

DESERT TRACKS



Newsletter of the Southwest Chapter of the Oregon-California Trails Association
December 2007

More Work on the Apache Pass Trail

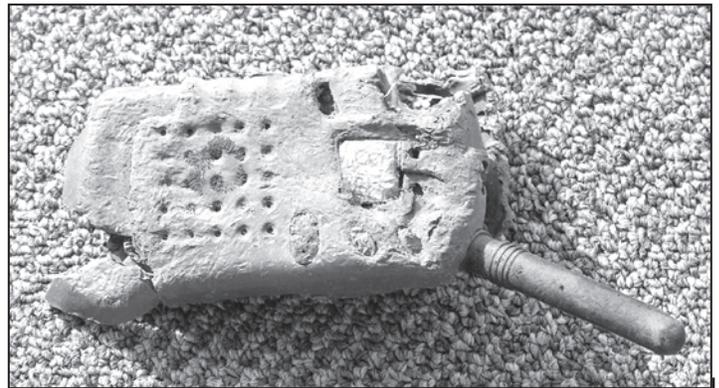
In October, twelve Trail Turtles returned to map more of the Apache Pass Trail in southwest New Mexico and southeast Arizona. We met at Ft. Bowie to begin our week, welcomed as always by SWOCTA member and ranger, Larry Ludwig. Tracy DeVault was the trail boss again and kept us organized in working some of the places where the trail is hard to find – and hard to get to. We did make progress and now have completed mapping much of the trail between Soldiers Farewell and the actual pass near Fort Bowie. Little has been done between the pass and Tucson where it rejoined the Southern Trail.

The group works well together, whether sleuthing out where to look for trail, driving the back roads to reach trail crossings, dividing up the spots to look, record and photograph, or making camp. No slackers in this bunch!

Along the way we saw more wildlife than usual, including a hawk dining on a snake, a number of small antelope herds (which we seldom see), and a rattlesnake quietly coiled on the trail. Not so wild was a group of pinto horses who visited us looking for handouts.

We continue to work on publishing our findings, though that is going slowly.

Rose Ann Tompkins



On Thursday, October 19, 2000, the Trail Turtles were mapping east of Apache Pass. Richard Greene realized he had lost his FRS radio. Attempts were made to call it while he looked along the area where he had been working. We left without the radio. Fast forward to Friday, October 12, 2007, when we finally returned to the same area to continue working the trail. Tracy DeVault found the radio, a bit worse for wear (see photo). Marie Greene declared that the radio should be returned for warranty repair.

Rose Ann Tompkins

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From the Editors

Rose Ann and Harland Tomkins, founding and guiding members of SWOCTA and the Trail Turtles, are deeply committed to and knowledgeable about the historic trails of the West. The interview with them in our December issue provides insight into their thinking about the role of trail organizations in general, and about OCTA in particular. They give their opinions on topics such as preservation, membership, and the future of SWOCTA. We feel certain that the Tomkins' ideas will be thought provoking to trail enthusiasts.

This fall, the Trail Turtles continued mapping in the vicinity of western New Mexico and eastern Arizona. Richard Greene provides an account of the trip. While we have edited his report for the general readership, our version deletes many delightful details. Those who are interested will be able to read more in the Trail Turtles' upcoming book.

In a number of past issues, we have included articles on the Oatman massacre and captivity. One of the enigmas concerning the Oatman story has been the mystery surrounding James Colin Brewster's later life. Gary Vitale, a professor of history in Springfield, Illinois, has unearthed a good deal of information on this topic. The article by Professor Vitale in this issue shows that Brewster remained a fascinating character even after he returned to the East.

We welcome to these pages John Krizek and Patricia Etter, SWOCTA members who are currently on the OCTA Board of Directors. In addition to the news items which they contributed to this issue, they informed us of the Picacho Peak controversy, for which we have given an update. Our book reviewers for this issue include Walter Drew Hill, an artist and retired engineer from Sacramento, California.

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

A Letter to SWOCTA from Patricia Etter

One of my goals, as a new member of OCTA's Board, is to promote the interests of the Southwest Chapter of OCTA. In connection with that, I would like to know your thoughts, ideas, and opinions in a number of areas. To this end, I plan to ask all SWOCTA members to complete a survey, to be mailed in early January. Your answers will help me prepare for the OCTA Board Meeting in March. I hope that all members will participate in the upcoming survey and perhaps offer to help in other ways.

It seems impossible, but in 2008 the Chapter will become 20 years old – how many miles have we covered in those years? One natural question on the survey will be: "How shall we celebrate?"

My interest in trails goes back a long way. Living in California provided me opportunities to spend time in Anza Borrego and the surrounding area where, as you all know, General Kearny and Lieutenant Emory trekked toward Los Angeles in 1846. Following them, emigrants came by the thousands and left their footsteps in what we know as a beautiful desert park. In 1982, I had the distinct pleasure of riding horseback over Guadalupe Pass and photographing it. By then I was definitely hooked on trails, and my first book, *American Odyssey*, recalls that adventure. I joined SWOCTA when it was first organized, and can say that I enjoyed the outings and the fellowship enormously, while uncovering trail bits all over Arizona and New Mexico. Now that I am retired from Arizona State University, where I ran the American Indian Research Library, I have a little extra time to devote to OCTA.

Before signing off, I want to announce the publication of my new book: *California Odyssey: The Overland Journey of William R. Goulding and the Knickerbocker Exploring Company, 1849* (The Arthur H. Clark Company, an imprint of the University of Oklahoma Press, 2008). It covers an exciting adventure over southern trails, starting at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and ending in San Francisco, California.

Book Review

Massacre at Camp Grant: Forgetting and Remembering Apache History

by Chip Colwell-Chanthaphonh

Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2007.

ISBN-13: 978-0-8165-2585-0. 159 pages: maps, charts, photographs, bibliography, index.

Paperback, \$17.95.

On April 30, 1871, a group of Anglo-Americans and Mexican Americans from Tucson, together with Tohono O'odham allies, massacred more than a hundred Pinal and Aravaipa Apache men, women, and children near Camp Grant on the San Pedro River. Somewhere between eleven and thirty-five Apache children were also stolen. Under the leadership of *haské bahnzin* (Eskiminzin), these Apaches had recently surrendered to the U.S. Army and were living as prisoners of war near the camp.

Colwell-Chanthaphonh argues that the official history of the massacre is one-sided because it is taken solely from Anglo-American sources, sources which discount Apache perspectives. From Helen Hunt Jackson's *A Century of Dishonor* (1881) to Larry McMurtry's *Oh What a Slaughter* (2005), authors have used non-Apache sources to document the event. In *Massacre at Camp Grant*, Colwell-Chanthaphonh, examines six Apache narratives to provide new insights into the massacre. These narratives, he argues, are critical for understanding the massacre because they offer accounts from the standpoint of the Western Apache. Three of these accounts are oral histories, eyewitness accounts which come from the unpublished notebooks of ethnographer Grenville Goodwin. The other three accounts are oral traditions that were passed from mouth to mouth, for a period beyond the lifetime of the informants. These later oral traditions come from a discontinued magazine, an obituary, and an interview. Taken together, the six narratives provide glimpses of the massacre in its particulars: the coming into Camp Grant, the celebration on the night prior to the massacre, the attack itself, and the escape to the mountains after the attack.

An anthropologist, Colwell-Chanthaphonh uses an interdisciplinary approach, combining anthropology, history, and archaeology. In addition to the Apache narratives, Colwell-Chanthaphonh's story of the massacre incorporates ethnographic and archaeological research, documentary sources including army records, newspaper articles, military and civilian maps. These allow him to look at the massacre in new ways. For example, he counters the accusation that the Aravaipa were raiding during the period they were prisoners of war at Camp Grant by comparing the dates and locations of the raids to the dates they were in camp receiving rations.

Since an overview of the history is not given until Chapter 3, the book will be easier to follow for those who have some prior knowledge of the massacre. The history and ethnographic material is framed by an extensive a meditation on the making of history, the ways in which history is used as a political tool, and a plea for the incorporation of multiple viewpoints when reconstructing past events. While this material is typical of academic discourse, it is well-written without excessive jargon and will be accessible to the general reader.

The Camp Grant Massacre was one of the worst massacres in the history of the American West, but one of the least studied. Expanding on our understanding of the massacre, Chip Colwell-Chanthaphonh's *Massacre at Camp Grant* provides readers with an opportunity to rethink the event from the Apache viewpoint. This book will appeal to anyone interested in the history of the Southwest, but it will be essential reading for those interested in the complex history of nineteenth-century frontier massacres.

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

Look for our interview with Chip Colwell-Chanthaphonh in the upcoming issue of *Desert Tracks*

Trail Turtles Fall 2007 Mapping Trip Fort Bowie, Rooster Comb, Rattlesnake Point, Separ, Lordsburg

by *Richard Greene*

The Trail Turtles in attendance: Rose Ann Tompkins, Neal Johns, Judy and Tracy DeVault, Pat and Ken White, Cam Wade, Marie and Richard Greene, Charles Townley, Levida and Brock Hileman. Tracy and Judy are now organizing and leading our trips, with Rose Ann providing the aerials and helping navigate to the mapping areas.

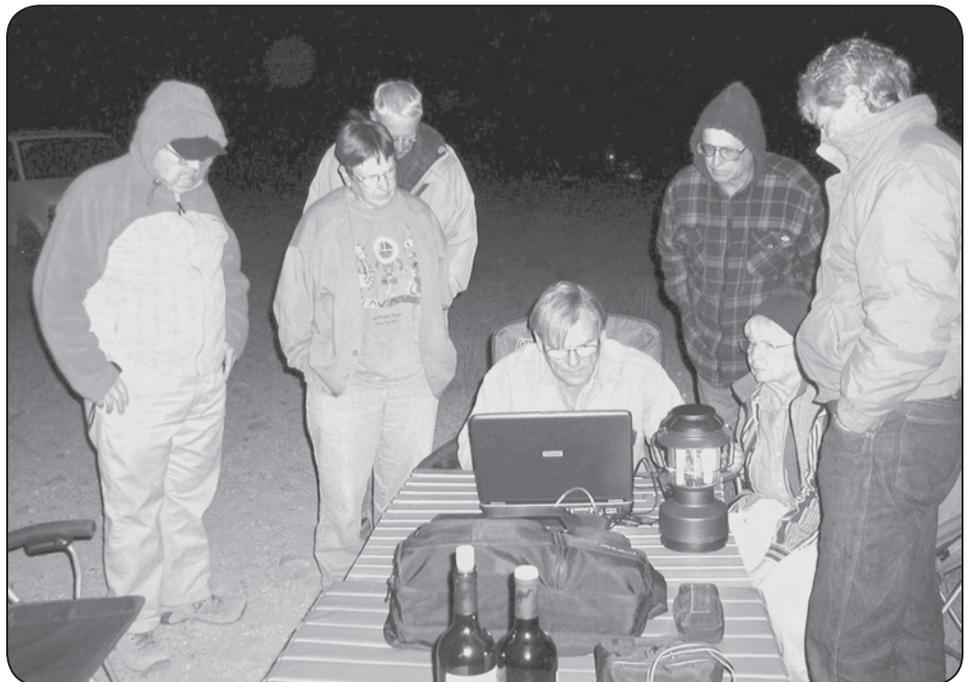
Wednesday, October 10 By 4:30 p.m. we had all arrived at Fort Bowie. Tracy led us in a discussion of mapping plans while we ate dinner. He told us that Quentin Gilliam would join us on the mapping trip with his metal detector. Towards dusk, Larry Ludwig, Fort Bowie Head Ranger, arrived from a conference in Douglas and visited with us briefly.

The view from Fort Bowie – the mountains and San Simon Valley – is breathtaking. There was a spectacular sunset that lit up the clouds, and as darkness set in, there was a display of lightning in the distance. It was a starry night and Cam, who has a Ph. D. in astronomy, enlightened us about everything we could see in the night sky. He supplemented the lesson by pulling up astronomical data and photos of the planets on his Palm Pilot.

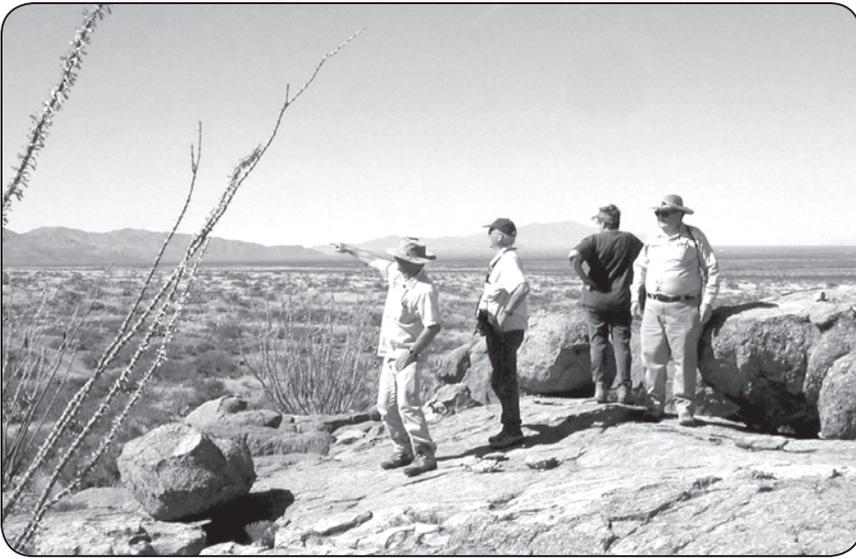
Thursday, October 11 (42 miles traveled today) We were up at 6 a.m. Larry Ludwig drove in around 7:30 a.m. He showed us information on and photos of artifacts of the Coronado expedition through Arizona. We left Ludwig and Fort Bowie around 8:00 a.m. Some of us at the back of the convoy were delayed when eight horses

dashed into the road – a local resident exercising his unleashed dog had spooked them. Off I-10 we took the second exit to San Simon and hit familiar ground beyond irrigated fields and levies. We took a dirt road that Gilliam said was a better way to Rooster Comb and the pipeline junction. The road was rocky and rough in spots but proved to be manageable, even for Richard in his low clearance minivan and for Charles, who was pulling an ALiner trailer. We parked near the Rooster Comb.

We split into two groups. Pat, Ken, and Cam went east where they found an old canteen and rust. The rest of us headed west to meet up with Gilliam, who used his metal detector to keep us on the trail and to find artifacts, including two unfired Spencer cartridges, chain links, nails, hooks, and forged iron handles. By early afternoon, after two and a half miles, Gilliam's group wasn't finding anything further and had lost contact with the trail. The terrain was sandy and covered with brush, and there were many eroded channels crisscrossing the area, making it tough to find evidence of trail. Gilliam called it a day and returned to Silver City.



The darkness doesn't stop the work of downloading data into a laptop. Left to right: Ken White, Pat White, Cam Wade, Tracy DeVault, Neal Johns, Rose Ann Tompkins, Richard Greene.
photo by Judy DeVault



Trail Turtles looking at landmarks from the top of Rattlesnake Point. There are a number of mortar holes at this site. Left to right: Tracy DeVault, Neal Johns, Pat White, Ken White.
photo by Charles Townley

Charles, Neal, Tracy, and Richard headed out to GPS waypoints where we had recorded rust on our previous trip. They found the tape markers we had left, but no rust. Looking for the cairns that Gilliam had told us about, the group walked on to a levee about a mile away, but found nothing. Tracy called Rose Ann on his radio to pick them up at the levee, and she and Ken drove down. Neal needed rest; he was probably suffering from dehydration and warm weather. It had been a warm day with no breeze to cool us down. Rose Ann's truck thermometer recorded 93 degrees when she picked us up. Charles said he would remember to carry more water.

We had decided to camp close to Rooster Comb and the pipeline junction. Those of us who initially parked near the pipeline had second thoughts when we smelled gas. We also found an active hive of wasps on the pipeline. We finally got settled and had a great view of the Rooster Comb and the spectacular castle-shaped mountains around the western exit of Doubtful Canyon. Dinner would have been perfect, but we discovered we had put the dinner table over an ant hill.

Friday, October 12 (26 miles) It had been a nice cool night for sleeping. We left camp early and retraced yesterday's drive along the nine miles of dirt road to the cultivated fields beside San Simon's 3rd Street. We

then drove south on a gravel road towards Rattlesnake Point within the shadow of the Cochise Head landmark. We left the gravel road and got on to a ranch road that had some tricky dips and rocky spots to negotiate. We found a campsite about a half mile from where we planned to map. A group of horses came to check us out and were bold enough to walk right up to the windows of the vehicles, much to our amusement. One of those horses was definitely a Missouri mule. We left Richard's van and Charles's trailer at the campsite and drove on to the Rattlesnake Point area.

We were last here seven years ago. This time we wanted to cover more area.

We started by rediscovering the trail from previously taken waypoints. We followed the trail until it petered out in the proximity of a derelict bulldozer by a road at the top of a hill. Unfortunately, the digging associated with ranch water lines had destroyed traces of the trail in this area. We also were distracted by hunters looking for javelina. Despite these difficulties, by the time we called it a day we had indeed mapped a lot more trail than on the previous trip. In addition, we had seen many artifacts: bolts, an old bottle neck, half of an iron saucepan, a U-shaped strap. Perhaps the most exciting discovery was made by Tracy: the crushed radio that Richard had dropped in the vicinity seven years ago (2000) and had searched for in vain before giving it up for lost.

Some of the group drove up to the rock outcropping that is Rattlesnake Point. On top of the rock is a great view of the flats to Fort Bowie, but even more thrilling is the cluster of mortar holes that Indians had used to grind their corn. There were a couple of *manos* by the holes.

The weather was pleasant: in the low 90's with a light breeze. Although at camp the wind eventually became gusty, it was a mild evening. The friendly lights of San Simon were not far away, as well as those of the vehicles traveling I-10 towards Railroad Pass and Lordsburg.



A flattened military canteen, found along the trail near Doubtful Canyon. *photo by Ken White*

Saturday, October 13 (110 miles) We got going by 7:30 a.m., splitting into two groups. Tracy, Ken, Pat, and Richard walked from the bulldozer to the already mentioned gravel road. The others drove 1.9 miles on the ranch road to the gravel road. Neal and Cam walked to meet us, while Rose Ann, Judy, and Charles mapped further east to a wash that was 100 yards wide and 20 feet deep. Rose Ann radioed that she had seen a snake and had flagged its location. Judy found a perfect old bottle. We all found trail and the swale was easily seen. By 10:00 a.m. we had finished for the day.

A cowboy, who lived nearby, stopped to chat. He told us about an old ox-shoeing blacksmith shop on the way to the fort and a story about homesteaders who discovered a skeleton in a cave with saddle and gear – a man had been shot and was hiding from his attackers when he died. The homesteaders kept the skeleton but a superstitious maid got rid of it.

We traveled at our own speed to Deming's Grand Hotel. After dinner at the Palma Italian Restaurant, we agreed to meet the next day at 8:00 a.m.

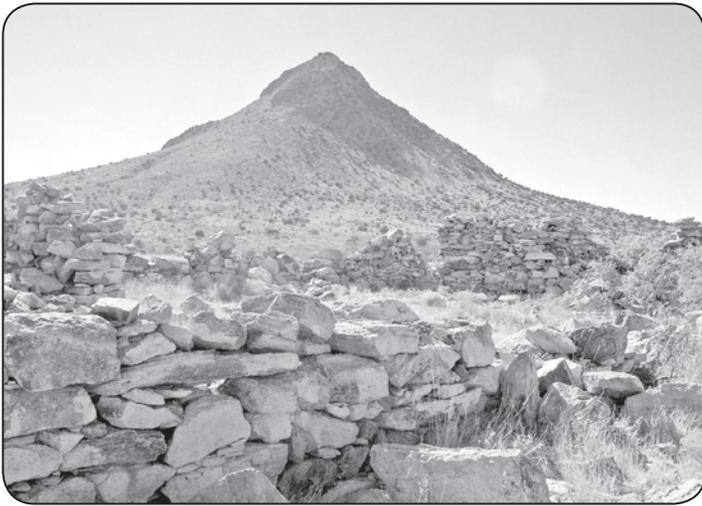
Sunday, October 14 (62 miles) We left at 8:00 a.m. We hit I-10 and got off at the Separ exit. We headed for the 96 Ranch. The gravel roads were fine until we got to a pipeline road, at which point it got really rough with some challenging dips. We split into three

groups – Ken and Pat headed west, while Neal, Cam, Brock, Levida, and Judy went east to meet up with Tracy and Richard. Rose Ann dropped Tracy and Richard off at a waypoint taken on the last trip. Tracy and Richard found plenty of rust and the trail was easy to follow. Quentin had told Tracy to look for the cairns that he had put on the trail and we saw plenty of them. We started around 10:00 a.m. and were done by 2:00 p.m. Everybody had found trail!

Around 2:30 p.m. we drove down the lower pipeline until it met a power line road, which we took through some deep sandy washes to where the trail crossed. We found a good camping spot that was not that far from the I-10 freeway. We could see the lights of Lordsburg about 15 miles away. We heard a train and the hum of the power lines. We were so close and yet so far from civilization. Tracy downloaded all our GPS waypoints, and by 7:30 p.m. we were in bed.

Monday, October 15 (45 miles) Our power line camp proved to be just 12 miles from Lordsburg. It had been a nice cool night and we wore jackets to keep warm in the early morning. We broke up into two groups. Neal, Ken, and Pat headed east to complete the section from yesterday's last waypoint to camp. Tracy, Cam, and Richard headed west towards Lordsburg with the distant Steins Peak as their focal point.

Tracy's group initially plodded through high grass that turned to brush and sand with lots of cross drainages. An eight-foot-wide sandy wash led in a "straight" line to Steins Peak; it was the trail seen on the aeriels. Unknown to Tracy, a young rancher, whose family owned the land that we were on, had seen our vehicles and was not happy. Luckily only Rose Ann, Marie, and Judy were in camp, and, according to Rose Ann, he had "pity on the old women." However, Rose Ann radioed Tracy that we should return. Tracy wanted the vehicles shuttled to pick his group up at a nearby pumping station by I-10, but nobody wanted to drive four miles of bad dips on the powerline road, and furthermore, Cam had locked his vehicle and had the keys with him. Cam left first. As Tracy and Richard started back towards camp, they could not raise Cam on his radio and became quite worried. When they arrived in camp, Cam said his radio batteries had died.



Steins Stage Station ruins with Steins Peak in the background.
photo by Cam Wade

He could hear Tracy and Richard but couldn't answer their calls. Rose Ann told everyone about the upset rancher, so we hurried to get out of there.

Returning to Lordsburg, we followed the rough powerline road which hit a good dirt road that went by a big pumping station close to I-10. After lunch, we drove I-10 and got off at the Steins exit. The Ghost Town was closed for business. We crossed the railroad tracks and headed for Steins Peak Station. Richard left his van at the campsite and rode with Rose Ann and Marie to the ruins of the stage station. We all spread out in the area and looked for trail. We concentrated along the wide, sandy, rock strewn wash where Ken and Pat had recorded waypoints from our last trip. There was spotty rust on the south side of the wash but nothing conclusive about a trail. We checked by the stage station but the trail was not obvious. Several hours of searching had not given us much for our efforts.

Two young and easy-going cowboys stopped to say "Hi" and "What you doing?" They were caretakers for the Steins Peak Ranch. The ranch was owned by two military officers stationed in Afghanistan.

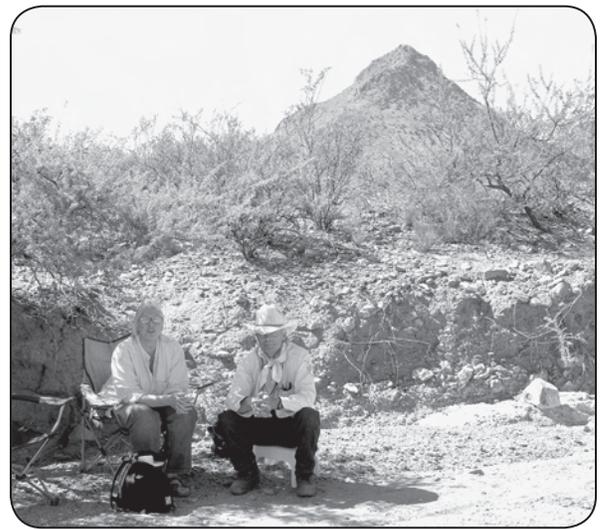
We all got back to camp where Tracy put up his shower. Our campsite viewed a playa over which the trail crossed to the east. Steins Peak was on our west. Hills were all around the flat where we camped. After

dinner, we gathered around Tracy as he downloaded our GPS and reviewed the day's activity. We discussed the elusiveness of the trail – after all, there surely had to be something around a stage station. It was a nice, cool evening and we wore our jackets.

Tuesday, October 16 Pat had badly blistered feet, so she, Ken, and Cam left for home around 7:00 a.m. Neal stuck around long enough to help with mapping, lending Tracy an "engineer" scale – only the two of them could value its intrinsic benefit. Neal then left around 7:30 a.m. Our group had shrunk by half.

The rest of us set off for Steins Peak Station. We looked between the station and some ranch buildings, around the surroundings of the station, and then searched about two miles east of the station – but found nothing conclusive. Judy kept finding rust specks but rust specks could mean cowboys riding the range. Tracy found a wagon part and Richard found the bottom of an old broken bottle, but no trace was visible even though we were following a topo track on Tracy's GPS. The area was rocky and had so many deep washes cutting across that it was hard to accept this as a stage route.

At 11:30 a.m. we called it a day. We shuttled back to our vehicles, and we all kept in touch on the radio as we drove out to I-10. The fall mapping trip was over.



Richard and Marie Greene in the shade, with Steins Peak in the background. *photo by Rose Ann Tompkins*

Early history of James Colin Brewster

James Colin Brewster spent his early years in the Mormon community at Kirtland, Ohio, the site of Joseph Smith's first temple. Brewster emigrated with his family to Springfield, Illinois, in 1838 when he was not quite 12 years old.

The 29-year-old Abraham Lincoln had come to Springfield the year before. About this time, Colin had visions of an angel, who commanded him to write the lost Books of Esdras. ("Esdras" is the Greek name for the Hebrew Ezra, who appears both in the Old Testament and in the Apocrypha.) In 1842 Brewster published a pamphlet, *The Words of Righteousness to All Men*, which he asserted to be an abridgment of seven of these lost books. In this and later pamphlets, he opposed polygamy, wanting to return the Mormon faith to its original purity. He said that Esdras commanded that the faithful should establish a Zion in the Land of Bashan, which was in California. Such revelations were strongly opposed by the LDS leadership, and Joseph Smith is reported to have said, "Brewster may set out for California, but he will not get there unless some body shall pick him up by the way and feed him...." Brewster was dis-fellowshipped from the LDS church in 1842. He lost considerable credibility when his translations of recently discovered Central American tomb inscriptions, as well as of the so-called Kinderhook Plates of Pike County, Illinois, were shown to be fraudulent. After Joseph Smith's death, several LDS leaders

— such as Sydney Rigdon and James Jesse Strang — started churches of their own, each claiming to be the true Mormon church and refusing to follow Brigham Young to Utah. During this volatile period, Colin Brewster organized the Church of Christ, the original name of the Mormon Church. Its newspaper, *The Olive Branch*, was published in Springfield and Kirtland beginning in August, 1848, and for a period, Brewster's Church of Christ took over the Kirtland Temple. *The Olive Branch* immediately began the call for the faithful to move to the Land of Bashan.

THE OLIVE BRANCH,

OR
Herald of Peace and Truth to all Saints.

"Be not weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

VOL. 2. SPRINGFIELD, ILL., AUGUST, 1849. NO. 2.

Issued Monthly at one dollar per annum.

J. C. BREWSTER, EDITOR.

HAZEN ALDRICH, PUBLISHER.

Apostacy.

Brother J. C. BREWSTER:

Having of late been called an apostate, and hearing others thus accused by those who call themselves Latter Day Saints, and profess to believe in the Bible and Book of Mormon, because we could not conscientiously receive and practice as a matter of faith and religious doctrine, all things that have been introduced into the church as such by B. Young and those associated with him in leading the church for the last five or six years.

I propose offering a few thoughts on that subject; and, in so doing, shall give my reasons for dissenting from them, and lest any of my friends or acquaintances should think, or be made to believe, that I do not believe in the Book of Mormon, I will here state, that I most firmly believe in the Bible and Book of Mormon, and in the work of God as commenced by the coming forth of the latter. And it was my implicit confidence in the word and work of God that caused me to dissent from the church in the West and its present authorities, as I shall now show. And in doing so, I shall be obliged to speak of some things that now characterize the church in the west, which I should not do did not duty to myself and others positively demand it. But lest I should be misunderstood, I will now say, that I believe there are some good, honest people that are now mingling with the church at Kanesville and at the Salt Lake Valley, and that all such will ere long be fully convinced of their error in following those men in authority over them, and that their love of truth and virtue will soon induce them to abandon their leaders.

It is a fact well known that ever since the church first settled in Illinois, that all who dare question the teachings of those in authority in the church, or differ from them in any way, have been dealt with, and if they would not acknowledge against their own judgments, were excommunicated and published as apostates; while they at the same time were firm believers in the

courtesy Gary Vitale

condensed from a talk by Gary Vitale

Whatever Happened to James Colin Brewster, the Boy Mormon Prophet?

by Gary C. Vitale

[**Editor's note:** Gary Vitale is a Professor of English and Speech at Springfield College/Benedictine University in Springfield, Illinois, and an active member of the Sangamon County Historical Society, as well as a board member of the Illinois State Historical Society. He is the author of *Letters to Mollie from her Mormon Past: 1860-1912* (Springfield, IL: Mill Creek Press, 2003). The following article is a shortened version of a paper presented at the John Whitmer Historical Association's conference in Kirtland, Ohio, in September 2007. The full article gives James Colin Brewster's early history, prior to the effort to reach California in which the Oatman family participated. We provide a synopsis of this early history in the preceding text box. Readers interested in the details should contact Professor Vitale directly.]

One of the most enthusiastic members of the Brewster church was Roys Oatman, a restless soul who had moved his family from the east to Hancock County, Illinois, near LaHarpe. There he was converted to Mormonism by Zenas Gurley, Sr. But after the Mormon War, Roys became a Rigdonite, taking his family to "Adventure Farm" in Pennsylvania. When that failed, he came west again to Whiteside County, Illinois, where he became a Brewsterite. It may have been that the discovery of gold in California was an added inducement for the Oatman family to be members of the first group of Brewsterites to lead the way to the Land of Bashan, but there was little doubt that Roys was sincere in his belief. Oatman was one of the first families to reach Independence, Missouri, the traditional embarkation point for wagons heading west. While waiting for the others, Roys managed to baptize converts into the faith, just as he had been doing in Illinois. Roys Oatman was both believer and adventurer.

In 1850, Oatman and other Brewsterites were preparing to find Zion in the Land of Bashan. It was time. About 90 of them, in about 56 wagons, together with hundreds of cattle, provisions, water, personal

belongings (Colin had suggested that they bring a printing press as well) gathered at Independence to make for the west. They got a late start. Some of the prairie grass was already brown from the heat in what was to prove to be a dry year. At one point they had to decide whether to take a longer but safer, northerly route, or a shorter but more hazardous southerly route. They chose the quicker way, despite the desert ahead.

There was dissension along the way. Jackson Goodale was removed as wagon master; Colin Brewster wanted to take a longer way towards Santa Fe, New Mexico, to collect some letters. The wagon train broke into two groups. Roys Oatman and three other families went on into Arizona. He was determined to get to California. The two other families traveling with the Oatmans decided to camp some miles east of Camp Yuma. A message was sent to the army garrison at Yuma asking for horses and help. Roys Oatman decided to push on with his family alone. On a bluff near the Gila River, a party of Indians approached, on foot. The Indians asked for food and tobacco; the drought in the southwest had been severe. The Oatmans gave them some of their provisions, but the Indians wanted more. When they were refused, they huddled together, and then suddenly with a deafening yell, they attacked with clubs. Within minutes, Roys Oatman, his pregnant wife Mary Ann, his young sons Roys, Jr., and Roland, and his youngest daughters Lucy and Charity were beaten to death. His oldest boy, Lorenzo, was bloody and unconscious, and left for dead. The older girls, Mary Ann and Olive, were taken captive.¹ The Oatman massacre and captivity occurred February 18, 1851. Although Lorenzo recovered and with help eventually reached California, Olive and Mary Ann remained Indian captives until 1855, when the younger Mary Ann died of starvation. The next year, 1856, Olive Oatman was returned to civilization, and her ordeal was reported and published.

In the meantime, the Brewster wagons had reached Socorro, New Mexico, where, on the last day of 1850, the census taker found them. There were Zephaniah and Jane, Colin's parents, with Zephaniah's occupation noted as a carpenter. In the family, there were girls: Letitia, Amaretta, and young Mary Alwidal, and the boys William Amsbury and Orlando

640

SCHEDULE I.—Free Inhabitants in the Town of Socorro, in the County of Santa Cruz, State of New Mexico; enumerated by me, on the 1st day of Sept, 1850. John P. Helling, Marshal.

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | | | 12 |
|-------------|------|---|----|-------------|---|----------------|--|---|---|----|--|----|
| | | | 4 | 5 | 6 | | | | 10 | 11 | 12 | |
| Sex and Age | | The Name of every Person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1850, was in this family. | | Sex and Age | | | Profession, Occupation, or Trade of each Male Person over 15 years of age. | | Place or Birth, Naming the State, Territory, or County. | | Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper, or convict. | |
| 1878 | 1706 | Josephina's Brewster | 23 | m | | Carpenter | | | | | | |
| | | James Brewster | 20 | f | | | | | | | | |
| 1858 | 1900 | J. Colin Brewster | 24 | m | | Mormon Prophet | | | | | | |
| | | Annabury Brewster | 21 | m | | Carpenter | | | | | | |
| | | Hamlet Brewster | 11 | m | | Wood Corder | | | | | | |
| | | Selitha Brewster | 14 | f | | | | | | | | |
| | | Annabelle Brewster | 11 | f | | | | | | | | |
| | | Michael Brewster | 1 | f | | | | | | | | |
| | | Joseph Stuart | 25 | m | | Printer | | | | | | |

Brewster family members, from the 1850 Federal census, Socorro, New Mexico.

courtesy Gary Vitale

Hamilton (whose middle name was written “Hamlet” for some reason).² Notably, the census taker listed the occupation of J. Colin Brewster, age 24, as “Mormon Prophet.” Only Colin could have told him that.

In the Brewster household was Neville Stuart, a printer who managed to get counted twice that census year, once in Springfield where he was living next to editor Simeon Francis, probably on a street known as “Printers Row,” and then again on New Year’s Eve in New Mexico. Living nearby the Brewsters were the Jackson Goodales and the William Wilders. Wilder was a bookbinder. So with a printer in the house and bookbinder next door, J. Colin Brewster was prepared to publish more Lost Books of Esdras.

It was not to be. That 1850 New Mexico census record was one of the last bits of evidence we have of James Colin Brewster. He did establish “Colonia” near Socorro, and he sent letters and reports to Hazen Aldrich in Kirtland who was still publishing *The Olive Branch* for the Church, but if Colin ever reached California, the Land of Bashan, no one has recorded it. Instead, there was a massive defection of

his followers, some of them reaching San Francisco in July 1852, many months after the last issue of *The Olive Branch* appeared.³ As Brian McGinty summarizes in *The Oatman Massacre*:

The attack on the Oatman family sounded the death knell for Brewsterism: to a man and a woman, all of Brewster’s followers abandoned his movement after they received news of the deaths of Roys and Mary Ann and their children and of the capture of Olive and little Mary Ann by the Indians. After they moved on from the Colorado River region, most of them went on to live ordinary lives, in Illinois, California, and elsewhere....⁴

But was this true of Colin Brewster, himself? Was Joseph Smith’s prediction borne out? Did he never reach California? In a letter to a Brother Alston, dated January 25, 1853, Hazen Aldrich writes:

J.C. Brewster has returned to the States & says he is going to remain until that meeting is held in the Temple I have sent him the names of the subscribers to the Olive Branch & as soon as he can he will issue it again. He is now agoing to take charge of the affairs of the church for I now expect to go to the Land of Peace in the spring.⁵

If Aldrich was accurate, Colin was not giving up his mission, at least through the year 1852 and the beginning of 1853. Yet, we have no direct evidence of his whereabouts for about four years, from 1852 to 1856, the year Olive Oatman was returned to her brother Lorenzo and the ordeal of her captivity began to be published to the world. In 1856, James Colin Brewster was living in Montgomery County, Illinois, working as a farm laborer and, at times, a schoolteacher. Working with him was his younger brother, Orlando Hamilton. They were in the far southeastern part of Montgomery County, known as Card's Grove, named for the early settler James Card. Colin's parents, Zephaniah and Jane, and his youngest sister, Mary, were living in Litchfield, one of the two larger cities in the county. Significantly, he was no longer using the name Colin Brewster. Now he was just plain James Brewster. It was obvious that he had given up "propheteering."

When the Civil War erupted, he and his brother, Orlando, responded to the call from Charles E. Lippincott of Chandlerville, Illinois, and they both joined the 33rd Illinois Volunteer Infantry, both in Company K. The 33rd Illinois Volunteers were organized by Charles E. Hovey, the founder of the Illinois Normal Teachers College, later Illinois State University. Hovey was so dismayed at seeing the debacle of the first Bull Run battle that he determined to organize and lead a regiment of volunteers that he knew best – teachers. It was said that the so-called "Teachers Brigade" would not obey a written order that was not grammatically correct.

Both James and Orlando were mustered into the Company K at Camp Butler, Illinois, just outside of Springfield, in August 1861. The regiment saw its first real action in Ironton, Missouri, when one of its companies, Company E, was attacked by Jeff Thompson's cavalry while keeping watch on a railroad line. Company K and others responded to help, and during the fighting, Orlando had his index finger shot off, was kicked to the ground, and shattered his kneecap. He was taken prisoner briefly, but then "paroled on the battlefield," which meant that he could be returned to his unit if he promised (gave his word, or "parole") not to engage in active fighting henceforth. He was discharged from the army soon afterwards.

James suffered a worse disaster. With his regiment in Batesville, Arkansas, he developed a severe fever and diarrhea. Nevertheless, he must march with his unit all the way to Helena, Arkansas. In his words:

*The march from Batesville to Helena on the Mississippi occupied, including delays, some three weeks, and was attended with many hardships: excessive heat, scarcity of good water, short rations etc. prostrated men who, when they started, were in perfect health. The constant danger of capture by the Bushwhackers who prowled along our line of march and in the rear was enough to make one exert himself to the utmost to keep with the column. It was this painful over-exertion together with lack of food, exposure to rain in the night after the extreme heat of the day in my weak condition which broke me down.*⁶

Although hundreds of thousands were killed in the Civil War battles, many more, died of illness or disease, or, like James Brewster, suffered the rest of their lives with illnesses contracted during their time in the service. After two hospital stays, he was honorably discharged, December 1, 1862.

For about nine months, he lived with his parents in Litchfield, Illinois, but he was unable to work. Then in August 1863, he rejoined the army as part of the Veterans Reserve Corps. Organized near the end of the war, the Veterans Reserve Corps was a corps of injured or partially disabled veterans who were supposed to be held in reserve in case they were needed in an extreme emergency. Some of the more able-bodied were used as prison or camp guards. Others were hospital orderlies or clerks. Popularly, the Veterans Reserve Corps was known as the "Invalid Corps." Luckily, James was given "detached duty" at Camp Butler, near Springfield. Camp Butler had a hospital, a prison, and a cemetery for both Union and Confederate soldiers. James worked as a clerk and orderly.⁷

He was at Camp Butler when the funeral train bringing the slain Abraham Lincoln back to Springfield arrived in May 1865. Though other members of the Veterans Reserve Corps were assigned to accompany the body from Washington, D. C., to Springfield, James was not one of them. Instead, he was most probably assigned to issue the clean uniforms and new

gloves that the Michigan Iron Brigade was ordered to wear for Lincoln's funeral in Oak Ridge Cemetery. The funeral ceremony was solemn and extensive, despite the heat. No doubt James was there.

In November 1865, James was honorably discharged from the Veterans Reserve Corps in St. Paul, Minnesota. After discharge, he returned to Litchfield, living with his parents again and "unable to work." He was 39 years old. For the bulk of his life after discharge from the army, James found whatever work he could as he seemed to travel up and down the Mississippi River flyway. In Minnesota he found work as a mail hack driver, but this work proved too strenuous. So did light farmwork, that he hoped would actually strengthen him. He prevailed upon old army buddies for something he could make a living at. He worked as an "office boy" clerking for the Hardenburg Foundry in Minneapolis. He left that job, only to return to it later and be given watchman duties as well.

In December 1865, his brother Orlando had become a carpetbagger by moving to Louisiana during the Reconstruction Period. There, Orlando was elected to the Louisiana state legislature, eventually becoming speaker of the house. Orlando was appointed U.S. Surveyor by the Ulysses S. Grant administration, and he worked under Captain James Eads improving the Mississippi delta jetties. Orlando began, however, as superintendent of schools in Ouachita Parish, and James followed him to Louisiana, becoming a schoolteacher in a "colored school," probably employed by the Freedman's Bureau. From 1872 to 1876 he was superintendent of Schools of the 5th District, Louisiana.

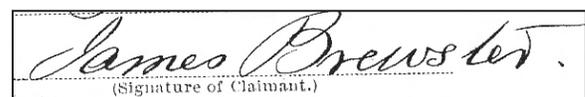
The years that both James and Orlando spent in Louisiana were turbulent ones. Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida were the only three Southern states that still had garrisoned Federal troops that were periodically called out to quell armed conflicts between white supremacists – usually Democrats – and Republicans, some of them black. Twice, Louisiana had two governors and two legislatures, each claiming legitimacy. There were bloody battles in which unarmed men were shot and stabbed. The

Federal troops could hardly keep up with the White League. Finally, the disputed presidential election of 1876 ended Reconstruction in Louisiana. Rutherford B. Hayes persuaded Southerners to give him the 20 disputed electoral votes in exchange for his promise that all Federal troops would be removed from Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida. That is how we came to have a President Rutherford B. Hayes instead of a President Samuel J. Tilden, who had easily won the popular vote.

With the troops gone, Southern Democrats gained control of the governor's office and the legislature in Louisiana, even erasing the records of the Reconstruction legislatures before them. While Orlando moved his family to Florida and opened a hotel in a resort city called Lake Charm, James Brewster still struggled in Louisiana, trying to employ blacks to cultivate or share in the crops of a farm he had in Pine Hills, Ouachita Parish. "But," as he wrote later, "the Bulldozers [made] the colored people afraid to work for me or live on my land, consequently I am left helpless."⁸

On February 17, 1880, James Brewster applied for a disability pension. He was back in Springfield. He was 53. His application was not received until April 1880. James left for Minneapolis and two years later, he resubmitted his application for disability pension. The application required what seems to be an unusually large number of affidavits in order to be approved. On his official certificate of disability for discharge on December 1, 1862, was a surgeon's notation that he was admitted with a "cough and much debilitated inside, which he has been under treatment without improvement – *has Tuberculosis of left lung, probably predisposed to it before he entered the service – is entirely incapacitated for duty as a soldier.*" [italics added]

If James was predisposed to tuberculosis before he entered the service, he would not be eligible for a military pension. He had to prove that, before he

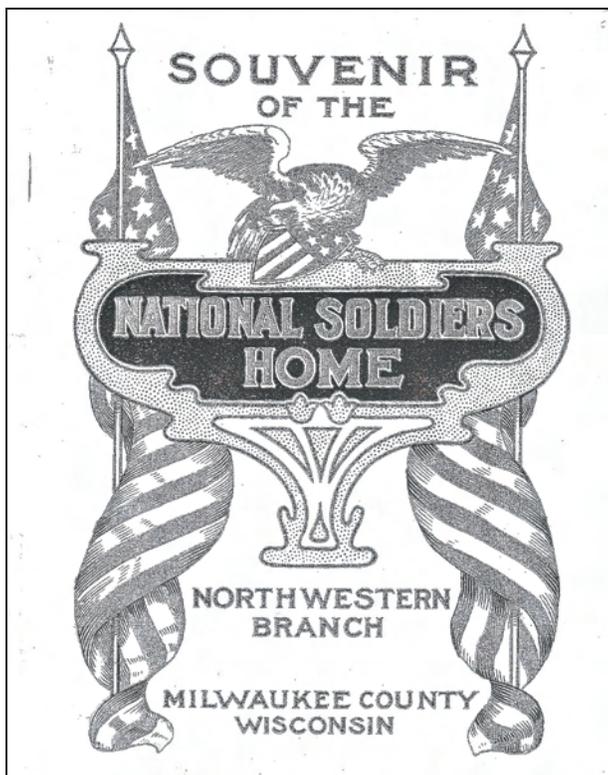


(Signature of Claimant.)

courtesy Gary Vitale

entered the army, he was fit, and it was the Batesville to Helena three-week march that “broke him down.” The first set of affidavits was from four people who knew him before he enlisted. Mrs. Edith Pack wrote in an official affidavit that James “...lived in Montgomery County, Illinois, for three years before he enlisted ... and during that time he worked as a farmer except a few months spent teaching school and that he was not subject to any chronic or other diseases....” She added that she was “well acquainted with the said James Brewster from the year 1856 to the spring of 1867, meeting him almost daily before and after his service in the army and seeing him frequently while he was on detached duty at Springfield, Illinois, in the Veterans Res Corps.” If she was truthful, she had seen James almost daily for 15 years, from the time she was 21 and he 30 to the time she was 36 – an indication of a family member or perhaps a former Brewsterite.

Others who attested to James’s health before he enlisted were Dennis P. Brophy, who wrote that he and James worked together on the farm of William H. Russell and that both roomed at James I. Taylor’s house. Dennis claimed he “did not know at that



courtesy Gary Vitale



National Soldiers home, Northwestern Branch.
courtesy Gary Vitale

time nor had any cause to believe that [James] was affected by any chronic Diseases.” James’ sister, Mary Goinges, also presented an affidavit, without revealing her maiden name. Finally, Dr George Rex, who had examined James before his enlistment, pronounced him “a sound, able-bodied man.” Clearly, James was not predisposed to tuberculosis.⁹

The other affidavits, from employers and fellow workers, all attested to James’ problems after the service, his inability to do manual labor, his jobs as orderly and “office boy.” All attested to his inability to sustain manual labor or to make his living with it. After submitting 13 affidavits, four of them attesting to his healthiness before his service and nine of them after he was discharged, James’ application was approved – for \$8.00 a month.

Five years after he received his pension, he was admitted to the National Home for Disabled and Volunteer Soldiers, Northwestern Branch, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. (The establishment of homes for disabled volunteer soldiers – those not members of the regular army – had been one of the last acts that Lincoln had signed before he was killed.) James was 61 years old. And there, in Milwaukee, at what was popularly known as a Soldiers and Sailors home, James Brewster remained until he died.

There is no indication that he ever took up prophecy – or even the Mormon faith – after 1855. He did teach school, and he did work on a political newspaper in Indiana until an election, but there were no more lost books of Esdras published, no more issues of *The Olive Branch*. Jackson Goodale, who had

enthusiastically sold *The Olive Branch* in Iowa, came back to Barry in Pike County, Illinois. The Goodales stayed there for many years. But there is no evidence that James Brewster ever communicated with him. Orlando Hamilton Brewster operated a resort hotel in Lake Charm, Florida, near the city of Orlando. There, he was apparently successful. President Chester A. Arthur was once a guest.¹⁰ But there is no evidence that brother James was ever in Florida.

So what can we finally say about James Colin Brewster, now that we know what he did, where he went, who he was with, and where he died? For the first third of his life, until about 1852, he was a viable religious leader, intent on restoring the Mormon faith to its roots in the *Book of Mormon* and the original *Book of Commandments*. In this respect, he was doing what his inspiration, the prophet Ezra, did for the Jews after their Babylonian captivity, calling them back to the law of Moses, telling them to put away their “heathen wives” and return to the site of the temple to rebuild it. To the Mormon historian, however, the last two-thirds of Brewster’s life confirms him as just another failed leader of a splinter sect. His gullibility and arrogance in translating the fraudulent Kinderhook plates and the Central American tomb writing, and his immense error in seeing an Eden-like Zion in the deserts of the southwest, reveal him as so much of a failed “prophet” that some might call him “charlatan.”

Was he charlatan or prophet? Did he honestly believe he saw the angel and that the words he was dictating were from those lost books of Esdras? Did he honestly believe knowing what Esdras had written millennia ago would save the Latter Day Saints in his day? Or was it all just a scam to sell pamphlets and newspapers, and perhaps build a city in the southwest that would rival Nauvoo, and for him to become as renowned as Joseph had been?

The answer lies within those four dark years between 1852 and 1856, the same years that Olive Oatman was held captive by the Indians. During that time he must have learned about the massacre and Olive’s ordeal. During that time he must have seen the region at the confluence of the Gila and Colorado rivers, the place that he had described as an Eden, the place that was

mostly desert. His followers left him, claiming to have been hoodwinked. Did he make the same terrible judgment on himself? Or was it just a case of giving up when you realize the game is up? In either case, sometime during those four dark years between 1852 and 1856, Colin Brewster, Boy Prophet, was laid to rest and plain James Brewster went on with life.

In 1903, Olive Oatman Fairchild died at her home in Sherman, Texas. She had long ago ended her lecture tours, and anyone visiting her was cautioned never to mention the massacre or the captivity, and to try to ignore the tattoos on her face that she had learned to hide with cosmetics.¹¹ Did James Brewster ever attend one of her lectures? Was he never tempted to send her his visiting card or a slip of paper with his name on it so that they could sit across from one another, perhaps, in a polite 19th-century parlor and see face-to-face what they had both endured? There is no proof they ever met or communicated with each other after the Oatmans in their wagon separated from the Brewsters and went on to face the Apaches in 1851.

In 1909 James Brewster died at the Northwestern Branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Veterans, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He had lived there for nearly 22 years. He had an enlarged prostate, a double hernia, and because of his heart condition, his left side was slightly larger than his right. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall and he weighed a mere 125 pounds. During his fight with the government to increase his pension allotment from \$12 to \$20 a month, he said he had adopted the daughter of a widowed German washerwoman, probably one who worked at the Home. That adopted daughter, who lived just outside the grounds, got a check for the \$3.35 he had on his person, but she was denied his \$160 pension, “under [the federal] act of July 1, 1902.”¹² His religion was listed as “Protestant,” probably to indicate to the chaplain what kind of service – Catholic or Protestant – should be celebrated in the Home’s non-denominational chapel, which had facilities for both.¹³

A caisson was used to transport his flag-draped coffin to Wood Cemetery, where the men whose families had not requested their remains were buried. Some of the men in his company were pallbearers. There were muffled

drums and an eight-man rifle squad. Flags were at half-staff. The chaplain at the gravesite said what was appropriate. It was the second week in January and probably cold. Three volleys from the firing squad ended the ceremony.¹⁴ The coffin was lowered into Grave #124 of Block 17. It was 1909. The Boy Prophet had lived 82 years, 2 months, and 8 days.

Endnotes

1. Summarized from *The Oatman Massacre: A Tale of Desert Captivity and Survival* by Brian McGinty (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2005), 30-76.
2. Federal census 1850. Socorro, New Mexico, December 31, 1850.
3. San Francisco *Herald*, July 30, 1852, as noted in McGinty, p. 197.
4. McGinty, *op. cit.*, p. 198.
5. Hazen Aldrich to Bro. Alston, January 25, 1853, as quoted in "James Colin Brewster: the Boy Prophet Who Challenged Mormon Authority" by Dan Vogel in *Differing Visions: Dissenters in Mormon History*, Roger D. Launius and Linda Thatcher, eds. (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1994) 133.
6. Pvt. James Brewster pension record request #356.174.
7. *Ibid.* Affidavit of John F. Pogue, fellow clerk.
8. Brewster pension record request #356.174. The term "bulldozers" was applied first to those bullies of newly freed slaves who were pushed around by white supremacists; only later was it taken up by construction machinery manufacturers.
9. *Ibid.* Affidavits of Edith Pack, Dennis P. Brophy, Mary Goinges, and Dr. George Rex.
10. Seminole County Historical Marker, Lake Charm, Florida.
11. McGinty, p. 198.
12. Northwestern Branch National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, James Brewster #732, p.67.
13. Zahn, Jill. "Soldiers Home Chapel, 1889" in *Reclaiming our Heritage 2007* (Publication of the Soldiers Home Foundation, Inc.) p. 9.
14. Typical volunteer soldier's funeral as published in *Souvenir of the National Soldiers Home, Northwestern Branch* (Milwaukee County, Wisconsin:1912) p. 16.

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The Picacho Peak Rail Yard Battle

On Wednesday, November 14, 2007, the Pinal County Board of Supervisors voted to clear the way for a controversial six-mile railroad switching yard. The Union Pacific Railroad proposes to build what would be the nation's sixth largest switch yard adjacent to Picacho Peak State Park, about 45 miles northwest of Tucson. Supporters of the proposal assert that the complex would promise at least 290 jobs and would provide Arizona with much needed rail facilities

The proposal has other people worried. Park officials assert that tourists will no longer want to visit the area because of the rail yard's unregulated noise and chemical pollution. Environmentalists are concerned that the increase in diesel exhaust and other pollutants will affect the region's sensitive wildlife habitat and vegetation. They are especially worried about a population of long-nosed bats, a species that reside in caves in the nearby mountains.

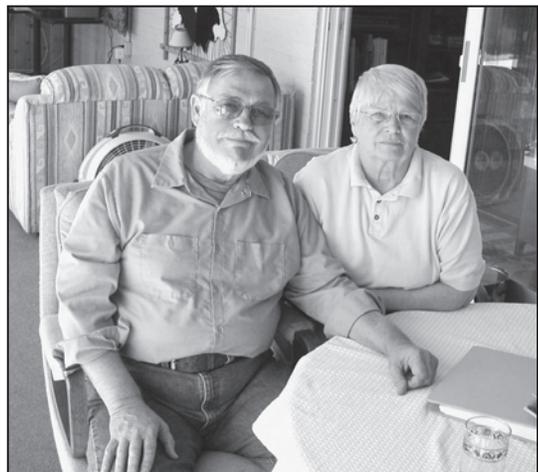
In addition, the switching yard would also endanger the historical importance of the area. A magnificent 2,000-foot-tall volcanic plug, the Peak has been a desert landmark for explorers, frontiersmen, soldiers, gold rushers, and stage travelers. It was mentioned in the 17th-century journals of Jesuit priest Father Kino. In 1775, Don Juan Bautista de Anza's expeditions passed by the Peak. In 1846, the Mormon Battalion, on their way to California, constructed a wagon road through the pass. Forty-niners passed by on their way to California, and in 1858, the Butterfield Overland Stage traveled through. In the Battle of Picacho Pass on April 15, 1862, Union soldiers from California attacked a party of Confederate pickets from Tucson; three Union soldiers were killed. The grave of Lieutenant James Barrett, commander of the Union patrol who was killed in action during the battle, is located on the railroad right of way.

The rail yard would not only be built by these historic sites, but it would also be very near the remains of ancient Hohokan Indian villages. Opponents argue that the railroad should select a less sensitive area, one that is not next to a natural and historical landmark.

began to improve. The doctor in charge, ordered my removal from the hospital because some of the patients had, or it was found they had - typhoid fever. I was not reported fit for duty and was so weak that I could not sit up all day. While in that condition the regiment marched - June 21st - and lack of transportation made it necessary for all who could walk to follow on foot. The march from Bettisville to Helena on the Mississippi occupied - including delays - some three weeks, and was attended with many hardships, excessive heat - scarcity of good water - short rations &c protracted men who when they started were in perfect health.

The constant danger of capture by the Bushwhackers who prowled along our line of march and in the rear was enough to make one exert himself to the utmost to keep with the column. It was this painful over-exertion together with lack of food - exposure to rain in the night after the intense heat of the day - in my weak condition which broke me down. Before we reached Helena I was in the condition described in those words. Since that time a little exercise, or labor, produces the same effect upon me that very severe and protracted labor formerly produced. At Helena, and at Old Town Landing - a few miles below Helena on the Mississippi river - where the 33^d Ill. Infantry remained several months - I was under medical treatment by the regimental surgeon - till in August when with many others I was sent to the hospital at Mound City Illinois. I remained there under the treatment of several successive doctors - more of whose names I remember till Dec 1st when after a thorough examination I was discharged. Since that time I have often made

Interview with Harland and Rose Ann Tompkins



[**Editors Note:** Harland and Rose Ann Tompkins were born, educated, and married in Missouri. They joined OCTA in 1986 in the basement of Greg Franzwa's home. In Arizona, where Harland was employed as a physicist, they became charter members of SWOCTA. Rose Ann has served as editor of *Desert Tracks* and *News from the Plains*, as a member of the OCTA Board of Directors, and as an active participant in the COED program of document surveys. She received OCTA's Meritorious Achievement Award in 1994. Harland, who as part of his scientific career published several books on ellipsometry and vacuum physics, has been president of SWOCTA and organizer of chapter symposia; he is currently the chapter treasurer.

Surrounded by Rose Ann's quilts and photographs, and Harland's woodworking and collections in the history of science, we interviewed the Tompkins at their home in Chandler, Arizona, on March 29, 2007. The interview focuses on southwestern trails, the Oregon-California Trail Association, SWOCTA, and the Trail Turtles' mapping project.]

DT (*Desert Tracks*) How did you get interested in historic trails, the southwestern trails in particular, and what got you into the Oregon-California Trails Association (OCTA)?

RT (*Rose Ann Tompkins*) Harland's parents joined OCTA back in 1985, only three years after OCTA

started. In 1986, we were living in Austin, Texas, and my parents had their fiftieth wedding anniversary in Missouri. At that time Greg Franzwa¹ lived in Gerald, Missouri, and ran the *Patrice Press* and the *Overland Journal* out of his basement. My sister-in-law and I went to his place because I wanted to buy some of the William Jackson² prints that he had. I joined OCTA while I was there.

The chapter got started in 1987 when Jack Root, who lived in Tucson, contacted all of the OCTA members who lived in the Southwest and asked them if they would be interested in having a Southwest Chapter. He suggested that they get together for lunch and we formed a chapter then.

HT (*Harland Tompkins*) Originally it was called the Arizona Chapter, but later we decided to call it the Southwest Chapter.

DT Harland, we read your discussion of broadening the chapter in the "President's Column" in an early issue of *Desert Tracks*. And it made a lot of sense. Many of the SWOCTAs were, and are, Californians.

RT We have had quite a few California members, but other than the Bucks, the Reeds, the Johns, and Dave Holliker from Reno, very few of them were very active. In any case, we were beginning to understand that the southern trails represented a broader concept than just Arizona. Also, there weren't enough people to have separate Arizona, New Mexico, and Southern California chapters.

DT Describe the early history of SWOCTA, and how that led to the current Trail Turtles mapping project.

HT In order to understand the context of the mapping, you need to understand what we did earlier. Early on we had what could be described as "go look at it and say gee whiz" weekend outings. For example, Betty Lee led an outing to a place where Kearny³ camped on the Gila River. There was a marker which she knew about, so we all got together and went out there.

DT We saw in *Desert Tracks* that you went with Jack Smith⁴ on the Beale Road.⁵

HT Yes, we had several outings on the Beale Road and Jack Smith was one of our resource people along with Ed Edwards and Loren Wilson in Kingman. After about ten years, we had pretty well exhausted most possible “gee whiz” sites, and some of the people were asking, “Is this all? When do we start doing preservation?” That led to the Trail Turtles eventually.

DT During the early years of SWOCTA, before you started the mapping project, the group not only had these educational field trips, but it also held regular symposia once a year, similar to what the California-Nevada Chapter does.

RT They say they actually got the idea from us.

HT There are two constituencies for such symposia. One is the audience, for whom you simply put on a show. If you are doing that, you have invited speakers, and other features to entertain the audience. But that’s not the way we organized it. The other constituency is the speakers. Our symposia were considered to be a forum for people to present the results of their historical efforts. The idea that people would enjoy listening to it was secondary. You can’t have a symposium without an audience, but we didn’t design it just to dazzle the audience. It was primarily for the speakers. Initially, I organized it with that in mind. We had an invited speaker or two and then various people would present the results of their efforts.

RT The way we encouraged the speakers was to say, “We would like to know what you are doing. It doesn’t have to be fancy. It doesn’t have to be a Power Point presentation.” Consequently, people gave book reports. Or they would spend a weekend looking for a particular site and then tell us what their results were and what research they had done on it. The symposium could go anywhere. We didn’t try to discourage people.

HT We held a symposium a second year, and again it was successful. We had a total of four symposia.

RT We held the symposia in different places. We had them in Tucson, Casa Grande, Safford, and Las Cruces. After the first one, we usually did it in conjunction with a local historical society, so they would make the local arrangements. And that worked out well because a lot of their people would come.

DT As we were reading through the old issues of *Desert Tracks*, we noted that the symposia fizzled out. We guessed that you couldn’t get enough people and had insufficient attendance.

HT No, that’s not true. My hope was that I would show the others the way to run a symposium, and then somebody else would pick it up. But nobody did. After four symposia, I was feeling pretty well burnt out, so I stopped.

DT If somebody were willing to take this on anew, do you think it would still be well attended?

HT I think it would be well attended. The reason that the symposia didn’t continue is the same reason that the field trip outings didn’t continue: there was a lack of people willing to lead these activities. For many years we would have a summer planning meeting. At the meeting we would plan the next year’s outings and other activities. But it got to be where the people coming were the same old people. The reason we stopped doing the “gee-whiz” things is that we essentially used up the given group of people that were willing to lead. We ran out of new ideas. And it’s a mistake to drag something like this on. But, we had a good ten years of “gee-whiz” outings. People liked them.

RT People would come to them if we organized them.

HT We don’t lack audience – we simply lack leaders. We continue to hear people suggest things that we ought to do, but we don’t hear anyone say, “I will lead the activity.” This group has lots of good ideas, but unless someone is willing to lead, it doesn’t fly.

DT It’s a lot of work to run a symposium.

HT Actually leading a symposium isn’t particularly difficult. I’ve done it as a scientist. And there are plenty of people to give advice and mentor and so forth. Again, the thing that is lacking is someone who will lead. After having two or three planning meetings where nobody came except the same core group, we became discouraged.

DT Let’s turn to the history of the Trail Turtles’ mapping project. What was its inspiration and how has it evolved? What are the areas left to be mapped, and who has been involved with the project?

RT Well, the subject came up of the possibility of the Southern Trail getting national historic trail status. And how do we go about doing that? We would have to convince the Park Service that there is a trail here to preserve. I was told that apparently years ago the NPS had looked at it and said, "There's not enough here to bother with." We wanted to prove that wrong so we decided that we would start mapping and see whether we could have it made into a national historic trail.

That seemed like a pretty big project. Nobody wanted to be the head of the whole thing. What we came up with is that I would chair the field trips and Reba Grandrud would handle the politics, the contacting of landowners, BLM, etc. Then we asked Don Buck to come and do a weekend workshop using the MET Manual⁶ to teach us mapping. We held it in Flagstaff. We did both classroom work, where Don explained the different procedures, and then we went out and mapped for an afternoon. The next morning we came back and put our information on the map. He took us through the whole process.

HT Don had been mapping for years on the northern trails. In hindsight it appears that he essentially was tired of that and wanted something fresh and new to do. Don realized we were enthusiastic so he essentially started teaching us his method, which is to classify categories all the way from one extreme where there are pristine swales to the idea that "they probably came through here somewhere."

DT This was before GPS?

HT Don wasn't using GPS at the time. I guess I kind of take credit for bringing it in. Rose Ann's brother used GPS in Florida. He was a boater, and he kept the waypoints of his favorite scuba spots for fishing and underwater photography. I saw that and said, "I've got to have one of those." I paid \$800 for the first one; it was user-vicious and ate batteries.

RT I never did learn to use it. [laughs]

HT Later, on a chapter outing, the group got lost. I took a reading that suggested to me that we should go down this road and up this hill and there ought to be a great big pond over there. And we did, and sure enough, there was a great big pond there. Now Harland's toy had become a tool. But

we still plotted the co-ordinates manually for a long time. Don Buck would plot them for the previous day the next morning before we would head out. And then I introduced them to the concept of plotting them with a computer. The waypoint is simply an XY coordinate. That was quite straightforward. Some resisted, but Don accepted these new technologies very well. He appreciated the stimulus, I think. Others have since learned to plot the data with a computer.

RT Initially we went out on weekends, which were the only times employed members could come. We quickly found out that because we had to travel so far during mapping, a weekend wasn't enough time. We weren't getting anywhere with it, so we decided to have the mapping weeks. For the most part, only people who are retired could come, but it has worked well. Don started us dry camping wherever we were, so we didn't have to do a lot of extra driving. "Trail Turtles," as a name, came from the idea of carrying our homes with us as we slept in our vehicles, and moving slowly as we walked looking for trail.

HT The Trail Turtles have a high level of requirement before you can take part. They aren't willing to take care of people who go out there. You have to be in a self-contained 4WD vehicle and able to take care of yourself.

RT If someone is really seriously interested, we try to have them go with us and see how we are doing it. We need people who can get out there and walk for hours and can look for stuff and know how to record and photograph any findings. Richard Greene and Tracy DeVault can walk all day – some of us are not that hardy. We let them off at one place and pick them up someplace else. We divide the group and do different sections of trail between access points. I'm often the one to do the shuttling because I have a rugged truck.

DT How much have you completed? Have you mapped from the Rio Grande all the way to Warner's Springs?⁷

RT We have done a little bit along the Rio Grande; we haven't gone all the way to Santa Fe, but we mapped near San Antonio and Truth or Consequences.

DT Have you mapped the Jornada?⁸

RT No, we haven't done the Jornada. We have completed almost all the route from the Rio Grande to the Arizona border, with the exception of doing the Kearny route. We have done the Apache Pass route from the Arizona border through Apache Pass, but not on to Tucson. And we haven't done the part of the Southern Trail in Mexico.

DT Isn't that corner of New Mexico that goes down towards Guadalupe Pass one of the most remote counties in the whole country?

RT Yes, in fact, we couldn't even get on some of the private land there. The landowner just absolutely wouldn't let us on. She has since sold it to another family that owns the other part of the land; they were very receptive to our being there. Now with this whole border situation, a lot of the gates are locked and you really have to be careful when you are down there.

HT When you are out there you get some interesting looks. Planes fly overhead, staring down at you. When someone sees a group of people out there, he wonders whether they are illegals.

RT [Looking at map] This is the portion here. The trail goes into Guadalupe Pass, crosses from New Mexico into Arizona, then goes into Mexico. It runs along the border; then it comes up the Santa Cruz Valley into Arizona.

DT When do you intend to do that?

RT I don't know. Not soon, unless things change.

HT Going into Mexico is not practical at this time. Similarly, while Maricopa Wells⁹ is a very historic site, it's on the Gila Indian reservation and it is difficult to get permission to map there.

RT We haven't done from the Mexican border to the Gila River. Ken and Pat White went to the border area and did an overview up to Tucson. The Anza Trail people¹⁰ have done work along the Santa Cruz River. But I don't know whether they think this was the trail or the corridor. For us there is a difference between the two.

We haven't done anything from Tucson up to the Gila; there is a lot of development and then the Gila Indian reservation. And, as we said, we haven't done the reservation area along the Gila. But we have mapped from where the trail comes out of the reservation south of Maricopa Wells over the Forty-mile Desert, through Painted Rocks, Oatman Flats and Sears Point. Just beyond Sears Point the trail goes back into the Gila River valley, and our research has not covered the trail all the way to the Colorado River. We haven't done anything along there.

Some of us recently went down to Baja with the Arizona Historical Society to where the trail runs south of the California border.¹¹ We didn't see actual trail, but we did see the way the land looked, with the dunes up to the north and sites where diarists wrote of digging for water. We've done some trail through the Anza Borrego desert in California, but not all the way to Warner's Ranch. Several years ago, Phil Brigandi¹² guided us on the trail corridor from near Chino Ranch to New River.

DT You've done so much – it's a long trail!

RT We also have done several reconnaissance trips, from Fort Smith to Santa Fe, the Santa Fe Trail, Boone's Lick Trail, plus the Texas Upper and Lower Roads.

DT In the recent mapping report, there is talk of a book.

RT Yes: "The book."

HT In some of our meetings, we discussed the possibility of writing a book to chronicle the mapping efforts and results. My function was primarily to get the group to make certain decisions. One was to ask them, "Is this going to be a book about the trail, or is this going to be a book about the activities of the Trail Turtles?" I got a very succinct answer, different than I had expected. This is a book about the activities of the Trail Turtles. The Turtles are in the process of putting it together. It will be a mixture of the Trail Turtles' experiences and the emigrants' experiences, as recorded in diaries. It is not simply another story about the Southern Trail.

RT The book will include the history of the group's formation and all of the different people who have participated over the years.

DT Will it also include the maps that the Turtles are producing?

HT It will certainly include maps of various kinds. It is going to include descriptions of each of the individual outings, but it is also going to have a contiguous perspective on the trail.

RT In this draft of the table of contents, you can see how the story of the trail is divided into groupings or chapters, following the trail from Santa Fe to Warner's Ranch. The appendices will include all of the mapping trips in chronological order and include trail photographs.

DT Will there be one narrative voice behind it?

RT Different Turtles are writing different sections. People who have done different sections have approached it differently. Harland will edit it. He will keep the flavor of the individual author's voice, but at the same time, he will make it coherent. He won't take away from what each author contributes, but he will make all of the sections flow.

HT One of the difficulties with having multiple authors is that some people make it so difficult for themselves that they never get it done. You have to be careful to avoid that, simplifying it enough that they are actually able to finish it.

DT It might be one of the charms of the book to have the different voices.

RT Well, it creates a problem of organization. For example, Brock and Levida Hileman wrote up the section along the Rio Grande. They did a nice job, even though we haven't mapped most of it. They wrote: "We haven't actually mapped this section, but here is the historical perspective for it." They did a good job of describing the route, and they put in some quotes. On the other hand, Tracy DeVault wrote up another section, and he described what he saw as

if he were walking along the route, which he actually did. When the Whites wrote their sections, they divided it into localities along the Santa Cruz and the Gila, including some of the missions. They did it a little differently. And so I'm not sure how to handle some of these differences.

DT So there is no model, a prototype that everyone uses as an example of what to do?

HT No. I'm not sure that that would even necessarily be good because different people have different styles. We'll have to live with these differences. It might degrade it if I were to try to modify it.

DT Are you writing for a general audience?

RT I think we are mostly writing for ourselves and to have it as a resource for other people.

HT It will be an archive, perhaps in a university library.

DT OCTAnS would certainly be interested! Do you have a publisher?

HT If we can't find one, I'll arrange to publish it. We will see that it gets out.

DT A primary purpose of trail organizations like OCTA and the Old Spanish Trail Association (OSTA) is to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic sites and objects along the route so that future enthusiasts can enjoy the trail as well. You have said that an original impetus for the Trail Turtles was preservation. On the other hand, resource protection and public use can be in conflict with one another. How do you suggest that trail organizations maintain a balance between resource protection and public use?

HT There is a lot of insight in the question. If you propose to the government agencies that a trail be recognized, things can get very complicated. Sometimes the best thing is to continue to work on the project and see how the political climate progresses.

RT That's why, despite the fact that our original goal was to map so that we could make this a national historic trail, now I don't think I personally want that to happen. I saw what happened when the Oregon Trail and the California Trail became historic trails. There is a management plan and a lot of bureaucracy. If OCTA wants money, they have to court the NPS, NFS, and BLM to get a grant, but that grant comes with strings attached. Maybe those conditions are in OCTA's interest and maybe they aren't. We have tried working with the agencies down here. The BLM in New Mexico, specifically in Las Cruces, was very unwelcoming. I think they thought we were pot hunters or artifact collectors, because they had never heard of OCTA. We eventually brought them around.

HT I think Betty Lee put a bug in someone's ear.

RT Yes, Betty Lee and Reba Grandrud helped a lot there. On the other hand, Larry Ludwig¹³ at Fort Bowie was very helpful. He actually called me and said, "How much do you charge to come down and map?" He has since joined OCTA and SWOCTA. When we go down there, he goes out with us show us what he has found. We exchange information. We have put up an OCTA trail marker in the Apache Pass area, on the trail. The idea is not necessarily to put them by the highway where people are going to read them and drive on, but to put them where the site is located. Like the trail gravesites, OCTA has markers there, and perhaps nothing goes by them but cattle for months. We'd like to put up more markers. The money is available, but when we tried to work with the BLM here to put a marker up at Sears Point or at Painted Rocks or one of those sites along the trail, but they just don't seem to want to work with us. We finally gave up on that. However, Larry Ludwig was very receptive, and we got a marker put up down there. We'd like to put some in New Mexico, at Cooke's Spring and other trail landmarks.

DT What we have seen, especially along the Oregon Trail out in the dry country, is that the BLM does a good job of preserving the trail. And they interpret it well. They make it possible to find it, but they also try to keep it historic.

RT Don Buck told us that he and others would go out with BLM or Forest Service people who were new at their jobs, and show them the trail and talk to them about what they were doing and everyone would get all enthused. Well, two years later that person is gone and they have another person in. They had to keep re-educating these people, because for them, this was just a job. It isn't necessarily a passion as it is with OCTA people. It's a job, so when their job took them somewhere else, that was the end of it.

HT They don't work on weekends either.

RT Yes. There was a BLM employee in Flagstaff who we wanted to come out with us on an outing which was scheduled for a weekend. But she didn't work on weekends.

DT What we have seen is that once you've got national historic trail status you can bring the National Park Service (NPS) and BLM on board. We saw this recently in a little dispute in the California Valley west of Las Vegas where the Old Spanish Trail first crosses into California. You can see traces of what is probably the Mormon Wagon Road version of the Old Spanish Trail. The Needles BLM office was going to encourage ranchers to run some pipelines and water troughs that were going to destroy those traces. There is a BLM employee in Barstow who is part of OSTA. He explained to the Needles Office that, hey, this is part of the national historic trail now and you can't do that sort of thing. If you can get the BLM on board, then you can get some serious preservation. But there is no historic trail status for the southern trails, so it's not going to happen.

RT I said something like that to Dave Welch¹⁴ one time. I said, "We don't have any protection." And he said, "Yes, you do. Any piece of trail that's crossing existing federal land is already protected."

DT By the Antiquities Act?

RT I guess so; I'm not sure. It would seem that all lands that ranchers have the grazing rights to are technically protected. But one of the problems

that comes up is educating the federal agencies about where the trail is located, as we have talked about. Another problem is that things happen when nobody is around. We lost a nice piece of trail down in New Mexico that we had mapped. We went back another time to do some more work, and someone had run a water line for cattle and dug a trench right down the trail to bury the line.

HT It's a little confusing just who is your friend and who is your enemy in all of this. And while perhaps you shouldn't set it up as "friends versus enemies," it's not at all clear whether government agencies have the same interests that you have. In fact, it's not even clear that OCTA has our same interests. For example, we considered what we would do with all the maps and information we have gathered from our mapping. Do we put them in an OCTA repository? But would it then be available for somebody to write a guidebook for profit, and then we would have beaucoup people out there? I'm not sure that's necessarily good.

DT You have really answered our question. You come down on the side of not making it too publicly available.

HT That's right! There has to be a filter to keep out the artifact hunters.

DT Even we trail enthusiasts participate in trail destruction when we take field trips. For example, last spring we went out to the Oatman massacre and grave site¹⁵ with the Arizona Historical Society at Yuma. There were at least 60 vehicles out there!

RT The ranchers in New Mexico and the BLM do not get along very well because of the issue of grazing rights. The ranchers consider the land theirs. It isn't really theirs, but that's the way they think of it. So when we approach a rancher, we are always careful to say that we are historically interested in the trail and we have no connection with any federal agency. We are not going to write a guidebook, so that there will not be people traipsing across the area all the time. I feel that it's important that we say that and that we mean it.

Of course, we do want to preserve the trail. But I'm not sure that if we see a place where the trail is being destroyed, we can do anything about it. For example, there's development all up and down the corridor between here and Tucson that can't be stopped.

HT On the other hand, out in the wilds of New Mexico and Arizona, it's sometimes remote enough that sites will hopefully continue to be undisturbed for many years.

DT Although there was more travel on the northern emigrant trails, travel on the southern route was quite significant. The total history of the route, including the Mormon Battalion, the boundary surveys, emigrant travel, cattle drives, the Butterfield Trail, and civil war military travel, is very important.

HT The Mormon Battalion Trail and the Butterfield Trail get all the attention down here. But the Mormon march was a one shot thing and the Butterfield Trail lasted only a couple of years. Nobody notices that that thousands of emigrants used it.

DT That leads us to the next question. The southern route appears to receive less attention in OCTA than merited. How do you see the relationship of OCTA to the southern trails, and how can we improve it? **HT** You are going to hear a lot of feelings, as well as specific facts, in response to this question. We have made several efforts to inform "the powers that be" in OCTA about the southern trail.

RT In the first couple of years that I was on the OCTA Board of Directors, I asked if I could have a block of time at a mid-year board meeting to inform the board members about the southern route. They reluctantly gave me about fifteen minutes. I showed pictures and tried to talk about it, just to bring it to their attention.

HT We even hosted an OCTA board meeting down here five or six years ago.

RT We had a reception here at the house on Friday night. Some of our chapter members came, fixed food, went to the board meeting, and really helped. On Sunday we led an outing. We took board members and others on a 4WD trip on the trail through Pima Pass and near Painted Rock.

At the end of the day, Ross Marshall said, "I had no idea you had all of this trail down here."

HT In addition to that, Rose Ann gave an invited talk about the Southern Trail at the 2002 OCTA Convention in Reno.

RT Despite all this, I feel like I have beaten my head against the wall. OCTA makes nice sounding words asking what they can do to help the chapters. However, it seems to me that there are more things that they want the chapters to do for the national organization. In my opinion, they put obstacles in the way of the chapters. There are too many rules. "You should have a membership chairman. You should have a preservation officer." We don't hardly have enough people to have four officers.

HT For the first ten years or so, we would have an election every two years. We've had probably five different presidents. Most of the time we didn't have two candidates; we just had the person that would agree to be an officer.

DT The Old Spanish Trail Association also has a lot of rules for their chapters. It seems unnecessary to us, since they have only nine or ten people in several of the chapters.

RT OCTA doesn't have a way to enforce rules like "you have to be a member of national to join a chapter." From being on the board, I can understand why they want that – I really can. But I feel that the membership perspective in OCTA is all wrong, and that is why they are losing members. What they are trying to say is "We have to get more members." They go out and recruit, and they get people to join, but many people only stay in it for a year and then they leave. However, if you have an organization where people say, "I'd like to be a part of that, it's an interesting organization," people come in because they want to, not because they have been coerced. I joined OCTA because I wanted to join. We need to have content that makes people want to be members and continue to be members.

HT One of SWOCTA's difficulties is that when "the powers that be" – the movers and shakers of the national organization – describe to the rest of the world what OCTA

is about, and they list the states involved, they only list the northern ones. The southern area has been systematically ignored. An outsider would get the impression, from what OCTA presents to the rest of the world, that all the emigrants used the northern trails.

RT The new OCTA map¹⁶ was used in the recent OCTA brochure. The back of the brochure is taken right off the OCTA map. Notice how it just cuts off the lower part of the total map so they could fit it to the brochure space. How can this brochure be used to encourage people in Texas and Oklahoma, with their hundreds of miles of emigrant trails, to join OCTA? When we did our recon trips in Oklahoma and Texas, we met local people who were researching and mapping their trails. They had never heard of OCTA.

DT More generally, what we are interested in is the southwestern trails. And we are interested in getting serious people to know about them and know how to get information about them. And we are interested in preservation wherever it can happen. But in fact, development is going on everywhere. Private ranchers destroy trail traces if they are not interested. The trail is big and long and there is a lot in between. And there aren't a lot of people involved. What is the direction that interested people should be going to try to preserve, protect, and interpret the trail? And what do you see as the direction for SWOCTA?

HT I see two possible scenarios here. One scenario is that the people who are interested will continue working on it, and then they will die. That is a very likely scenario.

RT When we started the chapter, Bob and Betty Lee were very active. Aubrey and Wilma Haines were very active. They are all gone now. Jack and Ruth Root, who started the chapter and used to come to everything, are not able to participate as they once did.

HT This may seem like a fatalistic attitude, but to my mind, it is not necessary that an organization continue forever in order to have been successful. We were members of a camera club back in Columbus, Ohio, that was really good, but eventually it fell by the wayside. Still, it was a very good thing while it lasted. SWOCTA may very well be something like that.

RT There was an organization before OCTA – the one that Ezra Meeker and William Jackson were part of – and it eventually went by the wayside. SWOCTA has actually discussed whether we should ultimately disband.

HT Now if someone came along and said, “I think we should do this, and I’m willing to be president,” the current officers would be more than willing to give up the job. If we felt that somebody was willing to work, we would readily support them. So the other scenario is getting people involved and interested. But most members seem to only be interested in hearing about the activities of SWOCTA, and they won’t carry it on. I think that the current chapter leadership has done all that they can to get people actively involved.

DT We’ve seen this in OSTA as well. There is a small core of active people. The core would be larger if the organization itself were larger. Part of the problem is getting more members. And that includes young people.

RT From the time I was on the OCTA board, it’s been that way.

HT Let me make a distinction here. As the chapter treasurer, I keep the membership list. And I would distinguish between two kinds of members: the active members, that is those who participate in something, and the vicarious members, the people who don’t participate in anything, but just like to hear about it. Early in the chapter, a policy decision was made by the officers that the decisions would be made by the active members. We can only have a decision made if it is a regularly scheduled meeting. We don’t send out absentee ballots to the vicarious members because the people who ought to be deciding what we are doing are the people who show up. It is not at all clear to me that we gain anything by having more vicarious members. Of course, the dues from our vicarious members help take care of paying for the newsletter and that’s what they get out of it.

RT It has been very frustrating: too many national and chapter members just want to read the newsletter. And that’s fine. I mean, that’s what we do with the Old Spanish Trail Association. I want to be a vicarious member. I’m interested, but I’m not going to put an effort into it at this point because I’m doing all I can with the Trail Turtles.

DT Given the very small active core, we think you made a very intelligent decision to focus on the Turtles.

HT Initially it was supposed to be simply a small side group of people doing mapping, while the rest of the group continued what they were doing. Except the rest of the group just evaporated.

RT It has been a very focused effort and it is too bad that there aren’t others who want to do it. Twice, at the beginning of a mapping week, we decided to have a day trip outing for the general membership of the chapter, where we showed people a piece of trail we were working on. We had a reasonable number of people who came. We showed them the rust and the grooves and the things we do. Those were things that I had hoped people would pick up on and say, “Can I join you?”

DT In the long run, the health of the trails will depend on people who are now young. How can we involve young people in the trail organizations?

RT That is a question that OCTA has asked for years: How do we get young people in? At one OCTA convention they had a children’s program. Of course, not a lot of children come to the conventions, but they thought maybe they could get people to bring their grandchildren and get them interested in the trail. I think one year was about it for that. There just doesn’t seem to be a way to make that happen. And, frankly, I think it is difficult. I myself wasn’t interested in history when I was young. I started doing genealogy and got into the history of where my ancestors lived at certain times. That’s how I came in. But I was already in my 50s.

HT Since I have retired, I have done a lot of reading on the history of science, particularly my part of science. And I have concluded that you only become interested in history when you yourself are history.

DT So, if you can’t get young people interested, you have to get people who are about to retire, and early retirees, interested.

RT From your 50s to your 70s is about as long as you can maintain this. So you have to keep people coming in, because the older ones are falling off the other end.

DT It has been a pleasure hearing your views. Can you leave us with a final word?

HT I have enjoyed associating with these people. I don't go out with them -- I am primarily computer and financial support – but I am one of their best cheerleaders.

RT When I am out on the trail all day, I may never see another person besides our group. I look around, and the scenery is phenomenal. It is so wonderful just to be out there. Mapping is fun for me and gives me something to do while I am enjoying the out of doors. The Turtles work well together and enjoy each other. There is a feeling of satisfaction after the mapping trips.

Endnotes

1. Historian and publisher, Gregory M. Franzwa is the author of more than seventeen books, mostly on the highways, byways, and trails of the American West. He was also the founder of the current day Oregon-California Trails Association. He is perhaps best known as the author of *The Oregon Trail Revisited*, a history and driving guide to the Oregon Trail from Independence, Missouri, to Oregon City, Oregon.
2. William Henry Jackson (April 1843-1942) was an American painter, photographer and explorer famous for his images of the American West.
3. Stephen Watt Kearny (1794-1848) was a United States Army officer, best known for his action in the Southwest during the Mexican-American War. He conquered New Mexico and helped win California during the Mexican War.
4. Jack Smith, a Flagstaff historian, began work on tracing the historic Beale Wagon Road across Arizona as part of his master's thesis in 1974. Since that time he has published a number of articles and books on the Beale Wagon Road.
5. Established in the late 1850's by U. S. Navy Lt. Edward F. Beale, Beale's road roughly followed Lt. Amiel Whipple's trail west across Arizona through the Flagstaff area and then headed west and a little north through Peach Springs and Truxton Wash, and then through the Kingman area to the Colorado River.
6. Mapping Emigrant Trails (MET) is the OCTA mapping manual, edited by Don Buck, a retired California educator and expert on trails leading into California.
7. In 1844, John Warner was awarded ownership of the 48,000-acre Valle de San Jose, which is located east of Lake Henshaw on State Highway 79. He changed the name of the region to Warner's Springs Ranch and established a trading post on his land. His ranch was an important stopping place between Yuma Crossing and Los Angeles for wagon trains, gold seekers, soldiers and the Butterfield stagecoach line.
8. The *Jornada del Muerto* was the name given by the Spanish conquistadors to the roughest part of the Camino Real from Mexico to Santa Fe. The desert stretch between Las Cruces and Socorro, New Mexico, offered no amenities to travelers for over 90 miles.
9. During the Spanish and Mexican periods, Maricopa Wells was used as a camping ground. When the Americans occupied the area, it was an important stop on the southwestern trail between Texas and the Pacific Ocean. And with the coming of the stage lines in 1857, the Wells was a trading and supply station – most travelers going through southern and central regions of territorial Arizona would stop, rest, and resupply.
10. Founded in 1992, the Anza Trail Coalition of Arizona is dedicated to the restoration, protection, and interpretation of the Juan Bautista de Anza National Historic Trail.
11. A report on this trip by Tracy DeVault is given in the June 2007 issue of *Desert Tracks*.
12. Orange County's Archivist, Phil Brigandi has been researching and writing local history since 1975. He has authored numerous articles and more than a dozen books on Southern California history.
13. Larry Ludwig is the permanent park ranger at Fort Bowie.
14. Dave Welch has served as the National Preservation Officer of the Oregon-California Trails Association (OCTA) since 2001.
15. In 1851, a band of southwestern Indians attacked the Oatman family on a cliff overlooking the Gila River in present-day Arizona, eighty miles east of Yuma. All but three members of the family were killed. The attackers took thirteen-year-old Olive and eight-year-old Mary Ann captive and left their wounded fourteen-year-old brother Lorenzo for dead. For more information on the Oatmans, see Brian McGinty's *The Oatman Massacre: A Tale of Desert Captivity and Survival* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2005).
16. Here the Tompkins refer to OCTA's newest map, issued in August 2005.



BookReview

Amazing Girls of Arizona

Jan Cleere

Helena, Montana: Two Dot, 2008

\$12.95. Paperback. 185 pages

ISBN: 978-0-7627-4135-9

Jan Cleere's collection of eleven fascinating real life accounts of early Arizona girls is for young readers, aged ten to fourteen, who are interested in Arizona women's history. These biographical sketches offer a view of southwestern history that is often overlooked: childhood. Connected intimately to place, the stories of these girls enliven our understanding of what it was like to grow up on the Arizona frontier.

Readers of *Desert Tracks* will surely be interested in the first of Cleere's subjects: Olive Oatman, a young woman with Mojave facial tattoos who gives pause to every reader who comes across her photograph. Another biographical sketch is of Laurette Lovell. Born in 1869 with a severe leg deformity, Lovell started on her path to becoming a well-known pottery artist and painter at age thirteen. The true story of Edith Bass tells of a girl who began wrangling mules before the age of nine, leading pack strings up and down the dangerous paths into the Grand Canyon. Another short biography that readers will certainly enjoy is the account of Helen Sekaquaptewa. Sekaquaptewa was born in the conservative Hopi village Oraibi in northern Arizona, and although she was educated at the Phoenix Indian School, she never relinquished her Hopi identity and retained a deep interest in traditional Hopi ways. Atanacia Santa Cruz married Samuel Hughes when she was eleven or twelve years old. The Hughes honeymooned in San Francisco and brought back the first Singer Sewing Machine in Tucson. Atanacia soon became an accomplished seamstress. Other subjects of *Amazing Girls of Arizona* include Anna Magdalena Box, Edith Olive Stratton, and Mildred Back.

Cleere's book includes photographs, pictures, and a biography. A historical researcher and the author of

More Than Petticoats: Remarkable Nevada Women, Cleere writes with enthusiasm for her subjects, and consequently she has succeeded in making these Arizona girls come alive. Each sketch is adventure-intensive and interesting.

Amazing Girls of Arizona is certain to tickle the imagination of readers with an interest in the ways in which young girls participated in the shaping of the Southwest.

Walter Drew Hill

Emigrant Trails Classes in Prescott

Tracy DeVault and I recently teamed up to present a series of classes titled "Exploring Emigrant Trails" for the Osher Lifetime Learning Institute (OLLI) in Prescott, Arizona. OLLI provides Prescott's active retirement community with a full range of learning experiences. While most sessions are at Yavapai College, this one was moved to the Sharlot Hall Museum auditorium, which was full to capacity for the sessions. We showed the OCTA film *Saving A Legacy*, demonstrated the COED process for people interested in family histories, and talked about the trails in general. We also showed the film *Forgotten Journey*. Tracy provided a program on the Southern Emigrant Road and the work of the Trail Turtles to find and map the trail. We handed out a lot of OCTA literature, including copies of the *Overland Journal* with articles by Pat Etter on the southern trails through Arizona. As a result of the enthusiasm for this course, we've been asked to host a six-week session in the spring on Arizona Historic Trails. In addition, we will give a special presentation, "How Death Valley Got Its Name," on February 5.

John Krizek

[**Editors' note:** Krizek is a current OCTA Board member and is producer of the documentary film *Forgotten Journey* on the Stephens-Townsend-Murphy party of 1844.]

***Desert Tracks: Newsletter of the Southwest Chapter
of the Oregon-California Trails Association***

members.cox.net/htompkins2/SWOCTA.htm

Past newsletters can be found at
www.physics.uci.edu/~jmlawren/SWOCTA.html

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Tour of the Camino Real de Tierra Adentro

Dr. Hal Jackson, author of *Following the Royal Road: A Guide to the Historic Camino Real de Tierra Adentro*, and Maestro Luis Urías, noted Chihuahua historian, will lead a tour of Mexican portions of the Camino Real, beginning on February 14, 2008. The tour will begin in El Paso, pass through the colonial cities of Chihuahua, Parral, Durango, and Zacatecas, then return to El Paso on February 25. Many sites will be visited, providing participants with the fullest understanding of the economic, political, and cultural significance of the trail as a whole. For further information, visit the web site:

tourelocaminoreal.com

**DESERT
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