

SPANISH TRACES



Volume 19

Spring 2013

No. 1



Old Spanish
National Historic Trail



Old Spanish Trail Conference Cortez, Colorado May 31 - June 2, 2013

Make Plans to attend;

Join us in the shadows of Mesa Verde as we explore the Old Spanish Trail as it traverses the Great Sage Plains.

The program will focus on the Ancestral Puebloan connection to the trail ... the same trails used by Ute warriors and their descendents. Speakers will explore topics associated with the Four Corners region.

Opening night reception on Thursday, May 30th will be at the recently completed Mesa Verde National Park - Welcome and Visitor Center on Highway 160.

For details, updates and to register, please visit the
Old Spanish Trail Association website:

www.oldspanishtrail.org

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THE OLD SPANISH TRAIL ASSOCIATION

The Old Spanish Trail (OST), one of America's long-distance pioneer trade routes, is recognized by Congress as a National Historic Trail. From 1829 to 1848, traders and pack mules followed the OST on a six-week trek from northern New Mexico to Southern California, where woolen goods from New Mexico were swapped for horses and pack stock raised on California's ranchos. Many took the trail – traders, frontiersmen, trappers, families, military expeditions, and Indian guides.

The mission of the Old Spanish Trail Association (OSTA) is to study, preserve, protect, interpret, and promote appropriate use of the Old Spanish National Historic Trail (OSNHT). OSTA promotes public awareness of the OSNHT and its multicultural heritage through publications, a website, and interpretive activities; by encouraging research; and by partnering with governments and private organizations. We encourage you to join OSTA, help in trail preservation, and increase appreciation of the multicultural heritage of the American Southwest.

Visit the OSTA Website

www.oldspanishtrail.org

The OSTA website has an interactive map highlighting scenic trail locations, and is the place to go for both general background and recent news on the OSNHT and OSTA. The site contains maps, an overview history of the trail including a bibliography, a listing of relevant books with links to sites where they can be purchased, and a regularly updated news page that contains links to government reports, activities of OSTA members and other news related to the trail. The web page also links to National Park Service (NPS) and Bureau of Land Management (BLM) sites that have links to public documents and maps of the OSNHT. Copies of the DVD *Old Spanish Trail Suite*, a CD of back issues of *Spanish Traces*, books and pins can be purchased from the site. Memberships (new or renewal) may also be paid on the OSTA website.

Spanish Traces is the official publication of the Old Spanish Trail Association (OSTA), a nonprofit 501(c)(3) organization, incorporated under the laws of the State of Colorado. *Spanish Traces* welcomes submission of articles, book reviews, and OST-related news. OSTA assumes no responsibility for statements or opinions of contributors.

Spanish Traces is copyrighted to OSTA in its entirety, but copyright to individual articles is retained by the author. The next deadline for submissions is July 10, 2013. All matters relating to *Spanish Traces* should be directed to the OSTA Editor.

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OSTA Membership

Individual	\$25/year
Family	\$30/year
Sustaining	\$50/year
Student	\$12/year
Institutional	\$30/year
Life (single or couple)	\$250
Corporate	\$100/min

Pay online or mail your check to:

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President's Corner

by Reba Wells Grandrud
OSTA President

Some Things Never Change

We know that **some things never change**. Reflecting on the nine years that have ensued since I first assumed the mantle of OSTA President in June of 2004, there have always been

- superb volunteers,
- committed federal partners,
- caring friends of the Trail,

and determination to perpetuate knowledge of that bit of early 19th Century history that we call the Old Spanish National Historic Trail. I could add other unmovables to the list. For example: continued publication of *Spanish Traces* with historical content; increased nationwide visibility of the Trail and the Association; successful protection of the historic travel corridor; expanded inventory of significant sites and

segments; substantial increases in membership; and the absolute necessity of having fun!

But in this, my last President's Corner, I am happy, also, to emphatically state that **changes and additions can and have been made** though it could be argued that all of this is really **just implementation of immutables**. You will recognize the ideas below that have been brought up from time to time, and many individuals can be thankful for the progress that we are experiencing today. I just have the opportunity to tell you of some endeavors that have finally reached fruition:

A qualified candidate for each 2013 board seat—For several years, we have not been able to fill some officer and director seats when those became open. Term limitations can be one reason for this problem. Another is the personal cost which can be daunting even with expected attendance at only three board meetings each year. Sessions are rotated from state to state, in the spirit of fairness, but even so, participation is expensive with travel costs, lodging, and meals. The dollars doled out add up quickly, and reimbursement of \$200 per meeting is appreciated, but pays only a small portion of costs. Utilizing the board and organizational members present at the March 2013 board meeting in Barstow as an *ad hoc* nominating committee, an hour or so of brainstorming produced new

President's Corner continued on page 4

candidates. Follow-up has been successful and a full complement of officers and directors is expected to be on hand when OSTA kicks off a new Associational Year in June;

Wholehearted board emphasis on building active committees—Many good reasons exist to put together a group of people to complete specific tasks or projects. A small group can brain-storm, explore a variety of possible actions, examine carefully all the pros and the cons, practice the art of reaching consensus, then provide well-crafted recommendation(s) to the board for action. As modern communication becomes more convenient, this work can be accomplished without face-to-face meetings with the use of conference calling, often at little expense other than time and effort, but “therein lies the rub.” Finding individuals with leadership skills who will commit to broadening the circle of volunteers is not easy—it’s often simpler to “do it yourself.” Completing great projects by committee is so satisfying, so much fun, so productive for everyone, but it takes much diplomacy, foresight, initiative, and influence to accomplish. In the last two years, the OSTA board has agreed to focus on **four major committees (stewardship, research, education, interpretation)**, chose four board members to sponsor each committee, and best of all (through the effort of Mark Franklin), at the 2013 annual meeting

in Cortez, Colorado, quality time will be devoted to bringing those interested in helping together in a working environment;

Successful transfer of daily organizational operations to the Association Manager—In the “exploration stage” authorized by the OSTA board at its June 2012 meeting in Richfield, and in the “do it stage” authorized by the OSTA board at its September 2012 meeting in Phoenix, Treasurer Mark Franklin and Manager Dennis Ditmanson have been achieving the transfer of tasks that are essential to a smooth operation (preparing reports, paying bills, reimbursing funds) to Dennis. This is almost totally completed. Dennis has expanded authority and is the “go-to person” for the Association for carrying out board policy;

Continuing implementation of OSTA Youth Initiative—Chelsea Bodamer, editor of the E-newsletter, continues to get timely information out to every OSTA member, and to look for ways to improve our social media services. Get to know Chelsea, and send her announcements and interesting news items;

Successful completion of two multi-year projects—Arizona Strip Trail Stewardship Project, and the extension of that project, funded by BLM, has been completed with benefits to all. A highly-regarded Trail Stewardship Manual has been published, training workshops held in each state, and dozens of trail volunteers have

been certified. Membership has been increased and new chapters formed as a result of this work. Completion of these projects is a fine example of leadership that gets things done, modeled by Paul Ostapuk and Mark Henderson;

Creation of a working model for protection of historic trails—this is an on-going, complicated project that we applaud. See a full report by Jack Prichett elsewhere in this issue;

Project policy—rolled out in 2011 as a means of prioritizing and promoting chapter and national projects, this management action is working well. Write up those on-the-ground projects and send them in;

Increase in chapter activities in each of the six states, PLUS:

- a new member group, Mojave River Chapter, in Barstow, California;
- a new chapter organizing in late March in Emery County, Utah;
- a revitalized North Branch Chapter in Grand Junction, Delta, and Montrose, Colorado;
- Salida del Sol Chapter leaders (Pat Kuhlhoff and Mark Henderson) are making state and federal agencies aware of OST in northern New Mexico; and
- Editor Doug Knudson continues to put out a fine newsletter, *Trail Tales*, for La Vereda del Norte Chapter;

Continued on page 6

Manager Musings

by **Dennis Ditmanson**
Association Manager



Elsewhere in this issue you'll find exciting news from the recent Board of Directors meeting in Barstow, CA. Three new Directors and a new chapter! Now that's progress. But what I want to "muse" about this time are several projects that I think will assist the organization in elevating our public image. They all involve getting you, the membership, to participate with collecting information.

The first has to do with the many informational plaques, markers, exhibits and such that exist along the length of the Old Spanish Trail. We as an organization do not have a comprehensive list of all such items and that would be very helpful in planning for new markers and exhibits and it would also assist our federal partners as they

work toward completion of the Comprehensive Management Plan and project related documents.

The second is a similar need. We receive occasional inquiries and requests for photographs, both historic and contemporary, of important sites, personages and activities related to the Trail. But again, the organization does not have a good library of such images. This would be a great project for someone and we are looking into possible funding sources to help support the work.

The last is perhaps the most important. Increasingly, I receive inquiries from people who want to experience a piece of the Trail "on the ground." "Where can I hike the Old Spanish Trail?" is the common request. I don't know of anything that will do more to help build a constituency for the OSNHT than being able to put "boots on the ground." Once again, the organization does not have a good inventory of places where visitors can have that experience. I know they are out there; in fact, I was talking with a member the other day who told me of a stretch of Trail near where he lived, on public land, that offered a hike of several hours and was readily accessible. Those places need to be catalogued and the information made available to visitors.

Ideally, someone will agree to take on the task of coordinating each of these information gathering tasks. It will mean a good amount of time contacting members to compile the

material but it will be of immeasurable value to OSTA. Interested? Contact me at osta@desertgate.com. In the meantime, please also contact me with any information you might have about any of these topics and I'll start the process of putting together a database.

Don't forget to put the dates May 31-June 2 on your calendar for the OSTA conference in Cortez, Colorado. Mark Franklin is heading the task of putting the event schedule together. A special emphasis will be a series of workshops on the Association's committee structure; how the committees might work, and how you can get involved. See you in Colorado. ♦

Read on Facebook: posted by Mark Henderson

Skip Miller gave an excellent presentation at a recent meeting of the Salida del Sol Chapter of the Old Spanish Trail Association. Skip distributed a paper on the Cost of Living in Taos which was the conclusion of his presentation. The majority of the presentation was based on an update of the article Elizabeth Cunningham (Skip's spouse) and he published in Volume 2 of *El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro* [BLM NM Cultural Resources Series #13 -1999] entitled "Trade Fairs in Taos: Prehistory to 1821." The paper is an important contribution to the goods that would have been taken from New Mexico to California, both *efectos de pais* and manufactured goods from farther east.

President, cont. from page 4

Natural affinity groupings have been forming for several years:

- Salida del Sol Chapter holds meetings in both Santa Fe and Taos, and has joint field trips with La Vereda Chapter in southern Colorado;

- Tecopa Chapter has organized two successful multi-chapter, multi-day events—a Tri-Chapter gathering in October 2009, and “Tecopa Days,” in October 2012; and has spearheaded a coalition of organizations for protection and promotion of the OST in the Nevada and California deserts;

- In the San Luis Valley, Lorie Crawford and Angie Krall have initiated an information-sharing symposium of historians, archaeologists, contractors, and federal partners: the first conference was held in Monte Vista, Colorado, in November 2010; the second was in Taos, New Mexico, in April 2012; and the third one will be April 25-26, 2013 at Adams State University in Alamosa, Colorado;

- Armijo Chapter, based in Page, Arizona, cooperates with southern Utah groups, especially the Red Pueblo Chapter in Kanab. Armijo leadership is encouraging equestrian outings on the OST which interest a “new audience,” and Jim Page and Paul Ostapuk continue to partner with the NPS in the preservation of the 1776 Dominguez and Escalante inscription in Glen Canyon, and are as-

sisting with information for a new kiosk there.

Time and space prevent my detailing the many other excellent accomplishments of OSTA volunteers. I will conclude with my beginning theme that **some things never change**, and repeat the words I used in the April 2009 issue of *Spanish Traces*: **“The last [four] years been interesting, rewarding, and time-consuming. Thank you, OSTA members and friends everywhere, for your confidence and support, and for giving me the opportunity to serve. We can all be proud of what this organization has accomplished in its short life.”**

Reba Wells Grandrud, Ph.D.

ELECTION OF OSTA OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

2013 BALLOT

Two State Director positions and two Officer positions, as well as a Director-at-Large position, all with terms beginning June 2013, are available in this year’s election. If you would like to accept the challenge and volunteer for any future positions, please write your name on the appropriate line in the ballot and give us a call to

discuss the responsibilities of the position. There are also a number of committee positions available. We need all of our members to be willing to contribute to the life of the organization, and hope that you will make the time to enrich us all with what you have to offer.

Therefore, pursuant to the bylaws, the following slate of Directors and Officers was nominated by the Nominating Committee of OSTA and is presented to you for your consideration. Please cast your vote for the nominees or write in your choice for any of these positions. Your “x” or “yes” following the name will represent your approval. **Each family membership is allowed two votes for each candidate.** Candidates for Director must live in the State they represent. All OSTA members are eligible to vote for all of these positions. The bylaws require the ballots be counted at least thirty days prior to the 2013 General Membership Meeting of June 2. In order to meet this deadline, please mark your ballot, put in an envelope with stamp and return this ballot immediately to:

**OSTA, PO Box 1080,
Waxhaw, NC 28173-1009**

**BALLOTS MUST BE
RECEIVED
BY APRIL 28, 2013**

Please Vote

About the Candidates

President – Ashley Hall, Las Vegas, NV

Ashley J. Hall holds a lifetime membership in the Old Spanish Trail Association. Ashley's initial interest in the OST began when he was a boy in the early 1950s when his mother took him to the meetings, service projects and celebrations in the Cedar City Chapter. [Read about this chapter at www.oldspanishtrail.org/learn/trail_history.php] Ashley is currently the president of the Nevada Chapter – Old Spanish Trail Association, working tirelessly to educate, inform, and interpret the OST and its history, as well as maintaining the Nevada Centennial OST Markers through Southern Nevada. Hall has published several articles in *Spanish Traces* focused on re-marking the OST through Southern Nevada as part of Nevada's Sesquicentennial Celebration in 2014 (150th birthday), while encouraging and providing several Eagle Scout project opportunities as part of re-marking the OST. Ashley is also certified as an OST Steward by the OSTA. Ashley has traveled almost the entire length of the OST from Santa Fe to Los Angeles, both the Armijo and Main Routes. Ashley has lectured extensively on the OST, its history and the commercial/migration significance of the OST.

Hall has served as President/Board Member of many civic and public interest organizations:

NV Chapter-Old Spanish Trail Association, Las Vegas Rotary Club, Natural History Museum, Nature Conservancy, March of Dimes, Boy Scouts of America, Boy's and Girl's Clubs, Salvation Army, UNLV Rebel Club, BYU Management Society, Nellis Support Team, Catholic Charities, Public Education Foundation, Las Vegas Philharmonic, Nevada Alliance for Defense, Energy and Business, the Southwest Defense Alliance, and as a US Army Reserve Ambassador-Nevada. Hall has received numerous awards and citations for distinguished military, civic and business service, and is a member of the Nevada Military Hall of Fame. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by the Commander of the US Army Reserve in 2011.

Hall served as Chief of Staff and Deputy Manager of Clark County, Nevada and as City Manager of the City of Las Vegas during the dynamic 1970s, 80s and early 1990s. Hall currently serves as President of Ashley Hall and Associates, Inc., a Las Vegas-based business, management, court appointed receiver and special master, strategic global marketing, research and sourcing firm. Hall also served as the Executive VP of Orgill/Singer and Associates, one of Nevada's largest insurance and investment brokers, and retired as a Brigadier General in the Nevada Army National Guard in 2000, following 35 years of distinguished military service. Hall

currently serves as the US Army Reserve Ambassador for Nevada with equivalent rank of a Major General. Hall has over 42 years of senior executive level service in public/private management, leadership, marketing, research, development and in court-appointed duties.

Hall also served as an administrative assistant to former U.S. Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada; and was a graduate teaching fellow at the University of Nevada-Reno. Hall graduated from Brigham Young University's "Honors Program"; attended the University of Nevada-Reno graduate school on full academic scholarship while pursuing Graduate Studies in Public Management/Policy and is a graduate of Harvard University's "Senior Executive Program."

Hall is married to the former Lorna Marie Thacke of Las Vegas. They have five grown children and 15 grandchildren, all involved directly or indirectly in support of the Old Spanish Trail Association.

Vice President – Paul Ostapuk, Page, AZ

Paul has served two terms as Arizona Director and is currently serving as Vice President and website coordinator for OSTA. He is also the project manager for a 3-year Arizona Strip BLM Trail Stewardship cooperative agreement. *Continued on page 8*

Paul is a board member of the Glen Canyon Natural History Association and is a lifetime member of the John Wesley Powell Museum in Page, AZ. He is employed by the Salt River Project as a manager at the Navajo Generating Station overseeing the environmental, safety, fire, and training departments.

Director, Arizona – Earl Fosdick, Gilbert, AZ

From Arizona we welcome Earl Fosdick. Earl is vice-president of KF Builders, which designs and builds custom homes. He is also a licensed journeyman electrician and holds a master's degree in atmospheric science from Purdue University. In 2012, he was the Field Coordinator for BLM/OSTA field work along the Armijo Route in the Arizona Strip. The field work included aerial reconnaissance, vehicle travel, boots-on-the-ground investigations, and a multi-day equestrian survey. Earl lives in Cave Creek, Arizona. He succeeds Jerry Nickle who resigned to pursue other research interests. The term expires this year so Earl will appear on the current ballot for election to a full three-year term.

Director, Nevada – Elizabeth Warren, Goodsprings, NV

Liz Warren is currently serving as OSTA Director of Nevada and is running for a second term. She is a community activist who is an historian and anthropologist,

with a special focus on the Mojave Desert. She has a BA in Anthropology, an MA in History, and a PhD in History. She has extensive background in teaching and research. She is senior author of two monographs on California desert history, and contributor to three others, produced for the Bureau of Land Management in the 1970s and 1980s. Her MA thesis, entitled "Armijo's Trace Revisited: A New Interpretation of the Impact of the Antonio Armijo Route of 1829-1830 on the Development of the Old Spanish Trail" is a widely accepted revision of the route taken by the first New Mexican trading caravan to reach California. Liz has a long record on community service in Las Vegas, where she has lived since 1969. Her credentials include instructor for the Greater Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce Leadership Training Program, charter member and former president of the Preservation Association of Clark County, former president of the Southern Nevada Historical Society, founder and charter president of Friends of the Fort and Friends of Big Springs. She has served on the Nevada SHPO Advisory Board, the Nevada Humanities Committee, and as Southern Nevada Advisor to the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Liz served as OSTA President from 2001-2003 and as OSTA Nevada Director from 1999-2001 and again from 2009-2013. Numerous awards have recognized her outstanding service; however, she regards her most valuable

rewards to be those that came in the form of successful campaigns to preserve Nevada wilderness, the Great Basin National Park, the Old Las Vegas Fort, Las Vegas Springs and the Old Spanish National Historic Trail.

Director At Large – Reba Wells Grandrud, Phoenix, AZ

Reba Wells Grandrud has been a member of OSTA since 1998 when she was chosen as the first Arizona Director for OSTA. She held this office until elected OSTA President in June 2004, and reelected in 2005, 2009 and 2011. Grandrud holds degrees from the University of New Mexico in Education, Spanish Borderlands History, and History of the American West, and has taken an active role in teaching, interpreting, preserving, researching, and publishing state, local, and regional history in New Mexico and Arizona. She has also served in leadership positions on Arizona State Committee on Trails (ASCOT), Historic Trails Subcommittee, AZ History Convention, Historic Trails Preservation Workshop, Partnership for National Trails System, and the Southern Trails Chapter/Oregon-California Trail Association. ♦

OSTA Welcomes Three New State Directors

The recent Board of Directors meeting was notable for the presence of three new State Directors, bringing the Board to full strength for the first time in quite a while. They will represent the states of Arizona, California, and Colorado.

From Arizona we welcome Earl Fosdick. Earl is vice-president of KF Builders,



which designs and builds custom homes. He is also a licensed journeyman electrician and holds

a master's degree in atmospheric science from Purdue University. In 2012, he was the Field Coordinator for BLM/OSTA field work along the Armijo Route in the Arizona Strip. The field work included aerial reconnaissance, vehicle travel, boots-on-the-ground investigations, and a multi-day equestrian survey. Earl lives in Cave Creek, Arizona. He succeeds Jerry Nickle who resigned to pursue other research interests. The term expires this year so Earl will appear on the current ballot for election to a full three-year term.

Representing California is Paul McClure. Paul grew up in Chula Vista, California, then moved to the Los Angeles area to attend

school, and never left. He has a business degree from California Western University, a PhD in public administration from the University of Southern California, and was a RAND Fellow in



Policy Analysis. He has had a distinguished professional career with the RAND Corporation, the City of Adelanto, EF Hutton, American Art Glass Company, the Pomona Unified School District and the University of Phoenix. He has also been a Country Western dance teacher at Montana's and InCahoots. Paul is a board member of the San Dimas Historical Society and a member of both the San Dimas and Los Angeles Corrals of Westerners. He has written *Country Dance Etiquette* and *Pablo Stories: A Slice of the Country Western Dance Era* as well as more than 100 articles on Southern California history and Country Western culture and dance. He has also just published *Folk History of the San Gabriel and Inland Valleys*. Paul was a leading force behind the recent installation of an Old Spanish Trail plaque at City Hall in San Dimas. He and his wife, Willa, live in San Dimas, California. He will fill

the vacant California term which expires in 2014.

And stepping into the Colorado position is Ken Henry. Ken is a long-time OSTA member with a lifelong interest in trails and as a native of Fruita, Colorado is



very familiar with local resources such as Colorado National Monument and the McInnis National Conservation Area. Ken

recently completed two terms as the mayor of Fruita where he took particular interest in historic preservation and was instrumental in the rehabilitation of the Old Fruita Bridge which is very near where the North Branch of the Trail traversed the area. He is also co-chairman of the Colorado Riverfront Commission. An effort of the Riverfront Commission has been to identify the OST on city and county zoning maps and in comprehensive growth plans, which will require recognition of the Trail in future subdivisions and developments. Ken has an undergraduate degree in history and an MBA in finance. He and his family live in Fruita, Colorado. He will fill the vacant Colorado term which expires in 2015. ♦

Chapter Reports

Salida Del Sol Chapter

27 April, Saturday 1 p.m.:

Lisa Bonny will talk about her ancestors and their adventures and misadventures on the OST or how close she really came to not being here at all. We'll also have a tour of the new exhibit at the Bond house, "Following the Bell", an exhibit on the old Spanish packers tradition in Northern New Mexico, curated by our own members Pat and Ron Rundstrom. Location: Bond House, Espanola Plaza

31 May - 2 June: OSTA Annual Conference, Cortez, Colorado

21-22 June: an overnight field trip on the Armijo Route through Largo Canyon from a geological perspective. This will be similar to last year's geology field trip and will be directed by geologist Marsha Bourque with trail input by Mark Henderson. Details to follow later.

17 August, Saturday: one-day field trip from Cebolla to El Vado on the Main Branch OST. Details to follow later

19 October, Saturday 1 p.m.: program and location to be announced

The deadline
for the summer issue of
Spanish Traces
is July 10.

New Mojave River Chapter Welcomed

The 11th chapter of the Old Spanish Trail Association was officially welcomed by the Board of Directors at their meeting in Barstow, California, on March 1, 2013. The Mojave River Chapter, Barstow, brings together trail enthusiasts in the "Inland Empire" of California and already boasts more than 30 members. The chapter will meet at the Mojave River Valley Museum at 270 East Virginia Way in Barstow and is very appreciative of the support of the Museum as they moved through the organizational process. The group has adopted a goal of "Exploration, Preservation, Education" and is also focused on the development of an educational program as a means of developing a sense of appreciation of the value of trail preservation in a new generation. Tim Baggerly from Apple Valley, California, is the group's first president and can be contacted at oldtrailnut@aol.com for more information on the chapter and the activities they have planned. Welcome to OSTA.



Long-time OSTA member Cliff Walker, on right, describes a portion of the Mule Trace near Spanish Canyon during the first field trip of the new Mojave River Chapter.

North Branch Chapter

The North Branch chapter in Grand Junction, Colorado, is having a members meeting, open to the public, at the Whitman Center at the Museum of the West in Grand Junction on March 28 at 6:30 p.m.. New officers will be elected because the old officers are tired.

A field trip to view the OST between Delta and Grand Junction, CO, is tentatively scheduled for

May/June 2013. The Boy Scouts of America are scheduled to perform a Trail clean-up in May 2013. The OST-NB chapter has renewed their status as stewards for highway clean-up along old Highway 6-50 near Fruita, CO.

An archaeological assessment grant application is in process in hopes of performing an assessment of the Loring Expedition campsite on the seven-mile segment of the Orchard Mesa OST-NB.

All's Quiet on the Trail Tonight

A New Old Spanish Trail Poem

by David Fallowfield

All's quiet on the trail tonight,
As we move under the stars so bright,
We left Las Vegas eight nights ago,
And hope tonight to reach Calico,
The Mojave is always the hardest test,
As we lead our caravan to the West,
It's many days since we left Old Santa Fe,
Our horses are hungry and would love some hay,
Water is scarce and we are all dry,
In the daytime sun we'd surely fry,
Resting Springs was a pure delight,
It was hard to leave the other night,
But we need to press on to Los Angeles,
So civilised with its big shade trees,
What an arduous road, up the steep bajada,
Then down the arroyo and across dusty playa,
The mules are laden with serapes,
They've carried their burdens for many days,
With our blankets we hope to have a good sale,
And buy fine animals and get back up the trail,
We should return home much faster,
Let's all pray there is no disaster,
Then you'll see it was worth all the pain,
And next season we can do it again,
We are country bred and hard as a nail,
It just grows on you, that Old Spanish Trail!

Background on David Fallowfield:

*I have been writing poetry for at least 50 years. My father also wrote poetry. My great-great-grand aunt Mary Fisher (nee Ferguson), born 1807 at Gretna, just over the border in Scotland, had two books of poems published in the 1850-60's. One of these books, *Scenes from Scripture & other poems*, recently went online at <http://catalog.hathitrust.org/Record/007687831>. Remarkably, the original book used for the online poetry is held in the collection of The Library of the University of California, Los Angeles. So, the book traveled from England to the terminus of the Old Spanish Trail. My own poem was published recently on a small South Dakota website and for background I included information on the Old Spanish Trail which may give some publicity to the trail in an area of the US where it is not well known. www.fallriverreader.com/all-quiet-on-the-trail-tonight.html ♦*

Tecopa Chapter

If you've been reading our chapter reports in Spanish Traces, you know that the Tecopa chapter has intervened as a party opposing construction of a large solar plant that would impact a key segment of the Old Spanish Trail. BrightSource LLC, a power company, applied in 2011 to the California Energy Commission for a license to build and operate the plant.

The site is in a scenic desert valley, framed on one side by the Spring Mountains. It's a location where visitors can vicariously enjoy the Trail route as experienced by 19th-century travellers.

OSTA's research, both archival and archaeological survey, establishes clearly that the project site was used by travelers on the OST and later wagon trains following what became known as the Mormon Road or the Salt Lake Road. As this issue of Traces goes to press, the Tecopa chapter is preparing to present our case via expert testimony during evidentiary hearings before the Commission on March 15. OSTA's testimony will document our findings, demonstrate the severe impacts to the Trail's integrity, and call for strong and lasting mitigation measures to compensate for the damage, should the Commission allow the project to proceed.

Scores of desert solar and wind power plants are proposed for sites across the Southwest. Some of these will almost certainly threaten sites along the Old Spanish and other National Historic Trails. The Tecopa chapter may be the first to formally intervene in a power-plant siting case, but it is not likely to be the last. Leaders of other chapters and the OSTA board of directors need to consider what actions to take when a desert power plant is proposed on a segment of the Trail in their territory. The time to prepare is now. ♦

Jack Prichett

La Vereda Vieja: Exploring an Old Trail with a New Generation

by Susan Boyle

Students at Peñasco and Taos High School in Taos County participated in the project “La Vereda Vieja: Exploring an Old Trail with a New Generation” in October and November of 2012.

The project, funded by the National Park Foundation, is part of the America’s Best Idea (ABI) program that aims to connect Americans with their national parks and the National Park Service. ABI, a community engagement program, is designed to involve underserved and under-engaged audiences in meaningful and relevant ways and focuses on providing youth, either in person or virtually, the opportunity to experience parks, or in this case, national historic trails.

Classes began with presentations on the National Park System, with special emphasis on the National Trails program. The focus then shifted to map reading and way-finding skills, particularly the use of compasses and Global Positioning System (GPS) units that were purchased with grant funds. Each class participated in a full-day field trip to the Taos Overlook, an Old Spanish National Historic Trail site located a short distance from the town of Taos. Students had the opportunity to practice their newly-acquired skills with compasses and GPS. The local newspaper, *The Taos News*, published an article highlighting the field trip.

During the next phase of the project, students at both schools viewed a PowerPoint presenta-



Valentino Moores' northern NM cart

tion on the Mexican transportation system and an excellent demonstration conducted by Ron and Pat Rundstrom on the packing system used along the trail during its period of significance (1829-1848). Students were able to interact with live animals, feel and touch the equipment, and learn some of the techniques packers used, such as making appropriate knots. The packing demonstrations were among the best-received components of the program.

The third phase of “La Vereda Vieja” took the students on a tour of two important historic sites associated with the trail: Hacienda de los Martinez and the Kit Carson Home and Museum. Both located in Taos, they helped students appreciate other aspects of trail history and the exhibits served as inspiration for some of the projects that students completed as part of the program. Taos High School

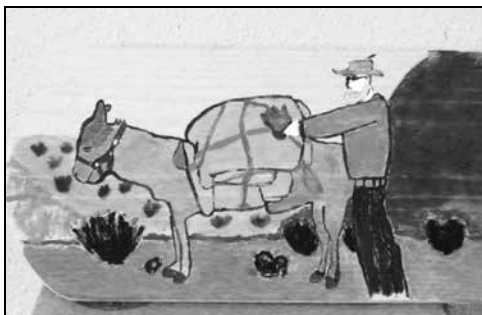


Students at the Museum

students also participated in a real adobe plastering demonstration at the Hacienda de los Martinez.

The final phase of “La Vereda Vieja” required students to work on a project that best represented what they had learned in the course of the program. They had a choice of working as a group or individually. Students crafted some very creative products. One of the Taos High School students, Arasley Rodriguez, wrote an account of a young packer who was carrying on the family tradition. Peñasco students, with the assistance and encouragement of Janet Elder, their teacher, put considerable effort into some remarkable products.

- Valentino Moores built a wooden cart that is typically associated with Northern New Mexican culture.
- Patrick Denne did a painting on wood, *retablo*-style, depicting a packed animal.
- Estrella García prepared a draft Taos Overlook brochure.
- Jaylene García sketched an image of activities along the trail.
- A group of five students, Chanelle García, Shannon Medina, Josh Gurulé, Antho-



ny Sánchez, and Santiago Rodríguez collaborated to create a pair of panels highlighting a variety of aspects of the trail.

The original “La Vereda Vieja: Exploring an Old Trail with a New Generation” proposal, funded in April 2012, was a joint effort of Lorrie Crawford, educational specialist from the Carson and Rio Grande National Forests, and Susan Boyle of the National Trails Intermountain Region. Mark Scott Henderson and Diane Lara were the technical advisors for the project. The Old Spanish Trail Association managed the budget.

Justifying the fit of the program to Northern New Mexico and Southern Colorado was easy. Standards-based testing assessments for 2010-11 indicated that 50 percent or more of the students in most schools in the area scored below the proficient level in mathematics, science and reading. Emphasis on hands-on activities is an important educational tool as recent studies reveal that students who participate in this type of programming outperform their peers academically. Outdoor classroom experiences to explore a variety of aspects of the Old Spanish National Historic Trail became a major objective of “La Vereda Vieja”.

America’s Best Idea funding of \$14,200 was used to develop standards-based curriculum, pur-

Patrick Denne’s painting, retablo-style, on wood

chase equipment and materials for hands-on field stewardship activities, and to pay for expenses associated with field trips and demonstrations. Initially a Saguache, Colorado, teacher was selected to develop the educational materials and to implement them in her classes. Unfortunately, this teacher was unable to complete this task, so Mark S. Henderson and Susan Boyle stepped in to satisfy the requirements of the grant. With the assistance of Ed Heffernan, a master teacher from the University of New Mexico at Taos, participating classes were selected. Planning and preparation for the classes took place between July and September. The actual program was implemented during a seven-week period starting on the first week of October and extending through the second half of November.

Even though the funding has been used, the program will not end in 2012. Plans are underway and financial resources have already been obtained to continue offering youth in Northern New Mexico the opportunity to participate in projects that highlight the trail. Two murals are being planned, one for Taos and another one for Peñasco. In addition, all the materials developed in association with this project will be available through the NPS trail website (<http://www.nps.gov/olsp>) for those interested in engaging youth in the history of the trail. ♦

Read Arasley Rodriguez’s story on next page.

The Spanish Trail

by *Arasley Rodriguez*
Taos High student

It is the end of summer and it is once again time to go trade in Los Angeles. The life of a trader is never easy. Since birth you witnessed your father and his father prepare for these long awaited trips. They were all muleteers, and very good ones at that. Though you were the youngest in the family you were in charge of the trade that brought funds to the family. Sadly you weren't as good a muleteer as your grandfather, father, and brothers were, but you spoke three languages fluently: English, French, and Spanish. These were all good skills to have if you were going to trade.

From a young age you noticed that you didn't have the skill or passion your whole family shared for being a muleteer. So you decided to spend more time studying than learning how to muleteer. This in turn upset your father, and he forced you to learn how to tie different knots, how to care for the animal, how to know how much an animal could carry, etc. But secretly you studied from books that were given to you by a nice old lady that lived in town. By candle light you deciphered the text in those books and learned the languages. And if you had time, you spoke to some of your father's crew members, some who were French and some who were American.

They all left their past lives so they could learn the way of the muleteer. So they could have the same look of passion in their eyes as the muleteers who inspired them had. After seeing how passionate you were at trying to learn



these languages and how passionate you were at wanting to become a trader, your father allowed you to study and he took you on the Spanish Trail for the first time.

The trip was very difficult and the organization was very tedious. Before the trip your father took the time to show you the items he took with him to trade, and told you how much they were worth. Your father mainly took locally produced merchandise. For example; he took serapes, blankets, ponchos, hides, and shawls. From the past experience you knew the trip usually took about twelve weeks or more, having always counted the days till your father returned home safely. The crewmen and your older brothers packed the non-perishable food, so it could be ready to go. The food was roasted piñon, jerky, beans, and maize.

On the day before the voyage all the crew members got up early. They inspected the mules and donkeys, making sure their health was as good as it should be. Why use mules and donkeys? Well, they were used because they had high stamina, very good strength, and they recovered quickly. When this was done, the muleteers went to the task of packing the animals.

The first thing they did was cover the mule/donkey's eyes with a *tapa ojos*. Making the animal stay still was a way of self preservation. When the animal's eyes were covered, the muleteers worked hard and fast. They put the *manta* on its back, then the *corona* went next.

The *cincha* was wrapped around the mule/donkey. Then the *aparejo* was set on the donkey; the *aparejo* was already packed. After it was set on the donkey/mule it was secured by a diamond hitch. Covering the *aparejo* was the *sobre-jalma*. After all the animals were

packed, we set off. Before the sun went down we walked a good amount. After unpacking all the animals, the crewmembers sat around a fire and started conversing. Meanwhile I went with my dad and asked him what I should expect.

He told me that there were going to be many obstacles and since it was a rain year, there was a possibility of a flood, meaning that the course of the route had to be changed to a higher elevation. He said that many things could happen, so I should expect the unexpected. After that I asked him what type of landscapes we were gonna go through. He told me about the beautiful mountains that we were going to see. And that I should be extra cautious when we are in the deserts because their beauty could lure you to your death. After talking to your father you set your blanket next to the fire and waited for dreams about the Spanish trail to come as you drifted off to sleep.

After your first trip on the Old Spanish Trail you fell in love with it, you fell in love with the desert sunset, the clear sky full of bright stars. You had observed your father bargain as he has instructed you to do. Your father was a hard bargainer---he never got less than what the item was worth. And if it was a rare item he would sell it for twice its worth. You saw how being a good bargainer was necessary for the voyage to be worth it.

When you turned sixteen your father gave you a test---he tested how good your bargaining skills were. He said that if you drove a hard bargain in all three of the languages you knew, you would be in charge of trading the items, the next spring voyage. You agreed, and to his surprise you won the challenge after only one try. Since then you were head of the trade and no one could match your skills at bargaining. ♦

Boyle Creates List of Merchandise Carried on Trail

Susan Calafate Boyle, Historian, National Trails Intermountain Region, has compiled a list of merchandise carried along the Old Spanish, Santa Fe, and El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro Trails. Her study, titled *The Merchandise of the Trade: Commercial Goods Carried along the Santa Fe Trail and El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro (1825-1880)*, is a work in progress.

She has created a table (which runs to about 22 pages) of items. The majority of the items listed come from *guías* issued in Santa Fe, New Mexico, to merchants, both Mexican citizens and foreigners, who traveled down El Camino Real into the interior of Mexico between 1825 and 1846. This list also includes domestic manufactures (*efectos del país*), locally produced items of trade which required no duties if taken to other Mexican provinces.

The first column is the Spanish original, the second is the English translation of the term, the third classifies each item to one or more categories, and the fourth identifies the roll and frame number of the Mexican Archives of New Mexico where the item is found. Additional articles have been included from the inventory of the Manuel Delgado property at the time of his death in 1854 (Dingee Collection) and from the papers of Manuel Alvarez at the State Records and Archive Center at Santa Fe and from the papers of José Felipe Chávez at the Center for Southwest Research at

the University of New Mexico and at the State Records and Archive Center at Santa Fe.

The list includes nine hundred different kinds of merchandise, including household goods (26.5%), fabrics (17.4%), clothing (15.5%), personal use (12.4%), tools (8.0%), food (4.3), local merchandise (2.3%), and medicines (3.9%). There were also musical instruments, toys, religious items, books, and many others. These figures provide an idea of the variety, but not the frequency or amounts of items. In terms of the size of the shipments, fabrics were the most important trade component. Millions of *varas* of 159 different types of fabrics came over the Santa Fe Trail and were sold down El Camino Real all the way into Central Mexico.

It should be noted that besides the Bible shipments, sometimes books are listed by specific titles – *Vida de Washington* (Washington's Life), *Fábulas de Iriarte* (Iriarte's Fables), *Catecismo histórico* (Historical Catechism), *Templarios* (a volume associated with the Knight Templars), *Ejercicios cotidianos* (Daily Exercises), *Diccionarios de inglés* (English Dictionaries), and *Novelas en Castellano* (novels in Spanish).

At this time the list is incomplete and not all terms can be translated. Spelling has been standardized, except in those cases where the specific meaning of a word is not

known, as for example, *escochilipán*, *sayasaya*. Some of these terms were used repeatedly, but so far they have defied translation. A couple of decades ago Joe Ben Wheat spent considerable time on the topic and was also unable to pin down the meaning of some of these words. There are 59 words in need of specific translation. If you would like to see the list and perhaps translate the missing words, please contact Susan at susan_boyle@nps.gov. ♦

OST Featured in *Equine Enthusiast*

This past year, Paul Ostapuk, VP of OSTA, rode with expert trail riders Kimberlee and Rory Davis of Utah to determine the path Antonia Armijo traveled. They began their three-day journey near Page, AZ. Read the article in the *Equine Enthusiast*, October 2012 issue, or find it online at http://issuu.com/nmcdigital/docs/equine_southwest_edition/13?zoomed=&zoomPercent=&zoomX=&zoomY=¬eText=¬eX=¬eY=&viewMode=magazine.

"This really helps to promote the trail," Paul said. "10,000 copies were produced and are free and available to horsemen in four western states at various tack, feed and western-themed merchants. It is great advertising for us."

The Old Spanish Trail Archaeology and History Summit Facebook Group

A Corporate Collection of Experiences

by **Bob Leonard**

In November of 2010 the Carson and Rio Grande National Forests held a “Summit” in Monte Vista, Colorado, to bring together scholars and managers to discuss recent research on the Old Spanish Trail. The Summit was intended to remove barriers between government agencies, private consultants and the public in sharing views on the nature of the Old Spanish Trail. The Old Spanish Trail Archaeology and History Summit Facebook (FB) Group was a product of the second “Summit” held in Taos, New Mexico, in April of 2012.

An online group was developed through Facebook to provide a forum that would enable both professionals and advocates an on-going discussion of archaeological and historical topics related to the Old Spanish National Historic Trail. As recommended by participants at the close-out for the Taos Summit, the Facebook Group was established by Rachael Preston-Prinz. The FB Group is currently co-administered by Mark Henderson and me, Bob Leonard. It is a lightly moderated discussion that allows members of the group to directly post and to respond to postings without review of an administrator or moderator. This differs from the more substantially moderated nature of other OST bulletin boards or group sites. The discussions are visible to anyone

who has a FB account but only members of the group can post or reply to posts.

Several discoveries about the archaeology and history of the Old Spanish Trail have been enabled by the FB Summit Group. From a personal perspective, I have proven, more than once, that old dogs can learn new tricks. After 40 years of recording lithic scatters, my orientation is definitely towards the ground. Marilyn Armagast-Martorano, of RMC Consultants, shared her tree ring study and suggested, in a post, that I get my nose out of the dirt and look around. We now have an inventory of 17 hacked, blazed or otherwise modified trees on our section of the OST in the Fishlake NF.



Figure 1 Star blaze on the edge of a heavily used corridor.

When our FB discussion centered around deciphering a faint petroglyph, Mark Henderson suggested, “Try DStretch.” Over the next several weeks, I found the software program online and got the Forest Service IT Help Desk to install it for me. I used the program to enhance this inscription above the OST, printed the enhancement and then hand-traced the design. There is ongoing robust discussion about

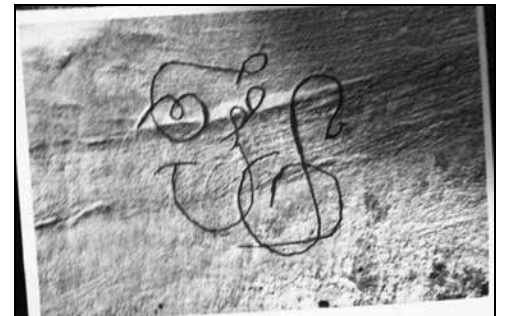


Figure 2: Enhanced inscription. Summit group members are now competing to discover the identity of this person. The winner will receive a weekend getaway in an LL Bean cabin and a sunset sail on Fish Lake.

this elaborate script and a contest to come up with the best inference about who carved the inscription and when they did so.

Well, we know that “Mom” (i.e., Mark) is always looking for the next mountain to climb. He posted me and suggested that I try the DStretch program on a section of the OST. Using Google Earth, I flew to Tecopa (an area where I had never been on the ground) and viewed through DStretch, this is what I found:

Figure 3: The section of the OST between Resting Springs (right) and Tecopa (left).



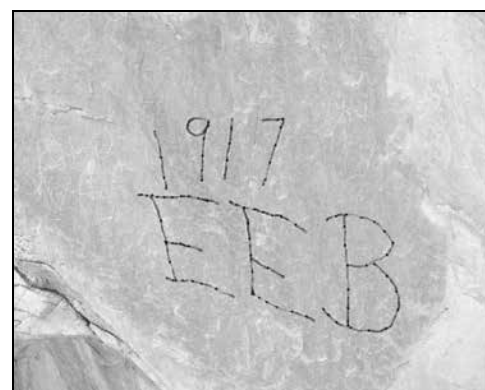
With the grey scale format used by Spanish Traces it may be difficult to see the multi-colored arch of swales and traces in the center of the image which extend right (Resting Springs) to left (Tecopa). [Figure 3 above] Perhaps the larger caravans went up the Amargosa River to Tecopa and then turned east to Resting Springs. It is possible that smaller groups turned southwest from Resting Springs and entered a narrow canyon which passed China Ranch. DStretch, which works on light, hues, saturation and inversion, is a great tool for rock art enhancement and apparently trail identification. If you are interested, go to DStretch.com.

Our Summit group is very diverse and consists of professionals, but probably more avocational contributors. We all have stories and experience about “reading the landscape” which makes the

in-the-box professional look at the archaeological and historical “reality” from different perspectives. One member, Wade Allinson, is a parole officer and a member of Emery County Sheriff’s SWAT. He probably knows more about the country between the Green River on the east and the Sevier Valley on the west than anyone. He has catalogued hundreds of rock art panels including many near or on the OST. Some are men on horseback with broad-brimmed hats. He looked at my inscribed Ponderosa in Red Creek. On a native peel, people have carved “EEB, VK, US, and US”. We both supposed that EEB and VK were Army troopers. Two years later, Wade encountered several panels in Castle Valley.

Figure 4: EEB was not a trooper with Fremont, Gunnison, Beale or Loring. His name was Elias Elmer Burr and he was probably a shepherd.

For me, participation in the FB Summit Group has been enjoyable and informative. The experience has been like having an encyclopedic volume of other people’s experiences. It has also enabled me to share some of my contacts. If you have a hankering, consider yourself invited. Just “Find us on Facebook” and request to join the “Old Spanish Trail Archaeology and History Summit.” We’ll look forward to your participation in our discussions. ♦



The Lost Retablo and the Famous Cartographer

by Margaret Sears

Recently, while reading an article in *El Palacio*, the quarterly journal of the New Mexico Department of Cultural Affairs, which focused on a lost *retablo*¹ (*retablo* is a sacred painting on a wooden panel), my attention riveted on reference to the Dominguez-Escalante 1776 expedition into the Great (American) Basin. The reference stated that the creator of the lost *retablo*, a *santero* (one who paints or carves images of saints) named Don Bernardo de Miera y Pacheco, was the selfsame cartographer for the Dominguez-Escalante expedition.

Simply stating “lost *retablo*” conjures up a sense of mystery, compelling the reader to press on further for the key to the puzzle. The subject in the painting was Santa Barbara, who lived in third century Nicomedia, today’s Turkey. To ward off boredom when her father confined her in a locked tower to protect her from unwanted suitors, she read vociferously, being particularly drawn to Christianity. When she refused her father’s demands to denounce her new faith, he had her tortured, and subsequently personally beheaded her, whereupon he was fatally struck by lightning.² What a tale!

Miera was born August 4, 1713 in Santibáñez in the Basque region of northern Spain. He was educated as a military engineer, a profession that included cartography and field astronomy. In



Figure 1. Santa Barbara, *retablo*, circa 1770. Courtesy New Mexico History Museum. Photo by Blair Clark.

1743 he emigrated with his family to what is present day El Paso, Texas. Twelve years later, about 1755, he moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico.³ Being a man of many interests and talents, he served as war captain and *alcalde* (mayor) at several New Mexico villages (Pecos, Galisteo) and pueblos, a professional soldier, cattle and grain rancher, merchant, mathematician, politician, and, of course, an accomplished and prolific *santero* and cartographer. In 1758 Miera’s reputation as an accomplished cartographer emerged when New Mexico Governor Marín del Valle submitted a highly detailed map by Miera of the kingdom of New Mexico to the Viceroy of New Spain who was frustrated for the lack of geographic knowledge of

his northern province. How long prior to that commission Miera had been drawing maps we cannot know, but we do know that this was the first of many maps of the province he would draw over the next 25 years.⁴

Thus, when Franciscan friars Francisco Atanasio Dominguez and Silvestre Vélez de Escalante went searching for a cartographer to accompany them on their exploratory expedition of the Great Basin, Miera came to their attention. Both friars were young, having spent most of their lives in religious service. Dominguez was born in Mexico City about 1740, and joined the Franciscan order at age 17. In 1775 he was sent to New Mexico, arriving in Santa Fe on March 22, to inspect the Custody of the Conversion of St. Paul. This title was given to the New Mexico province because it was not large enough to be designated a bona fide province. Dominguez obviously enjoyed the respect of his superiors, for the office of commissary visitor bestowed on him was entrusted only to “clergymen of the highest caliber.”

Fray Escalante was a native of Treceño, Spain, born about 1750. He emigrated to New Spain when young, and took the Franciscan habit at age 17. He moved to New Mexico in 1774 where he was first assigned to Laguna Pueblo and then to Zuni. Briggs, in most complimentary terms stated, “[w]

hile introspective, Escalante was too young for hermitic serenity; indeed, a mind of his own was always eager to move from decision to action.”⁵

Father Escalante had been traveling extensively in present-day New Mexico and Arizona, all the while advocating opening a northern route from New Mexico to California through letters to his superior, Fray Ysidro Murillo, and Governor Mendinueta.⁶ Escalante engaged the cartographer to command the soldiers accompanying the expedition and to map their route, claiming he was clever enough for such an assignment.

Receiving the Governor’s permission, Escalante and Dominguez, the latter appointed to lead the expedition, set out from Santa Fe with a company of ten men on July 29, 1776,⁷ California being their intended destination. Although their goal was not reached, substantial knowledge about the Great Basin was gained. “Miera’s maps soon became the standard cartography of the region, offering generations of explorers and chroniclers the only existing geographic view of the Intermountain West [particularly the Ute and Paiute homelands]. Such visions persisted well into the nineteenth century”⁸

It should be no surprise that conflict developed between the expedition leaders and the troop, particularly when estimating the distance to Monterey, CA, the threshold of the Pacific Ocean. While the friars were committed

to their church’s total dedication to winning souls, Bernardo may have envisioned personal fame and fortune by reaching Monterey. Discord increased within the troop as the terrain became more rugged and the weather deteriorated. Perhaps these factors were responsible in a major way for the fact that the Great Basin “remained one of the last areas in North America outside the sphere of European colonization. Spanish expeditions and trading routes had bisected the south along the jagged arc known as the Old Spanish Trail, but the western and northern portions of the region, particularly the lands west of Salt Lake and east of Lake Tahoe, remained literally off the map of European knowledge.”⁹ Properly naming the Basin required another 68 years and numerous explorers when “Pathfinder” John C. Frémont named it in 1844 on his third westward trek.

The friars soon realized that Monterey was beyond the reach of the troop, and that it was prudent to return to Santa Fe, much to the dismay of the men. Leo Lyman, in his outstanding detail of the expedition in *Spanish Traces*, which sounds almost as exasperated as the friars must have been, states, “[s]ome of these men who opposed the views of the expedition leaders had become so insubordinate that Escalante confessed they made ‘everything insufferably difficult.’”¹⁰ A “casting of lots,” a favorite decision-making process in that period, was required to finally squelch the grumbling. The exact process employed to “cast lots” is

unknown. Possibly, the two names were placed in a hat, as is common today, and one was drawn out. Or the names were placed on a flat stick which was tossed in the air, and the one landing on top was the route chosen. Although a veteran of previous excursions in the Spanish west, Miera suffered stomach ailments the entire way.

Thus, on October 16, at what is now named Hurricane Cliffs on the Arizona-Utah border, the troop turned around just short of the midway point to Monterey. Even after deciding to return to Santa Fe, the caravan’s problems were not behind them. A huge gash in the earth barred their way. This, of course, was what we now know as the Grand Canyon. Staying north of the Canyon, the party stumbled onto the present Glen Canyon area. It was here, following a particularly vicious storm in early November that Miera, probably alone, climbed a short distance up a small canyon wall and carved the short inscription, *paso por Aqui Ano 1776*, translated to “passed by here year 1776.” It was as recently as 2006 that the inscription was discovered [and attributed to Miera, although that cannot be proven.]¹¹

On January 2, 1777, the caravan arrived back in Santa Fe, having travelled over 1800 miles in six months. It was Juan Bautista de Anza, appointed New Mexico governor by King Carlos III of Spain on May 19, 1777, who ordered Miera’s map prepared soon after.¹² The map is colored, and decorated in the upper right

corner with a handsome chariot carrying a person of royal bearing being drawn by a pair of lions. The center of the rendering contains the image of several Bearded Indians--a most unusual Ute tribe sporting heavy facial hair--seen by the expedition below Lake Timpanogos, now Utah Lake. For some time a rumor persisted that a tribe of Bearded Indians who lived west of the lower Colorado River were, in fact, a colony of ship-wrecked Spaniards.

These maps---there were seven recognized versions---were "unpublished for nearly a century," although used by most explorers well into the nineteenth century, and influenced the great German naturalist-cartographer Alexander von Humboldt when he crafted his own rendering of the Great Basin made famous by Miera. Many consider Humboldt's work "one of the most important maps of the West ever produced."¹³ [Copies of the Miera map can be seen at content.unm.edu. Search for "Miera y Pacheco" Adams.] See Miera map on page 21.

Miera's maps were "elaborate," "colorful," and "richly decorated." Perhaps it was his artistic talent as a *santero* that made them so. Juan Bautista de Anza, New Mexico governor from 1779-1787, and arguably its most successful colonial leader, used Miera's 1779 map which "gives the names of all the streams, mountains, and rivers [within his domain]. Most of the names still exist today,"¹⁴ including the Colorado, Gunni-

son, and San Juan rivers and their tributaries, as well as Utah, Great Salt, and Sevier lakes.¹⁵ The ford (El Vado) of the Rio Chama in northern New Mexico is one such waterway which first appeared on maps drafted by Miera. Even more impressive, he was the first to accurately place the Continental Divide, which appears on a map he created on or about 1760.¹⁶ The most distinguishing feature of Miera's maps from those created in Europe was that he actually covered the ground he mapped.

Once off the trail, Miera prepared a report and his maps for King Carlos III, which he submitted to his majesty on Oct. 26, 1777.

(Was the report expected, or was this another example of the cartographer's "braggadocio?") He was quite forthright in his references to the Comanche and Apache tribes, asserting that the Comanches "acquired [from the Spaniards] horses and arms, and they have had so much practice in the management of horses and arms, that they excel all other tribes in dexterity and courage. And they have become lords and masters of all the buffalo country, wresting it from the Apaches" Bolton further asserted that this description is "one of the best ever written on the subject."¹⁷

Continued on page 22

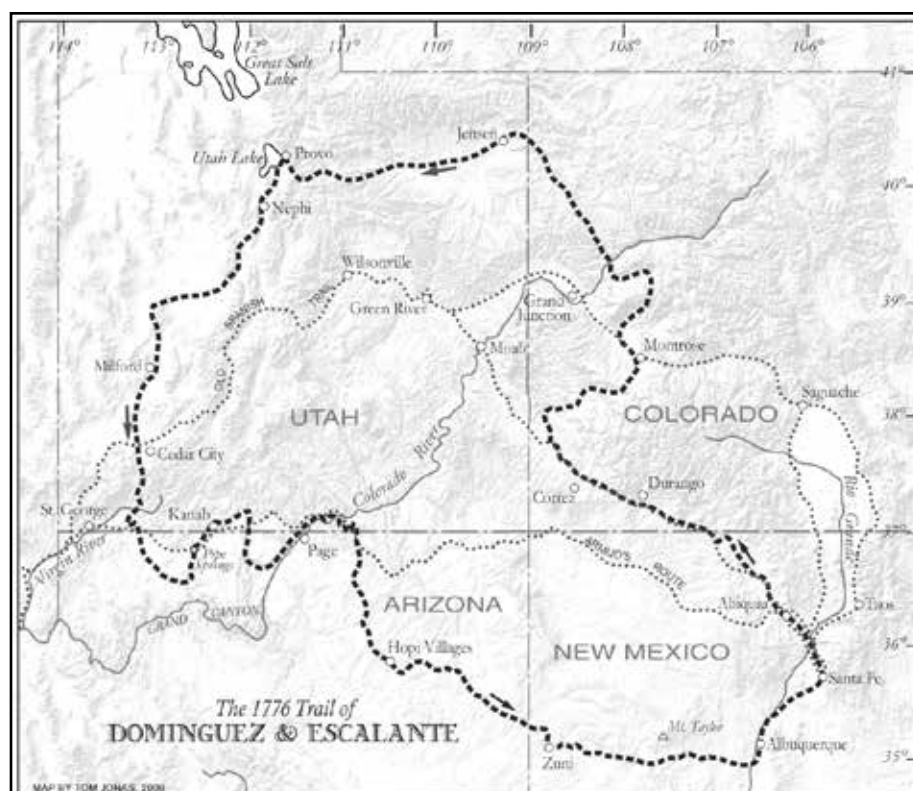


Figure 2. Dominguez-Escalante Expedition. Tom Jonas map, 2006. Courtesy of Old Spanish Trail Association.

So what was the impact of the expedition on the development of New Spain's northern territory? Blackhawk surmises it was significant "[b]ecause it ventured hundreds of miles farther than any previous Spanish party, crossing into central Utah, . . . [thus being] often viewed as the first event in Great Basin history."¹⁸ But Spain was more concerned that the West not be abandoned to foreign powers as had the East to the British.

Even more astounding, and often lost by the numerous authors who have expounded on the expedition, is the amazing fact that "in the face of unspeakable odds not one life was lost on their perilous journey, either among their own courageous band of explorers or among the tribes whom they encountered along the way,"¹⁹ and this fact may have inspired Walter Briggs to title his work about the expedition *Without Noise of Arms*. This even surpasses the Lewis and Clark feat.

And what of the Fathers' lives following their trip? Unfortunately, Father Escalante's future on earth was brief. He died in April, 1780, in Parral, Mexico, a mere 30 years of age, enroute to Mexico City in search of medical treatment. Father Dominguez was recalled to Mexico in 1777, where he served at Janos, Sonora, until his death sometime between 1803-05.²⁰

Back in New Mexico province, Miera resumed creating retablos for the area's mission and pueblo churches, his principal vocation for much of the previous 20

years. Arguably, the most famous creation attributed to Miera even to the present day is a limestone altar screen created in 1761 for La Castrense, the military chapel on the Santa Fe Plaza at that time, because carved wood, not stone, was the preferred medium of the day. Currently, it resides in Cristo Rey church, also in Santa Fe. Many more of his *santos* grace mission churches in northern New Mexico. It appears that he may have created some of the province's first *retablos*. Such creativity is all the more remarkable considering that he probably was not academically trained.²¹

It was no secret that Father Dominguez disparaged Miera's religious art, and expressed his opinion at every opportunity. He found the art ugly, and the work of an "incompetent craftsman."²² Yet it is logical to assume that Dominguez's negative opinion did not extend to Miera's cartographic skills, for no reference of any "incompetence" is found in the father's journal of the expedition. Surely, this esteemed "man of the cloth" would not have engaged an "incompetent" to chart the expedition's route.

Among Miera's *retablos* belittled by the church in Mexico City was Santa Barbara, created around 1770, because it was produced on elkskin, such being viewed improper by the church. "You will obliterate entirely the image of Santa Barbara painted on elkhide," charged Father Juan Bautista Guevara in 1818, Commissary Visitor appointed to inspect New Mexico

mission churches, "and remove it [from the Santa Fe *parroquia*] as indecent for veneration."²³ This was not done, but Santa Barbara's "homes" over the next century or more were not always known, except for a period in the 20th century when she was in the private collection of Eleanor Boyd, renowned Spanish colonial curator. After her death in 1974 the *retablo* mysteriously disappeared. In August 2010 a Spanish colonial art dealer arrived in Santa Fe, claiming he represented friends of Boyd's to whom she left the *retablo* and who wanted to sell it. The state subsequently purchased it, and now it resides in the New Mexico History Museum.

Which of Miera's considerable accomplishments (or talents)—cartographer, *santero*—was more significant? Perhaps the answer can only be found in the perception of the individual. Those interested in historic trails (and OST most specifically) revere his unsurpassed cartographic contributions. Fine arts patrons believe his religious creations established a model in New Mexico followed to this day. More accurately, however, the one talent reinforced the other, thus strengthening both.

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BOOK REVIEW

An Atlas of Historic New Mexico Maps, 1550-1941

Peter L. Eidenbach. *An Atlas of Historic New Mexico Maps, 1550-1941*. University of New Mexico Press, 2012. Pp. 184, 150 color plates. \$60 hardcover.

Reviewed by Ruth Friesen

Although the focus of this atlas is on New Mexico, most maps show wider perspectives, often from Kansas and Texas to California. The goal of the author was to “present an extended series of New Mexico’s most important maps, with brief contextual descriptions, at a readable scale.” After showing the original map, the book presents the New Mexico portion in larger scale. The atlas is divided into seven chronological sections, with numerous maps pertinent to the Old Spanish Trail, including maps by Miera, Gregg, and Frémont.

According to the author, “This collection relies on examples that are within the knowledge commons, available online in even higher resolutions from their source libraries.” The URL (web) links to each map are listed in the cartobibliography.

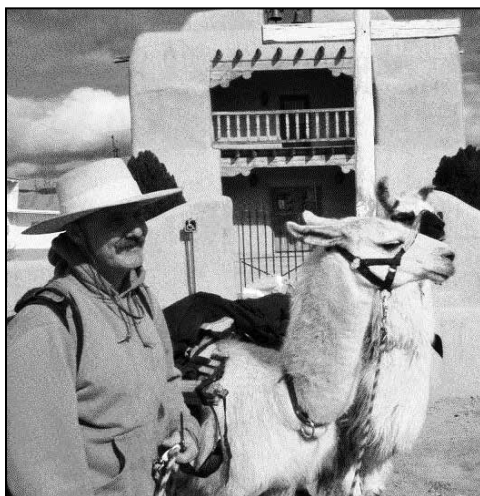
The atlas is available at bookstores or directly from UNM Press.

Walking the Old Spanish Trail

by *Loch Wade*

The Old Spanish Trail. Like me, most of you who read *Traces* know something about it---the Trail's length, its geography, its history. But what is it like to actually experience it? That was the question I asked myself, about five years ago. What does it feel like to cross the desert, to wonder whether the next spring has water? What does a mountain pass, its canyon route buried in snow, say to a weary traveler with weary animals?

Those were the questions I wanted to answer. I was 43 years old, and worked as the water-master in Boulder, Utah, a tiny hamlet sandwiched between an 11,000-foot mountain and a rugged red-rock and canyonland desert. In 1992, I had paddled a kayak across the United States, from New York City to Astoria, Oregon. It was a life-changing adventure. In the aftermath, I quit my lucrative career as an airline pilot to become a pastor and a missionary. Almost 20 years later, I was married and living a quiet country life. Maybe it was a mid-life thing, but I wanted to have one more grand adventure, before my knees, and my back, and my eyes gave out. I wanted to crest a ridge and see a sublime vista, a new country, stretch out before me in the sunset, the fire of the sun's last rays scorching the distant mountains red and gold and purple. I wanted to feel the pressure of perplexing problems and the relief that comes from solving



Loch Wade sets off from Abiquiú with his llamas.

them, or at least enduring them until they solved themselves.

At first, I hoped to gather the entire scope of the Old Spanish Trail into one grand undertaking. I planned to use llamas as pack animals, not for any practical reason other than I had two, and I was familiar with them. I wasn't a horseman at all. I could count the number of times I had ridden a horse on one hand. I figured, with llamas in tow, that I could walk the entire OST in four months.

2011

However, the realities of middle aged life---the mortgage, the marital responsibilities, the electric bill---soon put an end to the idea of one big adventure. I would have to complete the journey in stages. I could take one month off each year, and walk 300 miles. Work-wise, the month that was the slowest for me was February- the

dead of winter. So be it. In the fall of 2010, I began my preparations. On the 31st of January 2011, my friend Brian dropped off my two llamas, Jasper and Chalcy, and me, in Abiquiú, New Mexico, to begin our journey along the Old Spanish Trail.

The first challenge we faced, as we walked up the lower Chama canyon and the Arroyo Seco, was intense cold. The administrators of the Ghost Ranch, due more to bureaucratic gridlock than hard-heartedness, forbade us to camp on the Ranch's 30,000 acres. As temperatures plunged to 20 degrees below zero, I cut my way through all of the undergrowth and camped on the most advantageous land that was available and met my camping needs. It was a life or death decision.

Once on top of the high plateau that stretches across northern New Mexico, I traveled on clay back roads and crossed open country. The snowy ramparts of the San Juan Range, just to the north in Colorado, filled the horizon. Elk, mule deer, and coyotes moved across the rolling, sage-covered hills. The gray-green of the sage contrasted vividly with the darker green of timber-clad ridges, studded with groves of Ponderosa pine and Douglas fir. It was a beautiful and inspiring landscape, one that seemed purposefully designed to inspire a traveler with notions of adventurous glory.

I crossed the Rio Cebolla and the Rio de las Nutrias. These streams were dry---nothing more than deep, eroded gullies. Change had come to the Old Spanish Trail. Gone were the beaver who had dammed the streams, slowed the erosion, and raised the water table. Sheep had eaten all the grass, and sage, rabbit-brush and juniper had moved in. As the gullies grew deeper, the water table plummeted, and the surrounding hills turned to dust. It was a story of environmental devastation that would be present for the entire length of the Trail.

I passed through the dramatic gateway of La Puerta Grande and entered a new landscape. To the west of this opening, Cretaceous sandstone dominates the landscape. Ancient convulsions heaved up this sedimentary rock, and water carved it into a maze of canyons and ridges. A week into my journey, I stood on a ridge along the Continental Divide and looked across the tangled landscape. Escalante and Dominguez got lost

in these hills, their native guides confused by this densely forested chaos of hills. What a traveler needed was a handrail to guide them through the confusion.

That handrail turned out to be a narrow ridge of igneous rock that had broken through the Sedimentary overburden. This long black guide-rail is called Dike Rock Ridge, and runs almost due north and south. Once I hit it, I knew this was the landmark the OST traders used to find their way north to the head of Carracas Canyon, the gateway into the San Juan Valley. Dike Rock Ridge led to another igneous ridge, and sure enough, as I followed these ridges, I came to the top of Carracas Canyon. I was able to look down along its length, the steep mountainsides promising that below were the alluvial bottomlands of the San Juan. Alas, Carracas Canyon proved to be a false gateway.

Overgrazing and erosion had reduced the canyon bottom to an impassable ravine, choked with

snow and tangled with brush. I worked my way cross-country until I stumbled upon a gas well service road that took me down the mountainsides along the canyon to the river, over a thousand feet below.

I was now in Colorado. The Old

Spanish Trail was harder to follow in this more densely settled part of the world. Fences and roads blocked direct access to the Trail, and I had to approximate it the best I could by weaving back and forth along established roads to bracket the original route.

As I crossed the high country of New Mexico, the Trail had been covered with snow. We had walked for miles on snow, and the wet had softened the llama's feet. They developed sore spots, and the only place they could travel comfortably was in the middle of the road. There, car tires had polished the asphalt to a silky-smooth finish. So, that's where we traveled. Those who moved with the luxury of an engine could just slow down and go around us. I quickly developed a grading system for road surfaces. The best was a sandy dirt surface with no rocks. Next came old, traffic-smoothed asphalt. After that came the newer, rougher asphalt, followed by gravel roads. The worst surface we ever walked on was a roadway where the old asphalt had been ground up and left as a gravel-like road surface. Budget cutbacks and the increased cost of asphalt have made this sort of reversion from asphalt to gravel a popular option. Ground up asphalt is the roughest and most painful road surface we encountered, and I quickly learned to do anything to avoid it.

We crossed the state line into Utah on the 27th day of travel. Blinding snow squalls moved across the country, called the Great Sage



Chama River

Plain by historic travelers. It really isn't a plain at all. It's a long, low-slung ridge. Southwards the ridge drains off in deep canyons into Montezuma Wash, part of the San Juan basin. This is the heartland of the Anasazi culture. I could walk almost anywhere, into a bean or sunflower field, and kick up a potsherd. The collapse of the Anasazi culture is still a mystery, a complex syndrome of environmental degradation, changes in religious and cultural patterns, and even civil war.

As I traveled the four-corners region, I learned something entirely new. I had always thought the straight lines drawn as boundaries between Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona were entirely arbitrary, slashes across a map in Washington DC that had no more relevance to local geography than lines drawn in the moon. I discovered I was wrong. Although the State lines are indeed straight and imaginary, they serve as remarkably accurate approximations of geographical, climatological, and geological regions. New Mexico ends just before the high plateau drops off into the San Juan Valley and into Colorado. Utah's sandy red-rock country begins just across the Colorado-Utah border. Seeing these changes so closely associated with imaginary lines gave me new respect for the wisdom of the cartographers and geographers who mapped the West just after the Old Spanish Trail era.

The Old Spanish Trail drops down off the Sage Plain Ridge and into

the Dry Valley country between the Abajo and La Sal mountain ranges via the East Canyon drainage. The Trail hugs the south rim of East Canyon for several miles before it descends into lower country via South Canyon, which is an arm of East Canyon. Somehow, I had fixed in my mind that the route stayed in the East Canyon drainage.

Before I knew it, I was trapped at the bottom of an impassable gorge. The walls of the canyon rose over a thousand feet above my head. Upstream, the canyon bottom was a maze of giant boulders and ledges; below me the canyon presented an impassable barrier of rocky pour-offs. Alone, I could clamber across the obstacles, but the llamas were stuck. We were, in canyoneering parlance, "ledged-out" with no way to go up, and no way to go down.

I spent a sleepless night, wracking my brain to figure a way out of our predicament. By morning, I had come up with only one answer. I spent the better part of the day constructing a steep trail up the only dirt bank I could find that led out of the canyon bottom. Then I packed the gear by hand up this trail to the top of a little bench that clung to the canyon slopes some 100 feet above the rock-choked streambed. Finally, it was time to extricate the llamas. I managed to get them up the impossibly steep slope by alternately pulling them by a long rope, and then grabbing them firmly by their private parts and heaving them upwards from

behind. It was a desperate, but successful operation. It took us all day to travel a mile from our canyon trap down to the salt-brush flats beyond. Never had I walked across flat, open country with such an overwhelming sense of relief. When following the Old Spanish Trail, there are times when it pays to be more thorough in one's research.

We had more adventures before we reached Moab, but they all seemed tame after East Canyon. We ended our year's trek at the BLM offices, where my friend Don Montoya works as an archaeologist. Another friend of mine, Todd Campbell, came and hauled us all home.

2012

My friend Matt Thorn brought me back to Moab for the 2012 segment of the journey. Jasper and Chalcy were, if not exactly eager to begin trekking, at least well rested. We crossed the Colorado River via a new pedestrian bridge that spans the river about two miles north of the old ford. At the middle of the span, I looked down into the cold, green waters, and wondered if I would have ever been as tough as an Old Spanish Trail traveler. Somehow, looking at all that cold and wet (which I was more than happy to avoid), I doubted it.

After watering at Courthouse Spring, about 16 miles out of Moab, we set out across the East Desert. This stretch of Trail is the first real desert we, or the west-bound traders before us, had en-

countered. A vast expanse of gray clay and dirty whitish-brown hills stretched before us, almost fifty miles of waterless, alkali-encrusted wasteland. The only thing that grew in the salty soil were stunted tumbleweeds, barely two inches high, that had perished from thirst and were too small for the wind to uproot. We crossed vast areas of desert covered with plates of clear gypsum, which crackled and tinkled like broken glass beneath our feet.

We had fellow travelers along the Trail. Power lines and gas pipelines accompanied us. The crackle of the power lines in the humid winter air sounded like a continual campfire as the electrical field around the high-voltage lines stripped electrons from air and water molecules, and sent them colliding with, and stripping off, even more electrons in what is known as an “electron cascade”. I wondered if the engineers who planned out the route of the power lines even knew about the Old Spanish Trail. Most likely, they simply looked for

the easiest path across the landscape, and found what others had found before them.

Just before we reached Green River, we crossed an abandoned missile launch complex. Mysterious metal buildings dotted the bleak gray hills. I went exploring at one of the launching sites. I clambered over the concrete launch pads, and poked around in the eerie, darkened tracking stations. This was called the White Sands Missile Launch Annex. The Minuteman missile, a lynchpin of the Cold War nuclear deterrence strategy, had been tested here. The missiles were launched from this site, and arced almost 500 miles until they hit their targets in the distant New Mexican desert. Now it was all abandoned, and so desolate it didn’t even seem as if ghosts wanted to inhabit the forlorn and rusted metal buildings.

I crossed the Green River, again on a bridge. From the span, I could look out at the river and see the ripples of shallow water that once

made this the best place to ford the stream.

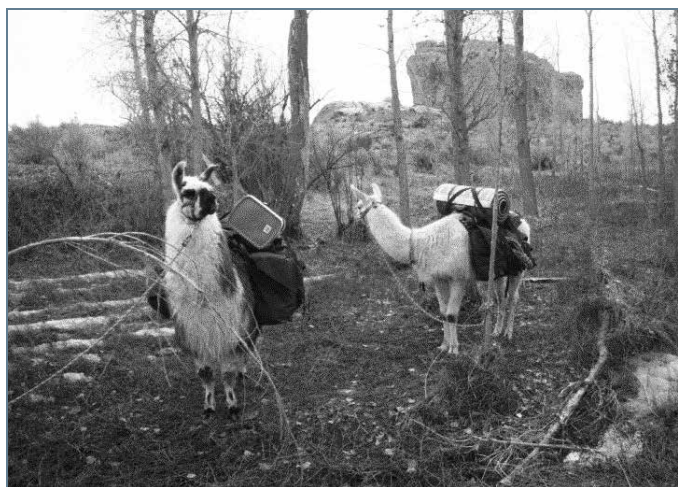
Past Green River, I once again entered desert. For a while, I followed railroad tracks, but once past Highway 6, I crossed open country. A great maze of gullies made crossing this country a real challenge. I had to detour north for

several miles to get around these deep gashes in the otherwise flat landscape. To the west, the great teeth of the San Rafael swell rose up in terrifying serrations of anguished rock. I could easily imagine the feelings of an Old Spanish Trail trader who looked at that formidable array of convulsed topography, and wondered how it was possible to get around it.

We found the way. It led up Lost Springs Wash into the Swell, close to the base of Cedar Mountain, and across open country between that massif and the canyons of the San Rafael River. Here I met a biologist who was monitoring bighorn sheep. He let me listen to the beeps from a ram’s radio collar. He was picking the signals up with a receiver he had in his truck. The ram was unseen, hiding on a ledge somewhere down in the tangled canyons wilderness.

As I crossed Buckhorn Flats, huge twin columns of steam dominated the horizon. I discovered these emanated from the Hunter Power Station near Castle Dale, Utah. Once I reached Highway 10, I was to discover something else, thousands of coal trucks. Unfortunately my nemesis, barbed wire fences, blocked my passage along the original Trail route, which followed the western edge of the Swell. Highway 10 paralleled the Trail, three to five miles farther west.

The boom and roar of coal trucks zooming past on the narrow-shouldered road was a hazard the



Courthouse Spring

OST traveler never had to deal with. The coal came from the giant SUFCO mine, up in the hills of the Wasatch Plateau. I found myself calculating relative efficiencies. By the time the coal was mined, trucked to the power plant, burned, and the electricity transmitted to its destination, how much of the original energy contained in the coal was left? I didn't know. I wondered if, on a strict efficiency accounting basis, the net gain was even positive.

Highway 10 led me to the top of Salina Canyon. I soon passed Red Canyon, the turn to the Fishlake Cutoff. The Cutoff, which crested the Fishlake Mountains at over 10,000 feet, was buried under several feet of snow. I have spent summers guiding in those very mountains, and the aspen groves, crystal clear trout streams, and the sapphire jewel of Fishlake itself, Utah's largest natural mountain lake, are sights to see. But there

was no way I could cross that snowy country. My path would have to follow Interstate 70, through Salina Canyon and out into the valley of the Sevier River.

As it was, there was plenty of snow in the deep mountain canyon. Luckily, a frontage road weaves back and forth across the Interstate. This road was so packed with snow that I felt like I was deep in the wilderness. I would tune out the roar of the freeway traffic, and admire the beauty of the mountains that surrounded me. As we traveled deeper into the canyon, the snow got deeper as well. It was a hard work to slog through up to six inches of snow. By the time we reached open country in the Sevier Valley, the llamas were beginning to develop sore feet, again from the wet traveling conditions. Luckily, we were able to walk on sandy roads. These back roads led us to the east of the original trail. We hugged the base

of a range of steep volcanic hills. Springs bubbled up all along these hills, and fed wetlands harboring all sorts of waterfowl. I could only imagine what it all must have looked like during the heyday of the OST---the entire valley, save for the western hills where the OST lay, was once a vast wetland, with literally millions of birds, not to mention deer and other wildlife.

I spent a few days in Monroe, resting at the hot springs there. My wife Kelly and my mother came to visit, and we had a great time relaxing in the warm waters. Too soon, it was time to continue down the Trail.

Jedediah Smith blazed this segment of the OST. He had followed the Sevier River upstream until he came to the gorge at Marysville Canyon. Here, he found a river trapped between two walls of solid rock, with no passage through for either man or beast. To avoid this obstacle, he found a way around the gorge across a range of hills to the east.

I approached these hills, called the Antelope Hills, along an irrigation ditch, until I reached the power lines that danced across the slopes and over the crest of the hills through one of three gaps. I followed the power lines for several miles until I reached the crest. Rocks, snow, and steep hillsides made for slow and physically grueling travel. We trudged along as dark clouds formed to the south. There was a storm coming. Would I be able to crest the ridge and get



Sevier River wetlands

back down into the river valley before the blizzard hit?

The big steel transmission towers that carry high voltage power lines are spaced roughly 1200 feet apart. This is the sort of thing one learns while following today's OST. That means there are five towers for every nautical mile. It seemed to take forever to pass just one tower. In the distance, the high peaks of the Tushar Mountains became wreathed in snow, and soon, that veil of white began to obscure the lower slopes as well. Still we trudged on.

Finally, we reached the final slope leading to the summit of the Antelope Hills. Here the snow was over a foot deep, and the way forward was an exhausting process of postholing up a steep slope. We stumbled over rocks hidden beneath the snow. Dusk was setting in, and the first flakes of snow were beginning to fall. I hadn't been this physically exhausted since we had been stuck in East Canyon. But we couldn't stop now. If we did, we would be in real dan-

ger from the storm.

So we pushed on. Night had fallen by the time we reached the outskirts of Marysville. At the little country store, we called Bob Leonard. Bob, an archaeologist for the Forest Service, is the leading expert on the Fishlake Cutoff. He has spent years finding the actual swales of the original trail as it crosses the mountains. He lives in Marysville, and when I called him, he graciously allowed me to stay in his guest cottage, in the historic gold mining district of Bullion Canyon.

The storm raged for three days. I thought about how closely we had dodged a bullet. Being caught out in that kind of weather, in the mountains during a Utah winter, was a dangerous risk. Maybe I was closer to experiencing some of the dangers of the Old Spanish Trail than I wanted.

Unfortunately, the weather also didn't help the llama's feet. The OST originally followed the river bottoms, but today, this is all farmland and pastures.

Dozens of barbed wire fences keep the modern OST traveler confined to the highway.

The rough asphalt of Highway 89 makes for good traction for rubber tires, but it is murder on the wet and tired feet of pack llamas. By the time we reached the town of

Junction, Utah, the llamas were becoming decidedly reluctant to go on. I thought we would try to push just a little further. The next day, as we struggled towards Circleville, I noticed their feet were bleeding. That was it. I wasn't going to force them to go on. We limped into Circleville, and I called Matt to come and get us. The trip was over for the year.

2013

Matt was our chauffeur back to Circleville to begin our next leg. I was using llamas again, but I knew that I needed a pack animal better suited for the terrain, a donkey or a mule. Unfortunately, since I was self-funding the expedition, I wasn't able to purchase such an animal in time. The llamas would have to do. The winter had been exceptionally cold in Boulder, with cold snaps down to 30 below. The old-timers said they had never seen it so cold. I thought Jasper was a little thin for the journey, perhaps from shivering through the cold, so I took a friend's llama, named George, instead.

George was an untested llama, and he quickly decided that packing was not the career choice for him. Still, we pushed on. We turned up into the high country of the Markagunt Plateau and encountered deep snow in the Bear Valley. Luckily, the snow was packed down by snowmobile tracks would continue over the pass and down into the Parowan Valley. Otherwise, we would have to turn around and



Snow in Bear Valley

hike all the way back out.

The tracks went right to the base of the pass, and stopped. It was my worst fear, fully realized. I unhooked George, and continued up the snow-covered road with Chalcy. We were postholing in snow up to my knees. I knew we would never be able to travel like this, but I was loath to turn around and walk the ten miles back out to the highway. We continued on, struggling along the edge of the road where the snow wasn't so deep until we came around a slight bend. There, I saw ahead one of the most beautiful sights of my entire OST experience. Another set of snowmobile tracks came down the pass from the other side, and turned around. Only an eighth of a mile of virgin snow separated the two tracks. We could continue onwards.

For the last few days I had noticed that George wasn't eating. I take grain along to feed the llamas, and Jasper and Chalcy were addicted to it. George however, refused to eat. Since there was nothing in the winter landscape upon which to graze, except an odd piece of cedar bark or some sagebrush, he grew noticeably weaker day by day. I only hoped he had enough strength to make it over the pass, and down into the valley, where he could be rescued.

He did make it, but just barely. About a mile from the bottom of the valley, George sat down in the road and wouldn't get up. I put all the packs on Chalcy and left

George there, sprawled out across the road, his head resting miserably in the mud. I set up camp, picketed Chalcy, and over an hour later, I went back to get George. I managed to get him to his feet, but his legs trembled from hunger. Slowly, I led him into camp, and called Matt. "Bring me Jasper, and take George home."

With Jasper, we began to really cover some ground. We followed the Trail through Parowan and across Interstate 15, near Summit. We passed through the suburban sprawl of the town of Enoch and out across the base of the Iron Springs Hills. Out in the hills, we were passing through sheep country. I looked, but could not find any feed, not even a winter-yellowed and broken stem of cheat-grass, on the range. This was what the entire upper southwest had looked like 100 years ago, when 40 million sheep roamed the range. In October of 1911, a freak storm dumped 3-8 inches of rain across the region in 36 hours. The water from this storm, running across the denuded landscape, caused irreparable damage. If you see a 20 foot deep, vertical-walled gully running like a gaping wound through a valley, most likely it was carved out during the 1911 flood.

That night we camped at Iron Springs. There was nothing there but a Union Pacific railroad siding, and three tanker cars. We were now at the edge of the Escalante Desert. The countryside was changing, opening up. A vast plain stretched off to the west and

north, towards distant, mysterious mountains. These rose like frozen teeth, far off into Nevada. This was where the Dominguez- Escalante expedition gave up their quest for California, and returned home to New Mexico.

There was no water at Iron Springs. I found several unopened bottles of drinking water, which tasted strongly of plastic. There was no telling how long they had been lying there. There was a county landfill a mile back. I hiked back there and asked for water. The manager told me that the strip mines in the surrounding hills had contaminated the groundwater with arsenic, and it was not fit for human consumption. I filled the bucket for the llamas, and then dipped some water into my canteens from a mud puddle near the road. When I drank the puddle water, it tasted like hydraulic fluid, most likely washed into the puddle from the landfill equipment.

"Choose your poison," I said to myself grimly, and chose the arsenic, for no other reason than it tasted the best out of my selection.

Fifteen miles down the road, we rounded a range of low mountains called the Antelope Hills, and came to a historic watering spot on the Trail, Antelope Springs. An enterprising rancher had piped the spring water down to a tank near the road. The delicious spring water flowed on demand from a tap at the end of a black plastic pipe. I wasted no time in dumping out the arsenic and refilling my water jugs.

The next day we passed through the town of Newcastle in the beginnings of a snowstorm, and continued onwards down the Trail towards the mouth of Holt Canyon, the OST's route up and over the Mountain Meadows. We followed a power line across the hills south of the main Trail route, and camped above the canyon in snow and mud. The night was bitterly cold, and I broke camp in the morning, shivering and without the benefit of coffee or even breakfast. It was too cold to stand still long enough to eat.

The power line service road dropped down to the canyon bottom, and I was glad to see water in the creek. I gave the llamas a drink and we continued on. A mile later, I was dismayed to see blood in the snow of Jasper's tracks. The wet was eating up the llama's feet yet again.

As we climbed up into Mountain Meadows, I was saddened to see that the famous resting place for the old-time traders had been gutted by gullies, some of which were so deep that full-grown cottonwoods barely poked the tops of their branches over the gullies' edges.

The weather just got worse as I passed the site of the infamous massacre that occurred here in 1857. I stopped for a moment at the monuments to this tragedy and took my hat off in respect for those who had been slain there in such a cowardly manner. A bitter wind blew skeins of snow across the

dark and forlorn mountainsides. It seemed a fitting day to visit such a place.

But now the road led down, into lower elevations and hopefully, into warmer conditions. The next evening, we camped in the rodeo grounds of tiny Gunlock, Utah. A local rancher named Jay Leavitt stopped by and jokingly said, "Hey, you want to buy a donkey for 200 dollars?"

"I'll trade you two good llamas for him," I joked back. "You can pack 'em or eat 'em, your pleasure." As it turned out, it might have been a good trade to make.

The next evening, I camped at the summit of Utah Hill, the pass through which the Old Spanish Trail ran in order to bypass the formidable Virgin River Gorge and reach the desert country to the south. As we started up the hill, the asphalt of the highway changed. The old highway had been recently resurfaced. Never in my life had I seen such rough, sandpapery new

asphalt. Immediately I knew what it was. The Utah DOT had begun to use a new machine to resurface roads. This giant machine ground up the old, cracked (but smoooooth) asphalt and re-laid it as a new road surface. The ground-up asphalt produced a road surface that was porous, so that water ran through it and minimized cracking, and also provided great traction for car tires. I took a few steps onto this new surface and knew it was going to chew up the llama's already sore feet like a school of hungry piranhas.

And it did. We were able to make it through the corner of Arizona, one mile shy of the Nevada line before the llamas refused to go any farther. On Thursday, February 28, I camped along the Virgin River. I walked along the riverbank to see if perhaps we could travel there, since not only was this the original OST route, but because the sandy river bottom might be easier on the llama's feet. Again time has not been kind to the Trail. The bottoms were choked with an impenetrable



Virgin River

tangle of tamarisk and thorny mesquite. Tamarisk, or saltcedar, was introduced to control erosion around 1920, and has overrun riparian areas all across the desert Southwest. The sandy, open river bottoms of the Spanish Trail hey-day had been obliterated.

Back on the highway, a local man named Dan Reber stopped and told me there was a horse arena just around the corner where I could find a pen for the llamas. I reached the arena just as a long line of fancy diesel pickups hauling fancier horse trailers also began to arrive. We were just in time for a big roping event.

The owner of the arena, Kelby Hughes, said, "Sneak around behind the bleachers and find a pen all the way in the back lot. We don't want those llamas spooking the roping horses."

The next day, I took a look at Jasper and Chalcy's feet. One look told me they had reached the end of their trail. I needed a new critter as a pack animal, a donkey or a mule, and I preferred a mule.

But as I asked around, it didn't seem as if there were any mules or donkeys in Southern Utah, the Arizona Strip, or Clark County, Nevada. Finally, Kelby said, "Why don't you give Brandy Williams a call? She can find anything for anyone when it comes to horses." He said she just lived back up the road in Beaver Dam. I didn't have anything else to do, so I hitchhiked up to find her.

Brandy was at home making breakfast for her two young sons, Gavyn and Tristan. She invited me in, gave me a giant cup of coffee and a plate of eggs and sausage.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, as I sat next to her husband, Ronnie, on the couch and ate my breakfast. I told her my predicament, and Brandy went to work. She called several people on the phone and put an ad on Craigslist for me. However, nothing turned up.

"You're staying here," she said, "Let's go get your llamas and bring them back to the corral."

This was Saturday, the 2nd of March. By Sunday, we had decided to make booties for the llamas, and see if these would help them walk better. I spent most of the night fashioning a set of booties, and when we taped them to the llama's feet the next day, the booties actually stayed on. Brandy trailered us back down the road so we wouldn't have to re-trace our steps, and we were off.

We managed to walk three miles in five hours. Even with boots on, Jasper and Chalcy couldn't walk. I called Brandy and she came and rescued us for the second time. Now we looked for a mule in earnest.

As the days passed, the only mule we found was in Burley, Idaho. For a moment, I considered driving up to get it. That was how desperate I was to continue onwards and, at least, reach Las Vegas. I called my friend Matt.

"I don't know, Loch," he said. "It sounds desperate. Maybe you're just done for the year."

He was right. I couldn't find the right pack animal. I was running out of money and time (I had to be back at work by the first of April), and by now, I had been staying at Brandy's for a week. How long were the Williams willing to put up with a freeloading, llama-packing OST geek?

I called Matt, and said, "You're right. It's time to call it quits."

That's when I found the mule, just a few miles down the road in Bunkerville, Nevada. Johnson was big (16 hands), and long-legged, and he could be mine for 400 dollars. He was skinny and skittish. He would need some work and some groceries before he was ready to pack. So I brought him back home with me to Boulder.

God willing and the creeks don't rise, perhaps in the fall, I can finish walking the Old Spanish Trail. ♦

Discover the Old Spanish Trail Association
on the web at
www.olds spanish trail.org

Trail Stewardship Workshop Teaches Field Recording Techniques

OSTA, in conjunction with the Bureau of Land Management, held a Trail Stewardship Training workshop on November 16-17, 2012, in Barstow, CA. The training was attended by nearly 20 attendees from California and elsewhere, who learned the fundamentals of trail-mapping, using GPS equipment, and trail stewardship. The workshop was led by OSTA vice president Paul Ostapuk, and the chair of OSTA's Trail Stewardship committee Mark Henderson.



Paul Ostapuk talks about field safety to volunteers at the stewardship training, held at the BLM office in Barstow.

Mark Henderson examines a prehistoric artifact with Alicia Howard of Barstow Community College (center) and ShaeLee Garvey (right) of Barstow during the field portion of the training. The two young women learned field recording techniques used during trail survey. They heard of the workshop through OSTA and BLM publicity.



Kannah Creek Petroglyph

by Bob Dundas

I found this petroglyph with the date 1850, an arrow, and a wheel of sorts. It is in a small canyon below my home on Kannah Creek, not far from the Old Spanish Trail segment in western Colorado. [Kannah Creek is just south of Grand Junction. Kannah Creek crosses the OST at a right angle as it flows to the Gunnison River.]

Photos by Bob Dundas. Bob is a Colorado Site Steward and a member of the Chipeta Archaeological Society.



A Vision for National Historic Trails

by Steve Burns, Landscape Architect, National Trails System Intermountain Region, NPS, Santa Fe, NM

One doesn't need to hike the entire Appalachian Trail to appreciate it or experience it fully -- but knowing that one can experience any part of it and it is connected and continuous adds something intangible to the experience and its value. The same can be said for national historic trails. As the National Trails System Act suggests, I believe that scenic and historic trails should be more alike than different. That so many have held on to the idea of their dissimilarity of purpose and the way one experiences them, in my view, has been part of the reason why these trails have remained so vague and obscure to the public. This approach hasn't worked out very well -- which is why I reject that view and aim to do what little I can to advocate for a different goal that to me is more simple and better aligned with the National Trails System Act -- namely, to develop each historic trail as a pedestrian trail that follows the historic route to the extent now practicable.

Both scenic and historic trails must be developed on the ground. This takes planning, design, and money. I know that some people involved with national historic trails disagree and do not see that this is needed as a prerequisite to both the trails' preservation and their relevance to the public at large. For

me, the fact that the historic trails are still largely invisible to the public is the evidence that seeing historic trails as something other than "a trail on the ground" just doesn't work.

Our office is now involved in several projects to develop retrace-ment trails with national historic trail "branding" of signs and interpretation. I see this as the way forward. The Jornada del Muerto project in southern New Mexico is an example. We are working with BLM to extend that retrace-ment trail experience.

I believe we should embrace with total commitment the objective of developing a retrace-ment experience for national historic trails. We have been successful each time we have developed the national trail on the ground with a careful eye towards public awareness and quality of experience. We may not be able to accomplish complete development of the trail in several lifetimes, but if we commit to this we will begin to make progress -- success breeds success. Eventually we will reach a tipping point and a trail following the historic route for its entire length will be taken as a given.

At the end of the day I am looking for a trail on the ground, a route the public visitor can recognize and follow -- not a route known only by a select club of trail enthusiasts. If the public can't find the trail easily, we don't yet have a

trail "product" to market for tourism benefits. The evidence for this is readily available. The Santa Fe National Historic Trail has had an excellent guidebook out for years. A few people use it, but, for the most part, only a small segment of the population has any idea of the existence of the Santa Fe Trail. The same is largely true for the Oregon Trail and others.

I imagine a trail on the ground that I could follow from one end to the other that follows the historic route. Along that trail I might encounter spectacular landscapes, historic sites that provide a touchstone to the trail's historic users and experiences, pristine segments of the trail relatively unchanged from the historic period of use, and towns and communities along the way that provide reminders of changes that have occurred and places that have not. The trail is not a simple path but the key to unlocking the door to a journey and an adventure unique to each person who might take it and priceless in its value to impact one's life.

I know that such a trail could exist, and sometimes I have experienced this as other trail enthusiasts have. Without the developed trail on the ground, however, this experience and journey remains elusive and unknown to the visiting public. I believe the idea of a pedestrian retrace-ment trail that follows the historic route, as the Trails Act suggests, is not a simple trail but a

powerful and profound idea that is bold and visionary with the potential to change lives and communities. It is in the league of great ideas like national parks. I look forward to the day more folks involved with national historic trails fully embrace the simple yet

profound and bold objective of developing a trail on the ground that retraces the historic route. That is a product that is truly marketable. ♦

Reprinted by permission from Pathways Across America, the newsletter of the Partnership for the National Trails System, Autumn 2012



Boy Scouts retrace a portion of El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro National Historic Trail in the Jornada del Muerto in New Mexico from the developed Yost trailhead.

Sometimes developing a retracement trail involves nothing more than making the historic route on a public road known, as with this segment of the Trail of Tears National Historic Trail in Pope County, Illinois. As the next step, a pedestrian trail within the public right-of-way would not be too difficult to imagine and develop.



Santa Fe Mayor David Coss and project partners unveil the national historic trail sign identifying a newly opened segment of El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro National Historic Trail in Santa Fe County, New Mexico.



Often development of a retracement trail would involve minimal visitor facilities beyond making it known with signs and the trail itself, such as along this pristine portion BLM public land on the Oregon California Trail in Wyoming.



OST Plaque Installed in San Dimas

The San Dimas, California, Civic Center is home to the latest Old Spanish Trail Commemorative Plaque. The plaque joins impressive pieces of public art including a Jedediah Smith statue, a 45-foot Tongva mural and an extensive collection of Western Art. The plaque project was a collaborative effort of the Old Spanish Trail Association, the San Dimas Historical Society, the San Dimas Corral of Westerners, and the City of San Dimas.



Riverside Hosts Tamale Festival

On Saturday, April 20, Riverside, California, will hold its inaugural Tamale Festival at White Park from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Activities include a tamale eating contest, tamale juggling contest, best tamale contest, and music, art and fun. Proceeds will benefit the formation of the Trujillo Adobe Foundation for restoration of the adobe and the revitalization of Las Placitas de los Trujillos. Sponsorships are still available. For additional information, contact info@riversidetamalefestival.com or call 951-235-3586.

San Gabriel Historical Society
and Northern New Mexico Regional Art Center Co-Sponsored Exhibit:

Following the Bell The Arriería

A History Exhibit on the Old Spanish Packer's Profession



In the 8th century the moors brought a unique packsaddle, the aparejo, and a pack transportation system into Spain. In 1495, Columbus's second voyage introduced this system with pack animals into the Americas. Don Juan Oñate and his arrieros packers brought their craft into Nuevo México in 1598. The Arriería, the arriero's organized profession, is gone now from New Mexico's Rio Abajo and Rio Arriba, replaced by trains and trucks.

The San Gabriel Historical Society exhibit presents a glimpse into this old, well-honored profession and its legacy.

Children's activity and learning sections are included in the exhibit

When: April 2 - June 25, 2013
Hours: Tuesday - Saturday, 12-4
Where: **The Bond House Museum**
706 Bond Street, Española, New Mexico
Information: San Gabriel Historical Society, (505) 685-9463

Exhibit Supporters: Rio Grande Mule and Donkey Association, Salida del Sol Chapter, Old Spanish Trail Association

Free Admission

Exhibit Curators: Ron and Pat Rundström

Exhibit Preparator: Roger Firestone