

Wagon Tracks

Volume 9

Issue 4 *Wagon Tracks* Volume 9, Issue 4 (August 1995)

Article 1

1995

Wagon Tracks. Volume 9, Issue 4 (August, 1995)

Santa Fe Trail Association

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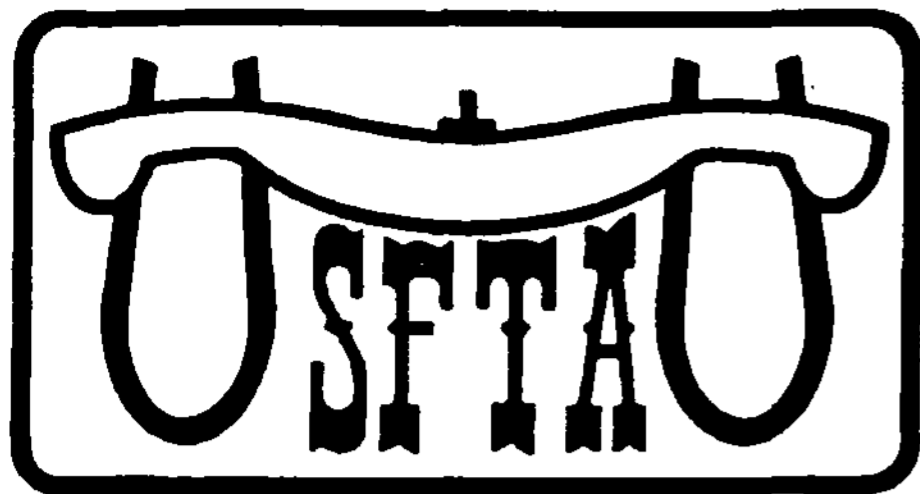


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Recommended Citation

Santa Fe Trail Association. "Wagon Tracks. Volume 9, Issue 4 (August, 1995)." *Wagon Tracks* 9, 4 (1995).
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WAGON TRACKS

SANTA FE TRAIL ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY

VOLUME 9

AUGUST 1995

NUMBER 4

DEATH ON THE TRAIL, 1828 MCNEES IDENTIFIED

by Harry C. Myers

(Myers is the superintendent of Fort Union National Monument, chairman of the SFTA 175th anniversary committee, and a frequent contributor to WT. He has again located new information about the early history of the Trail.)

IN August 1828 the eastbound caravan from Santa Fe crossed the Canadian River and headed toward Point of Rocks and Rabbit Ears in north-eastern New Mexico. Somewhere, probably close to Rabbit Ears, two citizens of Franklin, Missouri, named McNees and Munro left the train and traveled ahead. On the banks of Corrupa Creek "they having carelessly lain down to sleep . . . were barbarously shot [by Indians], with their own guns, as it was supposed, in very sight of the caravan." When the caravan arrived at the creek, McNees was dead and Munro was barely clinging to

**"the indians came and
kild them boath"**

life. After burying McNees the caravan moved on to the Cimarron River, forty miles away, where Munro died and was buried. Just as the funeral ceremonies were about completed several Indians appeared on the other side of the Cimarron. The traders fired on the Indians and killed all but one. A few weeks later a second party returning from Santa Fe to Missouri was attacked, and John Means from Franklin was killed.¹

Such is the basic story which gave rise to the first military escort on the Santa Fe Trail in 1829. That story has mostly remained unchanged since Josiah Gregg told it in his book, *Commerce of the Prairies*, in 1844. Why Munro and McNees traveled ahead of the caravan and what was McNees's first name were questions not answered by Gregg or the *Franklin Missouri Intelligencer* which published this notice of the incident in the issue

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August 1995

BIKE TREK: SEPT. 17-OCT. 6

SYMPOSIUM: SEPT. 21-24

SYMPOSIUM COMING SOON

THE biennial SFTA Symposium at Larned and Great Bend, KS, September 21-24, offers an outstanding program for participants. There will be lectures, tours, business meetings, entertainment, and good food.

The schedule and registration form were included in the last issue of WT, and early registration is still recommended. Send registration materials or direct questions about the symposium to the coordinator, Steve Linderer, Fort Larned NHS, RR 3, Larned KS 67550, phone (316) 285-6911. We hope to see you there.

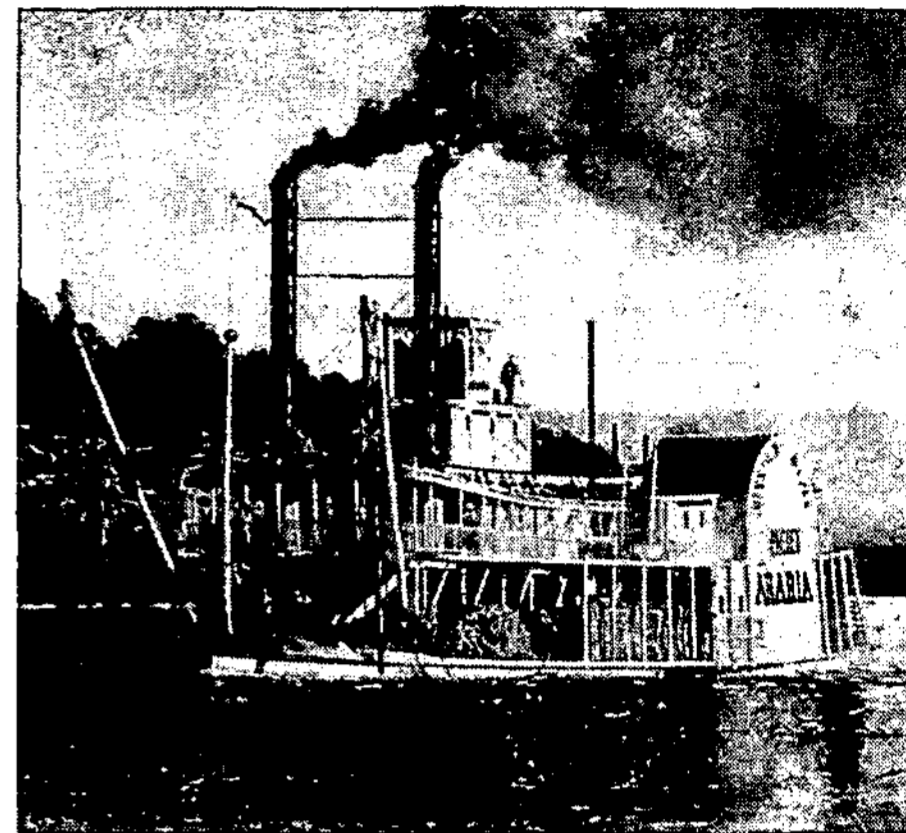
TOUR CANCELED

THE Smithsonian Santa Fe Trail tour scheduled for September 8-17, 1995, has been canceled because of insufficient enrollment. It may be offered again in 1996. Leo and Bonita Oliva will be leading a 175th anniversary tour of the Trail for SFTA during the summer of 1996, covering the historic routes between Franklin and Santa Fe.

HARRY MYERS LIVES ON!

HARRY Myers, superintendent of Fort Union National Monument and chairman of the SFTA 175th anniversary committee, suffered a heart attack on August 3. No major damage was found, and he is back at Fort Union doing many things for the SFTA. He will quit smoking, improve his diet, and take better care of himself.

Like most NPS bureaucrats, Harry is a tough bird. Some folks say they were surprised to learn he had a heart. Rumor has it that it took the hospital staff several hours to find his ticker, but the official word is that he does have one. Actually, as everyone who knows him can attest, Myers has a big heart. Knowing how important he is to the upcoming 175th anniversary celebration, Myers has no plans to check out until that is history. In fact, he expects to be around to celebrate the 200th anniversary, too. We all wish him the best.



STEAMBOAT ARABIA

by Sonle Liebler

(Sonle Liebler, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, is a historian associated with Kaw River Research. She worked on the Arabia project.)

THE 1850s are considered the Golden Age of the Santa Fe Trail and the Golden Age of the Missouri River steamboat trade. During this decade freight tonnage carried by the caravans to Santa Fe reached its highest level to date, as did the number of steamboats plying the lower Missouri River from St. Louis to Port of Kansas (Kansas City). The steam packet *Arabia* ran this stretch in 1855 and 1856 until it hit a snag and sank in Quindaro Bend, one and one-half miles below Parkville, MO. Excavated in 1988-1989, the side-wheeler's cargo and machinery can be seen in the Treasures of the Steamboat Arabia Museum, Kansas City, MO.

Although the *Western Engineer*, carrying the exploration company of Major Stephen M. Long, was the first to reach Council Bluffs in 1819, the first steamboat to ascend the upper Missouri for commercial purposes was the *Yellowstone* in 1833. William Becknell initiated trade with Santa Fe in 1821, leaving from Franklin, MO, where steamboats delivered commodities. Franklin served as the eastern terminus until the 1828 flood destroyed the town. Santa Fe traders by that time had found other points of departure, and over time such places as Blue Mills, Independence, Fort Leavenworth, and eventually Westport (mod-

(continued on page 7)

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

EVERYONE is invited to participate in the 1995 symposium at Larned and Great Bend, September 21-24. Steve Linderer and many volunteers have arranged an excellent program. This will also be an opportunity for members of the Association to take part in the business meetings and help to shape the future of your organization. There will be new officers and directors who want to hear what you envision for the SFTA and the Trail. Plan now to be there. I look forward to seeing you.

—Bill Pitts

NPS GOLD AWARDS TO FOWLER & CHALFANT

TWO SFTA board members and members of the SFNHT Advisory Council, Pauline Fowler of Independence, MO, and Bill Chalfant of Hutchinson, KS, were presented Santa Fe Trail Gold Awards by the National Park Service during the council meeting at Dodge City on May 11, 1995. Both have served on the council since it was formed in 1989.

NPS Southwest Regional Director Jerry Rogers stated that the gold award was recently established to recognize "individuals and organizations who have generously volunteered their time and energies to make invaluable contributions to the advancement of the national historic trail program." Congratulations to Polly and Bill.

DEATH ON THE TRAIL

(continued from page 1)

of September 12, 1828:

SANTA FE.

About 70 or 80 of our fellow-citizens, we learn, have arrived from a trading expedition to the Province of New-Mexico. We understand they have realized a handsome profit on their outfit. We regret to learn that Capt. Daniel Munro, one of our oldest and most respectable citizens, was killed by the Pawnee Indians, on his return home and also a son of Capt. Samuel C. McNees, of Franklin.

The story remained unchanged, that is, until Nicholas P. Hardeman published the history of the Hardeman family, *Wilderness Calling*, in 1977. Without fanfare he noted the names of the three men killed on the trail in 1828, Robert McNees, Daniel Munro, and John Means.² This was probably the first publication of McNees's given name, Robert. Hardeman's source for this was a letter from George Knox to his son Parker Knox, dated Collen Grove, Missouri, September 14, 1828.³ Knox owned a store in partnership with General Thomas A. Smith in Franklin.⁴ Smith & Knox sold Meredith Miles Marmaduke most of the goods he took to Santa Fe in 1824. By 1828 Knox, at least, was involved more directly in the trade and had an inter-

est in the returns of that year. He may have traveled the Trail at some time.

He wrote his son Parker that the caravan which left Santa Fe with Munro and McNees had 115 men in the company. Before they got to the "Simerone Spring" the Indians at different times had taken about 700 head of stock from them. But "still wors" George told his son, "Daniel Munroe & Robt. McNees" went in advance of the caravan to look for a good camping ground one evening. When they reached the creek, they turned out their mules and lay down to sleep, and "the indians came and kild them boath."

George Knox's letter, first used by Nicholas P. Hardeman, provides new knowledge about an oft-repeated story of the Santa Fe Trail. Both the name of Robert McNees and the circumstances under which he and Daniel Munro were killed are now added to the legend of the Trail and the history of a brave band of adventurers.

NOTES

1. Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), 18; Ted Anthony, "Munro of McNees Crossing," *Wagon Tracks*, 8 (Nov. 1993): 13.

2. Nicholas Perkins Hardeman, *Wilderness Calling: The Hardeman Family in the American Westward Movement, 1750-1900* (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1977), 113.

3. George Knox to Parker Knox, September 14, 1828, Parker-Russell Papers, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.

4. Advertisements for the firm of Smith & Knox appeared in the *Missouri Intelligencer*.

MORE ABOUT ELIZA

by Cheryl Foote

(SFTA member Foote is the author of *Women of the New Mexico Frontier*. She keeps turning up additional information about the elusive Eliza who traveled the Trail several times.)

ANOTHER piece of the Eliza St. Clair Sloan Mahoney puzzle has been found. Recently I gave a talk about women in New Mexico history and quoted Marc Simmons who branded Eliza a "trail junkie." A few days later I was contacted by Sally Aber of Albuquerque, who is Eliza's great-granddaughter, and the granddaughter of William Sloan (Eliza's son and Marion's brother). Sally was not yet acquainted with her famous great-aunt Marion and her *Land of Enchantment*, but she was intrigued by my mention of her great-grandmother.

In the family Bible Sally inherited, Eliza's date and place of death are given as November 30, 1905, in Hynes, California. Hynes was founded as a community in the Los Angeles area in 1898 and has since become part of

Paramount, CA. I am checking to see if there might be an obituary for Eliza.

Unfortunately, Sally does not know much else about Eliza but is now interested in her story and in the rest of the family. Relatives who might want to contact Sally Aber can write to her at 12913 Bryce Ave NE, Albuquerque NM 87112.

TRAIL BOOKS TO LOAN

THE Lyons Public Library, Lyons, KS, has a collection of Trail books, available through interlibrary loan. The library has received the third grant from the Kansas Library Network to purchase books on the Trail. Researchers may visit the library or to borrow these through their local library.

A list of books in the Trail collection, including several old and rare volumes, may be obtained by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Lyons Public Library, 217 East Ave South, Lyons KS 67554. Gerri Crane, library director, is always looking for additional titles for this collection and would appreciate suggestions.

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PRELIMINARY RESULTS OF ARCHEOLOGICAL INVESTIGATIONS AT FOUR SANTA FE TRAIL SITES IN OSAGE COUNTY, KANSAS

by Marsha Kling

(Marsha Kling is the Special Projects Archeologist, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.)

THE Archeology Office of the Kansas State Historical Society and the Kansas Anthropological Association (KAA) sponsored a five-day Kansas Archeology Training Program (KATP), April 6 to 10, 1995. Archeological investigations focused on four Santa Fe Trail sites in Osage county: McGee-Harris Stage Station, Havana Stage Station and townsite, Dagoon Creek crossing, and Soldier Creek crossing.

These sites were included among 20 Trail sites in Kansas for which National Register of Historic Places nomination forms were prepared in 1993. As part of the review of these nominations the Kansas State Historical Society recommended that archeological examinations were needed at several of the sites to determine whether subsurface deposits were present and to modify the proposed boundaries to include archeological remains. The work that was conducted as part of the KAPT was designed to address these questions at the four sites.

Field investigations conducted at the sites during the KATP included surface collection, metal detector surveys, subsurface testing, mapping of site features and Trail ruts, and piece-plotting of recovered cultural material. Volunteers were divided into teams to work on specific activities at the sites. The teams were led by members of the Archeology Office and by skilled KAA volunteers. A total of 159 individuals volunteered their time during the five-day period to work on these four sites. The volunteers included 30 school-age children, several members of the Santa Fe Trail Association and the Topeka Treasure Hunters Club, and many experienced members of the Kansas Anthropological Association. Volunteers came to the project from 33 Kansas counties and four other states (Iowa, Massachusetts, Minnesota, and Missouri). We would like to thank all of the volunteers who participated in the project.

The McGee-Harris Stage Station Historic District (14OS399) was the eastern-most of the four sites. This proposed district includes both the 110 Mile Creek crossing and campground, which was actively used by travelers from 1821 until circa 1866, and the McGee-Harris Stage Station which op-

erated from 1854 to ca. 1870. The ruins of two buildings are currently standing on the site.

The stream at this site was referred to as Oak Creek prior to 1825, when the George C. Sibley survey team renamed it 110 Mile Creek because it was 110 miles from Fort Osage where the survey began.¹ The 110 Mile Creek crossing was referred to in many of the journals and accounts kept by civilian and military travelers. It was an overnight camping site where water and timber were available. In November 1829 Major Bennet Riley and his military battalion, escorting a caravan captained by Charles Bent consisting of approximately 35 wagons and 70 men, camped at the crossing where they found sufficient grass, wood and water for their needs.² Josiah Gregg camped at the site on May 28, 1831, and included it on his list of places along the Trail.³ In September 1835 Colonel Henry Dodge's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains returned to Missouri by way of the Santa Fe Trail and crossed the 110 Mile Creek.⁴

The 110 Mile Creek was referred to as "Camp No. 5" by Susan Shelby Magoffin. She stayed at the site the night of June 12, 1846, while traveling with her husband, who was a Santa Fe trader, a trade caravan, and their military escort. Magoffin described the site: "The camping place tonight is near a creek, which at present is quite small. A thick woods is just before us which we must pass in the morning; some repairs must be done on it [the road] first, or we should have gone over tonight. Took a little walk this evening while they were fixing the tent, and picked some little pebbles which I shall take home as a specimen of my Prairie curiosities. . . . It is the life of a wandering princess, mine. . . ."⁵

The 110 Mile Creek crossing was a much used campground during the war with Mexico. In late June and early July of 1846 the crossing served as a campground for various units of Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny's Army of the West. The soldiers camped on both sides of the creek, and some of them celebrated the 4th of July there.⁶ One of the soldiers, Abraham Robinson Johnston, made this entry in his diary on July 5, 1846: "We camped on the right bank of 110, where we found Captain Angney's company of infantry and Hudson's company of Laclede

Rangers (an independent company from St. Louis intended to do duty with the dragoons, which, having left Fort Leavenworth when Colonel Doniphan did, took the lower ferry road by mistake, and thus we overtook them.) One of the baggage wagons of the artillery broke an axle today, which has to be mended before morning."⁷

By the early 1850s travelers along the Road to Santa Fe reported the presence of permanent residents at the 110 Mile Creek crossing. Dr. Wilson Hobbs, a Quaker missionary to the Shawnee Indians, indicated that Samuel Cornetzer, an Anglo laborer at the mission, married a Shawnee girl and built a house near the 110 Mile Creek crossing in 1850.⁸ Other travelers also mentioned the small settlement at the crossing consisting of three families of Shawnees and whites, including a man named Richardson. Journalist G. Harris Heap, stayed at the crossing on May 15, 1853, and described three families living in "a few log-houses situated, in a hollow, near a small stream shaded by cottonwoods."⁹

In August 1854 Fry P. McGee and his brother, Mobillon McGee, then residents of Westport, Missouri, purchased the claims at 110 Mile Creek crossing as a commercial venture. Fry McGee's wife, Martha, and three daughters settled with him at the site in July 1854.¹⁰ The McGee brothers were leaders of the proslavery element in that part of Kansas Territory. Fry McGee owned three slaves, a woman and child who helped in the house, and a young man who did various chores.¹¹ McGee's establishment was the polling place for the 7th district in the territorial election held November 29, 1854. A total of 607 votes were cast at the site, even though only 52 eligible voters resided in the district. This precinct was used by Horace Greeley as an example of voting fraud and the disregard for law and order displayed by the proslavery forces.¹²

The 1857 General Land Office Survey map showed the route of the Santa Fe Trail crossing 110 Mile Creek, "McGee's Field" southeast of the crossing, and a "Road from Ft. Riley to Hundred and Ten" intersecting the Trail a short distance east of the stream crossing. No structures were shown at the site on this map, probably due to the fact that the buildings

were located well away from the section and quarter section lines followed by the surveyor. In the same year the Kansas Territorial legislature passed "An Act to Declare the Santa Fe Road a Territorial Road," in which "McGee's on 110 Creek" was mentioned as a landmark along the route.¹³ An 1858 guide to the gold regions of Pike's Peak listed the items and services available at "110 Creek" as a "Mail station, coal, wood, water, grass, entertainment."¹⁴ Fry McGee was also the first postmaster of Richardson Post Office, which was established at the site on January 9, 1855. This post office was discontinued on September 29, 1874.¹⁵

Twice a month the mail coach to Santa Fe stopped at McGee's overnight. The stage typically carried from 12 to 14 passengers. They were fed and slept in McGee's house, which served as an inn for these passengers and other travelers. The house, which had four rooms, was located on the south side of the Trail. A combined kitchen/dining room ran the full length of the building on the south side, with a huge fireplace at each end. This room provided the sleeping accommodations for single men travelers. The north half of the building was divided into three rooms. One room was occupied by travelers with wives. McGee's daughters slept in another room, and the parents used the fourth room as a sitting room and bedroom.¹⁶

Today there are no standing ruins associated with McGee's house. The scatter of limestone and artifacts in the plowed field appear to be the remains of this house. A grid containing 49 squares, each measuring 20 x 20 m, was laid out over this area. Each grid square was subjected to surface collection and metal detector survey. In addition, one unit was excavated within the concentration. Quantities of small whiteware shards and fragments of both window and bottle glass were collected. A large number of handwrought and machine cut square nails were recovered from this concentration. The metal detection survey in this area also recovered escutcheon plates from door or trunk locks, a small wrench, a lead ball, and a variety of other metal items. No evidence of intact foundation was identified during the limited testing.

McGee built a toll bridge over 110 Mile Creek ca. 1854, and rebuilt it in 1860. The bridge abutments were constructed of log cribs filled with stone. Log stringers and split log flooring reportedly provided the surface of the bridge.¹⁷ Excavation across a portion of the west bridge abutment showed evidence of stone fill. The abutments indicated that the bridge was 14.7 feet

wide, spanned a gap of approximately 32 feet, and was raised nearly 10 feet above the bed of the stream. McGee charged a toll of 25 cents per wagon, sometimes collecting \$20 to \$30 per day.¹⁸ He operated the toll bridge until his death on September 19, 1861.¹⁹

Several log cabins (probably those originally occupied by the earlier Shawnee and white inhabitants), a blacksmith shop, and a store and tavern, were located on the north side of the Trail in the 1850s.²⁰ Two excavation units were completed in the vicinity of the low stonewall and foundation remains thought to be the blacksmith shop. The large quantities of iron objects and scrap which are typical of blacksmith sites were not recovered. Collectors who previously had worked this vicinity reported the recovery of large amounts of iron from the area (personal communications 1995). The initial result of the analysis of this feature are inconclusive.

The standing remains of a stone building, which presumably served as the store, post office, and tavern, were documented. This rectangular building, which measured approximately 14.5 feet x 48 feet, and a steeply sloped roof. It appears to have been aligned with the long axis parallel to the route of the Santa Fe Trail through the site. In December 1857 McGee's oldest daughter, America Puss McGee, married William D. Harris. They built a new frame residence and storehouse near McGee's in 1857.²¹ This new residence was located on the north side of the Trail, attached to the south side of the earlier stone store or tavern. Limestone foundations of the frame addition were located and examined in four excavation units. Much of the historical cultural material recovered from the vicinity of this building dated to the post-Trail occupation of the site. An 1854 Liberty Seated dime was recovered by the metal detector survey in the meadow a short distance northeast of this structure. The extent of wear on this coin suggests that it was lost at least several years after its mint date, but quite likely by a member of the McGee family or by a traveler on the Santa Fe Trail.

Harris also built a large stable and storehouse at the site, a portion of which is still standing. This rectangular building, which measured approximately 22 feet x 50.5 feet, was aligned perpendicular to the route of the Trail through the site, with the long axis extending roughly north to south. The wall in the southwest corner of this structure was much higher than the other remaining walls. Two excavation units were placed near this structure.

After McGee's death in 1861, William and America Harris continued operating the stage station until 1870. Following the decline of the Santa Fe Trail in that area the 1860s, the site no longer operated as a stage and mail station. Harris sold the property in 1872 and the site was subsequently operated by several owners as a working farm. The Harris' frame house was occupied as a farmhouse by several different families.²² The well-worn 1881 Indian Head Penny and the farm machinery parts, recovered during the metal detector survey near this structure and in the surrounding meadow, date to the post-Trail farm occupation of the site. In 1927 the frame portion of the house was torn down and the older stone portion was converted for use as a corn crib and the house yard was cultivated.

The Havana Stage Station (14OS1301) is located on the south side of K-31 approximately four miles west of Burlingame. No structures were present at this site in 1857 when the General Land office Survey was conducted. The first stage station was constructed at this location in 1858 when the adjacent townsite of Havana was founded. The ruins of this building are still standing. The station operated as a stop on the mail stage line offering meals and lodging until ca. 1869, when the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad arrived in nearby Burlingame.

Only limited historical background information was available on the town and stage station. A brief historical sketch of Havana was presented in the 1879 (Edwards Brothers) atlas: "The [Havana] City company was composed chiefly of Germans from Chicago and St. Louis. A large stone hotel was erected at this city, also a large stone distillery and a brewery were commenced on a grand scale. Some half-dozen small buildings were completed. About fifty German and French families settled in and around this place. The machinery for a mill was brought in, an extensive store was opened, and Teutonic industry made the country around blossom like a rose. Soon, however, the leading merchant failed, the members of the company quarreled with each other, and most of the settlers discovered that they were unaccustomed to the ways of rural life. Alas, there is not one of them left to chronicle its rise and downfall. The distillery is now Davis' grist mill, and hotel Dewitt's barn, and echo answers, Where? as to the rest of it. . . ."²³

A large distillery was in the process of being built on the bank of Soldier Creek when the town of Havana was

abandoned in the early 1870s. Many of the German residents moved to Alma, and the townsite property was sold for non-payment of taxes.²⁴ After the stage station and townsite were abandoned, the site was part of a farm. The remaining buildings were used for storage, a red barn was built to the east, and a granary was built to the south of the stone stage building. The old townsite lands were used for hog pens, pasture, and cultivation (personal communication).

By 1879 only three structures were shown in the area which had been Havana.²⁵ One building was indicated on the south side of what is now K-31, probably the stone building. Two structures were shown on the north side of this road, "School No. 8" and a residence, probably the large stone hotel built at Havana.

Archeological investigations conducted at this site included metal detection survey, excavation of three units, documentation of the standing ruins, and mapping of the site and piece-plotted artifacts. In addition to a large quantity of machine-cut square nails, farm machinery parts, and fragments of barbed wire, several more interesting pieces were recovered during the metal detection survey; a brass finial, a padlock, and a metal step possibly from a stage or buggy.

The stone stage building was a rectangular structure which, as originally built, was approximately 18 feet wide and consisted of a line of four interconnecting rooms. A single excavation unit was placed along the west side of this building to examine the foundations of the ruined portion of the structure.

A rubble mound, probably the remains of the large stage stable or barn, is located south of the stage station within a partial stonewall enclosure. A capped well with a pump is situated a short distance southwest of the mound. A single unit was laid out near the northeast corner of the mound. After excavating through considerable stone from the fallen walls, a large foundation stone with underlying footings and a possible drain feature were exposed in the west wall of this unit.

A third unit was excavated across the north wall of a small stone-lined depression, a possible small house or shed. This proved to be a cellar foundation, measuring approximately 11 x 16 feet. It is located northeast of the rubble mound.

Visitors to the site during the KATP event furnished information about modifications to the site. Most indicated that over the years large quanti-

ties of limestone have been removed from the site, resulting in the destruction of buildings and stonewalls. They also provided a number of differing interpretations of the history and layout of Havana, and of the location and function of specific buildings. Mr. Workman, who grew up in a large three-story stone house across the highway from the site that has since been demolished, suggested that this house had been the stage station or hotel. He referred to the stone ruins as a tavern, in which his family stored grain and hay. Mr. Workman and others indicated that the stonewalls to the south had formed a completely enclosed, rectangular stone corral. The mound inside the enclosure was referred to as having been a large stone barn, possibly the stage stable, that had stone arched openings at the east and west ends.

The Dragoon Creek crossing (14OS1303) is a rock bottom stream crossing located on the north side of K-31 west of Burlingame, a short distance east of Havana. In 1825 Benjamin Reeves, returning from Santa Fe in August with Sibley and the Santa Fe Road Commission, described what appears to be the Dragoon Creek crossing as having a bold current and a "good rocky ford."²⁶ Wilson Hobbs mentioned that in July 1852 he encountered "deep fording for ponies" at Dragoon Creek. He indicated that "the stream ran in a very narrow and deep channel, so that a small increase of water made fording difficult or impossible."²⁷ The 1858 *Guidebook to Gold Mines of Western Kansas* indicated that at Dragoon Creek "wood, water, and grass will be found on the west side of the creek, and south of the road."

The exact location of this crossing is disputed. The 1857 General Land Office Survey shows the Santa Fe Trail crossing Dragoon Creek just south of the center of section 7. The location identified as Dragoon Creek crossing by the National Park Service (1990) and the URBANA Group (1993) is on the western edge of the section near the section line road. This side, which is generally referred to as "Rocky Ford," has a solid rock bottom. It also has a very deep bank on the west side.

Both crossing locations and the Trail route leading to and from the crossings were briefly examined during the project. The fields to the south and west of Dragoon Creek were in the process of being burned off, making survey difficult. We were not able to determine which of the two suggested locations was the Dragoon Creek crossing of the Santa Fe Trail. It is possible that both

crossings were used during the sixty years that the Trail was actively used as a freight road. Additional investigations would also be required to determine whether a campground is present on either or both sides of this stream crossing.

Soldier Creek crossing (14OS1302) is located south of K-31, a short distance west of Havana, and a short distance southeast of the grave of Samuel Hunt. Hunt was a young dragoon in Col. Dodge's expedition to the Rocky Mountains who died of measles near this crossing on September 11, 1835.²⁹

This creek was variously referred to in early accounts. Benjamin Reeves mentioned the stream as "another fork of the Osage, 15 or 20 feet wide, in places high rocky banks, bold running current, good ford, thinly timbered, oak, elm, walnut, &c."³⁰ Sibley's notes of the survey expedition refer to this stream interchangeably as "Waggon Creek" and "Pat's Creek" because in 1825 Garrison Patrick had broken a wagon tongue while crossing the stream.³¹ Captain John C. Fremont probably meant Soldier Creek when he recorded on the 4th of July, 1845, that his expedition camped and celebrated on the hill beyond a small creek which he referred to as "Independence Creek" in honor of the day.³² The earliest reference found to the stream as Soldier Creek was made by trader F. X. Aubry in August of 1847 when reporting that he had met "Noland, Harrison, Herrald and Oldham of Independence, with 12 wagons of provisions" at "Soldier creek."³³

The 1857 General Land Office Survey shows the Santa Fe Road crossing Soldier Creek just northwest of the center of section 14. Ruts in the pasture on the east side of the crossing provide evidence of the wagon traffic along this portion of the Santa Fe Trail. The creek banks at this crossing site are relatively low and the bed of the stream is covered with loose limestone slabs and gravels.

Metal detector survey was conducted on the east side of the creek in the wooded area near a short segment of stone wall and in a small portion of the pasture where the Trail ruts are visible. A number of pieces of relatively modern field machinery and trash were recovered. The major find at this site which could be attributed to the period of the Santa Fe Trail consisted of as 1823 silver Liberty dime of the "Capped Bust" type. The "3" in the date had been struck over a "2" in a coin minted the previous year. A single .64 caliber lead ball and several bolts and nails, possibly used on freight wagons,

were also recovered during the metal detector survey at the Soldier Creek crossing.

In conclusion the archeological investigation conducted during the five-day KATP event in Osage County contributed to the body of data available about these four Santa Fe Trail sites. The fieldwork at the 110 Mile Creek crossing and McGee- Harris Stage Station sites helped to determine the location of McGee's house, document the construction of the toll bridge, and define the boundaries of this important Trail site. Further analysis of patterning in the distribution of the piece-plotted artifacts located during the metal detector survey may help in locating the log cabins that were present on the side when the McGees arrived. The KATP investigations at the Havana Stage Station and townsite provided important documentation. We now know that even though post-Trail period activities at the site have resulted in the demolition of most of the structures and removal of quantities of building stone, intact subsurface foundations and other remains are present. Further documentary research and fieldwork at this site might allow the location of the additional buildings mentioned in the histories and features such as trash pits or privies associated with the stage station occupation. While the limited investigations of the Dragoon Creek crossing vicinity could not settle the dispute over the location of this crossing, it did result in the identification and recording of the late- nineteenth-century McCoy Farmstead site. The limited fieldwork conducted at the Soldier Creek crossing provided evidence of Santa Fe Trail period artifacts, suggesting that a more intensive survey of this crossing might result in establishing the locations of campgrounds and better defining the site's boundaries.

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142 MILE CREEK DAR MARKER REDEDICATED

by Helen M. Ericson

(Ericson, Emporia, KS, is secretary of the Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter, SFTA, and an avid Trail enthusiast.)

THE DAR Trail marker at the site of Old Allen on 142 Mile Creek in the north part of Lyon County, KS, was rededicated May 17, 1995, by Mrs. Vincent Traffas, state regent, and the Old Trails Chapter of the DAR. Also attending were members of the board of the Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter, SFTA, led by President Don Cress.



DAR marker at 142 Mile Creek, rededicated May 17, 1995, l to r: Helen M. Ericson, Don Cress, and Mrs. Vincent Traffas. (Photo by Joleen Day.)

Don Schlessler related the history of Old Allen, pointing out where Charles Withington had his toll bridge, smithy, and trading post. He also identified the locations of homes at the old townsite that were moved into New Allen when the railroad came through in 1881. There remains, on a hill, a cemetery of mostly unmarked graves.

The DAR marker was originally 1/8-mile west of the present location, but it had fallen into a ditch and Mr. Schlessler had retrieved it in 1976. Since then it had lain inside a fence just west of 142 Mile Creek. It is now located directly on the Trail, 2 1/2 miles north of Allen on County Road L then 1 1/2 miles east. Harry Veatch constructed a round base of limestone gathered by Oliver Samuel, and Buster Wheat donated land adjacent to the road for the new location.

Prior to the rededication ceremony, the DAR chapter toured all markers under their jurisdiction from Lost Springs to 142 Mile Creek, evaluating those needing resetting or base repairs. This project will be completed by September 1996. The Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter is erecting interpretive signs at DAR markers and other important Trail sites. Signs are already up at ruts five miles west of Council Grove and at the Seth Hays Stone Barn one mile east of Council Grove. One is being prepared for erection at 142 Mile Creek crossing.

STEAMBOAT ARABIA

(continued from page 1)

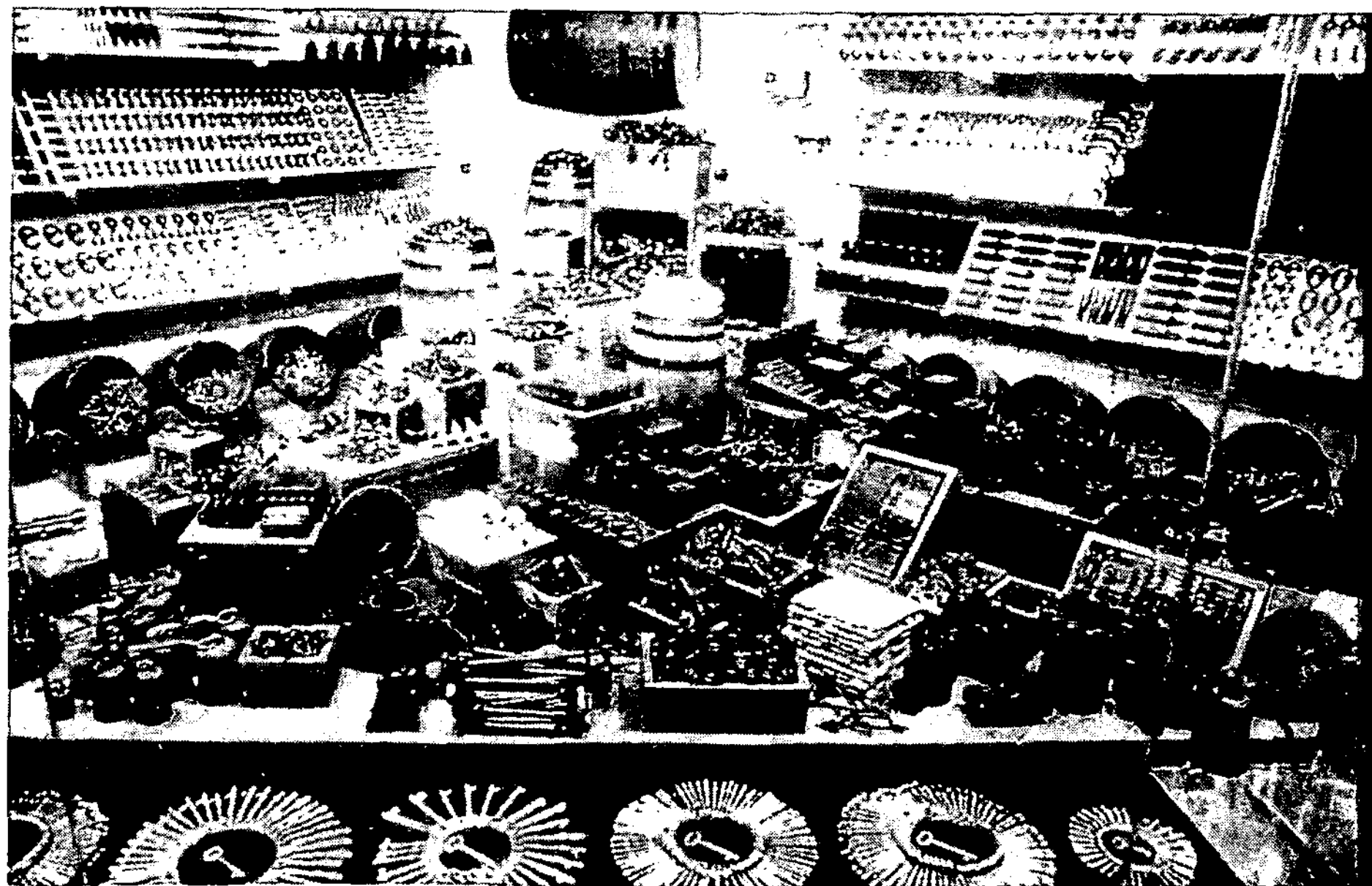
ern Kansas City) shared in the trade.

During the 1840s steamboat technology improved and settled on the packet, a sidewheeler driven by two powerful steam engines, designed to carry the maximum number of passengers and tonnage of freight. "Loaded flat," with the main deck only inches above the water, a packet could realize its cost of construction in one trip. There were no Coast Guard regulations in those days, so every inch of space was packed to capacity. A 171-foot steamer, such as the *Arabia*, would carry well over 200 tons of cargo and over 100 passengers, with 50-plus crew members, for a jam-packed trip "loaded flat."

Most westward-bound emigrants from the eastern U.S. funneled into the entrepot, St. Louis. After 1831, the majority continued up the river to Independence—the principal outfitting and jumping-off point for the Santa Fe and Oregon trails—a 427-river-mile trip of usually five to seven days. The "Big Muddy" or "Ole Missury," as the Missouri was often called, generally could be navigated from March to November. Outfitters and forwarding and commission merchants laid in supplies, gear, and merchandise shipped in from the East during the fall months, so as to be ready for the spring rush.

During the 1850s Westport Landing (Port of Kansas) replaced Independence as the predominant eastern terminus of the Santa Fe Trail. As more powerful steamboats pushed higher up the river, the levees of Fort Leavenworth also sprouted warehouses filled with Trail goods, both imports and exports. Steamboat entrepreneurs hustled for the lucrative outfitter's business. According to the *Kansas City Times*, May 30, 1897, river traffic to the Port was heaviest in the years 1856-1858 because of the Santa Fe trade. For instance, 125 steamboats delivered over 75 million pounds of merchandise during the navigation season of 1857.

As Trail traffic grew military posts were built to protect the wagon trains, and the forts had to be supplied, adding considerably to the amount of freight shipped westward. The majority of Missouri River boats held government contracts to transport commissary supplies, quartermaster equipment, ordnance stores, mules, and other necessities to Fort Leavenworth, thence, to wagon trains for the Trail. In March 1855 Majors and Russell signed a two-year government con-



Building hardware is artfully displayed, including locks and keys, weight scales, kegs of nails, windowpanes, and numerous other items, in the Arabia Steamboat Museum. (Photo by David Hawley.)

tract that gave them a virtual monopoly of Army freighting west of the Missouri River. Alexander Majors, as did the Glasgows, well-known Santa Fe Trail merchants, either owned shares in a fleet of steamboats or had one built specifically for the trade.

Aficionados of the Santa Fe Trail often concentrate on the means of travel and trade on the land road, but the river route played a major role in that commerce. Water travel was faster and cheaper than by land, and commodities were shipped up and down the river between St. Louis and Kansas City.

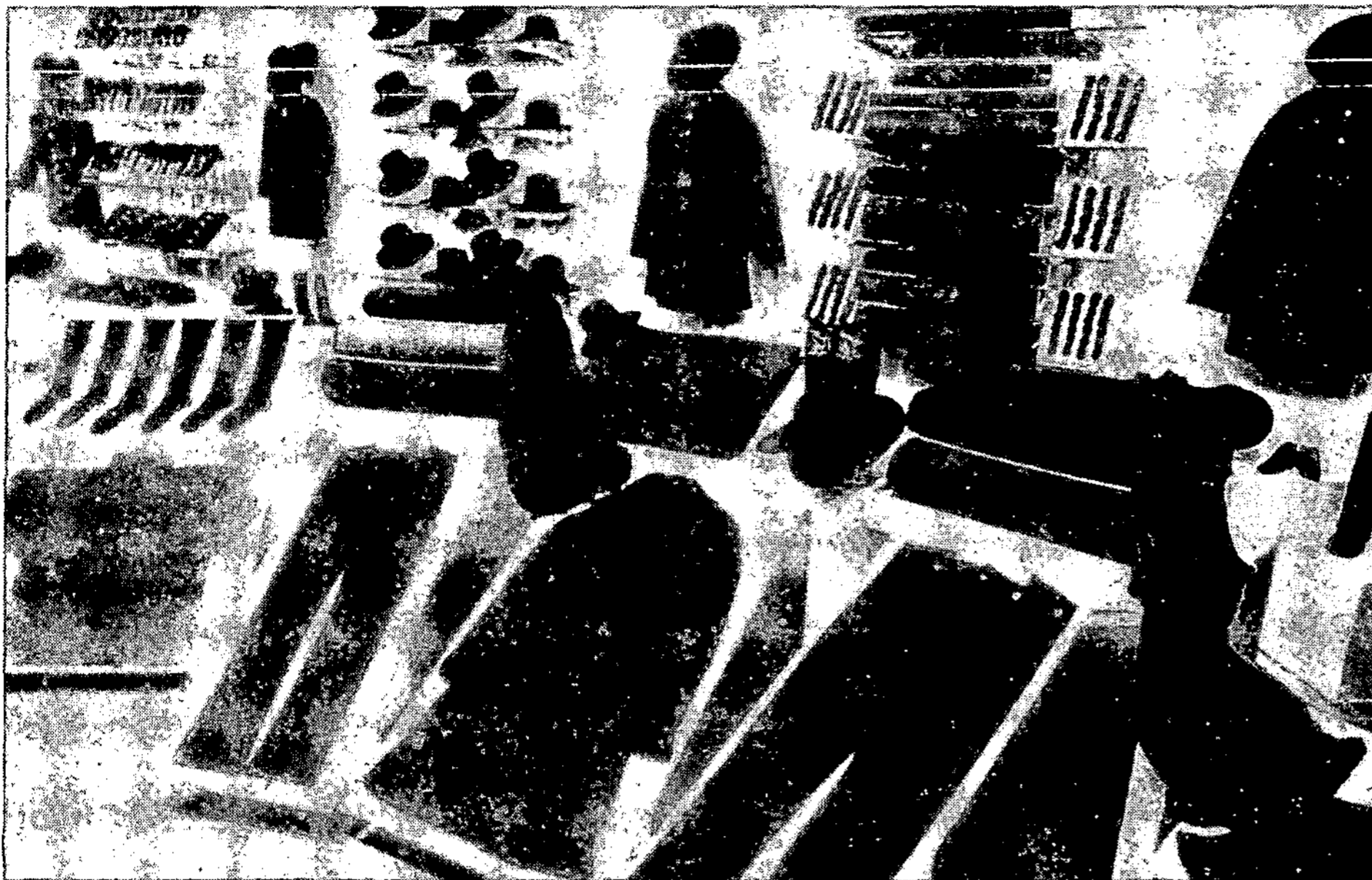
Approximately 700 steamboats navigated the Missouri River after 1819. Of those 700, over 300 wrecks were strewn up and down the riverbed and in cornfields from St. Louis to South Dakota. Over 30 were clustered around the Kansas City area.

The *Arabia* was one of those, and it was engaged in the commerce of the West although no actual records have been found to prove that it specifically was contracted to Santa Fe Trail outfitters. In all probability, however, the *Arabia* handled freight both upriver and downriver that was part of that enterprise and carried passengers who traveled on the Trail. This particular side-wheeler's importance is that, although it sank in 1856, it was excavated, salvaged, and is displayed in a museum where one can view a microcosm of the frontier material culture of the 1850s. The cargo was typical of what was carried on the Santa Fe Trail. It is fitting, too, that the museum is

located two blocks from the old Kansas-Westport Landing.

Built in 1853, on the banks of the Monongahela River at Brownsville, Pennsylvania, the hull of the *Arabia* was 171 feet long, 29 feet wide, with a 434-foot-deep hold. The cargo capacity was listed at 222 tons. The sidewheeler ran on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers until purchased in February 1855, for \$20,000, by Captain J. S. Shaw of St. Charles, MO. With government contract in hand, Captain Shaw directed the transport of army personnel and supplies from St. Louis to Fort Leavenworth, part of which the steamer carried on upriver to Fort Pierre (near present-day Pierre, SD) in July of that year.

Shaw sold three-fourths interest to Captain J. William Terrill and George W. Boyd, of St. Louis, in the spring of 1856. In May, the *Arabia* became embroiled in the "uncivil war" raging between Missouri and Kansas. The New England Emigrant Aid Society, anonymously, had shipped 100 Sharps rifles in boxes marked "Tools" bound for partisans in Lawrence, K. T. Border Ruffians had been tipped off and, at Lexington the proslavery hotbed of Missouri, forcibly removed the guns, only to find out that the farsighted shippers had removed the breechlocks. After this much-publicized incident, the *Arabia* gained the reputation of a gun-runner. That, along with the information that the boat was carrying over 400 barrels of Kentucky bourbon whiskey on her fatal trip, contributed to five salvage attempts over a 133-



Thousands of clothing items survived in the buried hull of the *Arabia*, including 4,000 boots and shoes, 300 hats, dozens of coats, socks, and nearly 100 bolts of silk and wool material. (Photo by David Hawley.)

year period, after it sunk six months later.

In the *St. Louis Missouri Republican*, April 1, 1856, a ballyhoo announced the first trip of the season: "The good and staunch steamer *Arabia*, Captain Terrill on deck and Mr. Boyd in the office will leave for St. Joseph this morning at 10 o'clock. The *Arabia* has excellent accommodations for passengers and the officers are the right sort of men. Go aboard the *Arabia* and be at home." There is no record of how many round-trips the side-wheeler made during the six months before she sank, however, depending on the river levels, turn-around trips occurred as soon as the steamer was reloaded and passengers were aboard.

On September 5, 1856, after off-loading cargo and some passengers at the Port of Kansas, the "Great White" *Arabia*, as it was called, with 130 passengers on board, headed upriver late in the afternoon, bound for Council Bluffs. At the supper hour the steamer ran head-on into a walnut sawyer (a snag that was hidden just under the waterline) and sank within ten minutes. There was no loss of human life. During the excavation a skeleton of a mule with saddle, bridle, and saddle roll still attached was found. The reins were still tied to a lumber mill on deck. Christened "Lawrence of the *Arabia*," this victim is featured in a recently-opened exhibit.

The Missouri River is noted for its fast current, tortuous channels, underwater hazards, mud content, and rapid bank erosion. A steamboat

wreck could be covered with sand within 24 hours, leaving a small window to save cargo, personal belongings, and equipment on board. If possible the owner could recoup some of the loss by salvaging the machinery and recycling it on a new riverboat.

After the initial salvage attempt, which netted only the starboard engine, the remains of the *Arabia* were covered by tons of sand. The ever-changing river channel eventually moved one-half mile north of its final resting place during the 133-year period.

The search, excavation, and salvage of the *Arabia* by River Salvage, Inc., is ably told by co-owner David Hawley in *The Treasures of the Steamboat Arabia*. Since space does not permit delving into the fascinating mechanics and ingenuity of the actual excavation and recovery, Hawley's book is highly recommended, as is a visit to the *Arabia* Museum in Kansas City.

After finding the steamer under a soybean field on the Norman Sorter farm in 1987, excavation began Nov. 7, 1988, after the bean harvest. Since the water table was only 10 feet below the surface, pumping was the essential process for the success of the operation. Twenty wells were drilled to 65 feet around the side-wheeler's outline. The pumps ran continuously around the clock, and the water was drained off by a plastic-lined ditch, dubbed the "Arabia Canal" to the river one-half mile away. The excavation grew to the size of a football field.

On November 26, at a depth of 45

feet, the first welcome glimpse was the *Arabia*'s 50-foot-long wooden beams of the paddle wheel. On Nov. 30 a Good-year rubber shoe, patented in 1849, was uncovered, the first of tons of artifacts now regarded as the treasures of the steamer. Gold, Sharps rifles, and whiskey barrels were not found, but over 200 tons of cargo, the majority well preserved in blue clay, will provide years of conservation effort and study to add to our knowledge of the 1850s frontier life and economy.

To this steamboat historian, the excitement of the chance to stand on the *Arabia*'s main deck and peer into the fireboxes, measure the "doctor" which pumped the river water into the boilers, and help to uncover boxes that held tools, pickles, pie fillings, with labels still readable, is beyond description. I have a finer regard and awe of what it took to navigate the water and land highways to the West. Of great value is the fact that the boilers, engine, doctor, pumps, blacksmithy, and other equipment were on board and now reside in the museum for further study—the only such collection of Western riverboat steam equipment of that era in the United States.

The engine has been restored and drives a replica paddle-wheel that gently splashes in a pool in front of a diorama of the levee and town of Kansas. The members of River Salvage, Inc., knew the "treasure trove" and story of the "Great White" *Arabia* should be shared with us all.

Three years to the day after the excavation began, on November 13, 1991, the *Arabia* Steamboat Museum was opened to the public. The long sought-after riverboat that carried "everything from pickles to people" thus lives on. Over half a million visitors have toured the 30,000 square-foot museum, with over 150,000 more expected during 1995.

You will marvel over the priceless collections of finery, ironstone gold-rimmed china, gold-plated dinner ware, perfumes, Wedgewood pitchers and wash basins, and tools and hardware. You may muse over the artwork and styles of exhibits on 1850s steamboating, watch the actual cleaning of artifacts, and talk to the conservators in the preservation lab.

You are invited to "come aboard the *Arabia* and feel at home!" Visitors cross a gangplank onto the mock-up of the steamer's main deck with machinery in place. Members of River Salvage, Inc., are often on the deck to talk about their adventures and the time capsule of 1850s commerce and travel. See it for yourself and puzzle the blending of river and Trail commerce.

Santa Fe Trail buffs can debate what items of the cargo might have been stuffed in a wagon purchased at an outfitter's store. One finds, too, that travel by steamboat on an ever-changing river was as perilous as the hardships and dangers on the Trail.

The overland and river trails provided the bulk of commerce and emigration West and contributed greatly to the economic development of the Missouri River Valley and the Far West. Steamboats such as the *Arabia* carried cargo upriver to be transferred to freighters and on the return downriver carried exotic exports from Mexico to St. Louis.

The Treasures of the Steamboat Arabia Museum is located at 400 Grand Ave, Kansas City MO 64106. Take Walnut or Grand exits off I-70 to the River Market. Hours: Monday-Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. and Sunday, noon to 6:00 p.m. The museum is closed New Years Day, Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. Admission (subject to change): Adults \$5.50, Seniors (60 and older) \$5.00, Children 4-12 \$3.75; Children 3 and under free. Group and school tour rates are available. For information call (816) 471-4131; for group reservations call (816) 471-1856. To order *Treasures of the Steamboat Arabia* by David Hawley, send check for \$23.50, includes tax and shipping, to the museum address above.

TRAIL DAYS HOUSE IN COUNCIL GROVE

WITH its foundation laid in Kansas Territory in 1860, a stone house in Council Grove was built alongside the Santa Fe Trail as Kansas became the thirty-fourth state in 1861. It was described in 1863 as the last house the freighters passed going west from Council Grove.

Recent research confirms that this house is one of the three oldest houses remaining beside the Trail in Kansas. An important Council Grove stonemason, Philip Morse, constructed the house for the owners, Abraham and Mary Rawlinson, and later sued them for nonpayment. The lawsuit was interrupted when Morse and some of the men of the Rawlinson household were called to serve in the Civil War.

With their home on the edge of the frontier, the Rawlinsons witnessed freight wagons loaded with goods rolling by their front door, heading to or from Santa Fe. Their house was a welcome sight to the eastbound freighters, as it signaled a return to "civilization." Mary Rawlinson deeded the stone home to William Riley Terwilliger

in December 1870. Terwilliger was a cattle dealer and may have traded with the Indians.

The 1873 Council Grove Bird's Eye View map shows an addition on the south side of the house. Probably Terwilliger added this shortly after he acquired the structure. After the addition, the house consisted of four levels. There was a "club" room in the basement with many doors, a second floor which seemed to be the living quarters, and an upstairs on two levels with four bedrooms. At one time the house had walnut woodwork and leaded stained-glass windows. It was a house of porches with at least one porch on each side.

The Historic Preservation Corporation was recently created to provide a nonprofit organization to preserve and restore the "Trail Days House" at 803 West Main Street in Council Grove, Kansas. The corporation is seeking financial assistance in the form of lump sum donations, monthly support, estates, or persons willing to contribute time and efforts for fund-raising projects. Plans are to use the restored house for historic purposes. To make a contribution or for further information, contact Historic Preservation Corp., Kenneth W. McClintock, 130 West Main St, Council Grove KS 66846 or phone (316) 767-5688 or 767-5311.

175th PLANNING MEETING

THE New Mexico Department of Tourism and New Mexico Highlands University will conduct a special town meeting on planning for the 175th anniversary of the opening of the Santa Fe Trail, at Las Vegas, NM, October 5, 1995, 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. This meeting is designed for tourism organizations, chapters, Trail communities, and other interested people. Discount room rates are available. For further information, contact the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce at 1-800-832-5947.

QUILT CONTEST FOR 175th

THE Heart of the Flint Hills Chapters of SFTA and the Emporia Regional Quilters Guild are sponsoring a Wall Quilt Contest to celebrate the 175th anniversary of the opening of the Santa Fe trade route. The three top entries will share \$300 in prize money, and a total of 40 entries will be displayed in the Kaw Mission Museum at Council Grove from May 26 to July 7, 1996. A brochure with entry blank, size requirements, and times of creation will be available September 1, 1995, from Contest/ERQG, PO Box 663, Emporia KS 66801.

POST OFFICE OAK

—LETTERS—

Editor:

My wife and I (ages 78 and 85) and our daughter from Montana recently enjoyed a five-day tour along the Trail, visiting sites from Lyons, KS, to Fort Union, NM. Some of the highlights were Pawnee Rock, Santa Fe Trail Center, Fort Dodge, Bentrup Ruts, Wagonbed Spring, Cimarron National Grassland, Boise City area, Clayton complex, and Springer.

We are truly grateful to have been able to make this tour and recommend Trail travel highly to everyone interested in the historic road. Our daughter prepared a photo album of the trip, and we show it to relatives and friends with the hope of stimulating more interest in the Trail. We encourage SFTA members to travel the route and imagine what life was like 150 years ago.

Walter Kretzmann
908 Terran Ave
Lyons KS 67554

Editor:

I am sorry to inform you that my husband, Ed Dart, passed away last December. We have enjoyed the newsletters. He always wanted to make a trip on the Santa Fe Trail. His great-grandfather, Eri Snowden, Sr., was killed while riding shotgun on the stagecoach from Dodge City, Kansas, to La Junta, Colorado. The family does not know where he was buried. They were ambushed and he never had a chance to draw either of his pistols. My husband had one of the pistols and his brother, deceased in 1961, left the other to his wife. Ed wanted to search for the grave or a record of his burial along the Trail. By the time he was free to do so, however, his health began to fail and it was not possible. I would like to know if anyone has information about the death and burial of Eri Snowden. Thank you.

Dorothy C. Dart
2516 Pinebluff Dr
Dallas TX 75228

PICTORIAL CANCELLATIONS

CHAPTERS and communities planning special events to commemorate the 175th anniversary are encouraged to arrange for a U.S. Postal Service pictorial cancellation as part of the activity. The Postal Service encourages this, and it is a good method of promoting the event and the Trail. The arrangements are fairly simple and must be made with the local postmaster well in advance of the scheduled function. A special cancellation design, with an illustration and date(s), is required.

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

by Jane Mallinson

(This is the last in a series on Truman's letters to his wife about the selection of Madonna sites in the Trail states, with additional information about the decision for the statue in New Mexico. Parts I and II considered the sites chosen in Missouri, Kansas, and Colorado. Thanks to Jane Mallinson for compiling this series.)

HARRY Truman and Mrs. John Moss found fierce competition for the location of the DAR Madonna of the Trail Statues in most of the 12 states from coast to coast designated to receive the monuments. Some communities along the routes of the old trails worked hard to influence the process, as Truman reported to his wife in the correspondence.

For example, he wrote to Bess as follows from Cumberland, Maryland, on April 18, 1928: "We tried to settle the location for PA. We went on to Uniontown to a Rotary Club meeting after which we met the President of the Chamber of Commerce and Manager of the Motor Club and found out that Washington and Uniontown are at swords points because the former got the Monument. They have even brought in the Governor and State Art Commission. . . . The local DAR in both States are at odds with Mrs. Moss and with each other."

The selection process in New Mexico was even more spirited, and the outcome was determined, at least in part, because of vociferous opposition to the statue in Santa Fe. At first, as Truman explained to his wife in a letter from Albuquerque on October 3, 1927, both Albuquerque and Santa Fe sought the monument: "The State Conference of the DAR for New Mexico is being held today. They invited Davis and I to their reception this evening and I had to make a speech. Then they had refreshments. An old lady by the name of Joyce got hold of me and told me her home had been Pleasant Hill some twenty years ago and wanted me to recollect a lot of people who had been dead before I was born. After she got done with me the Albuquerque delegation backed me into a corner and tried to force me to promise to vote for this town for the monument. Then a Santa Fe outfit did the same way and then Albuquerque started all over. Santa Fe followed us to the hotel and wouldn't let us loose and I am writing you at 1 AM. out here. I've got to get up at 6:30, meet Mrs. Moss at 7:30 and at 9 AM hold another court to hear this town

then drive to Santa Fe 66 miles, hear Santa Fe and come to a decision. . . ."

At Santa Fe, after viewing possible sites for the statue, the committee met at the La Fonda Hotel for further discussion of the location of the New Mexico Madonna. There Santa Fe Chamber of Commerce Secretary J. D. DeHuff presented a list of reasons why Santa Fe was the logical place. Mrs. Francis Wilson, Santa Fe resident and former regent of the New Mexico DAR, also spoke in favor of her town. A Mr. Kloch from Albuquerque protested, stating that his town was the best choice. Then voices of opposition were raised by two citizens of Santa Fe, artist Frank Applegate and writer Mary Austin.

As DeHuff later explained in the October 14, 1927, *Santa Fe New Mexican*, "It had never once occurred to me, and I feel sure that it had never occurred to Mrs. Wilson or any other supporter of Santa Fe's claim, that any one living here would, or could object to the location of the monument in Santa Fe." Thus he was surprised when "Mr. Applegate soon got up and began with an uncomplimentary reference to the Santa Fe chamber of commerce, stating that this was another case of where the chamber of commerce was attempting to put something over on the Santa Fe public without letting the public know anything about it. Mrs. Wilson interrupted him immediately. . . . Mr. Applegate then made a statement to the effect that he had canvassed all the artists and writers in Santa Fe and that none of them wanted this monument here, that it was not artistic, and Santa Fe did not want something unloaded on it that it didn't want. Mrs. Austin made a few remarks the tenor of which was that the so-called Pioneer Woman monument did not represent the real pioneers of this region at all, that the real pioneers were the Spanish people and that they had not been consulted and were not represented at all."

Mary Austin later explained her position in the *Santa Fe New Mexican*, October 18, 1927, noting that she was suspicious "when I asked what artists had seen and approved the monument. I was informed that 'you will have to rely upon us for that.' Now in matters of art that do not come within my own profession, I am not accustomed to rely upon the judgment of any but experts."

She continued, "Had I known noth-

ing else of the matter, this answer alone would have been enough to make me oppose the acceptance of the monument. When a picture of the monument was shown me, I felt that I would have no right to let Santa Fe in for anything in the way of art so atrocious. No only is the monument indifferent art, but as a descendant of a long line of Pioneer Mothers myself, I felt that the monument did not represent them truly. . . . Moreover, . . . the Pioneers of New Mexico are not the Pioneers of the D.A.R. . . . I considered it profoundly discourteous for the D.A.R. to think of setting up one of their monuments in the city of Santa Fe without the widely expressed approbation of the New Mexican pioneers." Austin also made it clear that she objected to the "rude interruption of the D.A.R. official who presided [Mrs. Moss]." According to DeHuff, "Mrs. Moss was infuriated."

Frank Applegate also explained his position in the October 19, 1927, *Santa Fe New Mexican*. He stated that when he was asked to attend the meeting and speak, "I replied that I would be willing to give ten dollars toward a fund to keep the statue away from Santa Fe and that if the statue was wanted here I had better not be asked to the meeting. Thus I gave fair warning." According to his recollection, Applegate listened to the statements made in favor of Santa Fe at that meeting and spoke out when it "seemed from the tenor of the meeting that Santa Fe was about to be handed the statue."

He continued, "Now it is an old saying that one must not look a gift horse in the mouth, but I had seen some cuts of this statue and was adversely impressed by it and raised the question of whether Santa Fe, as a whole, wanted the statue unloaded on it in this manner, that the Old Santa Fe association, to my knowledge, had not been consulted and that I had spoken to a number of artists and writers and that none of them cared for the statue. I said further that if a single artist in Santa Fe was found who approved of the statue I would withdraw all further protest. Mrs. Moss interrupted me at this point and said artists had nothing to do with this statue, that it was between the D.A.R. and the chamber of commerce."

Applegate also recalled that Mary Austin, "in a manner to which no one could possibly take exception, ques-

tioned the propriety of placing a monument of this subject in Santa Fe on the ground that Santa Fe was an old Spanish pioneer town, and also that the descendants of these pioneers had not been consulted in this matter." Applegate further clarified his own position, stating that "I had no quarrel with the D.A.R. but what I did object to was the inartistic quality of this particular statue. I said I did not consider it a work of art." At this point, as he remembered, "Mrs. Moss lost her temper . . . and said I was excused from the meeting. I thanked her very kindly in my most suave and courteous manner and departed bearing no rancor whatsoever. Up until my last remark Mrs. Moss seemed intent on the statue's coming to Santa Fe, but her anger overcoming her she tossed it to Albuquerque."

As DeHuff explained, Mrs. Moss requested that everyone except the committee leave the room. Then the committee, in executive session, voted five to two to place the New Mexico statue at Albuquerque. DeHuff and Mrs. Wilson were the two who voted for Santa Fe.

In addition to the published statements of DeHuff, Austin, and Applegate, the *Santa Fe New Mexican* printed a statement by Santa Fe Chamber of Commerce President McConvery, defending the chamber's support of Santa Fe for the monument, and two editorials. The editorial on October 14 was titled "That Statue," and the other on October 18 was "Let Us Forget It." The editor asked for an advisory board of the best qualified people to work with the city council on city beautification in general.

The artists of Santa Fe did not forget it, if one can believe the following story from *Tierra Dulce: Reminiscences from the Jesse Nusbaum Papers* published by Sun Stone Press (p. 59): "The day came for the sculpture to appear and indeed that afternoon the Pioneer Mother arrived at the corner of Shelby and San Francisco Streets on the Plaza by truck, all swathed in wrappings and accompanied by three men — one, a short fellow named Harry Truman, then working for the Penderghast bosses of Kansas City, and soon to become Vice President of these United States under Franklin Roosevelt. As the truck came to a stop, the Santa Fe group there to meet it immediately expressed refusal and loudly ordered the truck to move on. Someone shouted that life was not lived merely consisting of breathing but in acting and the controversy raged loud and heated, as the Pioneer Mother was unwrapped by the equally determined men on the

truck.

"When an attempt was made to move the sculpture, Mary Austin, known to all of us as a lady of stature, stepped forward and with no offense to modesty began to kick Harry Truman in the shins. The Pioneer Mother never left the truck. She was hastily rewrapped and taken to grace the little park on Fourth street in Albuquerque."

This account has no basis in fact, but it may represent the strong opposition of some Santa Fe artists to the Madonna. The committee had selected Albuquerque as the site and it seems doubtful that the five-ton statue with its twelve-ton base was mistakenly delivered to the wrong city. Moreover, Harry Truman was presiding judge of the Jackson County Court at that time and Jackson County Court files do not indicate his absence. There is no record in the archives of the Truman Library in Independence, MO, that Truman again went to New Mexico about the Madonna. He was not even present at the dedication of the New Mexico Madonna, although he was listed on the program. Frank Davis, secretary of the National Old Trails Road Association, represented Judge Truman and gave the address when the statue was placed at McClellan Park at the corner of Fourth Street and Marble Avenue NW near downtown Albuquerque.

According to the *Albuquerque Journal* the band opened the program with the Star Spangled Banner. Mrs. John Trigg Moss was on the program as was Albuquerque Mayor Clyde Tingley. The monument was unveiled by Mrs. George K. Angle and Mrs. Ada M. Bittner. When the statue was unveiled, spectators saw inscribed on its north face: "Into the primitive West, Face upswung toward the sun, Bravely she came, Her children beside her, Here she made a home, Beautiful pioneer mother," and on its south face: "To the pioneer mother of American, Through whose courage and sacrifice, The desert has blossomed, The camp became a home, The blazed trail the thoroughfare."

It should be noted, in conclusion, that the New Mexico Madonna is about to be a homeless woman. McClellan Park is scheduled to become the site of a new federal courthouse. Undoubtedly a suitable place will be found for her.

Although Harry Truman and his letters to his wife provided the focal point for this series on the selection of sites for the Madonna statues in four Trail states, recognition should also be given to Mrs. John Trigg Moss of St. Louis. She served many years at the

highest levels in the National DAR and helped with the design of the Madonna that August Leimbach, sculptor, offered to the NOTR Association. The original scale model of the Madonna is in the National DAR Museum in Washington, D.C. Mrs. Moss conceived the idea of erecting monuments as memorials to the pioneer women of covered wagon days. She was a teacher of the deaf before her marriage. She and Mr. Moss had two sons, John, Jr., and Harry Nichols. She served as Missouri State DAR Regent in 1917 and was a member of Cornelia Green Chapter DAR. Without her efforts there may never have been 12 Madonna statues along the overland route from coast to coast.

SIX MILE CREEK STAGE STATION PLACED ON THE NATIONAL REGISTER

by Bonnie Sill

(Bonnie Sill is an active member of SFTA and the Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter. This stage station site is located on her property.)

IN June 1995 Six Mile Creek Stage Station on the Santa Fe Trail was placed on the National Register of Historic Places. It is located ½ mile west and 2 ½ miles north of Burdick, KS, or 4 ¼ miles south of Highway 56 in Morris County, KS.

M. Cotrill and Company operated stages through the station and its stagecoach line was known by several names: Kansas Santa Fe and Canon City Express; Kansas City, Santa Fe and Denver Mail Stage Express; The Santa Fe Stage Company; and the Santa Fe Stage.

The Six Mile name came from wagon-masters. Diamond Spring was a days drive from Council Grove and because of its abundant water it was a popular campsite. The streams west of Diamond Spring were named for their distance from that famous site: Mile and a Half Creek, Three Mile Creek, and Six Mile Creek. A post office was established at Diamond Spring July 21, 1859, and discontinued Feb. 9, 1863. Six Mile Creek post office was established Feb. 6, 1863 and discontinued March 20, 1886. Samuel Shaft was the first postmaster. The Diamond Spring buildings were burned May 5, 1863.

In 1865 brothers Frank and William Hartwell from New Hampshire bought the Six Mile Stage Station for \$2,000 and nine months later sold it for \$500. William Hartwell wrote, "It consisted of a low stone structure with three rooms and a log building used as a grocery, all under dirt roof. We also had a sta-

bling capacity for 10 horses and a good stone corral."

The *Junction City Union*, June 23, 1866, reported the Santa Fe Stage Company would run from Junction City to Santa Fe after July 1, and the stock would be taken to Junction City from Council Grove. The railroad had come to Junction City from the east. The stage line from Junction City connected with the original Santa Fe Trail at Lost Spring about eight miles west of the Six Mile Ranch. The Hartwells went west to help build the Cimarron Station near the Cimarron Crossing of the Arkansas River west of present Dodge City.

In 1866 Charlie and Mary Owen came from England and settled on the Six Mile Ranch. There were many skirmishes with Indians. The Indians burned the log building and in 1868 the Cheyennes returned from battle with the Kaws at Big John southeast of Council Grove. The Cheyennes were defeated and on the return west went on the rampage. The Owens were victims. Charlie was a stonemason and was working in Emporia. A cousin, John Edwards, took Mary, daughter Kate and brother Tom Tedstone to his place. When the Owens returned home they found some of their property had been taken and the rest broken and ruined. Mary said, "All I had left was what I stood up in."

Some of the people who lived there later included Terwilligers, Galbraiths, and Johnsons. For a time the stone home was used for church. In 1900 John V. and Caroline Larson bought the 80 acres which included the old stage station. Their daughter Mildred told me there was a date, 1849, on a corner stone of the house. The cellar was there when the Larsons bought the place. They built a house east of the cellar, which is the foundation that remains. Mrs. Larson was worried about the walls getting weak in the old house so it was torn down. According to the Larsons and Mary Owen, the stone stage station house was on the south side of the present driveway and north of the house foundation that is there now. The original well was north of the driveway. The old dry creek bed is still there, but a new channel was cut to help avoid flooding.

On October 18, 1908, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the State of Kansas erected a Santa Fe Trail marker by the road. In 1918 Orland and Clara Sill bought the place. Orland died in 1923. Clara continued to live there with her 7 children. After Clara passed away my husband Raleigh and I bought the farm from the family. He was born there in 1920.

The stone corral and house stones were given to the county about 1920 to crush and use in the bridges, one north across Six Mile Creek and one south. New bridges were built in 1985.

Raleigh passed away in December 1994. He had been real protective of the Trail ruts in the pasture east and north of the buildings and I'm sure our daughter Beverly and son John will continue to preserve them. We are pleased that the site is now on the National Register.

WHITTINGTON CENTER TRAIL MONUMENT

by Nancy Robertson

(Robertson, Raton, NM, is a charter member of SFTA and is active in chapters in the region. Her article on the Clifton House DAR marker appeared in the May 1995 WT.)

THE NRA Whittington Center Santa Fe Trail monument is located southwest of Raton, NM, below Red River Peak, just west of the Santa Fe Trail ruts, and seven-tenths of a mile north of milepost 340 on the U.S. Highway 64. It was the scene of the 21st annual Mountain Men and Santa Fe Trail memorial celebration on June 17, 1995.

The large monument, visible from some distance, is "Dedicated to those brave mountain men whose footsteps traveled the Santa Fe Trail before us." It features a map of the trail and images of two mountain men. Surrounding the monument are five smaller state markers with inscriptions.

Immediately to the north of the monument the Trail remnants descend the Red River Peak ridge to the Canadian Crossing at Clifton House in a series of deeply eroded ruts, which were bridged at right angles by the



Whittington Center Trail monument with Trail ruts in foreground and Red River Peak behind.

long-abandoned 1906 St. Louis, Rocky Mountain and Pacific Railway Company line to the Maxwell Land Grant coal mines at Van Houten and Koehler.

In constructing the line, which crossed the Canadian at right angles to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, dirt was removed from a trench immediately south of Clifton House to build the bridge and embankment which can still be seen from U.S. Highway 64 at milepost 344. The 100-mile SLRM&P line ran from Ute Park to Des Moines, NM. It was sold to the AT&SF on August 1, 1913. The original plan called for the railroad to reach the Elizabethtown gold mining fields. A railroad tunnel was blasted through the south wall of Cimarron Canyon at the site of the Eagle Nest Dam, but the tracks were never laid past Ute Park.

Travelers in the area should take time to visit the Whittington Center Trail monument as well as the Trail ruts, Canadian Crossing, remains of Clifton House, and the DAR marker.



Eroded Trail ruts, looking toward Canadian River and site of Clifton House.

HISTORIC TREES AT COUNCIL GROVE

by Doris Cress

(Cress, Council Grove, is an active member of SFTA and the Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter.)

THE GFWC Philomatian Club of Council Grove, KS, has identified 12 live trees as part of the original grove of trees known as the Great Rendezvous on the Santa Fe Trail.

Identification was done by Kansas State University Forestry Department. The age of the trees was established by using the base from the Council Oak. A cross-section of the Council Oak was used to estimate the age of the large oaks located in the area. The measuring guidelines are in accordance with the American Forestry Association's "National Register of Big Trees."

At Council Grove ten Bur Oaks and two Eastern Cottonwoods were measured. Sprout dates of the Bur Oaks range from 1694 to 1824, and the Cottonwood sprout dates are 1803 and 1855. These are some of the oldest trees in Kansas. Council Grove was named for this grove.

Josiah Gregg, in *Commerce of the Prairies* (1844), stated that the Council Grove comprised a continuous strip of timber including the richest varieties of trees. Captain Philip St. George Cooke described the Grove as a luxuriant, heavily-timbered bottom covering about 160 acres. Other Trail travelers called the Grove "an oasis in the wilderness" and a "beautiful rich grove near one mile in width."

The trees provided shelter for travelers, firewood, and hardwood for wagon repairs. Information about the trees may be obtained from the CVB and CofC, 200 W Main, Council Grove KS 66846. The trees may be viewed on a driving tour of Council Grove.



This Bur Oak at 115 E Main, Council Grove, has a sprout date of 1694.

JOHN JAMES CLEMINSON DIARY, PART II

(The John James Cleminson family traveled via the Santa Fe Trail to California in 1850-1851. This portion of the diary chronicles their arduous journey from the Rio Grande valley, which they left on November 9, 1850, as Cleminson recorded in the last entry published in the previous issue, to San Diego. Thanks again to Darold McDanneld for making this document available.)

Monday, November 10, 1850. Distance 13 miles to Mule Springs, first rate watering place, wood some distance to the right. The country has materially changed. Good land and plenty of grass.

Tuesday, November 11, 1850. Distance 15 miles to Cook's Springs. Plenty of water, wood and grass scarce, country in appearance as yesterday.

Wednesday, November 12, 1850. Distance 23 miles. Encamped in the valley of the Mimbres near the creek, a beautiful stream and the valley of rich land. The past 3 or 4 days very cold storm. Some snow on the mountain tops, cold winds and some rain in the valleys. The Mimbres here flows in a direction from North to South. Six or seven miles before reaching camp our company separated, 4 waggons from our train taking the right hand road to the copper mines, the remaining 6 waggons (viz) 3 belonging to the Cram family, 2 to the Crandel, and one of mine continued on our journey to the Colorado.

Thursday, November 13, 1850. Pass'd today a beautiful level country of good land and grass, the valley of the Mimbres. Encamp'd near the dry bed of a small creek in the prairie, distance 20 miles. Cold night, the water froze over 1/2 inch thick. The sun pleasant, and warm in the daytime.

Friday, November 14, 1850. Retraced our steps some 6 miles, took another road up a canyon to the Northwest some 10 miles, again found ourselves to be on the wrong road, and concluded to retrace our steps in the morning.

Sunday, November 16, 1850. Last night we had concluded ourselves on the wrong road, but after encamping two of our party in searching out the road found an outlet from the valley leading west which proved to be the right road. The head of this canyon opens into a small valley of good land and grass, plenty of water and wood, and is an excellent place for travelers to rest and recruit themselves. There were two shelters made in the valley either by emigrants or others in order to accomodate themselves while remaining in the valley. From appearances it is a place of considerable resort both for Indians, Mexicans and Americans. Retracing our steps about a 1/2 mile the road leads off to the right through

a narrow opening between the mountains in a westerly direction. After tracing our road some 5 miles we came to a part of the country rich in gold dust. The land was composed of sand and gravel, in some places of reddish cast, other of a grayish. This continued some 8 miles. Some places were much richer than others. The surface of the ground was full of these shining particles, in taking up a handful of gravel any place on the surface hundreds of those particles were discoverable and would adhere to the hand in flakes sufficiently large to determine the nature of the precious metal. Some small specimens were found of the gold in quartz. Traveled some 12 miles, encamp'd without water and nothing but some dead grass thinly scattered over the ground. Made our fires of the mescal and grease brush on the gravel containing the precious metal, all of which we would gladly exchange for plenty of good grass and water.

Monday, November 17, 1850. Some 7 or 8 miles on our front is a very extensive valley containing to all appearance a large body of water which we supposed was the River Gila, but after traveling half the day found to our mortification that it was only a very extensive range of sand which in the rainy season is covered with water, but perfectly dry and hard at the present. We continued our journey until evening (considerably cast down in spirits in consequence of the want of water) through a dreary sandy sterile region. Encamp'd for the night without water, our animals and ourselves beginning to suffer considerable for the want of that necessary article. About 11 o'clock in the night we again started forward traveling about 10 miles. Stopped about daybreak, turned our cattle loose to graze again without water. One of the party and myself went back 1 1/2 miles in quest of water, found a quart or two in a puddle frozen over, took the ice and went back to camp. This with some little milk from our cows made up some bread of which we made our breakfast, with about a gill of water to each person.

Tuesday, November 18, 1850. Continued our journey, some 3 or 4 of our company having gone on in advance to search for water. At the distance of 4 or 5 miles met a Mexican train on their way to El Paso, part of the Boundary Commission. They gave us the very gratifying information that at the distance of some 6 miles ahead we should find plenty of water, which in the evening we to our great joy succeeded in reaching after being deprived of this great blessing nearly 3 days. Encamp'd for the night near the base of a mountain near the water, thus having pass'd this dreary waste of between 40 or 50 miles without water. From the crossing of the Mimbres to this place on the

old road is a distance of 60 miles without water, and we are told on the other road south of this by Yanez is a Jornada of 90 miles without water.

Wednesday, November 19, 1850. Continued in camp all day to rest our cattle.

Thursday, November 20, 1850. We retraced our steps this morning some 3 or 5 miles down the opening in the mountains having had to come up here to get water. Turning to the right round the mountain some 4 or 5 miles a south direction, then again west through an opening in the mountains. Encamp'd in a valley without water. Distance some 10 or 12 miles and about 6 miles from our encampment of yesterday. Over a mountain to the right the road continues to be of the most dreary and desolate appearance, the greater portion of the road composed of gravel and stones very injurious to the feet of our cattle, the greater part of which are lame and tender footed, and we can only travel very slow in consequence of these troubles. This part of the mountains abound in cactus, prickly pear and thorns of different kinds, some of which are from 2 to 3 inches long and very plenty in some places, and so very sharp that to all appearances they would run almost through a naked foot. The dry bed of the creek at our camp seems to take a direction westward evidently leading to the waters of the Pacific, so that I conclude we are beginning to get on the western slope of the Cordilleras.

Friday, November 21, 1850. Distance today 8 or 10 miles. Same rocky, barren desolate road and country as yesterday. In the afternoon reached a valley through which flowed a small stream of clear good water, a tributary of the Gila, a very welcome friend to us. Encamp'd on its banks. Our young men killed an antelope - quite a treat in our circumstances. The rocks on our road in this part of the mountains bear evident marks of volcanic origin and have been exposed to the action of fire. The soil, a large proportion of which is gravel is so light in many places that in walking over it your feet will sink to the depth of an inch while in others it is so hard that a waggon will make scarcely any impression.

Saturday, November 22, 1850. Remained in camp all day on the banks of this beautiful rivulet.

Sunday, November 23, 1850. Proceeded up the valley this morning. About noon came to an Indian camp that seems to have been occupied during the summer. Here the road that we had pursued terminated. continued our course up the valley without any road save a small Indian path. Distance 10 or 12 miles.

Monday, November 24, 1850. Distance 15 miles. Our route still up the valley without any road. Struck another path in the evening.

Tuesday, November 25, 1850. Distance

today about 6 miles. Encamp'd on the prairie at a place where we found water by digging, having had none since yesterday morning.

Wednesday, November 26, 1850. Continued our course up the valley, distance about 10 or 12 miles. During the night had a severe storm of snow from the north west.

Thursday, November 27, 1850. This morning snow about a foot in depth, storm continued until mid-day or noon. Cold wind from the northwest, began to clear a little in the afternoon. Prospect gloomy, nothing but the power of the Lord extended in our behalf can save us. Provisions growing scarce in the valley of the Cordilleras, surrounded by mountains covered with snow, far from the abode of man.

Friday, November 28, 1850. Pass'd a cold night but lay comfortable in our wagons. Little snow in the night, the prospect is good this morning for the weather to clear. Wind from the northwest, about noon clouds dispersed, sunshines pleasant, prospect for better weather. The wind has blown the snow from the tufts of grass so that our cattle can get something to eat. We trust in the arm of the Lord for deliverance.

Saturday, November 29, 1850. Remained in camp today. Weather more favorable.

Sunday, November 30, 1850. Snow considerably melted, resumed our journey through the valley. Distance about 10 or 12 miles.

Monday, December 1, 1850. Our journey through the valley, very difficult traveling, the ground very soft and mostly covered with volcanic rock that cut the feet of our cattle very much. Our teams failing fast. One ox failed yesterday and was left on the road, another failed and was butchered for meat.

Tuesday, December 2, 1850. Today almost impossible to travel. Our oxen's feet are all sore. We have commenced to put moccasins on them out of rawhide which answers a good purpose. Killed an antelope today. I forgot to mention that about 2 miles before reaching camp on the 26th found plenty of water about 100 yards to the right of the road. That part of the valley was beautifully situated and very rich in soil in the vicinity of those watering places, and for some distance on either side were found considerably quantities of broken pottery plainly indicating that here was once a city or settlement of the ancient inhabitants.

Wednesday, December 3, 1850. Our course today through the valley a little west of south, road seemed better, not quite so many rocks as yesterday. In the afternoon entered a valley of rich soil. Distance some 6 miles. Employed most of the forenoon putting moccasins on the feet of our oxen. Encamp'd on the valley's west side. Plenty of water for 3 nights in succession. Have encamp'd on the dry bed of a creek running

south, we suppose to be a tributary of the San Pedro. Last night and night before found plenty of water melted from the snow in the bed of the creek.

Thursday, December 4, 1850. Remained in camp all day to rest our cattle, our women to wash etc.

Friday, December 5, 1850. Continued our course southwardly up the valley. At the distance of 3 or 4 miles came to the ruin of considerable extent. The habitations were built of adobe and apparently were of Mexican origin and in all probability were destroyed by the Indians. Just below this town to the east plenty of water, supposed to be the waters of the San Pedro, pure to our satisfaction. We again fell in with the emigrant road leading westward after traveling some 3 weeks without any road. We supposed that we lost upwards of 100 miles by taking a northwest direction in search of Emory's route. Our cattle suffered severely in traveling this route without any road over the rocky uneven country, a great part of which is covered with volcanic and other rocks. We found however good grass for our cattle the greater part of the route, and through the great mercies of the Lord found reasonable water by digging and melting snow for our cattle. The longest privation was 3 days and 2 nights as mentioned above. Continued our course westward some seven miles. Encamp'd near the banks of dry creek in a passage of the Mountains. Water by digging.

Saturday, December 6, 1850. Remained in camp today, Sabbath Day meeting in the afternoon.

Sunday, December 7, 1850. Some rain last night with promise of rainy day. Ceas'd raining, continued our journey through the mountain pass westward of distance of 6 or 7 miles.

Monday, December 8, 1850. Rain during the night, very little water for ourselves or cattle. Continued our course through a valley. Found some rain water in a ravine - a great blessing. Distance of 8 or 10 miles. In the evening one of our hunters killed a wild bull some 4 miles from camp. We supposed it to weight some 6 or 7 hundred. 11 of the company carried it all into camp by moonlight on their shoulders, a heavy job. Encamp'd without water, distance 10 miles.

Tuesday, December 9, 1850. Continued our journey all day, no water, in the evening found plenty. Also plenty of wood near the water. Some of the ranges of mountains in the east that we have passed appear today covered with snow. None in the valleys, beautiful weather and good roads today. Distance 12 miles. We are under the necessity of traveling slow our cattle are so worn out.

Wednesday, December 10, 1850. Good road today but of a hilly character. In the evening came on to a very extensive plain. We conclude that we have passed the great

Cordilleras. On our right and left are detached mountains of great height but of a different appearance. Many of them are covered with grass. Encamp'd at the base of a mountain without water. A small herd of wild horses consisting of 7 pass'd the front waggons a short distance ahead. They are fine looking animals. They seem to be numerous in this part of the country, judging from the many tracks seen on or crossing the road.

Thursday, December 11, 1850. Distance about 8 miles. Came to water by digging in the bed of the creek a few steps to the left of the road - plenty of water. Water'd all our cattle which occupied considerable time. Concluded to remain all night. Distance 7 or 8 miles.

Friday, December 12, 1850. Distance today about 10 miles, camp'd near a bluff on the left of the road. Plenty of grass and water and wood up the bluff.

Saturday, December 13, 1850. Remain'd here all day, held meeting twice.

Sunday, December 14, 1850. This morning found 16 of our best oxen missing. We have rested for some length of time some hundreds of miles in perfect security in regard to our having seen no danger not any Indians since leaving Socorro. Whilst searching for our oxen we discovered 5 Indians coming down the valley on horseback. The conviction immediately forced itself on our minds what had become of our cattle that the Indians had got them, which prov'd to be the fact. They had been stationed round our camp through the night watching for a favorable opportunity to drive off our cattle, and we resting in perfect security not dreaming of the least danger near us. This was by far the most calamitous event that had yet happened to our company. It was a merciful providence that they did not succeed in driving away all our stock although it is very disastrous. The company have only 20 head of cattle left and the greater part poor and weakly. I lost my best yoke. We have only teams enough left for our waggons. Two will have to be left of the 6. Many useful articles and very necessary must of necessity be left in order to get on with what teams we have left. Remain'd here all day devising and contriving the best plan for us to continue our journey.

Monday, December 15, 1850. Remain'd in camp till noon fixing and arranging our loads for further travel. Left one waggon on the ground, burnt up several ox yokes and other articles. Three of Brother Cram's family sick with fever of some kind. Only about a weeks provision on hand. Ignorant of the distance to a settlement. Prospect gloomy, our only salvation is in the Lord, I pray that we may be preserved. Commenc'd our journey, traveled about 6 or 8 miles. Lightened up one waggon so that the young men drew it along by hand putting each one of his knapsack of clothing that they had pre-

pared to carry on their backs in consequence of the loss of our cattle.

Tuesday, December 16, 1850. Started early this morning. We have good weather at present but we are fearful of change. Distance today 7 or 8 miles. On the road in advance of us we see plenty of Indian pony tracks, intending no doubt to lay in wait and drive off the remainder of our cattle tonight, but we intend to make the best arrangements we can to prevent them.

Wednesday, December 17, 1850. Cloudy weather this morning, prospect of rain. The country improves very much. Rich valleys, beautiful streams of water occasionally cross our track, plenty of timber in various directions skirting the mountains, principally, chiefly cedar, some willows. Our sick list are improving some in health. Pass'd today a short distance from the road the ruins of a Mexican settlement or rancho, a short distance to our left situated on the edge of a rich and pleasant valley with a beautiful stream of water running close to the ruins. Distance some 7 or 8 miles. Encamped on the valley.

Thursday, December 18, 1850. Considerable rain during the night, snow on the mountain tops, wind from the east. Weather very agreeable when the sun shines, much more so than the latitude of the states from which we came. Very little improvement in the health of our sick this morning. There are many curiosities and valuables in these rough rocky mountains. A morning or two ago while our company were cooking breakfast on the banks of a small stream our children found plenty of diamonds on the banks of the stream such as are used in cutting glass. Left the valley today passing through a rich upland. Entered the passes of the great dividing ridge of the mountains. In the afternoon began to ascend the mountain, very precipitous and rocky and difficult of ascent. Encamp'd about half distance up the mountain. Immediately after our encampment one of our young men by the name of Silas Crandal went out from camp 3 or 4 hundred yards distance for the purpose of getting some pinons, a kind of nut growing on the pine of these mountains, when he was immediately shot by an Indian, and expired almost immediately to the great grief and sorrow of his father's family and of his young wife who were in the company. It seems that a party of 4 were on top of the mountain above us and had been watching our motions until we encamped, waiting for an opportunity to destroy some of the company. We saw three of them run on the ridge of the elevation above us and raise the yell. Immediately after the disaster our men ran down to where the young man was shot and saw one run from him. These 4 we suppose were all that were of the company. We concluded they were the same party of Apaches that stole our cattle last Saturday and have been watching our

movements ever since in the expectation of getting the remainder, but being disappointed in this they sought the death of some of our company by way of revenge.

Friday, December 19, 1850. Continued our journey over the mountain, the most rugged, rocky and worst road we have experienced on the whole route. Succeeded in getting over this mountain range after a very fatiguing days travel of some 6 or 8 miles, carrying the corpse of the deceased along till we find a suitable place for his interment. During the night we hear in the distance the barking of dogs, and also in the morning early the ringing of bells, consequently conclude we are near Santa Cruz.

Saturday, December 20, 1850. Commenc'd our journey this morning and after passing some rugged hills at the distance of 4 or 5 miles encamp'd in the valley near Santa Cruz. 30 or 40 steps from our camp we dug a grave and buried the young man that was killed by the Indians on the 18th. We learned from the Mexicans that the Apaches had killed one of their men and 14 oxen the day before our arrival, in all probability the same party or part of them that stole our cattle and killed our young man.

Sunday, December 21, 1850. Remained in camp all day. We intend to remain 3 or 5 days and rest ourselves and cattle. Cloudy all day and some rain.

Monday, December 22, 1850. Clear this morning, little frost in the night. Santa Cruz was settled at an early day by the Spaniards and appears to have been a place of considerable importance formerly, but is now fast falling into decay and ruin in consequence of the frequent incursions of the Apaches. We have already pass'd many ruins of Mexican towns and settlements that have been overrun by the Indians and destroy'd and I think a few years more Santa Cruz will share the same fate. A small garrison of soldiers is kept here for the protection but so troublesome and hostile are the Indians that nothing can be done without a guard. Hauling wood and farming operations cannot be carried on without a guard. The town is located on the borders of a rich valley bounded by the mountains west and east, with a nice clear stream of water running through it (Rio Santa Cruz). The Indians made another inroad this morning about 9 or 10 o'clock and drove off about 20 mules from Santa Cruz. And 1/2 or 3/4 of a mile distant from us they were pursued by the Mexicans but were not overtaken. By the advice of the Military Commandant we this afternoon moved our camp into town as they thought for our greater safety. Rented a room for the accommodation of our sick, they do not seem to improve much as yet.

Tuesday, December 23, 1850. Some prospects of getting a little work to do for the Mexicans. Cold nights and warm days when the sun shines.

Wednesday, December 24, 1850. This morning we learn that we cannot obtain any work, the Mexicans are not disposed to patronize the Americans when they can avoid it. This is Christmas eve today. The Mexicans about 12 o'clock today had considerable of ringing of bells and shooting of guns, I suppose a custom of the Romanists. They hold a festival I understand at Christmas. I expect we shall see a further demonstration tomorrow. Part of the American boundary commission are here and will leave in a few days for the Pimo's village. A short time after sunset this evening a furious ringing of bells commenced together with a shooting of guns which was kept up by the shooting at intervals till midnight, as also singing and praying by the women and again before daylight.

Thursday, December 25, 1850. In the morning some shooting and considerable ringing of bells at the church which stands at the distance of about 100 yards from our waggons. Very early a procession was seen leading to the Church composed mostly of females attended by a few males, hat in hand. The procession was headed by a young girl some 16 years of age carrying before her on a cushion an image fitted up for the occasion, and as I supposed was intended to represent the Saviour borne in the arms of a virgin, the males in attendance shooting guns at intervals. Shortly afterwards a small company of troops stationed in this place entered the church in military order, every individual taking off his hat before entering. A short time afterwards was seen another small procession consisting of 6 females dressed up entirely in black. After the services were over the procession carrying the image returned borne by a male of the company, the females at the same time chanting a hymn or anthem suitable for the occasion, each individual separating after the ceremonies of the morning were over to their several homes to spend the day as their feelings or the solemnities of their religion required. I forgot to mention that in the performances of last evening a serenading was kept up till a late hour by persons having a violin and some other instrument, either a drum or tin pan, it was difficult to determine from the sound and in the dark which of the two the sound resembled. About 12 o'clock another ringing of bells for a short time. Rain in the afternoon.

Friday, December 26, 1850. Not much improvement in the condition of our sick. Some rain in the afternoon.

Saturday, December 27, 1850. Our sick some better this morning. The citizens very friendly but like to make the best bargains they can by trading.

Sunday, December 28 and Monday, December 29, 1850. We still remain here waiting on the recovery of the sick. This morning the United States boundary commission departed for the point of their destina-

tion (San Diego). Our sick are improving slowly.

Tuesday and Wednesday, December 30 and 31, 1850. Still remain in Santa Cruz waiting on the recovery of the sick. Weather mild and pleasant. This being New Year's Eve had quite a stir among the Santa Cru-sions, a festival, great ringing of bells and meeting in the church. After night the greater part of our company attended the meeting. Quite an illumination about 30 candles burning at once, the performances in singing were very good. Many other ceremonies of a religious nature were performed during the evening, the purport of which I did not understand not being acquainted with the language. Considerable display of magnificence and riches in the Priest's robes and some images which seemed to be held in great reverence. The purport of the meeting as I afterwards was inform'd was to return thanks to the Lord for the mercies and blessings that had been enjoy'd during the past year.

Thursday, January 1, 1851. This morning meeting in the church at an early hour, the object of which was to implore the protection of the Lord for the coming year. Witnessed another funeral ceremony this afternoon.

Friday and Saturday, January 2 and 3, 1851. No very material change in the condition of our sick. Cold nights and warm days. This evening one of our company of the sick number breathed her last. This was Rebecca Cram, aged 58 years and nearly nine months. Sister Cram was a rare and exemplary woman, an ornament to her sex, and a devoted Christian, strong in faith and the work of the Lord of the last day. She bore with great patience and resolution the fatigues and privations of the journey from her home, thus far a distance of some 16 or 17 hundred miles, and although she had a great desire to see the land the Lord had kept in reserve for the gathering of his saints in the last days, yet inasmuch as it was otherwise decreed in the providence of Heaven she felt resigned to the will of the Lord.

Sunday, January 4, 1851. Paid the last duties of our departed sister and deposited her remains about half mile north of Santa Cruz near the road and also near the grave of the young man killed by the Indians as mentioned before, 2 weeks ago. In the evening moved out of town about a half mile for the purpose of washing and preparing for further travel.

Monday, January 5, 1851. Remained in camp, some of the men working in town for the Mexicans.

Tuesday, January 6, 1851. Remained in camp today. Great festival among the Mexicans today, the feast of Guadalupe.

Wednesday, January 7, 1851. Recommended our journey this morning down through the mountain pass. Distance 8

miles. In the evening met with a large number of Indians probably 2 to 3 hundred. Our small company were considerably alarmed thinking they were Apaches, and that we should all be destroyed unless protected by the arm of the Lord. They proved to be a body of friendly Indians of the Quapas tribe going to Santa Cruz trading. They had a number of packs of commodities of one description or another. They were very friendly and sociable. 42 came into our camp, the main body of the company passing by. These remained a short time talking with our company then left to follow after their comrades. Several of them spoke the Mexican language, two of our company also spoke the language - by this means we could exchange ideas.

Thursday, January 8, 1851. The weather continues good. Last evening about 3 miles before camping pass'd a very extensive rancho on our left which seems to have been fitted up with considerable taste by the owner. Quite a number of fruit trees of the peach, pear and plum kinds all turned out to waste. The place was deserted, no doubt on account of the hostility of the surrounding Indians. Our route today lay through a beautiful valley. Pass'd another deserted tenement on our left. Encamp'd near the same creek this evening (Rio Santa Cruz).

Friday, January 9, 1851. Our road continues down the valley near the creek. Considerable timber bordering the stream, chiefly cottonwood. It is of a larger and better growth than any we have seen and would do well to saw into lumber. The mesquite bush has also greatly improved in size and grows here into considerable large trees and is excellent for firewood.

Saturday, January 10, 1851. Sabbath. Lay in camp and had meeting twice.

Sunday, January 11, 1851. Valley road all day. Distance 10 miles. Overtaken by Indian women on foot from Santa Cruz on their road to Tucson. Weather very dry and warm. The shade is very acceptable with our coats off in the middle of the day.

Monday, January 12, 1851. Valley road continues, considerable cooler today, some appearances of a storm. In the evening arrived at a small Mexican village (Tawaka) located near the small stream before mentioned. This place had been deserted for some time in consequence on the Indian depredations. Some three months ago a few families returned and are now living here.

Tuesday, January 13, 1851. Remain'd in the village all day in order to obtain provisions. We find that there are none to be obtain'd except beans and those at 16 dollars a fanaga. Very cold and cloudy today for this climate.

Wednesday, January 14, 1851. This morning the inhabitants are anxious to have us remain here for a time and do some

carpenters work for them. They promise to furnish us with provisions. We have concluded to remain a short time in order to do some work and obtain a supply.

Saturday, January 17, 1851. We have nice pleasant weather again, it is like spring in the states.

Saturday, January 24, 1851. We are still in this little town doing carpenter work for the Mexicans. Two families of the company have concluded to remain here and raise a crop. Brother Cram's and mine will continue our journey to Tucson.

Wednesday, January 28, 1851. Left Tubac this afternoon, moved out about 3 miles and encamp'd for the night.

Thursday, January 29, 1851. Distance today about 12 miles. Camp 3/4 of a mile to the left to the road where we found some water. Some snow on the mountain tops to our right. Pleasant and warm in the valley on our road.

Friday, January 30, 1851. Distance 12 or 15 miles. The country sandy and mesquite and greasewood the principal growth. Spring is making considerable advances, the trees in many places are quite green, twigs on the cottonwoods have grown several inches. Encamp'd without water.

Saturday, January 31, 1851. Distance about 12 miles. Encamp'd near the Quapaw Village.

Sunday, February 1, 1851. Pass'd through the village this morning. The greatest curiosity and the only thing worth of note is a Roman Church that from its appearance seems to have been built a great many years ago. Considerable taste displayed in its construction. A great deal of carving & fanciful decorations in front as you enter the building by permission of the inhabitants. We obtained leave to go in and view the interior. Our guide very politely took the trouble to show us everything of importance. Language would fail me to give a description of all that was to be seen. Sufficient to say that the wall was painted with images of various descriptions together with a number of statues in the various niches in the wall representing our Saviour in a variety of conditions from his infancy to the end of his life on earth, as also the Virgin Mary and many other figures and representations peculiar to the Roman faith. The floor was all laid in cement and smoothe as glass. The whole seemed to have been admirable calculated to suit the taste of the time in which it was built. It is now fast falling into decay. Continued on our journey 12 miles, arrived at Tucson. Here we intend to stay a short time and recruit ourselves and cattle.

Monday, February 2, 1851. Busily engaged today trying to rent some rooms for our accomodation for a short time. Our camp is a short distance from town. The Mexican ladies come out in numbers to visit our women. They are very kind and obliging

to us and evince no disposition to steal anything from us, the very reverse to what the Mexicans are on the Del Norte. We have been most agreeably dissappointed by the character and disposition of the Sonorans, the manifestations of good will toward the American families is the same in all the towns we have pass'd west of the Cordilleras and is superior to anything I have ever experience in the United States as a general thing. We moved our camp into town in the evening, and after night witnessed a solemn procession this being a feast day of some particular saint. The procession was composed chiefly of women. In front a platform was borne by a few individuals on which stood an image, clothed in women's attire and intended to represent the Virgin Mary. Around this image and a short distance from it were placed 5 or 6 lighted candles. Over the whole was a canopy of some linen or cotton cloth supported at each corner by a pole in the hand of some person appointed for the purpose. When a little past our camp the whole procession came to a halt, knelt, down, sung an anthem or tune of some kind (as I supposed) in honor of the Virgin, the procession then proceeded onward as before with some kind of discordant music peculiar to the Romanists of this country. I could not forbear comparing in my mind the difference between the ridiculous ceremonies of superstition, the blind bigotry of idol worship and the glorious light and intelligence taught in the religion of Jesus as revealed in the latter day work by the fullness of the gospel. The town bears evident marks of age. Considerable part of the town is surrounded by a wall built of the adobe some 6 feet in height and has been intended as a defense from the depredations of the Indians. The old church has fallen unto ruins, or at least a considerable portion of it, and the town is fast following after.

Tuesday and Wednesday, February 3 and 4, 1851. Making arrangements to get into employment for a short time in order to improve our stock of provisions. Considerable rain during the night.

Saturday, February 7, 1851. Still in Tucson preparing for work. Weather fine and warm. Quite a number of Indians are living in this place of Quapaw, friendly Apache and a few Pimos.

Saturday, February 14, 1851. Employed this week in doing little jobs of carpenter's work for the citizens. Also some of our company are engaged plowing some ground to sow wheat. We are under the necessity of remaining until our means for travel are replenished. This is a delightful climate but the inhabitants are indolent. They do not exert themselves to obtain any more than what their most pressing necessities require, and spend the remaining time in idleness. We are informed that the surrounding mountains contain an abundance of the precious metal besides ores

of different kinds, but the fear of their enemies, the Apaches deters them from trying to obtain them.

Monday, February 23, 1851. Witnessed a religious procession last evening of the citizens. It consisted entirely of females. In front was an image representing some particular saint borne by a female attended by 3 or 4 others, each one carrying a lighted candle. A short distance from our residence the whole procession knelt down before the image and sung a hymn. They then arose and proceeded on as before until they reached the church. What followed I did not observe.

Sunday, March 1, 1851. Still in Tucson. Weather fine, delightful climate. During the past week one of our cows died, a great loss to us in our circumstances. A few days ago we received information that a small village inhabited by the Quapaws, Sonoreans, and a few Pimos had been attacked by the Apaches, some 10 or 12 of the inhabitants kill, some 30 or 40 women and children taken captive and all their stock driven away.

Friday, March 6, 1851. Last evening a large body of Apaches made a decent on San Arvielle, a village 10 miles east of this, drove away all the cattle, (a large stock) besides killing two of the inhabitants. A messenger was sent to this place late in the evening. Some 30 of the troops stationed in this place were sent in pursuit, they have not yet returned. We are threaten'd with an attack at this place today. These frontier posts are alway in daily expectation of an attack from the Apaches and having their cattle drove away.

Sunday, March 8, 1851. The party return'd without being able to recover any of the stolen property.

Sunday, March 15, 1851. We have learnt more correctly since the news of San Arvielle that the Indians had only stolen a few of their cattle. A few nights ago a few Apaches again enter'd the above named village in the night, drove off some 16 head of cattle creating a great alarm in this place. A number of persons again went in pursuit but were unable to overtake them.

Saturday, March 21, 1851. Making preparations to leave in a few days. Some of the company intend starting tomorrow.

Sunday, March 22, 1851. Today a company of Mexican soldiers under the command of Captain Gomez started on an expedition against the Apache Indians to seek redress for the many thefts they had committed in stealing cattle, horses, etc.

Monday, March 23, 1851. Today witness'd a funeral procession of the commandant of Tucson according to Roman custom. In the afternoon bid adieu to Tucson, moved out about 9 miles and encamp'd for the night. Water very scarce.

Tuesday, March 24, 1851. Moved on about 12 miles, the day being very warm.

We halted at the termination of a range of mountains to rest our teams. The mountain is here covered with confused masses of rock on many of which are inscribed a number of hieroglyphical characters of very ancient appearance, an examination of which created considerable interest in the minds of many of our company. At the distance of 2 or 3 hundred yards from our resting place along the base of the mountain were the remains of a stone wall of a square form fallen into a confused mass of ruins. We traveled on till about midnight over a desolate waste, then rested till daylight. Continued our journey till noon before reaching grass and water, a distance of 30 miles from our camp of Monday. Here we found good grass and water in pools. Remain'd here all day and until the evening of the 26th Thurs. Traveled a distance of 25 miles and upwards during the night and succeeding day.

Friday, March 27, 1851. In the afternoon found grass and water, remain'd all night.

Saturday, March 28, 1851. Continued our journey some 12 miles. Found good grass and water in pools. Arrived and remained during the night on the banks of the Gila, a stream we have long desired to see. In the evening we were overtaken by 6 Indians of the Pimas, very friendly. They remained some time in camp before leaving. Four Americans also came to meet us from the village a distance of 10 miles. They arrived here some 10 or 12 days ago on their way to California from Santa Fe.

Sunday, March 29, 1851. In the morning pursued our journey to the village. A great number of the Pimos came out on the road to meet our company and seemed to be very glad at our arrival, were very friendly. We continued on to our camp in one of the fields belonging to the Pimos. Almost immediately quite a number of the Pimos brought into camp a quantity of meal and flour for sale, some peas and corn. The evening being cold and windy we did not trade much.

Monday, March 30, 1851. This morning a great number of the Indians were in at an early hour for the purpose of trading. They ask a most extravagant price for all they have to trade, as high as 12 dollars a fanaga for flour and meal. They inhabit a beautiful and rich valley and seem to be very happy and contented. In the course of the day we succeeded in trading for as much flour as we wanted at very extravagant rates. They crowded round our waggons and contrary to our expectations they stole some small articles from us. I am of the opinion that many of them are honest, but it is also certain that many of them are very dishonest and will steal and defraud at every opportunity. Some of their Chiefs are of this class. In the evening we left the village and proceeded on our journey 3 miles.

Tuesday, March 31, 1851. Distance to-

day about 8 miles. Were visited today by a number of the Maricopas with articles to trade.

Wednesday, April 1, 1851. In the evening proceeded on our journey through a desert or jomado of 45 miles. Here again we fell in with waters of the Gila. We traveled the greater parts of 2 nights and one day before reaching the river.

Friday, April 3, 1851. Proceeded on our journey down the river without grass. The river has increas'd in size considerable and is a swift running stream of good pure water. In the evening encamped near the river. We found a little grass but not enough for our animals. In our camp are 3 Maricopas Indians that have been with and followed us since leaving their village. They are very friendly. They are either going down the river some distance to hunt or on a scouting party to watch the motions of the Yumas, their enemies.

Saturday, April 4, 1851. Some considerable rain during the night and this morning. We were compelled on account of want of grass to proceed on our journey. The road continues down the valley of the river, a continual desert of sand and brush wood. In the evening turning to the right towards the river and following the tracks of former travelers we found at the distance of two miles a good camping ground and a little grass for our animals, a scarce article on this river.

Sunday, April 5, 1851. Leaving our encampment we proceeded onward. We pass'd through an opening in the mountains. After going a few miles we pass'd on the right of our road a large mass of confused rocks. The larger portion of those bordering on the road were covered with hieroglyphic characters, very interesting, the work of Neophites, the ancient inhabitants of this continent. These characters no doubt contained the history of some important event concerning the people by whom they were written. In the evening came to the foot of a mountain near by which runs the river. Our road lay over this mountain the most difficult of ascent of any we had yet pass'd, being entirely covered with rocks and of very abrupt ascent. We however got over by unloading our waggons and doubling teams. After passing we moved down towards the river and camp'd for the night without grass.

Monday, April 6, 1851. Started early and after proceeding about a mile we ascended a mountain. On the top we found the bones of 5 or 6 persons who had been murdered last season by the Indians. The persons consisted of a single family, the husband, wife and children who had been traveling this dangerous road alone. With one wagon. The bodies had been lain together and covered with stone by some of the friendly Maricopas who happened to be in the neighborhood. We understood that an Indian boy who happened to be with the

family made his escape after being severely wounded and was found by the Maricopas. He states the family were all murdered with the exception of two daughters, young women of the family. The wagon had been destroyed, the boxes and trunks broken to pieces and left on the ground. All the property of any value and use to the murderers had been carried away. In our search we found a small paper box on which was written the name of Lucy Oatman. We therefore concluded the murdered persons to be the family of Royce Oatman, one of the families after the first company which started for the settlement on the Colorado from the states July, 1849. We had frequently heard from the Indians and Mexicans that a family had been destroy'd on the Gila, but did not credit the story until we reached the scene of the tragedy. The discovery cast a gloom on our minds. Proceeding on our journey we cross'd another mountain and continuing down the valley we pass'd the remains of a number of waggons and a great deal of property that had been left and destroy'd on this dreary road. About noon we found a little grass. We halted to rest our cattle and let them feed. In the afternoon proceeded on our journey and until after night in order to find grass, according to the instructions of our Indian guide. Camp'd about 9 o'clock where we found some grass.

Tuesday, April 7, 1851. Remain'd all day in camp in order to rest our cattle. A few yards distant is a high bluff of rocks on many of which are written the names of persons passing this road at different times on their way to California. We learn from our Indians in company no more grass on the road till we reach the Colorado, a distance of 100 miles and upwards.

Wednesday, April 8, 1851. Proceeded on our journey. This morning our 3 Indian friends returning back to their village, not daring to go any further with us for fear of their enemies, the Yumas. Our road continues down the valley of the river, generally sand and gravel, destitute of grass, in some places covered with a stunted growth of mesquite and other kinds of brush wood of smaller size. The bottom bears evident marks from the appearance of driftwood seen in many places of being inundated from the river to a depth of several feet and for many miles in extent. In the afternoon turn'd some 3 or 2 miles to our right towards the river and encamp'd for the night and found some grass for our cattle - a great blessing to us.

Thursday, April 9, 1851. Threw away two feather beds this morning and a chest to lighten our load. A day or two ago threw away a good many other articles in order to lighten our load. Many waggons have been left on this road.

Friday and Saturday, April 10 and 11, 1851. Continued our journey down the river, sometimes on the bottom and some-

times on higher ground. Vegetation and marks of high water on the bottoms continue the same. Grass very scarce article.

Sunday, April 12, 1851. Moved 3 or 4 miles today. Found some grass and remained all day 3/4 of a mile from the river.

Monday and Tuesday, April 13 and 14, 1851. Continued our journey today. We left one of our waggons on the road, put all the loading we could into the other and threw many useful and valuable articles away. Put all our cattle we have left, 4 yoke, to the one waggon and continued our journey.

Wednesday, April 15, 1851. today the aspect of the country is somewhat changed, the river winding its way among the mountains as well as the road. About noon we emerg'd from the mountains. The country before us appears to be more open and free from mountains but appears to be nothing but sand as far as the eye can extend. Encamp'd on the road without grass or water.

Thursday, April 16, 1851. About 10 o'clock found by turning to the right some good grass for our cattle. In the afternoon some 10 miles in advance we discovered what we considered to be the tents of soldiers, which to our great satisfaction we found to be the case. Continued our journey until sometime after dark. Halted on the bank of the long sought Colorado. On the opposite side is a station of American Troops.

Friday, April 17, 1851. All the company crossed the river today which is from 2 to 3 hundred yards wide. The ferriage cost a yoke of oxen and a mule.

Saturday, April 18, 1851. This morning the company that joined us at the Pimos continued their journey to San Diego, 8 in number together with one of our company, D. H. Rodgers. The remainder of the company intend to remain at this post a time, being unable to proceed for the want of cattle and means. We find it to be a very difficult matter to obtain provisions here - flour 50 cents per lb., sugar 50 cents, coffee 75 cents. We are in straited circumstances, almost out of provisions and almost destitute of means to obtain more, very little employment, and entirely out of waggons, only 4 head of cattle left. Five more of our company proceeded on to San Diego 2 days ago in company of a waggon and escort of soldiers. We intend to proceed onward as soon as we have opportunity.

Sundays, April 26, 1851. Our situation here is very unpleasant. We have no opportunity yet to proceed onward. We are dependent on government waggon for the further prosecution of our journey. The commander of this post refuses to let us have provision, giving us a reason that his instructions are to let no one but the soldiers have provisions. I hope the time soon will come that we can leave. Some of our family are afflicted with scurvy, a disease

that prevails in this climate. The weather is fine and pleasant. The Indians are almost constantly in our vicinity watching for opportunities to steal mules and cattle and to kill all who may chance to come in their way. Last night two mules were stolen by them. An Indian was shot at and wounded but made his escape. After making another great sacrifice this morning May 12th we got permission to go on to San Diego in a government train. We sold upwards of 60 dollars worth of tools for 8 dollars, sold our last remaining head of cattle in order to get along, nothing but some clothing left. Our family continue to be afflicted with the scurvy. The road from the Colorado is a dreary desert destitute of water and grass, 15 miles from the river, Cook's Wells you get brackish water. From there to Sacket's Wells a distance of 77 miles little or no water. The desert is some 130 miles in extent after which in passing the mountains the valley became more and more fertile until you reach the coast. We arrived at San Isabel about the 20th of May. On the 8th of July arrived into this house in New San Diego. (1851)



HOOF PRINTS

—TRAIL TIDBITS—

According to SFTA Ambassador Paul Bentrup, Bentrup's News Service, Phillip L. Petersen, Boggsville Revitalization Committee, is being treated for a rare blood disease in San Diego, CA. Latest word is that he is improving but still in ICU. We all wish him a swift and complete recovery.

Marc Simmons will be unable to attend the 1995 symposium because of the need to protect his home and possessions from vandals who are operating in his area. He thanks those who have offered to stand guard duty so he might attend but does not wish to expose anyone else to the danger involved. We regret his absence and the reason for it.

An article about the Trail, featuring "25 fascinating facts" and places to visit, appeared in the June 1995 issue of United Airlines in-flight magazine, *Hemispheres*.

On Sept. 12, 1995, the Cimarron County Symposium Committee will hold its first meeting at the Cimarron Heritage Center, Boise City, OK. This committee will work with the Cimarron Cutoff Chapter of SFTA, host of the

1997 symposium.

Paula Manini, Colorado Historical Society curator at the Baca/Bloom and Pioneer Museum on the Trail in Trinidad, CO, reports that a grant has been received to expand the exhibits. The museum will be renamed the Santa Fe Trail Museum.

William Borst, Emporia, KS, and John Richter, Topeka, KS, planned to ride bicycles from Santa Fe to Independence during July. A report on their trip would be welcome.

An illustrated article about the Maxwell Land Grant in northeastern New Mexico appeared in the July 1995 issue of *Smithsonian*, pp. 44-57. Maxwell's settlement, present Cimarron, was on the Mountain Route.

Glen Maples, 83, husband of SFTA member and Texas Panhandle Chapter secretary Ruth Mary Maples, died May 9, 1995, at Amarillo. Sympathy is extended to his family and friends.

Keith Chadd, Dodge City artist, has painted pictures of how Trail Forts Mann (1846-1848) and Atkinson (1850-1854) probably looked. These will be on display during the 1995 symposium.

The towns of Cimarron and Springer, NM, have published handsome brochures which include much information about the Trail in those areas.

USA Weekend, the national magazine carried by 304 Sunday newspapers across the country to more than 15 million households, showcased the Dodge City, KS, area of the Trail as one of "7 Terrific Trips." The cover article, replete with color photographs, appeared across the U.S. in the magazine's Memorial Day weekend Sunday newspapers. Boy Scout Troop 108 of Garden City was featured in the Dodge City piece. It was noted they also visited Fort Larned NHS.

Paul Horgan, 91, died in March 1995. He received two Pulitzer Prizes for books about New Mexico: *Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History* and *Lamy of Santa Fe*. Another southwestern writer, Frank Waters of Taos, also died recently. His outstanding works include *The Man Who Killed the Deer*, *People of the Valley*, *The Yogi of Cockroach Court*, *Pumpkin Seed Point*, *Book of the Hopi*,

Woman at Otowl Crossing, Masked Gods, The Colorado, Pike's Peak, and Brave Are My People. If one read nothing but the works of these two literary giants, he or she would have a good understanding of the American Southwest.

Santa Fe County commissioners have imposed a one-year moratorium on development on about 4,000 acres of Cañada de los Alamos near Santa Fe because of threats to the historic Santa Fe Trail. The land presently belongs to the Episcopal Diocese of the Rio Grande and includes Camp Stoney. Descendants of early Hispanic residents there hope to make the moratorium permanent to preserve the Trail and their heritage.

Deanne Wright, Council Grove, KS, who recently retired from KKSU radio at Kansas State University, has been named the new curator of the Kaw Mission State Historic Site in Council Grove. Congratulations Deanne.

Michael Snell, son of former SFTA President Joe Snell, has produced a song, "The Santa Fe Trail," which is released through BMG Publishing/Final Four Music in Nashville, TN. He would like it to be considered for use during the 175th anniversary celebrations. For further information, contact Michael Puryear at (615) 321-2113.

David Sandoval, Pueblo, CO, former member of the SFTA board of directors, has won his case against the University of Southern Colorado which dismissed him for alleged violations of sick-leave policy, and he has been reinstated there. Congratulations David.

Roger D. Patton, national director of Literacy Across America and a new member of SFTA, is planning to ride horseback along the Trail during the summer of 1996. Literacy Across America is seeking to raise \$1 million during the next year to promote national literacy awareness and develop new reading programs and support materials.

The Autograph Rock project sponsored by the National Park Service on the ranch of Dan and Carol Sharp near Boise City, OK, has been completed. Signs and trails have been installed for the convenience of visitors.

James J. Fisher, columnist for the *Kansas City Star*, wrote on August 1,

1995, about a new book by Bill Lay titled *Indian Trade Factories and Forts in the Boonslick, 1812-1814*. This was the area where the Santa Fe Trail began. The book is available from the State Historical Society of Missouri, Columbia. No price was given.

On June 27, 1995, the National Frontier Trails Center, Independence, MO, welcomed its 100,000th visitor, Art Klukkert of St. Petersburg, FL. The NFTC opened March 30, 1990.

SFTA member and NPS historian Jere Krakow, who served on the NPS survey of the Santa Fe National Historic Trail, is currently team captain for the NPS comprehensive management and use plans for the recently-authorized California and Pony Express National Historic Trails and for plan revisions of the Oregon and Mormon NHTs.

SFTA members Ramon Powers, Jackie Lewin, and Greg Franzwa were speakers at the August 13 dedication of Alcove Spring on the Oregon Trail. SFTA Ambassador Les Vilda reports that excessive heat plagued those present. He never said whether the source of the discomfort was the August south wind for which Kansas is famous or the gusts from the dais.

Friends of Arrow Rock President Day Kerr was recently honored on her retirement from that position which she held since the early 1980s. She is succeeded by Barbara Quinn. The Friends have also dedicated their new headquarters in the former post office building in Arrow Rock. This organization does great things. Annual memberships begin at \$10. Send to Friends of Arrow Rock, Box 124, Arrow Rock MO 65320.

An "off-off-Broadway" musical revue, "Along the Santa Fe Trail," opened in Santa Fe this summer. The dinner theater is located in the Old Santa Fe Music Hall at Alameda and Guadalupe. For information or reservations, call (800) 409-3311.

Riley and Betty Parker, Santa Fe, have sold their bookstore, Parker Books of the West, to André Dumont, owner of Dumont Maps, and the combined business is now Dumont Maps & Books of the West, located at 301 E Palace Ave. To receive Dumont's periodic catalog, send a request to PO Box 10250, Santa Fe NM 87504.

TRAIL FAMILY PROJECT

THE Corazon de los Caminos Chapter is sponsoring a Trail Family History Project as part of the 175th celebration. Anyone with records about Trail travelers, merchants, teamsters, stagecoach drivers, soldiers, trappers, drovers, carpenters, stone masons, and operators of trading ranches, boarding houses, forage stations, blacksmith shops, and others is invited to provide information and copies of letters, diaries, photographs, maps, and other records for this project. For more information or to submit family materials, contact Nancy Robertson, PO Box 1516, Raton NM 87740.

The records will be filed in the Santa Fe Trail Archives at the Las Vegas Carnegie Public Library and the New Mexico Genealogical Society Archives in the Albuquerque Special Collections Library. Descendants will be recognized during the two-year celebration of the opening of the Santa Fe Trail.

INDEX AVAILABLE

A *Comprehensive Index* to the *New Mexico Genealogist*, volumes 1-33, 1962-1994, has been published by Ann L. Mossman for the New Mexico Genealogical Society. Information on more than 1,200 "New Mexico Ancestors," living in the state before 1912 has already been published. The Index provides the name reference to the volume and page. Some surnames include Abreu, Allison, Branch, Dawson, Ledoux, Romero, and St. Vrain.

Other articles and topics indexed by subject and locale include Mora and Taos County Marriage and Cemetery Records, book reviews, and Census Users' Guides. The index is available for \$14.00 postpaid from Ann L. Mossman, 2539 Harold Place NE, Albuquerque NM 87106-2515.



Paul Bentrup finds alternate use for DAR marker. (Photo by Mike Olsen.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES FRANCIS RILEY, PART III

(This concludes Riley's reminiscences of freighting on the Santa Fe Trail and other activities during and after the Civil War.)

BACK WITH MR. JAMES FOR FREIGHTING—QUANTRELL

In the meantime Mr. James had returned to Kansas and was planning to join the freighting business himself and as he had had no experience at that line himself he wanted me to help him. So, I concluded to do so. So, I severed my connection with Mr. Hornbuckle's train and commenced work again for Mr. James. The Bushwhackers and Redlegs were so numerous all along the State Line that it was unsafe for anyone to live in safety so we made our headquarters in Kansas City that fall.

Mr. James had taken a contract to buy two hundred head of cattle for a Mr. Ward (who owned a large farm just south of Westport) to be delivered at Nebraska City. We were to start to southern Kansas August 20th to buy those cattle but before we started we learned that Quantrell's men were on their way to sack and burn Lawrence, so we deferred our start for a few days until Quantrell had been run back into Missouri. So, in a few days after the burning of Lawrence, the history of which you are familiar we started south. At noon the first day we stopped for dinner at a place near Springhill which was right on the trail where Quantrell and his men went through on their way to Lawrence. Some of them had stopped at the same house. They told the folks there they were a company of U.S. soldiers on their way from Aubrey to Lawrence to join their regiment and as they were all dressed in U. S. uniforms and carried a U. S. flag they believed them and so they passed on without giving any suspicion. Sometime that afternoon we crossed their trail again where they went back into Missouri. This last trail was near Hillsdale in the north edge of Miami County. We soon bought our cattle in Bourbon, Allen, Neosho and Crawford counties. After getting them all together we hired two men to help drive to Lawrence. Our two went on through with me. Here we hired a man with his team to haul our outfit. So, from here we camped out the rest of the trip. Mr. James now turned the outfit over to me. He went to Kansas City and then up the river on a boat to Nebraska City. Of course, he was there some days before I got there with the cattle. We got through all right and delivered the cattle to Mr. Ward or his foreman on a ranch about six miles west of Nebraska City. Then I returned with the outfit to Lawrence. Mr. James returned to Kansas City and as there was no railroad in Kansas or Nebraska at this time he returned by boat. By this time Mr. James' family had returned from Ohio and Illinois

where they had been for nearly a year and had taken up their abode in Kansas City, so that was now our headquarters. Soon after Mr. James and I went down to Wilson and Greenwood counties and bought two hundred head of oxen to be used for our train, the next spring. We brought those cattle up into the south part of Miami County and I kept them through the winter by running them in stock fields until towards spring then feeding them on corn and fodder. While I was looking after the cattle Mr. James was looking after and contracting for the wagons, yokes, chains, covers, and in fact everything that was necessary to fit up the train.

During the winter or early spring Mr. John P. James of LaHarpe, Illinois (a nephew of Mr. James) came out and took a part interest in the train. So then we bought more cattle and fitted up a full train of 26 wagons with six yoke of cattle to the wagon. The last of April, 1864 we moved our cattle away from Twin Springs where we had been feeding and grazing them, north until we came to the Wakarusa south of Lawrence, and where we remained several days.

About the 5th of May we moved up to or near Leavenworth. Our wagons had come and were to be fitted up and made ready to load. Our hands had all been hired for the trip and so about the first thing to do was to load up our mess wagon, move it out and locate our camp. We had in our outfit eight or ten hands that had just come out from Illinois that had never driven an ox and some that had never seen an ox team until they came here. To you that may seem a small matter but to me it was quite a problem. For it is often easier to break in a wild team than to teach a green man. Now, as I had had considerable experience in loading freight in wagons it fell to my lot to load the wagons. A part of our freight was Government supplies for Ft. Union, New Mexico, and the rest was individual freight belonging to the James'. Our wagons were loaded in due time and after all the hard work in getting everything ready was over then comes the hardest job of all. That job is yoking up and matching up the teams especially for the inexperienced hands and where one has a good many unbroken cattle. It usually takes the biggest part of a day and is very hard work. After all is ready we make our start. It is mostly herding for a day or two but the main thing is to keep in the road and it doesn't matter so much how one does it just so he keeps in the road. In a very short time your cattle will learn it so one can hardly crowd them out. We took the Lawrence road when we left Leavenworth so that we could cross the Kaw River on a bridge, as there had been one built there recently. I forgot to tell you that while we were loading in Leavenworth I found

hitched to a rack there our Old Bill horse that we brought from Ohio with us. He had been taken the year before by the Bushwhackers and taken to Missouri. A short time before this some of the Kansas Redlegs had made a raid over in Missouri and had captured him with a lot of other stock. He had been sold to a man living some six miles on the road to Lawrence. At once we got out the papers to replevin Old Bill. The man at once conceded our right to him. We let the man take Bill home and keep him until called for. So as we passed by his place we took Old Bill along with us. He was an old standby, being over 20 years old and one of the first horses that I ever worked for Mr. James in the spring of 1854, in Ohio. I also drove him to Kansas in 1857, so you see he was like one of the family. He finally died of old age on the farm being 26 or 27 years old. After leaving Lawrence we took a southwest course until we struck the Old Santa Fe Trail near Burlingame. I have already described to some extent the trail from here on, on former trips so it is not worth while to repeat here.

INDIAN TROUBLE: SOME REAL, SOME HUMOROUS

Reports tell us that the Indians are getting to be very troublesome and we are advised to be very careful and to take every precaution we could to not let them get the drop on us. When we left Council Grove there were three trains of us. We were instructed to travel together until we could be furnished an escort of soldiers which we expected to come to us in a few days, but which did not until we got to Lamed. In order to understand each other we, the bosses of each train, held a consultation and made our rules to travel by as near as we could. Each train would lead day about and the leader to control the drives for the day and locate the camps in case of an accident or trouble in any one train all should stop at once until all was ready to move again. By this means we were always in supporting distance of each other in case of need.

We got on fairly well but rather slow. One of our trains was a Mexican outfit and it seemed that they were always slow. We succeeded finally in reaching Big Bend. We had not seen an Indian on the trip since we left Council Grove but every outfit we would meet on the road would caution us to look out for Indians. On the day we struck the river our train was in the lead. We had to cross Walnut Creek that afternoon and it took us late in the evening to get all across and as we would have a moonlight night we decided to make a short drive. So we pulled on three or four miles to about where the city of Great Bend is now situated.

It was our habit to corral with one wing on either side of the road with each end open, the front opening usually 20 feet wide

while the rear end would be 30 or 35 feet. Now, if the trains following wanted to pass on by they passed through our corral. On this occasion they passed through the Mexican train the last one. The second train corralled about 200 yards from us. The Mexican train had gone about through when we all heard the terriblest screams close to the hind end of our corral and before we could get out to see what it was the Mexican cavyard driver rushed into the corral making all kinds of signs and trying every way to tell us the Indians were coming.

During the excitement some one discovered an arrow sticking in the thigh of his horse. It had penetrated the flesh 5 or 6 inches. It was not light enough for us to see very far back on the road but someone said they could see Indians or something behind us so every available horse was mounted by someone and they made a dash back on the road. They soon discovered several Indians making for the river. They gave chase and we could hear horses running. Soon we began to hear pistol shots, I think 25 or 30 shots were fired by our boys but of course they never got near enough for any of them to take effect. They ran the Indians into the river and while our boys were watching they could see them near the opposite side going across. While this was going on we were getting our stock bunched up as close as we could and we all put on double guards around the cattle and also at the corrals in fact no one slept very sound that night. I was out with the cattle all night. We kept all stock pretty close through the night so it was necessary to let it graze some in the morning before we pulled out so we thought best to get breakfast that morning before leaving there. As soon as it was daylight quite a lot of the boys went back on the road to see what they could discover. In their search they found (as I remember) 6 arrows that had been shot at the Mexican the night before. One or two within a hundred yards of our corral. When it came time to yoke up one of our men was reported sick in his wagon so I went to see what was the matter. I got up on the tongue of the wagon and looked in. His wagon was loaded, the bed full of boxes and on top was perhaps a dozen sacks of dried apples. He had piled these sacks on each side and across the back and had his bed down in the middle so he was pretty well barricaded. I said, "What is the matter Cass?" "Oh, I don't know, I just got sick last night and I don't think I can drive my team today so I thought I had better stay in my wagon." I said, "Well, I am real sorry that you are sick. Don't you think I had better get you some medicine to take?" "No, I think I'll be all right soon." I said, "Well, what have you got these sacks piled up that way for?" "Oh, I thought if the Indians did make an attack on us they couldn't shoot through them so easily." I

said, "Well, Cass, I think you are only scared a little and you think you are sick." He said, "No, I don't think I am scared but I don't want them Redskins to get me and I can't drive my team today." I went and told Mr. James about him and he said, "Go tell John James to go and talk to him (he was one of John's Illinois hands). Maybe you can get him out." so I told John. He went and talked to him but could not prevail on him to come out and we did not get him out to drive his team for several days.

We did not see any more Indians until we got to Ft. Larned. There were a few laying around there but scouting parties of soldiers reported plenty of Indians south and east of there. We were not allowed to proceed any farther until we could have an escort of soldiers. So, we had to lay up for several days. Finally two more trains came by, they had with them a company of old regulars so as soon as we all could get ready we started on. We were now under the orders of the troops. We had to go when the Captain said go and camp when he said camp. While our progress was slow we got along without any further trouble from the Indians on our way out. We all kept together until we got to Ft. Lyon. There our escort stopped and we were allowed to separate and go on our way as we chose to.

We crossed the river at Bents Fort about 35 miles above Ft. Lyon. After crossing the river we crossed over the divide on to the Picketwire River. We followed up that river as far as Trinidad. Here we took up a canyon and cross over the mountain at what they call the Wootten Pass. This old man Wootten was or had been considerable of an Indian trader and scout. He in some way obtained a permit to build a road through this pass and he lived up near the summit of the mountain and collected a toll from all persons going over his road which was not nearly so good as the Southwest Boulevard at Kansas City, but much better than it had been in its primitive state. It was hard work to take a loaded train over the mountain, so many short curves, so many steep places to go up and down, so many places to double teams to pull up. But after all when you get through you feel good because you think you have accomplished something.

From here on to Ft. Union we had good roads generally speaking. It is a nice rolling country and we got along very well. We soon got to our destination. We unloaded the Government freight at the fort and sold the individual freight to the Sutler's Store. We were soon on our way towards home again.

We came back the same route that we had gone out. We got along very well for a time on our homeward trip. When we got down to old Ft. Dodge or to where it had once been, for at that time there was nothing much to indicate that there ever had been a fort there, a few old remnants of buildings was all that remained at that time.

A year or two after this fort was rebuilt and a company or two of the soldiers kept there. As we were about to leave the river to cross the cut-off to Ft. Larned the stage with a small escort overtook us and the two Messrs. James took passage for home. That left me to assume all the responsibility and bring the train in. We had not heard anything of the Indians along there doing anything bad since as we were going out by here. So, we were having no fears but the night we camped on the cut-off the guard saw several Indians crossing the river during the night. They seemed to be coming from the river and going across to the north. The guard reported to me and I took a field glass and went out to the herd and watched until morning. I could see by the glass as small an object as a wolf for a half mile away. I did not see any Indians that night but the next morning we could see where quite a few had crossed the road a half mile or so behind us.

That morning before leaving camp I had about half of our provisions put into another wagon and the end-gates put in and the cover fastened down good so no one could see what was in there. I had begun to feel that we might be held up and made to give up our grub. The Indians had been doing that frequently so I thought to save something that way and it so happened that I was right. That day we saw quite a lot of Indians passing around over the prairie and before we got to Ft. Larned probably a hundred or more had come to the train and were following along. One old Indian who said he was an Arapaho chief came and rode along with me for a mile or so and talked to me. He could talk pretty good English. He told me his people were all hungry that they wanted me to give them something to eat. I told him I would camp at the Fort and there I would give them something. He said, "I will go to my wigwam and will come back again." I told him all right, when I was camped he could come back. I told him I had a little bit of flour and meat and coffee and sugar and that my men would get hungry too if I gave them very much. He said, "Maybe so, you can get some at the Fort." I said, "No, they give me nothing, they let me be hungry like you." It seemed to please the old chief what I had said so he rode close up to me and said, "Soldiers all mighty mean, me no like um." So he reached out his hand and said, "how." I took his hand, he gave it a shake and again said, "how" and then away he went.

We went on until we passed the fort nearly a mile and camped. I kept the cattle in as close to camp as I could. I expected to make a night drive that night but afterwards changed my notion. Very soon after we corraled and the cattle out the Indians began to flock in until there were perhaps more than a hundred of them, mostly young men. Pretty soon we saw coming towards the river the old Chief and about a dozen

others, five squaws in one bunch. The old Chief came inside the corral to where I was and said "Come". I went with him to the front of the corral and he pointed to four old Indians and said, "All chiefs, good chiefs." Then pointing to the squaws said, "Chiefs squaws all hungry". I said to him "Too much Indians, too little grub." He indicated to me that only those five chiefs would expect anything. So, I had two of the men to open up the mess wagon and set out on the ground all the provisions we had in that wagon, which amounted to about three big sides of bacon, nearly three sacks of flour, 30 or 40 pounds of sugar, 15 or 20 pounds of coffee, a few dried apples and currants, also some spice.

Now [I] took my butcher knife, one of which all hands were supplied. I divided the bacon into six equal parts. The squaws by this time had spread their blankets out around in a circle. Now, I laid one part to one side and told the old Chief, that could talk, that was for me, to tell the others to take care of theirs, one pile for each one. He said something to them and each squaw took her pile. Then I divided the flour into six equal parts, set my part back and motioned to the squaws to take theirs, each one piled her share on her own blanket. The old Chiefs sat on a wagon tongue and looked on. Now came the coffee. I asked where to put their share. They began to jabber among themselves, finally each one spread down a handkerchief or some kind of a wrap to put it on. The next was the sugar. By this time one could begin to see the smiles come to the faces of those old squaws. Well, now something more would have to be provided to hold the sugar. So each one emptied her coffee to one corner of her blanket and tied it up with some kind of a whang. Where they got it I do not know but they all looked as though they had been used for the same purpose. I divided the sugar and piled it where the coffee had been. Now came the dried fruit. I showed it to the old Arapaho chief and told him that the squaws could take it and divide it at their wigwam. He talked to them a little and then said, "yes." So, I gave it all to them. We had all gotten tired of it any way so did not care for any part of it.

In dividing up this grub I was careful to show them that I gave them a full share with myself and so by the time I was through I could see that the old fellows were well pleased. Now, the squaws had their ponies brought in the corral by some Indian boys that had been lying under a wagon near by. They packed their stuff on the ponies climbed on and away they went. I learned that there was a large village on the river about four miles off. After the squaws were gone the old Chief made a little talk to the Indians that were hanging around, perhaps 50 or more, mostly young boys. Soon they began to mount their ponies and in ten or fifteen minutes there was not an Indian left

except the old Arapaho Chief and one of the other old men that came with him, whom he said was a Chief.

After all were gone he came up to me took my arm and led me to the back end of the corral and began to tell me (very confidentially it seemed) how mean the soldiers were at the fort and that the Indians were going to kill those soldiers. He said, "Soldiers kill all Indians' buffalo and no give him nothing to eat. The soldiers mean, mean, mean." He patted me on the shoulder and said, "You good man, you good man." And so they shook my hand and said "how, how" and then got their ponies and rode off towards their village. That left us all alone. I had intended to make a night drive that night but was a little afraid to. So, I had the cattle kept out on the grass until it began to get dusk, then they were brought in close to camp and herded close that night.

That evening I went to the fort for mail and some ammunition for the boys. While there I told the storekeeper that the Indians were swearing vengeance against them. He said, that was nothing they are always doing that. Very early the next morning we were on the road. We traveled nearly all day and a part of the night before we felt that we were anything but safe. We were now about where the city of Great Bend is now and near where the Indians shot at the Mexican as we were going out. I had thought of laying here until evening and rest up the cattle a little for I had rushed them so hard since leaving Ft. Larned and besides that I had several steers that were sick with fever. Three steers died here at this camp making in all nine or ten head that had died in the last few days.

Shortly after breakfast that morning I had just come to camp from looking after some sick steers, we discovered some one on the road coming from the west riding at a full lope which indicated to us that he was in more than an ordinary hurry. As he came nearer we could see that he was a soldier. So I and two or three of the boys went out to the road and as he came up we hailed him to learn the news. He said last night the Indians attacked the Fort, killed all the pickets, ran off all of their horses except two or three that were kept inside the stockade, that he was on his way to Fort Riley for relief, and advised us to make all speed we could for a few days at least. Of course this created some anxiety on our part for we were yet in the very heart of the Indian country and no chance to get any help from any source near at hand, so the only thing to do was to make all the haste that we could to get out of reach of the Redskins as soon as possible. So, we did not tarry long there, so we drove on until we came to where the trail leaves the river.

Here we met a train or rather came to where it was corralled. I told the boss what I had heard and advised him to be on the lookout for Indians and that he had better

get his cattle nearer camp, for I saw that they were nearly two miles away in the bluffs. He talked as though he knew his business and could take care of himself all right. I told him all right I had done my duty and we went on. This train was known as the Crow train. The next day this train was attacked by Indians while on the road just before they got to Walnut Creek while the train was crossing an arroyo or an old creek bed. As well as I remember the report was that some of his men were killed and scalped. A good many of his wagon sheets were taken off and some other things that were easy to carry off. He had to unload his freight at Fort Larned from some cause and come back. A week or so after we got in I saw them going through Lawrence. I talked with some of the men and also saw one of the men that was scalped. He had his head all tied up but was getting along very well.

Well, to go back to where I left the river we pushed on as fast as we could travel only stopping long enough at a time for our cattle to eat their fill of grass and rest a little. We could hear nothing more about the Indians so finally I began to think that we were out of all danger. We had gotten in to one of the Turkey creeks near where the city of McPherson is now. At that time there was a stage station there. There were three men there, they had eleven or twelve head of horses and 150 or 200 head of cattle. The cattle were two or three miles north of the station, near what they called the Marsh, a place where there was always water and grass if there was any on the road anywhere. We had gotten there in the evening and took a good all night's rest. I had corralled about 200 yards from the stockade or picket corral that joined up to the stage station. My man that drove the loose cattle or cavyard had left a lame steer the evening before, back on the road about a mile and a half.

I had given orders to the herders to drive in the cattle at the first peep of day so they were in very early. I saddled my riding mare and told the boys I would go back and see about the steer that had been left on the road. When I got nearly to the steer I discovered something on the road coming towards me. It was not yet light enough for me to tell for sure what it was, but I was expecting the stage along anytime and that they would have an escort with them. I thought it was a bunch of soldiers. However, I had stopped and was sitting on my horse watching them. At last I was satisfied they were Indians. When they got within about a half-mile of me they left the road turning to the north. I sat there on my horse trying to think out what they were going to do, the course they were going. I thought perhaps they were on their way to a white settlement that I had heard of north of there on the Cottonwood River. After watching some little time I said to myself I will go and make that steer get up till I can see how

lame he was and if much lame I would have the ranchman to go out and get him and keep him until we returned the next trip. When I got to the steer the Indians were still going north.

I made the steer get up but he was very lame. The condition of the steer took my mind off the Indians for a few seconds. I looked up and saw that three of them had left the others and were on the dead run towards the road to cut me off from my camp. In an instant I was on the dead run up the road and if ever Queen flew it was then. I had two good spurs to induce speed with and I had two good revolvers to defend myself with if it came to a showdown. I had somewhat the advantage of them. I had a good road to run on while they had the prairie and then they would have a little farther to run than I would to make the point where their angle would strike the road. Most of those things I took in at a glance. But the main thing was to outrun them to that place which very fortunately I did. I had my pistols in hand and all ready to shoot when I thought I had the last chance. When I passed the point where they would strike the road I don't think they were 200 yards away. As soon as they saw that they could not cut me off they slackened their speed but I went on as fast as Queen could carry me until I knew I was safe then I slowed up some. We had run over a half mile before they gave up the chase.

The station and my corral were in the little valley along the creek so that they could not see any distance back on the road, so that none of them knew anything of my chase until I got in. As I passed the station I told the men to get their stock in their corral as soon as possible that Indians were just over the ridge there and in a few minutes would be on them. They just turned their horses out at the back end of their corral. Two men ran for the horses, the other took his field glasses and climbed upon the house to see what he could see. He had hardly got his glass up until eleven Indians dashed over the ridge and made a run for the horses. The two men had caught a horse a piece and were trying to get to the corral. One man let his go and ran for life, the other held on to his until an Indian gave him a prod on the arm with a spear which went through his clothes and grazed his arm enough to draw blood. Of course he ran for dear life then. But the Indians circled around the horses, took them a little ways up on the prairie, caught them, changed most of their saddles on the new horses, and took around us, came back into the road and went east. All this time my men were getting ready for battle in case of an attack. We were not expecting any trouble from those eleven Indians but we thought we could see considerable dust on the road to the west of us, so we thought perhaps there were more coming.

So, after a little consultation with the boss

of the ranch I decided to pull my wagons back and make a half moon corral against the side of his stockade so we did so, and put our cattle inside, closed up the ends and awaited results. After waiting half the forenoon I began to get uneasy, I did not want to be staying here if there were no Indians coming. Finally, I said, "How many of you boys will go back on the road with me until we can see if there are any Indians coming?" It seemed that all of them wanted to go. So, the first one to get the horses got to go. We rode back two or three miles but did not see an Indian or any signs of any except the ones that gave me my chase that morning. So, we returned to camp and made ready for the next move. The men at the station did not want to be left alone there, so we loaded all of their stuff into our wagons. They brought in their cattle and that evening we moved on. We made a drive that night before we camped.

The next morning we had breakfast before we broke camp. Our next drive brought us to the next ranch on one of the Turkey Creeks of which there were three, called Big Turkey, Running Turkey, and Dry Turkey. I have forgotten the order in which they came. At this ranch we found a small outfit of four wagons that were camped near the ranch when that same band of Indians ran onto them and captured all of their horses and mules, also those that belonged to the ranch, over twenty head in all and left them there helpless. Of course, they wanted to help so we hitched their wagons on behind ours and loaded the plunder that belonged to the ranch in our wagons and brought them all along. The Indians after getting their stock kept on east.

Between there and the next station at Cottonwood Holes the Indians killed a young man whom they met on the road. We did not see him but were told so at Cottonwood Holes when we got there. At this place there was an outfit of six wagons corraled near the station. They were coming in to the States empty. The boss was at the station, one man was asleep under a wagon, another in a wagon, the others belonging to this outfit were off some distance with their cattle. The Indians rode into their camp shot the man under wagon. The shot awoke the man in the wagon, he made considerable racket in his wagon so that the Indians took fright and rode off. They drove off the horses belonging at the station. From here the Indians left the road and went to the northwest. That is the last we heard of them. A very few days after this we heard of four men being killed by Indians in the west part of Lincoln county, which may have been the same band on their way back home. This outfit came on in with us.

When we got into the Cottonwood at what I think was called Moore's Ranch, we unloaded all that we had picked up on the road and left them there. As they were now out of danger, so that was the last I knew

about any of them. From here I took my time and endeavored to recruit up my cattle. For the last ten days or thereabout it had been very hard on them for we had been driving hard and herding close so they began to show it.

TO COUNCIL GROVE ONLY; THE JAMESES TO FT. UNION

We landed at Lawrence about the middle of August. Mr. James' family were now living here so this was now headquarters. We placed our cattle south of the Wakarusa where we had plenty of good grass and water. And in a short time they were all doing well. We had lost several steers on the trip which must now be replaced. From some cause we could not get freight to load for the fall trip until about the last of October. This meant a late trip. We went up to Leavenworth the last of September and after waiting there sometime we finally got our loads and returned to Lawrence. While here I decided that I would not make that late a trip so I told the James' that I would take the train out as far as Council Grove and then they could take it on through and I would come back as I had some business to attend to that fall and if I should go on with them I could not get back in time so I prevailed on them to let me off. I assisted them out as far as Council Grove and then I returned to Lawrence. Tom and John James and Julian Scott (who had added some teams to our train) went on through. They were detained on the road quite a good deal on account of escorts. They were not allowed to travel without one and their progress was slow. They took the Cimarron route and when they got onto the Rabbit Ear Creek they were caught in a big snow storm and were detained several days. Had to cut down brush for their cattle to browse on. From there to Ft. Union they had more or less snow. They got through about the middle of November. They started the men back as soon as possible with the mule team. Mr. James turned the cattle over to the Moody boys to keep through the winter out there somewhere. As soon as his arrangements were all made he and John took the stage for home where they arrived on Christmas eve. The hands arrived a little later, they had had a very hard trip.

I stayed part of that winter at Lawrence with Mr. James and a part with my stepfather and my mother in Johnson County. They lived on what was then known as the Sucket place, now a part of Dr. G. T. Goode's farm near Lenexa on Indian Creek.

During the latter part of that winter Mr. James sold his train to some parties in Mexico so we were clear out of a job. Of course, he sold my team with them.

MULES TEAM TRAIN TO FT. UNION, NEW MEXICO

Not long after that he decided to fit up mule team train. I also agreed to put in one

team and help to run the outfit. So, we had to get busy. About the first thing to do was to procure wagons. We decided to fit out a train of five mules to each wagon. The wagons to carry forty hundred pounds. The usual mule train had from six to eight mules to each wagon carrying from forty to fifty hundred. The driver would ride the near wheel mule. These were strung out two abreast. Ours were hitched two on the tongue and three in abreast in the lead. Our driver sat on a high seat on front of the wagon box and drove with four lines, the lead lines had an extra check. The former driver used what they called a jerk or single line. They used a black snake whip and would often have to jump off and run forward to whip their lead mules, while our drivers could use a stage whip of long stock and lash and always be in reach of their leaders from their seat. We hauled the same loads with five mules that they did the old way with six. As soon as the preliminary arrangements were made we began to buy up our mules. We found it a pretty hard job to find mules that we could buy such as we wanted. There were plenty of poor mules in the country such as contraband or condemned mules that the Government had discarded and sold over the country, but we wanted good mules. We finally got what we wanted for our twenty wagons. There was a man from Leavenworth (I can't call his name) that added six wagons to our train making it full. We had a splendid outfit. Received our wagons and freight at Leavenworth loaded mostly with Government supplies for Ft. Union, New Mexico. We had I think four wagons loaded with individual freight for a man from Leavenworth by the name of White, if I remember correctly. I forgot to note the fact that we bought our flour for this trip in Kansas City of the Gate City Milling Company which stood between 8th and 9th Street on the west side of Delaware, Kansas City, Missouri. I took a team and went down after it. I got my load (2500 pounds) and left the city April 14th. I drove out to the old neighborhood on Indian Creek and stayed all night with my mother. My stepfather was in very poor health at that time, yet he seemed to think he would soon be better. He was very much pleased over the news that Lee had surrendered a few days before. He was a very strong Union man, though an old line Democrat.

On the morning of the 15th I bade them all goodbye for I expected to be gone a good part of the summer. I drove by the way of Olathe as I had some business at the Recorder's Office. As I drove in to town I noticed that the big flag was floating at half mast. I tied my team and went into the courthouse and I said to Henry Taylor, "What does that mean, that flag at half mast?" He said "Have you not heard that President Lincoln was assassinated last night." I said, "No, that can't be true, surely." He said, "Yes, that is true, he was shot by

John Wilkes Booth." He said also that an attempt had been made to kill Seward, Secretary of State. I attended to my business and was soon on my way to Lawrence. That day was a long lonesome day to me. My mind was very busy going back over the past, thinking of the dangers, hardships, and privations that we all had had to endure, and now to know that our President had been assassinated just at the time we were all rejoicing over the splendid victories that had been won by the Union armies in the last few days. It was a heavy stroke and to me it seemed like a very critical time for such a thing to happen. That evening I arrived in Lawrence. Everything seemed to be in mourning. I thought everybody looked as though they had lost their best friend, and in a general sense they had. (President Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865.)

Now, to return to our train.

We left Leavenworth May 1st, arrived at Lawrence on the 2nd. When I arrived there I received a letter from home saying that my stepfather was dead, that he died on the 28th of April. We were detained here a few days so I took advantage of this delay to see my mother and to console her as best I could. I could stay only a short time and left her and the family in deep sorrow but with the assurance of her friends and neighbors that her welfare would be looked after while I was gone. When I returned to Lawrence everything was ready and the next morning we rolled out.

We left Lawrence about the 6th I think. I find by referring to old letters that on the 10th we were caught in a snow storm and had to lay over a day on Soldier Creek. We had some very bad roads on this trip. There were several times that we had to lay up on account of bad weather and bad roads. I find that on the 11th we made only nine miles. We have met several trains coming in and they reported that there were no Indians on the road so we began to think that we would get along fine this time. I had also received a letter from brother Charles, who was then near Trinidad, Colorado. He said it was reported that the Indians were very quiet this spring.

We passed through Council Grove on the 12th and arrived at Cottonwood on the 13th. We have been able to make better time on the road than most others for we have passed 65 or 70 wagons in the last two days. We have the finest outfit on the trail and we are now nearing the Indian country we will have to be very cautious and watch as well as pray for at a time when you think you are safe then is the time when the Indians are most likely to attack you. We kept out a strong guard with our mules all the time and at night we put side hobbles on each one so they could not be stamped. Perhaps you do not know what a side hobble is. It is a short chain 16 or 18 inches long with a round ring in each end which is fastened to a stout strap which is

fastened around one front and one hind leg just above the hoof. If hobbled in this way they cannot run and be stamped.

On the 16th we are at Cow Creek. All reports are that there are no Indians on the road this spring. It is said that they are all south of the river and as it is very high they will not cross it so we are pushing on as fast as we can. By referring to letters sent home, I find that we arrived at Pawnee Rock near Ft. Larned on the 19th where we were detained until the 23rd. While we were being detained here we could hear all kinds of reports about the Indians and their depredations. It would seem as though they had become very active all at once, for up to this time we had seen very few Indians anywhere on the road and they were very friendly. No trains were allowed to pass here until such time as the Commander of the post here saw fit to furnish an escort. I find by referring to a letter written home from here I said, "Since arriving at this place we have heard of a great many things that Indians have done on the road this spring. Perhaps you may have heard of them. Now, I don't believe the half of them. I will tell you what has been done on the road as near as I can find out from the authorities here at the Fort. About six days ago there was a train coming in. There were some discharged soldiers coming to the States with it. One of them left the train when about fifteen miles from here to come on alone. He was killed on the road and robbed of about two thousand dollars. It is thought that someone followed him and killed him for his money. Yesterday there were two soldiers out hunting horses from here, they were pursued by Indians, one was overtaken and killed, the other made his escape unhurt. There were four mule teams came to this post with us. They unloaded and started back for home yesterday morning. They made a ten mile drive and camped for dinner. They turned their mules out to graze (16 in number) and while they were at dinner the Indians slipped around their mules and run them off. They (the Indians) did not molest the men."

One day while laying here we had a very severe storm. When it began to threaten I was at the Fort. I jumped on my horse and lit out for camp. We had scarcely time to get the mules in the corral before it commenced, mostly wind at first. It tore off nearly half of our wagon covers. The wind slackened a little and we got most of the covers on again before it began to hail. It kept it up a few minutes and then turned to rain which continued for a half hour very hard. On the morning of the 23rd we took up our line of march. There were one hundred and nineteen wagons besides the army wagons and about four hundred soldiers, all cavalymen with their horses and mules. It made a train about two and one-half miles long when strung out it was a beautiful sight. We travelled two days and

camped near an old ford on the river. I have forgotten the name. It is about 16 or 18 miles east of old Fort Dodge. Here we were detained another day waiting for another escort. The soldiers that were here with us would cross the river here and go south. We were all subject to order from the Commander. The next day he gave us a permit to move on to Fort Dodge and there remain until our escort came up. We did so but fortunately for us our escort came the next day.

It has seemed strange this spring that there is no game on the road. We have not seen a buffalo on our side of the river and not more than two or three on the south side. The river is high, and that may keep them back. While game is scarce, we did not need to go hungry. I see by an old letter that we had plenty to eat considering that it consisted of wheat and corn bread, coffee and tea, both sassafras and younghyson, ham and shoulders, beans and hominy, sugar, molasses, crackers, dried and canned fruits, canned corn, oysters and pickles, and all the little spices and seasonings that are needful.

On June 3rd we were at the old Aubery crossing. It is about 85 miles below Fort Lyon. We had hoped to be able to cross the river at this place but it is so high that we could not. We have been hunting for a crossing at every place that looked any-ways favorable. Since we left Ft. Dodge we have found the river too high, so we keep on going. We have had bad roads for several days which made our progress slow. One of the trains traveling with us is a Mexican train. They could not speak much English, the boss could talk a little. Belonging to his train was a high toned Jew who was going to Santa Fe to engage in some business and he was anxious to learn the Mexican language, so he thought it would be best for him to go out with a Mexican train so he could be learning their language. He had a good horse to ride and put on a good deal of style. The old boss did not like to see that very well. One evening we were in the lead. We made our corral straddling the road so the others had to go through our corral. The Jew was ahead of their train, he rode into our corral and stopped at the front end and sat there on his horse and was talking to one of our men when the lead team of the Mexican train came up they could not go through for the Jew. The old boss was a little ways back but he saw the trouble and he yelled out "Hey there you Christ killer, you get out of the road, hain't you got any sense, no wonder you killed the Christ, you got no sense." The Jew never said a word but moved on. From then on our boys called him the Christ killer.

A couple of days before we got to Ft. Lyon there passed us an escort of several companies of the 16th Kansas Cavalry. They were escorting the acting Vice-Presi-

dent Foster, Senator Doolittle and Major General McCook. It was said that they were on a peace mission with the Indians. They were on their way to New Mexico.

On the 10th of June, we arrived at Fort Lyon. Here our escort stopped and we were allowed to go on and as we had the best outfit we soon took the lead. The roads were much better now and we could make better time. On the 12th we got to Bent's Fort. Here we crossed the river, we were a good three days in the crossing. We had to unload all of our goods that would damage by water and ferry them over in a small boat. It was a tedious job and very hard work. While here our mules stampeded. It took me and several others nearly a day to get them gathered up again. Some 60 head were found about 15 miles from camp. They went until they came to Purgatoire River. It was high and they did not cross. We soon left the Arkansas River and crossed over to the Purgatoire or Picketwire River thence up that river. On the 21st we got to Gray's Ranch, a few miles from Trinidad. Here I found my brother Charles. He was very much discouraged. He had rented a part of the Gray Ranch and was farming, he had put in 45 acres of corn and it was doing fine. It was 15 or 20 inches high when the grasshoppers lit down in the valley and ate up the crops so thoroughly that Charley said he could not make enough to pay his board. I told him this would be a good time to leave that country and go back home. I advised him to go home and live with mother and before we left there he concluded he would do so. He got busy and sold out his crops for what he could get and by the time we came back by there he was ready to come home. While there waiting to have some repairing done to our wagons Charley and I went down the river a few miles to visit a good friend of his, a Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. Charley had made his home with these people for over a year. They had us to stay for dinner. It was the first time I had sat down to a table since I left home and we had the best dinner I had sat down to on the trip. Mrs. Nelson gave me a fine beaver skin which I took home with me and had a pair of fine gauntlet gloves made of it which I enjoyed for several winters.

We left Gray's Ranch about the 24th and arrived at Fort Union the 2nd day of July. We were detained here some time. We spent the 4th of July here. The crops were almost a failure here this year and times were very dull. So, the man that had the extra freight had hard work to dispose of it. So that was partly the cause of our delay here.

In referring to a letter I wrote home on the 5th of July, that we had a big dinner on the 4th, and how well we all enjoyed ourselves, and how beautiful the sunsets are. The mountains west of us are covered with snow and as the sun sinks down over the

snow capped mountains it sends a beautiful halo across the valley which is very refreshing and stimulating to behold. It is said that if you should want to start a graveyard here you would have to kill some one to make the start. I further expressed a surprise that they didn't all die off from chronic laziness. I don't think I ever beheld such laziness in any people as I did out there among the Mexicans. It is true that nearly all of the laboring men there were Mexican Peons and of course they only did what they had to do.

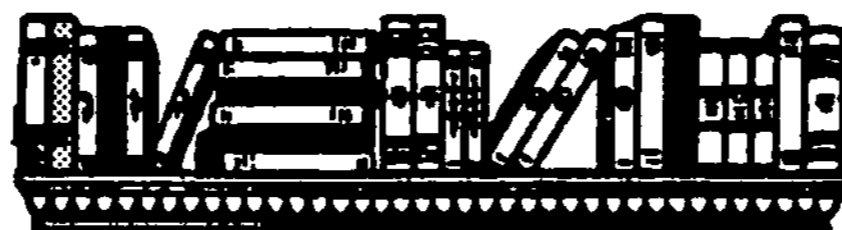
One day while laying there some of the boys went fishing and caught a nice lot of mountain trout. The streams here seem to abound with trout. The same day I went about six miles down the Mora River to where there is a ranch run by a white man, his wife who was a white woman, made butter to sell. I bought two pounds and paid her seventy-five cents per pounds. I also bought a dozen eggs for fifty cents. She gave me a canteen of buttermilk which was a great treat to me. I see by one of those old letters that I told my folks how near I came to being shot while here in camp. I had 24 bullet holes through my coat, two through my necktie and several others through my other clothes. I also see appended to this same letter that I did not have any of this clothing on when the bullets passed through them. They were in a satchel in my wagon when Mr. James pushed a shotgun in at the hind end of the wagon. By some means it was discharged and most of the charge went through my satchel. I have got a little keepsake that was in that satchel. It still carries a mark of that incident.

On the 7th day of July in the evening we made our first drive on our return trip. We had been camped six miles south of the Fort, our first drive took us six miles north of the Fort. We had hoped that we could return by the Cimarron Route but we learned that the Arkansas River was still high so we decided to return by the Raton Route, the same way we came. Mr. James left me in charge of the train. He took the stage and returned home to Lawrence. The war was now practically over. Everyone was casting about to see what was to be done next, and he was very anxious to procure another train load of freight or sell the outfit to someone that already had contents for fall delivery. I proceeded leisurely through the rough country in order to recruit the mules as much as possible on my way home. We had had a great deal of bad weather on our outward trip and that meant bad roads, and bad roads meant a hard trip for our teams. Never before in my experience on the plains did we have to lay up on account of rainy weather. On this trip out we had to lay up several times on account of rains. When I got to Gray's Ranch I found my brother all ready to return home with me. I spent one day here having some of

the brakes on the wagons repaired. It is reported that the Indians are on the trail but are not very bad, so we traveled on slowly until we arrived at Ft. Lyon. Here we found several small outfits waiting for more company or an escort to accompany them. The next day after we arrived at the Fort they give us a permit to go on that the mail coach would be due the next day and they would send an escort with it and if the Indians were on the road anywhere between here and Fort Dodge they would stay with us. They did not overtake us until we were about halfway to Fort Dodge and they only camped with us one night and then left us. We were not in the least afraid of Indians. We could muster nearly a hundred men and we were well armed and several in the outfit were old timers on the plains and were well up to the Indian's trick and besides that we had not seen an Indian since we left Trinidad, and further than that we did not like to travel under an escort, it suited us better to be our own boss. We met several trains and they all reported that there was no trouble on the road. The war was now over and a great many people were at sea, or in other words were at a loss to know what to do. It was thought by a great many that in mustering out of service such a great number of soldiers that the country would become demoralized to such an extent that it would take a long time for the business of the country to adjust itself. In that thought all were mistaken for it seemed that before one could realize the fact everyone had returned home and settled down in their little groove, so that no one could tell what had become of that vast army of a few months ago. As for me I had been very anxious to make a change in my way of living for some time and now as peace had been declared I began to think the time had come for me to begin to adjust my affairs to that end. These things occupied my mind a good part of the time. And Charley was going home with me and would live with mother and look out for her welfare. When we got in Fort Larned we concluded to cut loose from the compact and every one travel to suit themselves as some were ox teams and some were mule teams it did not take long for us to become scattered and as I had the best outfit in the lot it was no hardship for me to take the lead. We got along fine, made good time and arrived at Lawrence about the 14th or 15th of August. This virtually ends my experiences on the plains. I had gone through a great many hardships and dangers that are not mentioned in these notes.

Mr. James soon sold our outfit and that set me free. I soon had my plans laid for the future. Of course, I was planning to enter into a partnership with another party, whom I had been acquainted with for some time and with whom I had agreed that farming was a good business and as we both had been raised on a farm it seemed second

nature for us to take up that calling for a livelihood and so on the 17th day of September, 1865, we were married at the American House in the City of Olathe, Johnson County, Kansas by Judge Blodgett of the Probate Court of said County. The name of this firm since the above date and has been and still is by the Grace of God, James F. Riley and Elizabeth Lueretia Williams Riley.



CONVERSE OF THE PRAIRIES

—BOOK NOTICES—

Don Pedro Baptista Pino, *The Exposition on the Province of New Mexico, 1812*, translated and edited by Adrian Bustamante and Marc Simmons, introduction by Eduardo Garrigues. Santa Fe and Albuquerque: El Rancho de las Golondrinas and the University of New Mexico Press, 1995. Pp. 111. Cloth, \$25.00; paper, \$12.00. Boxed limited edition of 200 copies, signed by the editors, \$50.00. Paper and boxed editions available from the museum shop at El Rancho de las Golondrinas, Santa Fe. Cloth edition available from University of New Mexico Press, 1720 Lomas Blvd NE, Albuquerque NM 87131-1591. Add \$3.00 for shipping.

This slim volume provides a fascinating glimpse of life in Spanish Colonial New Mexico less than ten years before Mexican independence and the opening of the Santa Fe Trail. Pino was a prominent New Mexican who wrote from firsthand observation. Included in his *Exposition* are notes on New Mexico's government and military, agricultural products, natural resources, and the people. There are valuable comments on the various Indians of the province. An example of the revealing and, at times, surprising statements is Pino's reference to the practice by some Indian women performing abortions through the use of herbs.

This work will be of interest to students of the Santa Fe Trail because the New Mexico described by Pino is similar to what William Becknell and other Anglo-American traders encountered when they arrived in 1821 and after. It is also informative to compare Pino's *Exposition* with Zebulon Pike's observations on New Mexico made during his 1806 visit.

Serious scholars will be pleased that this edition of Pino's work includes a facsimile reprint of the Spanish-language edition originally published in

Cádiz, Spain, in 1812.

—Mark L. Gardner

James Josiah Webb, *Adventures in the Santa Fe Trade 1844-1847*, edited by Ralph P. Bleber. New introduction by Mark L. Gardner. Reprint, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995. Pp. 301. Illustrations, map. Paper, \$12.00. Available from Last Chance Store.

"... [W]e saw two men coming from the prairie who from a distance appeared like traders. ... [T]hey proved to be Mr. Albert Speyer with a servant. Mr. Speyer informed us ... that he had encountered a very severe storm of sleet and rain on the Cimarron not far from Willow Bar, and had lost a good many mules ..." (pp. 106-107). This encounter was but one of many remarkable adventures Webb included in his memoirs, written more than forty years after his first three round-trips over the Santa Fe Trail. He spent seventeen years as a Santa Fe trader and accumulated extensive records and correspondence, but these memoirs covered only the first three years. However they cover some of the most exciting and turbulent years in the history of the Southwest and the Trail, adding immeasurably to the literature of the period.

Originally published in 1931 as the first volume in Arthur H. Clark's *Southwest Historical Series*, Webb's narrative is again in print, thanks to the efforts of Gardner who is well acquainted with this period as demonstrated in his *Brothers on the Santa Fe and Chihuahua Trails* (1993). The Glasgow brothers appeared amid the dozens of famous and lesser-known people encountered by Webb.

Webb's engaging portrayal of Trail life, buffalo hunts, Indian raids, blizzards (one return trip was during the winter), dealing with Mexican customs officers, smuggling and merchandising techniques, and the Mexican War make absorbing reading. Like Speyer's wagons, Webb's train preceded Kearny's troops to Santa Fe in 1846, and he traveled with Speyer's caravan to Chihuahua seeking more advantageous trading opportunities. The fleeing Governor Manuel Armijo's entourage also traveled with Speyer. Webb and others were detained for more than a month as prisoners. Later, Webb anxiously awaited the outcome of the Battle of Sacramento atop the mint building in Chihuahua.

This reprint makes it possible for those who have been unable to locate a copy of the original edition to add it to their personal library and to read

this excellent account of traveling the Trail. Anyone interested in the Santa Fe trade will enjoy this book and finish with a clearer understanding of the ins and outs of the business prior to and during the Mexican War. An index would have been a helpful addition.

—Bonita M. Oliva

Donald J. Blakeslee, *Along Ancient Trails: The Mallet Expedition of 1739*. Niwot: University Press of Colorado, 1995. Pp. xviii + 240. Maps, illustrations, notes, appendices, bibliography, and index. Cloth, \$39.95. Available in October.

Blakeslee, professor of anthropology at Wichita State University, presented portions of this new evaluation of the Mallet Expedition at the Santa Fe symposium in 1989 and in an article in *WT* (Feb. & May 1991). The book, a combination of impressive research and detailed scholarship, provides the background for the expedition, details of the trip, and an assessment of its significance. Most important is the attempt to unravel the route across the Plains from the Missouri Valley to Santa Fe, following well-established Indian trails.

Although much educated speculation is required to posit the route possibly followed by the Mallet brothers and their seven companions, due to the paucity of solid documentary evidence, Blakeslee provides convincing explanations for the path he carefully maps (over 30 maps are included). This route differs from those offered by other scholars. If Blakeslee is correct, the westbound expedition touched on what became the Santa Fe Trail at several points. The return trip was along the Canadian and Arkansas rivers to Arkansas Post and then to New Orleans.

A few minor errors related to the Santa Fe Trail deserve attention. A quotation from Josiah Gregg (p. 125) about the first wagons taken to New Mexico did not refer to Becknell as Blakeslee assumes (Gregg was in error). It is no longer safe to assume, either, that Becknell ever traveled to Santa Fe over Raton Pass (p. 175), for there is more evidence that he did not than that he did. What Blakeslee labels the "Overland Branch" of the Trail is also questionable.

This nit-picking does not detract from the overall value of this seminal study. In addition to laying out a plausible route along Indian trails, Blakeslee shows that the Mallet party was welcome in Santa Fe where they resided for nine months. New Mexican officials hoped they would develop a

trade route. Blakeslee also treats the unsuccessful Fabry expedition sent toward Santa Fe in 1741 (which included the Mallet brothers), the later careers of the brothers (so far as can be determined), and Pierre Mallet's trip to Santa Fe in 1750 which found the French traders unwelcome and led to their arrest and imprisonment in Mexico City.

Cotton Mather and George F. Thompson, *Registered Places of New Mexico: The Land of Enchantment*. Mesilla: New Mexico Geographical Society, 1995. Pp. xvi + 95. Map, illus., index. Cloth, \$19.95. Available from University of New Mexico Press, 1720 Lomas Blvd NE, Albuquerque NM 87131-1591. Add \$3.00 for shipping.

This guidebook provides brief glimpses of 31 places registered with the New Mexico Geographical Society. The selections are all significant and worthy of a visit by anyone interested in the rich heritage of New Mexico. The photographs are good. Unfortunately, however, the research and writing leave much to be desired. This volume is no credit to the publisher.

The first place described is the Santa Fe Trail, but there is no recognition of any route except that through Raton Pass which Becknell is mistakenly reported to have used on his first two trips to New Mexico. The authors incorrectly state that Franklin, MO, was on the west bank of the Missouri River, and they ridicule claims that Santa Fe Trail remains may be seen at Fort Union, stating that those ruts are barely visible. Perhaps, like many tourists, they do not know how to identify Trail remnants.

Not all sections are so poorly done, although the treatment of Fort Sumner and Billy the Kid is simply awful. Some of the suggested readings given with several topics are not relevant. For example, the suggested reading for the Salinas Monuments is Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. One wonders if the authors ever heard of Charles Lummis. There are better guidebooks to all the historic places in New Mexico, for which readers may be thankful.

COUNCIL TROVE

—DOCUMENTS—

The text of the letter from George Knox to Parker Knox, quoted in Harry Myers's article (pp. 1-2), follows in its entirety, with permission of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis. Spelling and punctuation are as in the original. The letter was dated "Collen

Grove 14th Sept 1828."

I wish to let you know that wee are all well Mr. McClure & Thomas has had a small tuch of the Chills & feaver but not veary bad the are still at a loss to know what to do with their stock Three days ago there was 3 men came from S^t fee the left the Comp^y. About 300 miles back The left S^t fee about 3 days after our boys got there There was 115 men in the comp^y with about 114 Head of Stock before the got to the Simerone Spring The Indians at different times had taken about 700 head from them — But what is still wors one Or two days after Danial Munroe & Rob^t Mc Ness went a head in the Evening to look for a good Incamping ground they had stop^d turen^d out ther Muels & lay down to Sleep the indians came and kild them boath I expect when the comp^y. All comes in wee will recive some letters from The boys the men that com in Say the had seen the Whitmore Hardeman & our boys and that the Intended to go Lower down those that sold out at At S^t fee got but 20 pr cent on cost — a bad prospect your Moathe about 5 weeks ago started in a keel Boat for Jefferson She had 3 days of the Chills & fever and that day she had a veray severe chil & feave Layt That night at Doctor nashes the nex day got to Jefferson She was there abot 3 week I went down & brot Her & Leona home in a dearborn — there is a man came to me a few day ago his name is Moss he says you know him he wants to rent your Farm I do not know what sort of a tenant he would Make. Tel Rebeca wee have not forgotten Her I think I can still see her tracks around the garden orchard & Milk house & over in the little [?] Next wdnesday his moathe is going to a weaver with her carpet Dancos is no bitter & I have my doubts if ever she will — nancy grumbles veary much that Rebeca dos not write to her

I have nothing more worth if I recive a letter from the boys I will soon write again

Believe me to be your Affectionate Father

Geo. Knox

CAMP TALES

—CHAPTER REPORTS—

Cimarron Cutoff

President Helen C. Brown
PO Box 1400
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Members and guests met in the Ek-lund Hotel, Clayton, NM, on 22 July, 1995, for dinner. Informal discussions centered on the 1997 symposium which will be held along the Cimarron Route. Several visitors were told about the Trail, SFTA, and the chapter.

Following the meal, members reconvened at the Herstein Memorial Museum. Sue Richardson presided. A letter from Marc Simmons to President

Brown regarding the recent burglary of his home was read. He stated he would give the opening address at Boise City for the 1997 Symposium but would be unable to give the closing speech.

There was a discussion of the 175th anniversary of the Trail in 1996. Edgar White reported that Elkhart will be joining with other Kansas communities in their plans for the year. Neither Boise City nor Clayton have definite plans, although representatives from both communities have discussed it.

Everyone was reminded to make their plans known to *Wagon Tracks* editor, to 175th anniversary committee chairman Harry Myers, and to *New Mexico Magazine*. Paul Bentrup noted there has been a considerable publicity about the event and urged everyone to accommodate the foreign visitors who might come.

A memo was read from Mrs. Brown concerning the 1997 Symposium as a chapter project. David Hutchison and Dan Sharp, coordinators for the 1997 symposium, urged members to attend the 1995 symposium at Larned and Great Bend, Sept. 21-24.

Following the business meeting, D. Ray Blakeley presented an informative talk on "Taming the Plains: Homesteading and Small Towns." The October meeting will be in Elkhart.

Texas Panhandle

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

The SFTA extends condolences to the family of chapter member Glen Maples who passed away in June.

The chapter's 1995 *Roundup* meeting and cookout was held in Palo Duro Canyon August 13. At 3:00 p.m. five members led by Scott Burgan walked down the canyon through intense heat. Burgan provided historical information primarily about the Battle of Palo Duro fought in 1875 between U.S. troops and Indians. After the hike, the group joined other members and toured the interpretive center. Following the barbecue in the picnic area, the business meeting was called to order by Kathy Revett. She went over a survey she had received from SFTA Vice-President Ross Marshall. R. L. Robertson reported on attempts to arrange a tour to the Rocky Dell historical site in October. This was a Santa Fe Trail campsite and as well as a Comanchero and prehistoric site on the Canadian.

Revett reminded members that the Cimarron County Historical Society asked for help with the 1997 symposium. Scott Burgan and Dennis Clayton are working on a presentation

showing the Canadian River-Texas Panhandle trails (Gregg-Marcy, Fort Dodge-Tascosa, Fort Bascom-Tascosa, Mora-Canadian) as integral parts of the greater Santa Fe Trail system. They are looking for maps and pictures suitable for a slide presentation and are creating a large map for display. They hope to have a brochure to pass out at the 1995 symposium.

Mr. O. L. Russell, Marion Sloan Russell's grandson, is invited to the November meeting. He will select the date.

Wagonbed Spring

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

Steve Hayward, member from Elkhart, presented a program on aerial views of Santa Fe Trail ruts at the July 13 meeting in Ulysses. The area covered was from the Arkansas River sand hills to northern New Mexico. Point of Rocks historic area, Morton County, KS, was the main focus. He pointed out a jeep trail which is sometimes hard to distinguish from the real ruts. He also mentioned the "companion trail" bulldozed through the yucca and cacti beside the original Trail.

President Lewis reported that several businesses in Ulysses had joined the SFTA and the chapter as institutional members. He hopes to get at least 20 businesses to join. Karla French, treasurer, reported that she had sent 62 newsletters prior to the meeting.

Lewis spoke of plans for the 175th anniversary celebration in Grant County. A map of the area will be printed for self-guided tours of Wagonbed Spring site in 1996-1997. He outlined an agenda for various events.

Ed Dowell displayed a metal marker showing a covered wagon drawn by a mule team which had been placed on school houses in 1948. He had found the marker in an antique store.

Hugoton will be the site of the October 12 meeting.

Heart of the Flint Hills

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

The following officers were elected for 1995: President Don Cress, Vice-President Charles Macy, Secretary Helen Ericson, and Treasurer Joleen Day. The meeting dates have been changed to the fourth Thursday of January, April, July, and September each year.

On March 9 a special board meeting was called. Don Cress showed the new aluminum sign purchased to interpret the Trail ruts 5 miles west of Council

Grove. An interpretive sign had earlier been placed at the Old Stone Barn, 1 mile east of Council Grove. Members were encouraged to attend the Kansas Archeological Association dig in Osage County sponsored by the Kansas State Historical Society.

It was reported that the Wilmington Stone school house owned by the chapter had a portion of the west wall crumble and fall out. Howard Mohler reported that his committee was ready to nominate the old school house for inclusion on the State and National Register.

The Trail Ride committee completed plans for the ride June 6-10 on the Trail from Fort Riley to Council Grove.

Sharon Haun presented the "Border to Border" program planned for the 175th celebration in 1996. It starts at Independence, MO, on June 2, 1996, and moves west across Kansas about 15 miles per day. A program will be given each evening at the site selected.

The chapter now has 54 members. The annual meeting will be held at the Old Stone Barn, October 1, 1995, 4:00 p.m.

End of the Trail

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

On May 14 chapter members joined a public tour of four buildings with ties to the Santa Fe Trail, sponsored by the Historic Santa Fe Foundation.

On July 24 Alcalde Sears called the meeting to order in the visitor center at Fort Union. Topics of discussion were what could be done to preserve Trail ruts. Anyone willing to help is asked to contact Sears. After touring the ruins of the second and third Fort Unions, the group traveled to the site of the first Fort Union under to tutelage of Supt. Harry Myers. It was built in 1851 and used for about 10 years. It was later used as the arsenal.

The July 15 meeting was brought to order by Louann Jordan at the Fairview Cemetery, Santa Fe, with 30 in attendance. Host Marian Meyer had prepared a list of people buried in Fairview that would be of interest to the SFTA. Those who traveled the Trail were designated. Posters were put up at the sites of these burials with information relating to their time in history, occupation, whom they married, names of children, and other information of interest. After a sack lunch all members and guests enjoyed the self-guided tour of the marked burials.

Corazon de los Caminos

President LeRoy LeDoux
PO Box 94

Wagon Mound, NM 87752
(505) 666-2262

On August 20, 1995, chapter members plan to tour the Granada-Fort Union military freight route. Contact President LeDoux for details.

Wet/Dry Routes

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

On May 13 members met to mount bronze plaques on limestone posts to be installed at the Fort Mann site, Point of Rocks four miles west of Dodge City, the Caches, and the recently identified ruts on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road northeast of Alexander, KS.

A marker was installed on the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road in Rush County, on June 13, on the Wilbur Brack property west of Nekoma, KS. It identifies the only known rut between Big Timbers and Walnut creeks. On hand for the installation was Dr. Bill Brenner, Larned, cousin of Mrs. Wilbur Brack. Dr. Brenner's grandfather was stationed at Fort Hays prior to his discharge, after which he homesteaded near the marker site.

On July 8 members met at the Clapsaddle residence in Larned. Following a barbecue dinner, the business session included approval of a fund-raising project, the sale of baseball caps and tee shirts, and the purchase of ten plaques to mark the campsites of the 1825-1826 Santa Fe Trail Survey team in Pawnee, Edwards, and Ford counties. Subsequently, a program was presented at the August 31, 1825, Santa Fe Trail survey team campsite in Larned.

The nine campsites of the survey team in present Pawnee, Edwards, and Ford counties will be identified by bronze plaques mounted on limestone posts. Two of the existing markers which feature brass plaques containing quotes from George Sibley's diary will be reversed so that the bronze plaques will be seen on the front side of the marker and the diary entries on the back side. Those two markers are listed in *A Self Guided Auto Tour of the Santa Fe Trail in Pawnee, Edwards and Ford Counties, Kansas*, at Sibley's Camp, 2nd and State Streets in Larned, and Sibley's Ridge, one mile east of Garfield.

The historic property at 2nd and State Street in Larned, KS, has been purchased by chapter members David Clapsaddle, Bob Rein, and Mildon Yeager. This was the spot where the survey team camped on August 31, 1825. The site also served as a stone quarry in the early days of Larned, and

in 1921 it was purchased by the Cobb family who made numerous improvements, including the construction of a house in the side of the quarry, one of the first earth homes in the area.

While stone from this site has been removed in great quantities, then modern traveler can still envision the description written by Survey Commissioner George Sibley, who camped near the location in 1825: "We are now encamped . . . at the foot of a high rocky hill . . . some cliffs of soft rock, upon the smooth faces of which are cut the names of many persons, who have at different times passed this way to and from New Mexico."

The partners are in the process of removing trees, fill dirt, and buildings from the property. The long range goal is to restore the site to its 19th-century appearance including the planting of trees mentioned as growing in the area at the time of Sibley's 1825 visit.

The funds for the Booth gravestone project have been raised and the stones have been delivered. The markers will be placed at the grave sites of Lucia Booth, wife of Henry Booth, and Nathaniel Booth, Captain booth's son born in 1870 at Fort Larned. The chapter newsletter, *Traces* will contain the names of contributors to the project and the dedication of the gravestones.

Seven Boy Scouts from Edwards County completed Santa Fe Trail-related Eagle Scout projects during 1992-1994. A traveling exhibit featuring photographs and information relative to these projects will be on display at various locations in the chapter area and at the Trail Symposium in September. Photography for the display was provided courtesy of Clay Ward Portraits, Great Bend, KS.

The fall meeting of the chapter will be held at the Haun Museum in Jetmore, KS, on Nov. 5 at 2:00 p.m. The program to follow at 2:45 will relate to the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road which ran through Hodgeman County not far from Jetmore. A special invitation is extended to the many history enthusiasts from Ellis, Rush, Hodgeman, and Ness counties. The chapter welcomes their participation as the Fort Hays-Fort Dodge Road which traversed those counties was an essential part of the Santa Fe Trail.

The chapter will participate in the 175th Anniversary of the Santa Fe Trail being coordinated by the Kansas State Historical Society. Plans call for various local organizations to present programs related to their respective areas during the summer of 1996. The chapter will be responsible for programs related to the 1825 survey of the

Trail, the Battle of Coon Creek, the Big Rut on the Jerome Herrmann property, and Gabriel's Barbecue. Former president Lon Palmer is coordinating the chapter's efforts.

Dodge City/Fort Dodge

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

On June 23 members and guests met at the Silver Spur in Dodge City for a noon meal and a presentation by Keith Chadd on the battle of Little Coon Creek in east Ford County, involving troops from Fort Dodge. Chadd has done extensive research in the military records, aerial photographs, and site visitation. His artistic talents were evident in his black-and-white drawing of the battle scene.

The chapter project to restore the Caches monument west of Dodge City on Highway 50 has been completed. Scout Stephen Smith undertook the restoration of the concrete and marble marker as a requirement for his Eagle Scout award. Smith is a member of BSA Troop 110. Keith Chadd will paint the letters on the marble insert of the monument. David Klopennborg organized this project with Smith.

David Klopennborg has been appointed local chairman by the KSHS for the Dodge City portion of the series of programs to celebrate the 175th anniversary of the Trail, July 4-7, 1996. Plans include wagon rides in the Trail ruts, a black powder rendezvous at the Warner Ranch grove, and evening seminars.

Missouri River Outfitters

President Anne Carter
964 NW 600
Centerview, MO 64019
(816) 230-7228

The April meeting was held in Arrow Rock where members visited the town and elected the following officers: President Anne Carter, Vice-President Jane Mallinson, Secretary Roger Slusher, Treasurer Glenda Sours, and Historian Riva Jacobs. Board members are Bob Dorian, Judy Santner, Sandy Slusher, and Stuart Santner.

On June 3 members met on the west lawn of the Bingham-Waggoner House in Independence, MO. Bob Dorian and other history enthusiasts shared survey techniques used to measure the Santa Fe Trail. Others demonstrated various 19th-century skills and crafts at both the National Frontier Trails Center (318 West Pacific) and at the Bingham house across the street to the south. MRO held a short business meeting after which they adjourned to view the new Santa Fe Trail wagon

exhibit at the Trails Center.

Pauline and Eric Fowler will lead a Trail trek in Independence beginning at 2:00 p.m. on August 27. For more information, contact President Carter (816) 230-7228.

Quivira

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

No report.

Cottonwood Crossing

President John Dick
PO Box 103
Goessel, KS 67053

No report.

Bent's Fort

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

No report.

HELP WANTED

I am pushing to have the U.S. Postal Service issue a set of stamps depicting and honoring all of America's National Scenic and Historic Trails. I have written to the USPS, magazines, trail organizations, and others to encourage the issuing of such a set. This would broaden public awareness of the trails. The postal service also publishes a history with each stamp set. Public support is required. One design idea is to use each trail logo overlaid on the states through which it passes. What is your idea? Now is the time to write. It would be ideal to have the trail set first-day issue on National Trails Day next year. Trail organizations should send petitions, and individuals may send postcards and letters to: Citizens Advisory Committee, U.S. Postal Service, Room 5500, 475 L'Enfant Plaza, Washington DC 20260. Thank you.

Chet Fromm
1001 Tompkins Dr
Port Orange FL 32119

I am preparing a research paper on a lady responsible for several monuments placed along the Santa Fe Trail. I understand these monuments still stand today. Her name was Arline B. Nichols, and she married John Trigg Moss on June 14, 1901. She was hired by the board of education in St. Louis, MO, in 1895 to teach for the school of the deaf. She was buried in University City, MO. She had two sons, and neither of them had children. This is all I can find.

I am interested in any information about her, especially before 1895. I would also like to find out about the

location of the monuments, dedications of them, family, friends, and schools where she taught. Can anyone help me with this project? I will appreciate any assistance that anyone can provide.

Cindy Knolton
Central Institute for the Deaf
Washington University Medical Center
818 S Euclid
St. Louis MO 63110-1549

First, you should read the three-part series, concluded in this issue, about Truman and the selection of the sites for the monuments, and then you should contact the author, Jane Mallinson, PO Box 8604, Sugar Creek MO 64054. If possible, I would appreciate receiving a copy of your paper about Arline Nichols Moss when it is completed.

Editor

I am trying to track the movements of Henry Lafayette Dodge, Navajo Indian Agent, 1853-1856, from his home in Wisconsin to New Mexico. Dodge apparently traveled to New Mexico along the Santa Fe Trail, perhaps with Kearny's Army of the West or earlier. No military record has been found, so he probably traveled as a civilian. He later got into the trading business at Cebolleta and may have had some affiliation with traders in Missouri. Indian Agent Dodge was killed by Indians. If anyone can help, it will be appreciated.

I am also interested in any list of inscriptions made by travelers along the Trail during the 1840s. Does such a listing exist. Thank you.

Dean Sundberg
114 E Hartford Ave
Phoenix AZ 85022

I know of no catalog of inscriptions along the Trail, but there are a good number from the 1840s at Autograph Rock and Signature Rock in the Oklahoma Panhandle on the Sharp family ranches. You may wish to visit those sites. Contact Dan or Carol Sharp, HCR 1 Box 83, Boise City OK 73933. Someone who has searched for inscriptions along the Mountain Route is Nancy Robertson, PO Box 1516, Raton NM 87740. A catalog of all known inscriptions would be a fine project for some enthusiastic Trail travelers to compile. Anyone interested?

Editor

NEW SFTA MEMBERS

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

your support.

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIPS

Historic El Portal Hotel, 101 N 3rd St, Raton NM 87740
Las Vegas - San Miguel Chamber of Commerce, PO Box 148, Las Vegas NM 87701
Posters from Angel Fire, Jack C. Urban, PO Box 381, Angel Fire NM 87710

FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

Earl & Janice Betts, HC 31 Box 130, Las Vegas NM 87701
Lou & Chuck Carter, 1503 Foxmoor Ct, Murfreesboro TN 37129
Anna Belle & Joseph L. Cartwright, 5317 Charlotte, Kansas City MO 64110
Greg, Dan & Julie Risser, 2993 Shenck Rd, Manheim PA 17545
Joe & Helen Roybal, 1951 Flannery Rd, Baton Rouge LA 70816
Victoria Scott & Luis Rodriguez, 1815 Plaza, Las Vegas NM 87701
Ronald & Barbara Thompson, 31259 Rd 36, Holly CO 81047

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Sally Aber, 12913 Bryce NE, Albuquerque NM 87112
Yolande Aelvoet, Sparrestraat 70, Lovendegem, Belgium 9920
Linda Alaniz, PO Box 2, Watrous NM 87753
Bob Arko, PO Box 722, Trinidad CO 81082
Mary K. Barbee, 818 Willow, Trinidad CO 81083
Joan Bennett, 4504 W 78th St, Shawnee Mission KS 66208
J. Otto Berg, 1993 N Meteor Dr, Flagstaff AZ 86001
George A. Blinn, 4 Moya Lane, Santa Fe NM 87505
Barbara Burgess, 6901 Fountaindale, Topeka KS 66614
Barbara C. Colman, HC 75 Box 302, Lamy NM 87540
Carole Corley, 704 Center St, Garden City KS 67846
Barbara Dimond, PO Box 443, Manitou Springs CO 80829
Vicky Eads, PO Box 5, Coolidge KS 67836
June Flummerfelt, HC 1 Box 36, Hugoton KS 67951
Charles E. Hinkle, HC 33 Box 362, Mineral Hill Rd, Las Vegas NM 87701
Horace Ferguson, 435 Avenida Arlena, San Clemente CA 92672
Steve Harper, 601 Myrtle, Newton KS 67114
Mike Hastings, 11700 Audella Rd #2025, Dallas TX 75243
David L. Landes, 225 E McDowell, Ulysses KS 67880
Lynne F. Loss, 11401 Claremont NE, Albuquerque NM 87112
Patricia Meyer, 6090 Rain Dance Trail, Littleton CO 80125
Charlie Norton, Leoti KS 67861
Greg L. Olsen, 4300 S Chicago Ave, Sioux Falls SD 57103
Penny Ann Quintana, 123 Baylor, Pueblo CO 81005
Roger D. Patton, RR 3 Box 665, Conneaut Lake PA 16316

Lloyd Rivera, PO Box 366, Ranchos de Taos NM 87557
 E. A. Mike Slater, 1800 W Oklahoma Blvd #10, Alva OK 73717
 Patrick A. Staley, 17 Little Bear, Walsenburg CO 81089
 R. D. Tyrrel, 1413 Montezuma Ave, Las Vegas NM 87701
 Opal Wagner, 1237 15th, Las Animas CO 81054
 Rose Marie Wallen, 116 Mill, Lindsborg KS 67456
 Jean E. Weers, 7204 W 155th St, Mission KS 66223
 R. L. "Bob" Wollenman, RR 6 Lake Contrary, St. Joseph MO 64504

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 November, so send information for December and later to arrive by October 20, 1995. Thank you.

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. 16, 1995: 2nd Annual Santa Fe Trail Festival, Overbrook, KS, 9:00 am to 4:00 pm. Contact Ed Harmison (913) 665-7143 days, 665-7215 nights.

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

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

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

Oct. 1, 1995: Annual meeting of Heart of the Flint Hills Chapter at the Old Stone Barn, 4:00 p.m.

Oct. 5, 1995: 175th anniversary planning town meeting, Las Vegas, NM. Contact Las Vegas CofC at (800) 832-5947.

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

Oct. 12, 1995: Wagonbed Spring Chapter meeting at Hugoton, KS.

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

Oct. 14, 1995: Three Trails Craft Show, Alexander Majors Historic House, 8201 State Line Rd, Kansas City, MO, 10 am to 5 pm. For information, call Ross Marshall (816) 333-5556.

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

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

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

Nov. 5, 1995: Wet/Dry Routes Chapter meeting at Haun Museum, Jetmore, KS, 2:00 p.m.

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

Dec. 5 & 7, 1995: Christmas Season Candlelight Tour of Alexander Majors Historical House, 6:30 to 8:30 pm, at 8201 State Line Road, Kansas City MO. Contact Ross Marshall (816) 333-5556.

FROM THE EDITOR

On May 23, 1995, lightning struck the Historic Thomas Barn on which we have been working for several years. Even though it had lightning rods, the huge frame structure and everything in it burned completely in a short time. We are still dealing with this loss and working to wrap up all business so the nonprofit corporation, of which I am treasurer, can be dissolved.

Although it seemed that 1995 was going to be mostly bad news around here, we had a good wheat harvest and our grain sorghum shows promise. Our perennial plans to build a new home and office on the farm were recently scuttled when we purchased a spacious historic house in Stockton, the original portion of which was constructed for the county judge in 1900. It has been enlarged and remodeled, has plenty of room for our library and office, and includes many extras (fireplaces, landscaping, and a swimming pool). We can start moving on September 1, and it will probably take several months with time out for the symposium and numerous other ventures.

This means that the WT index has been delayed again (we did get a roster out this year, although we had vowed not to do another one gratis), but we hope the next issue of WT and, in time, the index will be produced at our new headquarters. We will keep our house on the farm and our mailing address will remain the same.

Bonita and I look forward to seeing you at the symposium. This issue completes nine years of editing and publishing WT, and we thank everyone who has contributed to, commented about, and read our humble efforts. We also appreciate your patience when it is late, as this one is.

Happy Trails!

—Leo E. Oliva

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



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