

Wagon Tracks

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Santa Fe Trail Association

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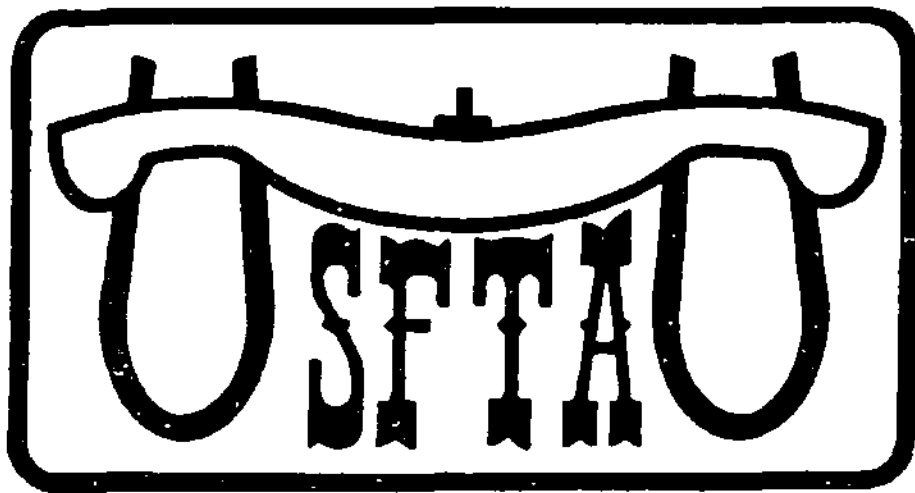


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 9

MAY 1995

NUMBER 3



Juanita Hill and Nancy Robertson behind the reset Clifton House DAR Marker with the remaining section of wall in the background (photo by John Van Sweden).

CLIFTON HOUSE DAR MARKER RESET

by Nancy Robertson

(Nancy Robertson, Raton NM, is a charter member of SFTA and an active member of local chapters. She is a student of the Trail in the region and here uses the resetting of the marker as a springboard to summarize the history of Clifton House, noted stage station on the Mountain Route.)

On December 27, 1994, the Santa Fe Trail marker that was erected at the site of Clifton House by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Territory of New Mexico in 1910 was returned to the location on the present V7 Ranch. Deep appreciation has been expressed by the DAR and the SFTA to District Four of the New Mexico Highway Department, under Max Madrid and Carol Young, who kept the granite monument in storage and safekeeping

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DON'T FORGET

NATIONAL TRAILS DAY: JUNE 3

TRAIL BUSTOUR: SEPT. 8-17

BIKE TREK: SEPT. 17-OCT. 6

SYMPOSIUM: SEPT. 21-24

SYMPOSIUM PLANS SET

A copy of the 1995 Santa Fe Trail Symposium program, scheduled at Larned and Great Bend, KS, September 21-24, is enclosed with this issue. It includes a complete list of events, motel information, and the registration form. Early registration is recommended. Book exhibitors should make arrangements with Steve Linderer, symposium coordinator, when registering. Any questions about the symposium or registration should be directed to him at Fort Larned National Historic Site, RR 3, Larned KS 67550, phone (316) 285-6911.

HAVE YOU VOTED YET?

SFTA members will find enclosed in this issue a ballot for the election of officers and board members, as provided in the revised bylaws adopted at the last symposium. This is the first mail-ballot election. It permits all members to vote rather than only those who attend the business meeting at the biennial symposia.

The nominating committee (Marc Simmons, Bill Pitts, and Margaret Sears) was unable to find more than one candidate willing to serve for most of the positions (although the bylaws specify, "if possible, there shall be at least two nominees for each position other than president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer"), but there is one contest and the opportunity for write-ins for all positions. The ballot is accompanied by brief biographical sketches of the candidates, several of whom also provided a statement of their goals for SFTA.

Please mark the ballot and return to Secretary Ruth Peters no later than July 15, 1995. Your participation, or lack thereof, will determine if the new method of voting is any more democratic than the old.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MET

by Ruth Olson Peters

The SFTA executive committee (Bill Pitts, Ross Marshall, Virginia Fisher, Margaret Sears, and Bill Chalfant, with Secretary-Treasurer Ruth Peters an ex officio member), which was authorized by the revision of the bylaws adopted at the 1993 symposium, met for the first time at the Santa Fe Trail Center at Larned on February 25, 1995. Other board members present were Mary Gamble, David Hutchison, and Dave Webb. Symposium coordinator Steve Linderer also attended, as did Ambassador Paul Bentrup. All action of the committee has to be approved by the SFTA governing board. [Editor's note: a quorum of the governing board was present at this meeting and could have transacted business as the board rather than the executive committee, and technically the executive committee which met was in violation of the bylaws which require that each of the members, except the ex officio secretary/treasurer, "be from a different state."]

The secretary/treasurer reported a total of 1,269 members in 1994. The financial report for 1994 showed a beginning balance of \$39,477.22, income of \$22,163.26, expenditures of \$12,433.22, and an ending balance of \$49,207.26. Members interested in seeing the full report may request a copy from Sec.-Treas. Ruth Olson, Santa Fe Trail Center, RR 3, Larned KS 67550.

Reports were received from several committees, and the report of the marker committee was favorably recommended to the governing board for approval. Steve Linderer presented plans for the September symposium. David Hutchison reported on planning for the 1997 symposium. There was discussion of including "side trails" as part of the Santa Fe National Historic Trail, and President Pitts will request the National Park Service to recognize all of the side trails as part of the SFNHT.

On recommendation of Dave Webb, chairman of the publication committee, the executive committee voted to

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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

(The following column was published in the Spring 1995 issue of Pathways Across America, the newsletter for national scenic and historic trails published by the American Hiking Society under a cooperative agreement with the National Park Service.)

HAVING grown from a grassroots effort in America's central High Plains, the Santa Fe Trail Association (SFTA) is conservative in both the historic and political sense. This is especially true when the SFTA is compared to some of the older, more populist trail organizations, which actively promote visitation. Many of our members believe that fewer visitors mean the Trail will survive longer.

As an organization, the SFTA functions with a volunteer staff and no direct assistance from NPS. Despite a growing need for a central office and paid staff, many SFTA members have been adamant about not using federal dollars to establish or run an office. They would rather not take federal funds than give the government a say in how they can spend it. Other members see private funding sources as more stable than government grants, which can become subservient to the political climate.

The issue (currently being raised at membership meetings, board meetings, and at the chapter level) is one of many growing pains the Association, with approximately 1,300 members in all 50 states and six foreign nations, is feeling.

In the meantime, we continue to support trail conservation efforts. The central office channels federal funding through 15 chapters and local projects. For 1995, through the NPS Challenge Cost-Share Program, the federal government is providing \$60,450 for 10 projects involving the SFTA, leveraging \$108,200 by non-federal partners.

All along the Trail, individual members of the Association are active in NPS projects as volunteers and advisors, and in some instances as "gadflies." Joint projects with the NPS include archaeological research, site interpretation, building restoration, marking of routes, brochures and pamphlets, a speakers bureau, exhibits at local sites, environmental assessments, cost-share grants, and site certification.

—Bill Pitts

MORE PROJECT AWARDS

SFTA President Bill Pitts signed another sub-agreement to the cooperative agreement with Long Distance Trails, National Park Service, Santa Fe, on April 24, 1995. The terms of the new agreement between the Santa Fe Trail Association and the National Park Service "Challenge Cost-Share"

(CCS) award program will provide funds (subject to the availability of federal funding) for nine additional projects. Each CCS grant requires a dollar-for-dollar matching contribution from the recipient. The SFTA serves as a project partner in each award, helping transmit federal funds.

The awards, with the CCS amount followed in parentheses by the recipients' obligations, are: (1) Santa Fe Trail private easement project, Santa Fe NM, \$3,000 (\$3,000 from the Santa Fe Conservation Trust); (2) Baca/Hough House Artifact Conservation, Trinidad CO, \$4,586 (\$4,586 from the Colorado Historical Society); (3) Santa Fe Trail Center Handicapped Accessibility, Larned KS, \$8,410 (\$8,410 from the SFTC); (4) Santa Fe Trail Exhibit Expansion, National Frontier Trails Center, Independence MO, \$8,370 (\$8,370 from the NFTC); (5) Seth Hays Home Preservation Maintenance, Council Grove KS, \$1,738 (\$1,738 from the Morris County Historical Society); (6) Alexander Majors House Preservation Maintenance, Kansas City MO, \$3,339 (\$3,339 from the Alexander Majors Foundation); (7) St. James Hotel Preservation Maintenance, Cimarron NM, \$7,500 (\$7,500 from the St. James Hotel); (8) Fort Marcy Research and Archaeology Investigations, Santa Fe NM, \$3,048 (\$3,048 from City of Santa Fe); and (9) Neosho Crossing Interpretive Exhibits, Council Grove KS, \$4,209 (\$4,209 from the City of Council Grove). The CCS awards total \$44,200, and the matching responsibilities raise the combined total to \$88,400.

Barbara Peirce

Barbara (Huff) Peirce of Hutchinson, KS, died of cancer on March 28, 1995, at the age of 56. She will be remembered as the 1987 symposium coordinator at Hutchinson, a magnificent conference typical of her enthusiasm, energy, and hard work. A graduate of Kansas State University, she taught Kansas History at Hutchinson Community College. She did much for Kansas history and the Santa Fe Trail and is credited with naming "Ralph's Ruts" on the Hathaway farm west of Chase, KS, where she took many people on field trips. She is fondly remembered by all who worked with her and cherished her friendship. Ralph Hathaway eulogized, "we have lost a great person, a dear friend."

Barbara was the retired owner of Peirce Puzzle Co., Hutchinson, which manufactures jigsaw puzzles of several state maps. She was co-chairman of the Dillon Lecture Series at Hutchinson, a past board member of the Reno County Historical Society, president of the Native Daughters of Kansas, and received the 1995 Kansas Press Women Patron Award. She is survived by her husband, Ken, three adult children (two sons and one daughter), and

her parents. Sympathy is extended to her family. Memorial contributions may be sent to the Dillon Lecture Series at Hutchinson.

Lucile Daugherty

Lucile (Kramer) Daugherty died at the Kansas Masonic Home on February 2, 1995, at the age of 83. She is survived by her husband, S. Allan, who served as administrator of the Kansas Masonic Home for many years, and a son, Dennis, of New York City.

Lucile was born at Strong City, KS, in 1911 and graduated from Baker University at Baldwin City, KS, in 1933. She taught school for 20 years and was an accomplished musician. She was active in many organizations, including the Order of Eastern Star, Kansas Corral of the Westerners, and SFTA. Interment was at Oakwood Cemetery at Baldwin City, not far from the Santa Fe Trail. Sympathy is extended to the family. Memorial contributions may be sent to the Kansas Masonic Home, 401 S Seneca, Wichita KS 67213.

WAGON TRACKS is the official publication of the Santa Fe Trail Association, a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Colorado. Letters and articles are welcome, but they become the property of WT and may be edited or abridged at the editor's discretion. All rights reserved. Inquiries can be directed to the appropriate address below. Annual subscriptions are obtained through membership in the Association, whose dues are fixed per calendar year. Checks should be made payable to the Santa Fe Trail Association and sent to the secretary-treasurer.

Membership Categories

Benefactor	\$1,000
Patron	\$100/year
Institutional	\$25/year
Family	\$20/year
Individual	\$15/year

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TRAIL SITES INVESTIGATED

FIVE Santa Fe Trail sites in eastern Kansas were the focus of historical archaeological investigations, April 6-10, 1995. The sites, all in Osage County, were studied by the Kansas Archaeology Training Program, co-sponsored by the Kansas State Historical Society and the Kansas Anthropological Association.

The sites examined were McGee-Harris stage station, 110 Mile Creek crossing, Havana stage station, Dragon Creek crossing, and Soldier Creek crossing. All have been proposed for nomination to the National Register of Historic Places. Field work included metal detector surveys, surface collecting, limited subsurface testing, mapping of site features and trail ruts, and piece-plotting recovered artifacts.

More than 160 volunteers participated, working under cool and sometimes rainy conditions. In addition to locating indications of the Trail, crossings, a bridge, buildings, and campsites, they recovered numerous items, including pieces of pottery and glass, iron hardware, nails, horseshoes, and coins. Bonita Oliva and Lois Davidson, age 12, uncovered an 1823 dime near Soldier Creek crossing.

The success of this quest at Trail sites suggests that similar projects during 1996 would be an appropriate part of the 175th anniversary celebration. If interested, please encourage the Kansas Anthropological Association, c/o Kansas State Historical Society, 120 W 10th, Topeka KS 66612, (913) 296-4779.

NOTICE TO CHAPTERS

THE question of tax-exempt status in regard to SFTA chapters has been a source of great frustration for some time now, particularly to those chapters who do not have their own 501(c)(3) classification. I have conferred with numerous people over the last few months trying to determine whether or not the chapters fall under the national organization's ruling for exemption. Even though the general consensus is "yes," the matter is still not resolved. The SFTA's accountant is presently investigating the matter and will most likely ask the IRS, on behalf of the Association, for a ruling.

My apologies for the delay and for the inconvenience caused by this unresolved matter of importance. I will notify you as soon as a ruling is made.

Ruth Olson Peters
SFTA Sec-Treas
Santa Fe Trail Center
RR 3, Larned KS 67550



Marsha King, at right, special projects archaeologist, gives instructions to volunteers at Havana Stage Station.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

(continued from page 1)

recommend to the governing board that the 1995 budget be amended to increase the compensation for the editor of *Wagon Tracks* from \$2,500 to \$4,000 per year. The publications committee was authorized, pending approval by the governing board, to apply for a federal registration of the SFTA logo as a trademark. A question of chapter boundaries was referred to the vice-president, who is chairman of the committee on chapters. The meeting adjourned.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

Byron Shutz's suggestions for SFTA (Nov. 1994) deserve careful consideration. I applaud his effort to try to jumpstart the SFTA. I see three shortcomings in the SFTA: leadership, organization, and money.

The most critical shortcoming has to be the lack of or the unwillingness of someone to step forth and chart a new course. I recognize that good leaders are hard to find and they are usually tied up in other organizations that have had the good fortune to discover that individual first. But, it would seem that the current officers and directors would be in the best position to identify potential candidates within the SFTA.

Another shortcoming is the organizational structure of the SFTA. I have

been a member almost from the beginning and the SFTA never seemed to be able to focus the membership on its stated purpose "to preserve and protect" the Trail. Maybe the membership was content to read *Wagon Tracks* and attend the periodic meetings. Apparently they were never appraised of their responsibility to help preserve this critical part of our national history. The organizational structure does not lend itself to building strong links to the membership nor does the every other year business meeting. There must be a way that the hierarchy could meet more often and communicate the needs, goals, and results to the membership.

The final shortcoming, money, is probably the least important of the three. If you have the effective leadership and a reasonably constructed administrative structure, then the money will flow into the organization. One glaring deficiency is the almost total absence of information on the financial status of the SFTA. It would be a welcome addition if a summary of the SFTA's financial status was published in *WT* each year. I know little about the inner workings and the personalities of the SFTA, but I am confident that the membership would respond to the need for additional funds if they felt good about the Association.

Jim Budde
11712 Glen Arbor Terr
Kansas City MO 64114

Your observations are appreciated. Please note the financial summary for 1994 included in Sec-Treas Ruth Peters's summary of the executive commit-

tee meeting on page one of this issue.

Editor

Editor:

I appreciate your placing a synopsis of my criticism of the traveling exhibit, "The Civil War in the West," in the Feb. 1995 *Wagon Tracks*. Although the item is brief, you captured the central points of my letter. Thank you very much for your courtesy.

To date the Museum of New Mexico has ignored me. I thought the exhibit director would at least acknowledge my letter. If he differed with me, he had the opportunity to refute my criticism. I don't believe he can, and he seems to be trying to freeze me into silence. Not wishing the issue to die, I mailed copies of my original letter to the president of the Historical Society of New Mexico and the editor of *La Cronica de Nueva Mexico*. I still hope something might be done to address the shortcomings of the exhibit.

Francis C. Kajencki
3308 Nairn St
El Paso TX 79925

BOOKLETS AVAILABLE

THE Santa Fe Corral of the Westerners is offering for sale a limited number of copies of *La Gaceta*, paperback booklets published during the 1970s and 1980s. Each contains a significant scholarly article. The funds raised will be used to finance a renewal of the Corral's publication program. Each booklet is available for \$1.50 plus \$.50 shipping. Order from Santa Fe Corral, Meriom Kastner, 1908 Calle de Sebastian, Santa Fe NM 87501.

The issues available: "Horse Race at Fort Fauntleroy" by Marc Simmons, 1970, 32 pp.; "The Wonderful Year of 1880 in Santa Fe" by J. K. Shiskin, 1971, 32 pp.; "The Most Interesting 100 Square Mile in America and Its Impact on Santa Fe" by Dale Bullock, 1981, 21 pp.; "Comparisons of European and New Mexico Indian Game-Animal Ceremonies" by Luke Lyon, 1981, 15 pp.; "The Villista Murder Trials: Deming, New Mexico 1916-1921" by John O. Baxter, 1983, 22 pp.; "The Anatomy of a Land Grab: The Una de Gato Grant" by Fern Lyon, 1984, 21 pp.; "The Battle for Fort Union: Barclay and Doyle vs. the Army" by Robert W. Frazer, 1984, 17 pp.; "Christmas in Old New Mexico" by Anita Gonzales Thomas, "Las Posadas" by Peter Ribera Ortega, and "Christmas Events - An Extract" by Rev. Jacob Mills Ashley, 1986, 18 pp.; "Choice Places: The Spanish and Mexican Land Grants in Texas" by J. J. Bowden, 1987, 33 pp.; "Territorial Justice in the 1880s, or Why 'The Natives' Serenaded Judge Long" by Jean R. Padilla, 1989, 13 pp.

FORT UNION CANNON RETURNED TO GETTYSBURG

by Mick Clifford

(Mick Clifford is chief ranger and historian at Fort Union National Monument.)

A small cannon, a 3-inch ordnance rifle, which was used by Union troops at the pivotal Battle of Gettysburg in July 1863, was recently found among the ordnance pieces at Fort Union National Monument. It has been returned to Gettysburg National Military Park for display on the battlefield. This piece, which was acquired by Fort Union in 1988, had an incredible history.

By matching the registry numbers in the National Archives, it was revealed that this gun saw hot fighting on the first day's battle of the three-day engagement at Gettysburg, literally firing some of the first shots of the Civil War's most famous battle.

This cannon belonged to Captain James Hall's Second Maine Battery of artillery, which came up with the first Union infantry troops to arrive on the battlefield in support of Brigadier General John Buford's dismounted cavalry. These troops were contesting the advance of the Confederates under Major General Henry Heth into the town of Gettysburg from the northwest. Hall's battery of Maine volunteers had been issued six 3-inch ordnance rifles. These were distinctive of a number of rifled cannon which were in use during the Civil War.

At Gettysburg the Union forces were supplied with 146 of these rifled guns, about 40% of the total Union artillery strength there. These sturdy and accurate muzzle-loading cannons were characterized by their sleek lines and lack of external decoration. They were made by wrapping boiler plate around a core and were light in weight with a range of about 4,000 yards (more than two miles). An efficient crew could load, aim, and fire this weapon twice in one minute when necessary.

Following the discovery of the Fort Union cannon's history, Gettysburg National Military Park understandably requested that the gun be returned. They will place it on the very same ground which it defended on July 1, 1863. This cannon will then be unique among the hundreds of cannons on Gettysburg battlefield, one of only three of the 362 Union pieces used there about which so much is known.

By midmorning, July 1, Hall's Second Maine Battery was placed on McPherson's Ridge, facing the charges made by two brigades of Heth's Confederate Division. At one point the

Confederates opened a huge gap in the Union line and left Hall's Battery without support. A reserve unit of Union troops quickly filled the gap and drove the Confederates back. Later in the morning the Union troops were forced to retreat from McPherson's Ridge to Seminary Ridge, but whether this particular cannon was abandoned or pulled back is not known. It was undoubtedly used at some point during the later fighting at Gettysburg. Later that day Union troops retreated again to Cemetery Hill south of Gettysburg.

Fort Union National Monument Superintendent Harry C. Myers said: "It's quite exciting to know that this cannon which actually fought in the famous Battle of Gettysburg will return to the same ground which it defended. We are happy to assist in its return to Gettysburg National Military Park."

In shipping the cannon tube back to Gettysburg, Fort Union reprised one of its historic roles, that of the regional arsenal. In the same manner as the old arsenal employees, it was necessary to construct a well-built wooden shipping crate to hold and transport the 817-lb. tube. After affixing the Gettysburg National Military Park address, we stenciled **PACKED AT FORT UNION ARSENAL 1995**.

DUFFUS ADDENDUM

MICHAEL Olsen's article on Robert L. Duffus in the last issue sparked some debate about the pronunciation of the writer's last name. Is it "Doofus" or "Duff-us"?

Olsen, a professional historian, headed right to the source. Just as the debate over the pronunciation of Kearny was resolved a few years ago by a member of that family, Olsen turned to Duffus's daughter, Nairne Duffus Wilcox, who had provided information for the article. Her reply follows:

"I hope I can solve the pronunciation dilemma. It is Duffus as in bluff and/or MacDuff. In college and later people seem to have had trouble with my first name [Nairne] and ended up calling me "Duff," which made some people smile. I hadn't realized that was a term for someone's posterior."

Olsen reports, "I am on a one-man crusade to 'Duff'-ize the pronunciation of the name." Thanks Dr. Olsen and Mrs. Wilcox for clearing up this little matter. There should be no further confusion. From now on, anyone who says "Doofus" will make a "Duff" of himself.

PRIZEWINNING TRAIL QUILT

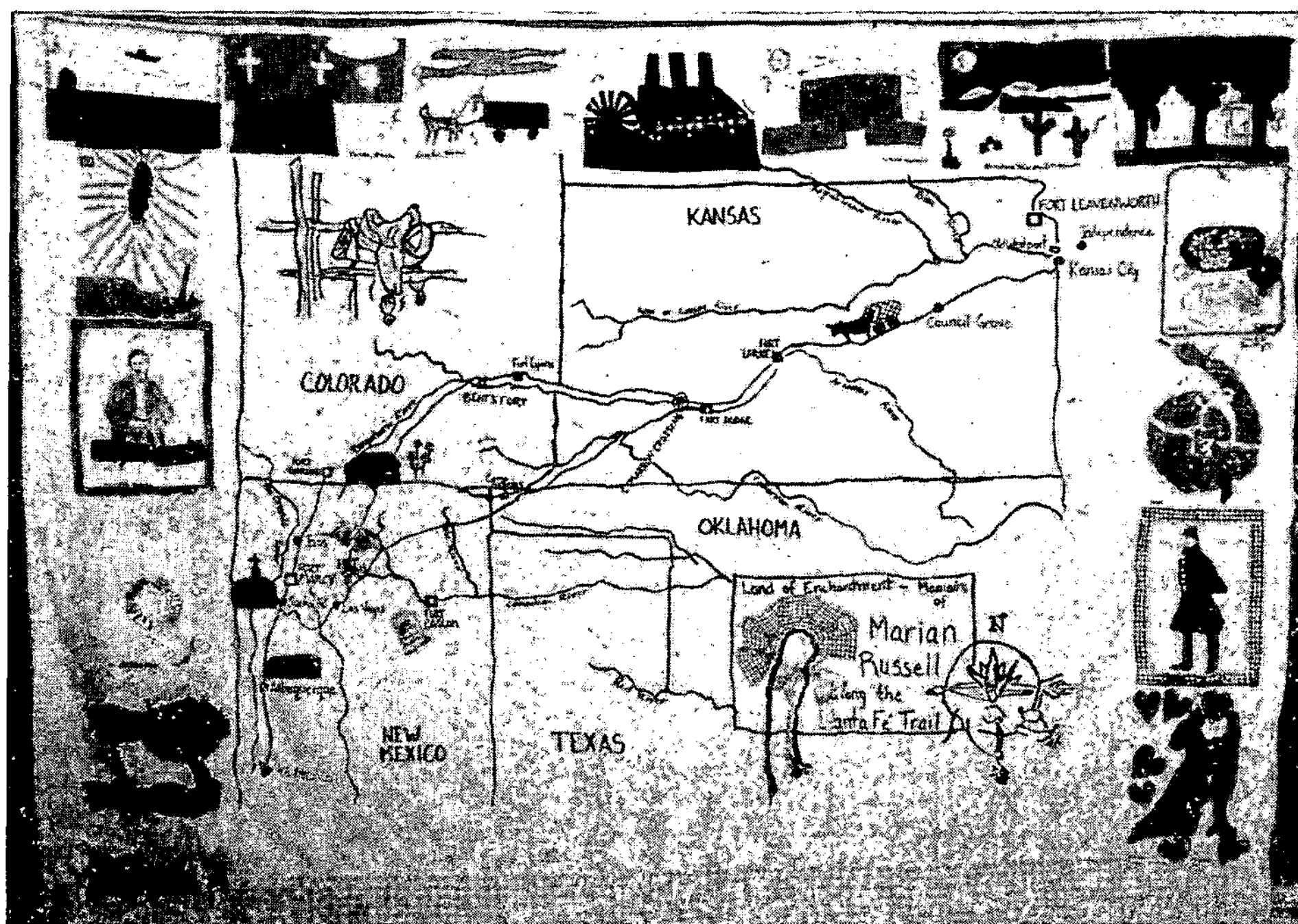
SUSAN McConnell's fourth-grade class at Bandelier Elementary School in Albuquerque, NM, made a quilt depicting "Marion Russell and the Santa Fe Trail" for competition sponsored by the Albuquerque American Association of University Women during Women's History Month, March 1995. The Bandelier project tied for first place.

After reading *Memoirs of Marian Russell Along the Santa Fe Trail*, class members chose to make the quilt. The foundation for the quilt is a map of the Santa Fe Trail from Russell's *Land of Enchantment*, the reference book for the project. The borders of the quilt are embellished with 15 rectangles designed and sewn by the children, representing scenes, ideas, and images that appealed to them from Marion's story. These scenes, from lower left clockwise, are: doing laundry on the prairie, society left behind by the young woman, portrait of Marion's brother Will, New Mexican culture, an adobe home, the church, riding west in a covered wagon, steamboat on the Mississippi, a home in Santa Fe, southwestern landscape, trading post in Tecolote, native fare, a rattlesnake, Union uniform, and union of Marion and Richard Russell with hearts to represent their eight children.

The members of McConnell's class are Salmohn Azimy, Sarah Benzequen, Michael Cianciabella, Marissa Duran, Ravenna Fahey, Mark Garcia, Anneliese Guttmann, Joshua Hall, Teresa Hay, Maya Herr-Anderson, Lucy Hoag, Karim Jiwani, Traci Longenette, Candice Lovato, Brendon Peetz, Claire Ralph, Aleisha Rear, Amanda Torres, Shawna Towle, Brittany Trybus, India Vader, John Vigil, Hans Von Huene, Wesley Wambold, Christina Wardlow, and Crystal Yeager.

Upon learning about this project, SFTA member Mary Jean Cook, Santa Fe, called Susan McConnell and persuaded her to donate the quilt to the Palace of the Governor's Collection in the Museum of New Mexico. Cook and Charles Bennett, associate director and curator of the Palace, picked up the quilt in Albuquerque and delivered it to the museum. Mary Jean took it to the End of the Trail chapter meeting where it was an immediate hit.

Before returning the quilt to the museum, she took it by Ray Dewey's Santa Fe Pendleton Store on the Santa Fe Plaza and asked him to exhibit it there during the 175th anniversary celebration of the Trail. He readily agreed.



Marion Russell Along the Santa Fe Trail Quilt.

Congratulations are extended to Susan McConnell's fourth-grade class. Thanks, too, to Mary Jean Cook for arranging for the acquisition and display of the quilt.

MULE FOR MASCOT?

HEE HAW from Hulda and Louise, mule team of the Veterinary College at the University of Missouri, as told to Virginia Lee Fisher. Does your chapter need a mascot as you plan for the celebration of the 175th anniversary of the Santa Fe Trail? If so, consider the hearty, sturdy, stalwart, robust, durable, faithful, hardy, vigorous, and beautiful mule. From the earliest days of the Trail this noble creature was involved and constituted one of the major exports from Mexico to the United States. In 1822 Benjamin Cooper drove over 100 mules from Santa Fe to Howard County, Missouri. Missouri's mule trade thrived for over a century.

Various accounts refer to use, abuse, and just plain cussedness of mules. Mules were engaged in hauling trade goods and military supplies over the Trail throughout its six decades of active use. In Mexico *arrierios*, or muleteers, were well thought of, and some of them were hired by Anglos to pack and handle mule trains. The mule is an ideal mascot for the Trail.

Local equestrian clubs may have some *arrierios* in their groups, and there may be some mule skimmers in the animal science departments of colleges and universities. SFTA chapters

might enlist their support to utilize mules to help celebrate the 175th anniversary.

So, Trail buffs, let's get cracking for the 175th. We mules are ready to celebrate. Giddap! Gee! Haw! And Hee Haw from Hulda and Louise.

BCCC TRAIL TOUR

BARTON County Community College will offer a traveling seminar along western portions of the Santa Fe Trail, October 5-8, 1995, led by David and Alice Clapsaddle. The tour will begin at Dodge City and visit the sites of Fort Mann, Fort Atkinson, the Caches, middle crossing near Ingalls, Lower Cimarron (Wagonbed) Spring, Middle Spring, Autograph Rock, and McNees Crossing on the way to the first night's lodging in Clayton, NM.

The second day will feature visits to Point of Rocks, Rock Crossing of the Canadian, Wagon Mount, Fort Union, the Tiptonville/Watrous complex, Las Vegas, Tecolote, San Miguel, Kozlowski's Ranch, Pecos National Park, and overnight in Santa Fe.

The third day will include historic sites in Santa Fe before departing for Taos where stops will be at Charles Bent's home, the Kit Carson Museum, and Taos Pueblo. The day will conclude at Cimarron where lodging will be at the St. James Hotel.

The fourth day will include visits to the Baca/Bloom and Pioneer Museum at Trinidad on the way back to Kansas. For more information, contact Elaine Simmons, BCCC, (800) 748-7594.

HARRY TRUMAN AND THE SELECTION OF SITES FOR THE DAR MADONNA STATUES, PART II

by Jane Mallinson

(This is second in a series on Truman's letters to his wife about the selection of Madonna sites in the trail states, with other information about the statues. Truman's correspondence relating to New Mexico, where there was fierce competition for the end of the Santa Fe Trail Madonna, will appear in the next issue. The letters quoted here are from the Truman personal family papers located in the archives at the Truman Library, Independence, MO. Other material for this article came from the Lamar Daily News, October 1927; Lamar, CO, Chamber of Commerce; and correspondence from Bob Williams, White City, KS.)

AFTER selecting Council Grove as the location for the Madonna statue in Kansas, the selection committee (comprised of Judge Harry Truman, Mrs. Moss, and Frank Davis) moved on to Colorado. On Monday, October 3, 1927, Harry wrote his wife, Bess: "We start at Trinidad Colorado and hear Las Animas and Lamar and decide Col. and then I'm coming home. It will be Thursday before I arrive but I'd better get this over now than to make another trip. I am crazy to see you and my baby. I don't know how much I love you 'till I get away for a day or two.

"Kiss my baby and tell her to kiss her mamma for daddy.

"Love to you

"Harry"

The following day, October 4, the selection committee looked at an area in Kit Carson Park in Trinidad. Later they traveled to La Junta and Las Animas where they viewed a site north of town on the Santa Fe Trail. At Las Animas the committee was picked up in automobiles by people from Lamar. The *Lamar Daily News* described their arrival: "Lamar cars picked up the delegation at 4:40 and arrived in this city shortly before 6 o'clock to find the Main Street adorned with Flags and the High School Band in uniform. The procession moved to Santa Fe Park, the site offered by the local committee.

"Mrs. Moss, Judge H S Truman, Independence, MO, president of the National Old Trails Association, Frank Davis, Kansas City, secretary of the association and Judge Herman Bailey, Las Animas, were honored guests at a delightful dinner served at the Ben Mar Hotel at 7 o'clock. Following the dinner the party of twenty repaired to the Elks Home, where a group of members of the Fort Bent DAR and other inter-

ested local citizens met."

The selection committee was undoubtedly impressed with the history of Lamar and the enthusiasm of the townspeople. After thoughtful consideration of the many historic sites they had seen in Colorado, they selected the Big Timbers location of Lamar for this state's DAR Madonna of the Trail statue.

Big Timbers referred to a grove of cottonwood trees approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile wide extending some 45 miles up and down the Arkansas River east and west of present Lamar. Members of several plains tribes of Indians had sometimes wintered there, and travelers on the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail found that Big Timbers provided the best camping sites west of Council Grove.

The Madonna statue in Lamar is located at the corner of South Main and Beech Street. It is one of twelve such statues sponsored by the DAR to mark the National Old Trails and pay tribute to the memory of the pioneer mothers who participated in the westward movement of the United States. The Lamar statue was unveiled and dedicated on September 24, 1928.

The Madonna faces westward. It presents a mother with one child clinging to her skirt and a baby in her arms. She holds a rifle. Each of the twelve identical statues, located in states from Maryland to California, weighs seventeen tons and stands ten feet high. The base is six feet high and weighs twelve tons.

Harry Truman not only assisted with the selection of sites for the twelve Madonna statues, he participated in the dedication of some. His address at the unveiling of the statue at Bethesda, MD, the eastern most Madonna and last to be dedicated, on April 19, 1929, paid tribute to the pioneer mothers, and what he said on that occasion was apropos to all the Madonna statues across the nation. Portions of his remarks follow:

"It was the grand old pioneer mother who made the settlement of the original thirteen colonies possible. She came to Virginia in 1609, she came to Massachusetts in 1620 and after that to all the colonies, thus making their settlement a permanent undertaking.

"When that great and fertile plain, west of the Alleghanys needed settlement, she went with the hearty pioneers who made an empire of it. She crossed the Mississippi and she went

to Oregon and California.

"She made this country what it is by being the hearty mother she was and producing sons and daughters to make it great.

"It is exceedingly appropriate that the Daughters of the American Revolution should have originated the idea and it is also proper that the National Old Trails Association should have helped them to carry it out. It was over the old trails that these wonderful women made their trek to the Ohio Valley and from there to Louisiana territory and the great west. . . .

. . . After the Revolution the National Government recognized the necessity of land transportation and adopted and laid out the National Road from here to St. Louis and later to Jefferson City, Mo. Daniel Boone used the road to Booneville, Mo., in his salt business and it is today known as Booneslick trail.

"About 1825 the National government recognized the necessity of a trade route to old Mexico and after making treaties with the Plain's Indians authorized and had completed a survey from Sibley, Mo, to Santa Fe, Mexico, then in a foreign country. Therefore the National Old Trails Road follows the history and development of all this country beyond the Alleghannies. There isn't a foot of it but what is lined with the history of the country. Over it the pioneer mothers went to make the winning of the West really and truly stay won. They were just as brave or braver than their men, because in many cases they went with sad hearts and trembling bodies. They went, however, and endured every hardship that befalls a pioneer. They fought Indians, want, and loneliness and won. My grandmothers were pioneer women and that is why I am here."

(Part III will appear in the next issue.)

WET ROUTE TOUR

THE fourth annual tour of the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter is scheduled for October 21, 1995. It will follow the Wet Route and feature the recently-identified campsites used by the team surveying the Trail in 1825. The bus will depart Larned at 8:00 a.m. and return by 5:00 p.m. Costs is \$10.00 per participant, which includes transportation, lunch, and literature. The trip is designed for adults and is not appropriate for children. Reservations may be made by writing Ida Yeager, 416 Wichita, Larned KS 67550.

JOHN JAMES CLEMINSON DIARY: PART I

[The Trail was used by emigrants as well as freighters, traders, and soldiers, especially after 1848. The following diary chronicles the travels of a family of Mormons who joined a wagon train of migrants on a trip from Independence, MO, to San Diego, CA, 1850-1851.]

John James Cleminson, his wife Lydia Ann, and six children (Laura, Mary Marguret, James, Lydia Ann, Diantha, and John), spent nearly a year on the road to California. The diary was provided for WT by Darold McDannald, great-great-grandson of John and Lydia and great-grandson of their daughter Lydia Ann and Samuel Reeves (who accompanied the Cleminsons on the trip and married their 15-year-old daughter after arriving in San Diego).

Special thanks are extended to the Cleminson descendants for permission to publish this document. Comments by Darold McDannald and his great-grandmother, Lydia Ann Cleminson Reeves, edited for inclusion here, serve as further introduction to the diary, a portion of which follows, and the remainder will appear in the next issue.]

COMMENTS BY DAROLD McDANNALD

It must have taken strong motivation for John James Cleminson and his wife and six children to undertake the strenuous journey from Independence to California in 1850. They were apparently older than many travelers. John was 51 and Lydia Ann was 50. Perhaps they had heard optimistic reports on the conditions to be met on, or maybe they had no idea about the adversities of a venture that lasted just three days short of one year.

A major incentive was undoubtedly religious, for they were disciples of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly known as Mormons. Many wagon trains of Mormons headed for California as well as Utah. John Cleminson mentioned meeting other Mormons along the way.

They began their trip on July 11, 1850 (but remained in camp not far from Independence until July 25), which seems a little late in the summer to begin such a journey. A month later they met a wagon train returning from Mexico and another returning from Santa Fe, so they must have known the difference. The diary confirms there was much traffic on the Santa Fe Trail at that time. The diary states that the roads were as good as any in the States, but apparently this was



John James and Lydia Ann Cleminson, from a tintype taken in California about 1865, some 15 years after they traveled over the Santa Fe Trail.

true only until they bypassed Santa Fe. There is no record of what they had in the way of maps, but they apparently had the trip well planned and seemed to know the names of most locations. They camped at Wagon Mound on September 19, 1850, where the ten members of the westbound mail party from Independence were killed by Jicarilla Apaches in May of that year. This did not seem to worry them much. They mentioned the village of Los Bagas [Vegas], and they went through Anton Chico and bypassed Santa Fe.

The farther west they went, the more rugged and less used the road became and the more difficulties they encountered. At one time they traveled three weeks without a road. A major problem was not having enough money to last them the whole trip. Supplies in Arizona were limited and expensive. In all, the trip lasted longer and was harder than they contemplated. If they had known of all the difficulties before hand, one wonders if they would have started. They arrived in San Diego with only their cloths left to them.

A genealogical summary of those who made the trip may be helpful to

the reader. John James Cleminson was born December 28, 1798, at Lancaster, England, and died November 28, 1879, at El Monte, CA. He married Lydia Ann Leightner at Galena, IL, on December 28, 1822. She was born July 11, 1800, at Harrisburg, PA, and died at El Monte, CA, August 11, 1873. They had nine children, three of whom died in infancy. The six who made the trip to California were all born at Independence, MO: Laura on October 4, 1825; Mary Marguret on April 25, 1829; James on August 7, 1833; Lydia Ann on March 24, 1836; Diantha on February 23, 1839; and John on December 8, 1842. Samuel Sylvester Reeves accompanied them, driving a wagon for his passage. He was born in Fleming County, KY, August 22, 1827, and was 22 when he joined the Cleminsons for the trip. Lydia Ann, whom he married soon after reaching San Diego, was 14 when they started. Lydia Ann Reeves told the following recollections to one of her grandchildren about the trip to California. She died at Covina, CA, on June 27, 1925.

COMMENTS BY LYDIA ANN CLEMINSON REEVES

My father's family came in a train with about 12 or 15 other families. Each family had two covered wagons, drawn by oxen. One wagon being used to travel and sleep in, while the other was to carry provisions for the journey. We started from Independence, Missouri in 1850.

We first crossed the plains which are now Kansas where we saw many herds of buffalo and antelope, and once the men killed a buffalo. It was very exciting for we youngsters. There was great danger from Indians while crossing the plains of Kansas, and once we saw a band of Indians riding toward us, and we all kneeled down and prayed. But when they came nearer we saw that they were traveling with their squaws and papooses and were peaceful.

At one time we went two whole days and nights without a drop of water to drink for either us or our oxen. Another time we were caught in a severe snow storm. We lost our way and were compelled to camp for two days before we located the main road again. And during that time we were compelled to melt snow to cook with, and also to water the oxen.

When we would camp for the night, we would arrange our wagons so as to form a circle, with the wagons close together, thus forming a corral for the oxen so that the Indians couldn't drive

them off in the night. Two of the men would herd the oxen near the camp until midnight, then they would drive them into the corral formed by the wagons. Then two other men would stand guard and watch out for Indians for the remainder of the night. One dark night the Indians drove off several head of the oxen, thus leaving no oxen for one of the wagons. So the men pulled the wagon for a long ways until we came to the mountains, then it became too hard for the men to pull and we were forced to leave the wagon behind together with a lot of our provisions.

It took a long time to cross over the mountains. We always tried to find a level place on which to camp while in the mountains in order to form the wagons into a corral for the oxen. While we were in the mountains one of the young men went a short distance from camp to gather some pine gum, and was shot down by an Indian. Oh! I can see that Indian yet. He was on one of the high peaks of the mountains and oh how he danced for joy when he saw he had killed a "Pale Face" (as they always called us). We could hear him shouting in his native tongue.

There was great fear in our camp that night, we didn't know how soon we might be attacked. No one slept a wink that night but we all sat up and kept a perfect watch in all directions so that we would not be surprised if attacked. But it must have been a lone warrior who had killed the young man for we had no more trouble with the Indians.

We took the body of the young man down into the bottom of the valley to bury him. And as there was an old lady along with the train that had just died of mountain fever, she was buried in the bottom of the valley with the young man.

At Tucson we camped for about two months to allow our oxen to rest and gather strength. We also enjoyed the rest as it had been a long tiresome journey, with many a weary day and watchful night. After leaving Tucson we passed the place where the Oatman massacre had taken place a short time before. There was a large pile of rocks to mark the spot where the Indian crime had taken place. There were a great many of their personal effects still scattered about, and among them we saw a small card box with the names of the two Oatman girls written on it.

We crossed the Colorado River at Fort Yuma on a ferry boat. We camped in a tent for several days at Fort Yuma. One night we heard a queer noise, and when we got up to see what it was, we found a rattlesnake coiled up beneath

mother's pillow. Of course that was only one of the many trials and dangers that we encountered while traveling and camping out on the prairies. We went with a government train across the California desert, arriving in San Diego in the spring of 1851, having spent one whole year crossing the plains from Independence, Missouri to San Diego, California.

After a few weeks in San Diego I married your grandfather, Samuel Sylvester Reeves, who, then a young man, had come across the plains in the same wagon train with us. We were the first American couple to be married in the little new town of San Diego. Soon after our marriage we moved to San Bernardino and later to El Monte and then Azusa.

JOHN JAMES CLEMINSON DIARY

Arrived on the camping ground on the 11th of July, 1850 at McGuffin's Spring in the Indian Territory $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west of the line. On our arrival found six waggons in camp waiting for Company. We remained here until the 25th. Meanwhile our company had increased to 17 waggons. On the date last mentioned commenced our journey. Made about 11 miles and are camp'd for the night. Next morning had some trouble to find all our cattle, two of them having strayed away during the night.

Saturday, July 26, 1850. Had a pleasant day, made 10 miles to Hull Creek, cross'd the creek. The next day being Sunday we remained in camp all day. Some Indian families live on this creek, on to the right of the road, and an excellent spring just below the house. We remain'd here until Tuesday morning waiting the arrival of Brother Wick's family from Kansas. We then continued our journey without interruption with the exception of a difficulty that arose in the family of Brother Sigler which caused the detention of the company some two or three hours.

Saturday, August 2, 1850. When near Bluff Creek met two returning trains. Encamp'd west of the creek and remained until Monday morning. We learn that water and grass are very scarce ahead.

Monday, August 4, 1850. This morning we recommenc'd our journey, reached the Council Grove settlement, pass'd through and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the west we encamped. Today we met two returned trains on their way to the states. We remain'd at this encampment 3 days waiting for 2 waggons we hear are behind us.

Friday, August 8, 1850. One return train passed. The wagons having reached us we resumed our journey.

Sunday, August 10, 1850. Arrived at Cottonwood Creek, distance 50 miles from Council Grove. Overtook a train at this place that passed us two weeks ago. Dur-

ing our stay at Council Grove we were visited by a number of Indians having green corn and beans, dried buffalo-meat to exchange for bread, groceries etc.

Wednesday, August 13, 1850. Arrived at Little Arkansas, last evening about 6 miles before reaching this place we were visited by a severe storm of wind, rain and thunder. Immediately after starting this morning came in sight of an immense herd of buffalo about a mile distant on our right. Several of our young men started off in pursuit but did not succeed in killing any. In a short time however, came in sight of an immense herd on our front at about 2 miles distant and across the Arkansas. Our hunters were more successful this time and brought in a fine fat young buffalo which was immediately distributed through the camp. We had an excellent dinner of soup and fresh buffalo meat. In the course of the day our hunters succeeded in killing some others. We took up our camp on the borders of the Little Arkansas which is here but a small rivulet. Remained here until the morning of the 15th, Friday.

Friday, August 15, 1850. Had a very severe storm of thunder, wind and rain on Thursday evening after taking up camp. Passed immense herds of buffalo today on both our left and right at from a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to 3 miles distant.

Saturday, August 16, 1850. Still continue to pass immense herds of buffalo. Arrived in the evening at the big bend of the Arkansas River. Met a train returning from Santa Fe. Remained here until Monday morning the 18th.

Monday, August 18, 1850. Resumed our journey in the afternoon. Met a return train. Buffalo growing much scarcer today. Every day we meet with many bones of buffalo that have been slain by persons passing the plains. Continu'd our journey on the 19th and 20th.

Wednesday, August 20, 1850. On this day, Wednesday, met the Governor's train from Santa Fe and also another small train.

Thursday, August 21, 1850. Our hunters killed an antelope, and in the evening found a Mexican that had been left by a former train sick with some disease. The man taken up recover'd. 22nd and 23rd - continued our journey without interruption. Sunday 24th - continued in camp all day.

Monday, August 25, 1850. Monday morning, resumed our journey. Passed a train of waggons returning from Mexico. In the evening pass'd Fort MacKey on the Arkansas, left our Mexican taken up or found on the road at the fort. Continued on 5 miles and encamp'd in the neighborhood of two trains, one going and the other returning from Santa Fe.

Tuesday, August 26, 1850. Continued our journey and in the evening crossed the Arkansas without difficulty.

Wednesday, August 27, 1850. Traveled

about 6 miles, arrived at the edge of the Jornada. Encamp'd for a time in order to give rest to our animals. The grass for the last 200 miles with some few exceptions has been very short and scarce having been eaten up by the buffalo. An immense number of these animals have been destroyed on the plains, their bones lay scattered in view of the road continually for hundreds of miles. Many oxen and some mules and horses have breathed their last on this road in consequence of hardships and fatigue.

Thursday, August 28, 1850. Moved about 8 miles on the Jornada to a pond of water and some grass, remain'd all night.

Friday, August 29, 1850. Friday morning recommenced our journey, traveled all day, in the evening rested our cattle an hour and got supper. Traveled all night, rested our oxen half an hour at midnight. Crossed the desert and reached Sand Creek an hour after sunrise in the morning.

Saturday, August 30, 1850. After resting 3 or 4 hours eating breakfast, we continu'd our journey to lower Semirone Spring.

Sunday, August 31, 1850. remain'd in camp all day. Here at the present time within the distance of two miles are four trains and a troop of United States dragoons encamped. We also met and passed a return train at midnight on the Jornada night before last. So that we have plenty of company on this route, the roads are as good as any in the states and seem to be much traveled. The health of the camp is good and has been since we started with the exception of two or three cases of chill and fever that have prevailed. There are on the plains a great number of wolves. They are around us every day more or less, and sometimes come quite near to our wagons.

Monday, September 1, 1850. Resumed our journey, made 11 miles. Dug in the bed of the Semirone for water for our oxen, continued our journey till midnight over a desolate waste.

Tuesday, September 2, 1850. Halted after traveling about 7 miles, again dug water in the bed of the Semirone to water our cattle here. Passed a train from Santa Fe in the evening. Continued our journey to Middle Semirone Spring.

Wednesday, September 3, 1850. Rested our cattle all day. Passed another Santa Fe return train. Two excellent springs of water at this place. Two Indians passed our camp on horses today.

Thursday, September 4, 1850. Continued our journey.

Friday, September 5, 1850. Arrived today at the Willow Bar after a hard travel all day of 10 or 12 miles through sand. One of our company's oxen died in the night.

Saturday, September 6, 1850. Traveled about 5 miles to upper crossing of Semirone. Four head of cattle died here during

the night and in the morning.

Sunday, September 7, 1850. Remained in camp all day. In the evening before sundown, fearing we should lose some more of our cattle in consequence of the alkaline properties contained in the Semirone waters we resumed our journey, and after traveling all night arrived at Upper Semirone Spring, a distance of some 15 miles. Lost one more ox during the night. The spring and water pools are several hundred yards to the right of the road in a deep valley surrounded by high rocky hills of a very romantic appearance. While we lay at the crossing a mule team from Santa Fe passed us.

Monday, September 8, 1850. After resting ourselves and animals we continued our journey to Cold Spring a distance of 5 or 6 miles. These are the best springs of water we have found on our journey with the exception of Diamond Spring.

Tuesday, September 9, 1850. Continued our journey of 18½ miles, two miles beyond Cedar Spring. Here another ox died, supposed from the effects of bad water of the Semirone.

Wednesday, September 10, 1850. Traveled to McNeses Creek, a distance of 10 miles. Here two other of the company's cattle died from the effects of feed and water of the Semirone.

Thursday, September 11, 1850. Continued our journey.

Friday, September 12, 1850. Today we were overtaken by a company of 16 Utah Indians who continued with us all day. In the evening they were requested to leave us, which they did.

Saturday, September 13, 1850. Nothing worthy of note occurred on our march today. In the evening while in camp a return train passed.

Sunday, September 14, 1850. Had a shower of rain this morning, the first for some weeks, the weather being very dry and warm winds from the south. Grass for the cattle very scarce.

Monday, September 15, 1850. Considerable rain today. Distance 12 miles.

Tuesday, September 16, 1850. Saw a considerable number of antelope a short distance ahead but very wild. Distance 16 miles, to point of rock, an excellent spring 200 yards to the right, high up the bluff.

Wednesday, September 17, 1850. Distance 19 miles to Canadian River, a small stream. Since passing Rabbit Ear Mounds the first on the plains. The mountain scenery continues both on the right and left. Today on our front appears in full view a lofty range of mountains stretching away from northwest to southeast as far as the eye can extend, a spur of the Great Rocky Mountains.

Thursday, September 18, 1850. Today the scenery about as yesterday. A return

train passed us after night last night. The land in this part of the country is very good land, very different from the dreary sandy region through which we have passed. Antelope very numerous but very wild.

Friday, September 19, 1850. This morning passed a very large return train from Santa Fe - Aubrey's Mule Train. Arrived at Wagon Mound in the afternoon. Some of our hunters succeeded in killing an antelope. Remained here all night. Plenty of good water and grass at this place, articles that are very scarce in many places on this route.

Saturday, September 20, 1850. Continued our journey to Wolf Creek, a distance of 17 miles. The mountains and hills on our right today generally covered with cedar and pine. Some considerable timber on the left. Great numbers of antelope in our vicinity today. Our hunters did not succeed in killing any. In the evening the hunters in advance succeeded in killing a very large brown bear about 200 yards to the right of our encampment. Also one of the hunters of the train in company (Copeland's and Keith's) succeeded in killing another of smaller size. Wood, water and grass plenty at this place. Shall remain in this camp all Sunday 21st. We had several messes of bear meat, a new article of food to most of the company. Many of us ate it with good relish, while others could not eat it at all.

Monday, September 22, 1850. Made a distance of 11 miles, encamp'd on Sepullo Creek. Pass'd the first Mexican settlement situated on the Moro, a small stream. Our encampment some 4 or 5 miles west of this stream.

Tuesday, September 23, 1850. Remained in camp all day. Considerable rain today. Our women occupied the time in washing and preparing for further travel. During our stay at this place two trains passed us on their return to the states.

Wednesday, September 24, 1850. Remained in camp all day today. Another return train passed. Wrote a letter and sent back by the train to Missouri.

Thursday, September 25, 1850. Resumed our journey this morning. Our hunters killed another antelope. Encamped one mile from Los Bages [Vegas], the first town we pass in New Mexico. Distance 18 miles.

Friday, September 26, 1850. Passed through town. Met a funeral procession coming out of town as we entered. The procession consisted primarily of women. It certainly was the most ridiculous ceremony I ever witnessed for so solemn an occasion. In advance was a fellow playing the fiddle most furiously, another carrying a small coffin, while at the same time the bells (or as I at first supposed tin kettles) of the village were ringing incessantly without intermission, while at the same time a shooting of guns was kept up the whole time at intervals of 2 or 3 minutes in order,

as I afterward learned, to frighten away the devil. There are some 3 or 4 American stores in this place, houses built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks. Some 2 or 3 miles from Los Bagas passed through a gap in the mountains, our road leading down through a valley between the mountains at the distance of 12 miles. Turned to the right through a gap in the mountains for the night. Good spring and plenty of wood.

Saturday, September 27, 1850. Arrived in the evening near Anton Chico, encamp'd for the night. Distance 16 or 18 miles.

Sunday, September 28, 1850. Moved on about 2 miles to the crossing of the river, a branch of the Rio Pecos. Encamp'd for the day, the river unpassable for teams on account of recent rains. This village is situated on this branch of the river, contains some 150 or 200 inhabitants. Many of the Mexicans in camp today to trade small green watermelons and roasting corn. There are four American stores in this village. The country from Los Bagas to Anton Chico is principally mountainous on both sides of the road and contains in many places (to all appearance) immense quantities of iron ore.

Monday, September 29, 1850. Remained in camp until afternoon, succeeded in crossing the river, moved out 1½ miles and encamp'd for the night. A train of Mexican females escorted the women and girls of our company to camp, they came some distance from town on purpose and were much pleased with our women, [never?] having seen so many American women at one time before. They were anxious to have our girls to a Fandango which they promised to make for their accomodation.

Tuesday, September 30, 1850. Moved on through a mountainous rocky country chiefly covered with stunted pines and cedar. Encamp'd at Hole in Rock where we found water.

Wednesday, October 1, 1850. Continued our journey through a country today of much better timber with pines of good growth. This region is very destitute of water. At a distance of 9 miles to the right found some water in holes some ½ mile from the road, the water of a red color as is most generally the case in this part of the country, suitable only for cattle and hardly that. At the distance of 6 or 7 miles encamp'd in a beautiful valley between the mountains without water.

Thursday, October 2, 1850. At the distance of 6 miles from information we had received we expected to find water but were disappointed, it having dried up. A few miles further we arrived at what is termed Red Lake. Here we took in a supply of water and after traveling some 7 or 8 miles further, encamp'd for the night near to a grove of cedar.

Friday, October 3, 1850. Took in a supply of wood this morning to last 2 or 3 days,

having to cross a Jornada of some 50 or 60 miles, commencing at the Red Lake, and we are informed destitute of water and wood. Arrived in the evening at Mud Spring, distance 20 miles.

Saturday, October 4, 1850. Arrived at Antelope Spring, distance 15 miles. This is a desolate region, very little grass, prickly pear and gravel. Stones are more plentiful here than anything else. The spring however is excellent and the best we have seen in the last 150 miles. On our right and left a few miles distant appear the same continuous range of mountains for the most part bleak and desolate, but in some places covered with a stunted growth of pine and cedar. At this place the family of Mr. Sigler left us with their four waggons.

Sunday, October 5, 1850. In the evening today we moved on five miles in the hopes of finding better grass for our cattle. Encamp'd at some beautiful springs and good feed for the cattle.

Monday, October 6, 1850. Traveled some 18 or 20 miles. Encamp'd in the timber, plenty of wood and water. Near our camp are the ruins of what appears to have been a Roman Catholic settlement built of stone in a rude manner. All in ruins except a part of a large building, occupied I should judge formally from its appearance as a convent or nunery. There is a family or two of Mexicans living in part of the building at present.

Tuesday, October 7, 1850. Distance today twelve miles. The mountain scenery all around, chiefly covered with stunted cedars. Encamp'd near a perpendicular bluff or rock on our left. Road passes through a narrow valley in advance of our encampment, ½ mile a road turns to our right leading up through a valley to the Pueblo Springs, plenty of good water. A little above the springs are some extensive ruins, a considerable part of a large building is standing, the walls at least 30 feet high. There are the remains of many other buildings. Parts of walls standing in several places from 4 to 8 feet high. The large building I should conclude from the plan in which it is constructed was formally used as a Roman Catholic Convent or Nunery, and was perhaps founded soon after the conquest. The whole village was probably destroyed by the Indians many years ago. All the wooden part of the large building appears to have been destroyed by fire as the charred remains of timber in the walls amply testify.

Wednesday, October 8, 1850. Distance today 15 miles. Descended a rugged mountain on to the Valley of the Rio Del Norte or Anita. Encamp'd in sight of the mountains of the other side of the river.

Thursday, October 9, 1850. Continued our journey to the river. Found it impassable on account of quicksand. Encamped for the night, distance 12 or 15 miles.

Friday, October 10, 1850. We are informed that we will have to continue our journey on this side of the river as far down as Socorro before we can cross. Pass'd several village of Mexicans. Road very bad today, sandy and mountainous. Distance about 12 miles.

Saturday, October 11, 1850. Today road same as yesterday. Reached the valley opposite Socorro, distance 12 or 13 miles, river still impassable on account of high water. Encamped on the borders of the river.

Sunday, October 12, 1850. Held meeting today. Had a visit from brethren of the other side of the river.

Monday, October 13, 1850. Several of our company busily engaged in trying to find a ford that we can pass the river. The greater part of our company have determined to continue on their journey to the Colorado this winter.

Tuesday, October 14, 1850. This morning crossed the river early and encamp'd on the west bank where we intend to hold a conference tomorrow.

Wednesday, October 15, 1850. This morning commenced our conference, continued 16th and 17th

Saturday, October 18, 1850. This is the first Sabbath held in the land of peace. Sunday 19th and 20th - continued at our encampment until 23rd Thursday.

Thursday, October 23, 1850. Today we bid adieu to Socorro and moved on our route 9 miles. Encamp'd and during the night had 2 yoke of our oxen stolen by the Mexicans which detained us the next day. In the evening we succeeded in recovering 3 of them. We had also quite a sensation in camp occasioned by a couple of youngsters belonging to the camp running away to get married at the Mexican village 2 or 3 miles below. This event was consummated contrary to the feelings of the parents of one or both parties.

Saturday, October 25, 1850. This being 7th day or Sabbath we remained in camp and held meeting for preaching. Brother Wicks and wife returned from camp to Socorro with the intention of remaining until another company should come on from the states.

Sunday, October 26, 1850. Resumed our journey, 12 waggons in company moved down about 12 miles.

Monday, October 27, 1850. Today passed the fort one mile and encamped on the Val Verde bottom, distance 5 miles. Some of the company having to recruit their stock of provisions we were detained so this could be accomplished. The leaves here word the aspect of coming winter having turned yellow with the frost. The weather is very fine, the roads for the most part are heavy with deep sand and hilly, peculiar to this part of the river bottom. We are told that this is the case till we get as

low down as Santa Barbara.

Wednesday, October 29, 1850. Resumed our journey this morning. One other family left our company this morning, concluding to remain at the fort. Our number is now reduced to one half the quantity of waggons since starting from the states. Distance today 12 miles. Encamp'd on the river after passing some bad road.

Thursday, October 30, 1850. Road today very hilly with gravel and deep sand. The hills are generally in this part of the country composed of gravel and loose sand intermingled with pebble stones rounded off until perfectly smooth, and have the appearance of having been washed at some period by the sea or some large body of water. These hills are for the most part covered with a shrubby growth termed greasewood which answers a good purpose for fuel.

Friday, October 31, 1850. This morning our hunters were out early and at the distance of three-fourths of a mile killed a bear of brown or grizzly species, his meat was very acceptable in camp. Road today same as yesterday (very bad). Distance about 10 miles. Encamped on the river where we shall spend the Saturday, our Sabbath.

Monday, November 3, 1850. November 2nd - 3rd - nothing material occurred during the travel of these days, the road and aspect of the country the same as the last 3 or 4 days. Barren ridges and mountains of gravel and sand extremely dreary and desolate in appearance.

Tuesday, November 4, 1850. Last night encamp'd near the river bank, plenty of wood, the grass generally is dried up or killed by frost. Cold night and warm days. 5th and 6th - the roads seem to improve a little today.

Friday, November 7, 1850. Today we have pretty good bottom road, reached Santa Barbara about noon, and shall remain today and probably tomorrow. We hear some discouraging accounts from the copper mines 90 miles west. All the persons at the mines have left on account of Indian disturbances. A young man was killed there a few weeks ago by the Apache Indians. Some of the company are encamped near us. We remained in camp today resting our cattle and washing clothes.

Saturday, November 8, 1850. Sabbath today, shall remain here until tomorrow.

Sunday, November 9, 1850. This morning we commenced our journey west and bade farewell to the Del Norte, the distance 12 miles, road partly valley and deep dust and sand and partly rocky and mountainous. Encamped on the prairie without wood. Over the hill to the right hand in a deep hollow among the rocks obtained water for our cattle at hole in the rocks.

(continued next issue)

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES FRANCIS RILEY, PART II

(This portion of Riley's reminiscences includes freighting on the Santa Fe Trail and other activities before and during the Civil War. This document will be concluded in the next issue.)

ON THE JAMES FARM & TO FT. LARNED

After staying with Mr. James a day or two I visited my mother and step-father in Cass County, Missouri for several days. Then I return to James and set in to work for him again (I had previous to my trip to Salt Lake worked for him nearly five years). He was building a new house on his farm and I was very much needed just then. I hauled most of his brick for the house from what was known as the old Military Crossing on Indian Creek. I also hauled the sand from the Kaw River for plastering purposes. I used a team of five yoke of oxen and what was called a 6000 sixty hundred Santa Fe wagon. The last half of that winter and early spring I hauled the rails and posts to fence his eighty acre farm from Jonathan Gore's farm two miles north of Shawnee town. About the middle of May, 1860, I commenced breaking prairie sod for him and old Captain Starr, who owned the eighty acres adjoining on the west. I broke sixty acres for Mr. Starr and seventy acres for James. That being the noted dry year in Kansas, it got so dry that by the middle of August I had to stop breaking.

I then put in over a month flattening rails and sharpening posts to do the fencing with. The ground got so hard that we could do no good fencing so I had almost ran out of work.

So, about the 1st of October one of Irwin and Jackman's teams loaded in Kansas City and pulled out and crossed Indian Creek where the old Ruckel house now stands. They remained there several days waiting for more hands. They were loaded with shelled corn for Ft. Larned. It was a train of twenty-six big Santa Fe wagons and six yoke of cattle loaded with sixty hundred and in charge of Jim Hornbuckle and Bill McGuyse. So, after consulting Mr. James we decided I could take the time off to make that trip as it would not take over six weeks. I could be back to take care of his stock that winter and get things ready for spring work. So, I and Jim Sprague, a young fellow, a neighbor, went over and hired for the trip. Next day we went in to Kansas City to get our outfit and then all was ready.

Quite a number of the hands were new men or men that knew nothing about handling cattle or driving a team and a good many of our cattle were unbroke, so it took nearly a half day to yoke up and hitch on.

Our first drive was made over an old trail that came out from Independence, Missouri, crossed the State Line at Little Santa Fe, and passed south of Olathe. Our first

camp was on Newt Aisworth's farm.

At Gardner we struck the trail coming out from Kansas City via Olathe. Now we are on the main Santa Fe trail and our next camp was Blackjack. We had passed through Gardner, McKamish, and Lanesfield. Only the old settlers can tell you where some of these towns were. Some have long since disappeared. Our next town was Palmyra, which is now a part of Baldwin, the seat of Baker University.

Our next point of any note was Burlingame, a small village of perhaps 150 inhabitants and an Overland Stage station. Our next town worthy the name of town was Council Grove at the crossing of the Neosho River. This was the last town on the trail.

We have passed several places there were known by some name. Perhaps there had been some one that had settled there once, but had left for some other clime. This was the year of the great drouth in Kansas and a great many of her people had to leave their claims and return to the older states where they could procure a sustenance for their families and for that reason a great many of the new towns of Kansas had been abandoned. Our greatest trouble so far has been to get water for our cattle. Several times we had to drive them two or three miles to water. From the Neosho River we drove to Diamond Springs about fifteen miles. This was an abandoned town, three little stone houses and a corral, but plenty of water.

Our next good water was where we crossed Cottonwood about thirty-five miles distant. We crossed the Cottonwood not far from where Marion is now. There was no town there then. We got water again at what was called Cottonwood Holes, a good drive distance.

Now, we travel over a stretch of country that was very dry. We crossed several small creeks but nearly all were dry. Near where McPherson now is we found water in one of the Turkey Creeks by driving some distance down the creek.

Our next water was at the crossing of Little Arkansas River. There we found plenty of water, good grass, and our first buffalo. We had a man in the train that was to be our hunter. He had a good rifle and believed that if ever he got a shot at a buffalo that it was his. So, when we left there the next morning our boss told Mr. Johnson (for that was our hunter's name) to saddle up the extra mule and as soon as he got a chance to kill a buffalo to do so. We had not gone far until we espied several head not far from the road, grazing along very contentedly. He rode towards them and in a few minutes he shot one and the buffalo dropped to the ground and lay still.

This was all in plain view of the train and of course all hands were watching. Mr. Johnson stood by the side of his mule as if waiting for some one to come to help him bring it to camp. After a few minutes he started towards the buffalo and when he got near the buffalo jumped up, gave a big snort and away went the mule as hard as he could and Johnson threw his gun and took to his heels toward the train as hard as he could. He ran perhaps a hundred yards or so before looking back. The buffalo only made two or three jumps and fell dead. So, we stopped the train and in a very short time most of the buffalo was cut up and hanging to the hind end of our wagons. But Johnson did not hear the last of that hunt very soon.

Our next water was at Cow Creek. We crossed at about where the city of Lyons is now. None of these towns were even thought of then. After leaving Cow Creek our next water was the Arkansas River. We struck the river where Ellinwood is now. We are now at what was called the Big Bend of the Arkansas River (now called Great Bend). We are now about forty miles from our destination Fort Larned situated on Pawnee Rock [Fork] about seven or eight miles from the river.

Our next drive brings us to Walnut Creek which empties into the river near where the city of Great Bend is now located. Our next point of note is Pawnee Rock about half way from Great Bend to Fort Larned. Of late I have read a great deal about Pawnee Rock. I don't know that it has any intrinsic value. It is or was at that time a large pile of rocks. As I remember it about as large as a big barn. It sets in against the bluff some two or three miles from the river. It has quite a historical value a part of which may be referred to later.

RETURNING- A STAMPEDE- A MAN KILLED

Our next point is Pawnee Fork. We corral on the east side about one hundred yards from the crossing. This is our last camp on our outward trip. The next day we took one-half the train up to the fort and unloaded it, returned to camp and the next day the other half was unloaded, and we make our preparation for a night drive on our return trip. Our cattle there were not being used that day had been sent across the river on account of the grass. A couple of days before that a train had passed there and their cattle were stampeded and they lost several head and some how they got in with our herd and when our cattle were brought in they were brought in also.

It was late in the afternoon when we began to yoke up. Everybody was in a hurry to get started home, all were full of glee. The last team was ready to go out, the others were nearly all hooked on. All at once those stray cattle gave a snort and away went the whole train. It was only a few seconds until the teams were all on the run. As soon as the corral was cleared one man was found to be killed. He had been caught

by the teams and his neck broken. One-half of our train ran towards the bluffs to the north, the other half made a complete circle to the right and fell in after the other half. They did not run more than half a mile or so until they began to stop and as nearly all hands were calling to them they soon got over their scare. Now, the next thing to do was to get them corraled again so we made our corral about one-half mile from our old camp. As soon as our camp was made the man that was killed was brought in, he had been left with a guard where he was killed until then. His name as I remember it was John Welch. He was a married man and lived in Kansas City. I don't think he had any family except his wife. He was a fine fellow, well liked by all hands. It was a very sad night for all of us. His body was prepared in the very best way that it could be done and he was buried on the southeast side of the road between one-half and three-quarters of a mile from the ford or crossing of the creek. He was laid away early in the morning. While some were getting breakfast others were attending to that duty.

I see by the map of Kansas that the city of Larned is built up on the spot where we were corraled and where he was buried.

Now, upon our return trip there is nothing of interest to note. When we got to the Little Arkansas River we found plenty of buffalo. We killed three, I think it was. We cut off the hind-quarters leaving the hide on and hung them up to the hind end of the wagons and as it was needed the skin was peeled back and the meat cut out. We had all we wanted for the trip. We saved one quarter and presented it to one of the proprietors Mr. Irwin at Kansas City.

The last day but one on our return trip it snowed nearly all day. We came in the same road we started out. We crossed Indian Creek at the old Aubery [Aubry] crossing, corraled for the night just south of the old Joe Chaney house, turned our cattle down on the branch where Joe Kroll lives now. The next day turned off warm and took the snow all off. That day we laid there waiting orders; our boss had gone into Kansas City. So, we built big log heaps and had a big fire and a big time. That night the boss came out to camp, he told us that in the morning we would yoke up our wheelers and leaders and take our wagons in and turn them over. So, the next day we pulled in to the city turned the outfit over and were now ready for a settlement. Mrs. Welch was sent for when she came in she was told by Mr. Irwin that he would pay her her husband's wages for full time and that the boys would leave with him a token of their friendship for Mr. Welch. So all hands left one dollar each for her. He also told her that if she wanted to go home to her folks somewhere in Illinois that they would pay her fare. I never knew whether she went or not. So, this is the ending of my trip to Ft. Larned and I return to Mr. James and set in to work

for him again having been gone about six weeks.

During that fall and winter I worked for Mr. James improving his farm. In the spring of 1861, after planting the crops he (Mr. James) secured a contract to buy several hundred yoke of work oxen to be used in freighting across the plains to Colorado and New Mexico. So he procured another man to do the farming and took me to help him buy and deliver the cattle. Those cattle were mostly delivered by George W. Briant of Jackson County, Missouri. Those cattle cost less than \$50.00 per yoke. Several small lots were bought for other freighters to fill up their trains, who brought their outfits in from Mexico with them. These were mostly Mexicans. We also bought a good many beef cattle for Mr. James Ward, who ran a meat market in the southeast corner of 15th and Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri. Now, this being the year of the commencement of the Rebellion; Ft. Sumpter was already in the hands of the Confederates and it looked like something must be done. Everybody was talking war and early in the year the movements of everything indicated a war.

TO FORT LYON, COLORADO TERRITORY

After putting in about half the summer buying cattle I decided that I would make another trip on the plains. So, I hired to the same man (Mr. Hornbuckle) that I was with the fall before. This trip was to be made to Ft. Lyon, Colorado Territory, situated on the Arkansas River about where Las Animas is now. We loaded our train in Kansas City, Missouri, with Government freight consisting of general supplies for that Post. This train was made up to twenty-six wagons of six yoke of oxen, six thousand pounds of freight to the wagon. The usual preliminaries had to be gone through with in getting ready to start. After all was made ready we rolled out, following the old Sante Fe Trail which had been partially described on my former trip as far out as Ft. Larned. And as nothing of interest or anything unusual happened with us we pass along over the route. And as there were no military posts or stage stations on the trail between Ft. Larned and Ft. Lyon, there is nothing to note except our daily routine of work which you already understand. Of course, we had our ups and downs, our pleasures, and hardships, which all go along to make up our duties as bull whackers.

INDIANS AND BUFFALO

On this trip we fared well for game especially buffalo meat and as we had good weather and good roads we got along very nicely. The Indians were very peaceable along the trail, not many to be seen anywhere except near the forts. We arrived at Ft. Lyon early in October. After two days of hard work for some of us we were unloaded and ready to start for home again. While laying here we saw our first emigrant train

of Indians moving. There were perhaps three hundred big, little, old and young. The first to pass by were some young bucks equipped as though they were going on a hunt. They passed on by a short distance from our corral. We were not directly on the road, so they did not stop. But, soon after, perhaps half an hour another squad came in sight, perhaps forty or fifty; all men and on horseback. Close after them came the women and children. The most of the women and girls of perhaps ten or twelve and over were on foot.

Now, to describe their moving caravan. They take two tent poles which are perhaps fifteen feet long, lash one on each side of a pony with a cross bar just behind the pony to keep the poles in place. Then on these poles they fasten all of their household goods, cooking utensils, and in fact all they have. Of course, they have to have a good many of these moving vans or whatever you may call them, for one pony can't draw a very big load that way. I forgot to say that one end of these poles drags on the ground behind the pony. After all of their goods are packed and lashed fast then comes the little children, all that are too young to walk are provided places on these packs. Some are even lashed on them fast so they cannot fall off. Of course, this is all beneath the dignity of the warrior. He takes no part in that business, the squaws do all the work while the men sit around and smoke the pipe of peace or is on warpath or on the hunting chase. Now, when they are on the move they string out in single file. An old squaw or young one leads the pony and those that do not lead troop long by the side of the outfit. I forgot to say anything about the dogs; I think usually they have more dogs than ponies. And, if you don't know what an ugly despiseable dog looks like you ought to see some of these Indian dogs. I can't describe them for their ugliness. If you want to get some idea of how ugly they are just think of the ugliest thing you ever saw and then multiply it by ten and you get some idea of how they look. This caravan was strung out for perhaps two miles. And after all had passed some time, the rear guard came up composed of ten or twelve young bucks. They came in to our camp and stayed perhaps half an hour. Very few of the others had come to our corral but all that did come wanted something to eat or some tobacco. They are terrible beggars. That evening we made our first drive for home. While here I was on guard and in my stroll I found a piece of what we supposed to be an antelope that had become petrified. It was perhaps three or four inches wide and nearly a foot long. As I remember it had three rib bones and the flesh looked very natural. It had been cut from the backbone down across the side nearly the length of the ribs. I put it away in my wagon expecting to bring it home but somewhere on the road it came up missing and I never knew where

it went. On our return trip we encountered immense herds of buffalo. It seemed that the whole country was alive with them. Sometimes it was hard to keep them away from our cattle while we were grazing them. Once while moving on the road near old Ft. Dodge we could hardly keep a large herd from running into our train. They came sweeping down from the bluffs toward us. All that had guns or revolvers commenced shooting and by that means changed their course so that they crossed the road just behind our train. In the battle we got one young one about a yearling. We heard of several men getting killed by them that summer.

Some men came to our camp one day for medicine for a Mexican that had been nearly killed, being gored by a buffalo. They said he was gored in the upper part of the breast and a part of the collar bone torn out. They were hunters. By the time we got to Ft. Larned we were about through the buffalo. Only a few straggling ones around Big Bend and Cow Creek.

ROUTINE INCIDENTS

From here in there is not much to note except our daily routine of work. When we got to Council Grove we camped near town and about a dozen of us boys thought we would go to the hotel and get a square meal. We were getting hungry for a dinner. So, we ordered our dinner. We was told it would take an hour to get it ready. We told the landlord all right, we would wait. We knew that the train could not leave until we got back. So, while dinner was being prepared we investigated the town. Of course, there was not much of it. I think it could be nearly all put in one or two of our freight wagons. Soon the old gong sounded and we all assembled for dinner. We were the only guests at the table and we made ourselves right at home. We had hardly got started to eating when someone looked up and said, "Well, gee whiz, what's that thing?" We all looked and just overhead we beheld some things like newspapers cut in strips, swinging back and forth all along over the table. This being the first time any of us had ever seen anything like that, of course, boy like we had to investigate pretty closely to understand the mechanism of that machine. Finally some one of the boys discovered a little Pickaninny down near the cook room pulling at a string and we soon found out that he was the motive power. We had to laugh at the little fellow pumping away at his string. Finally he got tired of our jokes and left his post. Then it was discovered that the little fellow was keeping the flies off of us and the table. As soon as the flags stopped they began to swarm on the table and as the little "niggah" was gone we had our own battle to fight with the flies. We soon ate all there was on the table to eat and so we paid our twenty-five cents apiece and went our way rejoicing. When we got back to camp the boss said,

"Well boys, did you get a square meal?" We said, "You bet we did or we would not be here for that was what we went for."

We were camped close to an Indian graveyard and we explored it pretty thoroughly. Some graves we could see old bones laying around in them. There had been a shallow grave dug, the body put in, covered over lightly and a low pen built over it with poles and covered with the same. We left there late in the evening and made a night drive of about twelve miles. From there on in to Kansas City we made in good time as we had good weather and good roads. We made our last camp on Indian Creek about one and one-half miles south of where Lenexa is now. The next day we took the train in to the old Carr farm south of Westport, turned it over to some man that was to winter the cattle, left our wagons there to be repaired during the winter for the spring trips. All hands were taken down to town and paid off. Each hand received about fifty-five dollars for the trip. We were gone about sixty-five days. So ended my trip to Ft. Lyon.

BORDER TROUBLE

After visiting my mother I returned to Mr. James and set in to work for him again on the farm. That winter I did some hauling from the timber north of Shawnee town. This was a time when the people were at a great loss to know what to do. The war had commenced, several battles had been fought with undecided results. It looked as though the destiny of our Union hung in a balance and it was hard to tell which way it would tip. I presume it was worse along the border here between Kansas and Missouri than almost anywhere else. We had scarcely gotten over our border troubles of a few years before. And then our citizens were made up of both Northern and Southern people who were almost at dagger points all ready. Had it not been for the conservativeness of some of the old settlers who tried to hold in check the war spirit that was everywhere agitated, no telling what would have taken place along the border here.

By the time the spring of 1862 opened up here there had been several bands of guerillas organized in Missouri and Kansas who caused a great deal of trouble along the line by their frequent raids back and forth for the purpose of plundering and killing their supposed enemies.

During the summer of that year after putting in our spring crops Mr. James and I put in most of our time buying work oxen and mules for the contractors who had large contracts for hauling Government freight across the plains to Mexico and Colorado to supply the different Government posts out in that country. At different times we would get back home and remain a short time. I would go to work on the farm while Mr. James was looking for other contracts for cattle and stayed most of his time

in Kansas City.

Early in that summer we had our first introduction to the Missouri Bushwackers. It was on a Sunday afternoon. Not far away lived a Mrs. Sprague, who had two sons, young men, and a half brother, a young man who made his home there. I had strolled off up there to see the boys. It happened that the oldest son had gone to see his girl so was not at home. I stayed longer perhaps than I should, and along towards evening the old lady had supper ready and of course, I stayed for supper. We had scarcely sat around the table when some one said, "Look out there is a company of soldiers, and they are coming in." Some one said, "Let them come we are here first." They rode all around the house nearly half of them got off and came bolting in at both doors and saying, "How, how, how." One fellow said, "Granny is that Lincoln coffee?" and she said, "Yes." So, he said "Here you Yankees, get up from there and we will try it. You sit here around the fireplace while we eat supper." And so they did. Mrs. Sprague said, "Who are you anyway?" "Oh, we are old Abe's boys." She said, "I don't believe you are, if you were you would not act this way. I knew him in Illinois and his boys did not act like you fellows." They just laughed at her. All this time several of them were searching all through the house and taking all the clothing, guns, pistols, and in fact anything of value that they could carry away. They even made Sam Gates (the half brother) take off his pants and hand them over. (They were soldier pants, just what they wanted). After they got all they could find that they wanted they remounted and rode off. They went from there to James. He was at home. By that time it was getting dark. They made him light the lamps for them and they searched the house all over and took all the clothing, guns, pistols, and ammunition they could find. They took from my room and trunk all the clothing I had, all I had left was what I had on. They took forty dollars in money out of my trunk, also a new suit of clothes that cost thirty-five dollars that I had not had on but a time or two. Also a good silver watch worth \$22.50 that I had not had long. Mr. James saved his money by dropping his pocketbook in some wheat that lay in a room upstairs and tramping on it. When they got through there they made James go with them to Mr. John Dyches. There they plundered his house of everything they could find of value and then started for Missouri taking Mr. James and Dyche with them. After taking them a couple of miles over in Missouri they turned them loose and told them to go home and attend strictly to their own business.

During that summer we had several calls from these fellows. They always took what they needed if they could find it. It was not long until we learned to keep things of value out of sight for we knew not what day or

night they would give us a call. Not long after this they made us a visit. They hunted the place all over for our horses. That evening I had driven them over to a branch about a mile from home. I told them they were out on the prairie somewhere. So, they gave up the hunt. While they were searching the house one of them took my pocketbook and soon after another took my tobacco (a small piece) and he said, "Is that all the tobacco you have got?" I said, "Yes," and he said, "Why don't you keep plenty on hand-" I said, "How can I when you fellows come around every few days and take all the money I have." He said, "Has anyone taken your money tonight?" I said, "Yes, that fellow there has got my pocketbook." I pointed to the man. He said to him, "Have you got his pocketbook?" The fellow ran his hand in his pocket, pulled out three or four pocketbooks and said, "Is either of these yours?" I said "yes" and put my finger on the one, he handed it to me. The other fellow said, "Now, take it and the next time we come around have plenty of tobacco. You can go to town and we can't." I said, "All right, but maybe the other fellows will get here first" (meaning the Kansas Jayhawkers), for they passed that way quite often.

During that summer we bought and delivered about 600 yoke of cattle and 150 head of mules. Our trade closed about the first of September. Mr. James decided to take his family back to Illinois to spend the winter. He got a man by the name of Henry Sheperd from over in Missouri to move on his farm and take care of it. Mr. Sheperd was raised in Missouri and of course his friends would not molest him. I was to help take care of the crops. Mr. James took his family to Illinois in October. He returned in December and went to Leavenworth and secured a contract to deliver 500 head of fat hogs, to be delivered in two lots of about equal size. He came back to Kansas City and sent word out for me to come in and bring his saddle horse and my own. So, he sent two other men out in the east part of Jackson County, Missouri and he and I went south near the State Line and in a couple of weeks we all had bought and gathered together nearly three hundred head. There being no railroads in this part of the country nearer than the Hannibal and St. Joe, we had to drive our hogs to market. So Mr. James, and myself, and two other young men started with the first lot for Leavenworth. We got there the third day. Upon our arrival Mr. James found out that his man that he had contracted with was not reliable and so he only let him have a part of the lot that we had brought for him. Mr. James left Mr. Carr at Westport to keep on buying more hogs. So, after he failed with his contract at Leavenworth the next thing was to stop Mr. Carr from buying. So, he asked me if I would take his horse and go to Westport and inform Mr. Carr of the situ-

ation and have him stop buying. He also gave me twelve hundred dollars to deposit in a bank at Kansas City for Mr. Carr to draw on to pay for what hogs he had already bought. Mr. James remained in Leavenworth to dispose of the rest of the hogs he had there. I left Leavenworth late in the afternoon. I rode until after dark and put up for the night at an Indian's by the name of Johnnycake. He was the son of old Johnnycake who lived about midway between Kansas City and Leavenworth and kept a kind of a hotel or stopping place for travelers. I did not stop there because it was too much of a public place but went on a few miles farther and stopped with the son. The next morning early I was on the road for Kansas City when I passed what was called the 6 mile House (west of Wyandotte). There were several saddle horses tied to the fence. I did not like the looks of that very well but pushed on at a good gait. When I got to Wyandotte I found I could not cross the river on account of the ice on the river, so I had to change my course and go via the old County Bridge which made me several miles extra ride. When I got in sight of the bridge I saw two men on horseback crossing the bridge ahead of me so I slackened my gait thinking to let them get on out of sight. In the meantime I took my money which was in paper bills rolled up in two rolls. I slipped them up my shirt sleeve buttoned the wristband so they could not come out. My men had gone out of sight when I got to the bridge but low and behold I got across I saw them coming back again. They stopped when they came to the end of the bridge and when I came up they halted me and began to ask all manner of questions until they found out my name, where I lived, where I was going now, and when I was going out home, what road I would go, and many other questions. I answered all I could and what I could not answer I said I don't know. Finally I said, "Well, I must go I have to meet a man in Kansas City today." One of them said "We are going to Kansas City, which way do you go?" I told him I was going up over the hills here until I came to the Shawnee Town road and go in on it. He said, "All right, we will go that way too." So we struck out. Our road was a narrow road through the timber for more than a mile. Before we came to the main road I gave them the road and I took the outside thinking that if they made any move that looked as though they were going to rob me I would let the money drop out of my sleeve in the leaves and maybe they would not see it. They were very inquisitive, asking all manner of questions about the people living out in my neighborhood. When we got near the main road I saw a man with a load of flour going toward the city. I thought now was my time to get away from them so I said, "I am in quite a hurry to get to the city I will ride on." So I touched my mare in the side with my spur. She took the lope and I soon left them to talk to the

teamster. I did not wait to hear what he told them.

After attending to my business in the city I concluded I would not go out home that night but I took a different road from what I had told them I would take and went out near Shawnee town and stayed over night. The next day I rode over home and I learned that those two fellows had been in the neighborhood last night. They had robbed several of the neighbors and had inquired at two different places about me. That day I went back to Kansas City and met Mr. James. He decided to take what hogs had been bought and pick up a few more on the road and drive on to Cameron on the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad and ship to Quincy, Illinois. By the time we arrived at Cameron we had three car loads of hogs. We had to wait several days until we could get cars. We sent the team back to Kansas City. I stayed with the hogs while Mr. James went to Quincy to sell them. He returned without making a sale. As soon as our cars came we loaded and started. When we got to Hannibal we had to lay there some time and while there we sold to a packer there so we unloaded and I started for home again. Mr. James went on to where his family were in Illinois. I had left my horse at Cameron so from there I went on horseback and alone.

We always told the people on the road that we were from Kansas City and that our hogs were brought in Missouri. If we had said we were from Kansas, we could have hardly gotten through.

That winter or at least the last part of it I skulked around from post to pillow, did not remain long in any one place. My mother and stepfather had moved from Missouri into the neighborhood. I made that my headquarters most of the time. Early in the spring I and my brother Charles made up our minds that we would go on the plains again that year, so, I hunted up Mr. Hornbuckle to see if he was going to run a train that year or not. He expected to, and if I wanted to go he would give me a job. So, it was understood that he was to let me know as soon as he could use us. This being the spring of 1863, the war had become a stern reality. It seemed that two-thirds of the able bodied men had either gone into the army or into the brush. Quantrel's guerrillas had become very annoying to the people near the State Line, for he had been operating on both sides of the State Line. All the excuse he wanted to make a case against any one was for them to have something that he needed in his business. The Kansas Redlegs were almost as numerous as the guerrillas and about as much to be dreaded. It was neither safe for man or beast especially if one was possessed of anything of value.

TO FORT UNION NEW MEXICO

The latter part of April I received word to report in Kansas City for business. It took a

few days to overhaul our wagons, get our sheets on, and our mess kits in order. Our cattle were brought in from where they had been fed through the winter and the first of May we started for Ft. Leavenworth where we loaded with Government supplies for Ft. Union, New Mexico. We soon had our train loaded. It was composed of the regular number of twenty-six wagons. Twenty-five loaded with freight and one with grub for ourselves. This time I was given the position of extra hand. I had no regular team of my own but was supposed to help everybody else that needed help. I was furnished a mule to ride and it was my duty to be at every bad place and help to whip the teams through. If any hand got sick I was to take his place and drive his team until he got well. And, when in camp to see that the wagons were greased every day, to make the dope with which to grease them. In fact it was expected of me to see that nothing was left undone that needed to be done. We had an assistant wagon master to be sure who should have done most of that work, but he soon proved to be no good on that trip. So, most of his work fell on me.

At this time the Kaw River was too high at Lawrence for us to ford so we had to go up to Ft. Riley to cross. When we got there the river was still too high to ford. So, we had to use a little old flat boat to ferry our wagons across. Our cattle had to be swum over so it took us two days to get over and straightened up again.

From here we took a Southwest course until we struck the old Santa Fe Trail which was not far from Marion. At this time there were towns or settlements on the trail west of Council Grove so as I have said before there is nothing to note of interest except our regular round from day to day.

When we got to Pawnee Fork or Ft. Larned we came in contact with our first Indians. They were peaceable but long on the beg. There were perhaps three or four thousand. They were scattered along the Arkansas River for several miles. They seemed to be short on grub, game was scarce, and very poor, so they seemed to be waiting for it to get fat. Uncle Sam had been furnishing them some provisions from the post at Larned. We had hard work to keep them from begging us out of our supplies. In fact before we got back we had to call on Uncle Sam for help. We got out of flour and applied for help at Ft. Larned. All we could get there was three barrels of hard tack or army crackers. These were so poor that we could hardly use them. But it was Hopkins choice, "that or none". We crossed the river at what was called the Cimarron crossing. It was about midway between Ft. Dodge and Garden City or where they are now. From there we took a southwest course across what was called Hornattier [Jornada] or dry route. It was 65 miles from where we left the river to where we struck the Cimarron River. Across this stretch

there was no water. It was about midway on this dry route in the winter of 1860 that two trains coming in to the states got caught in a big snow storm. Their stock about all died of starvation and the men had to burn their wagons to keep from freezing. The snow was so deep that they could not travel. After sometime the men made their way to the river and finally got to some post. We made a short drive of about six miles out from the river and then turned our cattle back to the river, kept them there until late in the afternoon, gave them all the water they would drink, then rushed them back to camp, hooked up and started out about dusk. We travelled all night, made about twenty miles before we stopped. We only stopped long enough to rest the cattle and get some breakfast. Soon we were on the road again and drove until late in the evening. Up to this time our cattle had not seemed to suffer any for water but we could see they were getting plenty lank and seemed to be getting uneasy. We soon got a little supper and were on the road again. We now had nearly twenty miles more to water. Our cattle was very anxious to go. They traveled almost like horses and it seemed as though the drivers could hardly keep up with them. The men had to walk all the time and do everything they could to keep awake. It had been a hard trip for them as well as the cattle. We went on until we were within two miles of the Cimarron; here we had to stop. It seemed the cattle knew that there was water near and it made them nearly crazy. We could hardly get them corraled, they were so anxious to go on. As quick as they could be unyoked they were let go. The herders followed after them. They were not long in finding the water and as soon as they had drank their fill they would shake themselves and go out up on the bank a little ways and lay down to rest. It was now almost daylight and the herders knew that the cattle would not get up to graze any until about sunup, so they all laid down with the cattle to take a sleep. Brother Charley was one of the herders that night. He lay down close to an old steer and went to sleep. Just after it began to get light he woke up and not more than a rod from him stood an antelope looking at him as though it was wondering what he was. He had a little four inch pistol in his pocket, he slipped it out and shot and killed it. He said it made one jump and fell dead. Of course the shot woke up all the rest of the guard and they all wanted to know what he was shooting at. He told them to come and see that he had shot an antelope. After the excitement was over they caught an old herd mule and loaded their game on it and brought it to camp. All hands had to see what a good shot he had made. He had shot it square between the eyes. All thought that to be remarkable with so small a pistol. He told me afterwards that he took aim at the thing's breast. That if he had aimed at its head he would have shot at least a foot over

its back. He considered it a mere accident. But, we enjoyed the antelope all the same.

After traveling up the Cimmaron River 75 or 80 miles we crossed over and bore more to the Southwest until we struck the Rabbit Ear. Here we found lot of mountain currants. The first day on this stream we put in our spare time picking currants. At home we would not have cared much for them but out here they were very good. We followed this creek some distance then as we left it our next place of note was the Wagon Mound. A mound that is some distance from the trail and resembles a large covered wagon. In a few days more we arrived at Ft. Union. We were not very long unloading as most of our freight had to be sent to other places. We were permitted to stack a good part of it in a big warehouse where we could unload two or three wagons at one time. After our wagons were unloaded they were taken (or about one-half of them) to another warehouse and there reloaded with dry hides and pelts to be brought back to Kansas City.

The second day in the afternoon we made our first drive towards home. We came back by what was known as the Raton Route by the way of the great Maxwell Ranch. Then across the Raton Mountains on to the Picketware or the Purgatoire River, where Trinidad is now. There was no town there then. A few miles further down the river was Gray's Ranch where was kept an overland stage station and postoffice. The trail follows down this river some distance and then crosses over a divide of 20 to 25 miles to the Arkansas River. A few miles farther down and we cross over to the north side at what was then Bent's old fort, about 35 miles above Ft. Lyon. From here on you know the trail.

On this trip coming in we had four passengers, two young men and a man and his wife. The man and his wife paid for their passage. The young men worked for theirs. I don't remember this married man's name, but had gone to Mexico a year or two before and he had married a Spanish woman. He was going to the States to his people. They had a wagon to themselves and kept themselves pretty close to it so none of us got very well acquainted with them. On our way down the river we camped where Windhorst is now, nearer the river, for noon and just across the river no more than a mile away we spied some buffalo, so I and another fellow concluded to try and kill one. We waded across the river and slipped along up the stream until we got in good pistol shot of one of them and we got our positions and both took aim as near at his heart as we could and one said fire and both pistols popped at about the same time. The buffalo took two or three jumps and fell. We waited a little while and the old fellow raised up on his hunkers and groaned a few times and then laid still. Mack said, "Give me your pistol and I will crawl up close and plug him

again." So I gave him my pistol and he crawled off to one side a little so the buffalo could not see him and then he slipped along until we were within 20 feet of the buffalo and he took a good aim and shot. The buffalo made a lunge to get up but did not succeed and before he could make another effort Mack plunged his butcher knife into his side. He rolled over on his side and gave a groan and gave it up. We soon had cut out what meat we wanted and were on our way to camp. When we arrived at camp we were told that since we left camp a young man had been added to our list of passengers and that he was somewhat nervous, so we were admonished to make as little noise as possible. He was somewhat of a pigmy weighing only about eight pounds. I never learned his name. He proved to be a very peaceable fellow who was taken charge of by our lady passenger and her husband. The last I saw of them was when they left our train in Kansas City.

On our way down the river we encountered several bands of Indians. They seemed to be more saucy than ever before with us. However, we escaped very well by being clever to them, they let us pass. Of course, we had to give them part of our provisions. Several trains had been stopped on the road and made to give up nearly all their provisions so that they had go to the forts for help to get home. We got back to Kansas City about the 10th of August.

(concluded next issue.)

CLIFTON HOUSE

(continued from page 1)

following the construction of I-25.

Arrangements for the return of the marker to the Clifton House site west of the Canadian River (also known as Red River) near the point where the Mountain Route crossed the river, south of Raton, New Mexico, were made by Mrs. Philip Stober, DAR State Regent; Juanita G. Hill, DAR State Historian; Nancy Robertson, Corazon de los Caminos Chapter, SFTA, Marker Committee Chairman; Phillip Valdez, John Q. Thaxton Rest Area; and John Van Sweden, president of the V7 Ranch Company. The historic marker was reset on a concrete base on January 23, 1995, as a public service by the Errington Memorial Chapel, through the efforts of Barie Fritz, Ernie Reese, Danny Martinez, and Leonard Duran. A public rededication ceremony will follow at a later date.

Clifton House was a popular overnight stop on the Santa Fe Trail. It was built in 1867 by Thomas L. Stockton, a Texas rancher, with materials brought overland by wagons and of adobe bricks manufactured at the site. Stockton, born in Tennessee in 1833, moved to Palo Pinto County, Texas, in

1858. He married Etta Cureton about 1860 and ranched near Fort Davis until after the Civil War. He moved to New Mexico in 1866, accompanying a large cattle drive led by John Hittson along and near the Goodnight-Loving Trail.¹

Hittson sold cattle at Forts Sumner and Union, and Stockton took his wagons on up the Santa Fe Trail from Fort Union to the Canadian River crossing, about 12 miles south of Raton Pass, where he built temporary quarters and began building a large hotel which he called Clifton House (also known as Red River Station and Red River Hotel). This was a ranching and cattle-trading operation as well as a Trail stage station.²

Frank Coe recalled that "Tom Stockton was a big cowman. . . . Red River Station was a station on the Santa Fe Trail where it crossed the Red River. It was a big place for the Texas trail herds to lay over and have buyers come and meet them from Colorado and Wyoming. There was a pasture there and the Red River Hotel for accommodations."³ For years Clifton House served as headquarters for cattle roundups. After the construction of the railroad and the abandonment of the Santa Fe Trail in 1879, it fell into disuse and burned in 1887. Only the ruins of one adobe wall remain.⁴

The Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail descended Raton Creek, a small tributary of the Canadian, which flows east from the Sangre de Cristo Mountains south of the Colorado border before turning south around Red River Peak, a prominent landmark bordering the National Rifle Association Whittington Center property, and dropping into a deep canyon below the Rock Crossing of the Cimarron Route of the Trail. The Canadian joins the Arkansas River approximately 80 miles southeast of Tulsa, OK.

A larger Red River, forming the border between Oklahoma and Texas, flows through Louisiana into the Mississippi. The various Red Rivers caused confusion for many years. It was not surprising that Stephen H. Long, searching for that Red River in 1820, mistakenly followed the Canadian. It was not until the 1830s that maps were published which correctly depicted the routes of the Canadian, Red, and Pecos rivers.

The Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail was opened in the 1840s and crossed the Canadian River near the later location of Clifton House. In 1846 the United States government chose Bent's Fort as headquarters of the Upper Arkansas Indian agency. The same year Stephen Watts Kearny's invasion

of Mexican Territory brought national attention to the area. There were a number of diaries and official reports, including that of nineteen-year-old Susan Shelby Magoffin, which mentioned the crossing of the Canadian or Red River.

Lieutenant William H. Emory, topographical engineer who accompanied Kearny's Army of the West, recorded on August 7, 1846, "Sixteen miles from camp 36 [Raton Pass] brought us to the main branch of the Canadian, a slow running stream, discharging a volume of water the thickness of a man's waist. We found here Bent's camp. I dismounted under the shade of a cotton-wood, near an ant hill and saw something black; . . . and, on examination, found it to be bituminous coal. . . . After crossing the river, and proceeding about a mile and a quarter, I found the party from which I had become separated encamped on the river, with a plentiful supply of grass, wood, and water; and here we saw, for the first time, a few sprigs of the famous grama. . . . We are now in what may be called the paradise of that part of the country between Bent's Fort and San Miguel; and yet he who leaves the edge of the Canadian or its tributaries must make a good day's march to find food, water, or grass. . . . August 8. We remained in camp all day to allow Colonel Doniphan's regiment and the artillery to come up. During the day, we had gusts of wind, and clouds discharging rain to the west. Captain Sumner drilled his three squadrons of dragoons, and make quite an imposing show. The latitude of the camp is 36°47'34"; the longitude 6h. 56m. 59.7s."⁵

Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan, First Missouri Mounted Volunteers, was with Kearny's Army of the West in 1846 and described the area. He stated, "On the 6th we advanced about seven miles, and encamped on a spring branch, issuing from the base of the Cimarron Peak. Here several of the men ascended to the summit of this lofty mountain, elevated many thousand feet above the plains and valleys below. The scene was truly grand and magnificent. The Spanish peaks, twin brothers in the midst of desolation, rose still above us to the westward, lifting high into the heavens their basaltic pillars and spurs, girt with clouds, and glistening with perennial snow; while towering still above these, rose the grander and loftier summits of the Cordilleras, like blue, amethystine clouds, in the distant south-western horizon. Thus surrounded by the grandest scenery the world can furnish, the author read

with double enthusiasm the first canto of Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

"On the 7th, at an early hour, the advance was sounded. Our route led up a narrow defile through the mountains between the Cimarron and the Spanish peaks, called the Raton Pass. This day's march was extremely arduous and severe on our teams. Rough roads and rocky hills obstructed our progress. The wagons were often hauled up the abrupt and declivitous spurs of the mountains by means of ropes, and in the same manner let down on the opposite side. Progressing a distance of eighteen miles up this chasm, or pass, with mountains precipitously rising on both sides, we arrived at a point where they suddenly diverge on either hand, and several miles beyond, as suddenly contract, thus forming an amphitheatre on the grandest scale, sufficiently spacious to accommodate the whole human race in an area, so situated that one man might stand on the Cimarron peak and behold them all.

"The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus, with its seventy thousand seats rising in circular tiers one above another, would have been naught in the comparison. The knobs and peaks of basalt and granite, projecting into the region of the clouds, present a scene of true sublimity. This display of the Almighty's power, is sufficient to extort reverence from the lips of an infidel. Surely, the 'un-devout astronomer is mad.' Near this romantic spot [later to be Richens Lacy (Uncle Dick) Wootton's ranch] we encamped for the night. The grass was abundant and of excellent quality: the water cool and refreshing.

"On the 8th, the army vigorously set forward, and crossed the grand ridge [Raton Pass] which divides the waters of the Purgatoire, the Cimarron, and the Rio Colorado [Canadian]. This elevated range of mountains is adorned by forests of pines and cedars. After an advance of eighteen miles, over the most difficult road, we encamped on the banks of the Colorado [near area where the Clifton House would be built].

"In consequence of the great fatigue in crossing the Cimarron ridge of mountains, the command was permitted a respite of one day, as there was here a fine supply of wood, water and grass, three things not only convenient, but almost essential to an army. This was the Sabbath, and the only Sabbath's rest we had enjoyed since our departure from Missouri. Here we shaved and dressed, not to attend church, —not to visit friends, —not in deference to the conventional rules of

society, —but in remembrance of these privileges and requirements. Neither was this a day of feasting with us; for it was on this day that our rations, which had never been full, were cut down to one-half. From this time on to Santa Fe, we were actually compelled to subsist on about one-third rations. While the rays of sun fell with unusual power in the valley, a heavy shower was refreshing the sides of the mountains; and as the clouds retreated, a brilliant rainbow 'spanned with bright arch' their basaltic summits.

"After several hours of drill out upon the level prairie, the volunteer regiment returned to camp to partake of their scanty allowance, not having eaten a bite that morning or the previous evening. But we were determined to make the best of a hard case, and trust Uncle Sam for his future good conduct. Therefore, all cheerfully submitted to the unavoidable privation. While encamped here, on the night of the 9th, Capt. [Hancock] Jackson's company lost about twenty horses in an estampeda, most of which, after an arduous search of one or two days in the mountains, were recovered.

"After a forward movement of twenty-two miles on the 10th, with the gray tops of the mountains projecting above us on the right, and the gently sloping valley of the Colorado on the left, we pitched out tents on the green banks of the Bermejo [at Colfax], more seriously annoyed by the half-ration experiment than the dread of Mexican armies. . . . About noon on the 11th., we were rejoined by the detachment under Lieut. [James A.] DeCourcy, near the Poñi, returning from their excursion to Taos. They had with them fourteen Mexicans, prisoners, whom they had picked up in various places. These prisoners, in true Mexican style, reported that the Pueblos, Yutas, and other Indian tribes, to the number of 5,000, had combined with the New Mexicans to oppose our march, and that they would annoy our lines every day from San Miguel to Santa Fe.' We soon learned how much credit was due to Mexican reports. Having progressed seventeen miles, we encamped on the Reyado, a cool mountain stream, where there was neither grass nor fuel. . . . A march of twenty miles, mostly through the gorges of the mountains, over a rocky, flinty road, brought us to the Ocaté."⁶

On June 19, 1848, a party of fourteen men including Lucien Maxwell and Elliott Lee were involved in an Indian ambush on Manco Burro Pass on the west end of Johnson Mesa. Lee's account, dated at Lodo Moro, New Mexico, July 19, 1848, appeared

in the *St. Louis Daily Union*, October 16, 1848:⁷

"On the 19th ultimo, a party of us, fourteen in number, were attacked by about 150 Indians, on the head waters of Red River, and near the Ratoan mountains. We had been encamped about one hour, and just in the act of eating our dinner, when we were alarmed by the yells of the Indians, while they were in the act of running off our animals, which were grazing a short distance from us. As they passed us, we fired on them; but they were so far off that our shots had no effect. In about twenty minutes they all returned, surrounded our camp, and set fire to the grass around us, with the view of driving us from our position, which we were inclined to keep, with a view of saving our baggage, or a portion of it. But in this we were foiled!

"We, however, defended ourselves for about four hours, firing at the enemy every opportunity we had. Our position not being a good one, they had the decided advantage of us. We defended ourselves until five of our party were slightly wounded, and one killed. We now determined to retreat to the mountains, as the last and only alternative. On retreating I received two shots, —one in the left thigh, the ball passing through the thigh, though fortunately, not breaking the bone; the other on the middle finger of the left hand. Charles Town, who was ahead of me, received a shot in one of his legs, which broke it. He, of course, fell, and not being able to walk, was left to the mercy of the Indians. That was the last I saw of him. There was a Spaniard who was shot in the kidneys, before we left camp, who also was left. Our number now consisted of eleven, eight of us wounded, all of whom succeeded in making our escape. Night came on; we traveled until we came to water, when we huddled ourselves as near together as possible, for the purpose of resting and trying to sleep. Having lost every thing save what we had on our backs, we suffered much from cold, and could not sleep. The next day we moved off the mountain where we *cached* ourselves till night, being afraid to travel in the day time.

"On the night of the 20th we all put out for Taos, distant about 80 miles. Those of the party that were wounded, were slightly so, and generally in the arms and body, with the exception of myself and one man, whose ankle was slightly injured. My wound being in the thigh, rendered it very difficult for me to walk. Consequently the party had to wait for me to come up, frequently. We had traveled but a short distance, when they left me. I hailed them, but

could receive no answer; so I was left within two miles of the battle ground, and in sight of the fires of the Indian village. I determined not to give up, but pursued my journey, keeping near the water course until I struck the Bent's Fort road, leading to Santa Fe.

"On the third day out, I fortunately came to an Indian camp, which from all appearances, must have been deserted but a very short time. Their fires were still burning, and part of an antelope was left on the ground, which I helped myself to, not having eaten any thing for four days. I filled my shot pouch with meat, and again pursued my journey, traveling day and night in the best way I possibly could, for I was very lame, and could not make more than a mile an hour. Some times I crawled, and in fact got along any way and every way I could.

"The seventh day I came to fresh wagon tracks, and greatly to my astonishment, for I had no expectation that any of the traders would think of leaving the Santa Fe Road. This so much elated me that I spurred up, and in a short time, came in sight of the train, consisting of four wagons, a company of Miners, the Messrs. Jackson, and Mr. Thos. Boggs, who had left the main road with a view of going to Taos. So soon as they discovered me, they sent a horse and a man to me, who aided me to the train, when I received every attention that was in their power to bestow on me. The next day we started in the direction of Taos, but were induced to change our route, from having discovered a party of Indians, and it was thought advisable not to attempt to cross the mountains with so small a force; whereupon we came to this point. . . ."

Lt. Col. Edwin V. Sumner ordered the establishment of Fort Union in the summer of 1851 to help protect the traders and travelers from Indian raids such as that experienced by Lee and the October 24, 1849, capture of Mrs. James M. (Virginia) White and her child near Point of Rocks. On June 4, 1854, Kit Carson led Major James H. Carleton with 100 mounted dragoons and 25 infantrymen into a grassy amphitheater on Raton Pass where they found 20 Jicarilla lodges, captured 38 Indian horses, and destroyed dried meat, dressed skins, and ammunition. Major Carleton then headed south past the site of the future Clifton House, enticed by reports that Chief Flechas Rayada was camped on the headwaters of the Canadian River. He was unable to pursue this plan, however, because the horses were thin and weak and the men were showing signs of dysentery and scurvy. They re-

turned to Taos.⁸

On February 7, 1861, the war department directed that mail to Fort Union and Santa Fe be carried over the Mountain Route instead of the Cimarron Route.⁹ The threats of Indians and Confederates were considerations in that decision. The Colorado Volunteers marched over Raton Pass in 1862 to Fort Union and the Battle of Glorieta, saving New Mexico from Texas and the South for the Union.

Captain Louis Felsenthal and his Company C, New Mexico Volunteers, were camped at Gray's Ranch near Trinidad on the Purgatoire in 1864, providing escort service for the U. S. mail between Fort Lyon and Fort Union. He reported the lack of shelter at Red River Station to his commanding officer at Fort Union when the company marched back to that post in November of that year. At Rayado he wrote:

"I left Gray's Ranch with my company on the 29th of October last. On arriving at the foot of the summit of Raton Pass, we were caught in a severe snow storm. Under great difficulties we got to Red River Station that day. It snowed all that night, and the next morning, the snow on the level ground measured 19 inches deep, snowing still, and continuing so all day long. I remained at Red River Station for two days, but there being no forage, nor shelter for either man or beasts, I concluded to march on, to some place, where I might obtain both. It took us four days & very hard labor to come from Red River Station to Mr. Maxwell's Ranch and not being able to obtain there what we needed, we proceeded to Rayado where we arrived two days ago. For miles and miles the Company had to march through snow which reached to their waist-belts, and had even then to assist in pulling, and pushing the wagons. I was fortunate enough to lose no mules, but they are utterly exhausted and need good rest and care, before I will be able to proceed. Many of my men had part of their feet frozen, and the majority got snow-blind."¹⁰

Following the Civil War the mail contractors continued to follow the Mountain Route over Raton Pass. In 1865 the Santa Fe Stage Co. began using the road improvements made by Uncle Dick Wootton on the road over Raton Pass.¹¹ On July 1, 1866, Barlow and Sanderson won the mail contract.¹² The U. S. and Mexico Telegraph Company, on July 23, 1868, began telegraph operations with offices at Trinidad, Maxwell's Ranch [Cimarron], Fort Union, and Las Vegas.¹³

Trail historian William Brown re-

ported that "By the late 1860s relay stations had been built and staffed at frequent intervals along the way, reducing the time from Kansas City to Santa Fe to thirteen days and six hours. Half-hour stop home stations on the route from Bent's Fort to Santa Fe were located at Bent Canyon, Trinidad, Red River (the Clifton House at the Mountain Branch crossing of the Canadian), Rayado, Sapello Crossing, and San Jose. Ten-minute stop relay stations included Wootton's House in Raton Pass, Ocate Crossing and another station three miles north of Fort Union."¹⁴

The 1870 Trinidad census listed seven stage drivers: Burt Ackly, 46, KY; John Hull, 27, MO; Joseph Coleman, 21, KS; Nel K. Roberts, 38, IL, living in Sherman's Hotel; Joseph Adams, 35, PA; Carl W. Freeman, 44, Canada; and W. F. Osborn, 33, OH. Also listed were Phila B. Sherman, 32, hotel keeper from CT; George Simpson, book dealer, Felipe Baca, 42; Frank G. Bloom, 25, merchant; H. C. Mosier, 20, telegraph operator; three Catholic priests from Holland and France, three Sisters of Charity - Irish nuns, a Methodist minister, a violinist, a silversmith, a needleworker, a miller, four brewers, a cooper, and shepherds, blacksmiths, masons, and saw mill operators.

Manville Chapman, in an article published in June 1937, described Clifton House for *New Mexico Magazine*. "So, with the help of his relatives and friends, Tom Stockton slowly raised the thick adobe walls. . . . He built it in front of and partially around the small house he had already built on the west bank of the Canadian. The spare time of four years, from 1866 to 1870, was used to freight in necessary supplies. . . . It actually stood three stories high, the basement being mostly above ground level. The ceilings of the other two stories were extensively high, the windows wide, the verandas comfortably deep and running around three sides of both the upper stories; and the front steps were massively proportioned. . . . Inside was every evidence of the same roominess. The hallway in the center of the first floor contained the stairway that led to two large bedrooms upstairs, bedrooms that divided the upper floor in half and contained several beds in each. At the back of the hall downstairs was the entrance to a huge dining room, and the kitchen was within the walls of the old Stockton ranch house back of that—a kitchen that was uniquely fitted with a well in one corner. On one side of the first floor was the parlor, and on the other side two



Sketch of Clifton House from *New Mexico Magazine*, 1937.

more bedrooms.

"Corrals and a stage stand were built north of the Clifton House, and a blacksmith shop was constructed to the south. These buildings were all on the west side of the trail, where it swung up from the crossing of the Canadian and across a bench of land. Across the trail the settlement of Clifton was completed by a store facing the big house and a small house of picket construction south of that."¹⁵

Tom Stockton was assisted, at least at times, by other members of his family, including his father, William Hayden Stockton (1817 to 1890), and brother, Mathias Broyles Stockton (1845-1917). Thomas L. Stockton officially bought the Clifton House site, January 7, 1869, from "Lucien B. Maxwell and Luz Beaubien, his wife, of Mora County, Territory of New Mexico, . . . all that tract of land on the Red or Colorado River including the present residence of the said Stockton known as the Stage Station on the Road between Trinidad & Maxwell's Ranch, being one mile from said station up the valley of said Red River, and one mile therefrom down the said valley, and one mile from said Station in opposite directions, . . . witnessed in the presence of Chas. F. Nolly and Jesus G. Abreu."¹⁶ The George E. Miller family bought the land "on both sides of the Red or Colorado, east of Stocktons" in 1869.¹⁷ George and his son listed themselves on the 1870 Census as farmers.

On July 1, 1869, and twice in 1870, T. L. Stockton paid to license his saloon and [dry goods] merchandise, worth \$3,000.¹⁸ On the Colfax County 1870 census, Tom Stockton was listed as household 34, with real estate valued at \$10,000 and personal property valued at \$15,000. Living with him in the same household was Frank Wilburn, age 28, born in Missouri, with real estate worth \$1,000 and personal

property also worth \$15,000, a vast sum in 1870. Both men were cattle dealers. In 1870 household 33 included William Goodlet, a 28-year-old dry goods clerk from Alabama. Living nearby were four stock herders, two blacksmiths, two carpenters, a stone mason, a saddler, a cook, five laborers, and two stage drivers, James E. Carrollton, 31, from Ohio, and John Hall, age 25, from Maryland.

In 1871 Tom Stockton sold Clifton House to his father, William H. Stockton, who was listed on the 1875 Red River, precinct 6, tax roll, value \$20,300, and on the 1880 census, enumeration district 7, precinct 6, as a cattle raiser, age 71.

The *Daily Rocky Mountain News* for Tuesday, April 7, 1870, carried a front page article, "On the Wing. Over the Raton—Trinidad and its Surroundings," describing a stagecoach ride from Cimarron over Raton Pass to Trinidad, with a dinner stop at Clifton House.

"On Friday morning at half past ten I again climbed into the driver's box of the coach. 'Sandy,' an old friend, was conductor, who soon gave the word to go, and in a few moments we had crossed the Cimarron, and were rising, the bluffs in full view of the Raton range, which now rose before us thirty miles away. We reached Red River [Clifton House] for dinner at three o'clock. Here I had intended to meet Dan Freeman, another of our old 'overland boys,' and to cross the mountains behind his fine string of stock, and under his skillful management of the reins. But I had mistaken the day, and when we were ready to start, 'Big Nick,' not the Old Nick, mounted the box, gathered up the reins, and sent us on toward the mountains. Let me bear cheerful testimony to his many excellencies as a dashing but careful driver, a safe reinsman, and a good fellow.

"As we cross Red river, we ascend

gradually to a broad mesa, which extends five miles to the mountain base, and from which they rise abruptly. Before us was the mountain range, its steep and rugged sides, and high level summits presenting apparently an impassible barrier to our further progress. To the right were many broken and isolated table lands, with here and there a peak, and rolling foothills. While on the left, rising far above the Ratons, peering over them as it were, and looking calmly down from Colorado into New Mexico, were the Spanish peaks, their summits white with snow, and bathed in the rich sunshine of the afternoon.

"First we near the range, and at last enter the mountains through a narrow cañon, pass through 'devil's gate,' and begin a toilsome ascent for the summit. At last it was reached, just at sunset, and we had only a moment to glance at the view, before we crossed the line between New Mexico and Colorado, and turned down the mountain. There was the valley, stretching away far below us, the Raton peak, with its castled summit, looking like the stern guardian of the valley, and flanked by a long range of mountains whose rocky summits resemble the palisades of the Hudson; towering above all were again to be seen the Spanish peaks, while one hundred miles to the north in plain view was the Greenhorn peak, its round white summit standing boldly out against the sky. A dark shade has rested on the valley and the lower hills, but the various peaks were still tipped with golden light. The scene was a vast panorama of nature's beauty and grandeur, and was viewed for a moment only, when we turned over the pass, and plunged quickly down the mountains on a gallop, reaching Dick Wootin's in two miles, and stopping for a fresh team of mules.

"Here we took on one of those five-mule teams peculiar to this line. There were two on the wheel and three on the lead. Casting his eye over the five to see that everything was right, 'Nick' coolly took the reins and mounted the box. 'Let 'em go,' said he to the stock tender, who stood at their heads. He stepped aside, and away we went. Down, down we rolled, all five mules trotting, galloping, running, and 'Nick' controlling them and the coach with rare skill and power. At the rate of nine miles an hour we rode, ever plunging downward, rushing fearlessly across streams and bridges, through cuts and canons, and around mountain bases, ever galloping onward at a wild pace, to the sharp ringing crack of a whip, and the reverberating roar of the coach which awoke distant echoes among the mountains,

now clothed in the deepening shadows of night, and ever approaching Trinidad. It was a glorious ride—fourteen miles in one hour and a half."

George M. Wheeler, during his 1874 survey expedition, placed Clifton House Station (Canadian River) 11.59 miles northeast of Crow Creek Station, 6.50 miles south of Sayers Ranch (Willow Creek, a United States forage station) at Raton, and 15.7 miles south of Wootton's tollgate. Wheeler measured it to be 116.74 miles from Pueblo and 181.16 from Santa Fe. The altitude of the station was 6,292 feet, and wood, water, and grass were available. His map located Clifton House at the crossing.¹⁹ The Red River Station provided food, overnight lodging, corrals, and a blacksmith shop. Clifton was also a United States post office, 1869-1879.²⁰

Clifton House was one of the U.S. forage agencies in the Fort Union District. Forage agents were contractors with the army's quartermaster department who provided forage, livestock care, and fuel for traveling military units, government draft animals, officers, scouts, and couriers. The army depended on them to feed the animals of traveling parties so that forage would not have to be carried along or provided by government-operated supply stations. In New Mexico the practice began before the Civil War and continued until 1882. Military leaders considered forage agents essential to the service in New Mexico where long distances had to be traveled and a ready supply of forage was rare. In the 1870s there were 30 such agencies, including Clifton House, in the Fort Union District. Some of the agents appointed there in the 1870s included W. H. Stockton, E. T. Mezick, and J. H. Adams. Uncle Dick Wootton was the agent at Raton Pass.²¹

Clifton House was also the scene of frontier violence. The story was told that on January 7, 1874, Chunk Colbert challenged Clay Allison to a horse race at the Clifton House. After the two and a guest, Mr. Cooper, had finished their meal, cooked by a Spanish woman in the jacal cabin, Colbert slowly drew his pistol under the table and Allison shot him dead. Mr. Cooper was never seen again. Allison was supposedly defended in Taos by Frank Springer. The prosecutor could produce no witnesses to the Colbert shooting, and the jury refused to return an indictment.²²

The latter years of Red River Station and Clifton House received occasional mention in personal writings and the press. Sheldon Jackson, Presbyterian missionary, described his venture-

some ride in the stagecoach over Raton Pass in 1875: "Leaving the summit of the Raton Mountains, we plunge down through a dense forest of pines and firs through a beautiful valley, down a rugged and broken ravine and out upon the plains again. At 10 A.M. we reach Red River Station, where we take dinner. Gen Kearney and his army of invasion made their first camp in New Mexico at this point.

"Here the only other passenger leaves the coach. Starting again, a wild and vicious horse is placed on the lead of the coach team. Seated in the coach the traces are hitched, the attendants spring from the horses' heads, and with a bound and jerk we fly down the road. Soon we are thrown across the coach at a sudden halt as the team became tangled up.

Straightened out, we are off again, now in the road, and now circling around on the unbroken plain. Across gulches and over mounds we go, the coach swaying and bounding from side to side in our mad ride. Again and again tangling up the team, the wild horse was finally placed on the wheel and dragged along by the other three, except when he attempted to run, then the whip would be applied and good time made, arriving at the next station with the team flecked with foam and blood. Though the middle of July, we rode all day with two overcoats on.

"Late in the afternoon Cimarron, or Maxwell's, is reached. Maxwell, recently deceased, was a frontier trapper and guide, the companion of Kit Carson. . . . About 8 P.M. we reach Rayado, a small Mexican village in a beautiful valley. The pleasantest recollections of the place is the abundance of the mountain trout for supper. . . . Just after daylight reached Ft. Union."²³

Sometime after 1879 Clifton House was abandoned. *The Raton Comet*, June 29, 1883, reported that "the employees of the Santa Fe Railroad" planned to celebrate the Fourth of July at Clifton House. They will, the article noted, "give an excursion, have a basket picnic, grand ball and a general good time. The train will leave here between 8 and 9 o'clock." It was not clear if the old stage station was then occupied or not.

The Raton Range, September 16, 1887, briefly noted the demise: "The old Clifton House has been burned, and now its massive walls stand out like the monuments they are to the fearful border scenes they have witnessed." In time those massive walls crumbled and melted, and today only one small section of a wall stands as the monument to what was once one of the finest stage stations on the

Santa Fe Trail. The replacement of the Clifton House DAR Trail marker now further identifies this historic location.

NOTES

1. Vernon R. Maddux, *John Hittson: Cattle King on the Texas and Colorado Frontier* (Niwot: University Press of Colorado, 1994), 101-110.
2. *Ibid.*, 110.
3. Quoted in *ibid.*, 115. In 1870 Tom Stockton and Frank Willbum received the contract to supply beef to all military posts in New Mexico, and they later secured the contract to supply beef for the Ute Indian Reservation. John Hittson's 1872 raid in New Mexico to recover Texas cattle stolen by Comanches and traded to New Mexicans was partially staged from Stockton's Clifton House, and Stockton helped recruit gunmen. He apparently led some of the raids, and some of the recovered cattle were probably taken to his ranch at Clifton House. *Ibid.*, 115, 144, 153.
4. Margaret Long, *The Santa Fe Trail* (Denver: W. H. Kistler, 1954), 236; USGS, Clifton House, 36104-G4 7½ N 36°48.899', W 104°27.208', UTM 548x4074; Gregory M. Franzwa, *Maps of the Santa Fe Trail* (St. Louis: The Patrice Press, 1989), map 77; *Santa Fe National Historic Trail: Comprehensive Management and Use Plan* (National Park Service, 1990), 107.
5. Ross Calvin, *Lieutenant Emory Reports* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1951), 36, 40. If Emory's calculations were correct, the camp was about a mile and one-half south of where Clifton House was later built, near the present NRA Whittington Center-V7 Ranch boundary.
6. John Taylor Hughes, ed., *Doniphan's Expedition* (Cincinnati: J. A. & U. P. James, 1848), 28-29.
7. Quoted in Janet Lecompte, "The Manco Burro Pass Massacre," *New Mexico Historical Review*, 41 (Oct. 1966): 305-318.
8. Morris F. Taylor, "Campaigns Against the Jicarilla Apaches, 1854," *New Mexico Historical Review*, 44 (Oct. 1969): 269-291.
9. Morris F. Taylor, *First Mail West* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1971), 77.
10. Felsenthal to Commanding Officer, Fort Union, Nov. 9, 1864, quoted in Jacqueline D. Meketa, *Louis Felsenthal: Citizen-Soldier of Territorial New Mexico* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982), 56-57.
11. Colfax/Mora County, Misc. Book B, p. 159, Dec. 28, 1867, Articles of Incorporation. Raton Mountain and Red River Road Company . . . building a wagon road from the Summit of the Raton Mountains, the Northern line between the Territories of New Mexico and Colorado, to Red River in said Territory of New Mexico, by way of, and as near as practicable to the said Santa Fe and Bent's Fort Road. Said company proposes to collect toll on said road, according to the following rates: On all wagons & vehicles drawn by one yoke of oxen or more, or one span of mules or horses or more, the sum of one dollar and fifty cents; on all horseman ten cents; on all animals not hitched to wagons or vehicles ten cents per head. . . . Principal place of business—Mora. Marveillon W. McGee, Peter Connelly, Philip E. Elkin. Colfax/Mora County, Misc. Book B, p. 221, Jan. 4, 1869, Deed. Elkins, Connelly & McGee, Raton Mountain and Red River Road Company, to R. L. Whooten, Jr.
12. Taylor, *First Mail West*, 113.
13. This telegraph line is indicated on First Lt. George W. Wheeler, Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, U.S. *Geographical Surveys West of the One Hundredth Meridian*, Atlas Sheets No. 70(A) and 70(C), issued May 7, 1877.
14. William E. Brown, *The Santa Fe Trail* (1963; reprint, St. Louis: The Patrice Press, 1988), 57-58.

15. Manville Chapman, "Pioneer Headquarters," *New Mexico Magazine*, June 1937, 18-19, 39-40.
16. Mora County, Deeds, p. 199, and Deed Book A, p. 221.
17. Mora County, Deeds A, p. 66, Sept. 2, 1869, "all the farming and agricultural land on that certain tract of land on both sides of the Red or Colorado River, commencing at the eastern boundary of the tract hitherto conveyed by us to Thomas L. Stockton by our deeds . . . 7 Jan 1869. . . ." Armstrong, *The Chases of Cimarron* (New Mexico Stockman, 1981), 16: "Millers chose the site where the [river] . . . left the mountains, and added on to a little shack that had sometimes been used by travelers on the trail. They contracted with the freighters to operate a regular stage stop."
18. Colfax County, *Ajuste de los Fondos*, 50: 3, 6.
19. George M. Wheeler, *Tables of Geographic Positions*, based on his 1874 field season, Corps of Engineers (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1885), 163-167; Map 70(A) issued May 7, 1877.
20. T. M. Pearce, ed., *New Mexico Place Names* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1965), 36.
21. Letters Received, Fort Union Quartermaster, District of New Mexico, Record Group 393, National Archives.
22. Norman Cleaveland, *New Mexico Magazine*; Howard Louis Conard, *Unde Dick Wootton* (1959; reprint: Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1979), 416-417; J. F. Wallace, "Deep Trails in the Old West," unpublished manuscript, 1942, 25-27, courtesy of Michael F. Winter.
23. Sheldon Jackson, "Diary," in Katherine R. Crowell, *Our Mexican Schools* (New York: The Women's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., 1913), 32-35. See also Robert Laird Stewart, *Sheldon Jackson* (New York: Fleming H. Revell, 1908), 224.



HOOOF PRINTS —TRAIL TIDBITS—

An article on the National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO, written by Director John Mark Lambertson, appeared in the Winter 1995 issue of *Pathways Across America*.

The National Frontier Trails Center is seeking donations to be used for the purchase of cargo items for the new Santa Fe Plaza exhibit. Donations of \$100 or more will be listed by the display. Send to NFTC, 318 W Pacific, Independence MO 64050.

The Albuquerque City Council approved the proposal to erect the new federal courthouse at McClellan Park, location of the New Mexico DAR Madonna of the Trail statue. The fate of the Madonna has not yet been decided.

The Independence Pioneers Chapter, Missouri DAR, will sponsor an essay contest for the Independence fourth-

grade students. The topic is the Santa Fe Trail, and the contest is held to observe the 175th anniversary of the Trail. Missouri DAR Trails Chairman Jane Mallinson has requested all DAR chapters along the Trail to sponsor essay contests in their areas as part of the 175th anniversary celebration.

To celebrate the 175th anniversary of the Trail in 1996, the Kansas State Historical Society is helping coordinate a series of commemorative programs scheduled daily (usually evenings) for approximately six weeks during June and July at Trail-related locations from east to west across the state, each program about 15 miles farther west (the average daily travel of a Trail caravan). For more information, contact KSHS coordinator for the series, Sharon Haun, Kaw Mission SHS, 500 N Mission, Council Grove KS 66846.

The annual convention of the Oregon-California Trails Association (OCTA) will be held at Grand Island, NE, August 8-12, 1995. OCTA, which helped spawn SFTA nearly a decade ago, now has 2,700 memberships comprising over 4,000 individuals, over \$200,000 in assets, and an annual budget of nearly \$130,000 (over \$50,000 of which is for headquarters staff and operations).

Members of OCTA's Southwest Chapter, led by Rose Ann Tompkins and Reba Wells Grandrud, are seeking recognition of the Southern Trail, which ran about 800 miles between Santa Fe, NM, and Warner's Ranch in California, as a National Historic Trail. Maps and contemporary documentation to support the nomination are being gathered to present to the National Park Service. Anyone with information and/or a desire to help may contact Rose Ann Tompkins, 1125 W Mission Dr, Chandler AZ 85224, (602) 963-3565.

The Idaho Genealogical Society is issuing Oregon Trail Certificates to anyone whose ancestors traveled the Oregon Trail between 1811 and 1911. Applicants must prove direct descent from a person who traveled some portion of the route during that era. Perhaps SFTA could inaugurate a similar project.

The Arrow Rock Community received a \$5,000 matching grant from the Missouri Division of Tourism to create and produce a color brochure about the historic village on the Santa Fe Trail.

It will be available this spring.

The Arrow Rock State Historic Site Interpretive Center now has all permanent exhibits installed. Visitors are welcome 10:00 to 4:00 daily and 12:00 to 6:00 on Sundays.

The January 1995 issue of the Canadian travel magazine, *Destinations*, published in Toronto with a circulation of 350,000, carried an illustrated article, pp. 41-48, by Eileen Lockwood, "Sunflower State Safari," narrating a tour along the Santa Fe Trail in Kansas. It is excellent publicity for Trail sites and the upcoming 175th anniversary celebration.

Everyone is encouraged to participate in National Trails Day on June 3. Vasque Outdoor Footwear has printed a full-color poster, showing a scene on a mountain hiking trail, to commemorate the day. A free poster may be obtained from Vasque NTD Poster, 314 Main St, Red Wing MN 55066.

A National Trails Day sponsor, Vibram Soles, is seeking nominations for Trail Volunteer of the Year from each of the 50 states. Details may be obtained from NTD Volunteer of the Year, American Hiking Society, PO Box 20160, Washington DC 20041-2160.

A distinguished panel of historians, archaeologists, Indian tribal officials, private landowners, and others, led by Southwest Studies Center Director Richard Ellis, Fort Lewis College, Durango, CO, will search for the site of the 1864 Sand Creek Massacre. The Colorado Historical Society granted \$20,000 for planning the project, which will seek an additional \$100,000 to conduct investigations at sites believed to be the battleground. Survivors of the battle were no longer able to identify the site by 1908. The Colorado Historical Society marked a site in 1950 on William Dawson's Sand Creek Ranch that fit contemporary descriptions, but no artifacts have been found there. For more information, contact Ellis at (303) 247-7457.

The Winter 1995 issue of *Pathways Across America* features the story of a recently designated national historic trail, the Juan Bautista de Anza Trail. Draft copies of the comprehensive management and use plan for this trail may be obtained from the NPS Western Regional Office (415) 744-3968.

The National Park Service has begun

studying the feasibility of designating El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro a national historic trail. Approximately 1,800 miles long, El Camino Real existed from the late 1500s to the 1880s, connecting Mexico City with Santa Fe and such cities in between as El Paso del Norte, Chihuahua, Durango, and Zacatecas. The Santa Fe Trail connected with it when opened in the 1820s. For more information, contact Larry Beal, (505) 766-8375.

The Spring 1995 issue of the *Pioneer Champion*, published at Baldwin City, KS, is devoted to the Oregon Trail. Subscriptions are available from Champion Publishing, 209 Fourth St, Baldwin City KS 66006.

SFTA Ambassador Paul Bentrup was featured in a lengthy article, with a photograph of him at "Charlie's Ruts" on the Bentrup farm between Deerfield and Lakin, KS, in the Feb. 24, 1995, edition of the *Wichita Eagle-Beacon*. Bentrup emphasized that visitors are welcome to walk in the Trail ruts there. David Gaines, supt. of long distance trails, National Park Service, Santa Fe, was contacted by reporter Mike Berry about the NPS rules about walking in ruts. Gaines said "there has never been a hard and fast rule about never allowing the public to use the ruts," but "we prefer that people stay off of them until we've had a chance to make a case-by-case review."

SFTA Ambassador David Clapsaddle, Larned, KS, offers first-person interpretation programs as Seth Hays, Indian trader and founder of Council Grove; Richard Blinn, husband of Clara Blinn who with her two-year-old son Willie was captured by Cheyennes in 1868; and George Bent, son of William Bent and participant in the Indian Wars, 1864-1868, as a Cheyenne. Groups interested in scheduling any of these programs may contact Clapsaddle, 215 Mann, Larned KS 67550, (316) 285-3295.

A rut on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Trail, part of the Santa Fe Trail network, has been discovered in a pasture northeast of Alexander, KS. This is the first physical evidence of the route to be found between Big Timber and Walnut creeks. It is located on the property of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Brack. Mrs. Brack's grandfather, formerly a soldier stationed at Fort Hays, homesteaded near this location, four miles west and five miles north of Nekoma, KS. The Wet/Dry Routes Chapter plans to place a marker there.

Another set of ruts has been located on the Wet Route in Ford County, KS, situated about half way between the Stewart Ruts and the Fowler Ruts (see *Self-Guided Auto Tour of the Santa Fe Trail in Pawnee, Edwards, and Ford Counties, Kansas*), on the property of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Tilley. They have granted permission to erect a marker.

The certification guidebook for the Santa Fe National Historic Trail, published by the National Park Service, defines "the difference between the Santa Fe Trail and the Santa Fe National Historic Trail. The Santa Fe Trail is the famous historic commercial route between Old Franklin, Missouri, and Santa Fe, New Mexico. The Santa Fe National Historic Trail consists only of Santa Fe Trail properties located on federal land that meet national historic trail standards (for instance, Fort Union National Monument; or Middle Spring on the Cimarron National Grassland)—and Trail properties located on private or other non-federal lands for which the owner or manager has entered into a partnership agreement with the National Park Service regarding visitor use and protection of Trail resources." What happened to the 1,000-mile SFNHT designated by the legislation which created it?

The May 1995 issue of *Farmland News*, publication of Farmland Industries, a regional agricultural cooperative with headquarters in Kansas City, MO, features an article about rancher Lester Reynolds, La Junta, CO, who works three days a week as a sutler at Bent's Old Fort NHS. Included are a couple of photos and information about the famous trading post.

The Cimarron County (Oklahoma) Historical Society will help host the 1997 SFTA symposium. The Society has just started an attractive newsletter and is soliciting memberships (only \$5.00). Send dues to Cimarron County Historical Society, PO Box 655, Boise City OK 73933.

The Cimarron Heritage Center, Boise City, OK, is now open. A special exhibit on chuckwagons was displayed in March and the next exhibit, in June, will feature Indians of Oklahoma. For more information, contact Cimarron Heritage Center, PO Box 214, Boise City OK 73933.

The Boggsville Revitalization Committee has received a grant from the

Colorado State Historical Fund to conduct a second historical archaeology field school during the summer of 1995. This year's work will focus on the Boggsville school and the Kit Carson house and barn.

Marc Simmon's home was vandalized and trashed recently. He reports that the need to stick close and guard his property will probably prevent his attendance at the symposium. A symposium without Marc Simmons is unimaginable. We have got to find someone to provide security so he can be present.

HELP WANTED

The SFTA database committee is seeking additions and corrections to Jack D. Rittenhouse's *Santa Fe Trail: A Historical Bibliography* (1971). Please send information to me. Thank you.

Mary Jean Cook
PO Box 2676
Santa Fe NM 87504

The small Hispanic community of Cañada de los Alamos eight miles southeast of Santa Fe is trying to preserve a two-mile stretch of the historic Santa Fe Trail. We are also trying to save our homes and surrounding property from development. We need help. We also would like to participate in the 175th anniversary celebration of the Trail in 1996. What can we do? I would like to hear from anyone who can provide assistance. Thank you.

Anita Stalter
Rt 19 Box 115-ST
Santa Fe NM 87505
(505) 984-8849

CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

—BOOK NOTICES—

C. Gregory Crampton and Steven K. Madsen, *In Search of the Spanish Trail: Santa Fe to Los Angeles, 1829-1848*. Salt Lake City: Gibbs Smith Publisher, 1994. Pp. 144. Maps, illustrations, bibliography, index. Paper, \$24.95. Available from Adobe Village, PO Box 510, Monte Vista CO 81144.

While the Santa Fe Trail was yet in its first decade, another commercial route westward from Santa Fe was opened. The Spanish Trail, a 1,120-mile-long trace crossing five states from Santa Fe to Los Angeles has been identified and mapped by eighty-four year old Crampton, noted Southwestern writer, and Madsen. They utilized diaries and maps of early explorers: John C. Fremont, John W. Gunnison,

John N. Macomb, Ferdinand V. Hayden, and George M. Wheeler, and the diaries of contemporary and post-trail travelers. Only one, Orville C. Pratt in 1848, was known to have traveled the entire length and kept a complete diary.

The authors traveled the route, verifying remaining traces and taking hundreds of photographs. Nearly 200 illustrations accompany the text. The twelve maps broadly show the route, sites, towns, and geographical features, but lack detail that would enable one to find many specific locations. Each map has a corresponding chapter describing that portion of the trail, giving the history, quoting primary sources, and noting museums and places of interest.

The Spanish Trail was a pack trail, developed during the Mexican period. Mexican traders packed wool and textiles to California and returned driving herds of mules and horses. Kit Carson accompanied Fremont over portions of the route in 1844. In 1848 Carson was accompanied on the trail by George D. Brewerton, who wrote an account of the journey, *Overland with Kit Carson*, (1853, reprinted in 1993).

As with the Santa Fe Trail, traces of the Spanish Trail are disappearing with erosion and human encroachment. Portions are now under modern roads. This timely study focuses attention on a route being preserved and promoted by the newly-organized Old Spanish Trail Association. It is indispensable for trail travelers and excellent reading for anyone interested in this enchanting region.

—Bonita Oliva

David Lavender, *The Santa Fe Trail*, New York: Holiday House, Inc., 1995. Pp. 64. Map, illustrations, index. Cloth, \$15.95. Available from Holiday House, 425 Madison Ave, New York NY 10017.

David Lavender, author of *Bent's Fort* and speaker at the first Santa Fe Trail symposium in 1986, has produced his second juvenile book on the Santa Fe Trail. This one is much shorter than his *Trail to Santa Fe* (1958). Lavender has incorporated recent Trail scholarship in this book. He includes, for example, the meeting of Don Pedro Ignacio Gallego and William Becknell and the correct number of Becknell's party (six men).

In addition to the vivid portrayal of those who traveled the Trail, Lavender includes descriptions of the flora, fauna, and land forms. You almost feel as though you are there as the trip across the plains unfolds: the buffalo,

heat, cold, storms, lightning, flies, rattlesnakes, stampedes, sickness, accidents, amputation (no doctors aboard!), dust, blizzards, and Indians. And the New Mexican culture at the western end of the Trail is described without condescension. References to cloth and clothing were of interest. "The women wore short skirts (cloth was expensive)" (p. 12).

The excellent selection of 43 illustration, though entirely black and white, add to the text. The dust jacket illustration is "Wagon Train at Wagon Mound" by Nick Eggenhofer and is reproduced courtesy of Fort Union National Monument and the SFTA. While the appearance of the book may seem bland at first sight, it is easy to read. The engaging text will delight any child with an interest in the Trail and might provide the spark that could lead to a life-long interest in the Trail.

—Claudette Norman

John E. Sunder, ed., *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail*. Reprint edition. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995. New foreword by Mark L. Gardner. Pp. 322. Maps, illustrations, notes, index. Paper, \$16.95. Available from SFTA Last Chance Store.

Since its first publication in 1960, this book has become a classic of trail literature. Matthew C. Field, a journalist for the New Orleans *Picayune* left Independence in 1839 and traveled the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail to New Mexico. He returned on the Cimarron Route.

In eighty-five articles afterward printed in the *Picayune*, he vividly described his experiences and observations. Many points he made were recorded by no one else. One example is his now often quoted statement that farmer Archibald Rice (at today's Raytown, MO) provided trail travelers with "sweet bacon, fresh eggs, and new milk."

This book is not only a first rate historical source, but it provides fascinating reading, guaranteed to hold the interest of all trail buffs. Former SFTA vice president Mark L. Gardner has contributed a useful foreword that helps put Field's work in perspective. Not available for many years, this handsome reprint of Field's book is long overdue.

—Marc Simmons

Max L. Moorhead, *New Mexico's Royal Road: Trade and Travel on the Chihua-hua Trail*. Reprint edition. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995. New foreword by Mark L. Gardner. Pp. xiii + 234. Maps, illustrations, notes,

bibliography, index. Paper, \$14.95. Available from SFTA Last Chance Store.

First published in 1958, this remains the best volume on the significance of El Camino Real (or the Chihuahua Trail) and the importance of the Santa Fe Trail's connection with it at Santa Fe. Without the Chihuahua Trail hookup, the Santa Fe trade between Missouri and New Mexico would have been puny indeed.

Moorhead was the first scholar to demonstrate that critical fact and document the extensive trade that flowed from Missouri through Santa Fe to other Mexican provinces. In addition, he provided essential details of the day-to-day operations of that overland commerce, especially for the period from 1821 to 1846, and explained the economic effects of the business on the people of Mexico and Missouri.

Moorhead, who also edited the best edition of Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, researched in Mexican archives as well as those in the U.S. for this seminal study, as important today as when it first appeared. Despite recent scholarship, this work is still the springboard from which students of the Mexican side of Santa Fe Trail commerce initiate further investigations. *New Mexico's Royal Road* is one of the handful of "most important books" which any student of the Trail should read, and its availability again is especially gratifying on the eve of the 175th anniversary of the meeting of the trails at Santa Fe.

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Kate L. Gregg, ed. *The Road to Santa Fe: The Journal and Diaries of George Champlin Sibley and Others Pertaining to the Surveying and Marking of a Road from the Missouri Frontier to the Settlements of New Mexico 1825-1827*. Reprint edition. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1995. New preface by Marc Simmons. Pp. xi + 280. Illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. Paper, \$16.95. Available from SFTA Last Chance Store.

One clue to the growing popularity of the Santa Fe Trail is the current reprinting of older significant publications, including this collection of documents about the official government survey of the route issued originally in 1952. It is interesting to note that the records of the survey were not available to those who utilized the Trail for commerce and conquest, and may not have been particularly helpful if they had been in print at the time, but they are especially useful to today's students of the route.

It should be stated, too, that Gregg

did not publish everything available on the topic, some of which she did not even know about at the time, but the essential core of the survey notes are reproduced and annotated. It is another of the fundamental volumes which every Trail buff and scholar appreciates seeing in print again.

PAPER TRAILS

—BIBLIOGRAPHY—

by Michael Olsen

THIS edition lists adult fiction of the Santa Fe Trail. This has been a difficult topic. The criteria is that the book have some account in it where the characters actually travel along the Trail. If anyone has additions, please send to Mike Olsen, 1729 Eighth St, Las Vegas NM 87701.

A later column will list juvenile fiction and non-fiction concerning the Trail. Suggestions for those lists will also be appreciated.

ADULT FICTION

- Anderson, Anita Melva and Adolph Casper Regli. *Alec Majors, Trail Boss*. Chicago, Wheeler Publishing Co., 1853, 1960.
- Aplington, Kate Adele. *Pilgrims of the Plains: A Romance of the Santa Fe Trail*. Chicago, Browne, 1913.
- Babcock, Earl. *The Hellbenders, A Historical Novel of the Santa Fe Trail and the Conquest of New Mexico*. Duncan, Oklahoma, E. Babcock, 1962, 1980.
- Bean, Frederic. *Santa Fe Showdown*. New York, Kensington Publishing, 1993.
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CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

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

The quarterly meeting was held in Springfield, CO, on April 8. President Brown read a letter from Harry Myers regarding the approaching 175th anniversary activities.

Stephen Hayward, Elkhart, KS, a member of the SFNHT advisory council, questioned the distinction the National Park Service has made between the Santa Fe National Historic Trail and the "historic Santa Fe Trail." He thinks they should be one and the same, that the NPS designation is confusing and should be corrected. He was told that the NPS designation eliminates those portions of the "historic" Trail located on private land except where such areas have been certified by an agreement between the NPS and private landowners to allow some limited public access.

The chapter voted to recognize but a single designation of the historic route. Hayward will present this matter at the advisory council meeting in Dodge City, May 11 and 12. There was also a discussion of the use of the SFNHT logo (a registered trademark) without approval of the NPS.

Paul Bentrup, Deerfield, KS, noted that David Clapsaddle of Larned, KS,

has available limestone posts suitable for marking sites at a cost of \$10 per post. Brass plaques may be used on the posts for a nominal fee.

Mary Gamble, Springfield, CO, member of SFTA board of directors, read a portion of a letter from Ross Marshall, new SFTA vice-president and candidate for president, explaining his goals for revitalizing the Association.

The next meeting will be in July at Clayton, NM.

Texas Panhandle

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

The spring field trip to Gregg SFT sites and Buffalo Wallow Battlefield was held April 30. At the May 7 spring meeting plans for the 1997 symposium were discussed with members of the Cimarron Cutoff Chapter in attendance. There was a call for persons to be on the symposium committee. Part of the chapter's input into the symposium can be publicizing the Canadian River routes to Santa Fe.

A Palo Duro Canyon cookout has been suggested for the summer meeting in early August. The date will be announced later.

Wagonbed Spring

President Ed Lewis
4472 S Rd M
Ulysses, KS 67880
(316) 356-2141

Fifty members and guests attended the April 13 meeting at Hugoton, KS, to hear Leo E. Oliva's talk on the "Cimarron Route of the Santa Fe Trail." During the business meeting President Lewis announced that two DAR Santa Fe Trail markers will be moved: the one at the Carter place northeast of Ulysses with a turnout at the site and the other at the Haskell-Grant County lines on U.S. Highway 60. Both had been moved previously from their original sites.

Ed Dowell reported that a series of programs along the Trail are planned in observance of its 175th Anniversary. He also said the building of a berm at the wash-out at the Wagonbed Spring site is needed. The NPS study of enlarging the National Historic Landmark site at Wagonbed Spring may increase it to 171 acres.

When the members present were asked to consider changing the SFTA Symposium to an annual affair, as suggested by SFTA Vice-President Ross Marshall, the group voted unanimously against the change, keeping it a biennial event. The next chapter meeting will be July 13, 1995, at Ulysses, KS.

Heart of the Flint Hills

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

No report.

End of the Trail

President Margaret Sears
1871 Candela
Santa Fe, NM 87505
(505) 473-3124

On January 14, 1995, our meeting was held at the Santa Fe Main Library. Dr. Tom Chávez spoke about some of the first people associated with the Santa Fe Trail. Election of officers was held: Margaret Sears, Alcalde; Louann Jordan, Alcalde Segundo; Helen M. Geer, Escribano; and Doris Lyons, Teserero.

On March 18, 1995, the chapter meeting was held at the Santa Fe Main Library with guest speaker Dr. Adrian Bustamante, Division Head, Arts & Sciences, Santa Fe Community College. Dr. Bustamante spoke on little known pioneers of the Trail.

The 175th anniversary steering committee recently completed its work and made several recommendations. We have received strong response from government agencies as well as the private sector. We have developed a general calendar of events for the celebration year.

Several funded activities are in process. Chief among these is a bill before the 1995 New Mexico Legislature to place a copy of Dave Webb's *Adventures With the Santa Fe Trail* activity book in each 5th grade, 7th grade, and high school curriculum area throughout New Mexico public school system during the 1996-97 school year.

Secondly, we are seeking a limited partnership with a non-profit agency to help fund Entradas in any community along the New Mexico Trail which wishes to mount a celebration. Our purpose is to encourage local participation and promote awareness of this chapter of our state's history.

The chapter has authorized six standing committees to focus on implementing various plans. We are eager to see where our explorations lead as the anniversary year approaches.

Corazon de los Caminos

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

The March meeting at Wagon Mound was attended by 31 members and guests. The 175th anniversary committee, chaired by Anne Swenson, reported on activities planned for the

next two years. Harry Myers gave a lively and interesting summary of Trail history, noting that the Santa Fe Trail is a part of trade routes going back to the 13th and extending into the 20th century.

In April the members visited the Wootton Ranch in Raton Pass. The Bergs were hosts to 24 members and 6 guests (among them two of Dick Wootton's grandchildren). Don Berg presented an extensive history of the toll road. Although the original buildings have not survived the ravages of time, everyone got a very good idea about the locations of these buildings and hardships met by those choosing to travel the Mountain Route.

Wet/Dry Routes

President Louis Van Meter
PO Box 234
Burdett, KS 67523
(316) 525-6696

President Van Meter is recovering from heart bypass surgery. The chapter met April 23, 1995, in conjunction with the Dodge City/Fort Dodge Chapter at the Dodge City Public Library. During the business session reports were heard relating to ruts recently identified on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road and the Wet Route of the Santa Fe Trail, plans for the chuck wagon meal to be served at the SFTA symposium, the Booth grave marker fund, the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter banner, the lime kiln project, and the second edition of the *Self-Guided Auto Tour of the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road*.

Reports were also given relating to the annual chapter tour on October 21, 1995, the planned display of the Eagle Scout projects conducted by the Edwards County Boy Scouts, the planned display of the Clay Ward portraits featuring crossings on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road, the work day slated for May 13, 1995, and the 175th anniversary of the SFT programs to be conducted by the chapter as part of the state-wide promotion being planned by the Kansas State Historical Society.

The chapter approved (1) the installation of a marker to be placed in Ford County at the rut location recently identified and (2) the invitation to residents of Ellis, Hodgemen, Rush and Ness counties to participate in chapter activities, especially with regard to the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road. To this end, the chapter will conduct its fall meeting in Jetmore, KS.

After the business meeting the group adjourned to Youthville where the program was presented by Bruce Kenyon, long-time volunteer blacksmith at Fort Larned. He gave a blacksmithing demonstration.

The lime kiln preservation project is progressing. Concrete footing has been poured and limestone has been obtained for the retaining wall. Roofs will be installed over the kilns located just west of Burdett. These kilns remain in excellent condition and the project was designed to prevent their erosion.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge

President Janet Bevers
513 Andrew Street
Dodge City, KS 67801
(316) 227-8420

The chapter held its second-quarter meeting on Sunday, April 23, 1995, at the Dodge City Public Library, as guests of the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter. After separate business meetings the two chapters reconvened at the horsebarn at Methodist Youthville for refreshments and the program.

The program was presented by Bruce Kenyon of Bison, KS, resident blacksmith at Fort Larned. He demonstrated forged items fabricated by blacksmiths for Trail travelers.

The chapter has begun planning for the restoration of the concrete and marble marker near the site of the Caches west of Dodge City. David Kloppenborg, curator of Boot Hill Museum, is in charge of the Caches restoration project. Sandblasting and painting are planned for completion before the September symposium.

Our chapter is excited about and looking forward to the symposium near our segment of the Trail. We invite SFTA members to view our ruts, Fort Dodge, and Boot Hill Museum and Front Street on their way to or from the symposium.

Missouri River Outfitters

President Robert Dorian
13211 E 45th Terr
Independence, MO 64055
(816) 252-7826

Members planned to meet on April 30, 1995, at Arrow Rock for a short business meeting and to elect new officers.

Chapter members will celebrate National Trails Day on June 3 at the National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO. They will meet at 2 p.m. to view the demonstrations and program scheduled by the National Frontier Trails Center to observe National Trails Day. For information call Anne Carter (816) 230-71228 or National Frontier Trails Center (816) 325-7575 for a schedule of activities.

Quivira

President Linda Colle
724 Penn Drive
McPherson, KS 67460
(316) 241-8719

The board of directors met in two

session to define what the chapter wants to accomplish in the next two years. Discussed were plans for marking and interpreting Trail sites, helping the Kanza Council of the Boy Scouts plan a Camporee for the first weekend in May 1996, and plans for participating in the 175th anniversary of the Trail. The Boy Scout Camporee could bring in some 500 to 600 scouts and leaders to the Stone Corral area and other Trail sites. The chapter will be in charge of designing and producing patches for this Camporee.

The quarterly meeting was held at Pawnee Rock, April 23. Steve Linderer, the superintendent at Fort Larned National Historic Site and 1995 symposium coordinator, was guest speaker and brought us up to date on plans for the fort and the symposium.

On June 6 the chapter will assist the Rice County Historical Society in cleaning the grounds around the Stone Corral School. The building was built with stone from the Stone Corral in the 1870s and classes were held there until 1946. The owners gave the building to the Society in 1994 and since then money has been given to replace the roof and work has started on funding for interior work. The school building is one mile south and a half-mile west of the Stone Corral Crossing area and possibly, with the lay of the land, at some time the Trail may have gone over this property.

Cottonwood Crossing

President John Dick
PO Box 103
Goessel, KS 67053

Members and guests met at the Hillsboro Civic Center on February 2. Appropriate markers for two Santa Fe Trail sites and methods to finance them were discussed. It was decided that a triangular stone marker will be placed at the juncture of the Santa Fe Trail and the Chisholm Trail. A stone post marker inscribed "Santa Fe Trail Crossed Here" will be placed at the intersection with Highway 15 north of Durham. To finance these projects, a raffle was proposed with various Trail-related items offered as prizes.

Details of the proposed bus tour to Kansas City to see the steamboat *Arabia* were presented by John Dick and Gil Michel.

A Boy Scout troop from Hillsboro attended this meeting. Tom Plett, the Scout leader, explained that a Scout may work on some type of historical project to earn a badge. They offered to help on the marker project in whatever way they could.

John Wiebe reported on his trip to Santa Fe. He showed pictures of

"Cross of the Martyrs," commemorating the death of Spanish priests killed in the Indian uprising in 1680, and pictures of the winter Spanish market. John presented a book, *Sentinel to the Cimarron* by David K. Strate, as a door-prize. John Dick was the winner.

The next meeting was scheduled for April 6 at Canton.

Bent's Fort

President Earl Casteel
5666 S 106 Rd
Alamosa, CO 81101
(719) 589-2061

On April 1, 1995, the chapter held its first tour of 1995 under the direction of Trail Boss Earl Casteel. The trip to Holly/Granada areas was attended by 77 enthusiastic members and guests. Craig Moore, historian at Bent's Old Fort NHS and chapter member, gave a detailed history of the Big Timbers. The group also saw some ruts reported to be part of the Trail and viewed the possible site of Pretty Encampment. Our tour was in cooperation of many local historians and the Prowers County Historical Society. Holly, Granada, Old Granada, Coolidge in Kansas, Trail City, Amity Salvation Army Colony, and Camp Amache were included in the sites visited.

At Camp Amache the group was joined by photographer Kent Melreis and reporter Dennis Huspeni of the *Denver Post*. They were preparing a feature story for the Sunday (April 2, 1995) edition about the camp. Camp Amache was an internment camp for Japanese-Americans, especially those living on the west coast during World War II. Las Animas resident Emory Namura and his wife Tayeko spoke to the group about their experiences while interned at the camp and about the efforts being made to restore a portion of the camp.

SFTA Ambassador Paul Bentrup showed the group a plaque he had been presented for work he had done in promoting activities concerning the camp and for efforts he had made to promote healing of decades-old wounds concerning the internment of the Japanese at Amache during World War II.

The article did appear on April 2 and mentioned the Bent's Fort Chapter. One of the photos used showed Emory with some chapter members. Mention of Paul Bentrup and his efforts was also included.

The DAR marker just east of Las Animas was successfully moved across U.S. Highway 50 and reset on its new location at Bent's Fort Inn. This was done with the permission of the Daughters of the American Revolution

and by the work of chapter members Mary Gamble, Gerry Faust, Phil Peterson, and Wayne Banta. Due to unforeseen complications and other possible work projects concerning other DAR markers, formal dedication of the marker at its new location will be held at a future date.

The chapter is looking forward to future events including the workday and grand opening of the Timpas site (May 20) and our tour and camp-out at the Don and Lolly Ming Ranch west of Pritchett, CO, on June 3. The tour will include the Granada/Fort Union military route, Freeze Out Canyon, and wild flowers along the Trail.

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

Cimarron County Historical Society, PO Box 655, Boise City OK 73933
Minter-Wilson Drilling Co., PO Box 669, Ulysses KS 67880

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Gala & Lloyd Adams, 736 Grove Ave, Las Animas CO 81054
Marvin & Dorene Burke, 10548 Quivas, Northglenn CO 80234
Alex & Jean Case, PO Box 217, Marion KS 66861
Shirley & Bob Coykendall, 619 Caddy Lane, Wichita KS 67212
Tom & Mary Ann Gilbert, 6210 Rd SS, Lamar CO 81052
Althea & Michael Gray, RR 19 Box 123 A, Old Santa Fe Trail, Santa Fe NM 87505
Donald & Grace Luers, PO Box 982, Raton NM 87740
Sharolyn & Norma Jean Molle, 4978 W 60 Terr, Mission KS 66205
Wheeler & Vi Oliphant, 30320 Rd JJ, Holly CO 81047
Welton & Gladys Parker, RR 1 Box 71, Lewis KS 67552
John & Karen Pickett, 119 W Santa Fe, Burlingame KS 66413
Michael & Linda Walter, 300 E 16th, Hugoton KS 67951
Ken, Carol & Kenny Wilson, 13410 E Hwy 50, Manzanola CO 81058

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Merry Barker, 613 W Main, Council Grove KS 66846
Pete Brown, PO Box 797687, Dallas TX 75379
Cathy Carlson, 546 W 6th, Las Animas CO 81054
Minette Church, 4733 Larchwood Ave, Philadelphia PA 19143
Randal Clark, 29 Bearfield, Columbia MO 65201

Dick Cochran, 404 Leach Ave, Grants NM 87020
George C. Dailing, PO Box 564, Aguilar CO 81020
Steven Dodson, 117 W Seward, Burlingame KS 66413
Paul Ediger, 608 E First, Hillsboro KS 67063
Alan F. Elder, 211 4th St, Castle Rock CO 80104
Ellen R. Farrell, 7 Timber Ridge Rd, Los Alamos NM 87544
Bengie Foster, PO Box 363, Eskridge KS 66423
Richard Graglia, 1685 Cook St, Denver CO 80206
Maggie Greenwood, PO Box 981, Angel Fire NM 87710
Beverly Hanlon, 101 S Independence St, Amarillo TX 79106
Kathleen Kirkes, 3328 Rods Ct, Merced CA 95340
Lynn Lightner, 1312 Kingsbury, Garden City KS 67846
Sally A. Ludi, 1233 5th St, Las Vegas NM 87701
Hilary McLellan, 1123 State St, Emporia KS 66801
L. C. Melton, East Central College, PO Box 529, Union MO 63084
Raymond Nelson, 7301 Galoway, Wichita KS 67212
Jay Newton, 710 Pearl Terrace, Paola KS 66071
Pat Northup, 1000 Quail Run, Spring Valley OH 45370
Jack M. Patterson, 3350 Shebas Way, Colorado Springs CO 80904
Edith Lois Priest, 106 4th Ave, Clayton NM 88415
Louis Rago, 814 Baunhill, Junction City KS 66441
Abbie J. Reaves, PO Box 358, Folsom NM 88419
Forrest L. Smith, PO Box 221, Marion KS 66861
S. J. Taylor, 972 Old Santa Fe Trail, Santa Fe NM 87501

TRAIL CALENDAR

Everyone is invited to send notices for this section; provide location, date(s), time(s), and activity. Remember this is a quarterly. The next issue should appear in August, so send information for September and later to arrive by July 20, 1995. Thank you.

May 27-29, 1995: Santa Fe Trail Days, Larned, KS, including special programs at Fort Larned NHS and Santa Fe Trail Center.

May 31-June 4, 1995: Santa Fe Trail Daze, Boise City, OK, with area tour on June 2. Contact Boise City Area C of C, (405) 544-3344.

June 3, 1995: National Trails Day. Participate in the activity of your choice.

June 3, 1995: Bent's Fort Chapter, National Trails Day, Ming Ranch west of Pritchett, CO, Granada-Fort Union

Military Route, Freeze Out Canyon, wildflowers. Bring campfire stories and songs. (719) 523-6968 or (719) 456-0504.

June 4, 1995: Friends of Arrow Rock, MO, 36th annual meeting, with noon meal at the Old Tavern, meeting at 2:00 p.m., and dedication of the new headquarters building at 2:30 p.m. Call (816) 837-3231 for dinner reservations.

June 10, 1995: Santa Fe Trail Craft Show, Alexander Majors Historical House, 8201 State Line Rd, Kansas City, MO, (816) 333-5556.

June 10, 1995: "Native Americans" Living History Weekend, Outlet Park, Melvern Lake, Melvern KS, (913) 549-3318.

June 10-11, 1995: Prairie Days, Maxwell Wildlife Refuge, Canton, KS. For information call (316) 628-4455.

June 10-11, 1995: Chisholm Trail Study Tour, Barton County Community College. Contact Elaine Simmons at (800) 748-7594.

June 11-17, 1995: Santa Fe Trail Rendezvous, NRA Whittington Center, Raton NM, (505) 445-3615.

June 18, 1995: Corazon de los Caminos Chapter meeting, Tiptonville, Valmora, and Shoemaker, NM. President LeRoy LeDoux (505) 666-2262.

June 24, 1995: Guided tours of first fort site at Fort Union National Monument, available at 10:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 1:00 p.m., and 2:30 p.m. (505) 425-8025.

June 24-25, 1995: Bullwhacker Days, Mahaffie Farmstead & Stagecoach Stop Historic Site, Olathe, KS. Contact Michelle Caron at (913) 782-6972.

June 24-25, 1995: "Santa Fe Trail" Living History Weekend, Outlet Park, Melvern Lake, Melvern KS, (913) 549-3318.

June 30-July 2, 1995: Santa Fe Trail Balloon Fiesta, Raton NM, (800) 638-6161.

July 1-2, 1995: Fort Union National Monument Civil War weekend, with tours of the second fort (earthwork), talks about Fort Union in the Civil War, and Civil War small arms demonstrations. (505) 425-8025.

July 4, 1995: Old Time Independence Day Celebration, Fort Larned NHS, (316) 285-6911.

July 8-9, 1995: "Civil War" Living History Weekend, Outlet Park, Melvern Lake, Melvern KS, (913) 549-3318.

July 14-15, 1995: Frontier Celebration & Rendezvous, Pomona State Park, near Lyndon, KS, featuring encampments covering fur trade, mountain men, Santa Fe Trail, cowboys, settlers, soldiers, traders, and crafts-

men, with musical entertainment, poetry, and story-telling. Contact Jeffrey Bender, (913) 828-4933. He would like to hear from Santa Fe Trail reenactors who use wagons/teams.

July 16, 1995: Corazon de los Caminos Chapter meeting, Pecos National Monument, NM. President LeRoy LeDoux (505) 666-2262.

July 22-23, 1995: Fort Union National Monument, "Cultural Encounters on the Santa Fe Trail," with living-history camp, talks, and demonstrations. (505) 425-8025.

July 22-23, 1995: "Fur Trade/Buffalo Skinner" Living History Weekend, Outlet Park, Melvern Lake, Melvern KS, (913) 549-3318.

Aug. 5, 1995: Bent's Fort Chapter program and tour, Indian Agents and Agencies, Bent's New Fort, Fort Wise, Old Fort Lyon, Big Timbers Museum at Lamar, CO, (719) 456-0504.

Aug. 8-12, 1995: OCTA annual convention, Grand Island, NE. Contact OCTA Headquarters, PO Box 1019, Independence MO 64051.

Aug. 12-13, 1995: "US Dragoons" Living History Weekend, Outlet Park, Melvern Lake, Melvern KS, (913) 549-3318.

Aug. 19-20, 1995: "1825 Santa Fe Trail Survey" Living History Weekend, Outlet Park, Melvern Lake, Melvern KS, (913) 549-3318.

Aug. 20, 1995: Corazon de los Caminos Chapter meeting, Capulin, NM. President LeRoy LeDoux (505) 666-2262.

Aug. 25, 1995: National Park Service Day, special programs at all NPS sites.

Aug. 26, 1995: An evening at Fort Union featuring historic scenes, free reservations required (no reservations accepted until Aug. 1), (505) 425-8025.

Aug. 26-27, 1995: "1870s Life" Living

History Weekend, Outlet Park, Melvern Lake, Melvern KS, (913) 549-3318.

Sept. 2-24, 1995: "Artists of the American West" Exhibit at Fort Larned NHS.

Sept. 8, 1995: Senior Citizen's Day, Mahaffie Farmstead & Stagecoach Stop Historic Site, Olathe, KS. Contact Michelle Caron at (913) 782-6972.

Sept. 8-17, 1995: Smithsonian Associates Tour of the Santa Fe Trail. Contact Amy Ritchie at (202) 357-4800 ext. 220 or Leo Oliva at (913) 994-6253.

Sept. 17, 1995: Corazon de los Caminos Chapter meeting, Taos, NM. President LeRoy LeDoux (505) 666-2262.

Sept. 17-Oct. 6, 1995: Sixth Annual Santa Fe Trail Bicycle Trek, contact Willard Chilcott, 885 Camino Del Este, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

Sept. 21-24, 1995: Biennial SFTA Symposium, Larned and Great Bend, KS. Steve Linderer, program coordinator, (316) 285-6911.

Oct. 5-8, 1995: Barton County Community College Trail Tour. Contact Elaine Simmons, BCCC, (800) 748-7594.

Oct. 14, 1995: Pumpkin Patch and Autumn Faire, Mahaffie Farmstead & Stagecoach Stop Historic Site, Olathe, KS. Contact Michelle Caron at (913) 782-6972.

Oct. 15, 1995: Corazon de los Caminos Chapter meeting, Wagon Mound, NM. President LeRoy LeDoux (505) 666-2262.

Oct. 21, 1995: Wet/Dry Routes Chapter tour of Wet Route, 8-5, cost \$10. Contact Ida Yeager, 416 Wichita, Larned KS 67550.

Dec. 2-3, 1995: Victorian Christmas Open House, Mahaffie Farmstead, Olathe, KS. Contact Michelle Caron at (913) 782-6972.

FROM THE EDITOR

Bonita and I had a productive trip to the U.S. Army Military History Institute at Carlisle Barracks, PA, and we hope to share some of that new material in future issues. We were unable to complete our research there and plan to return when possible.

My father died March 10, which changed many of our plans, including the completion of the WT index before this issue. My mother has Alzheimer's and remains in the nursing home, mostly unaware of what happens. We hope to get back on schedule soon. Our goal now is to have the index completed, covering all nine volumes, before the symposium.

Bonita participated in the Trail archaeology program in Osage County, KS, and is still excited about finding an 1823 dime near Soldier Creek crossing. She's ready for a metal detector.

In April we spent a few days at Fort Union and Las Vegas, NM, investigating the possibility of purchasing Joe and Diana Stein's superb bookstore. It is an enticing prospect, with a chance to live on the Trail, but reality convinced us we cannot afford to make the move. We will continue to take our chances on the Kansas farm.

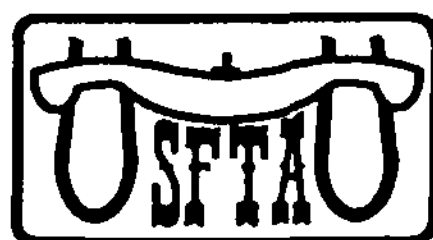
We attended the annual meeting of the Fort Larned Old Guard on April 29 and saw a fine living-history lecture by Libbie Custer. I retired from the FLOG board with the rank of brevet colonel, and Bonita was elected to the board.

Be sure to return the ballot enclosed in this issue and register for the symposium in September. It promises to be an exciting and extraordinary extravaganza, thanks to the diligent efforts of Steve Linderer and a host of volunteers. We hope to see you there.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

WAGON TRACKS
Santa Fe Trail Association
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675



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