

Wagon Tracks

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Santa Fe Trail Association

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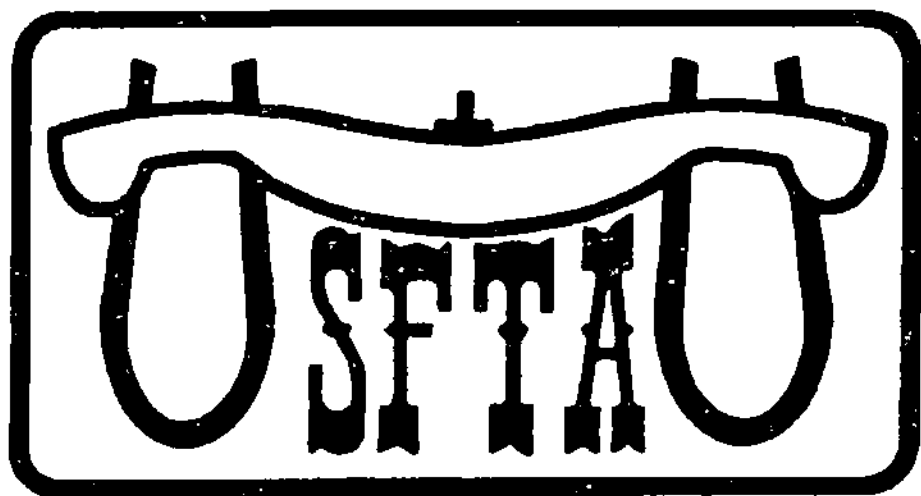


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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 9

FEBRUARY 1995

NUMBER 2

MARSHALL NEW V-P

ROSS Marshall, Merriam, KS, director of the Alexander Majors Historical House in Kansas City, has been selected by the SFTA board of directors to complete the term of vice-president which was vacated by Mark L. Gardner's resignation. Marshall is former president of the Oregon-California Trails Association and recently was elected to the SFTA board of directors to fill a vacancy from Kansas. His elevation again leaves a vacancy on the board to be filled by a representative from Kansas, which will be done soon.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING FEBRUARY 25

SFTA President Bill Pitts has called a meeting of the executive committee at the Santa Fe Trail Center, Larned, KS, at 1:00 p.m., Saturday, February 25. All other board members are encouraged to attend, and the meeting is open to all SFTA members. For more information contact President Pitts at (405) 522-5244.

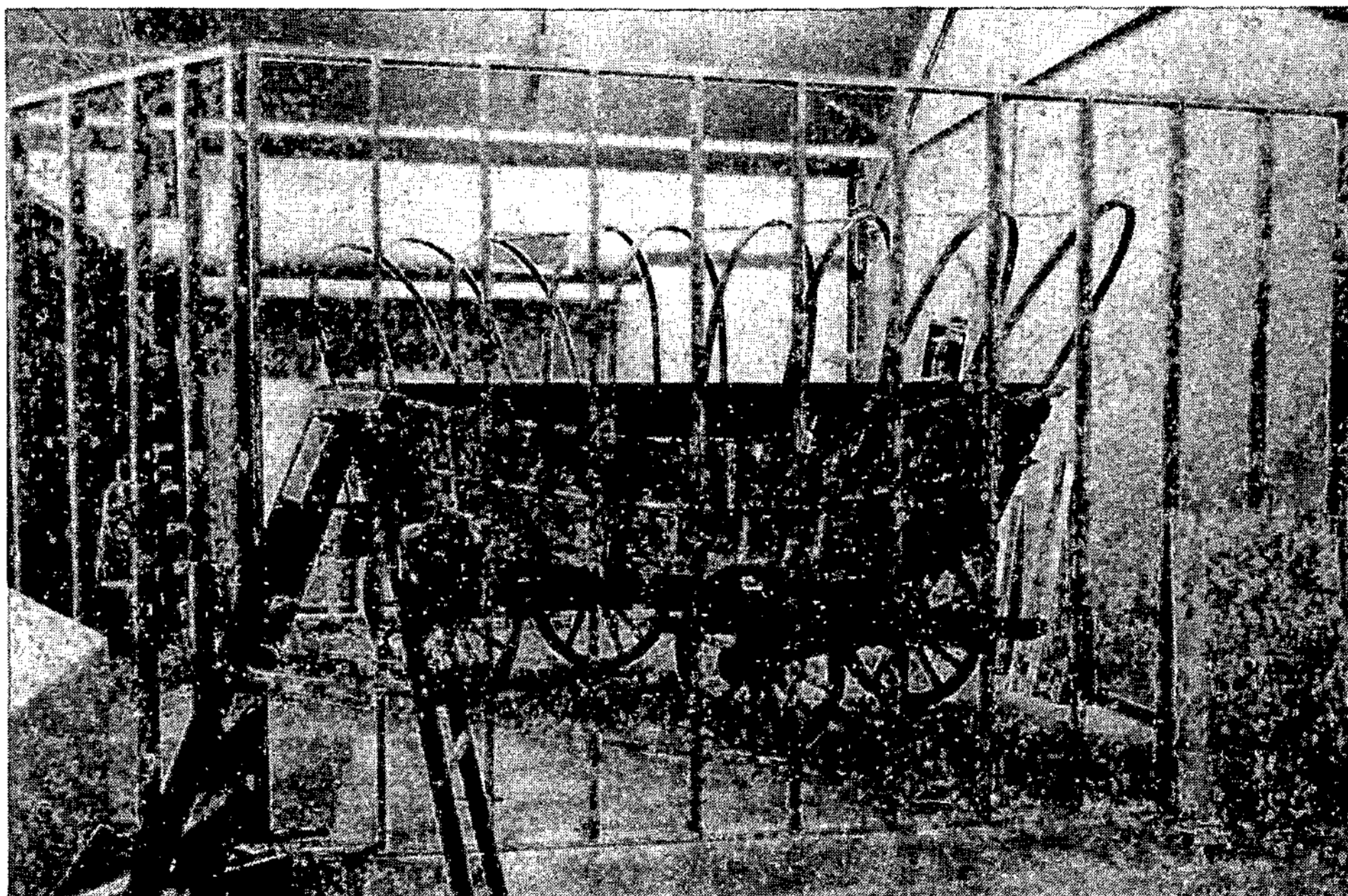
95 SYMPOSIUM PLANS

THE 1995 biennial Santa Fe Trail Symposium will meet at Larned and Great Bend, KS, September 21-24. Registration materials, including a complete program and motel information, will be mailed with the May issue of *Wagon Tracks*.

Symposium Coordinator Steve Linderer announced that plans are nearly completed for the program which will begin at the Santa Fe Trail Center near Larned on Thursday afternoon with a SFTA open board meeting. That will be followed by a reception and entertainment at the Trail Center. On Friday and Saturday mornings lectures will be at the community center in Larned. Barton County Community College at Great Bend will host the Saturday afternoon and Sunday programs.

A number of prominent speakers will talk about various aspects of the Santa Fe Trail. Confirmed speakers include Robert Button, Bill Chalfant, Thomas E. Chávez, David Clapsaddle, Bob Dorian, Jane Elder, Mark L. Gardner,

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The new exhibit going up around the Conestoga wagon at the National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO.

WAGON AND SANTA FE MURAL ADDED TO NFTC EXHIBIT

by John Mark Lambertson

(Lambertson is director of the National Frontier Trails Center.)

THE Santa Fe Trail exhibit at the National Frontier Trails Center in Independence, MO, is undergoing a major and exciting expansion. Last summer the Friends of the NFTC purchased an authentic early nineteenth-century Conestoga wagon to be added to the presentation of trading on the Santa Fe Trail. To cap off the exhibit expansion a large mural is being painted which will depict the old plaza in Santa Fe.

The wagon, purchased from Wagon Masters near St. Louis, had previously been in small private museums in Pennsylvania and Missouri. It is seventeen feet long from the flared tip of one end bow to the other, stands about nine feet tall, and is in excellent shape for its approximately 150 years. It came with an original feed box, wagon jack, and ox yoke. The conservation work undertaken on the jack brought about the exciting discovery of two names and the date "1827" under a layer of rust. Ironically, the 1827 date coincides with the founding of Independence and its start in the Santa Fe trade.

The wagon has been placed at the end of the previous Santa Fe Trail exhibit in a new room created to showcase it. Three walls of the new exhibit area have been hung with canvas and are being painted to show a detailed view of the plaza in Santa Fe about 1845. The completed work will be ten feet tall and wrap around fifty feet of the walls. The artist, Charles Goslin, has created several historical murals in the Kansas City area in the past several years. He undertook considerable research and revisited Santa Fe to get an accurate portrayal of the plaza and its people and activities for the mural.

Besides the wagon and mural, curator Anna Belle Cartwright is preparing an

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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Ross Marshall, new SFTA vice-president, asked for a meeting of the executive committee of the governing board. The meeting has been called for Saturday, February 25, 1:00 p.m., at the Santa Fe Trail Center west of Larned, KS. The agenda is not complete yet, but it will include Ross Marshall's hopes for the Association's growth, a discussion of the use of our logo, comments on if we should raise our reimbursement to the editor of *Wagon Tracks*, and a report on the speakers' bureau. The meeting is open to all SFTA members and your ideas will be welcome.

The Santa Fe Trail truly lives on, and the State of Oklahoma is at last recognizing the influence of the Trail on Oklahoma's history. The citizens of Cimarron County have always recognized the Trail's importance and have preserved its remains. The state government is now updating old signs about the Trail and is also giving Camp Nichols its proper share of historic glory. The DAR deserves credit for their recent recognition of the Trail in Oklahoma when they placed two stone markers in Cimarron County.

The Oklahoma Historical Society annual meeting will be held in Enid on April 27-29, and one program is dedicated to the Santa Fe Trail and Camp Nichols. In researching Indian Territory (the old name for Oklahoma) and its relation to the Santa Fe Trail, we found that, in 1843, Captain Nathan Boone was sent with about 80 dragoons from Fort Gibson to explore the western boundary and afford protection to traders on the Santa Fe Trace. It is interesting that two decades later the forts in Indian Territory were abandoned by the Union so the soldiers could be used to protect the Santa Fe Trail from the Confederates. Anyone interested in attending the OHS annual meeting in Enid should write to Annual Meeting, Oklahoma Historical Society, 2100 N Lincoln Blvd, Oklahoma City OK 73105, telephone (405) 521-2491.

—Bill Pitts

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

MARC Simmons, chairman of the nominating committee (including Bill Pitts and Margaret Sears), hereby issues a call to members to submit candidates to be considered for nomination to fill the positions of officers and directors whose terms expire at the end of the 1995 symposium. This includes the president, vice-president, and six directors (one at large and one from each of the five Trail states).

The committee will choose those to be on the ballot which will be mailed to all members in the May issue of *Wagon Tracks*. Since this is the first time officers and board members are elected by

a mail ballot, as provided in the bylaws adopted at the 1993 symposium, additional explanation is given.

The bylaws provide that "the vice-president shall, upon satisfactory completion of the two-year term, be nominated for the office of president for the succeeding two years." Because V-P Mark L. Gardner resigned from this office and V-P Ross Marshall replaced him only recently, this will not be automatic this time. Marshall is eligible to serve as president even though he has not served a full two years, but other suggested candidates may be submitted. Since a vice-president who serves a full term will automatically be nominated to the presidency two years hence, that office should also be filled by someone with the time, experience, and dedication to lead our growing organization.

The president and vice-president serve two-year terms. Secretary/Treasurer Ruth Olson Peters serves a four-year term which will expire in 1997. The committee may nominate more than one candidate for each of the vacant officer positions.

The bylaws require the nominating committee to present at least two nominees for each vacancy on the board of directors. Candidates should be willing to attend board meetings and be prepared to work. The bylaws specify that members of the board of directors may not serve more than two consecutive four-year terms. Of those directors whose terms expire in 1995, Adrian Bustamante, representing New Mexico, has completed two consecutive terms and is ineligible for reelection until he has been off the board at least one term. The following board members are eligible for reelection: Dave Webb, at-large member; Mary Gamble, representing Colorado; Pauline Fowler, representing Missouri; and Dave Hutchison, representing Oklahoma. Also, whoever is selected to fill the vacancy from Kansas will be eligible for election to a full term in 1995.

All current members of SFTA (except those noted above) are eligible to be nominated and/or to submit candidates for nomination. Chapters are also urged to submit nominations, especially for the board position in their state. To be considered, each candidate must be a member in good standing, agree in writing to serve if elected, and provide a brief (one paragraph) biography (including Trail qualifications and experiences) and a statement (one paragraph) of his or her objectives for SFTA. This information will be used by the nominating committee in selecting candidates, and the biography and statement of objectives for each nominee will accompany the ballot sent to the membership in May.

The deadline for receiving nominations and the necessary statements is March 30, 1995. These should be mailed promptly to Dr. Marc Simmons, Box 51, Cerrillos NM 87010.

AWARDS NOMINATIONS NEEDED SOON

A highlight of each SFTA Symposium is the presentation of Awards of Merit to individuals and organizations who are singled out for exceptional service and outstanding contributions to the Santa Fe Trail. In the past, some of the most energetic and dedicated members of the Association (along with non-members) have been recipients of this honor.

Another award, initiated in 1993, is the Jack D. Rittenhouse Memorial Stagecoach Award. This honor is given for extraordinary lifetime contributions to the Santa Fe Trail. The award consists of a cash prize of \$250, a plaque, and a handsome Santa Fe Trail blanket from the Southwest Trails Blanket Series, designed by Hopi weaver Ramona Sakiestewa, woven by the Pendleton Woolen Mills of Oregon, and produced and donated by the Dewey Trading Co. of Santa Fe. The SFTA is grateful to Ray Dewey, the only benefactor member of SFTA, for initiating and supporting this special

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Membership Categories

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

Editor: Leo E. Oliva, PO Box 31, Woodston, KS 67675

President: Bill Pitts, 3824 N Oak Grove Dr #841, Midwest City, OK 73110

Vice-President: Ross Marshall, 6624 Craig Rd, Merriam, KS 66202

Secretary-Treasurer: Ruth Olson Peters, Santa Fe Trail Center, RR 3, Larned, KS 67550

1995 Symposium Coordinator: Steven Linderer, Fort Larned NHS, RR3, Larned, KS 67550

Publicity Coordinator: Michael E. Pitel, 182-A Tano Rd, Santa Fe, NM 87501

Directors:

Adrian Bustamante, New Mexico
William Y. Chalfant, Kansas
Virginia Lee Fisher, Missouri
Pauline Fowler, Missouri
Mary Gamble, Colorado
David Hutchison, Oklahoma
Pat O'Brien, Colorado
Joy Poole, At Large
Margaret Sears, New Mexico
Dave Webb, At Large
Tim Zwink, Oklahoma

award. It commemorates the work of the late Jack D. Rittenhouse, the chief bibliographer of the Trail. The 1993 recipients were Bonita and Leo Oliva. Current officers of the SFTA, as well as members of the Awards Committee, are ineligible for this honor.

Awards Committee Chair Joy Poole is issuing a call to the general membership for nominations for Awards of Merit and for the Rittenhouse Award. The deadline is May 15, 1995. Please submit a summary of your nominee's qualifications and contributions to the preservation or promotion of the Trail. All nominations should be sent to Joy Poole, 137 N Roosevelt, Fort Collins CO 80521. From the submissions, winners will be selected and recommended to the SFTA governing board for approval, as provided in the by-laws. The presentation ceremony is scheduled for the Saturday evening session of the symposium.

Another honor authorized by the by-laws is that of Santa Fe Trail Association Ambassador, an honorary, lifetime designation. According to the by-laws, nominations for this award (including "a brief resumé of the person's activities which support the nomination") must be submitted to President Bill Pitts or Secretary Ruth Peters no later than June 23, 1995. The president and secretary will forward all nominations to the awards committee for selection and recommendation to the governing board for approval. Ambassadors will be "appropriately invested" at the awards ceremony during the symposium. Nominations for SFTA Ambassador may be sent to either President Bill Pitts, 3824 N Oak Grove Dr #841, Midwest City OK 73110 or Secretary Ruth Peters, Santa Fe Trail Center, RR 3, Larned KS 67550 prior to the deadline.

SCHOLARLY SANTA FE TRAIL ARTICLES WANTED

THE Kansas State Historical Society is contemplating the possibility of publishing a special Santa Fe Trail issue of *Kansas History: A Journal of the Central Plains* in connection with the 175th anniversary celebration in 1996. The editor is seeking scholarly, article-length manuscripts to consider for possible inclusion therein. These articles should reflect new research and/or interpretations and thus make a significant contribution to Trail literature and historiography. Manuscripts should be submitted for evaluation no later than December 31, 1995. For more information, please contact Virgil W. Dean, Editor, Kansas State Historical Society, 120 W 10th St, Topeka KS 66612-1291.

SYMPOSIUM PLANS

(continued from page 1)

Benjamin Kracht, Joseph Marshall, Harry Myers, Leo E. Oliva, Don Rickey, and Ray Schulz. In addition there will be special programs, exhibits, and entertainment at Fort Larned National Historic Site, the Santa Fe Trail Center, Barton County Historical Society Museum, and the Shafer Art Gallery. Field trips include tours of the Wet and Dry routes near Larned, Fort Zarah and Walnut Creek sites near Great Bend, east along the Trail into Rice County, and a tour of the Cheyenne/Sioux camp burned by General Winfield S. Hancock's troops in 1867.

On Friday evening, the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter will serve a BBQ dinner at Fort Larned, followed by self-guided candlelight tours. A large complement of military and civilian living-history interpreters will depict life as it was when the fort was in its heyday as guardian of the Trail. During the evening, period dancing is planned in the quartermaster storehouse. Music will be provided by Saxton's Cornet Band, an authentic reenactment group that plays music on original instruments of the Civil War period. Dance instruction will be provided for those who wish to learn the Virginia Reel and other historic dances.

A Mexican buffet will be featured Saturday evening at Barton County Community College near Great Bend, after which Don Rickey, noted western author and lecturer, will speak. SFTA awards will also be presented during the evening.

The symposium traditionally features a book exhibit and sales area for publishers and dealers. Those planning to exhibit can obtain an application form by contacting Steve Linderer, Fort Larned NHS, RR 3, Larned KS 67550, phone (316) 285-6911. There will be no charge for book exhibitors other than the standard registration fee for the symposium.

SUMMER INSTITUTE

THE Southwest Institute will offer another Santa Fe Trail summer program in 1995, with academic credit available through New Mexico Tech. "The Gateway Plains and the Santa Fe Trail" is scheduled for June 10-17 and again for July 8-15. Each session includes two days of lectures and travel along the Mountain and Cimarron routes of the Trail in New Mexico, Colorado, and Oklahoma. Contact Jerry L. Williams, Southwest Institute, 106 Bandelier West, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque NM 87131 or call (505) 277-2828 or 277-3105.

TRAIL TOURISM PROMOTION

by Michael E. Pitel

(Pitel is SFTA publicity coordinator.)

THE New Mexico Dept. of Tourism, on behalf of the five Santa Fe Trail state tourism offices, has applied for \$122,000 in financial support from the U.S. Travel & Tourism Administration to help promote the Trail as a travel experience to the lucrative German tourist market over the next three years. This will coincide with the SFTA's plans for the 175th anniversary celebration beginning in 1996.

Other plans to promote the Trail are being made by the tourism offices in the five states, including the underwriting of the production and printing of at least 100,000 Trail brochures in the spring of 1995. Representatives from the tourism offices and other agencies met in Kansas City on January 12 to continue plans to promote the Trail, and additional meetings are scheduled. These efforts should encourage Trail communities to become involved in the 175th anniversary celebration and to host annual Trail events. Trail tourism can be an important factor in economic development along the historic route.

CHISHOLM TRAIL TOUR

JESSE Chisholm established a trail south from present Wichita, KS, into Indian Territory in 1865 to trade with Indians. Later this route became famous as a cattle trail, known as the Chisholm Trail. Barton County Community College, Great Bend, KS, will offer a traveling seminar on the Chisholm Trail, June 10-11, 1995, with visits to several of sites. Instructor will be David Clapsaddle. Contact Elaine Simmons, BCCC, (800) 748-7594.

PUBLICITY LISTS

SFTA Publicity Coordinator Mike Pitel has compiled a list of Trail states' chambers of commerce and convention bureaus (including name of director, address, phone number, and fax number), as well as a list of Trail states' daily and weekly newspapers and magazines (names of editor, address, phone number, and circulation). Both lists are "Santa Fe Trail-intensive" and will serve any sponsors of annual events and activities for publicity and public relations purposes.

Anyone seeking such a list to help with any promotion may contact Pitel at the New Mexico Dept. of Tourism during office hours at (800) 545-2070. This should be especially helpful for publicizing events commemorating the 175th anniversary of the Trail.



Charles Goslin at work on the Santa Fe mural, National Frontier Trails Center.

NFTC EXHIBIT

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accompanying exhibit of the kinds of goods which were freighted on the Santa Fe Trail, from gold and guns to nails and calico. The Center is seeking sponsors for the cargo exhibits. The Santa Fe Trail Association has voted to spend over \$300 on the project. Names of donors who sponsor cargo for \$100 or more will be displayed near the exhibit. For more information or to contribute to this project, please contact Anna Belle Cartwright at the address below.

The new exhibit is expected to be finished this spring. Everyone is invited to visit the museum. The National Frontier Trails Center is open seven days a week and located at 318 W Pacific, Independence MO 64050, telephone (816) 325-7575.

FAYE ANDERSON AWARD

MILDON Yeager of Larned, KS, was named the recipient of the 1995 Faye Anderson Award, presented annually by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter of SFTA. Yeager, one of the prime movers in the marking of the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road, the Santa Fe Trail between Forts Larned and Dodge, and historic sites in the Larned area associated with Henry Booth, received the award at the chapter meeting at Of-ferle, KS, on January 15.

The award, initiated in 1994 to honor the late Faye Anderson of Larned, a charter member of the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter, is comprised of an engraved plaque and a lifetime membership in the chapter. Congratulations Mildon!

BICYCLE TREK FEATURED

THE annual Santa Fe Trail Bicycle Trek, led by SFTA member Willard Chilcott, continues to draw riders from across the nation and stimulate interest in the Trail. Chuck Oestreich, editor of *Pedalwheeling*, participated in the fifth annual ride in 1994 and wrote a two-part article, "High Plains Drifting," which appeared in the November and December 1994 issues of the magazine.

The sixth annual bike trek is scheduled for Sept. 17-Oct. 6, 1995. Contact Willard Chilcott, 885 Camino Del Este, Santa Fe NM 87501 or call (505) 982-1282.

HENRY BOOTH GUIDE

THE Wet/Dry Routes Chapter has produced another fine guidebook, *The Life and Legacy of Henry Booth: A Self-Guided Auto Tour of Historic Sites Associated with Henry Booth, the Principal Founder of Pawnee County and the City of Larned*. Booth served as post sutler at Fort Larned, helped establish the town of Larned, moved the sutler's mess house from the fort to serve as the first structure at the new townsite, oversaw the organization of Pawnee County, opened the first hotel in Larned, constructed other business buildings and a fine home in Larned, served as a community leader and held elective offices (including state representative), helped organize the Episcopal Church, and, upon his death in 1898, was buried in the Larned Cemetery.

Nine sites, each marked with an appropriate sign, are included in the tour. The booklet is available for two

32-cent stamps. Send stamps and order to Ida Yeager, 416 Wichita, Larned KS 67550.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

I would like to respond to the suggestions for the Santa Fe Trail Association as given by Mr. Byron Shutz in the November 1994 issue of *Wagon Tracks*, specifically to his suggestions concerning the Santa Fe Trail Association's office. I thought the Association members might be interested to know more about their office and its history.

When the Association was organized in 1986, the work of processing the membership naturally fell to the treasurer, who resided in Trinidad, Colorado and to the secretary (myself), residing in Larned, Kansas. After our work was completed, we passed the membership information on to the *Wagon Tracks* editor, so that he had the names and addresses for mailing WT. It soon became apparent that membership processing would be simplified if the task was handled by the combined office of a secretary/treasurer. I was elected to that position by the membership in 1987.

As the membership grew, so did the workload. From 1987 through 1989, the Santa Fe Trail Center (of which I am the Director) processed the Association's membership with no compensation from the SFTA. The processing was handled by myself and the Trail Center's secretary during regular business hours. As the finances of the Association grew, the SFTA Board voted in 1989 to include the category "Santa Fe Trail Center Annual Compensation" into the budget, beginning in 1990. (*Wagon Tracks* Editor annual compensation began the following year.) The Trail Center's compensation in 1990 was \$1000.00. With an annual increase of \$100.00, compensation budgeted for 1995 is \$1,500.00.

With this compensation, the Santa Fe Trail Center maintains the Association's archives, as well as provides the Association with office space in the Trail Center's library. The office includes a work desk and storage shelves, as well as space for the Association's file cabinet, computer desk, computer, and printer. The Trail Center is currently updating its phone system to accommodate a fax machine, which it will soon obtain. The Association will also have the use of the Trail Center's fax number and fax machine.

Compensation to the Trail Center is also used to cover long distance phone

calls to conduct Association business and mileage reimbursement to run Association errands. The Trail Center's secretary handles mail and phone requests to the SFTA for general Trail information and brochures. There is a slow but steady stream of these requests. She also types all Association correspondence which is answered by me.

As the SFTA membership continued to grow, I asked a Santa Fe Trail Center volunteer if she would take on the task of processing the memberships. She later assumed bookkeeping duties for the Association as well. In 1994, she volunteered approximately 240 hours for the Association through the Trail Center.

When the Association is willing and able to employ a full-time staff person, a separate phone number and listing might be advantageous, as Mr. Shutz suggested. Currently, however, the Association's office is located in a facility that is open 7 days a week during summer months and 6 days a week during the winter months. Although I am not always available, other Trail Center staff members can usually assist with questions regarding the Association.

In the early years of the Association, I believe that the Santa Fe Trail Center played an important role in the Association's survival. Now the Association is a viable and respected organization and others may be looking at the headquarters office location with interest. The Santa Fe Trail Center is proud to have been the office for the Association since its beginning and wishes to continue in this capacity. Even though Larned is a small community, we feel that we can meet whatever needs the Association might have, with guidance and adequate funding from the Association's board.

Ruth Olson Peters
Director, Santa Fe Trail Center
Secretary/Treasurer, SFTA
RR 3
Larned KS 67550

Editor:

Byron Shutz's letter in the last *Wagon Tracks* caught my eye and I have just spent half an hour on the phone with him discussing the points he makes. I agree completely that the symposiums and *Wagon Tracks* (reflecting your excellent work) are the two best things that SFTA has going for it. I also agree with Mr. Shutz's ideas for making the organization really healthy and robust, and for it to *live up to its potential*. I hope that the current leadership can be prodded, or new leadership gained, which would move SFTA along toward these goals.

It seems to me that having a headquarters and staff person(s) is a real *must* for the organization to advance. I hope the board of directors will address that issue and make inquiries about possible arrangements and locations. OCTA estimates that it receives the equivalent of about \$25,000.00 a year in office space, utilities, and services provided by the City of Independence. I believe that has been an important foundation for their stability and growth over the past several years.

John Mark Lambertson, Director
National Frontier Trails Center
318 W Pacific
Independence MO 64050

Editor:

My friend John Richter (also from Emporia, KS) and I are new members of SFTA. We plan to study the Trail by bicycle, traveling east from Santa Fe, June 26-July 16, 1995. We have been reading a number of Trail books, studying maps, and are getting excited about our upcoming adventure. We hope to meet SFTA members along the Trail, spend time visiting with Trail buffs, tour Trail sites and museums, and learn more about the Trail and people in the Association.

William H. Borst
705 Washington Park
Emporia KS 66801

OLD SPANISH TRAIL ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

THE Old Spanish Trail Association (OSTA), organized last year, is off and running and has sent out the first issue of the semiannual newsletter, *Spanish Traces*, edited by Phil Carson. The 12-page publication is attractive and chock-full of information. Colorado Senator Ben N. Campbell continues to push for legislation to include the Old Spanish Trail in the National Historic Trail system. Letters in support are needed. OSTA President Ron Kessler reports on the founding and growth of the Association. There are scholarly articles and book reviews.

Books reviewed include the reprint of LeRoy and Ann Hafen's 1954 *Old Spanish Trail: Santa Fe to Los Angeles* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1993, \$12.95 softcover); C. Gregory Crampton and Steven K. Madsen, *In Search of the Spanish Trail, Santa Fe to Los Angeles, 1829-1848* (Layton, UT: Peregrine Smith Books, 1994, \$24.95 softcover); and a new edition of George D. Brewerton's *Overland with Kit Carson: A Narrative of the Old Spanish Trail in '48* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1993, \$12.95 softcover). These and other volumes may be ordered

from Ron Kessler's Adobe Village Press, PO Box 510, Monte Vista CO 81144.

OSTA is growing and seeking interested members. There are three local chapters already and more are planned. The next OSTA meeting, a policy and planning session, is scheduled for 1:00 p.m., May 20, 1995, at the Rio Grande County Museum, 580 Oak St, Del Norte CO. All members are welcome. Annual membership in OSTA may be obtained by sending \$10 for individual, \$15 for family, or \$25 for institutional dues to Old Spanish Trail Association, PO Box 521, Monte Vista CO 81144.

CELEBRATING THE BIRTH OF A TRAIL TOWN

by Deanne Wright

(Deanne and Earl Wright of Council Grove are active members of SFTA and the Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter. A few years ago Deanne conducted a series of interviews with Santa Fe Trail people for her radio series, "Ideas Unlimited," on KKSU radio at Kansas State University, Manhattan.)

A stone barn built by Seth Hays served as a backdrop to a program about Council Grove's place in Santa Fe Trail history during the Santa Fe Trail Arts Festival, September 25, 1994, east of Council Grove.

The program, "Birth of a Trail Town: 1850-1855," was an effort to present history from a site-specific perspective. Other program goals were to maintain historical authenticity and to tap into the talents of local and area residents.

The day began with an old-time church service led by Rosie Clymer, Circuit Rider. At noon a buffalo feed, complete with potato cakes and Aunt Sally's apple cobbler, was served from an open fire by Earl Wright and a contingent of volunteers.

An Ugly Western Hat Contest judged by Clymer and Don Coldsmith, well-known Kansas author, was part of a fund-raising effort to help restore the stone barn.

The afternoon program began with Don Cress describing how Council Grove was selected as one of the earliest rendezvous points for pack and wagon trains. His presentation, "Big John Spring to Lost Springs," was in front of a huge aerial photographic display of Morris County on which the route of the Trail was marked.

Cress grew up on a farm along the Santa Fe Trail and drank out of Big John Spring many times before it was



Don Cress, president of the Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter, speaking at the Stone Barn during the Trail Festival.

filled in by the state highway department when Highway 56 was moved.

A rousing interpretation of a day at a rendezvous was presented by local community arts performer Graham Newcomer in "Tales from a Santa Fe Trail Wagonmaster." The founding of Council Grove was told through the experience of Seth Hays, mercantile trader. Council Grove attorney and historian, Kenneth McClintock, researched and interpreted Seth Hays's influence on the development of the Trail town. McClintock's great-grandparents came to Morris County in 1899.

Professionally-trained actress and local resident Linda Sampsel took the name of her Scottish great-great-grandmother and spun a campfire tale for the children. Sampsel's great-grandfather settled in Council Grove in 1872.

Retired Emporia State University chemistry professor Alfred Ericson told about the supplies needed to survive along the Trail. Kansas master folk artist Helen Ericson, Emporia, displayed quilt patterns of the 1850s. She designed a new pattern to celebrate the day's events, called The Post Office Oak pattern.

Sharon Haun, curator of the Kaw Mission State Historic Site in Council Grove, interpreted the life of Eliza Huf-faker. Eliza was married to T. S. Huf-faker who began the mission school for Kaw children in 1850. Haun's great-grandparents emigrated from Sweden to the Marion Hill community in the early days of Morris County.

The program concluded with camp-fire vocal duets by new Council Grove teachers, Natalie and Mike Walkup.



Graham Newcomer portraying a Santa Fe Trail wagonmaster at the festival east of Council Grove, KS.

Deanne Wright, Council Grove, hosted the program. Two sets of her great-grandparents came in covered wagons to the Council Grove area.

TRUMAN ARTICLE DELAYED

THE concluding portion of Jane Mal-linson's article on Harry Truman and the selection of sites for the DAR Ma-donna Statues in the Santa Fe Trail states will appear in the next issue.

MILITARY ROAD MARKED

THE Kansas City Area Historic Trails Association, headed by SFTA member Dorothy Kroh, has identified the path of the Fort Leavenworth-Fort Scott Military Road and is placing 138 signs along the route, a portion of which for several years served as one route of the Santa Fe Trail. The road was established by the army, 1837-1839, to connect Fort Leavenworth and Fort Gibson (in present Oklahoma). It crossed the Kansas River at the Grinter (Delaware) Ferry. Fort Scott was established near the route in 1842 on the Marmaton River. The markers are located in the Kansas City area in Leavenworth, Wyandotte, and Johnson counties.

Lee Kroh compiled documents to identify the route and presented this information in "Mapping Historic Trails," 1994. This was carefully checked for accuracy by a number of other researchers (see "Reenactment of 1850s Trail Survey," in Aug. 1994 WT, p. 4).

Approximately half of the new markers have been dedicated. Additional donations are needed to complete the project. Send contributions to Dorothy Kroh, 8812 W 66th St, Shawnee Mission KS 66202. Everyone is invited to travel along the historic route.



Gum Springs, in present Shawnee, KS, was an important intersection and favorite camping area for travelers on the Santa Fe, Oregon, California, and military trails. Recently it was the site of one of four ceremonies dedicating 65 signs marking the route of the Fort Leavenworth-Fort Scott Military Road in Johnson, Wyandotte, and Leavenworth counties in Kansas. Kansas City Area Historic Trails Association members and city officials pictured, l to r: Craig Crease, Shawnee Mayor Jim Allen, Kansas City Metro Surveyor Mike McLoughlin, KCAHTA President Dorothy Kroh, Merriam Mayor Irene French, SFTA Vice-President Ross Marshall, and Lee Kroh.

THAT FABULOUS PROCESSION: AN APPRECIATION OF ROBERT L. DUFFUS, AUTHOR OF *THE SANTA FE TRAIL*

by Michael L. Olsen

(Mike Olsen is professor of history at New Mexico Highlands University, Las Vegas, NM, and an active member of SFTA and the Corazon de los Caminos Chapter. He is especially interested in Trail bibliography. He and Harry Myers received an SFTA Award of Merit in 1993 for their discovery and editing of the diary of Pedro Ignacio Gallego, which was published in the November 1992 issue of Wagon Tracks.)

If you have not read *The Santa Fe Trail* by Robert L. Duffus, you are in for what used to be known as "a good read." First published in 1930, it is arguably still the best general account of the Trail. Duffus, as an early Trail "buff," also wrote a little-known novel about the Trail, *Jornada*.¹

From the first sentence of the first chapter of *The Santa Fe Trail*, Duffus evokes the romance and lore of the historic overland Trail while at the same time presenting an account that was more than balanced by the standards of his day and which even stands the test of our own overtly "politically correct" times. He begins by placing readers "on the far brink of civilization," the Missouri frontier in the 1820s. Behind, as he so vividly paints it, there lay "settlements still raw from the hands of the builders; prairies steaming from the first spring touch of the plow; then lines of rails . . . ; then villages where bells swing to and fro on quiet Sunday mornings. . . ." He calls to mind the mills, factories, and cities of the east, the rising tide of abolitionism, and a lifestyle "in which women wore pounds and pounds of wool, exposure of the ankles was considered indecent and exposure to the night air dangerous."²

"But in front of you," Duffus reminds us, "you knew, were opportunity and romance." And he calls on the reader to join him in a journey along the Trail, issuing an invitation to "sit around the old campfires, and throw on . . . buffalo chips, such *bois de vache*—as we still can find. Again we shall sleep under the naked sky and again in the bright morning hear the stamping of many hoofs, the shouting and swearing, the cry that begins the day's march, 'Catch up! Catch up!'"³

Robert L. Duffus (the L. was for Luther) seems an unlikely person to have written about the Trail, its personali-

ties and its history. He was born in Vermont in 1888. His mother came from "old New England stock." His father was French Canadian and earned a living as a granite cutter in Williamstown. He contracted silicosis from breathing granite dust while Robert was still a child and moved, alone, to California. Robert, his brother, sister, and mother went to Waterbury to live with his maternal grandmother. There, in a classic American way, Duffus worked for several years each afternoon after school and in the summers for the local newspaper, sweeping the office, firing up the potbellied stove, setting type, and occasionally writing a news item.

And then, strangely and in a manner that perhaps says something about his eventual affair with the Santa Fe Trail, he enrolled at Stanford University on the other coast of the continent. His brother had preceded him there, and perhaps they both made a connection with their father. He does not mention it in his memoirs.

After graduating with his A.B. degree in 1910 and an A.M. degree in 1911, Duffus went to work as a reporter for the *San Francisco Bulletin* and then as an editorial writer on the *San Francisco Call*. He left California in 1919 and moved to New York, where he reported for the *New York Globe* and *The Sun*. Then for a few years he made a living as a freelance journalist before joining *The New York Times*. There he became a highly respected member of the editorial staff from 1937 to 1962, when he retired. In the terms of mid-century America, he had arrived and was a member of the "establishment." After retirement he returned to California, where he died in 1972.⁴

Why did this man, who traveled the world as part of his profession, who was a francophile decorated with the Chevalier Legion of Honor for his editorial support of France during World War II, write about the Santa Fe Trail? He ultimately penned three volumes of memoirs but they dealt primarily with his childhood and years as a reporter in San Francisco.⁵ His daughter, however, recalled recently, "I don't know what sparked his interest in the Santa Fe Trail other than a fascination with history and the West. He traveled along the trail to Santa Fe—although only 9 at the time the book was published, I do remember hearing about

the fact he had traveled by train."⁶

Duffus was a prolific writer, although "prolific" does not convey the extent of his work or the range of his interests. He produced nearly two dozen books of history, public policy, and biography, including some for children. *The New York Times* index for 1930, before he joined its editorial staff, lists forty-five feature articles by Duffus, on topics from archeological discoveries at Pompeii, Chicago crime, General Electric's research laboratory, Hoover's sense of humor(!), Mormonism's centennial, Baron von Steuben, and White House children, to Wedgewood pottery and women in industry. *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* for the late 1920s and early 1930s lists Duffus articles in many publications including *Harper's Magazine*, *Architectural Record*, *Collier's*, and *American Mercury* on such diverse subjects as "Is Pittsburgh Civilized?," "Can Architecture Be Taught?," "Fremont and Jessie," and "Now They're Farming Fishes."

Through all of these entries there does run a vein of interest in and fascination for history. In his memoirs Duffus credits this interest, as well as his strong strain of romanticism, to his upbringing in Vermont and, concerning the love of history at least, his education at Stanford where President David Starr Jordan and Professor Thorstein Veblen had a significant influence on him.⁷

In *Williamstown Branch*, his first volume of reminiscences about his childhood, Duffus reflected on the multicultural roots of Williamsburg's population and its connection with the Civil War. He recalled, "What made Williamstown the most prosperous as well as the most cosmopolitan of small towns was the granite business and the people it brought. Whatever exists seems natural to a boy, and so it seemed natural to me that our small town in the hills . . . should have three languages—English, French, and Italian, or maybe four if you included the broad Scotch some of the men from Aberdeen spoke. It seemed natural that four distinct races or nationalities should come downtown on Saturday night to hang around J.K. Linton's store, or listen to a band concert, or see an outdoor patent medicine show, or just buzz around."⁸

Duffus, of course, was of a genera-

tion that could talk to men who had served in the Civil War, or to men and women who remembered it. When a telegram arrived at his grandmother's house saying that his brother, then at Stanford, had survived the San Francisco earthquake, he remembered his grandmother saying, "I used to think that God wouldn't allow the very worst things to happen. I knew they did happen, though. I learned that when I was a very young mother, during the Civil War. It got so I never wanted to see another telegram."⁹

And when he boarded the train to leave Williamstown a few years later, he reflected that the baggage man at the station, now elderly, had gone off as a drummer boy in the Army of the Potomac at just about the same age he was then, leaving for Stanford. He wondered, "If I had been his age in 1861, . . . would I have had the courage to become a drummer-boy?" And he wanted to ask Frank Carpenter, the baggage man, "Did they make you march in front of the company beside the color guard, or did they let you do your drumming a little nearer to home, and did the enemy fire on the color-sergeant and let the little drummer go unharmed?" But he did not because, "the time for asking questions was past."¹⁰

But mostly, Duffus seems to have been a romantic at heart, and he recognized himself as such. His works on the Santa Fe Trail certainly bear out his assessment. Even as a reporter in San Francisco in his twenties, he could later recall to himself, "I loved romance, and there it was, all along the waterfront, . . . romance in the wind and sun, and romance in the quiet fog."¹¹ As a young child in dull Williamstown, he dreamed of being kidnapped by gypsies, which led him to wonder, "what were the people of India doing, and the people of Australia, and the people of Africa, Asia, and Europe, and the Esquimos? They must be having a more interesting time than I was. . . . Why couldn't I have been born in an interesting place?"¹²

And so he escaped, from mountains that "came too close into the too narrow valleys. There were mountains, also, of old memories, of dead generations, of what one was expected to be—and wasn't." As with many of his and a few succeeding generations, it was the "midnight train" and its "eye of fire before," to use a phrase from Willa Cather, that lured him away. He remembered, "On countless nights when I lay half-sleeping in my grandmother's house I heard the midnight train go by. We were so close, in that narrow village, that it was right under

my window. I heard the rush and roar, I lifted up to see the lights of the cars, I heard the engineer whistle for a crossing this side of the Winooski River bridge. How musical was that whistle, how fantastic that passage of tumult and lights, what romance and joy went by on the midnight train. . . . There will never be for me another train like that, never a plane bound for the ends of the earth that will carry the same freight of glamour, never a ship, with the white water under her bows, that will be poetry as was, once, the midnight train."¹³

But, with his historical sense, he knew that there is always a price to pay, recalling, "On one of those final days in Waterbury I went uptown on some errand, and returning, saw my grandmother, sitting in her bay window, and waved to her. She did not speak to me then of what she had been thinking. She had sacrificed so much for her daughter's children, myself just one of the three. . . . My aunt looked at me sadly as I came in. 'Do you know what your grandmother said,' she asked. 'She said, that is the last time I shall ever see Robert walking down that street.' It was true."¹⁴

All of these seeds germinated in Duffus's *The Santa Fe Trail*. It is thorough, comprehensive and fair. Consider the opening paragraph of chapter six. There Duffus, as with countless others, does bestow the title "Father of the Trail" on William Becknell. But, he also asserts, "that in a sense the Trail had many parents, beginning with the Conquistadors, or with the ghostly Indians who first moved across the plains in search of buffalo, and including an unnumbered caravan of Spanish, French, and Yankee trappers and traders. Becknell, as should now be apparent, did not actually 'discover' the route."¹⁵ Duffus's qualifier "as should now be apparent" is inserted because he has spent the five previous chapters, with such titles as "Dawn on the Trail" (covering the Spanish explorers) and "France Finds the Way," illuminating the exploits of those who came before Becknell. In fact, as far as Europeans are concerned, he may go farther back than any Trail historian since, noting in chapter two, "The curtain rises upon a prelude far from the main scene of our drama. It is April, 1528. Don Pánfilo Narváez has landed at Tampa Bay. . . ."¹⁶

Others, both before and after him of course, acknowledged the contributions of the Spanish, in particular, to Trail history. And like them, Duffus also considers the Plains Indians, retelling with gusto the classic clashes between them and decades of Trail

travelers. But there again he is even-handed, speaking it seems at times to those who squabble over this subject sixty years later. Having expressed the opinion that, "The wrongs done the Indians by the whites were probably as grave as those done the whites by the Indians," he continues, "[b]ut questions of abstract right and wrong are academic when an industrialized race comes into contact with one which is still in the pastoral stage."

The language, admittedly, is a bit dated, but the sentiments are not, as the conclusion to his chapter on the American Indians demonstrates: "Yet, in spite of all, the white men and the red man mingled their strains and to some degree their cultures. In time white men came to be proud of having Indian blood in their veins. White men borrowed from the Indians the rich lore of the wilderness. Something of the Indian way of thinking probably crept into their minds, even without their knowing it, and went to make that characteristic attitude which we call western. The Southwest was a melting pot, into which were thrown Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans, Frenchmen, and Americans. The great mountains and the great plains moulded them. Something new came out, something different from the pioneer strain of the eastern streams and woods. And in this new mixture was a considerable dash of the despoiled and defeated, yet perhaps in the end invincible Red Brother."¹⁷

Book reviewers of the day uniformly praised *The Santa Fe Trail*, listing it second only to Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies* as the best treatment of Santa Fe Trail history. W. H. Ghent, in a long review in *The New York Times*, where Duffus was not yet on the editorial staff, commended Duffus for writing with "distinction and charm." This review itself did much to remind readers in 1930 of the forgotten history of the Santa Fe Trail. It was accompanied by two illustrations, "Arrival of the Caravans at Santa Fe," and "Indian Alarm on the Cimarron," and headlined, "Romantic History of the Santa Fe Trail; Mr. Duffus Writes the Colorful Story of a Great Western Pathway."¹⁸

Several reviewers took the occasion of their review to comment on another well-known general "history" of the Trail, that of Henry Inman. Ghent, in the *Times*, after praising Gregg for writing "learnedly and attractively," side-swiped Inman with the remark, "Major Inman's book is a patchwork that happens to make good reading, though bad history." Don Glassman, in the *New York World*, went further, saying

Duffus "supersedes the classic of Josiah Briggs [sic] and the fantasia of Henry Inman." Only Henry Steele Commager, just embarking on his career as a prominent American historian and who should have known better, fell into the pit with his opinion that, "It is difficult to improve on Gregg, or even on Inman." Perhaps Commager was jesting.¹⁹

When *The Santa Fe Trail* was reprinted by the University of New Mexico Press in 1972, no major reviews were published. But Duffus himself received a coda on the work from an old friend, Bruce Bliven, for thirty years on the staff of the *New Republic*, with fifteen of those years as editor. Bliven spoke for all who admire the book, writing to Duffus privately, "I have read the new edition of *The Santa Fe Trail*. It is a damn good book, even better than I remembered. Page 1 is a poem; so is page 91; so is the last paragraph, and many other passages. I don't see how you kept such an enormous amount of chronology straight. I don't see how you had time to write this book, unless you took a year off for that purpose, and I don't remember your doing so."²⁰

Duffus ends *The Santa Fe Trail* with a penultimate chapter on the railroad, "Trails of Steel." The final chapter is entitled "Recessional," and does finish with a poetic paragraph just two sentences long, "The Trail was but a single thread in that vast roaring loom on which was woven the fabric of modern America. Yet there it still shines, if we bend to look, like a pattern of untarnished gold."²¹

Reviewers were not so kind a few years later when it came time to assess Duffus's novel of the Santa Fe Trail, *Jornada*, published in 1935. On one level this novel is not too bad a pot-boiler, though it was never reprinted. But on a different level, for the Trail aficionado, it makes fascinating reading since it is intriguing to see how Duffus constructed his story around actual Trail events.

The plot is a simple one. It is the summer of 1846 and Martin Collins, a young greenhorn from Massachusetts, has joined a wagon train headed to Santa Fe. Most of the wagons in the train are owned by John Peyton, who is wagon boss. Two of his wagons contain guns and ammunition destined for Mexicans in Santa Fe who anticipate the American invasion and hope to thwart it while at the same time throwing out the Mexican government and declaring an independent New Mexico.

Peyton himself seems to harbor the delusion that he will take over New

Mexico and bring it into the Union as a slave state. Here Duffus obviously is building in part on the story of Albert Speyer, who did take two wagons loads of arms to New Mexico in 1846, eluding capture by General Stephen Watts Kearny. The American military eventually caught up with Speyer in Chihuahua. In Duffus's clever imaginative reconstruction, Peyton/Speyer is supposed to arrive in Santa Fe after James Magoffin, sent by Kearny to parley with Governor Manuel Armijo, but before the army.

Also accompanying the train is Peyton's wife, the fair and lovely Doña Mercedes de Luna, daughter of Don Benito de Luna, one of the most wealthy and powerful men in New Mexico, but a man opposed to the plans of the conspirators plotting revolt and independence. Needless to say, Martin Collins falls in love with her. In the crucial scene of the novel, Doña Mercedes and Collins become separated from the wagon train as it crosses the Arkansas, headed for the Cimarron Cutoff. The two of them have ridden across the river but, before the train can follow, Indians attack the wagons.

Doña Mercedes and Collins at first hide near the river but then decide their best course of action is to ride through the night toward New Mexico, putting as much distance as possible between themselves and Indians. They fear the men with the train have all been killed. After the usual torment of the "Jornada," with thirst and sun figuring prominently in the narrative, they encounter a detachment of Mexican troops, who escort them to Santa Fe. This part of the plot has its roots in various published accounts of actual travelers along the Trail.

Once in Santa Fe, Collins is summoned by both the conspirators and Governor Armijo, as well as Don Benito, who is appalled that this Anglo has fallen in love with his daughter, and she with him. Duffus's depiction of Manuel Armijo borrows heavily from Stella Drumm's edition of Susan Shelby Magoffin's diary. Collins also meets Doña Tules, who takes a shine to him and helps him out of a tight situation. Then the American army arrives, followed closely by John Peyton.

It turns out that Peyton and most of his men escaped the Indian attack by breaking out the cases of guns and ammunition they were transporting. Unfortunately at that moment the army catches up with them and seizes the whole shipment. The political plot in the novel now concludes, but Peyton's reappearance complicates the love story. To expedite matters, Duffus

kills off Peyton in a brawl at a *fan-dango*, where a Mexican teamster he kicked out of the wagon train along the Trail knifes him. The course of love now runs true and Collins and Doña Mercedes end their days on a *ranchito* beyond Taos, high above the tumultuous tide of affairs which overtakes New Mexico in the coming years.

As noted, much of the structure of the novel, as well as events, can be traced to various sources Duffus read when preparing *The Santa Fe Trail*.²² And while the plot incorporates plausible Trail history, the details of the novel do not. Duffus's descriptions of Santa Fe, for example, owe more to his earlier memories of California Mission-style architecture than to an understanding of the Santa Fe of the 1840s. Also, events and daily routines on the Trail are pictured, but there is little information on wagons, clothing, freight, weather, and so forth. Even the Indians are generic.

This lack of depth was the major criticism of those who reviewed the novel. Margaret Wallace, in *The New York Times*, said, "... 'Jornada' misses real importance, as it does, by a fairly wide margin. . . ." The reviewer for *Booklist* hit the nail most squarely on the head. After first noting that, "Mr Duffus has built his novel out of a little history and a good deal of imagination," he continued, "'Jornada' would make a fine Western and sufficiently historical 'movie.' It has all the ingredients—lost of action, brave and beautiful characters, scenes of hair-raising struggle, Spanish life, dances and killings. What more could be asked?"²³

Perhaps this novel deserves to remain obscure, though it does not in any way diminish Duffus's achievement with *The Santa Fe Trail*. That book still stands as a landmark in the writing of Trail history, like Wagon Mound or Pawnee Rock on the old Trail. Anyone following the Trail today, on the road or from an armchair, should upon opening Duffus's *The Santa Fe Trail* appreciate the man behind the lyrical prose, a man who from a desk in New York City could cast his eye across the plains and back a century to write, "The Trail . . . was a living thing, which changed and wandered and grew. It was not names upon a map—it was people; people travelling, singing, swearing, sweating, fearing, fighting, going in clouds of dust by day, plowing through quicksand and mud, sitting around great fires at night, hunters, trappers, traders, soldiers, emigrants, of all degrees of intelligence, virtue, and vice, of most races, bound together only by a common hardihood and a common exposure to the

vastness and desolation and beauty of the trans-Missouri wilderness. It is a fabulous procession."²⁴

NOTES

1. Robert L. Duffus, *The Santa Fe Trail* (New York, Longmans, Green and Company, 1930). There have been various reprintings, the last by the University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1972. It is now out of print. Robert L. Duffus, *Jornada* (New York, Covici-Friede, 1935).
2. Duffus, *Trail*, 1.
3. *Ibid.*, 4.
4. "R. L. Duffus, Editorial Writer, 84, Dies," *The New York Times*, Nov. 30, 1972, 46.
5. Robert L. Duffus, *Williamstown Branch: Impersonal Memories of a Vermont Boyhood* (New York, W. W. Norton & Co., 1958); *The Waterbury Record: More Vermont Memories* (New York, W. W. Norton & Co., 1959); and *The Tower of Jewels: Memories of San Francisco* (New York, W. W. Norton & Co., 1960).
6. Mrs. Naime Duffus Wilcox, letter to the author, Nov. 8, 1994.
7. Duffus, *Tower*, 107.
8. Duffus, *Williamstown*, 236.
9. Duffus, *Waterbury*, 265.
10. *Ibid.*, 270.
11. Duffus, *Tower*, 48.
12. Duffus, *Williamstown*, 88, 90.
13. Duffus, *Waterbury*, 262-263. Cather's phrase is from her poem "The Night Express." See Bernice Slotte, ed., *April Twilights: Poems by Willa Cather* (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1962), 36-37.
14. Duffus, *Waterbury*, 268.
15. Duffus, *Trail*, 67.
16. *Ibid.*, 6.
17. *Ibid.*, 130, 131.
18. W. H. Ghent, "Romantic History of the Santa Fe Trail," *The New York Times Book Review*, Aug. 10, 1930, 12. Ghent was a leading frontier and fur trade historian of the day. He published the history of another trail, *Road to Oregon*, in 1929.
19. Ghent, "Romantic History," 12; Don Glassman, *New York World*, Aug. 17, 1930; H. S. Commager, *New York Herald Tribune Books*, Aug. 10, 1930, 1.
20. Bruce Bliven to Robert Duffus, April 18, 1972, Robert Duffus Papers, Department of Special Collections, Stanford University Libraries.
21. Duffus, *Trail*, 274.
22. There may have been, of course, a real John Peyton connected peripherally with the Santa Fe Trail. His tale has many fanciful overtones and some consider it to be a fabrication. The basic story is that in the mid-1770s he was a Virginian serving on a ship captured by the Spanish, was set ashore at the mouth of the Rio Grande and marched to Santa Fe, where he was held captive. Eventually he made an escape with his half-Indian servant and a Spanish woman enamored of the servant. After many trials and adventures they reached St. Louis. This Peyton's story was written up by his grandson as *The Adventures of My Grandfather*, published in 1867. In a perverse way, the details of the "real" John Peyton's incarceration may have furnished background for Duffus's fictional imprisonment of Martin Collins, the fictional John Peyton's adversary, in the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe. For a list of published accounts of Peyton's adventures see entry 463 in Jack Rittenhouse, *The Santa Fe Trail, A Historical Bibliography* (Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1971), 175-176.
23. *New York Times*, Mar. 3, 1935, 6; *Booklist* 31 (May 1935): 300.
24. Duffus, *Trail*, 91.

DIARY OF GEORGE W. HARDESTY

Edited by Richard H. Loudon

(SFTA member Richard Loudon is a partner in the Loudon Cattle Company near Branson, Colorado. He is a graduate of Trinidad Junior College and holds a degree in journalism from the University of Missouri. He has served as president of the Southern Colorado Livestock Association and has been a member of the nominating committee of the Cowboy Hall of Fame for Colorado. Loudon is especially interested in the routes of the Santa Fe Trail network in Colorado and has contributed other articles to WT. He originally edited the Hardesty diary for Colorado Magazine [1961].)

WHILE the westward extension of the railroads had ended most of the wagon freighting on the Santa Fe Trail in Kansas by 1878, a certain volume of traffic continued to move up and down the Trail as evidenced by the diary of George Washington Hardesty.

Hardesty was born in Germantown, Missouri, in 1850, the son of William Lee Hardesty (mother's name unknown). In 1878 William gave up his farm and orchard holdings in Missouri, loaded his family and the necessities for a new life into some mule-drawn wagons, and headed for Colorado over the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail. It is this trip and subsequent experiences in Colorado, New Mexico, and the Indian Territory with which the following diary is concerned. Portions of the diary detailing travels in western Colorado in 1879 have been omitted.

On June 23, 1878, the Hardesty family caught up with the advancing rails of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad about twenty miles west of La Junta, Colorado, where young George promptly hired on the construction crew. After working for a short time on the railroad, he tried his hand at freighting, and then investigated Colorado's gold camps. In 1879, he filed on a homestead in Long Canyon, just across the Colorado line in New Mexico Territory. Long Canyon is a northern tributary of the Dry Cimarron Canyon, through which Hardesty hauled freight to the Indian Territory ranch headquarters and began running cattle and horses. He ranched there the rest of his life.

His diary recording began in McPherson County, Kansas, near the center of the state, and it is not known whether there was another diary describing the earlier part of the trip or whether he merely, at this point, de-



George W. Hardesty in Colorado, 1880. (Photo courtesy of The State Historical Society of Colorado, negative no. F-3944.)

cided to record their journey.

The diary was a small pocket-sized notebook in which his observations were scribbled, often with little attention to punctuation or capitalization. In the interest of easier reading, periods and an occasional comma have been inserted, and sentence capitalization is used. In a few instances the spelling of an incomplete word has been finished where its identity was obvious. Otherwise, the text has been reproduced just as written without attempt to correct grammatical or spelling errors.

THE DIARY

JUNE 1 [1878] Myrtie slept late this morning. All were out of the tent but her. Just after breakfast I looked in and found her wide awake sitting up in bed trying to put her shoes on. There are a great many sod houses through this region mostly covered with hay. The inhabitants burn corn stalks for fuel. The people are planting some timber. This will be a beautiful country within a quarter of a century if the inhabitants do their duty in planting trees. Passed

through McPherson Centre in the afternoon. Wheat perfectly splended in Mcpherson co. McP is apparently a live town. Stopped late. I went out after dark to try to find a house to get some water. Did not find any so we had to do without save a little in a canteen which was very warm.

SUNDAY June 2 Three men passed us this morning going to Rush co. Kas from Ill. I saw a Jack Rabbit for the first one I ever saw. Stopped for the night in the edge of Rice co.

June 3 Passed through Lyons, County seat of Rice county and stopped at night in the western part of the co. A great deal of fine land in this co. Considerable sand in the western portion. Grass good all over this region. Some buffalo grass mixed with common prairie grass. Saw several Jack Rabbits today. They have a very peculiar hop in running as if they were lame.

3¹ Passed through Ellinwood and Great Bend co seat of Barton co, and Larned, all three the livest towns I have seen lately. Barton is a fine agricultural county.

5 Passed through Pawnee co [This entry marked out].

4 A few miles East of Garfield two men met us. They were in a buggy driving in a gallop. As they passed they told us that there was small pox in Garfield and to be careful, which warning was scarcely necessary. There was only one case however and that rather out of town.

5 Met six wagons from Col. [Colorado] going to Texas. They told us we would be sorry we ever went to the mountains, that they could not make a living there.

June 6 Met several parties from Col. All gave a doleful account of that part of the country. Saw three antelope today. The first. Hart² shot at them. He said at one thousand yds or over. Probably 2 or 3 miles. Saw several mirages. Also the first seen. Beautiful lakes, groves. Camped between Ft Dodge & Dodge City. No settlement there except in town.

June 8 Passed through Dodge City, a right lively looking place noted for its ruffians and desperadoes that infest the place. Men with broad brim hats and large pistols at their sides crowded the streets. A little distance west of town there is a prairie dog village extending for probably a mile along the road. The little fellows would come out of their dens and bark like any other dog only in a higher key. Saw a goodly number of owls but no rattle snakes which according to accounts are members of the firm.

June 10 Hart & Mc³ left camp early in the morning on an antelope hunt. Did not get in until we had stopped for the night. Killed one which was divided among several camps all bound for Col. Saw a very large jack rabbit sitting in a few feet of the wagon. Had just got hold of a gun when sport saw it and gave immediate chase despite my remonstrances. A bound and it was out of

sight, when all sorts of evil wishes were indulged in. Among others was one that I would turn to a lion, turn on sport and tear him into small fragments. Met 3 men beating their way back from Col. Gave them something to eat at their request. About bedtime when we were getting our mules for the night a man halloed from the river and asked what kind of a landing we had there and immediately headed for shore determined to land be the landing as it might be. It proved to be a rather elderly man homeward bound from Col, dead broke floating down the Ark in a small skiff which the June rise enabled him to do. Gave him supper, breakfast and something to take along for dinner.

June 11 Saw a drove of probably 20 or 30 wild horses that had been caught and hobbled. Men were riding around them which we were told they would do 2 or 3 times a day until they were pretty well tamed. H fell in with a man and his wife going to Col from Joplin MO. Had a considerable storm in the afternoon. Some rain and a good deal of wind.

June 12 More wagons from Col also more bad news. Passed through Sargeant last station in Kansas which consisted of a cattle ranche kept by a man by the name of Hardesty.⁴ I believe he owned about 6000 cattle. He was living in the best sod house we have yet seen covered with shingles, doors & windows faced in a good style etc. Crossed the line Col a little before night. Camped in the river valley. Mosquitoes annoyed us very much. That is the balance of the party. As for myself they were probably around me but I didn't know anything about it at the time as it generally takes something of more importance that a few hundred mosquitoes to disturb me when I fall to sleep.

13 Hart went out this morning on a hunt. Saw eight antelope. Killed none however. Father killed a Jack Rabbit. It had the full allowance of ears. Killed another J R in the afternoon. Saw a man camped on the river on his way from the Pan Handle Texas Col. Had three wagons trailed together and worked four horses and one yoke of cattle to them. Camped on an irrigation ditch which is ten miles long.

14 We concluded to lay over today. Work, hunt and let our horses rest. Hart and I went out a few miles. Saw 3 or 4 antelope. Killed one. Hart was riding a rather skittish mule blind in one eye while I was on a 3 year old mule that was considered very docile. I told Hart it was no use to try to carry the antelope on his mule that I had the very one for the biz. Brought him up, laid the game on his back and such jumping as was then witnessed. If he did not throw the bloody thing sky high it was at least started in that direction and it took both of us to hold him. We next brought up the other, shaded her good eye, tied the antelope on the saddle with a larriet so tight that she could

not possibly get it off unless the saddle came too. When lo the mule walked off as peaceably as could be expected under the circumstances. Another tramp called for dinner and got it. Had a heavy rain storm at night 3 or 4 inches of water fell.

15 Rained nearly all day and night which was not exactly what we expected in dry Colo. A man by the name of McMillen and his wife who has a ranch 2 miles east of camp came to see us today. They were very talkative and very anxious to have people settle in their neighborhood in order to have a school, P. O. etc. Some large valleys along here nearly all subject to irrigation.

16 Too muddy to travel so Hart & I went out on a hunt. Stayed all day. Saw probably 25 antelope. Shot neale dozen times. Killed none however.

17 Pulled out at noon—traveled only a few miles and camped at dark in the edge of the timber nearly at nite a half a mile from the river. The most timber we have seen for some time.

18 Experienced heavy rain, hail, wind and thunder storm in the afternoon. Let up just in time.

The mountains were first seen on 20.

23 Started down the line of A.T. & S.F. R.R. new extension the snow capped mountains being in plain view on the right of us. Considerable wind and some rain in the afternoon. Found a railroad camp on Tent Creek⁵ 17 miles out where we stopped for the night. A good spring here. Heavy vein but some alkali in it. Some of the party affected by it. Mother had a hard chill in the morning. Pretty sick all day.

24 of June to 15 of July been working on Rail Road too busy to keep a diary.

To Sept 8 1878

Worked on R R altogether about two months.

Stopped at Trinidad about Aug 10.

June 8 1879 Hauled hay for some time distance 40 miles. Had to pass over the summit of the Raton Mountains.

Father⁶ upset his wagon about Feb and was so crippled in one arm that he has not been able to work any to the present time, June 8.

Myrtie was taken sick with diptheria in October and after two weeks illness died.

Hauled 24000 lbs. Some for Taylor, Doss & Owen⁷ to North western Indian Territory 120 miles east of Trinidad. Cadet Figuet an old acquaintance from Rockville Mo helped haul part of it. One trip down he killed 2 antelope and I one. Also killed a dozen or two jack and cotton tailed rabbits. A beautiful stock country on the route down the dry Cimarron. 75 miles down a deep canyon width from a few yards to 3 or 4 miles.

Located in this canyon are several large stock owners. Notable among them are the Hall Bros⁸ formerly of Texas owning I be-

lieve 16000 head of cattle. Dave Poole a Mo man noted for his operations here during the war of 61 to 5 is also located in this canon engaged in the cattle business. Taylor, Doss & Owen have 12000 head of cattle besides a large number of sheep and horses.

The first trip down Father stalled at the crossing of the careth⁹ and some Mexican and Indian buffalo hunters returning from their annual hunt came up and could not cross except where our wagon was swamped. Hitched on a lot of cattle and after unloading a portion of the load much hallooing and breaking the wagon tongue succeeded in getting the wagon out.

Then commenced the fun. They (the Indians & Mexicans) would double team on their wagons (or carroz they call them) then station them selves on the opposite bank while one of their number would bring the wagon down and start the team up the bank when they would all begin to whip and halloo, about one driver to each ox in the team.

They had been pretty successful and were pretty well loaded with buffalo beef and hides. Some of the Indians had used bow and arrows, some guns and others lances in killing the buffalo. The spears and arrows were tinged with blood showing that they had done some bloody work.

On one trip as we were returning we met 42 Indian men and two squaws going down on a buffalo hunt. They were all horseback and were driving about a dozen loose ponies, pack animals along with them for the purpose of carrying the product of the hunt back to winter quarters. They had their lodge poles (some 20 feet in length) fastened to the sides of the horses. The squaws were riding with one end dragging on the ground. They were painted and somewhat gaudily arrayed in red blankets etc.

As far as I have seen of southern Col and Northern New Mexico I would judge it to be a pretty good stock country though at times the severe storms that some times occur here are pretty hard on sheep. All kinds of stock that is the grass eater family live here during the whole year with out feed other than that they do procure on the boundless range grass in this region growing pretty thick on the ground but generally very short from 2 to 4 inches in height. There are places called vegas flat swampy places where the grass attains sufficient hight to make hay, and such grass makes a better quality of hay than the prairie grass of the states farther east. There are some good agricultural lands in this region especially in the valley of the Purgatoire and other streams, though generally lands have to be irrigated to produce well. In some portions however, wheat oats and potatoes are successfully raised without irrigation.

The above named articles grow here to

perfection are of excellent quality and large yield.

The grass in all this region dries up in the fall and makes a good substitute for hay generally keeping stock in pretty fair condition all winter though snow sometimes falls to a depth of several inches but it soon melts off the southern hill sides and blows off the ground in other spots thus giving stock a chance to live while the snow lays on which is generally only a few days. There is plenty of excellent timber in the mountains pine and cedar. The water here is generally good especially in the mountain streams though out from the mountains it is often strongly impregnated with alkali. The people here (about one half are Mexicans) generally live in adobe houses that is houses made of sun dried brick and often covered with dirt, though a great many are covered with shingles and finished in good style. Occasionally there are large buildings made of adobe business houses 2 or 3 stories high Church building etc. The Mexicans where they profess religion at all are I believe generally adherents of the Catholic faith they speak a language peculiarly their own a sort of mixture of pure castillian and the native Indian tongue. A great many of them are industrious though I think the great mass of them are rather shiftless. The women generally wear a shawl as a covering for the head. They both men and women are of low stature are very dark complexioned being descendents of Spanish and Indians.

Of game here there are antelope deer (both black and white tailed) Turkey squirrel ducks bear, rabbits etc. I have counted as many as 62 antelope in one herd. There are fish in the mountain streams tolerably plenty of trout I have been told.

Trinidad is situated at the mouth of the Raton Pass and is appropriately called the "Gate City" has about 3000 inhabitants one railroad the A. T. & S. F. Three flouring mills two water and one steam mill excellent water power here though steam power is cheap coal being delivered here for 25 to 25 cents [sic] per ton of excellent quality. There are veins of coal in the immediate neighborhood from 3 to 7 feet in thickness which are now being pretty extensively worked furnishing coal for the Kansas market and coke for the mining region northwest of here. The A. T. & S. F. R. R. here enters the Raton pass 15 miles from here is the famous raton tunnel which is now being made. In the mean time the cars are run over the top of the mountain by means of a switch back something like this [crude diagram of switchbacks].

30 miles south of Trinidad is Otero present terminus of the A. T. & S. F. R R town three months old nearly 100 business houses a good many saloons pretty well patronized counted ninety three in one and 42 in another next door one night when I had dropped in through curiosity.

In March mother was taken worse and after about 10 days sickness died. I was away from home during her last sickness and death heard of her death in time to get home to attend her funeral by travelling all night the last night. A few days after mothers death Alice went to St. Louis to live with Emma during the summer.

The remainder of Hardesty's diary tells of the journey that he and his father, along with their friends, the Cadet Figuet family, took in 1879 to have a look at the Colorado mountain area. He eventually settled in a canyon tributary to the Dry Cimarron where he established a ranch astraddle the Colorado-New Mexico border. In 1885 he married Nancy Elizabeth Schmidt, and they had eight children. George Hardesty died at the ranch in 1926, and Nancy died in 1944.

NOTES

1. Hardesty seems to have become confused with the dates at this point, repeating the date of the 3rd, and does not get back to proper dating until June 10th. This is assuming the succeeding marked out entry, "Passed through Pawnee co," dated the 5th should be retained as it would seem to have been normal progress.
2. Family descendants do not know who "Hart" was but do not think he was a member of the family.
3. The "Mc" referred to here is also an unidentified person in the party.
4. Col. A. J. (Jack) Hardesty and a brother, Ed, established their Half Circle S ranch along the Colorado border in 1871. The year after George Hardesty noted the fine sod house, the ranching operation was moved to the Neutral Strip in Oklahoma, where the little town of Hardesty, Oklahoma sprang up. It no longer exists.
5. This is probably a corruption of Timpas Creek, which was often called Temp Creek and other variations.
6. William Lee Hardesty was a veteran of both the Mexican and Civil wars. He served as a captain in the Mexican War and as a first lieutenant in the Union Army, commanding Company E, First Cavalry, Missouri State Militia. After spending a few years in Colorado and New Mexico, he moved to California where he lived his remaining years.
7. This firm of Taylor, Doss & Owen was comprised of three prominent pioneer citizens of Trinidad. Dan Taylor, who came to Trinidad in 1862, was one of its leading citizens and businessmen for many years, serving as mayor and civic leader. Sam Doss was a cattleman from Texas who had ranching interests near Trinidad. Thomas E. Owen was one of the town's first medical doctors and served as its first mayor. He established a show place ranch on the south slopes of Johnson Mesa in New Mexico near the south approach to Trinchera Pass. The ranching venture established by the Taylor, Doss & Owen firm referred to here was located in the western edge of the present Oklahoma Panhandle.
8. Hall brothers, James, Nathan, and William, established their Cross L Ranch on the Cimarron in 1870 and sold it to the Prairie Land & Cattle Co. for \$450,000 in 1881. The ranch is operating under the Cross L brand today, and the operations are directed from the old original ranch house headquarters.
9. This reference to the "Careth Crossing" undoubtedly refers to a crossing of the Cimarron near its junction with Carrizo Creek, a couple of miles downstream from present Kenton, Oklahoma. Even today locals sometimes refer to Carrizo Creek as "the Careese."

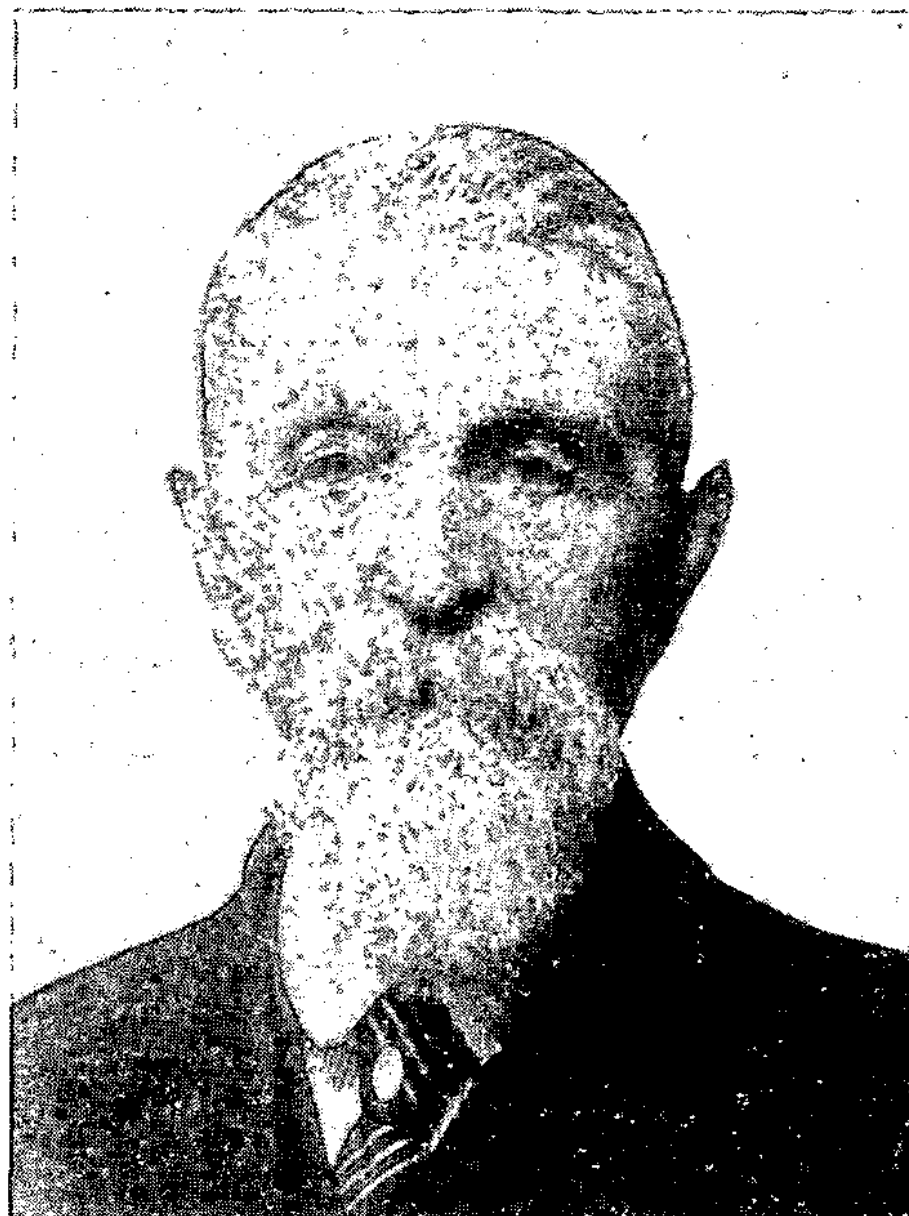
RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES FRANCIS RILEY, 1838-1918: PART I

(James Francis Riley's reminiscences of freighting on the Santa Fe and other trails were privately printed for family and friends in 1959 by his grandson, John Riley James, who wrote a foreword for the recollections which were written early in the 20th century. Roger F. James, Overland Park, KS, a great-grandson of James Francis Riley and nephew of John Riley James, kindly provided a copy for publication in Wagon Tracks. The recollections, including the foreword, will appear as written in several parts, with a few typographical errors corrected. Although his first account of a trip to Salt Lake City was not on the Santa Fe Trail, it is included because it is part of the narrative and because the information in it, such as the handling of draft animals and the life of a teamster on the trail, is quite significant. Special thanks are hereby extended to the descendants of James Francis Riley for permission to reprint this document.)

FOREWORD by John Riley James

One hundred years ago this month, June 6, 1859, my grandfather, James Francis Riley, started from Independence, Missouri, for his first trip in freighting by ox and mule trains. He remembered the date because it was his 21st birthday. About fifty years later on a visit to Uncle Tom Riley in Brooklyn, New York, he was persuaded by Uncle Tom to write an account of his trips across the plains. I can realize that it took considerable persuasion because several times when I asked him about his freighting experiences he would pass the subject off as having little significance. After Uncle Tom's death his widow, Aunt Blanche, turned his writings over to Uncle Edgar Riley who in turn passed them to me several years ago. Perhaps there were some reason for this because my middle name is "Riley" and I am the oldest living grandson and have been a Circuit Judge in Independence since January 1, 1943. Furthermore, the John P. James mentioned was my paternal grandfather and he was a nephew of Thomas James, so often mentioned.

The original manuscript is in longhand written by grandfather and is under three separate covers. There is, however, only one title supplied by him, that concerning the first trip, "Recollections of My Trip to Salt Lake City in 1858, a Half Century Ago. James Francis Riley." I had the manuscript typed and supplied the titles for other trips and experiences and did some paraphrasing. Otherwise, there are no changes. We have decided to have the accounts printed for distribution to the family and friends who may be interested.



James Francis Riley

My cousins and second cousins are scattered, in New York, Maine, Canada, California, Missouri and Kansas. Some of them I have never seen. So they may have some record of the Riley family I will attempt to supplement to some extent the "Recollections" which end with the note of grandfather's and grandmother's marriage at Olathe, Kansas, on September 17, 1865.

The bride and groom drove by horse and buggy to Lawrence, which was about an all-day trip. It can now be driven by auto over paved highways in one hour. The James families were in Lawrence preparing for what they called in those days the Infare. The Infare was at the home of Thomas James and the wedding cake was baked by my grandmother Hettie James. My father, Andy James, a few days over one year old, was undoubtedly in attendance. He had recently been brought by grandmother from Hancock County, Illinois, by steamboat down the Mississippi to St. Louis and up the Missouri to Kansas City.

The Rileys then went to the Thomas James farm on 83rd Street in Mission, Township, Johnson County, where they lived for a short time, then moved to a farm near Monticello, where their first child Charles was born. I think the first land bought by grandfather was eighty acres lying on the north side of what is now known as 99th Street and fronting to the east one-quarter mile on Nall. He obtained title January 31, 1866, for a consideration of \$640.00, \$8.00 per acre. He sold the eighty acres November 23, 1866, for \$1,400.00, which I presume he considered a nice profit in such a short time. I think he did not live on that farm. I bought the "back" forty acres of it in 1949 and sold it in June, 1955 for \$38,000

to a company engaged in subdivision and house-building. So times have changed.

In 1868 grandfather purchased 200 acres from Ko-la-qua-pea-se and Cha-ke-la-tha-se, heirs of Polly Greyfeather, Shawnee Indians. He soon sold eighty acres of the tract, retaining 120 acres running three-quarter of a mile north and south on the west side of what was then known as Aubrey Road, one of the main roads from Kansas City to points south and west. The house, still standing, is between 103rd and 110th Streets on U. S. Highway 69, also known as Metcalf Avenue. On that farm eight of the Riley children were born. In those times babies were not born in hospitals. Grandfather sold the farm in 1901 and they moved to Baldwin, Kansas, where grandfather died in 1918 at the age of 80 and grandmother in 1929 nearly 88. Grandfather also owned two other farms, but the dates I do not have.

There were nine Riley children. Their names, and those of their respective spouses, in order of their birth:

Charles A. Kate Oshel
Minnie E. Andy J. James
Thomas James..... Blanche Mills
Edgar Francis Louise Sawyer
Elmer A..... (Never married)
Alberta..... Ralph C. Coppock
Myrtle Joseph Baker

(The latter two were twins)

Margaret Ann (Madge) ...Thomas

James Coppock

Ivy Williams Henry H. Farrar

All are now deceased except my mother [Minnie], who was 91 years old July 1, 1959, and Henry H. Farrar, residing in Marysville, Kansas, now 76 years old.

There were no deaths until Uncle Elmer's death in 1917 at the age of 41, fifty-two years after the marriage of grandfather and grandmother. There were no divorces and no second marriages. Their 50th wedding anniversary was celebrated in Baldwin and at our farm on 103rd Street. The children were widely scattered at that time in several states and in Canada.

The Riley family were very devout Methodists. Sunday School and church were of the greatest importance. Grace was said at every meal and after the evening meal each in turn read from the Bible, and all, kneeling at their chairs, offered a prayer. This was the practice on the farm and later in the home at Baldwin. Grandmother, who was a teacher in the public schools prior to her marriage, taught a large class of women at the Methodist church in Baldwin almost to the time of her death. She would propound questions for members of the class to answer, and during the week give each her question over the telephone to be an-

swered the next Sunday. Thus the class had the benefit not only of grandmother's lecture but also discussions of the questions assigned.

Six of the Riley children attended Baker University at Baldwin. Charles, the oldest, did not go to college. He was a farmer in Kansas and Canada. My mother and Aunt Madge did not attend college but took courses in music and both taught music to private pupils. Alberta and Myrtle married before completion of their college work. Thomas, Edgar, Elmer, and Ivy received degree of A.B., and I believe the men received A.M. degrees. All of the men were awarded fellowships to the University of Chicago by reason of scholastic attainments and each received a Ph. D. degree. All became professors in various universities. Uncle Elmer at the time of his death was in Chicago preparing lectures for the De LaSalle extension course from the University, as he had been doing for several years in the summers. Uncle Tom at the time of his death and many years prior thereto was executive secretary of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Bureau of Charities and wrote books on sociology. Uncle Edgar had retired as Director of the Teacher's College of Wisconsin at Platteville where he taught psychology.

Perhaps the readers of this foreword may have deduced from what I have said above that the Riley and James families intermarried to some extent. First it was my father and mother [Andy James and Minnie Riley], then Madge and Thomas James Coppock, then Alberta and Ralph C. Coppock. Thomas James was the father of Mary Jane Coppock, wife of Henry Coppock, and therefore the grandfather of Ralph and Thomas Coppock, named for him as was Uncle Tom Riley. The Coppock children and grandchildren are therefore my first and second cousins on the Riley side and distant cousins on the James side.

Preparatory to writing this foreword I have secured dates and data from tombstones, old Johnson County atlases, public records in Olathe and Topeka, and from my sister, Elizabeth James, who takes great interest in genealogies. She has delved into those of the Williams' (grandmother Riley's family), James', and Riley families, and has written papers on some of them.

Now I shall attempt to give some personal recollections and some biographical facts representing the three principal characters of the "Recollections." I was 26 years old when Grandfather Riley died and had lived in his home at Baldwin while attending the Baker University Academy during the school terms of 1906-07 and 1907-08. I lived at Grandfather James' home one school year when in grade school, and was with him many times until his death in 1922 when I was 30 years old. Uncle Tom James died when I was only 10 years old. I have a distinct recollection of seeing him three

times, once when my father and I met and talked to him at 83rd (then known as James Road) and Mission Road, once at our home, and once at the Riley home.

Grandfather Riley was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, June 6, 1838. His father, James Riley, Jr., died in 1844 at the age of 29 when grandfather was six years old. He then went to live with his grandfather, named James Riley. He went to work with Uncle Tom James at the age of sixteen. He drove a team and wagon for Uncle Tom from Zanesville, Muskingum County, Ohio, in 1857. According to my atlas it is 718 miles from Zanesville to Kansas City; therefore, he had some experience in cross-country driving prior to starting across the plains in 1859. I do not know how many wagons were in the trip from Ohio, nor whether Tom James was on the trip.

In 1901 at the age of 63 grandfather quit farming and moved to Baldwin, Kansas, where he lived until his death. He was a tall, slender man whom I would not call handsome, but he had a remarkable appearance and bearing for a man who had done so much hard work. At the time of his death he was not all stooped but stood very erectly. He had a certain kind of dignity, I might say, that commanded the respect of all who knew him. Everyone addressed him and referred to him as "Mr. Riley," including my father, except a few of the older ones of the James family called him "Frank." No doubt he was in the company of many rough characters in the freighting and border days, but such association did not affect him. No profanity or vulgarity came from his lips. He had very little formal education, but my mother tells me he was sufficiently "self-taught" to be able to help his children with their school lessons. Certainly the language used by him in his *Recollections* indicates a considerable command and use of English. Grandfather died at age 80. He had been working in his yard, felt tired, and came into the house to his easy chair, and with two gasps passed away. He is buried in the cemetery at Baldwin, Kansas.

Thomas James was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, in the year 1828. He was the son of Evan James, who was born in Maryland and emigrated to Ohio. He was married to Barbara Ann Barrow in 1847 and came to Cass County, Missouri, in 1857 and moved to Kansas City a year later. He acquired an eighty-acre farm on 83rd Street in 1859. He had five children, Mary Jane Coppock, Charles W., Thomas W., Ida Bell Ackerman, and Howard, who died at the age of ten. The other children are all now deceased. Mrs. Ackerman, the youngest, died September 1, 1949. It may be gleaned from reading Grandfather Riley's *Recollections* that Thomas James was a very active man. He built a large brick house on 83rd Street which I remember very well, along with other outbuildings such as a rather unusually fine barn and a stone icehouse.

Grandfather Riley as he recounts hauled brick and other materials used in the construction of that house. He tells of hauling the brick from the military crossing on Indian Creek. Uncle Tom had a man from Ohio to mine the clay and operate the brick kiln. Its location was just across Indian Creek south of what is now the property of the Saddle and Sirloin Club on Mission Road. At the time of his death Uncle Tom owned only the eighty acre original farm and a tract of land at 47th and Hudson Road. He had owned a number of tracts of land, including eighty acres adjoining the original eighty on the east. In addition to his freighting operations as told by Grandfather Riley he had cattle ranches in New Mexico and Arizona, and engaged in silver mining in Colorado, and he founded one of the first livestock commission companies at the Kansas City Stock Yards. A number of these ventures were not profitable. He served a term in the Kansas Legislature. Records at Topeka designate his political party of "Liberal." Certainly he could not have been a liberal as we now understand the term. I suspect that party designation was because he was a free state Democrat. Thomas James was a very handsome man, with an engaging personality, always well-groomed and driving the best horses and rigs obtainable. He certainly had none of the characteristics we would expect in a frontiersman.

Grandfather John P. James was also born in Muskingum County, Ohio, in the year 1841. His parents emigrated to Hancock County, Illinois in 1852, where he lived until coming to Kansas City to engage in the freighting business with Uncle Tom James in either 1863 and 1864. For a time he lived in Lawrence because of the border warfare trouble. He had volunteered for service in the Union Army before his marriage and before leaving Illinois, but had been rejected because of defective eyesight. In addition to the freighting business, he and Uncle Tom James bought several tracts of land in Johnson County. It seems that they thought no more of buying a tract of land than they would of buying a drove of cattle. I recall once when I was a rather small boy Grandfather took me in his buggy and showed me several tracts of land they had owned. I asked him why they didn't keep more of the land, and his reply was that the panic of 1873 came along and a dollar got to be bigger than a wagon wheel. His home farm consisted of 220 acres fronting one-half mile on the east side of Mission Road and about one mile on the north side of 103rd Street running east almost to the Missouri-Kansas state line. On that farm he built a home in 1867. That is where he died in 1922, although he had lived in another house which he built toward the east side of the farm which he sold in 1917. Most of that land has been subdivided as a part of Leawood, and many fine residences have

been built on it. The Thomas James land has also been subdivided and many fine residences are also being located on it.

Grandfather James retired from active business when rather a young man, of which my grandmother James did not approve. She said to me on more than one occasion that John should not have retired because he was a good businessman. I do know that he spent considerable time at the Stock Yards even after his retirement, and he always kept up with the livestock markets. With the possible exception of my father, he was the best judge of the weights and values of livestock I ever have known, and it has been my privilege to know several. Like Uncle Tom James, he did not have the appearance of a bull whacker or a farmer. Some of their neighbors referred to both of them rather contemptuously as "white collar" or "kid glove" farmers. Such designation wasn't entirely unfounded because I never knew of either one of them working in the fields. They depended upon their hired hands to do such work, and used their time in supervision and in buying and selling livestock. It was always difficult for me to get him to discuss the early days, usually passing them off as of no consequence. I do recall once when he said, "You think New Mexico is a hot state, but I froze to death down there." I said, "You look like a pretty healthy man for one who was frozen to death," to which he said, "Well, I had that kind of a feeling when I was riding my horse with the wagon train which they say people have when they are freezing to death." He had been with Mr. Hearst, who married his cousin, Laura James, in buying Texas cattle at Abilene and Dodge City. He said to me: "You have read about buying cattle by the acre in those places. We didn't do that, but many times we didn't count the cattle because we could tell pretty closely how many cattle a man had in the drove by just looking at them. Anyway, they didn't cost very much per head." Grandfather and Grandmother James had two children, my father, Andy J. James, who died in 1930, and Willard, who died in 1928. My father was the older by exactly five years.

One of the most amazing things to me in reviewing these early days is how so much ground could be covered with oxen and horses, and how people kept in communication with one another. We do know that there were a great number of post offices scattered throughout the country and that there were telegraph stations. There were no railroads in Kansas City in the times covered by these Recollections and, of course, no telephones or radios, and no mail delivery service. In some way or another, perhaps many times by special messenger, people were kept informed. As late as 1900 I recall standing on Grandfather James' front lawn and seeing the light from the burning of Convention Hall in Kansas City. Just how we knew it was Convention

Hall I do not know, but perhaps some neighbor came along and told us. Even then we had no telephones and no mail service. As a contrast in means of transportation, Grandfather Riley left Independence June 6th, 1859, and arrived on his return October 28th, 1859, having traveled by ox and mule great wagons and from Nebraska City to Kansas City on the steamboat. As nearly as I can determine, he was in Salt Lake City about one week. Yesterday, my mother, took her first airplane trip, from Municipal Airport in Kansas City to Salt Lake City. The schedule was two hours from Kansas City to Denver with one-half hour layover for change of planes, and then two hours to Salt Lake City, where she wired me of her safe arrival.

"Time marches on"—flies on.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY TRIP TO SALT LAKE CITY IN 1859, A HALF CENTURY AGO, by James Francis Riley

On Easter Sunday in the year 1859 I with several other young men left our homes in Cass County, Missouri with a man by the name of Thomas Sublett for Independence, Missouri, where we were to meet the rest of our company that composed our train crew for a trip to Salt Lake City. Our place of rendezvous was out on Little Blue a few miles south of Independence.

In a few days after we got into camp, which was in an old vacant house, we received our cattle; or in other words our oxen. For, you must know that we were to make the trip with ox teams.

Our train was owned by Messrs. Hoard and Dixon of Independence. Mr. Dixon was to be our main boss with Tom Sublett as assistant boss. Our crew numbered thirty-six men, very near all young men; possibly five of six married men. You may be sure after a few days to get acquainted we had a fine time.

In eight or ten days we received our cattle which had been purchased in southwest Missouri. Now, our work commenced. We had to build a corral and branding stall and brand our three hundred and fifty head of cattle. (I say cattle for a great many of them had never been broke to work and, of course, they were not oxen until they were broke to work.) After our work was done and we rested a few days (it would be well to note the fact that our boss was not in much of a hurry at this time from the fact that the grass was a little backward this spring and we had to depend on it for our cattle) we made the start for Atchison, Kansas, where we were to receive our wagons and freight. Our wagons were the old Peter Schuttlers two horse wagons. Our train was made up of thirty teams of five yoke of oxen to each team and two wagons. Perhaps I had better tell you how we managed to use two wagons to each team. This was the first time that I ever heard of the trailer. All we

had to do was to saw off about one-half of the trailer wagon tongue and then couple this wagon to the first one by coupling the end of this short tongue to the center of the hind axle of the front wagon.

We arrived at Atchison in due time, found our wagons and freight all there. So, after locating our camp about six miles west of the town we were ready to commence business. The first thing to do was to set up the wagons which were shipped there on steamboats. The wagons were in what they now call the knocked down state. So you see it took several days to set them up ready for loading with freight. About one-half of the train was loaded with Government supplies for soldiers stationed at Salt Lake City and Provo. The other half of the train was loaded with individual freight which belonged to the owners of the train, Messrs. Hoard and Dixon, which was sold in Salt Lake City. We began loading our wagons the last days of May, the exact date I do not remember, perhaps about the 28th, for I am pretty sure our day to start was the 6th of June. The reason I remember this date it was my birthday and I was twenty-one years old.

During the time of loading there was nothing of interest to note except that it was a week of very hard work. We loaded ten or twelve wagons a day and took them out to camp and so we continued until all were loaded. So, on the morning of the day before we were to start, Mr. Dixon rode out from town to look over the situation. After inspecting everything pretty close he said to us fellows, "Well boys, I am very well pleased with you all. So far you have done well. After dinner we will take the first lesson in yoking up the steers." Now, you must know we had worked only the well broken oxen and in the new teams we would have about two pairs of wild steers to each team. Our corral was formed in the shape of an egg with an opening at each end, the rear end gap about twice the length of the front gap. Our sixty wagons corralled this way would enclose space enough to hold all of the cattle. The outside hind wheel of the trail wagon was chained to the inside front wheel of the second and so on around each half circle.

After dinner was over the cattle were brought in and put into the corral for the first time. Of course, some of them were badly frightened, and so were several of the boys. Of course, we were all boys then. Some had never seen an ox yoked up in their lives, and so felt very timid about going in there among so many long horned cattle. They all had horns; that was before the days of dehorning was thought of.

After all things were ready, Mr. Dixon, who was at the front gap, called our attention and said, "Boys, I see that some of you are not up to this kind of work. Now let me give you a little advice. In the first place be quiet; the least noise or excitement the

better. Each man will first take his wheel yoke, take out one bow, put the yoke on your shoulder and bow in right hand. Now, go through and select a good pair of broken oxen for wheelers or tongue cattle. You can tell by looking at their horns if they have ever been worked much. Their horns will be all pecked up by coming contact with the staple in the yoke and by the marks on the horn you can tell which side they belong on and you may be able to find their old mate. By close observation you will see that old mates are usually close together. Now, when you get your wheelers yoked up take them out and put them on the tongue of your wagon (which I suppose Sublett has assigned you before this time). Now, the next thing is to select a good pair of leaders. You will want leaders well broken, not too large, but quick and lively. When you have yoked them to your wagon and chain them to the hind wheel. Always use your heavy chain for that purpose so that when you get your team all yoked up then you take the chain off and hook it to the staple in your last yoke or what we call pointers. After you secure your leaders then you will have to take a yoke or two of unbroken cattle; you may have to help each other some with these wild steers. As soon as you get a steer yoked take him to your wagon and chain it fast to your others so that when you get your team yoked up you will have them all together.

Now, boys I think we are ready for business, but, let me warn you again to keep still and quiet. I will not allow much noise or punching cattle with the bow." Now, you will let your imagination picture to you the scene in that corral for the next three hours. Of course, the men that were accustomed to working oxen had their teams yoked up and chained to their wagons while the others had hardly started. Some did not seem to know an old steer from a young one or did not know how to match them up for size, color, or age, and some of them had all old steers yoked up. While others, especially older hands at that business, took all young cattle except their leaders and wheelers.

Well, after the first ones were through with their own teams they took hold and helped the others until all were done and had their teams chained to their wagons. The extra cattle (for we had about fifty head of them) were turned out of the corral, and then came the time for inspection of the teams by the boss, Mr. Dixon. He looked over; some he pronounced good and some better and some not good enough. So, by changing some of the steers from the better teams for some steers from the poorer teams he got them evened up pretty well.

"Now, boys," he said "you have done pretty well but I see some of you are not experts at this business. There is room for improvement which I know you will be glad to make for your own benefit as well as mine. Be mindful of the instructions I gave

you, so we will not do much more today but tomorrow we will hook on and make our start. You may now unyoke all of your old gentle cattle as quietly as you can beginning at the last yoke you hooked up. You may leave all the wild cattle yoked up for tonight so can get an early start tomorrow. But before you unyoke, take a good look at your team so that you will be able to know them next time. As you take off your yokes set each one against your front gap so they will be ready. Your chains you can put there too, each chain in its proper place as it belongs in your team. You will soon find that to have everything in its proper place will save you lots of time. Frequently by you saving one minute of your time means to me the saving of one-half hour, so you see how important it is to save time. You will be able to see these things more clearly after a while.

Now, you may unyoke. See that your ox keys are all right on the wild steers that you have yoked up." So, in a very short time we had the cattle all out on the grass. It was really funny to see the capers of some of the wild steers. Some would try to run, bellow, some twist around and give their yokes a turn around their necks and then cut all kinds of monkey shines until they would tire themselves out.

The herders had a hard time that night keeping these wild cattle together. But, after the night came the morning and after breakfast came the tug of war. All things being ready the cattle were brought in. By this time the wild steers had become quite docile. Once in a while some steer would give a bellow and maybe try to jump over his mate, but he soon found out that it was best to keep quiet and so he did. Well, I will not stop to tell you all the funny things that happened that morning. If I should I am afraid we would not get started for another day.

Well, by noon all were hooked up and ready to go. Before this the boss had selected an old driver for the lead wagon on each wing and gave each a gentle team so they could lead the train. Each took his turn to lead; one one day and the other the next, so that everyone knew his time and place to go and to corral.

Mr. Dixon now told us that the main thing to do today is to keep in the road and if we could not drive our teams and keep them in the road we would have to herd them in and that it might be necessary to run around your wagon and herd them in from that side. "Now, Sublett, you may start out that left wing as it is nearest the road and you extra men can help start each team and leader when you get far enough to give us room you stop until all are started." So leader number one goes to his lead steers and says, "Gee bulleys" and starts them on a little swing to get his team straight. He walks back along his team and starts each yoke, then he turns to his leaders and pops

his big bull whip over the off steer and says, "Come here haw buck", and swings them towards the road. As soon as he is started the next swings his team in behind the front wagon and he pulls out. And so on until all are on the move. I think it took us over an hour to get all strung out that first day. I must not stop here to tell you all that happened that first drive.

We made about six miles that afternoon and Mr. Dixon said we did exceedingly well. Our corral that day was not as perfect as our first one. We had to herd our teams in the best we could so Mr. Dixon gave orders not to unyoke the wild steers yet for fear we could not keep them in the corral long enough to get them yoked up next morning. As soon as the cattle were out every fellow wanted to help get supper for we had had no dinner and we were all as hungry as wolves. It was a hard day for most of us and some of us began to think we had better stayed at home. But, our old boss Mr. Dixon was a jolly old fellow and would laugh at our mistakes and awkwardness and say, "Don't get discouraged boys, you will soon learn to do this work easy and in a few days your cattle will be gentle to handle and then it will be just fun."

Our crew was divided into four messes and there was one head cook and an assistant for each mess. They were to do the cooking and would be exempt from all guard duty and also from getting wood and water. The men of each mess composed of one guard which took charge of the cattle for twenty-four hours each. They could arrange that matter to suit themselves just so long as they took good care of them. Their duty was to see that the cattle were on good grass and that they had plenty of water and to see that none of them were lost and to bring them in to the corral at the proper time. Perhaps I had better tell you here (using the common bull whacker's language) what our grub consisted of. The first on the list was black coffee with sugar, next slap-jacks or flat cake. Our only meat was called sow belly that was usually fried and the grease saved up to sop our bread in or make gravy or for shortening. These were the mainstays. Occasionally the boss would give us some kind of dried fruit or pickle. This was to keep us from getting the scurvy, and once in a while he would have us cook a big kettle of greens, that also was used to keep off the scurvy.

After we got out to where wild game was plentiful we fared much better. We could get plenty of prairie chicken and antelope. That year buffalo was scarce on our route. We did not get any until we were above Ft. Kearney on the Platte River. Of course, we had most of the necessary seasonings to go with those things to make them palatable and best of all we had good strong appetites.

Well, the next morning we were all astir early to see what had happened on our first

night. To our great surprise the boss came in from the herd and reported that everything was o. k. out there and that we could get breakfast before we hooked up, for when we got started this time we would have to make about fifteen miles to the next camp and it might take us all day. Well, we all liked that command so all helped and we soon had grub ready (that is what we called it "grub").

Well, after all had fared sumptuously the kits were packed in the mess boxes that hung at the hind end of each wagon and all were again ready for business. So the cattle were brought in. Several yokes of the wild steers had turned tails in the night and now their yokes were under their necks instead of on top. So the next thing to do was for four men to take hold, two at the heads and two at the tails, and turn the yokes back on top of the neck again. The way to do this is for the men at the heads to turn the head in over the yoke while the men at the tails swing that end of the steer around outwardly and in that way the yoke will be brought up on top of the neck again and the steers will be on the opposite sides from what they were.

After all were straightened out the old boss said, "Well boys, if you have to turn any of your wild steers out again with the yokes on you had better tie the bush of their tails together and then they can't turn the yoke."

After an hour or so all was ready to move out again. This day we still had a good deal of herding to do to keep in the road but not much as the day before. As long as there were no bad places in the road or creeks or ravines to cross we could get along pretty well. To be sure we had about three extra men and two bosses but they could not be everywhere that they were needed in those first days for they were made up of all work and no play for anyone while we were moving on the road. One of the extra men had to look after and bring along the extra steers or cavyard as we called the loose cattle.

Well, we at last got through the day's drive and struck camp near a small creek where there was plenty of wood, water and grass. I cannot give you the names of any of these camps or creeks. Perhaps at that time many of them had not been named and many of their names I have forgotten. We were now on what was called the California trail leading out from Leavenworth and Atchison. Our old boss Mr. Dixon had gone over this trail a number of times and was very familiar with it and knew where all the good camping grounds were. After our corral was made Mr. Dixon said, "Boys, I believe you had better unyoke all your steers tonight. I see they are coming around all right and the sooner you get to yoking your wild steers the better it will be for you and them too. Now, let your team stand out straight and then slip the yokes

off of the wild steers. Be as easy as you can, let the yoke down and let the steers stand still if they will. Leave your leaders until you get all others in the swing loose then let your leaders out. Now let them go out of their own accord and ten chances to one you will have no further trouble with them."

Well, all hands went to work and it was really surprising to see how well they all got along. Not more than three or four that had trouble and the extra men were right there to help so that inside of half an hour the cattle were all unyoked and off for water. Not very many steers left their places until the leaders were let loose and then all moved out quietly. Of course, they were all very tired and glad to stand still until they were driven out. Our wheel cattle were old well broken oxen and so were most of the leaders. Only a few of the men had crossed the plains before, so we all had to learn how to manage our own team to the best advantage.

Mr. Dixon was very good and kind and always ready to give advice to any of the boys that would ask him and they soon learned to go to him for advice. He would ride along by your team and tell you how to match up your steers to improve your team and sometimes he would suggest that you trade some steer for some certain steer in some other team and so after a short time they had teams that evened up better and travelled together better and so made it better for all hands. He understood his business, knew how to handle his men to get the best out of them, yet he was always kind and considerate and his men soon learned to love him and would do all they could to please him. He had his rules to go by and in some respects they were ironclad and must be obeyed. No fighting or quarreling, playing cards, or getting drunk would be tolerated. He gave us a good lecture telling us why these things could not be allowed. It was all very reasonable and plain and we could see at once that it was right, and would be for our own good as well as his. So after talking these things over among ourselves, we decided that he could be our best friend on this trip and that we would play fair with him.

We had begun to find out we did not like our under boss very well, so we had more love for the old boss. After a good night's sleep for most of us and breakfast was over the cattle were brought in and we all got busy hunting out our own steers and it proved to be a hard job for some to do. After some time and a good deal of worry we all got ready. Some of the old hands had put some private mark on their steers so they got along very well. Of course, quite a number of steers had to be roped or lassoed in order to yoke them up again. Now all being ready we broke camp again.

We had some hard work that day, some bad roads, but upon the whole our boss

said we all had got along fine. He seemed to take every opportunity he had to tell us wherein we did well and to point out to us where we could do better.

During that day most of the drivers put some private mark somewhere on his steers so that he could recognize them. Well, it worked very well with most of them but some would go all over the corral looking for their mark instead of their steer.

Well, I must not stop here to tell you of all the little things that took place each day as they came and went for after the first week or so nearly every day's work was very much like the preceding one and the country over which we travelled was unsettled save for the first hundred of miles or so. After that the only places of abode for man was where the Overland Mail contractors had established a station where they kept a change of ponies or mules. Some of these stations were a good many miles apart.

About the sixth day we came to the Big Blue River at Marysville. There we had some hard work; the crossing was bad, and our men and cattle inexperienced in such places, so it made it all the more hard, but after a full half day's work our wagons were all across and corralled in the other side. This is the first town of any note that we have passed through. Our train was the first they had ever seen of double wagons and of course nearly every one in town had to come to our camp to see the new kind of prairie schooners. You must not get a wrong impression here for when I tell you that perhaps there were not fifty persons in the city at that time, it will not be so wonderful.

After spending the night there we left pretty early the next morning (did not get breakfast here.) We broke camp and took to the high rolling prairie between the Big and Little Blue Rivers. We drove on until about ten o'clock and then stopped for breakfast. Now, this was a new experience to us and you will not wonder when I say that we were as hungry as a pack of wolves. This was only bringing us around to the regular routine for after this we seldom had breakfast until after we made one drive. By this time we were nearly all experts at getting our teams and in less than two weeks we could be ready in twenty or twenty-five minutes after the cattle were put in the corral, and that our boss said was good enough.

We usually made two drives in each day and would make twenty or twenty-five miles per day when the weather and roads was good. Under adverse conditions we would make less. We are now crossing the divide between the two Blue Rivers. Our course is west of northwest. We struck Little Blue not far from where Spencer is now. Our trail led us along near Little Blue for something near a hundred miles. By this time everything was working like clock work and we were getting along fine. Of course, we had

two or three soreheads as we called them; they were always finding fault about something; you know that some people seem to be born that way. If they had nothing else to fuss about they would grumble because the nights were too short when they were off guard and too long when they were on. But such are to be met up with in all walks of life.

In going up this little river I noticed two or three places where someone had built little shanties and I suppose had taken up claims sometime before that. But the only persons we saw were at a stage station or traveling on the road. From near the head of Little Blue we turned our course more to the north so that we could strike the Platte River at the nearest point. The only water on this divide was about half-way across. The boss told us to take plenty of water in our kegs, (each mess was provided with one five gallon and one ten gallon keg in which to carry water). We made a night drive from the river and then a morning drive in order to make our watering place which was called "Hole in the Prairie," a small lake covering perhaps an acre of ground. For a few days we had known that there was a large herd of cattle a couple days ahead of us when we got to this place we found this little lake a perfect mud hole. The water was almost thick so our cattle would hardly taste it and our supply of water was nearly all gone so we tried to make some coffee with this lake water. You could hardly tell by the taste whether it was made of coffee or mud. No one had very good appetites that day.

Our cattle were inclined to be restless and the boys somewhat out of humor, taking it all together it was not a very pleasant day for us. We would have to make I think about fifteen miles to the Platte River for the next water, so about the middle of the afternoon we hooked up and pulled for the river. We travelled that night until ten or eleven o'clock and still no river. Finally the train was corralled. Mr. Dixon gave orders to the guard to turn the cattle to the north of camp and follow them and they would find the water and so they did, but the herders found it about two miles off. Now the men were all nearly famished for water. Mr. Dixon said, "Boys it is about three miles down the road to the river. Some of you had better take the mules and my horse and take a couple of five gallon kegs and all the canteens that you can carry and go after water." Of course, all wanted to go. Well, to some of us that stayed at camp it seemed like an age almost for them to get back. Some were very thirsty and they imagined they could not stand it until the water came. Some thought maybe some Indians had gotten them, others thought they had gotten lost. Others said, "Oh, they have got down there and gotten all the water they want and have forgotten us." Others said, "If I had known this I would have kept my canteen full to drink now when I am so

thirsty." Presently someone said, "Listen, I hear them coming" and sure enough here they were. We could hardly wait to get our own canteen to drink from. Those that had not sent canteens had to draw from kegs. But after all we could not drink half as much as we thought we could. Mr. Dixon said, "Boys, half of your thirst was imagination" and so we concluded maybe that was about so. In a very short time after all had satisfied their thirst they began to roll up in their blankets and lay down under their wagons to sleep. Morning was not long coming and with it the order to get breakfast before we left here. We had enough water left over to make coffee. All ate a hearty breakfast and forgot all about the hard night we had had.

Now our road lay along the river on the south side. Our next place of note was old Ft. Kearney. It was a small Government post of about two companies of soldiers. Near the fort along the trail lived a few families that were engaged in gardening. They sold their produce at the fort and to travelers on the trail. There we got our first vegetables and milk. They all came high and only a few of the men had money to buy with.

Our trail up this river was very good. Very few creeks or ravines to cross and our oxen had gotten so well broken to the road that you could hardly get them out of it except when we would turn out to corral and then they seemed to know just about what to do. The only trouble was to keep them from rushing in too fast.

On Plum Creek, some distance from Ft. Kearney we got our first buffalo meat. The boss bought it of some hunters. The buffalo was very scarce yet they had not got that far north yet, as they work north in the early season and then south in the late fall. We frequently had antelope and deer meat. In traveling up this river there is such a sameness from day to day that to describe one day's travel you describe all the others. So we roll on from day to day until we come to the place where we had to cross the South Platte River for we had gotten considerable above the fork of the North and South Plattes. Our crossing was near where Ogallala now is. Here we came in contact with our first Indians, except that we had seen small bands traveling on the road and a few at Ft. Kearney. Here were some three thousand in two villages stretching up the river above the crossing on both sides. They were very peaceful and so far as we could see they were all right.

We saw a great many things about and in their tents that were very interesting to us. Our boss told us to keep everything hid away out of sight for they would steal everything they could carry away, for that said he is one part of the Indian's nature, but to treat them well and we would have no trouble with them.

That afternoon was put in sounding the crossing and getting our bearings for re-

member this river is full of sand and ever shifting about. It was necessary to examine well and see that there was no deep channels that would let the water come up into the wagon beds. It was found that for fifty or sixty feet the water would come almost up to the wagon beds. So, the only thing for us to do was to put on plenty of cattle so they could walk along without having to stop in the river, for should the wagon stop a few minutes it would settle down in the sand so it would be almost impossible to pull it out. The main thing to do was to put on enough cattle to walk steady along. So, Mr. Dixon, decided to put on sixteen yoke of our best cattle to the team and rig up two such teams and put four drivers and one box to each team. We had quite a number of wagons that were loaded with barrels and kegs. These were selected to try first so as to ascertain if the water would come into the beds. The bed of the river at this place was nearly one-fourth of a mile wide. The teams were rigged up and driven down, across and back without a wagon to see how they would do. After this trial the boss said, "All right boys we can make it all right but remember do not let your teams stop in the water." The first two drivers keep well to the front so as to keep the course and not let your team swing down the streams as they will naturally try to do. I will ride a little ahead and you try to follow me." Well, all was ready now to make the trial trip. Of course, all hands had to wade in the water but that was only fun, at least we thought so at first, but after making a few trips it didn't seem so funny. The trial trip was made without a bobble so declared the old boss. On this trip several extra men followed along by the wagons so as to be ready to help in case they were needed. The drivers were changed quite often so as not to be too hard on any of them.

The first day one-half the train was taken over and corralled on the north side. Now, our crew was divided one-half for each side. All this time we had to keep a guard at the wagons to watch the Indians. The second day by the middle of the afternoon we had our wagons all over and corralled on the north side. The boss told us that we had done so well that we could rest up until the next morning. So that evening was spent by a good many of the boys visiting the Indian village up the river a couple of miles from our camp. That evening I was on duty until after supper so did not get to take in the village. As several of the boys had traded for moccasins and buckskins with whip poppers it made me feel as though I was not in it with the others. It was true the old boss gave us all good poppers about once a week but we did not think that was enough for it was the bullwhackers delight to pop his big whip and if he furnished his own buckskin he could pop his whip as much as he pleased. After supper I found one of the boys that felt as I did

about this matter so we planned to take some sugar and tobacco and visit the village that night and see what we could do. So, we slipped away from camp after dark and went up to the village and visited quite a number of tents. Finally we found an Indian that could talk some English. We told him what we wanted and he took us to a tent where the squaws made moccasins. There we traded our sugar for a pair a piece. Then we had to hunt up some Indian man that had a buckskin to trade for tobacco. After we had visited several other tents we found our man and made a trade for half of a good skin. Now we were fixed for business. After giving our guide a good chunk of tobacco for his work we shook his hand and left for camp where we arrived in due time much rejoiced over our success.

The next morning early we broke camp and started across the divide between the North and South Platte rivers. After getting up out of the valley we came onto a beautiful stretch of country almost as level as a floor until came near to the breaks of Ash Hollow, which extended up south from the North Platte. This was rather a noted place from the fact that our trail followed down this little creek to the river. Where we had to go down the bluff, it was so steep for something like a hundred yards that we had to hitch part of our team behind the wagon to help hold it back. And, further, near the mouth of this hollow is where old General Kearney (I think it was) fell on to a band of savage Indians a few years before and killed nearly all of them. They were all buried near the trail in a long trench and marked with a large post at each end of the trench. It was said that several of the Indians killed here were women and children and that when he made his report of the engagement, he gave as a reason for killing the children that nits soon made lice and it was best to crack the nits before they became lice.

Now, traveling up this river which is as much like the South Platte or the main river below the forks that it seems just like the same river, except it is much smaller and the valley gets somewhat narrower. Not many places of note except one place called Courthouse Rock. It is in very plain view of the trail but we were told it was six or eight miles away to the south. It looked like a very large house with windows and doors around its sides. Our old boss told us that he had been out to see it and that the nearer one got to it the less it looked like a house, that it was nothing but a huge pile of rock that seemed to be stacked up there in a pile with a few bushes growing out of its side. The next place was called Chimney Rock. It was several miles from the trail and looked very much like a large chimney standing out by itself as though a building had burned away from it and it was left standing. The next place that I remember was O'fallons Bluffs. This is a place where

the river cuts in so close to the bluffs that there was scarcely room for the trail to pass by the bluff and there were several short curves in the trail. It made a dangerous place to pass with a train. So, we made our camp on the east of the bluffs, stayed overnight and in the morning we left the main trail bearing to the southwest until we could get over the ridge and then to the northwest until we came back to the main trail again. In making this detour we lost perhaps six or eight miles, but perhaps avoided upsetting several wagons, for it was hard to make a short turn with our long coupled wagons.

At the west side of these bluffs was a stage station which we missed by going around the narrows as they were called. We followed up this river until we came to old Ft. Laramie. Near this Post was a goodly number of settlers. Here we were able to get some vegetables which were greatly relished by all hands. We remained here several days as quite a number of our wagons needed repairing. A good many tires had to be set and brakes mended for we were soon to come in contact with a rougher country than we had met with heretofore. Of course, while we were here in camp the cooks must get up something extra and good to eat. The cook in our mess was a Mr. Vankirk; his home was in Springfield, Ohio. He prided himself on being a good cook. One morning he said, "Well boys, I am going to have a good dinner today." Well what are you going to have? "I am going to have a bag pudding." So he sewed up a bag out of some muslin cloth, made some kind of a batter and thickened it with dried apples with a sprinkling of dried currents, put it in his bag, put some water in a camp kettle, set it on the fire and low and behold when the fruit began to swell it bursted his sack and soon filled the camp kettle so he had to divide his pudding into two sacks and two kettles, so by the time it was done he had enough for the whole train crew. He had got some milk and made a sauce to go with it, so it was really very good. For supper he tried to bake a big pone of cornbread and he put in so much shortening that when it was done he could not take it out of the skillet without it breaking all to pieces. We all had a good laugh at him about his extra dishes for that day and yet it was all good to eat for it was something new.

We were here about three or four days and while here we lost our first cattle, three or four head died here with something like bloody murrain. They kept on dying for some time after this until we had lost over twenty head.

Soon after leaving this place we took somebody's cutoff, (I don't remember the name). Our trail was over some rough country; our headway was not so good as formerly but more enjoyable because we were seeing something new. Every ridge we went over opened up new and beautiful

scenery. One of our camps was in a little valley where there was a small lake of water that was fed by two springs which came out of the side of a ridge not far away. These springs were not over fifty feet apart but one was very cold water and the other warm, about as warm as ordinary dish water. While there most of us boys did our washing for you know we had no wash woman with us. After a couple days we came back to the river again following up some distance we crossed over by fording. Here the river was shallow and not half so wide as where we first struck it. We followed up the river a little way until we struck the Sweetwater River. Our general course now was southwest but while ascending the Sweetwater it was nearly west. This is a beautiful stretch of country, valleys and mountains everywhere. On this river we find Independence Rock which resembles a large egg buried in the ground. As I remember it would cover about four or five acres of ground. To the west of this not far, the river passes through a gorge in the mountain for half a mile that seems to be cut through the almost solid rock. Some places not over fifty or sixty feet wide and perhaps from two to three hundred feet high to the top of the gorge. Some of us passed through this cut. Some places to look up it seemed that the walls of rock came almost together at the top. It was very difficult to in some places to get along. This place is called Devil's Gate. The river flows very rapidly through here. After following this stream up pretty well to its source we came to where we could see Fremont's Peak. We were told it was sixty miles distant to look at it in the middle of the day we could see trees on its side. We thought we could walk to it in half a day or so.

After leaving this river which is now but a small creek we ascend the mountain range until we arrive at the top of South Pass. This is a low place in the range of mountains though which I think one of the railroads passes now. On top of this pass were two springs not over one-fourth mile apart. The water from one flows to the Atlantic Ocean and the other flows to the Pacific Ocean; or, in other words, one flows into the Sweetwater which finally finds its outlet into the Gulf of Mexico. The other flows into the Green River which finally finds its way into the Gulf of California.

We are now entering the country lying between the mountain range and Green River, which is a beautiful country to look at. A high rolling prairie with numerous small streams coming down out of the mountains fed by springs and melting snow. It was on this stretch of country a few years before that the Mormons and Indians captured and burned two trains that were on their way to California. Nearly all the old irons from the wagons and their ox chains lay scattered around where their corrals were. When we got to Green River we

found the river too deep to ford so we had to cross over by ferry boat and as our double wagons were longer than a single wagon we had to take our teams off all except our wheelers and then all hands that could get a hold must help run the wagons on to the boat so that is the way we got across Green River.

After leaving the river it was not long until we began to pass through a rough hilly or mountainous country. Through here our progress was slow. Finally we came to a small stream called Bear River. After crossing this river we were soon climbing the mountain by following one small stream after another for perhaps two or three days. We soon came to the foot of the main range which now we had to pass over. Here we corralled half of our wagons, doubled our teams and took the other half up to the top of the divide and then went back and brought up the other half. Here we had an experience that was new to us. By the time we climbed this mountain which was nearly a mile, we were so overcome and out of breath that some thought they would die for want of breath. Our old boss laughed us out of it however and we soon got over our scare and were all right again.

The next morning we ascended this mountain for nearly a quarter of a mile by hitching our wheelers and leaders on in front and our swing cattle behind so as to hold our wagons from crowding too hard onto our wheelers. Here we struck the head of a small creek which we followed down until we came to a large stream which made its way on down through what was called Echo Canyon. Here is where the Mormons had built their breastworks and their forts in order to destroy Col. Johnson's army in '57, when he was sent out to quell them and stop their depredations which they had been committing for several years upon the overland travel to California and Oregon. Their defense was extended along this canyon for several miles. Some places the walls of the canyon were so nearly perpendicular and so high and in places the trail ran so close to the base of the walls that they imagined that by having plenty of small rocks piled along on top of these bluffs and when Johnson got his army strung out along this narrow place that their guards placed at some distance up the mountain on the opposite side of the canyon, would give the signal and then loose rocks were to be pushed off and the whole army slain at once. This looked pretty well to them, but Johnson was a sly old fox. While he pretended to be approaching their dead fall by sending a few of his men up into the mountains to make a big demonstration, he sent his main army around to the north, passed through another pass through the mountain and took their city without a battle. When the Mormons discovered they had been outgeneraled they withdrew their forces to the city and gave up the struggle. After passing

out of this canyon we crossed over what they called Little Mountain that was a very small job compared to the one we had already crossed over. We were now nearing the Jordan or Salt Lake Valley. The last days travel in the mountains we passed by a great many Mormon farms. They were small from a garden spot to three or four acres. When we emerged from the last canyon we came out into the beautiful valley. Here we camped.

One day our old boss rode down to the city which was about twelve miles to the north. Here we put in a busy day fixing up our wagons, our loads, and in fact everything preparatory to unloading a part of our train was to go to Provo and a part to the city. That night we received a message from Mr. Dixon to bring the train on to the city. There we divided the train leaving the wagons that were loaded for Provo there. The rest of them were taken up into the heart of the city and corralled them just back of where we were to unload. Now the cattle were all turned over to a herder and taken out some little distance to grass, except two good yoke that were kept there to bring the wagons around to the front of the buildings to be unloaded. A good guard was left with the wagons out of town and the rest were taken in to help unload. At night every man stayed in his own wagon and a strong guard kept out all the time. We were all called together by the boss, as far as could be, and informed of his future plans. "The wagons will be sold here and the cattle will be taken on through to California; after we unload here I will rig up a four mule team to haul the grub, blankets and clothing of all those who want to return to the States. I will also rig up a team or two to go with the cattle on through. Now by the time we are unloaded here you all make up your minds which way you want to go. I will settle with all hands here and allow you two month's pay to return home in accordance with our first agreement, that you were to have your wages for the round trip." A part of this new plan was a stunner to some of the boys but some had already made up their minds to either go on to California or stay at Salt Lake City, if they could get their pay there, so it did not take long to decide that matter. Twelve of us decided to return home; five or six stayed there; and the rest to go on through with the cattle and to this day I have never heard a word from the men that stayed in Salt Lake or the ones that went on to California.

Now, after the first night in the city we commenced to unload. Our work was slow as everything had to be taken in at the front doors, taken back through the building, everything inspected and checked up. So it took lots of time. I think we were about four days unloading here in the city. During all this time we were taking notes and watching the Mormons. We had heard a great deal about them and we were anxious to

learn more. After we had our wagons unloaded and stacked as close together as we could on a lot in the rear of this big business house, we were told by Mr. Dixon that we could have a holiday to see the city. All could not be off at once for some had to guard the loaded wagons, but all did not care to run over the city now, so they kept guard. We saw a great many things that interested us. The city was not built up compact like most cities, only four or five blocks were built up close, this was the business part of the city. The balance of it was scattered over a considerable ground perhaps nearly two square miles. A good part of the city was formed. One and sometimes two houses to a block. They must have had a fine system of irrigation. Water seemed to be running in all directions except to the east. The city stands on a western slope extending from the base of the mountain on the east to the river and lake on the west. The lake is plainly seen from the city. I think they said it was fourteen or fifteen miles away. The city water was brought from the mountains on the east. It was led through the streets in a zig zag fashion, running along each side of the street and past every man's truck patch. None of us got to see old Brigham Young for some cause, but his pictures were posted on nearly every business house in the city. At that time they were not at work on the great Mormon Temple. The temple had been commenced, some of the walls were considerable above ground, a considerable amount of material was on the ground.

The next place of curiosity was the Lion House and Beehive. These were President Young's headquarters for himself and wives and babies. We were told that he had about sixty wives and twenty-five babies. Around these buildings was a strong high wall built of stone and mortar or cement, I do not know which. Every few feet in this wall was built a heavy pillar to strengthen the wall.

One night while we were there, there was a circus show. And to be sure all of us that could go went more to see the Mormons than to see the show. Well, there was plenty of them there. Nearly every young man had a girl or two and around his waist was a belt with a revolver or two sticking in it. We all thought they were expecting trouble from us. Some of our boys had been pretty saucy to some of them. They did not have much love for us Gentiles as they called us. It had not been very long since they had been subdued by the Gentiles and they were still mad for there were still soldiers in or near the city and you wager they had no love for the soldiers, but what did we care. We didn't have sense enough to be afraid of them and we did not expect to live among them and some of the boys took a delight in tormenting them about waylaying Johnson and his army and massacring them and what had

become of their prophets, had they been stoned to death yet or not.

Well while we boys were seeing the sights of the city Mr. Dixon and Sublett were busy getting ready an outfit for us to start home with. They rigged up a good four mule team with one extra mule for the boss (Mr. Sublett) to ride and all that were to return to the states were paid off allowing two months to return making our full time for the round trip six months. Twelve of us decided to return home. Those that wanted to stay in Salt Lake were set at liberty and the others were to take the rest of the train to Provo, deliver the freight, return wagons to Salt Lake, and then start with cattle to California.

On about the 18th or 19th we bid our old boss Mr. Dixon and our former comrades good-bye and we separated and to the best of my knowledge I can't remember that I ever heard of anyone of them since.

Now our crowd consisted of twelve men, one boss, two cooks, one driver, and eight footmen. (I belonged to the latter). The footmen had nothing to do but to walk from one camp to the next and to continue so from day to day during the trip. The boss would locate the camps, the driver attend to the team, the cooks to get the wood, water and cook the grub. We were to return over practically the same road that we came over, but we must make a good deal better time, so as to get home within the allotted time. While we were traveling over the mountains and in fact until we struck the North Platte River we could tell when we broke camp where the next one would be. So that we footmen paid but little attention to where our team was, whether we were ahead or behind it, just so we got in in time for grub when it was ready.

While we were in Salt Lake City we lived pretty well up towards the top, we could get all the vegetables, milk, butter, eggs, and fruits that we wanted; of course, they all came high. But, we all had money then for when we got to the city our boss made arrangements so we could get what we needed while there. But now that we had to come down again to our old former grub it was all a little hard.

After we had recrossed Green River some half or three-quarters of a day we met our first outfit going to Salt Lake. It consisted of seventy-two hand or push carts. With this outfit there were three wagons to haul their supplies and each family had a cart which they hauled or pushed along. They were scattered for perhaps two or three miles on the road. In their carts they had numerous things from a baby down. All seemed to be badly discouraged. They were all tired out and lots of them hungry. The first thing they would ask (those that could talk English, for most of them were foreigners), "Did you see a relief train any where on the road," and when we would say no some did even shed tears and say "We

are all out of provisions and they have been telling us there was a train with supplies coming to meet us and that we have been expecting them for several days." A great many of them would beg for something to eat, but as our own supplies would run out before we got home, we had nothing to give. About the last cart that we met was a young Irish couple with a baby in their cart. The man asked the usual questions about the supply train and when we told them we had passed no train on the road he gave a long sigh and said, "I wish I was back til America." And she said, "Sure and they'd never get us to cross these plains again but they told us we should have plenty on the road and when we got til the Promised Land we would want for nothing." We had no consolation to offer them so had to pass on. A few days later after we had camped for the night, the driver and boss had picketed the mules out some little distance from our wagon, and some time in the night we heard a great commotion and soon here comes the mules at breakneck speed, ran right up around the wagon as though they were scared nearly to death. We were all up in an instant not knowing what had happened but thought it might be Indians. We caught the mules, tied them to the wagon, got out the guns and revolvers and waited for further developments. There was no more sleep that night. When daylight came we could see no sign of Indians, so we concluded the mules got scared at wolves. Our next drive brought us again on top of the South Pass where the waters are divided between the two great oceans as I have already described.

We passed on down the eastern slope of this great divide until we are again on Sweetwater River. While traveling down this stream we got several messes of fish. The water was so clear that we could see the fish, so we took a part of an old wagon cover, cut holes in it and made a dip net and caught some nice ones. At first we had no salt but we did not relish them very much, but in a few days we met another Mormon outfit and we got some salt and that made them much better. This Mormon outfit was made up of a freight and emigrant train. I think there were thirty-five or forty wagons and perhaps a hundred or more persons ranging from babies to old men and women that were so old and decrepit that they could scarcely walk alone. Mostly foreigners all on their way to the Promised Land.

On this river we took a little cut-off and passed by where the Overland Stage got caught in a big snow storm the winter before and had to stay here so long that their mules died from hunger and cold and the men almost starved to death before relief came to them. We all examined their old camp against the side of a mountain between some large rocks. Near by lay the old carcasses of their mules.

So, we travel on and soon we come

again to Devil's Gate and then to Independence Rock. We camped near this rock and some of us took another stroll over it. In some smooth places we found hundreds of names of people that had passed that way, dating back for several years. Not far from there we discovered a small lake covering I think two acres of ground. It was shallow and most of the water had evaporated and had left a scum of soda solid and from one to one-half inches thick. This was the first and only soda lake I ever saw, I have since read of them.

And so we roll on day after day with nothing worth noting. Occasionally we would meet some train or company of soldiers or perhaps a few wagons of emigrants on their way to California, Oregon or Washington. These things would tend to cheer us up for we were getting tired and foot sore. It has been pretty hard on our train through the rough country and we find that it takes more time to make the same distance than it did. We had now passed through the rough and mountainous county and nearing old Ft. Laramie. After passing the fort some three or four miles we came to the blacksmith shop where we had our work done as we went out. The boss stopped here part of a day and had some mules shod as some were foot sore.

Now we have a long stretch of level road where we can see for miles either up or down the river (the North Platte). Nothing of interest to note until we get down to the mouth of Ashollow where we cross over the divide to South Platte. Near this hollow was a stage station and there were several Indians in camp there. Here we saw our first and only white haired Indian. He looked odd with blue eyes and white hair. From here to Ft. Kearney we frequently met up with Indians. After we crossed South Platte River we began to strike the buffalo. Our boss bought a quarter of a small one, hung it up against the hind end of the wagon and when the cook wanted a mess he would skin back the hide a little and cut out a chuck.

We were getting (us footmen) a little sore at our boss. He had crowded us and the team too hard coming through the rough country to make his distance, that the team was well nigh fagged out and so to still make his drives it took about fifteen hours a day travel to make it and that didn't give us much time to rest. We were now on the road at least half of every night. Sometimes we would be ahead of and sometimes behind the wagons and worse. When we got to Ft. Kearney, the boss bought some corn to feed the mules and that looked to us as though it meant more hours on the road as he would not have to graze them so long on the grass. So, we decided to find out what his intentions were. So, in talking to him he told us that we would have to make better time or we could not get in within our allotted time and that he was very anxious

to make Kansas City on time. We told him that we thought he was traveling us too hard, that we could not stand it to travel all the time and that we would rather be a few days over time than to kill ourselves trying to get in on time. "Well", said he, "I expect to get in on time if the mules can stand it." About this time my Irish began to come up and it was my time to speak so I said, "Mr. Sublett, it seems to me that you care more for these mules than you do for us. Now, we are not going to kill ourselves trying to keep up and if you are not a little careful we will take that team and let you fellows walk the rest of the way in." He got very white in the face but said nothing. So, we soon struck the Little Blue. There had been no change of consequence in our mode of travel but we fellows had talked the situation over several times and had decided that we would hold him down to our way or have trouble. He never had much to say to us rebels. So he went on until we were about where Fairbury is now. Here on a small creek we found an old gentleman who had come there since we passed that way before and had taken a claim and had built a house and barn, and had brought the old lady and some others of his family and was going to start in a day to two with two teams to Nebraska City. So, we struck him for a ride in with him so we talked the matter over among ourselves. As our outfit was behind us we had time to make our plans before it came up. They came up after a while and we told the boss what we had decided to do and then he began to beg us to go on with him making us all kinds of promises what he would do if we would only go on. Finally he prevailed on four of them to stay with him but four of us decided to withdraw our portion of grub from the mess and go by way of Nebraska City. So we took our portion with our blankets and clothing and parted company with him.

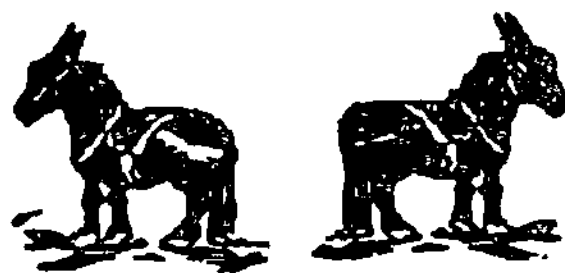
Now, we found our new friend a very clever fellow. He treated us very well and we traded him our grub and our blankets for our passage. The old lady baked a lot of bread and cooked a lot of meat for us so we didn't have much cooking to do on our way across the country to Nebraska City.

We crossed the Big Blue River at Beatrice which was but a very small place as I remember it. We had two good horse teams and we made the trip in about three days or less I think. Our new friend owned a good farm adjoining the city on the south. He took us to his house where some of his family were still living. We stayed overnight there with them. The next morning we bid our friends adieu and went over into the city (Nebraska City). We made inquiry about when the next boat would pass down the river for lower points. We were told that one was due that evening on its way to St. Louis, so that was our chance. The next thing we did was to hunt a clothing store where each of us purchased a new outfit,

for our old clothes were not good enough to wear in company.

We took our new duds and went down the river perhaps a mile or so, took a good bath, donned our new suits, sent our old ones down the river, and so now we were ready for the boat. We went back up town hunted up a good restaurant and got us a good square meal. Then we took in the sights of the town at that time. It was not large, not much over a thousand I would guess. Some time that afternoon our boat swung in and tied up. Of course, we were ready to board her. We soon had our passage paid and our staterooms assigned to us. We took first class passage that entitled us to the best accommodations they had, and they sure were good. The river was very low and we stuck on the sand bars several times. We made a slow trip as we had to tie up at night. It took us nearly three days to arrive at Kansas City. Here our crowd separated again, two going to Independence and myself and Dan McCain, a young man whom I had gone to school with in Ohio when we were boys. We expected to stay in Kansas City with Mr. James, but upon inquiry we learned that he had bought some land out in the country some ten miles, and had moved out there, so we thought to stay in the city overnight. We took a room at the Old Southern Hotel out in the south edge of town. It has long since passed away. It stood on the east side of Grand Avenue between 16th and 17th Streets. Early the next day we started for the country after getting directions where Mr. James had bought and by noon we arrived at his place and so ended my trip overland to Salt Lake City, this being the 28th day of October, 1859.

(continued next issue.)



HOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

The National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO, reports over 19,000 visitors during 1994. The Friends of the NFTC contribute much to the success of the Center, and they publish a fine newsletter. Everyone is invited to join the Friends. Annual dues are \$10 individual, \$15 couple, \$20 family, \$25 friend, and \$50 benefactor. Send to Friends of NFTC, 318 W Pacific, Independence MO 64050.

Everyone planning an event as part of National Trails Day on June 3, 1995, is asked to register the activity. You will then receive the monthly *National Trails Day Update* and an event plan-

ner's kit. Send information to National Trails Day, American Hiking Society, PO Box 20160, Washington DC 20041-2160.

SFTA member Francis Kajencki, El Paso, TX, author of *Poles in the 19th Century Southwest* (1990), has requested the Museum of New Mexico to revise its traveling exhibit, "The Civil War in the West," to focus more attention on John M. Chivington's decisive action resulting in the destruction of the Confederate supply train at Apache Canyon during the Battle of Glorieta Pass, March 28, 1862, and the contribution of Chaplain Alexander Grzelachowski in guiding Chivington's force back to Martin Kozlowski's Ranch that night. He also requested that the exhibit show Kozlowski's Ranch and explain its use by Union forces.

Philip L. Petersen, Boggsville Revitalization Committee, recently discovered a 1908 photograph of Kit Carson's last home in Boggsville in the Cragin Papers at the Pioneer Museum in Colorado Springs. To date, this is the only picture of the Carson house for which the date is known, and the evidence indicates that the other photos in the Boggsville collection were taken at an earlier time. There was also a photograph of the Boggs house in the Cragin Papers, also taken in 1908.

Editor Mary Jean Cook has produced another fine edition of *Compadres* (vol. 4, no. 1, Jan-Mar 1995), newsletter of the Friends of the Palace of the Governors. Printed in this issue is the August 19, 1846, inventory of public buildings, arms, and other government property in Santa Fe, prepared by order of Brig. Gen. Stephen W. Kearny who led U.S. troops into Santa Fe the previous day. A description of the "Governors house" is included.

The Jornada de Muerto on the Camino Real in New Mexico is the focus of an article by Carl Zimmer, "How to Make a Desert," in the February 1995 issue of *Discover* magazine.

The February 1995 *New Mexico* magazine is a special collector's edition devoted to turquoise. Marc Simmons is author of the lead article, "Nuggets From Our Past, Turquoise: A Mother Lode of History."

The 1995 *New Mexico Vacation Guide*, 200 pages of information, is available free by calling (800) 545-

2040, ext. 751.

The Friends of Arrow Rock recently moved into new headquarters, formerly the U.S. Post Office. Dedication is planned in 1995. The Friends are now in their 35th year. The Fall 1994 newsletter includes the remarks of Jim Goodrich on the occasion of the celebration of the 160th anniversary of the Huston Tavern.

SFTA Ambassador Paul F. Bentrup reports that Boy Scout Troop 641, Aurora, CO, has placed a sign at Red Shin's Standing Ground. Bentrup is responsible for locating the site near the Santa Fe Trail.

CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

—BOOK NOTICES—

Lynda Hatch, *The Santa Fe Trail*, Pathways of America Series. Carthage, IL: Good Apple, 1995. Illus. by Kathryn R. Marlin. 96 pp. \$9.99 plus shipping. To order, call 1-800-321-3106.

SFTA member Lynda Hatch, Flagstaff, AZ, prepared this resource book on the Trail for teachers and students, grades 4-8. The text, directed primarily to teachers and organized similar to the site-description section of the Santa Fe National Historic Trail master plan, provides brief information about numerous places from Franklin, MO, to Santa Fe, NM, plus a short description of the Camino Real. Quotations from primary sources are sprinkled throughout. Several human-interest stories are included.

Most of this is good material. Unfortunately, the value of the collection is diminished somewhat by factual errors, that could easily have been caught by a Trail scholar, and by some poorly constructed sentences. The publisher must share responsibility with the author. Perhaps the errors can be corrected in a revised edition. A few examples must suffice.

Some statements are incomprehensible, such as "Fort Leavenworth was the point from which frontier forts left for the West over the Santa Fe Trail" (p. 21); that Plum Buttes were "surrounded by plum thickets that the wind had blown from the Arkansas River area" (p. 28); and when Fort Larned closed: "Its garrison was moved to Fort Dodge where some of these stone buildings can still be seen. Today, they are part of the National Park Service's Fort Larned National Historic Site which is open to visitors" (p. 33). Other information is unclear: "The wet

route stayed near the Arkansas River. The dry route went to the southwest" (p. 36). "The Mora River separated the settlements of New Mexico with dry plains inhabited by Indians that they feared" (p. 58).

If "Fort Mann was built by local citizens in April, 1847" (p.38), one wonders which Indians did the work. The Point of Rocks near Middle Spring in present Morton County, KS, was not "destroyed in 1981 when the highway was widened" (p. 48). That was the Point of Rocks west of present Dodge City. Although the story of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway is told, the effects on Trail traffic by the earlier Union Pacific, Eastern Division, later known as the Kansas Pacific, are ignored (p. 90).

A number of student projects are suggested, few of which involve learning more about the Trail. For example, one activity is to design an imaginary fort and write a story telling about it. Students might learn more about the historic Trail if they selected an actual military post to study and write a report. Another inane exercise calls for children to "redesign the basic caravan wagon" to make it more "modern" by adding such things as "air conditioning."

The book has value as a source for classroom teachers who recognize its weaknesses. For students, however, Dave Webb's *Adventures with the Santa Fe Trail*, published by the Kansas Heritage Center, Dodge City (revised edition, 1993), is the best thing available and remains in a class by itself.

Ralph H. Vigil, Frances W. Kaye, & John R. Wunder, eds., *Spain and the Plains: Myths and Realities of Spanish Exploration and Settlement on the Great Plains*. Niwot: University Press of Colorado, 1994. Pp. xiii + 179. Maps, illustrations, notes, index. Cloth, \$24.95.

Since the early 1800s Anglo-Americans have been inquisitive about the Hispanic culture of the American Southwest. To this day Trail scholars and buffs seek a better understanding of what was at the western end of the historic route, including the rich Spanish heritage. This has been challenging, in part, because of a preponderance of legends and myths. This collection of papers, most from a 1989 conference sponsored by the Center for Great Plains Studies, University of Nebraska, provides some of the latest scholarship on several topics. Special efforts were made by each contributor to separate myths and realities.

Ralph Vigil provides background of

Spanish exploration and a summary of ventures to the Great Plains. Waldo R. Wedel writes authoritatively of "Coronado and Quivira." Feliz D. Almaráz, Jr., looks at the Llano Estacado, 1534-1821. Thomas E. Chávez assesses "The Villasur Expedition and the Segesser Hide Paintings." Especially helpful for students trying to comprehend the society of colonial New Mexico is Russell M. Magnaghi's "The Genízaro Experience in Spanish New Mexico." San Miguel del Vado, first New Mexico settlement encountered by westbound travelers on the early Santa Fe Trail, was established in 1794 as a genízaro outpost. Vigil concludes with an epilogue on myths, stereotypes, prejudices, New Mexicans' search for identity, and the "Spanish legacy."

Even though this volume does not deal directly with the Santa Fe Trail, it is recommended to anyone attempting to perceive the larger setting in which the Trail was established and flourished for six decades. The Hispanic background is relevant to us all.

Vernon R. Maddux, John Hittson, *Cattle King On The Texas And Colorado Frontier*. Niwot: University Press of Colorado, 1994. Pp. xii + 214. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, and index. Cloth, \$27.50.

John Nathan Hittson (1831-1880) is best known for leading a raid in New Mexico in 1872 to recover Texas cattle stolen by Comanches and delivered to New Mexicans by the *Comancheros*. His force gathered at Clifton House where the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail crossed the Canadian River, and the recovery efforts focused on Mora County, where bloodshed occurred at Loma Parda near Fort Union. Hittson, a Texas cattleman who settled at Deer Trail, Colorado, after the raid was proclaimed a hero and dubbed "Cattle King of Colorado" by newspaper writers.

Maddux has compiled the first book-length biography of Hittson, a difficult task because no personal papers remain. Writing about the times as much as the man, the result is convincing and thoroughly documented. Although mostly about the post-Civil War cattle industry, the story includes Santa Fe Trail connections.

Hittson was a contemporary and neighbor of Charles Goodnight, Oliver Loving, and other luminaries of cattle drives from Texas along the Pecos River into New Mexico and, later, into Colorado, where he was second only to John Wesley Hiff as the leading cattleman. After the Civil War Hittson was

among the first to make a successful cattle drive over the Goodnight-Loving Trail. In 1866, with a herd of Texas cattle and a heavily-armed party, he delivered beef to Fort Sumner and the Bosque Redondo Reservation to feed the Navajos and Mescalero Apaches.

On this drive Hittson was accompanied by the wagon train of Thomas L. Stockton, who settled at the Mountain Route crossing of the Canadian River and built a large hotel, Clifton House, which became a famous Santa Fe Trail stage station as well as a place for Texas cattle herds going to Colorado and Wyoming to lay over and have buyers come and meet them there. Stockton continued his cattle business, too, and in 1870 became one of the beef contractors to supply the military posts of New Mexico.

Hittson became one of the largest cattlemen in the West and his men drove about 20,000 head per year from Texas to New Mexico and Colorado, frequently facing Indian resistance. He was an opportunist who never owned more than a quarter section of land, knew well the value of controlling the water supply (which gave him control of the surrounding grass range), specialized in the long drive, and benefited from the open-range era before the entire system crashed in the 1880s and modern ranching began. At his peak, Hittson owned approximately 100,000 cattle. His empire, however, was crumbling before his accidental death at age 49 on Christmas day 1880, when his wagon wheel broke, the team ran away, the wagon overturned, and he was killed.

The details of his New Mexico cattle raid of 1872 comprise one of the stronger portions of the book. The entire story is fascinating and provides additional understanding of the history of the West.

—Mick Clifford

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

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

The Cimarron County Historical Society, Boise City, OK, was host to 45 members and guests at the Heritage Center, January 21, 1995. Following supper and a short business meeting conducted by President Helen C. Brown, Dan Sharp and David Hutchison, co-chairmen for the 1997 symposium, presented their report. Boise City will be one of the host cities.

A general brainstorming session followed. A possible theme was discussed, but no decision was made. A general itinerary was discussed, including organization, finances, exhibits, and possible lecturers. It was generally agreed that this should be a "hands on" meeting.

The next planning meeting will be March 11 at 7 p.m. Discussion will be on expenses of prior symposiums and registration fees, resource pool for lecturers, and Hutchison's report after he attends SFTA executive committee meeting at Larned February 25.

The National Park Service's project at Autograph Rock will be in April for about six to seven days. Cimarron County has been canvassed for volunteers. NPS and SFTA will contribute to the project. CCHS has voted \$1500 and has committed to raising another \$1500.

The next chapter meeting will be in April, date and place to be decided later.

Texas Panhandle

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

Chapter members met at the Amarillo Central Library on January 15. Fred Rathjen, retired instructor from West Texas State University and a well-known authority on the history of the Panhandle region, was the guest speaker. He focused on the Santa Fe trade through this area.

The March 6 meeting will be held at E. P. and Mike Taylor's bookstore, One More Time, where members will find a treasure trove of Southwestern materials.

The date of our spring field trip out to Parnell's in Canadian, TX, has been changed to the weekend of April 29. The Parnells know of several trail sites in their area. More details will follow.

Wagonbed Spring

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

The winter meeting at Ulysses on January 12 was attended by 29 members and guests. President Edward Dowell presided and told the group he had been in contact with Christine Whitaker and John Conoboy but had received no report from the National Park Service on the proposed enlargement of the National Historic Landmark area at Wagonbed Spring.

Officers were elected for 1995. Ed Lewis will be president and Ed Dowell vice-president. Other officers retained are Marjorie Persinger, secretary;

Karla French, treasurer; and Mary Gamble, reporter.

Edgar White, Elkhart, spoke on the 1997 symposium which will be held in the Oklahoma Panhandle area.

The program, a video on "Marks on the Rocks in Picture Canyon, Baca County, Colorado" was presented by Paul Heyman, Ulysses. The video was compiled by McGlone, Leonard and Gillespie of the Western Epigraphic Society. The trio claim the marks were made by Celts in an ancient Gaelic language called "Ogam." They have "translated" the marks into modern English.

The next Chapter meeting is at Hugoton on April 13.

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

No report.

Corazon de los Caminos

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

The chapter has published a handsome brochure to inform people about the Trail, the SFTA, and the chapter. A schedule of meetings for 1995 was established by the board of directors on January 18, and the meetings are listed in the WT "Trail Calendar."

The members are working on plans for the celebration of the 175th anniversary in 1996. The Trail collection at the Carnegie Library in Las Vegas, NM, is growing. Members Diana and Joe Stein have been generous in providing books.

Wet/Dry Routes

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

The chapter met at Offerle, KS, January 15. The following officers were elected for 1995: Louis Van Meter, president; Janice Klein, vice-president; and Ida Yeager, secretary/treasurer. Reports were given about the lime kiln project, the life and legacy of Henry Booth booklet, and the project to mark the graves of Lucie and Nathaniel Booth. The chapter voted to join the Dodge City/Fort Dodge Chapter in the installation of markers at Fort Mann, Point of Rocks, and the Caches. The 1995 symposium was dis-

cussed, with Steve Linderer, coordinator, briefing the chapter on the planned program.

A Certificate of Appreciation was presented to Matt Waldren of Boy Scout Troop #238 for completion of his Eagle Award, the compilation of a directory of the markers placed on the Santa Fe Trail in Pawnee, Edwards, and Ford counties. The highlight of the meeting was the presentation of the Faye Anderson Award to Mildon Yeager. After the business session, Janice Klein told of using the Learning Box with her students at Methodist Youthville in Dodge City and Joel Walker spoke on the Pawnee Indians and their relation to the Santa Fe Trail. The spring meeting is scheduled in April at the Dodge City Public Library, date to be announced later.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge

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

The annual meeting was held Sunday, January 29, 1995, the anniversary of the admission of Kansas to statehood in 1861. The program was presented by Janice Klein and Richard Dryden. They had taken the October 8, 1994, tour of the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road sponsored by the Wet/Dry Routes Chapter. The program consisted of historical significance of the road and slides of the tour sites.

The chapter is excited about and looking forward to the 1995 symposium in September. 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

No report.

Quivira

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

The chapter met January 16 at Waxy's Restaurant in Ellinwood, KS, for the evening meal and the annual meeting, with 31 present. Officers elected are President Linda Colle, Vice-President Wayne Smith, Secretary Carol Near, Treasurer Betty Romero, Barton County Director Bob Button, McPherson County Director Bruce Palmer, and Rice County Director Pat Hall. After the meeting we adjourned to Robert Yarmer's for the program.

Bob showed military uniforms of the 1860s through the 1890s period. These uniforms are all government issue for enlisted men. Robert also had an excellent collection of saddles from the same period, along with maps and other collectables.

The next meeting will be Sunday afternoon, April 23, 1995, at Pawnee Rock and the area around Pawnee Rock.

From the Marion-McPherson county line to the Barton-Pawnee county line via U.S. 56 is only some 90 miles. The Trail route covered over 100 miles. The stream crossings were steep and were usually twelve to fifteen miles apart until reaching Cow Creek. From Cow Creek to the present Ellinwood, where the Trail came to the Big Bend of the Arkansas River, is 22 miles. The chapter has been working with the 1995 symposium committee and we believe we have planned a very fine and eventful symposium for September 21-24.

We would like to recognize Wilmer and Hazel Ekholm who have given many hours to conducting tours and research of the Trail. Since the early 1960s they have worked to preserve the Camp Grierson and Cottonwood Cemetery area at the Stone Corral Crossing of the Little Arkansas River. Wilmer has also been ready to transport tour groups in the Stone Corral area. Wilmer and Hazel are true ambassadors of the Santa Fe Trail.

Cottonwood Crossing

President John Dick
PO Box 103
Goessel, KS 67053

On October 2 the chapter sponsored a booth at the Kansas Sampler Festival near Inman, KS. John Dick, Vernon Lohrentz, and John Martin were there to visit with people about the chapter and the Trail in general. This was an excellent opportunity to make people more aware of the Trail and the heritage it represents.

On October 4 chapter members hosted a "Picnic in the Ruts" just west of Durham. About 40 people enjoyed a beautiful evening. The picnic site was on land owned by Dennis Youk, at the end of a very pronounced series of swales.

At the annual meeting in November, John Dick was elected president; Dr. Gil Michel, vice-president; and Forrest Smith of Marion, board member. The need for replacing and restoring Trail markers in the area was discussed. We are exploring the placement of a special marker near the juncture of the Chisholm Trail and the Santa Fe Trail. The site is vacant land at an intersec-

tion adjoining U.S. Highway 56.

At a recent directors' meeting, the topics of fund-raising and a tour were discussed. The possible tour would be a chartered bus trip to Kansas City to the Arabia Steamboat Museum and Independence to the National Frontier Trails Center. The tour would originate at Hillsboro. More information will be forthcoming. We would like to see an article in *Wagon Tracks* on the search for and excavation of the *Arabia*, a steamboat which sank in the Missouri River in 1858 with cargo headed for the western frontier, including Santa Fe. (There is a lot of interest in such a tour).

Bent's Fort

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

The annual meeting was held at Bent's Fort Inn in Las Animas on January 28. The new chapter logo was presented to the membership and approved. Also approved were new chapter bylaws, a chapter code of ethics, the budget, and the calendar of events for the upcoming year. Committee chairmen gave their reports and all reported progress. The chapter has 86 members.

The current officers were elected to serve another term: Earl Casteel, president; Dale Kesterson, vice-president; Teresa Kesterson, secretary; and Sue Peterson, treasurer. President Casteel appointed committee chairmen with several incumbents retaining their positions.

Member Gerald Faust was recognized for his kind help to and support of the chapter. As owner of the Bent's Fort Inn, Gerry lent considerable help in the arrangements for the meeting, including the lodging for Harry Myers our guest speaker.

The chapter presented certificates of recognition to the following: Doug Manley for legal help and support in drawing up the bylaws, Jesse Scott and Harry Myers for program presentations, Dale and Teresa Kesterson for work in starting the chapter, and Paul Bentrup for keeping his mouth shut. Oooops! I mean for being the fastest tongue in the West.

After the business meeting, Harry Myers, Superintendent of Fort Union National Monument, presented a program on plans for the 175th anniversary of the Santa Fe Trail and the 150th anniversary of the Army of the West. He also spoke of the beginnings of the Santa Fe Trail. Those attending enjoyed his program very much.

COUNCIL TROVE

—DOCUMENTS—

A PUBLIC NUISANCE

SFTA members Mel and Mary Cottom, Manhattan, KS, found the following item in the Washington, D.C., *Daily National Intelligencer*, November 20, 1865. One is tempted to state that there apparently has been a stench in the nation's capital for a long, long time, and to agree that "a nuisance is a nuisance." Pollution is nothing new, of course, and the writer may have laid the groundwork for what eventually became the Environmental Protection Agency.

THE ACCUMULATED MANURE OF THE GOVERNMENT CORRALS—AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Intelligent and responsible correspondents have informed us that the immense quantities of manure, that have accumulated in masses of which persons unfamiliar with the neighborhoods of the corrals would have limited conception, have long since been sold to parties in the North at the rate of one center per wagon load, with the extraordinary privilege of *removing it at their own convenience*. Should the purchasers neglect it entirely, or find the cost of transporting so unwieldy a freight an undesirable investment, we suppose the removal of it by other parties would be dependent upon the grace of these fortunate individuals, who have virtually a standing refusal at a stipulated price. Meantime, farmers in our own neighborhood are eager to buy this manure, at a higher price, if that were any object, and cart it out of the city forthwith. Thus, without any loss, but probably a gain to the Government, our citizens in the country could have the benefit of this material for fertilizing their farms, in many cases desolated by necessary and often unnecessary military appropriation, while our fellow-citizens of the city could escape the abasement of having an enormous nuisance conserved in their midst, while distant parties were chaffering for cheap freights, counting despicable profits, or forgetting all about it in more engrossing ventures or more promising investments.

A nuisance is a nuisance, and those who are annoyed are the judges of it; and if the magnitude of it be at all a question, this one may be measured by acres and by scores of boat-loads. Shall it be abated?

KEARNY GAP AND A KIDNAPPING, LAS VEGAS, NM, 1911

Mary Jean Cook, Santa Fe historian, found the following two items in the *Santa Fe New Mexican*, telling of a bizarre kidnapping at Las Vegas, NM, in 1911, in which there is mention of Kearny Gap.

KIDNAPPING AT LAS VEGAS

Santa Fe New Mexican, March 31, 1911.

"The three-year-old grandson of Judge H. L. Waldo was kidnapped at Las Vegas and ransomed for \$12,000." Such were the sensational tidings that reached Santa Fe this morning.

The story reads like an episode out of a dime novel. Night before last, two masked strangers entered the house of Attorney A. T. Rogers, Jr. at Las Vegas, the son-in-law of Judge H. L. Waldo. Mr. Rogers was away at Raton attending the session of the district court. The intruders invaded the room of a brother, William Rogers, and compelled him to give up a revolver. They then forced their way into the apartment of Mrs. Rogers and demanded Waldo, her son. Mrs. Rogers was helpless. She pleaded and implored. She offered all her jewels, all her money, all her property, but one of the villains replied: "To hell with your jewels, I want the kid."

Despairing Mrs. Rogers begged for permission to clothe the child warmly and comfortably. This was granted, while the robbers coolly waited. The mother hugged and kissed her darling in frantic farewell until the criminal tore the boy out of her arms, mounted a horse and was off in the dark, leaving a letter of instructions, in which a demand was made for \$12,000 in cash. Who can describe the agony of that mother? Her despair? Mr. Rogers was reached as soon as possible and he came home yesterday morning on the flyer. No time was lost in securing the money and setting in motion every agency possible to recover the child. The letter of instructions had directed:

"If you are ready to deliver the money, set a red light in a certain window at 10 o'clock in the evening." It then directed that the money should be taken to a certain spot in a road, 11 miles from Las Vegas that same night. These instructions were followed. Mr. Rogers in his automobile made the trip to the lonely spot and there met his man. He delivered the money but the child was not there. "The child is in Kearny's Gap," he was informed. Two horses were standing in the road and two men galloped away. Will Rogers speeded to Kearny's Gap. There the child was found in the road. It was wrapped in a blanket.

"Is that you, Uncle Will?" the youngster chirped. "I am awful hungry. I had nothing to eat all day." What a family reunion there was last night when the boy was returned to his mother's arms.

WIGGINS AND ROGERS CONFESS

Santa Fe New Mexican, April 12, 1911.

Will Rogers and Joseph Wiggins, arrested last night at Las Vegas, have confessed to the kidnapping of 3-year-old Waldo Rogers, son of A. T. Rogers and grandson of Judge H. L. Waldo.

The ransom of \$12,000 was recovered intact in the chimney at the home of the parents who are prostrated with grief.

Wiggins was the first to confess. He had been sentenced to the penitentiary from Socorro for life for murder. He was pardoned out in 1909 by Governor Curry.

When the confession was shown to Will Rogers, the latter too, confessed. He is a brother of Attorney A. T. Rogers, father of the boy, and he was in the home of his brother during the kidnaping, while the latter was in court at Raton. He was arraigned the forenoon.

There will be no compromise in the case and the two men will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Governor Mills, who returned this noon from Las Vegas brought with him copies of the confession of both men.

HELP WANTED

The Merrill J. Mattes Research Library was created at the National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO, only three and one-half years ago. During this time the collection has grown so rapidly, in both size and acclaim, that it is believed to be the largest research library in the nation devoted to the overland trail experience and America's western expansion.

The collection, operated by the National Frontier Trails Center and partly owned by the Oregon-California Trails Association, was born when noted trails historian Merrill Mattes donated his extensive personal library to OCTA. In the past three years that core collection has been nearly doubled in size by other donations and purchases. Among the notable additions has been the transfer of twenty-three cubic feet of Mattes manuscripts from the Nebraska State Historical Society. The collection now totals nearly 2,000 books, over 100 cubic of manuscripts, plus many maps, photographs, and periodicals.

The library's focus is on the overland trail experience, especially the diaries, journals, letters, and recollections of those who made the trip west. Its broader scope, however, stretches from the explorations of Lewis and Clark to the coming of the transcontinental railroad. There are therefore sections on such diverse subjects as Indians, trail guides, artists, mountain men, transportation, women, mining, biographies, Mormons, forts, railroads, pony express, military, and the Southwest, among others.

Recently, a computerized list of all of the diaries and recollections in the library was compiled and a computerized catalog of every volume on the

shelves completed. These two monumental tasks, requiring hundred of hours of labor, were accomplished by National Frontier Trails Center volunteers, led by NFTC staff.

There are areas in which additional materials are needed. Most of the donated materials have focused on the Oregon and California trails, and the staff is especially eager to expand the holdings on the Santa Fe Trail. The limited book budget has been used to increase the Santa Fe Trail and Southwest collections.

The Center always welcomes additional donations of books, entire personal libraries, and copies or manuscripts. The Mattes Library is also seeking back issues of western historical periodicals. Fairly extensive runs of several midwestern state historical society publications have been received, such as those of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. Yet very few periodicals have been gathered from other western states. The library has only a handful of New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon, and Arizona publications, and very small collections of Wyoming and Utah historical society publications. There is nothing at all from California, Washington, or Idaho state historical societies. One goal is to acquire complete runs of these periodicals, many of which have articles relating to the overland trails.

SFTA members who have books, periodicals, or other materials they would consider donating to the Mattes Library are invited to contact John Mark Lambertson, National Frontier Trails Center, 318 W Pacific, Independence MO 64050 (816) 325-7577.

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

Grant County Bank, PO Box 388, Ulysses KS 67880

Grant County Chamber of Commerce, 115 W Grant, Ulysses KS 67880

Grant County Museum, 300 E Oklahoma, Ulysses KS 67880

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Thomas & Mary Denton, PO Box 323, Wiley CO 81092

Mark & Suzanne Faulkner, PO Box 629, Ulysses KS 67880

Norman & Lois Hanson, PO Box 1223, McPherson KS 67460

Paul & Pauline Heyman, PO Box 684, Ulysses KS 67880

Harold & Mary Lee McCune, RR 2 Box 7, Boise City OK 73933

Don & Lolly Ming, 1841 County Road DD, Pritchett CO 81064

Alfred & Willa Parshall, 305 Calle Oso, Santa Fe NM 87501

James & Ruth Polliard, PO Box 31243, Aurora CO 80041

Garland & Joanne Richardson, 325 Fairway, Council Grove KS 67846

M/M Howard Schwartz, 9210 Lakeridge Dr, Valley Station KY 40272

Bill & Linda Shanhouse, PO Box 578, Angel Fire NM 87710

M/M Lowell E. Sharp, PO Box 8285, Albuquerque NM 87198

David, Kay & Forrest Spillman, 3909 Hickory Hill Dr, Somerset KY 42501

Frank & Barbara Trotman, 1105 N Comanche, Ulysses KS 67880

Jeff Trotman Family, 727 N Cheyenne, Ulysses KS 67880

Lee & Jane Whiteley, 6077 S Elizabeth Way, Littleton CO 80121

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Pat Austin, 1338 Lawrence Dr, Hays KS 67601

William H. Borst, 705 Washington Park, Emporia KS 66801

Dorothy C. Cole, PO Box 103, Alden MI 49612

Don Eck, PO Box 3712, Bernice OK 74331

Jack Eglick, 2175 Sullivan, Ulysses KS 67880

Doris Jean Elliott-Watson, 231 Sheidley Ave, Bonner Springs KS 66012

Jerome Goss, Mountain Books, 9904 Masters Dr NE, Albuquerque NM 87111

Sharon Haun, 704 Hockaday, Council Grove KS 66846

Carmen Kirk, 3004 Briaroak Rd, Manhattan KS 66502

Lani Kyea, KCR 72 Box 29, Clayton NM 88415

Meredith Mayo, 2030 Kiva Rd, Santa Fe NM 87505

John V. Myers, 4837 W Northern Ave, Glendale AZ 85301

John Richter, One Neosho, Emporia KS 66801

Dr. Joseph Teeters, 21635 W Ravine Rd, Lake Zurich IL 60047

Candace Vigil, PO Box 820, Dodge City KS 67801

Matthew Walter, 5634 Swiss Ave, Dallas TX 75214

Rodney Walter, 4213 Jena St, New Orleans LA 70125

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 May, so send information for June and later to arrive by April 20, 1995. Thank you.

Mar. 8, 1995: Friends of the Palace monthly meeting, 7:00 p.m., New History Library, Palace of the Governors, Santa Fe.

Mar. 18, 1995: Kansas Corral of the Westerners, Wichita, program by Bill Unrau, "Government Policy and Indian Drinking." Contact Sheriff Ramon Powers (913) 296-3251.

Mar. 19, 1995: Corazon de los Caminos Chapter meeting, Santa Clara Parish Hall, Wagon Mound, NM. President LeRoy LeDoux (505) 666-2262.

Mar. 31-April 2, 1995: Benefit Used Book Sale, Alexander Majors Historical House, 8201 State Line Rd, Kansas City, MO, book donations needed. Contact Ross Marshall at (816) 333-5556.

April 1, 1995: Bent's Fort Chapter program and tour, Holly and Granada, CO, (719) 456-0504.

April 13, 1995: Wagonbed Spring Chapter meeting, Hugoton, KS.

April 16, 1995: Corazon de los Caminos Chapter meeting, Fort Bascom, NM. President LeRoy LeDoux (505) 666-2262.

April 20, 1995: Deadline for next issue of *Wagon Tracks*.

April 23, 1995: Quivira Chapter meeting at Pawnee Rock. President Linda Colle (316) 241-8719.

April 29, 1995: Fort Larned Old Guard Annual Meeting and Dinner (open to public), (316) 285-6911.

April 29, 1995: "Women in the American West," lectures, demonstrations, and children's activities. Camp Menoscaw, Box 65, Murdock KS 67111 (316) 297-3290.

May 13-14, 1995: Oregon Trail Conestoga Days, Alexander Majors Historical House, 8201 State Line Rd, Kansas City, MO, (816) 333-5556.

May 20, 1995: Bent's Fort Chapter, Timpas Site Improvement Day and Grand Opening, Comanche National Grassland, (719) 384-2181 or (719) 456-0504.

May 20, 1995: Kansas Corral of the Westerners, Topeka, program by Don Lambert, "John Steuart Curry in Person." Contact Sheriff Ramon Powers (913) 296-3251.

May 21, 1995: Corazon de los Caminos Chapter meeting, Lucero, NM. President LeRoy LeDoux (505) 666-2262.

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

June 3, 1995: Bent's Fort Chapter, National Trails Day, King 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 10, 1995: Santa Fe Trail Craft Show, Alexander Majors Historical House, 8201 State Line Rd, Kansas City, MO, (816) 333-5556.

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

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.

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 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.

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. 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.

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, (315) 285-6911.

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.

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

FROM THE EDITOR

By the time you read this the Olivas plan to be at the U.S. Army Military History Institute at Carlisle Barracks, PA, searching for records relating to Fort Union, the Santa Fe Trail, and other frontier military posts. The USAMHI archives have been on our research list for several years and, at last, the opportunity to spend a few days there has arrived. Recent accessions there promise fresh information.

All SFTA members are urged to participate in SFTA election procedures and to return the ballot in the next issue. With the current popular interest in the Trail and upcoming 175th anniversary celebrations, the potential for SFTA has never been greater. Everything possible must be done to support the work of our outstanding chapters, encourage research and presentations of the rich Trail heritage, preserve the historic remnants, foster tourism, and promote economic development along the Trail corridor.

Make plans now to be at the 1995 symposium in September. It will be a good one.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

All matters relating to *Wagon Tracks* should be addressed to the editor:

Leo E. Oliva
PO Box 31
Woodston, KS 67675
(913) 994-6253
Fax 994-6255

All inquiries regarding membership should be directed to the secretary-treasurer:

Ruth Olson Peters
Santa Fe Trail Center
RR 3
Larned, KS 67550
(316) 285-2054

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

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