer in good condition which was cut up and put into a wagon whoever wanted to split the hide and cut out some jois piece according to fency, the ballance was left for the wolves and cayotes. A few days later we ware camping near the Arkansas river, it was a rainey Evening the Buffaloo chips, which we used for ouer coking, ware wet and made a good deal of smoke bot no fire, there was an island close by which had some timber on it, and some of the boys went over the water being bot shallow to get some firewood, only one of them tok his gun, bot draped it into the water, so it was useless, the partie ware attaked by a number of Indians who had been concealed on the iland two of them ware killed, and one though not dead was scalped, he was put into the ambulens and finally recovered and was afterwards discharged.

About 25 of ouer partie mounted what horses they had and went in pursuit of the Indians bot ouer horses being jeded and the indien poneys being fresh they gained so much on ouer men that in about 5 miles the Indians ware out of sight. the next day a trapper came to ouer camp and the boys believed him to be a spy for some of the Indians. wanted to kill him bot the officers satisfying themselves that he was

inosent had him surrounded by a guard who conducted him about a mile beyoend the camp, for some of the boys firmly believed that he was a Indien spy, and could hardly be controlled.

Near Pawnee Rock we met Colonel [Sterling] Price returning with his regiment, or part of it, whose term had Expired, they had just recaptured a number of horses which the Indians had stampedet from a party about 6 miles ahead of us, the horses ware all recovered bot one, which was Sadled and fully riked up and followed the retreating indiens so clos that the rescuing party lost sight of it. the Indians, particularly the Comanches and Pawnees, and further west the Appachies ware the most hostile, they ware cotinuelly watching for a chance to cut of some few straglers and try in varios ways to decoy some of us to go some distans from the main body to get a chans to kill a few. One time there appeard on a Elevation about a mile or twoo of a number, apparently loose horses, Many of the boys started, believing them to be wild horses; to try and catch some of them, but the wagonmaster called them back, telling them they ware indiens, on every one of them; which profed to be the fact, for as soon as they saw the Boys returning which showed them their trick was discovered, Every Ponny had an Indien on his back, they had somehow hold their bodies on the side of the ponies oposit from us, a trick which they also use in a fight. The indiens then road of and ware soon out of sight.

On one occasion about 6 of us ware out on a hunting partie, by permission. After being out of sight of the main body, we saw about 25 Indians coming towards us att full speed. I requested the boys to cover the leaders. bot not to shut, unless they made some attempt of attack, the leader seeing his danger give signs of friendship however we kept a beed on him until they ware out of reach.

Somewhere on ouer road, the place I cannot now recolect, we saw a big limb in the fork of a lone tree. being curios to find out what it was one of the boys clumb the tree and cut the limb down when it showed a squaw & baby tied up in a Buffaloo rope and festened to the tree with a Lariette, bot whether this was a way they had of disposing of their dead or whether it was a punishment we could not know, most likely the former though this was the only case of the kind.

There ware many Rattelsneks on the plains particularly about the prairidog towns, it seems that they live together with the prairie dogs and Scrutsh ouls for we could frequently see them Enter their dens, bot the place that beat all

for rattlesnaks, was McNeses Creek. One man was snakbit while we camped there and the next morning I found one of them in my Knapsack, how it got there we could not understand however we got him out and dispatched him, the Doctor give the man Campteire [Camphor?] and other drugs and he recovered

One evening as we neared our Camping place, we saw a high Mountain in the shape of a Sugarloaf, it appeared to be about three miles ahead of us, and some of the officers and men talked of going to the top of next morning, but our Guide told them to wait a few days, we traveled, all the next day and did not appear to get any nearer to it. the next day a partie started to climb it, and that Evening we camped within 3 miles from the foot of it, the partie came back late in the night, except one John Anderson, for when he was on top he saw a train, which was about 3 days ahead of us, and struck out for it. he never knew his mistake until he came up with them. they told him he could go on with them, or wait for his own partie he chose the later, and they furnished him proficion, and he congealed himself in a ravine, in the night the drum was beat every half hour as a signal for him, and the next day a search partie was sent out, but returned in the Evening without success.

The next night the drum was again beat and the following morning another partie was sent out in search for him of which I and his brother formed a part. being near a high hill we ascended it in order to have a good view of the Country we saw a black speck on the trail ahead of us, but could not tell wheter it was a Buffalo, Poney or man but seemed to be moving towards us, and we made for it as fast as we could, and on approaching nearer found it to ouer joy to be the lost soldier, when he and his brother meet they ware so overjoyed, neither could speak a word, when he recovered sufficient to speak to us he told us that he stayed one night in the ravine but could not sleep for fear of Indens and wolfes, and concluded to travel and meet his train.

After crosing a small stream which we supposed to be the head of Red-river, but it may have [been] the canadian river the guid told the colonel he ought to camp there, as he would not find any more water for over 20 miles, but it yett early in the day, he concludet to go on he ordered us to fill ouer canteens and march on, but when dark sat in and ouer teams began to give out the wagonmaster turned to the right from the trail where he expected to find water 3 miles north of the trail traveling on the prairie it made the wagons

hevier to pull and one steer after another gave out until about midnight when so many of the cattle had given out that it was impossible to get any further and we had to stop in the prairie without water, after the steers were unyoked they struck a beline right ahead and the wagonmaster hallowed "Boys follow the cattle if you want water" and sure enough about a mile ahead was the Wildduckpond, a pond about 3/4 of a mile in diameter without Either inlet nor outlet. The next morning we saw a gang of Elks coming from the hills no doubt for water, bot seeing us they turned off and galloped over the prairie there ware about 28 of them, and soon after in succession came deer and Entelops in great number bot they all avoided us, they never came in shuting distans,

The night we sayed near Wildduckpond one member of my compaignie died, and moving on to Wagonmount, or to a gap of the mount, we camped there and buried ouer comrad we had to dig into a solid rock and could get no deeper than three feet; I name this circumstance for one of ouer men being disehbled started, after being dscharged, with Jim McIntost ouer mailcarier. to retun home and wishing to find out whether the grave had been disturbed got down from his poney, in getting down an old fashioned revolver, called a peperbox, fell out of his scabbert and was discharged, killing him instantly; I do not recolect either of their names, many circumstances happened which I have forgotten or are not worth relating. One thing however I am bound to relate in justice to myself and comrads. it was reported in some of the newspapers att that time that Companies G. & H. respectively from Ottawa and Chicago, had turned Pirates on the praire. We do not know who started the report, bot it is false. the facts are this.

We camped at the crosing of Arkansas river and were ordered to prepare & cook ouer rations for 2 or 3 days and put several Barrels of water into the wagons, as we ware now to cross the american desert in which we would find neither feed, wood nor water for 60 miles and expected to travel day and night, we had traveled about 30 miles by midnight, when it turned so dark that we lost the trail, and a regular Waterspoud sat in, and on the prairie where we stoped the water stood kneedeep, there was no attempt to put up tends, most of us ware luckily enough to find ouer Knapsacks and we crowded under the wagons sifing on ouer knapsacks for there was no room for laying down, I sat under the hind axletree of a wagon and was cramped and could not sleep the water cover-

ing my knapsack and feet up to my knees, when daylight approached there was a curios sight, many heads sticking out of the water while the body was covered. I had to wade near 100 yards to find a spot clear of water where I could wring the water out of my clothes. as also did the rest, we passed on and about midday ware halted to make a cup of coffe. The sun shining out fair we spread ouer cloths out to dry and then put up ouer tends having no other ldea, as we had now plenty of water we would be allowed to stay there until next day and ouer teams ware hardly abel to pull ouer wet cloths. Colonel Newby ordered the tents to be struck and start again, without giving us time to gether up ouer cloths, Comp. G. & H. refused and the company officers seeing the unreasonableness of the order did not urge us very much. So the Colonel with a company from his own County (Brown County), moved on, ordering ouer officers to go on with him, next morning we started quit early, and found them in camp about 3 miles from us. where we reported for duty. After they got ready we marched together as usual as though nothing had happened, for several days, arriving at the middel Semaron Spring, the Colonel ordered all the noncomisioned officers to be put into the ranks; bot we elected them again; he give the twoo companies 2 days rest and proceeded ahead with the Brown County Companie. On the Semeron we found about 100 skulls of mules laid along side the road, they ware said to be the skulls of the mules of one of Colonel Fremonts Expeditions, who ware snowed in and starved to death.³

After Entering the foothills of the Sierra Madra Lieutenant Matthison [Riley Madison] being somewhat in advens of the mainbody came back and reported that he saw a Grissly bear sunning himself on the hillside whereupon about 25 of us started forward and found him, and allthough he showed fight he was soon dispatched and as the Buffaloes ware getting scarce, we had Bearmeat the rest of the way. Att Vegas we saw the Mexicans making mollases out of cornstalks in a most primatif way beating the stalks in a trough then pressing the juice out with a liver like the old fashined ciderpress, then boiling the juis down in kettels, After passing Vegas some of us left the trail to go by old Vegas (or Begas) to see what was said to be an old Montezuma temple [Pecos Pueblo]. bot on Examination we found it to be an old church or rather convent, there was one of the rooms which had no visebel Entrens a kind of secret Enclosur some of the boys dug a hole trugh the doby wall

bot found nothing inside to give any idea of its probable use, in the past; there was a doby wall Enclosing some acres, apparently as a defence and surrounded by a creek, though now without water. At one place in the wall was a flat rock inscribed "Carolus V." showing that it was either built or repaired in the time of a King by that name [The mission church was rebuilt, following the reconquest, after 1692, during the reign of Charles II], after a hurried Examination of the old ruin, we struck out for the trail, coming to a Mill on St. Miguel Creek we were informed that we had missed our course and shown the direction in which to go to find the train. ascending a steep hill by which we had to pull up by bushes, we could see the train about 7 miles ahead of us, we reached it about dark where they were Encamped. After winding through the gaps of the Mountains we arrived on a hill overlooking the town of Santa Fe where we Encamped for several days, one of my companie, David S. Blackman who was considered convalescent Eat a mess of beans coked for 7 men, and took a backset, we made a temporary litter to carry him to the hospital, about 3 miles off, but he died on the way before getting there. Our trip across the plains lasted 52 days, when the weather began to get cold we took up winter quarters in today [doby?] houses drilling and garrison duty being our daily Employment.

General Price having succeeded General Carney returned from the states and took command. Part of the winter of 1847 and 1848, was very severe the snow laying at times 4 feet deep, the children who were perfectly naked would wait through the snow which came up to their armpits, many of them died but the survivors seemed to be hardy and lived to a big old age, centenarians were very common One old woman, being the only survivor of the Santa Fe massacre, being then 7 years old and now, by computation of time, 145 years old, was well and hardy, and nearly all was on the streets talking to the boys in Spanish, no doubt believing they could understand her, for she could not hear at all. One time as she passed the streets, a 6 mule team coming along behind her, the mules becoming frightened, ran away and although the teamster shouted at her to get out of the way, she could not hear, and the team and wagon ran over her and killed her, so, although Escaping the Massacre at seven, she met a violent death at 145 years. one time it being reported that the Mexicans were taking some canons upon a Mountain overlooking the city and ford; a detachment was sent out who put

them to flight and captured their canons. At another time, a bold attempt was made to set the powdermagazin, which adjoined the Guardhouse, on fire, but the fellows were captured and put in jail with Ball and chain on their feet, to answer to a Court Marshall, but their friends played a very cut drick on us; a crowd of Mexicans were gathered around the guardhouse both of men and women, they became very noisy quarreling, two of them drew their Knives, wrepped their blankets around their left arms to use it for a shield, and cut away at each other in regular duel style, they of course were arrested, disarmed and put in jail with the others but as afterwards appeared, they carried files into the jail with which they cut their chains, and during the night they passed out through the chimney and made their escape, leaving their Balls and chains behind.

one of them descended from the roof of the Magazine close to a sentinel who challenged him but as he ran the sentinel fired at him when the fugitive apparently fell, the sentinel; George Bernhard a Frenchman being a good marksman was sure he had killed him and showed us where he fell, but on Examination, we found only a white blanket with several bullet and shot holes in it but no dead Mexican; it appears that in running he held his blanket out from his body and at the crack of the gun, dropped it, and Escaped. No further attempt was made by the Mexicans to attack us or blow us up.

On the 8th of January, a salute was fired in honor of the Battle of New Orleans, on raining down the load, it exploded, and comrad Stehlin had his arm shivered which had to be amputated. I was allowed to be present to see it done, he stood it like a man.

After Stehlin got so he could go about again, he requested me to make him an artificial arm and I was detailed to work in the armory for that purpose, but being about 1000 miles from civilization it was impossible to get proper material for such work, and I used steelsprings for the arm and steel for the machinery for the hand, and made him an arm and hand that he could bend and use; When it was about completed, Colonel Newby and Governor Diaz [Diaz? The acting governor was Donaciano Vigil] came to see it, and the former wanted me to take out a patent for it, but I told him I give it free I would not make a fortune out of other men's Misfortune; And Governor Diaz offered to furnish me a shop and materials to work on, if I would apply for a discharge, as he was satisfied the war would soon close.

Sometime in Mar 1848, general Price

having gone down the Rio Grand and taken the City of Santa Cruz [Santa Cruz de Rosales, March 16, 1848], and the Nabajoe Indians having committed some depredations against the inhabitants of New Mexico, driving off their stock and carrying off their women and children into captivity, Colonel Newby organized an Expedition to go against said tribe,⁴ he called for volunteers, but as they all volunteered he took only those who had never been on the sick-list, and I never having been sick was allowed to go. there were 50 of us Exclusive of officers, to be joined by about a hundred from Taos under Major Reynolds [William W. Reynolds, Third Missouri Volunteers] and a Captain whose name I have forgotten, we were mounted on mules and about the first part of May we started, we were not allowed to carry anything but a blanket, a tin cup to make coffee in and 5 days of provision, at the time and no tents. On crossing the Rio Grand one of the Mules got into the quicksand and was drowned, the man riding it was helped out but was chilled, on the far bank we built a fire for him, but we had to leave him at Jemes an Indian town, he died next day. Before crossing the River at San Phillipi a good sized Pueblo town, we procured blankets to wrap our fursacks in, which were carried on Jacks and Jennies, there before the Church house was a round wall about ten feet high, with an opening by a drop door on top, several of us Entered and found there a lamp burning and an old woman sitting by it. I lit my pipe on the lamp, and the Indians said I would never return from the Expedition, that lamp had been lit by Montezuma himself and was sacred, and that I having lit my pipe on it would be punished for it before the Expedition ended, however I am happy to say their prophesie did not come to pass.

At Jemes we were joined by 25 pueblo Indians to act as guides, after passing the town a few miles we came to where there were many springs [approximately eight miles west of Jemez Pueblo], I counted 13, within a half mile, and no two alike from boiling hot to almost freezing cold, and Salt and chalybate and various other minerals, some miles further on we crossed a small stream [Rio Salado], the water of which was as red as blood, and it was strongly impregnated with salt, further on we passed several springs and branches which were as clear as crystal, but so salty that we could not drink it neither could our mules.

One night we camped at a place where we found fairly drinkable water in sight of a building which excited our curiosity and we wanted to go to examine it but were forbidden by the offi-

cers I let my mule get luse, pretending to try to Ketch it but drove it on before me towards the building coming near it I saw that it was in good preservation about twoo stories high [Pueblo Pintado, a Chacoan outlier and modern-day village east of Chaco Culture National Historical Park], but being afraid of an ambush, for which it was an Excellent place, I caught my mule and went towards camp. next day we Entered a canon [Chaco Canyon] of about 36 miles long and from $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 mile wide with perpendicular walls on both sides and a small creek runing in the middle of it, passing the ravine we found 12 ruined buidings one of which attracted ouer attention it was in a place where the canon had and opening towards the South, and as we camped near it we could Examine it closly. The walls ware in parts still standing showing that it had been 3 stories high, the walls ware build of sandstone, in layers from 4 to 10 inches thick, the outsides ware smuthened like the had been robed against one another but in some places we could see chisselmarks. the layers of each thickness went clear around the whole building there ware arched cellers beneath, the arches ware built of pinelogs peeled which ware teatching each other. we never Examined whether they ware patrified or not, the rooms ware of two sizes, one size 10 feet square the other 4 x 10. having openings like they had been used in time for defens, from the Extend of yett remaining walls, and the size of the rooms we computed the building to have had about 600 rooms [Pueblo Bonito]. the floors of the rooms ware made out of pinelogs over which ware laid a kind of cean [cane?] neither of which is now found in 50 miles of the place.

Pasing thrugh the canon we crossed the dry bead of a stream [Chaco Wash], the bed was sponge, there appeared to be a crust on top and water underneath one mule tried to get to the pottel of water and sunk, the man on it jumped off and carried the LaRiette with him to the banks, and we pulled him out; on the far bank we struck a trail of the Nabojoes we followed the trail and soon came in sight of them but night overtook us and we had to camp the Indiens fired into our camps, we had to put out ouer fires and a partie of about thirty men ware send out for the purpose to cut them of from a passage which formed a inlet into the mountains and force them into a fight. The next morning a dispetsh came from the detachment, that they heed overtaken them about six miles ahead of us, and had taken about a dozend prisoners, when we arrived there we saw more Indiens then whites

and none of them disarmed; the Colonel ordered them to be disarmed where upon, they comenced firing att us and we did the same, and so we had a runing fight with them, and several Indiens ware killed, I saw several of them being draged along by their lare-ittes fastened to their ponies, but only three men left on the ground which the Pueblos scalped I wittenssed the scalping of one of them, it was a cruel operation, bot quickly done admetting of no interferens, one Nabajoo was taken prisoner he told us that they mistook ouer party for Mexicans, for they did not want to fight American Soldiers and wanted to make piece with us; they however had taken advantage of the delay to drive their stock into the mountains, for from an Eminens I could see them driving several large droves of horses and mules towards the Entrens of the pass; after they got out of the range of our guns they showed themselves in large bodies upon the hills, the Colonel ordered the mountain howitzer to fire on a big bunsh, when they all ran towards the big Bullet, to see it, when it Exploded they scattered and ware soon out of sight, we never found out how many ware killed, bot there must have been several for the Explusion took place right among them, later on they send in a flage of truce. and proposed to make peace and we camped on a place where twoo good springs furnished a ample supple of water; ouer provisions runing low a detachment was send back to Santa Fe for a new supply, one of the mians mule having a sore back, the quartermaster ordered me to swapp mules with him. I concented, bot soon found out that the mule I got was the verry Devil. I requested a Mexican who had been a prisoner among the Nabajoes and was a sort of interpeter, to help me to saddle and bridel him, bot when I tried to mount him and had my foot in the stirrup, he comenced baking and running I clung to him about 100 yards, my foot being fast in the stirrup, I was just about giving up; when some of the boys cought him and helped me off, which saved my life. I turned him over to the quartermaster, refusing to try to ride him any more, he give me another good gentle mule, which I kept for the ballance of the trip.

The Indiens coming in in great numbers helped to eat up ouer provisions we had to be put on half rations, then on quarterrations, and for 4 days on no rations att all, and we had to shift the best we could. we found some wild potatoes and some carless weeds and ware just preparing to try mulemeat when the partie from Santa Fe arrived and none of us had any more apatite for mulemeat.

On one occation there ware about 500 indiens in ouer camp, holding a counsil, they ware divided Chief Jose Largo being for Peace, and Sercia [Zarcillas] Largo for war, they spoke all night, one of their old chiefs told them of the Battle of Buena Vista and told them they could not fight the Americans onless they ware att about 15, to one. his name was Navones [Narbona], and he was 90 years old bot sat on his horse like a boy of 18.— the Navajoes coming to no understanding we followed them into the Cayatanna Moutains [in the Lukachukai Range]; ouer Camp had been in a plane and there ware 3 mountains on a strait line in the shape of sugarlofes [the camp was at the base of Beautiful Mountain in the vicinity of of Sanostee, NM, southwest of Farmington and southwest of the geologic feature known as Shiprock] close to the foot of one ouer camp had been, which some of the boys ascended to see a patrified indien which was said to be on top, it took them $\frac{1}{2}$ day to get up there, bot could not reach the Indien as the ascent was to steep. we first passed thrugh a gape simular to the one in which we saw the ruins, only shorter. on the perpenticlar sides, we saw little buildings, like sentries boxes stuck like swallows nests, how they ever got to it we could not tell, some few however apeared to be approachable bot we had no time to Examine them, after passing thrugh this gap we found some natural Obelisks and other formateens of rock which loked more like art then nature, the obelisks ware squear about 6 or 10 feet att the base, tepering to a point about 80 or 100 feet high [these features ware called "Needles" on later maps]; we then passed thrugh a narrow canon, it may have been Bat canon, it was dark do not thing the sun never got down in it. the wals apeared to be cut out by hand into facades resembling all kinds of basrelieves as can be imagined, after passing thrugh the canon we assended to a plateau, and about dark we had to pass down hill beetween twoo rocks where the rear-end had to stop, I being next to the last was asked by a young man named More to let him get ahead of me as he was afraid, I did so upon his promise that he would notify me when he could starte, it being then so dark I could not see him, bot he failed to do so, waiting a long time, I att last asked if we could not yett pass on, but got no answer. Finding that I was left by myself I had to give the mule the bridle, and trust to good luck. After passing the narro place and some distans down hill I passed a stream of water which pitched off a bluff within about ten feet from the path, and I passed on I know

not where until about midnight I caught up with the main body and was informed that the guid had left and we ware to stay until day light, next mornig we found ouerselfs in a place like a washpot, Mountains all around; part of ouer men had ascended the Mountain and we followed, the path was so steep that the mule carrying the howizer was overballanced and turned a sommerset down the Mountain but was stoped by a tree, we thought he was mashed, bot after having the load taken of, he got up, and the load being replaced carried it up, several men holding his head down by the bridle until he got over the steepest places. after getting on top we passed a narrow path near the top of a steep Mountain wher a fals step would have sent us several hundred feet down. the mountin was covered with some long leave Pine trees, some of them about 6 feet in diameter, and apparently about 300 feet high and att a distans we saw a few trees reaching high above the others that may have been what the Mexicans called saquoyas. after getting down the spur of the mountain, we Entored a valley seemingly about 5 miles wide which was a prairie and covered with fine grass like a cultivated maddow, thugh the center of which ran a good size stream. passing down the valley we found several fals trails mad by the stock, bot ouer guid paid no attention to them and that Evening we arrived att the Entren of Walkers canion where we camped, the canion is said to be 3 days marches long, and admitting only of single file and the Indians had killed many Mexicans by simply roling rocks down on them from the high Mountain. next mornig 50 of us were detailed to climb the Mountain with the cannon where we could sweep both sides of the Canion, and keep evan with the rest going thugh the gap. the Indians seeing the preparation and found they could not take advantage of us came in for peace, and we were ordered back, and found many of the big men of their tribe in camp treating for Pease. they agreed to Exchange prisoners with the Mexicans irrespective of Numbers deliver to us 100 Ponneys and 500 head of sheep, which the delivred att ouer former camp, I don't know whether Uncle Sam ever got any part of it or not. On returning we camped on the high mountain where twoo mountains run together, it was verry cold and we made a big fire out of Pineknots but many what we believed to be pineknots ware petrified wood.

Next morning the 2nd day of June, the ice was a quarter of an inch thick in the spring bransh, We returned to ouer former camp and waited there for the

Nabajoes to bring in their prisoners and ponies and sheep as agreed upon. Ouer interperter having send for a few Bolts of red flannel and some other articles opened trade giving 3 yards of flannel, a hoe or butcher knife and a little indigo for a first class Poney and less for inferior grades, and by the time we started to return he had a great drove of poneys some Biberskins dressed deerskins and several pair of Nabajoe blankets which later he sold for \$30.00 a pair. On ouer return we had plenty of Muttten, and brought back 13 presoners, women and children, the ballance ware to be delivered att Santa Fe where the Mexicans also were ordered to bring theirs. and the Exchange was made.

Nothing of importens happened on ouer hometrip. The population of the towns we passed thugh, both Mexican and Pueblo were rejoysing as they saw the released prisoners.

The Nabajo Indians are different from the Pueblo & others, they have more regular features and a good deal fairer complection, some of them might almost be taken for white men indeed I saw one with red hair and frekel face, one thing strange to us was, that, the cautes [Coyotes] or other varmints, wouldn't touch the dead bodies of the Indians, while they devoured one of ouer Mules which was killed in the fight, in one night.

After we got back to Santa Fe we learned that peace was made, and I aimed to take my discharge there in order to take a position there by which I could better my condition, bot about that time we received some new recruits, to fill up ouer ranks again among them was my Cousin, William Fuchs, and he insisted on me going back to Ottawa, to which I finally yealded.

having been previosly apointed a corporal, and a vacancy accuring I was apointed as sergeant, for the rest of the term.

On ouer way back to Fort Leavenworth we traveled the same road we came and nothing verry unusual happened Except that we ware water-bound att Ponniefork [Pawnee Fork] for 3 days bot finally constructed a raft out of floating timber we carried the wagons across and swam the cattle, which we also had to do on Walnut Creek. Att Ponnry fork, Mr. Abry [F. X. Aubry], a Santa Fe trader overtook us. he was making his fast trip over the plains; he paid a man \$5.00 to swim his horses across and then took a nap he charged the officer to wake him up after 15 minutes, bot after 15 minutes he awoke without being called, mounted his horse and went on. he made the quickest trip, ever made on horsback.⁵

At fort Leavenworth we ware put on the steamer Ployboy [Plough Boy], to be taken to Alton to be discharged bot about 18 miles above Jefferson Citie the boat struck a snage and sunk. I with many others was on the Hurriken deck, bot seing that she was sinking and making for the shore I went down to the boiler deck to get my knapsack. One of ouer man being drunk and unruly had been tied to a ring on the floor, begged pitiefully to be released I cut the rope As quick as I could graped my knapsack and carried it to the shore. going back to try to get my profision box, I meet the man with a guin trying to kill the officer who had tied him, I took his gun from him and cast it into the water which was then about 3 feet deep on the boilerdeck, so I failed to safe anything more, and there ware no houses near, we had to live on paw-paws, which ware plenty, for 2 days until another steamer [Amelia] took us of. Att Jefferson Citie we ware furnished with bread and such things as could be obtained, enough to last us to Alton. we never found out whether any body gott drowned or not when the boat sunk, there ware about 10 or 12 missing bot some of them came in next day;

All of our Camp Equipage being lost in the boat we boarded att private houses until the 15th Day of October 1848 when we ware paid of and discharged, and then returned per steamer to Ottawa where we ware cordially received by the Citizens, we found the place greatly improved. I put up a shop and worked att my trade for sometime. then swapped my land warrant for a Groserie. I tended groceries the winter of 49 and 50 being verry severe, the Illinois and fox rivers being covered in ice from the first of November until May, and the snow being 4 feet deep, it was rather to cold for me I concluded to go further south, to Arkansas; However after I first came back to Ottawa, I was informed that my brother was in New Orleans I started to go to see him, we landed on the warf in New Orleans about 9 o'clock in the night, and the first thing we heard was that the cholera was raging there. going on Shore and passing a Salon I saw a Bartender with whom I was acquainted, he told me that my Brother was there and he could show me the place where he worked bot did not know his residens, he told me to stay until next morning and he would go with me, he put me into a bed in a long room where about 40 more slept, during the night many of them groaned, and I was sure there ware some Cholera patients, Especially as I had seen crepe tacked on the door of adjoining houses, and I began to feel griped. and was certain I was teking

the cholera, I walked the floor and tried to find an outlet, but could not, I got worse, until about 3 o'clock in the morning, I heard the bartender, I rapped on the door which he opened, I told him how I felt, and he gave me some Brandy with peppermint, which eased me and I found that it was nothing but imagination in me. next morning he showed me the place where my Brother John Adam Buercklin worked, I found him in the shop, he immediately quit his work and we went to his residence, after which I had no more symptoms of Cholera, I remained with him about 2 weeks, during the time the papers stated there were about 300 deaths per day, from there I went to Nashville where the Cholera had also made its appearance; stayed there with an acquaintance, by the name of Leonhard, with whom I had crossed the Ocean; about 2 weeks, then returned to Ottawa, the first man that took the Cholera there was one who had come with me from Nashville and he having no acquaintances there I felt it my duty to attend to him, he died in my arms but it never had any more Effect on me. I had got used to it.

NOTES

1. "On (and around) June 21, [1847] the 'First' regiment, Illinois infantry volunteers (headed by Col. Edward W. B. Newby, Lt. Col. Henderson P. Boyakin, and Maj. Israel B. Donaldson) arrived at Fort Leavenworth, by steamboat, from Alton, Ill. (where, on June 7, the regiment had been organized).
"Destined for Santa Fe, these foot-soldiers remained at the 'Kansas' post till early July. . . . About a dozen Illinois volunteers died—some of measles—at Fort Leavenworth." Louise Barry, *The Beginning of the West* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 692.
2. "July 7.—Beginning this day, and in three detachments, the First ('Newby's') regiment, Illinois infantry volunteers, departed from Fort Leavenworth on the 800-mile march to Santa Fe.
"Lt. Col. Henderson P. Boyakin (of Clinton county, Ill.) with Companies B, C, and E (Capts. John M. Cunningham, Vantrump Turner, and George W. Hook) started on July 7, escorting a train of 30 government wagons, in charge of 'Captain Finley [Findlay] of Westport, Mo.' . . .
"Maj. Israel B. Donaldson, and four companies (A, H, I, and K.), headed by Capts. Thomas Bond, James Hampton, Franklin Niles, and William Kinman, evidently left Fort Leavenworth soon after Boyakin's detachment [Buercklin states that Donaldson's detachment left after Newby rather than before]; apparently escorted across the plains a large number of cattle. The Illinois adjutant general's records show that Capt. Franklin Niles 'died at 110 Creek . . . July 24, 1847.' . . .
"Col. Edward W. B. Newby (of Brown county, Ill.), and the remaining three

companies (D, F, and G), headed by Capts. John C. Moses, Thomas B. Kinney, and Henry J. Reed, [Buercklin was in Company G, commanded by Reed] presumably left Fort Leavenworth not long after the others [Buercklin stated they left prior to Donaldson, which is borne out by other evidence]. . . .

" . . . About September 10 the Illinois troops began to arrive at Santa Fe. Newby reached there on September 11." Barry, *Beginning of the West*, 700-701.

3. "September [1844].—During this month three caravans left Independence, Mo., to take the Santa Fe trail. (1) A Bent, St. Vrain & Co. train (about 20? Wagons), headed by Charles Bent and Ceran St. Vrain, returning to Bent's Fort, departed about September 6. (2) Albert Speyer, with 25 wagons left in mid-month. (3) Partners Dr. Henry Connelly and Edward J. Glasgow (also [Francisco?] Elguea), with 20(?) wagons set out about September 19.

"They crossed 'Kansas' with no particular difficulty, but 'not far from Willow Bar,' on the Cimarron, Speyer and Connelly & Glasgow were caught in a severe sleet-and-rain storm. Both trains lost many mules (Speyer over 75 in a single night); and were stranded till replacement stock reached them. (Speyer and Connelly went into the New Mexican settlements to purchase mules.) Their wagons had not reached Santa Fe up to November 24." Barry, *The Beginning of the West*, 527.

4. For more information about the Navajo campaign, see Frank McNitt, "Navajo Campaigns and New Mexico, 1847-1848," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XLIII (July 1968): 173-194; Frank McNitt, *Navajo Wars, Military Campaigns, Slave Raids, and Reprisals* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1972).
5. The date was September 14 or 15, 1848. Francis X. Aubry, a 23-year-old Santa Fe trader, had made several speed records for his return trip from Santa Fe to Independence, Mo. Aubry arrived at Independence, Mo., on 5 January 1848, after a 14-day journey overland from Santa Fe. On May 28, 1848, Aubry rode into Independence about an hour before sunrise, having traveled the 780-mile length of the Santa Fe Trail in eight days and ten hours. In September 1848 Aubry made his fastest return trip, departing Santa Fe alone on the morning of September 12. At the crossing of Pawnee Fork he passed Major Donaldson's division of Illinois volunteers, which included Sergeant Henry Buercklin. On September 17 the "Skimmer of the Plains," as Aubry was called, rode into Independence late at night, having traversed the 780 miles in five days and sixteen hours. Of this extraordinary ride, which was never surpassed, the *Missouri Republican* had this to say about Aubry: "On his way he had to swim every stream, was delayed by the transaction of business at Fort Mann, with his own teams which passed that way, and with the various parties of troops; and beside breaking down six horses and walking 20 miles on foot, he made the trip, traveling time only

counted, in about four days and a half! During this time, he slept two and a half hours and ate only six meals. It rained upon him 24 consecutive hours, and nearly 600 miles of the distance was performed in the mud, and yet, what is strange, the rain did not reach Council Grove. . . . We learned from Mr. A. that he made some portions of the trip between Santa Fe and Independence at the rate of 190 miles to the 24 hours. He had no one to accompany him." Barry, *Beginning of the West*, 753-754, 775-776.



HOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

The Frontier Heritage Alliance was recently organized to promote projects on the northern plains. The first project is the Bozeman Trail. The Alliance is off and running with an excellent newsletter. Subscriptions are \$10 per year; send to Frontier Heritage Alliance, 1004 Big Goose Rd, Sheridan WY 82801.

The Santa Fe Trail Center at Larned has revived its newsletter after a lengthy hiatus. *Trail Ruts II* is edited by Alan Hitz. Membership in the Fort Larned Historical Society, which operates the Center, is quite reasonable. For information, contact Director Ruth Olson Peters, SFTC, RR 3, Larned KS 67550.

On April 26 Fort Larned NHS held Bob Dole appreciation day, to honor the retired senator for his support of the site over the years. Dole introduced legislation to add Fort Larned to the National Park Service, and he secured funds for restoration. Dole and a number of federal and state politicians attended.

The Fort Larned Old Guard dedicated the reconstructed bake oven at Fort Larned NHS on April 26. Fresh bread was served to those present. An evening program featured an outstanding living-history presentation by T. Lindsay Baker.

The Fort Larned Old Guard has available the first two of a series of etchings of Fort Larned scenes by renowned artist Michael Jilg. These may be purchased (order form in this issue), and the funds will be used for

FLOG projects at the site.

Harry Myers, Fort Union superintendent and SFTA pinch hitter, presented a series of radio programs on the Trail for international short-wave station KNLS in Alaska. These programs will air in English originally but may be translated into Russian and Mandarin too.

A wagon train reenactment highlights the 150th anniversary of the Mormon trek to Utah, running from Iowa to Salt Lake City. The train is to reach its destination on July 22.

The spring 1997 issue of *Pecos National Historic Park News* contains a series of articles on the Civil War in New Mexico, including the Battle of Glorieta Pass.

Joe Haukebo, publisher of the *Santa Fe Trail Wagon Master* newspaper to celebrate the 175th anniversary received a grant from Sunwest Bank in New Mexico to provide a copy of this fine publication to every public school teacher in the state.

The Native Plant Society of New Mexico will do a botanical survey of Fort Union National Monument this summer. Want to help? Call Mary Whitmore at (505) 454-0683.

Efforts are underway to create a Santa Fe Trail Scenic Byway along the Trail corridor in New Mexico. A committee headed by SFTA member Mike Taylor, Springer, is working with the State Dept. of Tourism to seek funding from the Federal Highway Administration.

On February 27, an out-of-control automobile crashed into the Santa Fe Trail DAR monument located at 2nd St. and US 56 in Larned, KS. The granite marker remained undamaged, but the impact tilted the base. Both front tires of the automobile were blown out.

SFTA Ambassador Paul Bentrup had minor surgery and is reported to be doing fine. He has taken up a new challenge. Recently the Olivas stopped to see him. He was not home. With the help of Pat Heath, he was located at the senior center playing pool, confirming what we all suspected: Bentrup is a hustler.

BECKNELL JOURNAL

(continued from page 1)

follow Becknell's route with any precision. There are several points however where Becknell's party can be located along the future Santa Fe Trail, and those points are so noted in this edition. This is the first time some locations have been identified.

On November 16, 1821, William Becknell and five other men from Missouri were led into the plaza at Santa Fe, New Mexico, by the Alcalde of San Miguel del Vado, José Vicente Villanueva. The following summer Becknell returned to New Mexico with three wagons and a party of 21 men. This reprint of his journal commemorates the 175th anniversary of those events.³

From the *Missouri Intelligencer and Boon's Lick Advertiser*, April 22, 1823:

Journal of two expeditions

FROM

Boon's Lick to Santa Fe.

The following is the journal of Capt. William Becknell, of two expeditions from Boon's Lick to Santa Fe, in the Empire of Mexico, which we long since promised our readers. It is an unvarnished relation of circumstances, and perhaps may not present the reader with that entertainment and gratification of his curiosity which his fancy may anticipate.—Considering, however, that national views are strongly turned towards the occupation of the territory adjacent to the mouth of Columbia River, and that this tour embraces a part of the route; that individual enterprise is again inducing many of our worthy citizens to push their speculations into the same quarter, and that probably new scenes of adventure will appear, and new sources of wealth be opened beyond the promise of these little beginnings, we trust the subject will excite an interest separate from the bare statement of facts, and carry the mind to the contemplation of future results and benefits. It will open a free intercourse, acquaint us with the soil, climate and peculiarities of the interior of that interesting country, and give a new, unexplored & profitable source of trade to Missouri. The adventurous enterprise and hardy habits of this frontier people will soon penetrate beyond the mountains, compete for trade on the shores of the Pacific, and investigate the advantages of that immense country which extends to the south. It is pleasing also to observe the great change which republican ideas and institutions have already effected in

that country.—Monarchy bound in chains and threw into prison all those of our unfortunate countrymen whom accident or business brought within its reach; while republicanism extends the hand of friendship & receives them with the welcome of hospitality. The one did not wish its people to be informed by an intercourse with those of other nations, because it would enable them to comprehend the wickedness, corruption, folly and illiberality of its administration; while the other cheerfully affords the means of diffusing intelligence, knowing that it contributes to the happiness of its people, the prosperity of its institutions and the permanence of its government. The circumstance, also, of taking waggon over an untraced wilderness of nearly one thousand miles, is a novel one, and will impress distant readers with an idea of the boldness and activity of their western brethren.

JOURNAL.

Our company crossed the Missouri near the Arrow Rock ferry on the first day of September, 1821, and encamped six miles from the ferry. The next morning being warm and cloudless, we proceeded on our journey over a beautiful rolling prairie country, and travelled 35 miles, crossing the Petit Osage Plain,⁴ which is justly accounted one of the most romantic and beautiful places in the state. The traveler approaches the plain over a very high point of adjoining prairie; suddenly the eye catches a distant view of the Missouri on the right, and a growth of lofty timber adjoining it, about two miles wide. In front is a perfectly level rich and beautiful plain, of great extent, and diversified by small groves of distant timber, over which is a picturesque view of nearly twenty miles. On the left it is bounded by a branch of the La Mine river,⁵ which is handsomely skirted with timber; while still further in this direction the view is bounded by the fanciful undulations of high prairie. Description cannot do justice to such a varied prospect, or the feelings which are excited in beholding it. This being about the time of equinoctial storms, we suffered some inconvenience for two or three days on, account of rains and a cool and humid atmosphere. Arrived at Fort Osage,⁶ we wrote letters, purchased some medicines, and arranged such affairs as we thought necessary previous to leaving the confines of civilization. The country for several days' travel from Fort Osage, is very handsomely situated, being high prairie, of exceeding fertility; but timber, unfortunately is scarce. On the fourth day after leaving the Fort, I was taken sick in consequence of heat and fatigue induced by chasing two elk which we

had wounded the day before, but which had strength sufficient to elude our pursuit.—Some others of the company complained of illness about this time; but determining not to surrender to trifles, or indulge in delay, until it became absolutely necessary, we continued to travel slowly.

On the 20th we crossed the main Osage,⁷ being nearly all sick and much discouraged. It rained severely, and we were under the necessity of stopping to dry our baggage. On the second day after crossing the Osage, we saw many buffaloe, one of which we killed: we also saw several goats,⁸ but they were so sharp sighted and wild that we could not shoot them. This day we encamped on the waters⁹ of the Arkansas, after travelling over much uneven prairie, almost entirely covered with flint rock. About this time we encountered two days' incessant rain. We halted in a small grove to refresh ourselves, rest our horses and wash our clothes.—We sent out two hunters who killed a deer, and saw some goats and large herds of buffaloe. Late in the evening of Monday the 24th, we reached the Arkansas, having travelled during the day in sight of buffaloe, which are here innumerable. The Arkansas at this place is about three hundred yards wide, very shallow, interrupted by bars, and confined by banks of entire sand—the water has every appearance of being as muddy as that of the Missouri; we, however, crossed one of its branches whose waters were limpid and beautiful, and which was one hundred yards wide a mile from its mouth. We gave this the name of Hope Creek.¹⁰ These streams afford no timber except a few scattering cottonwoods. It is a circumstance of surprise to us that we have not seen Indians, or fresh sign of them, although we have traversed their most frequented hunting ground; but considering their furtive habits, and predatory disposition, the absence of their company, during our journey, will not be a matter of regret. The next day we crossed the Arkansas at a place where it is not more than eighteen inches deep, and encamped on the south bank. We left our encampment early the next morning, and about noon came to a large settlement or town of prairie dogs, which appeared to cover a surface of ten acres. They burrow in the earth, are of a dark brown color, about the size of a pup five or six weeks old, which they nearly resemble in every respect except the ears, which are more like those of the opossum. Having a desire to taste its flesh, I killed one, a small part of which I roasted, but found it strong and unpalatable. Their sense of hearing is acute, and their apprehension of danger so

great that the least noise of approach frightens them to their holes, from which they make continual and vehement barking until a person approaches within fifty or sixty yards of them; they then take to their holes, with their heads elevated above the ground, and continue barking until the approach is very near, when they disappear instantaneously. They often sit erect, with their fore legs hanging down like a bear. We found here a ludicrous looking animal, perfectly unknown to any one of our company; it was about the size of a racoon, of a light grey color, had uncommonly fine fur, small eyes, and was almost covered with long shaggy hair; its toe nails were from one and a half to two inches in length; its meat was tender and delicious. We also killed one of the rabbit species as large as our common fox; it was of a grey color, but its ears and tail were black. It exhibited an agility in running a short distance after it was shot which excelled any thing of the kind we had ever witnessed. We regret the deficiency of our zoological information, which prevents our giving a more scientific and satisfactory account of those animals.¹¹

The evening of the 28th brought us to some very high hills for this country, composed entirely of sand, which had been in sight all day, exhibiting at a distance a luminous or whitish appearance; they are very extensive, and entirely destitute of vegetation. We encamped here, substituting buffaloe manure for fuel. Our lodging was very uncomfortable, in consequence of being exposed to torrents of rain, which poured upon us incessantly till day. The next morning we started early, and killing a buffaloe for breakfast, proceeded again on our journey.—At about one o'clock found ourselves on the celebrated salt plain of the Arkansas.¹² It was about one mile wide; its length we did not ascertain. Its appearance was very different from the idea I had formed from the several descriptions which I had seen.¹³ This, however, might have been owing to the late heavy rains, that had covered the earth three inches deep with water, which we found to be a strong brine. Under the water was an apparent mixture of salt and sand; and in dry weather I have no doubt the appearance of salt would be much greater. So far as the eye can reach; on every side, the country here appears alive with buffaloe and other animals.

About this time we saw five wild horses, being the first we had seen. They had the appearance, at a distance, of being fine large animals. Some difficulties now presented themselves, especially the scarcity of food

for our horses, and timber for fire.

A continual and almost uninterrupted scene of prairie meets the view as we advance, bringing to mind the lines of Goldsmith,

"Or onward where Campania's plain, forsaken, lies

"A weary waste, extending to the skies."

The immense number of animals, however, which roam undisturbed, and feed bountifully upon its fertility, gives some interest and variety to the scenery. The wolves sometimes attack the buffaloe; and whenever an attack is contemplated, a company of from ten to twenty divide into two parties, one of which separates a buffaloe from his herd, and pursues him, while the others head him. I counted twenty-one wolves one morning in a chase of this kind.

We still continue meandering the Arkansas, but travel very slowly in consequence of the continued ill health of some of the party. Our horses here for the first time attempted to leave the encampment; and one strayed off which we never saw afterwards.

The water of the river is here clear, although the current is much more rapid than where we first struck it. Its bed has gradually become narrower, and its channel consequently deeper. The grass in the low lands is still verdant, but in the high prairie it is so short that a rattle-snake, of which there are vast numbers here, may be seen at the distance of fifty yards: they inhabit holes in the ground.

On the 15th, we discovered a lake, which had every appearance of being strongly impregnated with saltpetre. Our horses having become very weak from fatigue and the unfitness of their food, we encamped three days to recruit them and dress some skins for mocassins; during which time we killed three goats and some other game.

On the 21st we arrived at the forks of the river, & took the course of the left hand one.¹⁴ The cliffs become immensely high, and the aspect of the country is rugged, wild and dreary. On the evening of the 23d, we heard the report of a gun, which is the first indication of our being in the neighborhood of Indians.

As yet we have encountered no difficulty for water, but have been destitute of bread or even salt for several weeks.

On the 26th we saw large flocks of mountain sheep, one of which I killed. It had long thick hair; its color was of a dirty blue, with a very fine fur next the skin; a black streak extended from its head to its tail, which is short, and of a lighter color than the body; its rump

and hams were very similar to those of our domestic sheep.

We had now some cliffs to ascend, which presented difficulties almost insurmountable, and we were laboriously engaged nearly two days in rolling away large rocks, before we attempted to get our horses up, and even then one fell and was bruised to death. At length we had the gratification of finding ourselves on the open plain; and two days travel brought us to the Canadian fork, whose rugged cliffs again threatened to interrupt our passage, which we finally effected with considerable difficulty.¹⁵

Nov. 1st, we experienced a keen north-west wind, accompanied with some snow. Having been now traveling about fifty days, our diet being altogether different from what we had been accustomed to; and unexpected hardships and obstacles occurring almost daily, our company is much discouraged; but the prospect of a near termination of our journey excites hope and redoubled exertion, although our horses are so reduced that we only travel from eight to fifteen miles per day. We found game scarce near the mountains, and one night encamped without wood or water.—On the 4th, and several subsequent days, found the country more level and pleasant—discovered abundance of iron ore, and saw many wild horses. After several days' descent towards Rock river,¹⁶ on Monday the 12th we struck a trail, and found several other indications which induced us to believe that the inhabitants had here herded their cattle and sheep. Timber, consisting of pine and cottonwood, is more plentiful than we have found it for some time.

On Tuesday morning the 13th, we had the satisfaction of meeting a party of Spanish troops.¹⁷ Although the difference of our language would not admit of conversation, yet the circumstances attending their reception of us, fully convinced us of their hospitable disposition and friendly feelings. Being likewise in a strange country, and subject to their disposition, our wishes lent their aid to increase our confidence in their manifestations of kindness. The discipline of the officers was strict, and the subjection of the men appeared almost servile. We encamped with them that night, and the next day about 1 o'clock, arrived at the village of St. Michael,¹⁸ the conduct of whose inhabitants gave us grateful evidence of civility and welcome. Fortunately I here met with a Frenchman, whose language I imperfectly understand, and hired him to proceed with us to Santa Fe, in the capacity of an interpreter. We left here early the next morning. During the day passed another village,

named St Baw, and the remains of an ancient fortification, supposed to have been constructed by the aboriginal Mexican Indians.¹⁹ The next day, after crossing a mountainous country, we arrived at Santa Fe and were received with apparent pleasure and joy. It is situated in a valley of the mountains, on a branch of the Rio del Norte or North river, and some twenty miles from it. It is the seat of government of the province; is about two miles long and one mile wide, and compactly settled. The day after my arrival I accepted an invitation to visit the Governor,²⁰ whom I found to be well informed and gentlemanly in manners; his demeanor was courteous and friendly. He asked many questions respecting my country, its people, their manner of living, &c.; expressed a desire that the Americans would keep up an intercourse with that country, and said that if any of them wished to emigrate, it would give him pleasure to afford them every facility.—The people are generally swarthy, and live in a state of extreme indolence and ignorance. Their mechanical improvements are very limited, and they appear to know little of the benefit of industry, or the advantage of the arts. Corn, rice and wheat are their principal productions; they have very few garden vegetables, except the onion, which grows large and abundantly; the seeds are planted nearly a foot apart, and produce onions from four to six inches in diameter. Their atmosphere is remarkably dry, and rain is uncommon, except in the months of July and August. To remedy this inconvenience, they substitute, with tolerable advantage, the numerous streams which descend from the mountains by damming them up, and conveying the water over their farms in ditches.—Their domestic animals consist chiefly of sheep, goats, mules and asses. None but the wealthy have horses and hogs. Like the French they live in villages the rich keeping the poor in dependance and subjection. Laborers are hired for about three dollars per month: their general employment is that of herdsmen, and to guard their stock from a nation of Indians called Navohoes, who sometimes murder the guards and drive away their mules and sheep. The circumstance of their farms being wholly unfenced, obliges them to keep their stock some distance from home. The walls of their houses are two or three feet thick, built of sun-dried brick, and are uniformly one story high, having a flat roof made of clay, and floors of the same material.—They do not know the use of plank and have neither chairs nor tables although the rich have a rough imitation of our settee, which answers the treble purpose

of chair, table and bedstead.

My company concluded to remain at St. Michael, except Mr. M'Laughlin, and we left that village December 13, on our return home, in company with two other men who had arrived there a few days before, by a different route.²¹ At the time we started the snow was eighteen inches deep, but the quantity diminished as we reached the high lands, which we thought an extraordinary circumstance. On the 17th day of our journey we arrived at the Arkansas, & thence shaped our course over the high land which separates the waters of that and the Caw rivers. Among the Caw Indians we were treated hospitably, purchased corn from them, and in forty-eight days from the time of our departure reached home, much to our satisfaction. We did not experience half the hardships anticipated, on our return. We had provisions in plenty, but Boreas²² was sometimes rude, whose unwelcome visits we could not avoid, and whose disagreeable effects our situation often precluded us from guarding against. We had, however, but one storm of snow or rain on our return, but were sometimes three or four days without a stick of timber. In such exigencies we again had recourse to buffalo manure, which is a good substitute for fuel and emits great heat.

Having made arrangements to return, on the 22d day of May, 1822 I crossed the Arrow Rock ferry, and on the third day our company, consisting of 21 men, with three waggons, concentrated. No obstacle obstructed our progress until we arrived at the Arkansas, which river we crossed with some difficulty, and encamped on the south side. About midnight our horses were frightened by buffalo, and all strayed—28 were missing. Eight of us, after appointing a place of rendezvous, went in pursuit of them in different directions, and found eighteen. Two of this company discovered some Indians, and being suspicious of their intentions, thought to avoid them by returning to camp; but they were overtaken, stripped, barbarously whipped, and robbed of their horses, guns and clothes. They came in about midnight, and the circumstance occasioned considerable alarm. We had a strong desire to punish these rascally Osages, who commit outrages on those very citizens from whom they receive regular annuities. One other man was taken by the same party to their camp, and probably would have shared like treatment, had not the presence of Mr. Choteau restrained their savage dispositions. He sent word to me that he had recovered the horses & guns which had been taken from our men, and requested me to come on the next morn-

ing and receive them. On our arrival at his camp we found it evacuated, but a short note written on bark instructed me to follow him up the Autawge river. This we declined, thinking that his precipitate retreat indicated some stratagem or treachery. These Indians should be more cautiously avoided and strictly guarded against than any others on the route.

Mr. Heath's company on the same route joined us here.²³ The hilarity and sociability of this gentleman often contributed to disperse the gloomy images which very naturally presented themselves on a journey of such adventure and uncertainty. After six days of incessant fatigue in endeavoring to recover all our horses, we once more left our camp, and after travelling eight days up the Arkansas, struck a south-west course for the Spanish country. Our greatest difficulty was in the vicinity of Rock river, where we were under the necessity of taking our waggon up some high and rocky cliffs by hand.²⁴

We arrived again at St. Michael in 22 days from the Arkansas. We saluted the inhabitants with 3 rounds from our rifles, with which they appeared much pleased. With pleasure I here state, that the utmost harmony existed among our company on the whole route & acknowledge the cheerfulness with which assistance was always rendered to each other. We separated at St. Michael for the purpose of trading more advantageously. Some of the company, among whom was Mr. Heath, remained there, and others I did not see again until my return. On our return we took a different course from that pursued on our way out, which considerably shortened the route, and arrived at Fort Osage in 43 days.²⁵

Those who visit that country for the purpose of vending merchandise will do well to take goods of excellent quality and unfaded colors.—An idea prevails among the people there, which certainly is a very just one, that the goods hitherto imported into their country, were the remains of an old stock, & sometimes damaged. A very great advance is obtained on goods, and the trade very profitable; money and mules are plenty, and they do not hesitate to pay the price demanded for an article if it suits their purposes, or their fancy. The administration of their government, although its form is changed, is still very arbitrary, and the influence which monarchy had on the minds and manners of the people still remains, which is displayed by the servility of the lower orders to the wealthy.

An excellent road may be made from Fort Osage to Santa Fe. Few places would require much labor to render them passable; and a road

might be so laid out as not to run more than thirty miles over the mountains.

NOTES

1. The *Missouri Historical Review* in its issue of January 1910 titled its printing of the Becknell Journal: "The Journals of Capt. Thomas Becknell, from Boone's Lick to Santa Fe, and from Santa Cruz to Green River." Max Moorhead in his excellent edition of Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), 13 note 11, said that the record of William Becknell's expedition was kept by his brother (Thomas). There is absolutely no evidence that the journal was kept by Becknell's brother. There is no mention of a Thomas Becknell in any of the issues of the *Franklin Missouri Intelligencer* or any of the other related Santa Fe Trail material or Becknell biography. This would lead one to question whether William had a brother Thomas.
2. Mike Olsen and Harry Myers, "The Diary of Pedro Ignacio Gallego Wherein 400 Soldiers Following the Trail of Comanches Met William Becknell on his First Trip to Santa Fe," *Wagon Tracks*, 7 (November 1992): 1, 15-20.
3. Ibid.; Louise Barry, *The Beginning of the West* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1972), 97, 105-106.
4. "Between Grand Pass and Malta Bend, the highway crosses the southern edge of the broad lowlands that extend north to the Missouri River. French explorers and fur trappers called the area Les Plaines des Petites Osages (Fr., the plains of the Little Osage), for the Indians who once lived here." Missouri State Highway Department, *Missouri, A Guide to the "Show Me" State* (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941), 479.
5. This is probably the Salt Fork, a tributary of the Blackwater River which joins the LaMine River.
6. Fort Osage is at the north city limits of present Sibley, Missouri, 14 miles north-east of Independence on the right bank of the Missouri River. Built in 1808 it was the westernmost fur-trading factory of the U. S. factory system and, due to the efforts of factor George Champlin Sibley, the only profitable one. Fort Osage was also for a time the westernmost U. S. military post. It was officially closed in 1822, and Sibley attempted to operate it as a private trading enterprise from 1822 to 1824 but failed. Today the fort has been partially restored as a Jackson County park.
7. They were west of present Wilmington, Kansas, on or near 142 Mile Creek.
8. The "goats" were pronghorn antelope.
9. The party was at or east of Council Grove on the Neosho River or one of its tributaries.
10. Hope Creek was probably Cow Creek.
11. The two animals described were undoubtedly a badger and a jackrabbit.
12. If we take Becknell's word, and there is no reason not to, that he is sticking close to the Arkansas River, then this salt plain is the group of salt marshes about 15 to 20 miles southeast of present Great Bend and Ellinwood, Kansas, that comprise the Quivira National Wildlife Ref-

uge. From the travel times, it would appear that the group crossed the Arkansas River a little north of present Hutchinson, Kansas. This is farther east and south of the traditional location of where the Santa Fe Trail met the Arkansas River. Becknell was also cutting through the Great Bend of the Arkansas instead of going around it, as the later Trail did.

13. This statement supports the presumption that Becknell did not set out into an unknown wilderness but was well informed about a route across the plains to northern Mexico.
14. The left hand fork is the Purgatoire. See Olsen and Myers, "Diary of Pedro Ignacio Gallego," 16-18.
15. They followed the Purgatoire to the junction with Chacuaco Creek and up that creek until the cañon walls close in. This is where they had difficulty getting out. Once out on the plain, they had two days of easy travel and then reached the "Canadian fork" or, as it is best known today, the Dry Cimarron. Both before and after Becknell, others called the Dry Cimarron the "Canadian Fork," although it is actually a tributary of the Arkansas River. The North Canadian River in present Oklahoma, formed by the junction of Beaver and Wolf creeks, is a tributary of the Canadian.
16. The Rock River is the main Canadian River. Becknell's party traveled southwest from the Dry Cimarron, probably in the vicinity of present Folsom, New Mexico, to a point probably near the Rock Crossing of the Canadian, east and a bit south of present Springer, New Mexico.
17. See the Gallego Diary for an account of the encounter from the other side. This meeting took place a little south of present Las Vegas, New Mexico, at a gap in the creston called Kearny Gap. William Becknell and his five men were met by Captain Don Pedro Ignacio Gallego and 445 regular soldiers, militia men, and Pueblo Indians. Olsen and Myers, "Diary of Pedro Ignacio Gallego," 18.
18. San Miguel, New Mexico, was settled in 1794 at a crossing of the Pecos River. The interpreter was José Vicente Villanueva, who had accompanied Pedro Vial to St. Louis in 1792, served in the Santa Fe Presidio, and was alcalde of San Miguel in 1821. Ibid., 20; Harry C. Myers, "Don Pedro Ignacio Gallego, José Vicente Villanueva y Cavo Juan Lucero and the Beginnings of Trade on the Santa Fe Trail," *Herencia*, 3 (July 1995): 1-10.
19. The "ancient fortification" was actually Pecos Pueblo. The Catholic church and its compound, built beside the pueblo, as well as the wall around the historic pueblo, resembled a walled fortress.
20. Facundo Melgares was governor of New Mexico 1818-1822. He had led a large military force across the plains to present Kansas and Nebraska in 1806, just prior to Zebulon M. Pike's venture westward to New Mexico that same year. Barry, *Beginning of the West*, 53. Since Becknell and Melgares had traversed some of the same territory, it would be interesting to know if they compared notes and discussed routes across the plains.
21. Except for Mr. M'Laughlin, the men who

accompanied Becknell to New Mexico in 1821 remain unidentified. The two additional men who returned with him were probably from the John McKnight-Thomas James party who arrived in Santa Fe on December 1, 1821, just a few days after Becknell.

22. Boreas is the god of the north wind.
23. For John G. Heath see, William H. H. Allison, "John G. Heath," *New Mexico Historical Review*, VI (October 1931): 360-375.
24. Like the caravan in 1825, Becknell arrived at the Canadian River south of the Rock Crossing where the deep cañon impeded travel. The 1825 caravan headed south along the cañon rim and descended the Canadian escarpment north of present Conchas dam, and followed the old Conchas road into San Miguel. Perhaps Becknell did the same or perhaps he lowered and raised his wagons into and out of the rugged cañon. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 348-349.
25. There has been much speculation about which routes Becknell used on his return from his first trip and going and returning on his second journey. However, his accounts of these trips are very vague, and one could argue for a number of different routes based on the same information.

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

President Helen C. Brown
PO Box 1400
Elkhart KS 67950
(316) 697-4597

The chapter continues with preparations for the September symposium. Programs and registration materials were sent to all SFTA members in April. We hope everyone is planning to attend.

Texas Panhandle

President Kathy Revett
3505 Cinderella
Amarillo TX 79121-1607
(806) 358-7320

No report.

Wagonbed Springs

President Jeff Trotman
727 N Cheyenne
Ulysses KS 67880
316-356-1854

The quarterly meeting was held January 9, 1997. Mr. and Mrs. David Hutchison, SFTA director from Oklahoma and coordinator for the 1997 symposium, were special guests.

Sheriff Lonnie Lee shared slides and narration of the discovery of the bones of a child, nine or ten years old, that had been buried in the bank of

the Cimarron River near Wagonbed Spring for at least 100-200 years. He was hoping someone had information that would help discover the identity.

The chapter continued with plans to help with the symposium in September. The new officers elected were Jeff Trotman, Edward Dowell, Lois Hileman, Marjorie Persinger, and Marion McGlohon.

We have had 630 registered visitors at the Wagonbed Spring site.

A quarterly meeting was held April 10 to review and complete plans for the symposium. The symposium will meet in the Ulysses area on September 24.

Heart of the Flint Hills

President Donald B. Cress
RR 1 Box 66
Council Grove KS 66846
(316) 767-5826

A special meeting March 5 completed plans for the 1997 Trail Ride. Lawrence Krouse had spent a lot of hours, phone calls, and miles traveled to make the arrangements. The ride will be on the Oregon Trail beginning at the Jeffrey Energy Center north of Belvue, KS, May 31, proceeding west to Westmoreland. On June 1 the riders will continue north and west, arriving at the Hollenburg Pony Express Station on June 6. Those interested can proceed on to the Rock Creek Station in Nebraska June 8. A water wagon and portable Johnnie will be provided. For more information write to Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter, 130 Main Street, Council Grove KS 66846.

End of the Trail

President John Barnes
2213 Calle Cacique
Santa Fe NM 87505
(505) 983-5553

On March 15, 1997, the chapter met at LaFarge Library. The members authorized the expenditure of \$1000 to purchase approved Trail-crossing signs for the 12 most significant locations within the city limits. Half of that amount will come from funds designated for the 1997 celebration, and authorization of the expenditure was contingent on approval by our Entrada Committee.

The program was a slide presentation of member and photographer extraordinaire Larry Lyon's photos of Entrada activities, recording people,

places, and happenings of that wonderful day in the life of our chapter.

The Entrada Committee is working on the form of our summer wind-up of the 175th celebration.

The Markers Committee is completing plans for purchase and installation of the "XING" signs. The committee and directors hosted a reception March 9 at Secretary Joyce Remke's home for the property owners of the sites chosen to be marked. The purpose and the process of installation was explained and pertinent information was distributed to the guests. Although the markers are to be placed on city easements, we felt it was important to advise and educate people and obtain their approval before placing the markers near their homes. The party was enjoyed by all, but some guests had mixed feelings about the signs—even more education seems to be needed.

The Education Committee is seeking a grant to fund production of a slide program about the Santa Fe Trail that can be used in the schools.

New Mexico's public television station, KNME, has produced a documentary about the Santa Fe Trail, entitled "Each Turn of the Wheel." They have made the video available, and we have scheduled two receptions at private homes for the chapter membership to view it.

As a part on the ongoing 175th anniversary, the Palace of the Governors has invited the chapter to join in their Mountain Man Rendezvous, August 13-17. The centerpiece will be a lecture by Marc Simmons, Aug. 15. The chapter will hold a film festival Aug. 14 and 15. The Entrada Committee is also considering the feasibility of sponsoring a La Doña Tules concert and fandango.

Our next regular meeting will be a field trip to the Ocate Crossing area on Saturday May 17.

Corazon de los Caminos

President LeRoy LeDoux
PO Box 94
Wagon Mound NM 87752
(505) 666-2262

The board of directors met February 3 with all members present. President LeDoux presided. The program committee proposed a full slate of programs for 1997 which was accepted by the board.

Marie Greene proposed that a

joint meeting of the Trail Associations be held as a workshop at the symposium in Clayton. Mary Whitmore proposed that the chapter sponsor a Trail booth at Heritage Days in Las Vegas April 26-27. The board supported both proposals.

Nancy Robertson reported that funds have been appropriated for improvements at old Raton Pass Overlook, and asked that the board apply for signage funds from the SFTA. Mary Whitmore will help design the sign. Robertson also reported that the Scenic Byway Advisory Committee would meet February 22.

Anne Swenson presented the board three beautiful aerial photographs of the Trail (Point of Rocks, Rock Crossing, Naranjo) taken by the late Paul Logsdon and printed from negatives by Morris Eiland.

The board regretfully received the resignations of Sally Ludi as membership chair, Wink Winkel as newsletter editor, and Milt Swenson as archivist and librarian. Richard Greene volunteered to serve as membership chair. Stephen Whitmore agreed to edit the first newsletter. A volunteer for the remainder of the year is badly needed.

On March 16, following lunch at the Santa Clara Cafe, the business meeting was called to order by President LeDoux.

Stephen Whitmore reviewed the 1997 programs. He also reported that the National Park Service intends to complete certification this summer for the Raton Museum, the Aztec Mill at Cimarron, Doolittle Ranch at Watrous, and the Rock Crossing of the Canadian River east of Springer.

Nancy Robertson reported progress toward marking the Trail sites and crossings. We are seeking permission of the National Park Service to use their Trail logo on our signs.

Diana Stein has accepted appointment as chapter archivist and librarian. Books, manuscripts, and other publications are housed in our archives in the Carnegie Public Library in Las Vegas. Joe and Diana Stein have donated a copy of *Fort Union and the Winning of the Southwest* by Chris Emmett to the archives in memory of Andrew Marshall of the Union Land and Grazing Company, who donated the land for

Fort Union National Monument.

Jack Urban announced that he will publish a second edition of the *The Santa Fe Trail Wagon Master* in the near future; 30,000 copies will be distributed to communities along the Trail. The first edition was a big success. LeRoy thanked Jack and his staff for their hard work and dedication to the Trail.

Mary Whitmore asked for volunteers to staff the Corazon booth at Heritage Days in Las Vegas April 26-27. Harry Myers asked members to consider nominations to the board of directors of SFTA. The chapter voted unanimously to nominate Faye and Pete Gaines of Point of Rocks for the SFTA landowners' award to be given at the symposium.

Willard Lewis, president of the Salida Del Sol (Sunrise) Chapter of the Old Spanish Trail Association, presented the program on the history of the Old Spanish Trail, a 1200-mile historic trade route from Santa Fe to Los Angeles which witnessed a brief but furious heyday between 1830 and 1848.

Richard Greene, chapter member who also belongs to the Southwest Chapter of OCTA, spoke about the Southern Trail that ran from Missouri to California and his mapping experiences on the trail with the Southwest Chapter.

The April 20 meeting was held at the village of San Agustin located about ten miles south of Las Vegas in the Gallinas River valley.

Congratulations to member Patti Olsen, who was awarded a "Golden Apple" for excellence in teaching, one of five such awards from the Golden Apple Foundation of New Mexico.

The End of the Trail Chapter has invited Corazon members to join them for a trip to Ocate Crossing on May 17. The Corazon Chapter meeting is May 18 at Springer and on the Taos Trail for a program by Mike Olsen and Harry Myers about the pack trail to Taos.

Wet/Dry Routes

President Janice Klein
3008 Anna Ave
Dodge City KS 67801

The spring meeting was at Offerle on April 13, 1997. Reports included an update on the marking project; dedication of Henry Booth Blvd historic street in Larned on May 24; the

talking tombstone program at Larned Cemetery on May 26; the May 3-4 traveling seminar of the Trail in Pawnee, Edwards, and Ford counties, KS; the Murder on the Santa Fe Trail Seminar, June 14; the introduction of literature to be presented to new members; and the fall symposium. Richard Ford presented a report of the mapping project being undertaken by the SFTA.

Members voted to purchase two additional plaques for the markers in Pawnee and Ford counties and four plaques for the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road. Another workday was scheduled for May 10, 1997. David Clapsaddle presented a first-person interpretation of Richard Blinn, husband of Clara Blinn. She and son Willie were captured by Cheyennes in 1868. Clapsaddle told of Blinn's search for his family.

The summer meeting will be at the Clapsaddle residence in Larned at a date in July to be announced. Other chapter news follows.

The Duncan's Crossing sign which was vandalized last fall is being restored by Jack and Rusti Gardner.

Eight chapter members participated in a work day February 16 at Ralph Baird Motor in Larned. Mr. Baird, a chapter member, kindly donated the use of his shop facility for the mounting of bronze plaques on limestone posts. Seven markers were completed and will be installed soon. These markers identify camp sites used by the 1825 survey team. A departure from the 5" x 11" markers used at the other sites, all survey-team campsite plaques measure 5" x 8". The smaller dimension is intended to help people following the Trail more easily identify the survey-team campsites. One such marker is already in place at Sibley's Camp in Larned, and one will be added to the Coon Creek Crossing marker previously placed one mile west of Garfield. A third plaque will be added to the Sibley's Ridge marker one mile east of Garfield.

On March 3, three of the markers were placed: the first northeast of Larned on Ash Creek, the second just east of Kinsley, and the third near the Wetzel ruts south of Offerle.

Other projects include removal of the retaining wall on the east side of Sibley's camp in Larned, preparation

of an interpretive sign to be placed at the campsite, placing a sign at the intersection of West 2nd St and US 56 to direct visitors to Sibley's campsite, and a traveling exhibit of commentary and photographs of Sibley's camp to display at the symposium in September. The exhibit will be available for other groups to display in their communities.

Joanne VanCoevern is preparing a revised edition of chapter's *Self-Guided Auto Tour of the Santa Fe Trail in Pawnee, Edwards, and Ford Counties, Kansas*. The original, published in 1993, is out of print.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge

President A. Ted Mueller
508 Annette
Dodge City KS 67801
(316) 225-2371

The spring meeting on April 18 was well attended, probably due to the enjoyable and informative program. David Clapsaddle gave a historical presentation of George Bent.

We are excited about our summer meeting to be held July 15, 1997, in Eisenhower Hall at Fort Dodge, KS. Mike and Belinda Adams will return and again present their program, "Western Expansion." This special Trail program was presented July 6, 1996, at Warner Grove as one of the 175th celebration events. The temperature that day may have prevented many people from attending.

The chapter is bringing back this outstanding presentation and moving indoors to Eisenhower Hall. Mike and Belinda utilize first-person interpretation to reenact the life and experience of Victoria Westman, school teacher, and Charles Taggart, wagon scout, on the Trail in the 1840s and 1850s.

Improvements at the Trail ruts west of Dodge City are being made in cooperation with the National Park Service. Plans are for the work to be completed by Memorial Day. If you travel Highway US 50 this summer, stop at the site eight miles west of Dodge City.

Missouri River Outfitters

President Anne Mallinson
964 NW 600
Centerview MO 64019
(816) 2307228

MRO met April 20 at 2:00 p.m. for a walking tour of the Independence Square, led by Pauline and Eric

Fowler. Thanks to them for their time and expertise. Members elected officers and voted to revise the by-laws to eliminate term limits.

Both Lou Schumacher and Roger Slusher have been nominated for SFTA board of directors at the national level. Look for their biographical information in this issue.

MRO met at the Mahaffie Farmstead in Olathe at 2:00 p.m. on May 1. After the meeting those present toured the house and grounds.

Louis Schumacher, chairman of the mapping committee, has sent a preliminary report to SFTA mapping chairman Phil Peterson, and the MRO mapping committee continues to research records for our area of jurisdiction.

Quivira

President Wayne Smith
1635 2nd Rd
Raymond KS 67573-9624
(316) 534-2821

No report.

Cottonwood Crossing

President Vernon Lohrentz
205 Beverly
Newton KS 67114
(316) 284-2095

The officers for 1997 are President Vernon Lohrentz, V-P John Weibe, Secretary Gil Michel, Treasurer Bil Silverstrand, Historian Dale Brooks, Board Members George Schutte and Ed Costello.

The quarterly meeting was held February 13 at the Red Barn Cafe in Durham, President Lohrentz presiding. Twenty members were present. Secretary Michel reported that the application for matching funds from the National Park Service was submitted on January 26. It may be six months before a reply is received.

Members approved the motion to grant Randolph Schmidt a free chapter membership for one year. John Dick reported on the abandoned railroad right-of-way from near French Frank's Ranch to the Ed Miller grave, a distance of about two miles. Dick suggested that this could become a historic walking path since a number of historic events occurred in the area during Trail days. After discussion, it was decided the project may not be feasible and was set aside for the present.

John Wiebe reported on his trip to

Santa Fe and Las Vegas, NM. This concluded the year-long celebration of the Santa Fe Trail. He showed slides and pictures of some of the activities and historic sites.

On May 14 the chapter met at Cheryl's Cafe in Canton. Most of the business session was devoted to the mapping committee. Questions were raised: What will this mean for landowners? Can signs be placed on fence lines to avoid state rights-of-way, without appreciably invading private property? Is every aspect of the meticulous documentation always necessary? Several persons volunteered to work with the chapter mapping chairman, John Dick.

The next meeting will be August 14 (evening) at Elm Springs, seven miles northwest of Durham. This was an important stop on the Chisholm Trail. A potluck picnic is planned.

Bent's Fort Chapter

President Lolly Ming
1841 County Rd DD
Pritchett CO 81064
(719) 523-6968

The following officers were elected for 1997: President Lolly Ming, V-P Earl Casteel, Secretary LaDonna Hutton, Library Chairman Virginia Pointon, Fund-Raising Chairman Betty Choat, Newsletter Chairman Teresa Kesterson, Tour Chairman Dale Kesterson, and Board Members Joan Casebolt, Nancy Robertson, Angel and Joyce Passini, and Dottie Lou Riggs.

On April 5, 1997, chapter members enjoyed an interesting day touring the stage station sites along the Purgatoire Canyonland located in the Piñon Canyon Maneuver Site. The group of 40 in 10 vehicles first toured the Stage Canyon Station located in Bent Canyon. They traveled to two other stations, Lockwood Canyon Stage Station and Hog Back Stage Station. Lecturers at individual sites were Jesse Scott of Garden City, KS, and Richard Carrillo of La Junta, CO. As an added excursion, a U. S. Army archaeologist took the group to a site along the hog backs where there were some 265 Indian art relics. Jamie Kingsbury, Comanche National Grasslands, organized the tour.

On May 3 chapter members visited the Wilson Ranch, south of Las

Animas, Bent County, to view petroglyphs and other rock art.

A Day at Boggsville is scheduled for June 14. Phil Peterson and Richard Carrillo will present an educational program about historic Boggsville, explaining its connection to the Trail and surrounding area.

The chapter will join with the Co-raron Chapter on July 19 for a tour of Trail sites between Raton and Cimarron, NM.

HELP WANTED

I am seeking information about Strother Renick (1804-1891), an older brother of my great-great-grandfather. He reportedly made several trips to Mexico in the 1820s.

The following information, along with a portrait of Strother, was in an old book in the Higginsville, MO, library. I do not know the title, but it has biographical sketches of prominent citizens of Lafayette County, MO, published around 1904.

"Strother Renick was born in Barren County, Ky., January 19, 1804, and remained on a farm until fifteen years of age. In 1820 he removed to Missouri, following his father, who had come in 1819, and made a claim near the site of Wellington. In 1822, having attracted the attention of Gen. McRea, a man of means and enterprise, our subject was employed by the latter to take a small stock of goods on pack mules over the then trackless prairies to Mexico, known in those days as the 'Spanish country.' During this trip, while detained and snowbound on the banks of the Arkansas River, he attained the nineteenth anniversary of his birth, January 19, 1823. Proving successful on this trading expedition, he returned to Missouri and afterward made several similar trips for himself. He was absent on these expeditions to Mexico some six years in all, during which time he accumulated the money that laid the foundation of the large fortune afterward acquired. In this way he learned to speak the Spanish language with fluency, which knowledge was afterward called into requisition by the Circuit Court, when he acted as interpreter in the trial of a Spaniard for murder at the Court House in the old town of Lexington."

I would appreciate any information that would bear on Strother Renick's (or Gen. McRea's) ventures to Mexico. It surely took some nerve to head out through Indian country in 1822. I would like to know more about the Santa Fe Trail Association and will appreciate any help.

Fred Campbell
3312 Chatterton Drive
San Angelo TX 76904
(915) 944-4002

We would welcome you as a member of SFTA. There is brief mention of Strother Renick in Wagon Tracks, 4 (Aug. 1991), 6. From the above quotation, it appears Renick was with the 1822-1823 party of traders, led by James Baird, Samuel Chambers, and William Anderson (reported to contain from 20 to 50 men and 60 pack mules), caught in a blizzard in present Ford County, KS. They lost their mules and cached their trade goods in large pits north of the Arkansas River, creating the famous Caches landmark noted by so many later travelers. If anyone has information sought, please share it with Mr. Campbell and Wagon Tracks.

Editor

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.

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIPS

Geary County Historical Society, 530 N Adams St, Junction City KS 66441
New Mexico State Library/Acquisitions, 325 Don Gasper, Santa Fe NM 87501
Parners & Company, 972 Old Santa Fe Trail, Santa Fe NM 87501

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Leslie & Virginia Bitner, PO Box 447, Walsh CO 81090
David & Marlene Blevins, PO Box 185, Cimarron NM 87714
Edward & Helen Brandfas, 702 Bellevue Ave, La Junta CO 81050
M/M Don Brittain, 8017 Cielo Vista, El Paso TX 79925
C. A. Dupree Family, 315 N Main, Holly CO 81047
Jack & Laressa Gardner, 801 Vernon Dr, Larned KS 67550
Charles & Barbara Hume, PO Box 177,

Springfield CO 81073-0177

Joel & Judy Kaufman, 214 Oak Park Terr, Midwest City OK 73110

Peggy & Myrna Kaufman, 6005 W 21st St, Greeley CO 80634

Ted, Linda, & Kerri Lonnberg, 25001 Rd MM, Bristol CO 81047

Walter & Sara Messmer, 2708-C Heradura Rd, Santa Fe NM 87505

David & Ann Porter, 1814 Sun Mountain Dr, Santa Fe NM 87505

Bill & Cornelia Varnell, 813 Bungalow, Canadian TX 79014

Frank & Opal Wylie, 7101 Edgewood, Shawnee KS 66203

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Ruby Birdwell, 421 Oak St, Clayton NM 88415

Faith Blakkeley, RR 9 Box 56, Santa Fe NM 87505

Ralph G. Braun, PO Box 211, Council Grove KS 66846

Marilyn Decker, 526 Cook Ave, Raton NM 88740

Leonard Dooley, 3001 Memorial Dr, Lamar CO 81052

Norrene Harker, 48522 Snead Dr, Burlington CO 80807

Marilyn C. Gross, 5133 Orleans, El Paso TX 79924

Marylynn Helzerman, 12755 E 30th Ave, Aurora CO 80011

Nancy Henning, 331 E Santa Fe Trail, Kansas City MO 64145

Alberta B. Holaday, 328 Fourth Ave SW, Jamestown ND 58401

Regina Kealy, PO Box 853, Westminster CO 80030

Wes McKinley, 9635 CR 44, Walsh CO 81090

Ann Moore, 2060 Tabor Dr, Lakewood CO 80215

Derek A. Mosier, 336 Twykingham Place, Manhattan KS 66503

Richrd W. Poole, 815 S Shumard Dr, Stillwater OK 7407

Richard L. Robertson, 23359 Wiegand Ln, Washington IL 61571

Don Shorock, PO Box 501, Great Bend KS 67530

Mildred Shrauner Gilbert, 2139 Tara, Topeka KS 66611

Linda L. Spillman, 26675 Spring Valley Rd, Louisburg KS 66053

Jo Ann Stuard, PO Box 7, Hardesty OK 73944

Jerry Walsh, 10210 W 80th St #337, Overland Park KS 66204

Jordan T. Weills, 12 Verano Loop, Santa Fe NM 87505

Mary Wildeman, PO Box 796, Garden City KS 67846

Charles Wilkinson, Jr., 23501 Co Rd 111.3, Model CO 81059

Dr. John Ziegler, 1120 Bayview Dr, Fort Lauderdale FL 33304

TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send notices for this section; provide location, date, time, and activity. Events scheduled as part of the continuing 175th anniversary celebration are included here. Remember this is a quarterly. The next issue should appear in August, so send information for September and later to arrive by July 20, 1997. Thank you.

June 1, 1996-Oct. 31, 1997: El Rancho de las Golondrinas, NM, special exhibit, La Junta, meeting of the trails, about the Chihuahua Trail (Camino Real) and the Santa Fe Trail, with emphasis on their impact on Santa Fe and its people. This bilingual exhibit includes period artifacts and hands-on activities. Contact Louann Jordan (505) 471-2261.

June 7, 1997: National Trails Day.

June 7-8, 1997: Frontier Days at Rice-Tremonti Home, Raytown, MO.

June 8, 1997: Santa Fe Trail Ride, Springer, NM (505) 483-2998.

June 8-15, 1997: Santa Fe Trail Rendezvous, NRA Whittington Center, NM (505) 445-3615.

June 13-15, 1997: Wah-Shun-Guh Days, Council Grove, KS (316) 767-5882.

June 14, 1997: Wet/Dry Routes Chapter Seminar, Murder on the Santa Fe Trail.

June 14, 1997: Trinidad, CO, 1:00-4:00 p.m., Grand Opening of Santa Fe Trail Museum (719) 846-7217.

June 14, 1997: "A Day at Boggs-ville," with tour and program by Phil Peterson and Richard Carrillo.

June 14-15, 1997: 12th Annual

Santa Fe Trail Festival, Trinidad CO (719) 846-2985.

June 21, 1997: Fort Union National Monument, First Fort Open (505) 425-8025.

June 21-22, 1997: Bullwacker Days, Mahaffie Farmstead, Olathe KS (913) 782-6972.

July 3-5, 1997: Santa Fe Trail Balloon Rally, Raton, NM.

July 4, 1997: Las Vegas Fiestas, Las Vegas NM (505) 425-8829.

July 4, 1997: Fort Larned NHS, Old Time Independence Day Celebration.

July 4-5, 1997: Santa Fe Trail Celebration, Clayton NM (505) 374-9253.

July 15, 1997: Dodge City/Fort Dodge Chapter program "Western Expansion" at Fort Dodge.

July 19, 1997: Bent's Fort & Corazon chapters will tour Trail sites between Raton and Cimarron, NM (505) 666-2262.

July 19-20, 1997: Fort Union National Monument Cultural Encounters (505) 425-8025.

Aug. 1-3, 1997: Santa Fe Trail Days, Marshall MO (816) 848-2288.

Aug. 2-3, 1997: Rancho de las Golondrinas Festival (505) 471-2261.

Aug. 3, 1997: Historic Buildings Tour, Las Vegas NM (505) 425-8803.

Aug. 6-10, 1997: Palace of the Governors, Santa Fe, Mountain Man Rendezvous and Trade Fair (505) 827-6473.

Aug. 13-17, 1997: OCTA Convention, Pocatello, ID (208) 232-4847.

Aug. 14, 1997: Cottonwood Crossing Chapter meeting at Elm Springs.

Aug. 17, 1997: Corazon Chapter meeting at Ojo Feliz ranch, Wagon

Mound (505) 666-2262.

Aug. 23, 1997: Fort Union National Monument Evening Tour (505) 425-8025.

Aug. 25, 1997: National Park Service Day, special programs at all sites.

Sept. 1, 1997: Santa Fe Trail Days, New Franklin MO (816) 848-2288.

Sept. 1, 1997: Annual Bean Day, Wagon Mound, NM.

Sept. 14-Oct. 3, 1997: Santa Fe Trail Bicycle Trek (505) 982-1282.

Sept. 24-28, 1997: SFTA Symposium, Boise City, OK, Elkhart, KS, and Clayton, NM. Contact 1997 SFTA Symposium, PO Box 655, Boise City OK 73933.

Oct. 11, 1997: Fort Larned NHS candlelight tour; reservations required (accepted starting Sept. 29).

FROM THE EDITOR

THE SFTA nominating committee has done an outstanding job, many qualified members have consented to serve if elected, and it is now every member's duty to vote. SFTA and all its vital chapters need you to be involved with the important missions of the Association.

The September symposium offers opportunities to visit some outstanding Trail sites. Dave Hutchison, the Cimarron Cutoff Chapter, the Cimarron County Historical Society, and many others have organized an exceptional program. Send your registration early.

Don't miss the Murder Seminar at Larned on June 14 and many other fine events scheduled this summer.

Happy Trails!

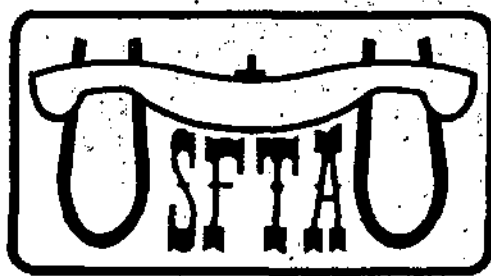
—Leo E. Oliva

WAGON TRACKS

Santa Fe Trail Association

PO Box 31

Woodston, KS 67675



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