TRUE WEST

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WOMEN WHO WON THE WEST

also in this issue:

Soiled Doves On Celluloid

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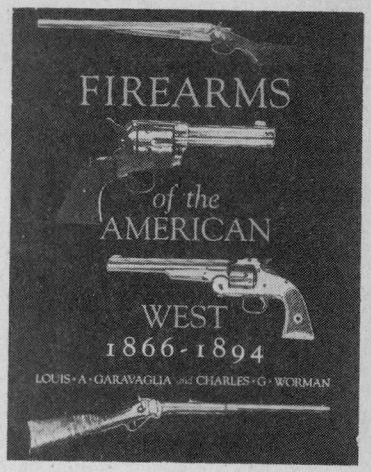

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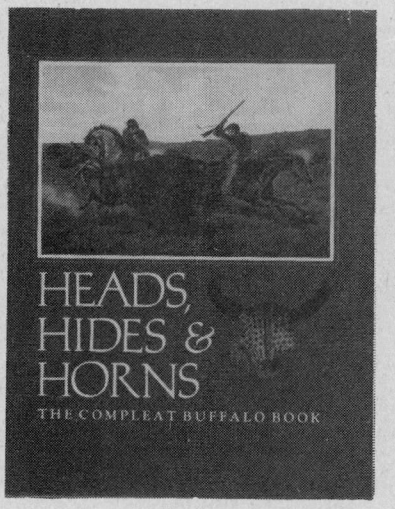

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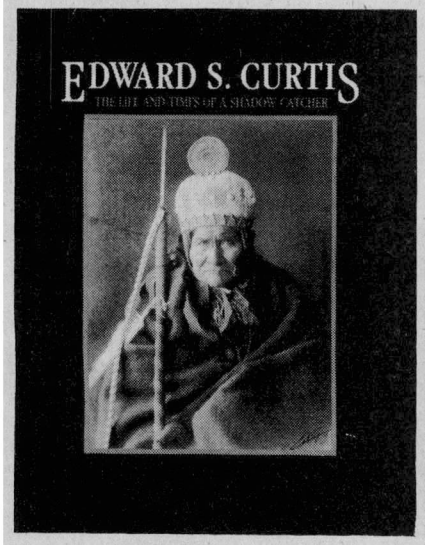

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July 1986
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Vol. 33, No. 7

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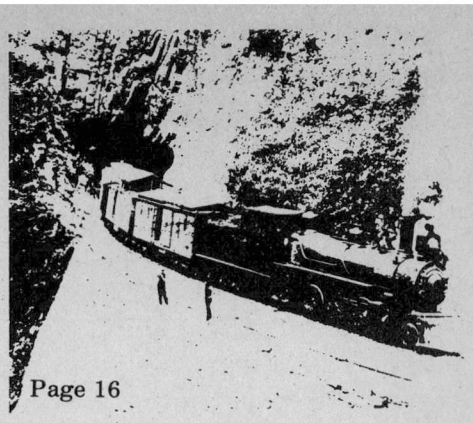

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DEPARTMENTS

OUR COVER

This photograph of unidentified women washing in California is from the Joseph L. Bocci, Sr. Collection. It appears courtesy of Cathy Luchetti and Carol Olwell, authors of *Women of the West.*

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From the Editor

My, how the world has changed!

Not long ago, my wife and I took a little trip north from Stillwater on Highway 177. Just past the Kansas line, we joined a string of cars behind a bright blue farm tractor. As the cars one-by-one pulled around the tractor to pass, an occasional passenger would wave. The farmer—aloof in an air-conditioned cab—would raise a nonchalant hand from the steering wheel to return the greeting.

It was a beautiful, sunny day on the Kansas plains, and no one seemed to mind the delay. We rolled down the windows and had time to judge the wheat, to admire the neat Kansas farmhouses with their well-kept yards and orderly outbuildings, and to inhale the rich, dark odor of the Kansas soil.

When we came within two or three cars of the tractor, it was clear that the farmer dressed in blue jeans, flannel shirt, and cap was a woman. Twenty, fifteen, maybe even just ten years ago, that might have been surprising. But these days it's not at all unusual to see farm and ranch women—and girls in pigtails who hardly look big enough to climb aboard—driving tractors and trucks and combines and riding horses on roundups. In short, women are doing all the things that were once considered "men's work".

Driving along behind that blue tractor, I had time to reflect on women's role in the West, a subject I had in mind because we've been planning this issue for quite a while. The young woman in the cab may have had her counterpart in a female teamster of yesteryear, Martha Canary, better known as "Calamity Jane." But the stories of Calamity Jane's working as a teamster or bullwhacker may well be fictitious, and even if they are true they survive only as evidence of her eccentricity.

With her mannish ways and her preference for male activities, Calamity Jane is remembered because she was so unusual. Similar women live on in western lore, one of the better recent examples being Jack Crabb's fictional sister in Thomas Berger's novel, *Little Big Man*. A teamster herself, Caroline Crabb is, in many ways, more of a man than her brother. But like Calamity, she is memorable only for her freakishness.

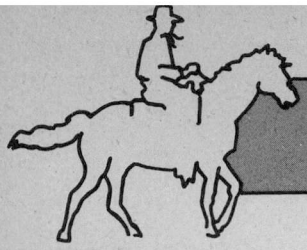
"Real Women" in the Old West, on the other hand, have generally been lumped into two normal types, prostitutes and housewives. But there is no more truth to that sort of grouping than there was to most of Calamity Jane's adventures. It is a truism that the first white women in the West were the "soiled doves" who would follow the mining camps and, later, the army tents and the cattle trails. But in fact the first white women to cross the Rockies were Christian missionaries, Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding, in 1836.

Facing a hostile frontier, women filled a variety of other traditionally male roles. They migrated west as surgeons and nurses, teachers and naturalists. When they arrived, others became ranchers and farmers. In their new roles they often met resistance from men, but with determination and hard work many finally gained acceptance and grudging admiration. Yet they were not necessarily masculine sideshow freaks like Calamity Jane or Caroline Crabb. Many were also wives and mothers who managed to remain much more feminine than is commonly thought.

There were suffragists, too. It has been said that the frontier, with its dangers and hardships, made all men equal. Women can well be included in that statement. If a job needed to be done, whoever was capable of performing it did so, no matter what his—or her—social status or calling or sex. It is no coincidence that women first gained political equality in the West, where the rigors of the frontier had already made them equal to men in most other senses.

As we passed the woman in the blue tractor, I realized that she shared a common spirit with her nineteenth century sisters. The particular tasks may be different today, but western women have always done whatever was necessary to keep body and soul, family and home together. Along the way, thay have acquired a unique sense of independence and self-reliance without which the West, 'such as it *is*, such as it *will* become,' would have been impossible.

John Joerschke



Truly Western

Letters from our readers

Lost Gold—Fact or Fiction

In the August '85 issue of Frontier Times I especially enjoyed *The Sad Saga of Rolth Sublette,* by W.C. Jameson. When I was a young boy about nine to fourteen years old, my family lived on Oak Street in the poorest part of the town of Artesia, New Mexico, called Morningside. Mr. Sublette was our neighbor. The adults called him Ben or what I thought was "Ralph" but which must have been Rolth.

Sometimes I would sit for hours and listen to his stories about the Old West. It was better than going to a movie, which we couldn't afford anyway. The adults said he was just a crazy old fool, and the stories he told were ones he read in westerns. He told me many times about the gold mine in the Guadalupes. He was always trying to get someone to take him in there. Most would just laugh it off, but every so often, someone took him.

He never brought out any gold, just a lot of white chalkey substance he claimed was a medicine that would cure almost anything. Maybe it worked. He was a wiry little old man. He and his wife lived in a little two-room shack up the street from my family. They lived on his old-age pension and what little he got out of selling the white rocks.

Needless to say, when I got old enough to drive a car, fourteen in New Mexico at that time, he started trying to get me to take him into the mountains. I always intended to, because I almost believed him. But I was too busy chasing girls, working, and howling at the moon, and never did. I also thought he was too old and might die while we were in there.

After talking to my brother, who took Mr. Sublette into the mountains once to look for the gold, I could kick myself for not ever going. I think the gold really does exist.

The article states the mine was in west Texas, somewhere near Pine Springs, and Rader Ridge. From the stories I remember, the mine was in New Mexico, somewhere above Carlsbad Caverns. He told me of going in the caverns as a boy. The last time I went to the caverns, in 1977, I saw a plaque stating Rolth Sublette is believed to be the first person in there, at nine years of age. So it could be that the gold hasn't been found because everyone is looking in the wrong place.—**Robert L. Brazil, Phoenix, AZ.**

Bittersweet Recollections

My life began in the then small cow and sheep town of Billings, Montana, in 1915. The world was being torn apart by a bloody war; America was headed for labor wars and the great depression. I got thrown out of school just past the eighth grade and wound up punchin' cows and building fence for my room and board. There wasn't any protection for the workin' stiff, and I early on found out that it paid to make sure the boss liked my yessirs and nosirs. Otherwise I found myself going down the road kicking horse apples. I got kicked off more than a few freight trains in the eight or ten years of my "depression."

I sure enjoy TRUE WEST magazine. I particularly liked the Editor's Corner in the January issue. I also feel sort of sad when I get to thinking about the past slipping away, never able to grab aholt of it.

I remember being around Will James some when I was a kid. He had a ranch not far from us and drove an old Pierce Arrow.

Anyhow, I've been doing a lot of living in the past these winter days, and just wanted to say how much I enjoy your magazine.—**N.C. Reeve, Rathorum, ID.**

Cowboy from Bend

Land sakes alive! I never knew so many people were readers of TRUE WEST here in Bend. I received eleven phone calls from local folks who read my letter in the January '86 issue stating my association with Milt Hinkle.

One man said he knew the dwarf cowboy who rode the hood of the old model "T" bucking car with the 101 and lived next door to the family in New York. Another asked me if I knew Bill Pickett; well, Bill and I shared a few nips from a pint of spirits, as he told me about different ways to ride.

Another man could not believe I rode for the Miller Brothers' 101 Wild West Show and still be living. Hell, I was seventeen years old then, and still feel like a kid. I even got branded on my right arm.

Another asked if I knew the Miller brothers. Man, yes, I helped Zack's kids up into their saddles many a day, and rode fence under Joe's direction, and stood and cried when George and Joe were laid away. Yes, I knew the Miller brothers real well.—**Bill Harting, Bend, OR.**

Celluloid Cowboys

In response to some of the letters to the editor about "reel" cowboys, it is my opinion that viewers of the older western films are actually getting a very good picture of "real" cowboys.

In 1940, when I was a boy of nineteen, I left my Texas home and journeyed to Hollywood, California. For the next ten years I worked in the movies. I was surprised to find that many of the movie cowboys were former ranchers and rodeo contestants. Tim McCoy had been an Indian Agent in Wyoming. Many of the directors and technical advisers had actually ridden with the cavalry, and the teamsters taught actors, who may not have had actual knowledge through experience, the proper manner and style of wardrobe. Many of the actors had worked with Buffalo Bill and the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch shows. They knew their business of harnessing a six-up and how tack was to look on a horse down to the minutest detail. They were not superficial or perfunctory. They were thorough and scrupulous in their preparation for the movies.—**George Havens, Dallas, TX.**

Texas History

I have just finished Part Two of "Fifteen Years to a Republic," by Field Roebuck, April '86 TRUE WEST. I want to thank Mr. Roebuck for giving me the information on what really happened in the struggle for freedom in Texas by Texans.

To me, it is really a disgrace that our school system uses texts filled with fic-

tion when truthful facts are more interesting. A few weeks ago, I found that here, primary school children are still told about George Washington chopping down his father's cherry tree and throwing a dollar across the Potomac River! For too many people, this is about all they know about Washington, besides his being the grandfather of our country.

However, this is only one of the historical facts published by Western Publications. As I finish my copies, I give them to the library, hoping some readers may find them interesting enough to subscribe.

I also enjoy reading Walt Thayer's occasional comments.—**Howard Steiner, Folsom, CA.**

Men of Violence

In *Their Last Gunfight,* TRUE WEST, September '84, Bill O'Neal recounts the story of the fatal gunfight between Pink Higgins and Billy Standifer. Standifer was killed and buried where he fell. His grave is five or six miles southeast of the northwest corner of Kent County, Texas. Some time later, local cowboys cut a stone marker out of soft red rock and carved a memorial for Standifer. I took a picture of his grave in 1975.—**J.R. McArthur, Roanoke, TX.**

Cowboy Escapades

The opening paragraph in Nellie Snyder Yost's "Cowboy Escapades," in March '86, TRUE WEST, would have been a mild knee-slapper except for the fact that kerosene does not remove human hair. Or feathers either, unless of course, someone sets a match to it. In my own grammar school days, when classmates scratched their heads enough to distract the teacher, they would be sent to the school nurse. An hour or so later they would return to the classroom, their hair still damp and spikey, the result of a vigorous kerosene massage for nits and head lice. The following day, after their mothers had been forced to use soap to get rid of the strong kerosene odor, the kids would be back in school, not scratching, and hairy as ever. This didn't take place in the boondocks, or the 1870s, but in metropolitan Los Angeles in the 1920s.

My grandfather, a successful poultry farmer in the San Fernando Valley, routinely applied kerosene to treat one, or more, of the myriad afflictions to which chickens are susceptible. Used crankcase oil was another chicken remedy.

I know from general reading (possibly including articles in TRUE WEST) that kerosene was, and may still be, regarded in rural areas as an antiseptic, and might be applied to cuts and burns of both man and beast. If it had any depilatory effect it would have been put to that use too.—**Ellis A. Burge, Camino, CA.**

Billy the Kid

In regard to Chuck Parsons' "Answer Man," May '86 TRUE WEST, on Billy the Kid's many names, the Clay County, Missouri, 1850 census lists William H. Bonny. I had always thought it was Billy the Kid, until I read Parson's column. I send the census reading to you in hopes someone may find a connection between the two William H. Bonnys.

Clay Co. Missouri 1850 Census - Liberty township, page 633, dwelling 231, family 231.

Estis, Bartlett	54	M	W	farmer KY
" , Elizabeth	55	F	W	VA
" , Abraham	27	M	W	KY
" , Elizabeth	18	F	W	MO
Clinkenbeard, Lucinda	16	F	W	MO
Bonny, William H.	10	M	W	MO
" , Sarah E.	8	F	W	MO
" , James	6	M	W	MO
" , Abraham	5	M	W	MO
" , Charles	2	M	W	MO

—**Jean McCord, Nelson, NE.**

McCandless Gang

In regard to Mr. Leon Ellsworth's inquiry in "Truly Western," April 1986, TRUE WEST, regarding the McCandless gang, no such entity ever existed. The "gang" was the creation of J.B. Hickok and his cronies.

Three unarmed men were shot and killed at Rock Creek stage station, Nebraska Territory, on July 12, 1861. They were David Colbert McCanles (contemporary spelling of family name) and his two hired hands, James Woods and James Gordon.

McCanles had some trouble with the station keeper, Horace Wellman, regarding the defaulting of payments which were owed him for the sale of the station to the stage company. Hickok, who was an interloper at the station, seized upon the opportunity to settle personal difficulties he had with McCanles, one of which being his dalliance with McCanles' mistress. Woods and Gor-

Pink Higgins was fifty-five years old when he and Billy Standifer, a neighboring rancher in Kent County, Texas, shot it out. Whatever their differences, they were settled once and for all when Standifer lay dead from a bullet wound from Higgins' rifle.

don, two innocent bystanders, were deliberately shot down to eliminate possible witnesses to the killing. McCanles' twelve-year-old son, William Monroe, by fleetness of foot, escaped with his life. In a mockery of justice he was not called to testify at the trial that was later held.

I have voluminous files on this frontier incident, including a note with a photographic print of David Colbert McCanles sent from George W. Hansen to William E. Connelley, secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society. The note, dated September 17, 1927, confirms the incident.

Within the confines of a letter it is impossible to go into details. The best published treatment of the Rock Creek incident is found in *Wild Bill McCanles Tragedy*, by George W. Hansen, Nebraska History Magazine, published by the Nebraska State Historical Society, Volume 10, #2, April–June 1927. The Society later reprinted the article.—**George Hart, Newton Falls, OH.**

Teaching Aid

My dad subscribes to TRUE WEST. I am a fourth grader at Skyline Vista Elementary. We have been studying about Bent's Fort and the Indians in social studies. I brought the May '86 issue of TRUE WEST to school and my teacher and class liked the article in it about Bent's Fort. I took other issues to class when we were studying the cliff dwellers. My class enjoyed them too. Your magazines are interesting.—**Cheyenne Baker, Denver, CO.**

James Gang

In regard to Chuck Parson's "Answer Man" column in the October '85 *Frontier Times* and May '86 TRUE WEST, dealing with James Hoctor and Bill Ryan, it may be that Hoctor and Ryan knew each other, but it is hard to say if Hoctor was an actual member of the James gang. In some twelve years of tracking the James gang during the period that Ryan was active I have never, in any account, seen the name Hoctor mentioned. I am defining gang members as those who were participants in various robberies committed or, in the broadest sense, people like Jim Cummins, who, though probably not involved in any robbery, were still officially wanted in connection with a crime committed and who also are known positively to have associated with Frank and Jesse.

It could be that Hoctor knew Ryan and that he later *said* he rode with the gang, but being a crony of Ryan's doesn't mean one was necessarily a gang member. If the James Gang included everyone who has claimed to be a member over the years, it would have been about the size of the Seventh Cavalry.

While the photo does bear a resemblance to the picture of Glenn, who was identified as Ryan, it is hard to say at this juncture if both photos are of the same man. Ryan's fate is also undetermined. There are two versions. Some believe he was killed shortly after 1889, riding into a tree while on a bender, and some believe he survived at least until 1898 and possibly used the Glenn alias, among others. My own personal feeling is that he may well have survived into the 1900s.—**Ted Yeatman, Nashville, TN.**

Llano Grande

I have several photo post cards of the Rio Grande Valley circa World War I. There was a military camp at that time at Llano Grande, Texas, where they had a YMCA, bakery, movie theatre, etc. Llano Grande is in the area of Mercedes, Texas. Santa Maria and the Robb Ranch were part of the training grounds. I would like information about the military camp.—**A.F. Von Blon, Jr., Waco, TX.**

Steadfast Subscriber

I bought my first TRUE WEST in 1963 at the Navy base PX in Japan where I was stationed. I've continued reading them through the years and have most issues dating back to 1957.

I am truly happy to say that once again these favorites of mine are beginning to have the appearance of a successful periodical published by people who take pride in publishing, to the degree of putting out a magazine to closely rival those gems "Hosstail" published.

I especially want to compliment you for a recent article on Bent's Fort appearing in the May 1986, TRUE WEST ("Bent's Old Fort," by Claudia Hose). If this article is compared to a similar one that appeared in September 1966, Frontier Times, the quality of the 1986 article clearly stands out in both information and detail.

It's exhilarating to once again have a "good" magazine arrive each month. Great job!—**Michael Frysinger, Lima, OH.**

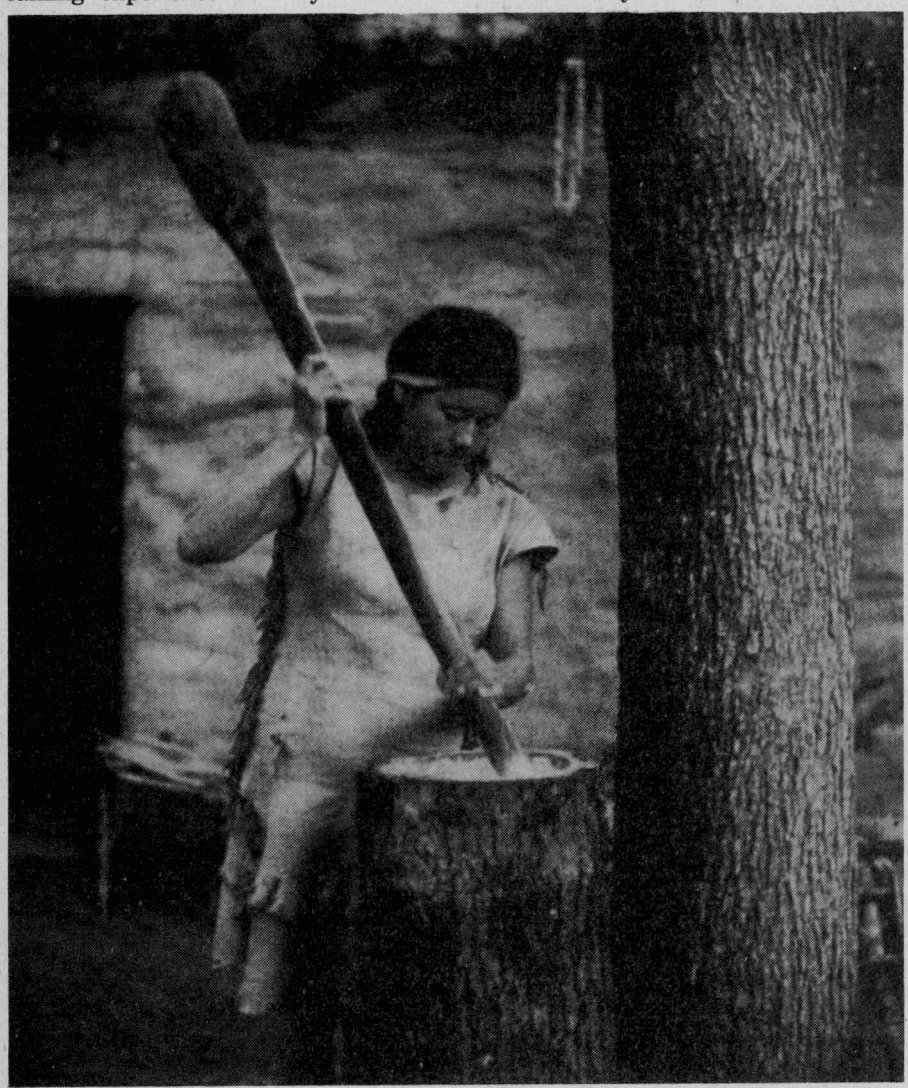
Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West

ANCIENT VILLAGE

The Cherokee Heritage Center is built on the site of the Old Female Seminary. The first school for girls west of the Mississippi, the seminary was constructed in 1851 and destroyed by fire in 1887. The Cherokee Heritage Center offers visitors an educational and entertaining experience as they tour the Cherokee National Museum, Adams Corner Rural Village, the Tsa-La-Gi Ancient Village, and witness the Trail of Tears Outdoor Drama.

The Cherokee National Museum uses state of the art technology, multi-media exhibits, and displays to present the Cherokee story. Exhibits include Indian artifacts from prehistoric and more recent times, examples of native American art, and audio visual presentations.



Visitors to Tsa-La-Gi's Ancient Village step back in time 300 years to experience Cherokee history, sports, and culture.

Adams Corner Rural Village, nestled in a clearing adjacent to the museum, is a detailed reconstruction of a small crossroads community of 1875–1890, the final years of the old Cherokee Nation.

The Tsa-La-Gi Ancient Village, a recreation of an ancient seventeenth century Cherokee settlement, has received national acclaim as one of the Southwest's leading visitor attractions. The Ancient Village, like the other attractions of the center, is an attempt to preserve the centuries old culture and customs of a proud, far-advanced people, native to the North American continent.

June 8 through August 24, nightly except Sunday, Cherokee history is portrayed in the Tsa-La-Gi outdoor theater. *The Trail of Tears*, is a woven tapestry of words, action, and music to stimulate the senses as patrons witness the chronology of the Oklahoma Cherokee, torn from his ancestral home in the eastern highlands and forced to begin life anew in a wilderness that would become Oklahoma.

For information contact the Cherokee National Tourism Department, P.O. Box 948, Tahlequah, OK 74465.

National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History

The 1986 rendezvous of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History will be held in the Ramada Downtown Inn in Tucson, Arizona, Wednesday through Saturday, July 23–26.

Speakers on outlaw-lawman history topics are scheduled throughout the day Thursday and Saturday with an all-day

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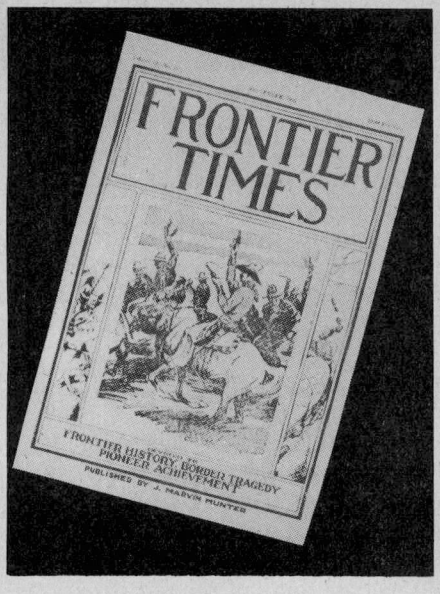

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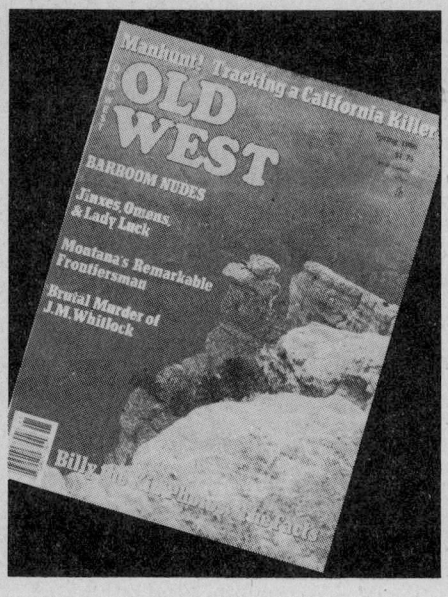

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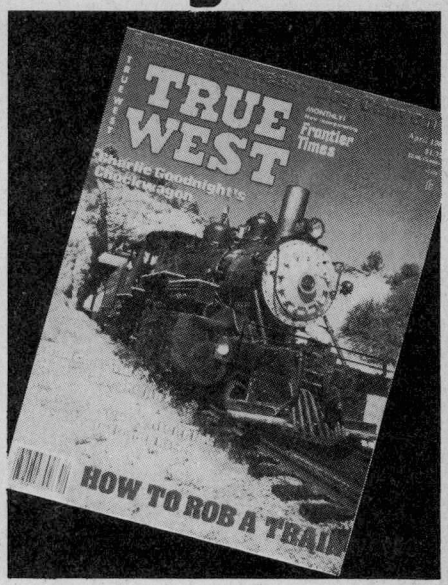

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bus tour of Tombstone scheduled for Friday. The public is invited to all events, including the bus tour.

NOLA, affiliated with the University of Wyoming in Laramie, was formed in 1974 and has 500 members worldwide. Each year the group holds a rendezvous in a western city of historical significance. Edward M. Kirby, NOLA president, expects more than 100 members to attend this year's rendezvous.

For more information on the rendezvous write NOLA Publications-Membership Office, P.O. Box 1701, Hamilton, MT 59840, or call (406) 961-4247.

National Fast Draw Championships

The 1986 Southwest National Fast Draw Championships will be held July 4-6, on historic Allen Street in Tombstone, Arizona. The event is sanctioned by the World Fast Draw Association. In addition to the competition, the O.K. Corral gunfight will be reenacted daily.

For more information contact Pat McMahon, P.O. Box 242, Tombstone, AZ 85638.

Sesquicentennial Family History and Genealogy Exhibit and Competition

A genealogy/family history exhibit and competition will be held as part of the 1986 Texas state fair, September 26 through October 26. Anyone interested in obtaining information about entering, rules, and awards may send a request along with a stamped, self-addressed, legal size envelope to the State Fair of Texas, Genealogy Exhibit, P.O. Box 26010, Dallas, TX 75226.

Barkerville Provincial Historic Park

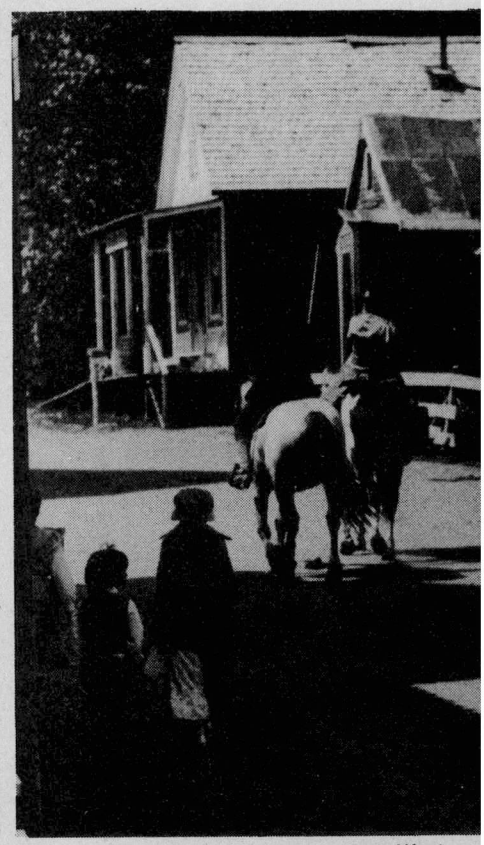
Barkerville, in central British Columbia, Canada, is a restoration of a historic gold rush town dating back to the 1860s-70s. The site is open year round, but Living History Programs operate from mid-June to Labor Day. "Animators" in period costume play the parts of some of the town's famous and infamous characters. Businesses operate within the town, and displays such as the Wendle House, school house, and cabinetmaker's shop encourage visitors to feel a part of the action. Daily street events, guided tours, demonstrations, and live theater performances at the famous Theatre Royal add to the fun. Throughout the summer, special events such as the Dominion Day Celebrations, the Williams Creek Fire Brigade Picnic, and the Invitational Hose Carriage Races make a return visit worthwhile.

Barkerville is accessible by paved highway. Located close to Calgary, Edmonton, and Vancouver, it can be included in circle tours that include many scenic points of interest. For more information write Barkerville Historic Park, Barkerville, British Columbia, Canada V0K 1B0.

Owyhee County Historical Museum

Outpost Day, the Owyhee County, Idaho, Historical Society's yearly fundraising festival, will be held June 1 from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. A mining theme is planned for the event and activities will include tours of the museum complex, food concessions, an art auction, and a "horny toad" race. Artists will be on hand to demonstrate various "lost" arts related to mining.

The museum is located in Murphy, Idaho, approximately fifty miles southwest of Boise. It is open year-round from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., Wednesday through Friday, and from 12:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. on Saturday and Sun-



Actors in Barkerville's Living History Program reenact a gold shipment leaving Barkerville, 1870.

day during the summer months. For further information write: Linda Morton, Museum Director, Owyhee County Historical Museum, Murphy, ID 83650.

Texas Jack Association

The Texas Jack Association will hold its third bi-annual convention at the Holiday Inn in North Platte, Nebraska, August 8–11, 1986. Nellie Snyder Yost and Frank Lydic are hosting the convention with help from the Friends of Buffalo Bill and the North Platte chapter of the Westerners.

Events will include tours of the Scouts Rest Ranch, Fort McPherson, and the Duke Alexis Ranch.

For additional information and registration write the Texas Jack Association, Inc., P.O. Box 7000-185, Redondo Beach, CA 90277.

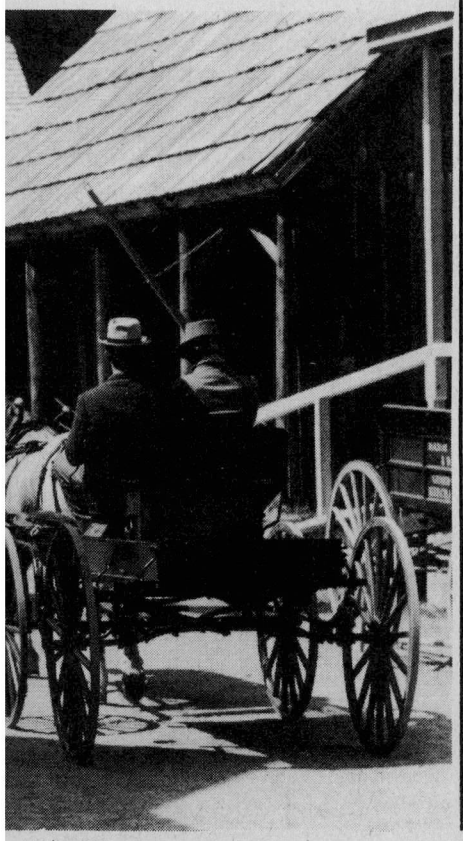
Shakespeare

Shakespeare Ghost Town, located two and a half miles south of Lordsburg, New Mexico, was a small silver mining settlement on the stage and emmigrant trail to California. From the time its first buildings were built in the late 1850s to 1870 it had grown to a large camp of about 3,000 people under the name of Ralston City or the Burro Mines. In 1879 mine promoters changed the name of the town to Shakespeare and under this name it prospered as a mining camp until the 1893 depression. During the 1908–1932 mining boom Shakespeare was again occupied. Events during this period added considerably to the town's reputation for lawlessness. Always a mysterious, secretive town, it had no local law, no church, or newspaper. Occasional free-for-all fights would sometimes climax with a hanging. Two victims of vigilante justice were Sandy King and Russian Bill, who were hanged from the timbers of the Grant House in early 1881.

Shakespeare has been preserved as a National Historic Site and is open to the public the second Sunday of each month, with tours at 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. The owners dress in authentic 1870–1880 costumes and escort visitors through the buildings giving some of the history and legends of each.

For information write Shakespeare Ghost Town, Box 253, Lordsburg, NM 88045, or phone 505-542-9034.

Courtesy of Barkerville Historic Park



National Society of Ghost Town Enthusiasts

The National Society of Ghost Town Enthusiasts is seeking new members. The purpose of this non-profit organization is to unite all ghost town enthusiasts in providing educational services; a museum and library to safeguard and display ghost town relics; to hold annual meetings, picnics, and ghost town tours; to lobby for the preservation of ghost towns; and to reconstruct a ghost town for the enjoyment of future generations.

For information regarding membership in the organization contact: National Society of Ghost Town Enthusiasts, 1661 5th Street #1, Elko, Nevada 89801.

Answer Man

Gunfighters?

By CHUCK PARSONS

Perhaps someone can positively identify the men in this photo. Their identities are likely irretrievably lost.

Are the famed Texas lawmen, George Scarborough and Jeff Milton two of the well-dressed men in this photo? Bill Robinson, 907 Magnolia, Corning, AR 72422 sent the photo. He believes the man seated at left might be Milton and the man next to him might be Scarborough. He thinks the photo, which he acquired with a number of household antiques, was made approximately in the 1880s, possibly in El Paso.

George Adolphus Scarborough was born October 2, 1859, in Louisiana. After the Civil War, his family moved to Burleson County, Texas, then on to McLennan County, and finally to Jones County. In 1883 he became a deputy to Jones County Sheriff Cole. Later that same year he became sheriff. Within four years the county had become too tame for him, and he moved on to Fort Davis in West Texas. He lived there until 1894, when he received an appointment as deputy U.S. marshal headquartered in El Paso. He remained in the area until his death.

Jefferson Davis Milton became city marshal of El Paso on August 10, 1894. Whatever Milton's relationship with Scarborough may have been before that time, the two had to work well together in lawless El Paso.

Are the men in the photo Milton and Scarborough? One photo of them together was used in the November 1984 "Answer Man" column. They visited a gallery to have their pictures taken together and then separately. I know of at least one other photo of Scarborough. It was made when he was a deputy in Jones County. I do not feel the man in this photo resembles the man in the other photos of Milton enough to say it is he. To my untrained eye, the other man in this photo bears only the slightest resemblance to Scarborough. Scarborough's well-known cleft chin is not evident in this photo, but that could be due to the lighting. I cannot say if the two are or are not Scarborough and Milton. Hopefully, TRUE WEST readers can help us out!

Indian Portrait. Chuck DeHaan's award-winning painting, "Winter Songsinger" appeared on the cover of the December 1984 *Frontier Times*. John Berg, 8900 5th Avenue N.E., Seattle, WA 98115, asks, "What type of vegetation is the mossy looking substance on the bow and staff held by this Indian?"

The Indian in the painting is a Crow Warrior of the Crooked Lance Society. DeHaan is closely associated with the Crows and paints with careful attention to historical details. The material covering the warrior's bow and lance is fur. He is "singing out the winter" in the hope of bringing on an early spring.

Real Rodeo? The popular game, "Trivial Pursuit," asks "Which rough and tumble western sport was first formalized in Prescott, Arizona?" The answer, of course, is *rodeo*. But the claim that Prescott had the first rodeo was challenged by Pecos, Texas! Dianne Brewer, 840 Campbell Street, Prescott, AZ 86301, sent a very interesting news article about the origins of rodeo.

Prescott claims a Cowboy Tournament held there on July 4, 1888, was the first rodeo; Pecos claims contests roping and riding longhorn steers on the courthouse square on July 4, 1883, qualify as the first real rodeo. Part of the problem in answering the question lies in defining the word *rodeo*. Does a rodeo have to have certain events? Do one or two contests among cowboys, with or without awards, make a rodeo. Where is the line drawn between an informal contest and organized competition.

In a letter dated June 10, 1847, a Captain Main Reed describes a "roundup" in Santa Fe. Men competed in roping and throwing cattle and in horse racing. Was that a rodeo?

Was it a rodeo that Charlie Siringo described as taking place in Caldwell, Kansas, on May 1, 1885. The famous cowboy-author-detective won a silver cup in that cowboy tournament.

In 1869 Emilne Gardenshire was declared champion bronc buster at a contest in Deer Trail, Colorado. Cheyenne, Wyoming, held wild steer riding contests as early as 1872. Buffalo Bill Cody sponsored an "Old Glory Blow-Out" with a thousand contestants in North Platte, Nebraska, in 1882. In the spring of 1876 Texas Ranger George

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

Durham wrote of preparations in Carrizo for a "big rodeo and *baile* . . . men repairing the roping pens and clearing the arena."

If it were possible first to define the term *formal rodeo* to everyone's satisfaction, then an agreement might be reached as to the site of the first one.

Paper Gold. One of the best known lost treasure stories is of the "Lost Adams Diggings." Clinton C. McDaniel, P.O. Box 68, Clovis, NM 88101, has an envelope addressed to his father postmarked "Adams Diggings, Nov. 23, 1936." It is a real collectible!

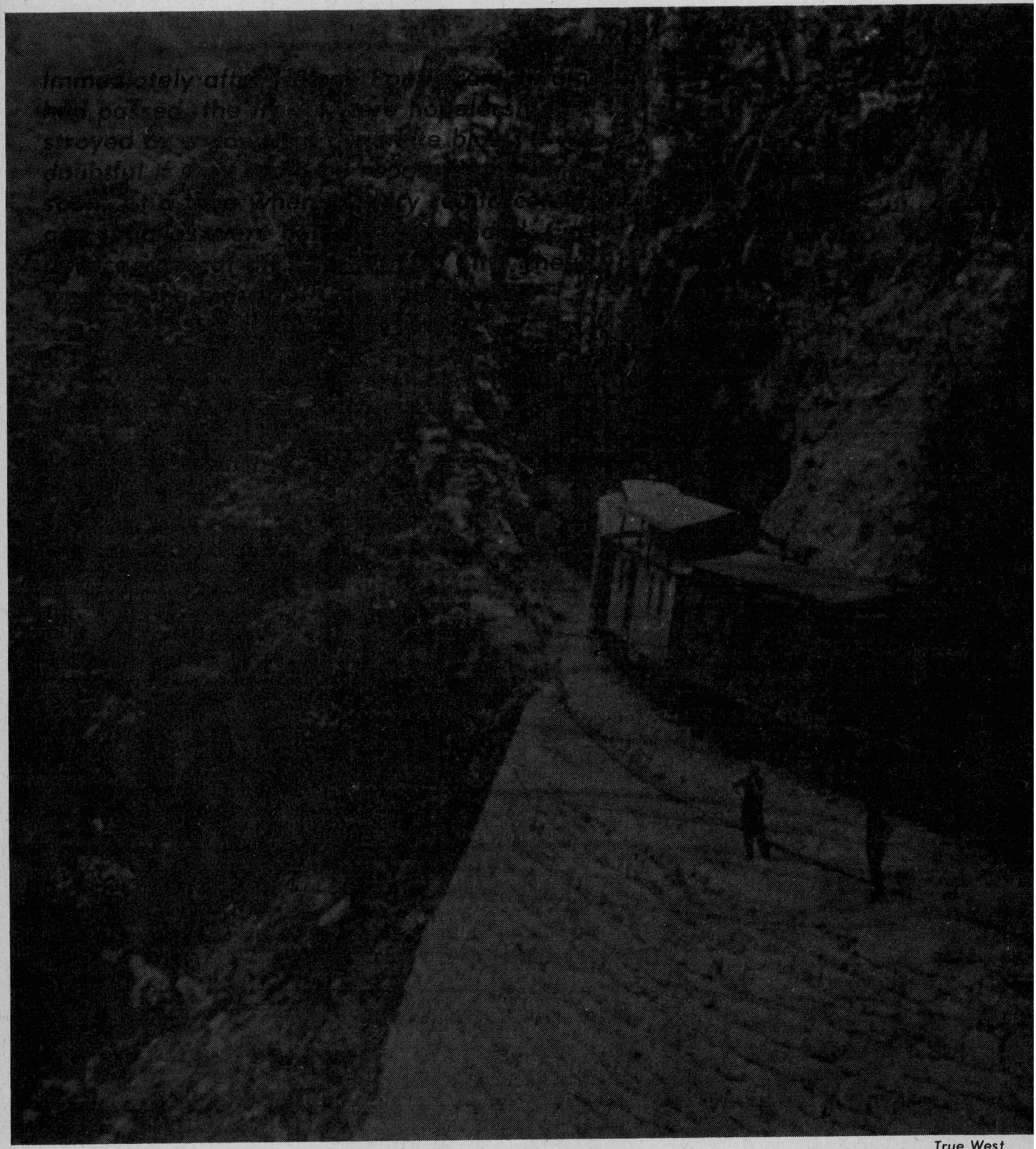
The best treatment of the "Lost Adams Diggings" is in J. Frank Dobie's *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver*, out of print. Briefly, the story is of some adventurers who found gold. Before returning to civilization, the group was attacked by Indians. One Landreau and a man named Adams managed to hide the gold under a cabin and escape. Years later Adams tried to relocate the cabin to claim the gold, but he was never able to find it. A reference to the incident in a military report of Lieutenant W.H. Emory lends the story historical credibility.

"Shotgun" Collins. Wyatt Earp's pals are among the most enigmatic characters of the Old West. William W. Lockhart, 10236 Ridgewood Avenue, El Paso, TX 79925 wrote about "Shotgun" Collins. "I run into occasional references to a Shotgun Collins in connection with the Wyatt Earp crowd. Who was he, and what did he really do with the Earps?"

Collins is a mysterious figure. During the 1870s, armed with a sawed-off shotgun, he served as a Wells, Fargo and Company messenger. According to one newspaper account, Collins killed two men in Montana and two in Arizona.

In 1883 when Luke Short was run out of Dodge City he gathered a large group of friends and returned to reestablish himself. The so-called "Dodge City War" proved non-violent despite the fact that Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, "Rowdy Joe" Lowe, and "Shotgun" Collins were among the gamblers and gunfighters gathered by Short. The Kansas City *Journal* of May 15, 1883, reported, "Masterson precedes by twenty-four hours a few other pleasant gentlemen who are on their way to the tea party at Dodge. One of them is Wyatt Earp . . . another is Joe Lowe . . . and still another is 'Shotgun' Collins."

Last Train fro



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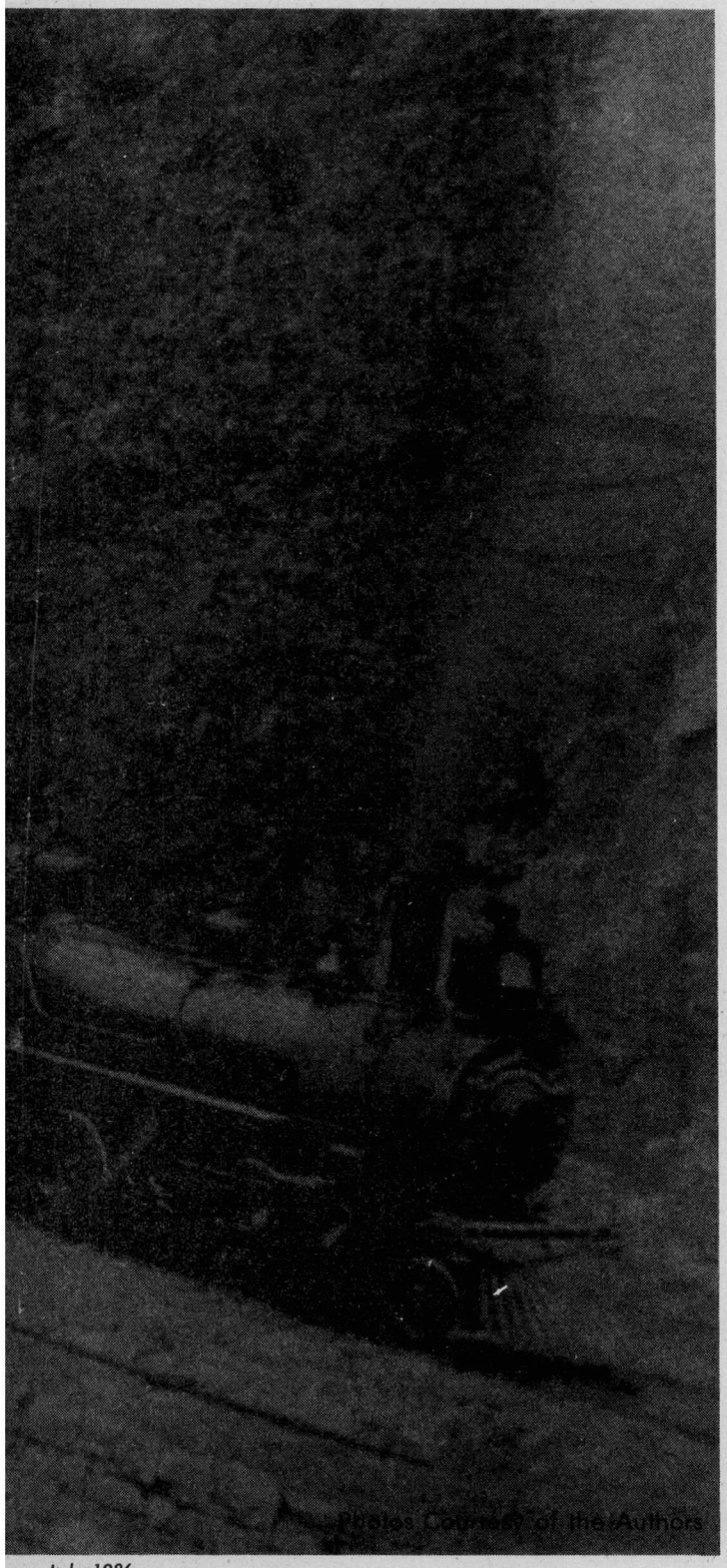


Photos Courtesy of the Authors

A train similar to the one destroyed by Villa's forces cutting off supplies to Cuernavaca emerges from a tunnel at the edge of a cliff.

By GEORGE AGOGINO
and
LYNDA A. SÁNCHEZ

Pancho Villa, Centaur of the North, was a cruel, violent man and an unquestioned womanizer. Yet he brought to his side in the battlefield some of the most cultured and distinguished people of his time. Perhaps they saw in him qualities that history has failed to discover. Or perhaps in periods of stress such as the Mexican Revolution opposites are more frequently thrown together and find themselves mysteriously attracted to each other.

Among the first to join Villa was Ambrose Bierce, the famous cynic novelist best remembered for *The Devil's Dictionary*. At the age of seventy Bierce joined Villa and, despite his fame, may have died at the hand or by the order of the revolutionary following an argument. Although they cannot be proven, rumors of the manner and the place of his demise persist. It is known that the novelist disappeared early in the campaign, never to be seen again.

Another highly cultured individual attracted to Villa was John Reed, born of a wealthy Oregon family, educated at Harvard, and dedicated to journalism. A typical example of the young, educated, sophisticated journalist, Reed was not the type usually expected to enjoy either the danger of battle or the crude personality of Pancho Villa. In his writings, however, he showed a real admiration for the general and his cause. His goal in writing about the revolution was to capture the essence and feelings of the foot soldier on the front line. He was not so much interested in the war as he was in the thoughts of those doing the fighting. Perhaps Reed admired the general so much because, unlike most senior officers, Villa believed he should be fighting with his men. In any event, Reed and Villa's relations bordered on friendship.

While Bierce and Reed were writers, perhaps more intent on copy than company, one cannot question that they willingly joined Villa's forces during the conflict. Apparently his fearsome reputation did not frighten or influence them in seeking him out. However, even dignified military men schooled in

Europe openly came to Villa's side to fight for the cause of *libertad*. One was Giuseppe Garibaldi, grandson of the famous Italian patriot. Another was General Felipe Angeles who gave up the position of undersecretary of war for the entire revolutionary forces to take a post as Villa's artillery officer. Here, indeed, was a man of culture, dignity, and compassion fighting for the rough, uncouth General Villa. During the most productive campaigns of the Division of the North, Villa and Angeles developed a close, personal friendship. Clearly, men of culture and distinction found Villa at least acceptable and at best admirable.

Perhaps the most aristocratic and sophisticated of Villa's military personnel was a woman, Rumanian beauty Helene Pontipirani, who served as a spy for the Division of the North during the period following the assassination of President Francisco Madero. She was as beautiful as she was bright, as clever as she was charming, and as dangerous as she was delightful. Her story is little known, but she was one of the most successful military spies in Latin American history.

Emiliano Zapata, general of Villa's southern forces, was feared and respected by both factions in the Mexican revolution.

Most of the information about Helene Pontipirani comes from Rosa King's 1938 account, *Tempest Over Mexico*, augmented in part by official Mexican government records and research among informants in the Cuernavaca area.

Rosa King first heard of Helene in Mexico City in 1911. She was in vogue as a sophisticated, young beauty and in constant demand as an honored guest of all of the best homes in that elegant city. King recalls, "Everything about her was exquisite from the set of her head on her slender shoulder to the tiny slippers subtly matched to the tones of her costume. She was the kind of person who always wears gloves. I cannot imagine her carrying them. Her beauty was the nervous, highly bred type—overbred perhaps—that calls up a fleeting impression of a high-strung race horse."

Helene spoke several languages, including Rumanian, Spanish, and English with but a hint of accent. She also was an artist and frequently sketched as a way of illustrating her conversations. One day in Cuernavaca she sketched an unusual dog for Rosa King. As the widow King watched, she reflected that Helene was very beautifully the product of heredity. Everything about her suggested not merely twenty years, but centuries of sensitive, civilized living.

Helene Pontipirani was in Cuernavaca representing several French newspapers covering the Mexican Revolution—or at least that is what she claimed. Mrs. King ran the Belle Vista Hotel, Cuernavaca's finest. Her guests included President Madero and Huerta, as well as General Felipe Angeles and most of the governors of the state of Morelos during the period. The famous revolutionary leader, Emiliano Zapata, and his fellow officers knew and respected the widow King. She was also on speaking terms with most of the leaders of Mexico City during the conflict. The young correspondent from the Rumanian aristocracy openly cultivated a friendship with the Englishwoman, Rosa King, for information and contacts.

THE FATEFUL ENCOUNTER between the two independent women began while Rosa King was in Mexico City to visit President Huerta. She hoped to obtain his assurance that her hotel was safe from General Zapata. Helene begged to be allowed to go with her to see the president, promising to write a favorable review of the beleaguered Huerta if she were accepted. Rosa King gave in. The next morning, Helene appeared all in gray, with a chic undersized hat smartly showing off her lustrous, curling black hair and finely drawn profile. She looked both lovely and patrician, to the pleasure of men and the envy of women. President Huerta apparently was much impressed with the female war correspondent and probably talked too much for his own good. So pronounced a sense of comradeship emerged that Helene Pontipirani openly told the cruel former general and the

The life of a ***soldadera*** in the Mexican army, whether Villa's forces or Huerta's, was generally not so glamorous as that of Helene Pontipirani. ***Soldaderas*** accompanying General Zapata's army were willing to enter battle along with the men as well as to help with camp chores and to nurse the wounded.

murderer of President Madero, "You aren't fooling me with your stern look. I know you like me. We are wild ones, you and I! Not afraid of things like bullets." As a general, President Huerta was famous for his indifference to bullets while in open battle.

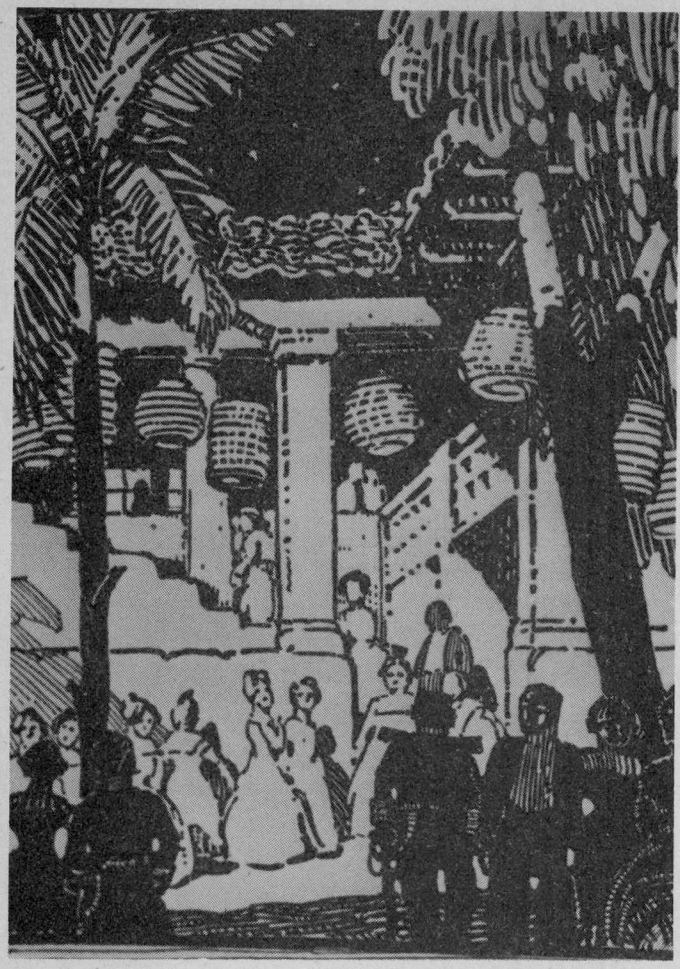
But why was a well-to-do European aristocrat in the middle of a bloody war? Unknown to anyone in Mexico City she was a Villista spy. Perhaps Helene herself hinted at her status when she stated, "I find that when things happen it is generally because someone has made them happen! That is what I like in people, the power, and force, that makes things to happen!" She also enjoyed shocking people, for she was well aware that her petite, lady-like mannerisms were not the characteristics usually found in the middle of a revolution. When asked why she wanted to accompany Mrs. King back to Cuernavaca she replied, "There where things are happening. To see for myself the fear and the fighting and these terrible Zapatistas!" Helene continued, laughing at Mrs. King's incredulous look, "Because I am so—what do you call it?—lady-like, you are surprised. Never fear! I am not one to faint at the smell of blood. Have you not heard that before I came to Mexico City I was in the north where Pancho Villa and his men are laying waste to the country?

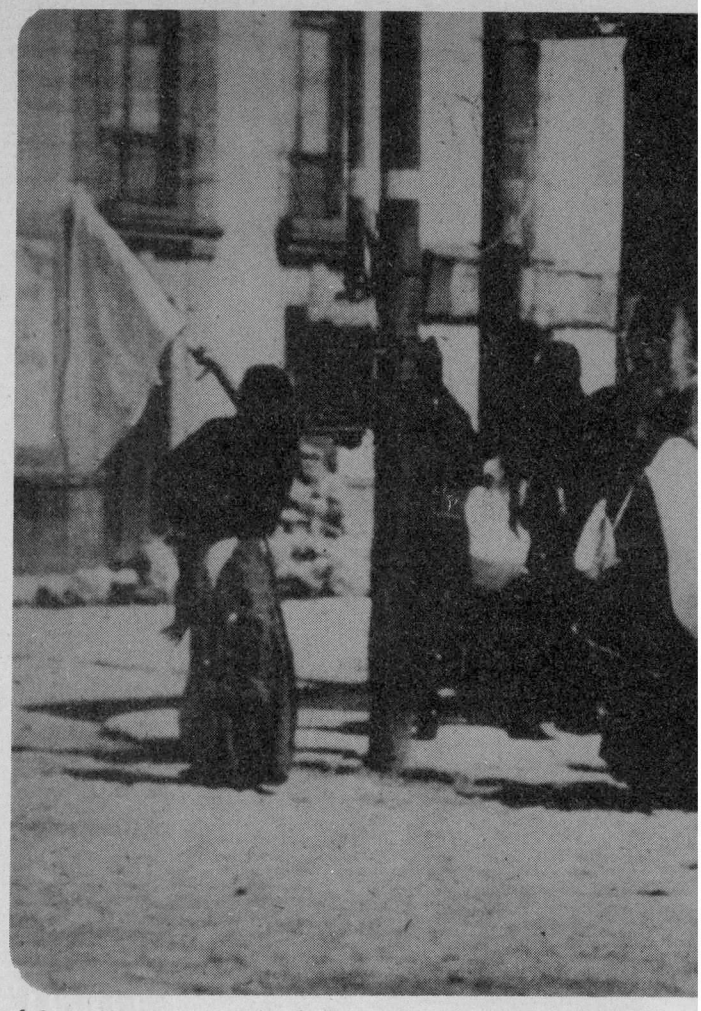
"To be in Cuernavaca now, with the Zapatistas closing in. Oh, Mrs. King, what a thrill, what a story! . . . Danger would never stop me—or you, Mrs. King."

It became very clear that Helene did not need money, prestige, or power. It was the excitement of conflict, the catalyst of change, that drew her from her all too ordered life in Europe to the violence tearing apart Mexican society. Furthermore, since those interests are often those of good newspaper correspondents, especially war correspondents, they provided excellent cover for the clever Helene.

The train arrived safely in Cuernavaca with both Mrs. King and Helene on board. An air of tragedy was everywhere and was disconcerting to Mrs. King, who dearly loved the town and its people. Even the officers seated along the hotel *portal* seemed apathetic—until they saw Helene.

According to Mrs. King, Helene ignored their frank *latino* stares. Only a slight change of color and exag-





A block print of the Belle Vista Hotel from the frontispiece of Rosa King's account of Mexico during the revolution contrasts sharply with the reality of a photo (right) taken in Mexico City during one siege Helene supposedly was

geration in her walk revealed that she was very much aware of them. Taking full advantage of her beauty, the flirtatious Pontipirani soon could be seen riding with the officers of the federal forces. She was willing to exchange companionship, perhaps even sexual favors, for military information which might help the Villista cause.

One time she spent the entire evening in a military camp at El Parque, three hours ride from the Belle Vista Hotel. Mrs. King attributed her "improper" conduct to ignorance of the country's customs. When confronted with its being a primitive country where unchaperoned women did not indulge in such activities as long rides with soldiers, Helene laughed, tossed her head, and declared confidently, "I know what I am doing!" Such unexplained behavior cooled the two women's friendship.

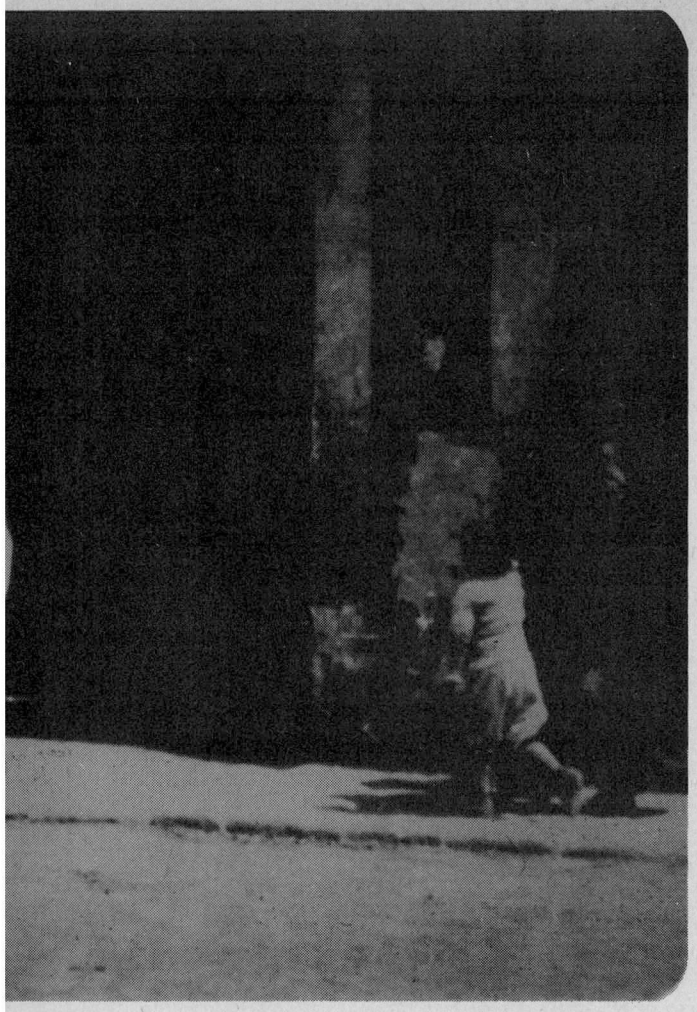
Soon Helene was with the commander general of the area. Perhaps she sensed the unrest and knew her work was complete. She had secured a permit to leave for the north the following day. Before her departure she presented Rosa King with a pistol for her protection. Rosa rejected the offer, demanding instead an explanation for Helene's strange—and seemingly out-of-character—conduct in Cuernavaca. Helene refused but urged the older woman to take the same train she was leaving on if she wanted to get back to Mexico City in the near future. Mrs. King refused, and Helene Pontipirani silently laid the disputed gun on the table and left.

UNAWARE OF WHAT happened after Helene's departure, Mrs. King hurriedly tried to finish her business and make ready for her own departure to Mexico City. When she saw the commanding officer, General Romero, she called him over and innocently requested a return pass on the military train for the next morning.

The haggard general shook his head at the Englishwoman. "Not *manana, senora.*"

"Well, the next day would serve just as well."

"*Ni, tampoco* [not then either]," the general replied. He informed Mrs. King that immediately after Helene Pontipirani's train had passed, the tracks were hopelessly destroyed by a powerful dynamite blast. It was doubtful if they could be repaired any time soon. According to King, "Never before had the enemy been so well informed of the moment to strike." At a time when military reinforcements and supplies were desperately needed, Cuernavaca was cut off from Mex-



covering for French newspapers. Women carried flags of truce while out in search of food.

ico City. They were at the mercy of General Zapata!

Romero's final words were the most terrible of all. "Ah, Senora King, did you not know that the girl you brought among us was a spy sent by the terrible Pancho Villa? It was she who passed the information on to the enemy!"

The only reasons Rosa King was not arrested were her open honesty in running her hotel and the fact that she, too, was trapped in Cuernavaca, awaiting the attack of Zapata. In censorship for her befriending a spy, however, another accomplice of Helene's—a peasant youth—was shot directly in front of Mrs. King's Belle Vista Hotel. The young *campesino* had been caught with Helene's notes to the enemy in his possession. Obviously, many other notes had not been intercepted.

There can be no doubt how dreadful Mrs. King felt about being deceived. She lamented, "Oh, how can I have been so taken in?" In looking back, however, it must have been difficult still to believe the girl, with her exquisite mannerisms, was an adventuress and a spy. Who ever could have suspected her?

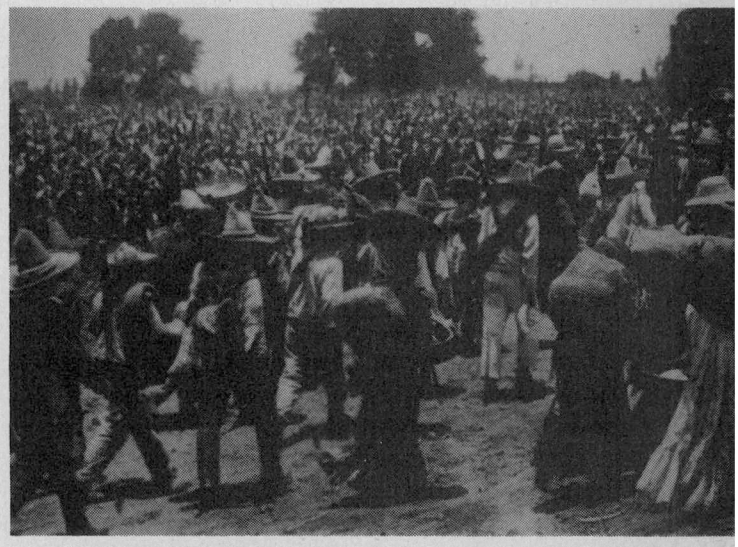
Within days the crimson horde of Zapata's forces circled Cuernavaca, cut off all remaining food supplies, and eventually burned a good part of the city. Along with most of the townspeople, Rosa King, fled with the soldiers in retreat to Tuluca. Eight thousand started the retreat, a death march survived by a mere two thousand.

Little more is known of the wild and reckless girl who charmed Mexico City and obtained valuable information from the officers of Cuernavaca. But that is often the way of spies. They are, perhaps, the unsung heroes of war and politics, for good or evil. Helene had learned the military was short of food and undermanned. She passed that information on to General Zapata, who destroyed the tracks and all hope for Cuernavaca. Yet, Helene was not without feelings. Had she not urged Rosa King to accompany her to Mexico City on what she knew would be the last train from Cuernavaca? And, even after Rosa King refused, Helene left her pistol with the hotel owner, knowing those who remained were in grave danger.

Following the destruction of the rails it was rumored that Helene Pontipirani had paid the price for spying. A beautiful foreign girl, it was said, had been found dead, deep in a rugged *barranca*, placed under the sacred *ceiba* tree. That report proved false, however, when Rosa King much later received a letter from Helene. Apparently the lovely Rumanian had returned safely to the Division of the North and continued to spy for Pancho Villa. When his cause appeared hopeless, she moved on to other areas of political upheaval in Latin America.

Helene Pontipirani asked Mrs. King's pardon for the terrible position in which she had placed the owner of the Belle Vista. She reminded Senora King that she had urged her to leave Cuernavaca. In spite of being a spy responsible for the death of thousands, Helene was still a European aristocrat, a lady of breeding. She had to write to explain her position.

Rosa King never replied.



As the Mexican Army moved from one battlefield to another ***Soldaderas*** compensated for the lack of beasts of burden by transporting camp supplies on their backs.

Courtesy of the South Dakota State Historical Society

Mary
Miss

Mary Clementine Collins

The Hunkpapa Sioux cabin settlement of Flying By was Sitting Bull's home on the Grand River in 1890. The old Sioux medicine man led his band of followers to Canada after the Custer Fight on the Little Big Horn in 1876 but returned to the United States in 1881. In 1883, after two years of imprisonment, he and his family returned to Standing Rock Reservation. Later on, they moved down on the Grand River in what is now South Dakota, built a double log cabin, and commenced raising cattle and chickens.

Approaching that camp in the fall of 1890 was a team and wagon. A Sioux man drove, holding the horses well in hand. A white woman dressed in black was seated alongside. Looking above the collection of crude log houses and to the north they saw brown, grass-covered high hills. South along the river, naked cottonwoods stood shining in the morning sun. Clumps of willow trees clung to their last fall leaves. Beyond the half dozen mud-chinked log cabins, a cluttered village of poor canvas tipis circled a flat, bare area.

Assorted chickens pecked the hard ground, interrupted now and then by a litter of yipping puppies. The chickens fled just out of range of the pups, then resumed their nervous pecking. Scruffy adult dogs indifferently took that all in. Most claimed a place in the sun and ignored the team and wagon rolling into camp.

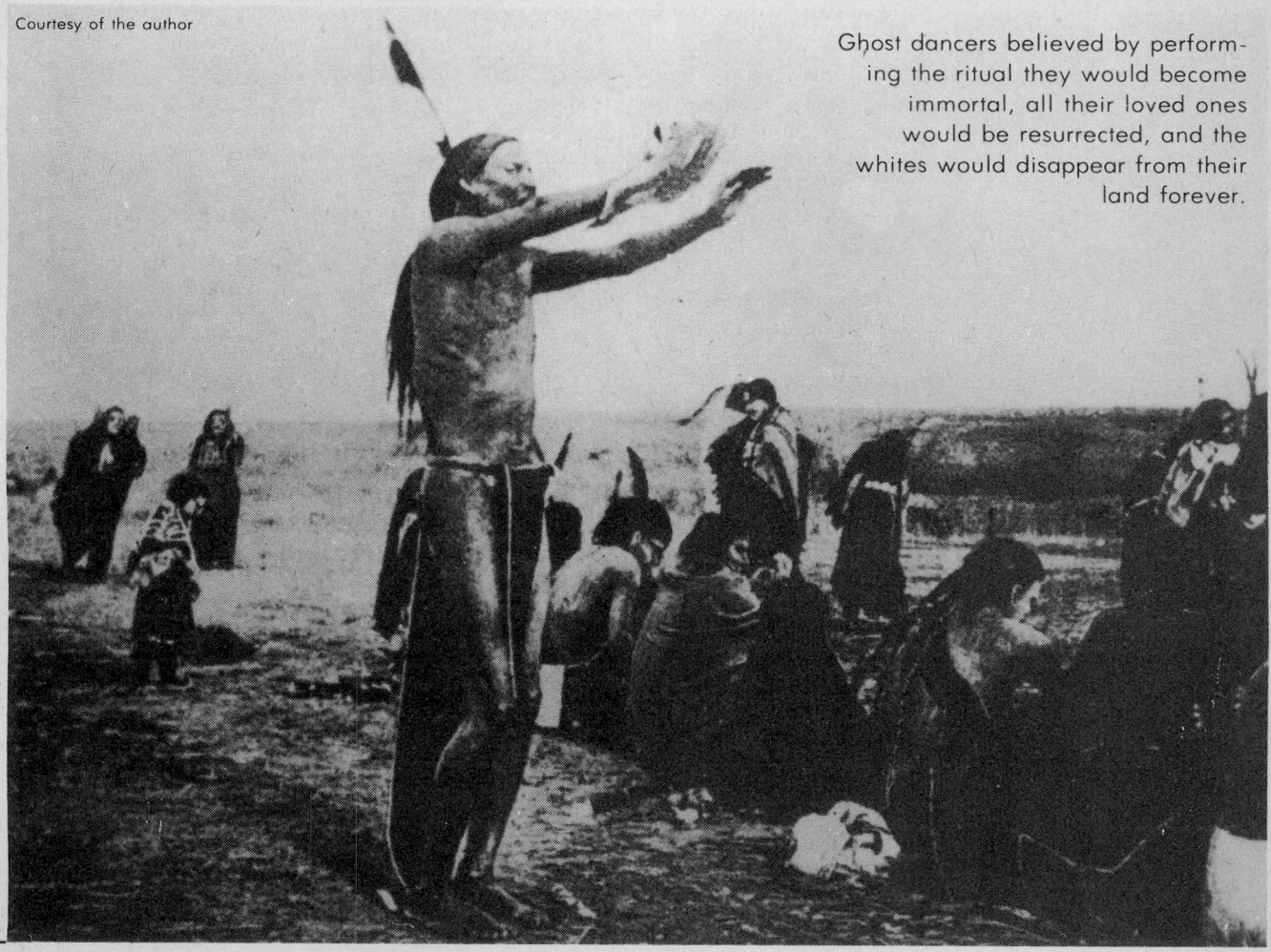
The man and woman looked around and saw a prayer tree—a tall pole decorated with multi-colored flags—rearing defiantly from the ground. Around the tree, the Sioux Ghost Dancers flaunted old-time war dress and paint and feathers. Even the women, each with a white feather tied in her hair, wore paint. Their heads back, they chanted, eyes fixed on the sun. Others stood around the dance circle, colorful shawls pulled over their heads against the morning chill.

The Ghost Dance medicine man Kicking Bear had carried the new religion to the desperate people at Sitting Bull's Grand River camp in October 1890. The Ghost Dance religion taught that the Messiah had come to earth again, this time as an Indian. He would resurrect all important things, the buffalo and antelope, relatives and friends. For many Sioux, these

Clementine Collins: onary to the Sioux

By LARRY D. UNDERWOOD

Courtesy of the author



Ghost dancers believed by performing the ritual they would become immortal, all their loved ones would be resurrected, and the whites would disappear from their land forever.

were exciting, hopeful days.

Mary Clementine Collins, the woman in the wagon, a Christian missionary, did not like what she saw. Continuing on, the wagon creaked toward the new outstation on the site of Sitting Bull's village. She came to lead mission services and worship Jesus Christ, not this Indian Christ that promised to raise up dead Indians, buffalo, antelope, and deer.

Mary Collins' Christian services that morning drew only a few Sioux. Outside, the Ghost Dancers continued, their chanting growing louder. Collins recalled later the crude way the converts sang "Nearer My God to Thee" amid the chanting and screaming of the dancers at the prayer tree. "You could scarcely hear anything," she remembered.

After the services, she found the lodge of Sitting Bull, who was himself conducting ceremonies. Its entrance was guarded. She asked to be admitted. One of the young men ducked inside, then returned, refusing to admit her. "Not at this time," Sitting Bull had said. He performed a ritual. She understood but replied that she "wished most earnestly to talk with him."

She drew a deep sigh and waited patiently as a half hour came and went. When Sitting Bull finally asked for her, she ducked inside. He sat at the rear of the lodge behind a cool fire. With a motion of his hand, he directed her to circle to the right.

She had visited this council lodge before. Now, as then, she shook his left hand with her left hand. That earlier time, she tried to talk him out of the Ghost Dance, warning that "he might deceive a few Indians and a few white people, but that God could not be deceived." The old leader listened, full of wonder and interest. And she told him, solemnly, "My friend, I fear the time will come when you will remember with sorrow your work this day."

Since that earlier meeting, matters had worsened. A thousand dancers crowded Sitting Bull's village. The U.S. Army at Fort Yates flaunted weapons, intimidating the Sioux at the agency for ration allotments. That only excited Sitting Bull and his followers, fanning the flames of fear in their hearts. The Sioux stopped visiting the trading posts; they stopped working on the little farms; and they stopped sending their children to school.

Now Collins waited near Sitting Bull. He resumed his rites, ignoring her presence. She sat silent and thinking. After a while, he asked her to speak.

"MY BROTHER," she began, "you are ruining your people; you are deceiving them and you know that you are. Go out and send them home," she pleaded, "before the soldiers come."

A smile softened the lines of his hard face and he shook his head. "My sister, I cannot do what you require. I have gone too far; they will laugh at me."

She seemed almost content with that response, but then she said, "Sitting Bull, you know you do not believe these things that you are telling your people; you know that the Indians have not risen from the death out in the White Mountains and that the buffalo and deer and your favorite hunting dogs are not alive again; you know that you are deceiving your people who have always trusted you."

Collins paused, then added, her voice firm, "The law orders you to go to Fort Yates and you must obey.

Courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology

Ghost Dance shirts varied in design. The shirt above, from an unnamed tribe, is made of leather with a profusion of ornamentation. The Sioux shirts, right, were made of white muslin and sparsely decorated with symbols of the heavenly elements, eagles, or sage-hens.

Courtesy of the National Archives

Kicking Bear, a militant medicine man of the Cheyenne River agency in South Dakota, was instrumental in introducing the Ghost Dance cult to the Sioux at Sitting Bull's camp on Standing Rock reservation.

You must go and talk with the officials there and tell them that you will have this dance cease. Otherwise the soldiers will come and kill all of your people. Your best warriors and men will be shot and the families will go unprovided for, and you, Sitting Bull, will be responsible for this terrible calamity. You must," she insisted, "send the people home."

As she spoke, the chanting outside grew louder and annoyed her even more. Sitting Bull's eyes left her face and rested on the fire until she finished. He remained a time in thought, then spoke, saying, "I cannot do it, my sister but you do it. Tell them Sitting Bull said it."

Collins got to her feet, nodded to him, and walked around the fire and out of the big lodge. Outside a cold wind skipped dust through the dancers. She flew into the dance circle, scolding dancers as she pushed by them. They ignored her, continuing their chant: "The whole world is coming,/A Nation is coming, a nation is coming." One of the dancers apparently fainted and fell suddenly to the ground. It was Sitting Bull's son, Louis. He looked unconscious, but Collins stooped, took him by the shoulders, and shook him, scolding him so that all heard. "Louis, get up, you are not unconscious, you are not ill; get up and help me to send these people home."

The crowd hushed and silent seconds slipped by. Louis grinned and his eyes opened wide. Slowly he climbed to his feet and looked around at the dancers. They began to scatter, leaving the dance circle.

Until the sun fell away that evening, Louis Sitting Bull and Mary Collins packed the Sioux Dancers into their wagons and started them toward their homes.

THAT VISIT to Sitting Bull's lodge was Mary Collins' last. Shortly before dawn on a frosty December 15, 1890, Sitting Bull was shot to death outside his cabin at Flying By. Collins always believed she was the last white person to see the great man alive.

The intrigue surrounding Sitting Bull's untimely death has been the subject of investigation, but what of this highly-educated, Christian woman living among the Sioux? Who was Mary Collins?

Mary Clementine Collins, born in Upper Alton, Illinois, on April 18, 1846, moved with her family to the newly chartered city of Keokuk, Iowa, before her second birthday. A Sunday school teacher at Keokuk's First Congregational Church often told Mary's class, "I believe one of you will be a missionary, and so I think we will always pray to God to bless the one who is to be the Missionary." When old enough, Mary attended Ripon College in Wisconsin and earned a master's degree.

Back in Keokuk by 1872, Mary taught school. In 1875, she and a teacher friend, Emmarette Whipple, applied for a mission in Micronesia. But repeated bouts with pneumonia made Mary a poor health risk. Finally, the society assigned Collins and Whipple to a mission among the Indians of Dakota Territory. She refused. Her mind was made up; she would not work among "those horrid Indians."

When Mary heard an Indian missionary, Nina Foster Riggs, speak, however, her mind was changed. Collins and Whipple rode a train to Chicago, joined missionaries Thomas and Nina Foster Riggs, and departed for Yankton, Dakota Territory. From there, they traveled by horse-drawn wagon through Santee, Nebraska, and on to Fort Sully. They arrived November 10, 1875, and went to work for the American Board, or the American Missionary Association.

Mary promised herself she would stay among the Indians for ten years only. From 1875 to 1885, she worked at the Oahe Mission in the Peoria Bottom of the Missouri River, an area one visitor called "a treeless waste under a scorching sun." The Indian language came almost instinctively to her, it seemed. Her Sioux assistant, Elizabeth Winyan, helped, too, and before long Mary conducted classes in the Sioux language, teaching day school and high school to all ages. Her knowledge of medicine helped her with the families. She claimed it was "more important to gain

the friendship and love of some family than to teach a child in school."

For Mary Collins, the family visits were enjoyable but tiring. Of an 1876 visit, she wrote,

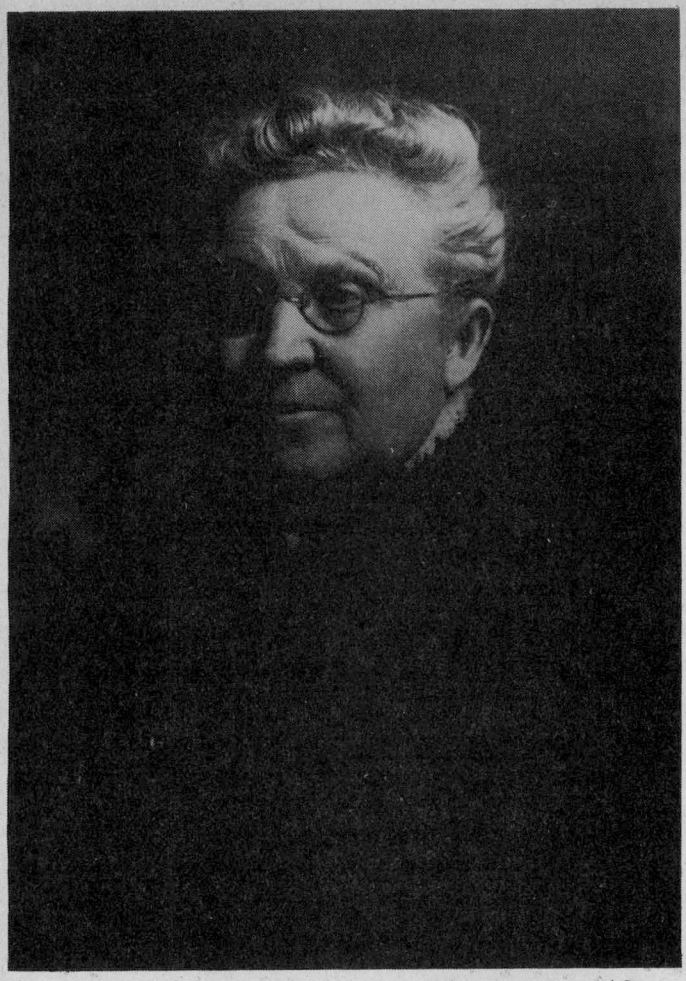
It is a lovely afternoon. The walk is a delightful one and we soon reach it [a village]. The great number of dogs around each cabin would lead one to think the Dakota people held them sacred. In the first house we enter, we find a mother sitting on the bed, beading moccasins for her husband. Her little sick child is beside her, amusing himself with a clay horse which some of his playmates have made for him. On a blanket in one corner of the room sits another woman; she is a stranger. After leaving crackers for the sick child, promising medicine to another, and exchanging a few words, we go on . . . I frequently walked so much through the day, that at night I was too tired to sleep, and often I was so discouraged that I would lie awake to plan some more effective way of reaching the People.

When Mary's tenth year with the Indians rolled around, she had no intention of leaving them. So much had happened. Emmarette Whipple died after two years at the mission. Mary realized more than ever

Courtesy of the U.S. Signal Corps

Sitting Bull (right) maintained supreme power over his people until his death on December 15, 1890. Indian agent James McLaughlin, fearing a possible uprising, sent his Indian police to Sitting Bull's cabin at Flying By (below) to arrest the great chief. Sitting Bull resisted arrest and was killed along with his teenage son and six of his bodyguards.

Courtesy of the author



Courtesy of the South Dakota State Historical Society

Mary Collins was preacher, teacher, medicine woman, and social worker to the Sioux at Standing Rock Reservation. She was a dedicated battler for the Indian cause until forced by ill health to retire.

that this was *her* mission, *her* duty in life. And the Sioux loved her. To them she was *Wenonah*, or *Princess*, a name of honor.

In December 1885, she moved north to Little Eagle Station on the Grand River at the Standing Rock Reservation. Her headquarters became a "square, frame cottage" about ten miles from Sitting Bull's home. Her mission covered an area eighty miles long and forty miles wide.

Sitting Bull showed up at Mary Collins' house not long after she arrived. Together they discussed her mission among his people. She would teach the children to read and write, she told him. He liked that. He was particularly pleased that she was a medicine woman. He hoped, though, that she would not interfere with the customs and dances of his people.

Collins liked Sitting Bull, too. She detected "some very indefinable power which could not be resisted by his own people or even others who came in contact with him." He was "always so tender, gracious and invariably sweet," she wrote.

Sitting Bull and his people had lived near Little Eagle for two years. They liked Mary because she knew them and had "a working knowledge of the language." She remembered, "As a 'Medicine woman' I was welcomed among them. As with the Indians that Medicine man and the High Priest are one, it was not hard for them to accept me as a religious teacher also." So Mary Collins came to Sitting Bull's people as a preacher, teacher, medicine woman, and social worker.

But Collins did not limit her horizons. During the winter of 1886, she toured Ohio, Washington, D.C., and the Boston area, fulfilling speaking engagements over twenty-nine consecutive days.

Dedicated to the Indian cause, she wrote material for the Dakota Mission paper, *Iapi Oaye [The Word Carrier]*, a monthly publication. She complained when a young man was arrested for drinking whiskey. "Ten or fifteen years in the Penitentiary would help those white men who bring whiskey on the Reservation." At the request of the U.S. Indian Commissioner, she wrote, "Practical Suggestions on Indian Affairs." Critical of the poor choice of interpreters and doctors sent by the government among the Indians, she warned, "We must place before him [the Indian] as his teachers our best men and women if we would have a high type of manhood develop."

She opposed the government's 1887 order to change school instruction from the Sioux language to English. That same year, she wrote of the government dole: "Twenty more years of beggards with no sense of shame. They are hungry."

On July 22, 1891, Collins was appointed and commissioned postmaster at Oahe. On October 30, 1899, she was formally ordained a minister in the Congregational Church. Her ordination carried with it the duties of superintendent of the Standing Rock Mission Field.

AFTER LEAVING the Dakotas, she was forced into retirement by poor health. She joined a sister in Keokuk and spoke often for the American Missionary Association. For a while during 1919, Mary served as minister of her home church, the First Congregational Church in Keokuk. That summer she became ill but enjoyed a brief recovery in the fall. Following a relapse she was bed-ridden until her death on Tuesday, May 25, 1920. She was buried in Keokuk.

The Reverend Mary Clementine Collins, who parleyed as an equal with the legendary Sitting Bull, was respected by the Sioux because of her courage, admired by them because she taught self-sufficiency, and loved by them because she believed in them. She once wrote, "I plead for these people. They are Americans with American ancestry. They have the true American pride of country."

John C. Borst, Manuscript Curator at South Dakota's Historical Resource Center, wrote in the winter of 1982 that Mary Collins "had the ability, rare among whites of her day, to see the Indian problems from the Indian point of view."

She was a great lady, living among a magnificent people in a remarkable time. She served her God, the Sioux, and her country well.

The Diary of Bertha

The following is an account of my mother, Bertie Picard's, 1895–97 journey from her home in Montreal, Canada, to Caldwell, Idaho. She stopped for lengthy visits with relatives in Kansas and Wyoming.

Bertie was a teacher in a country school near Montreal. When she developed a serious heart condition as a young woman, her doctor advised a long rest. He suggested, too, that the clear air of the West might be beneficial. She made the long journey by rail, buckboard, and stagecoach, accompanied by her beloved violin, which she writes of often in this narrative as if it were a treasured friend, which indeed it was.

Being an accomplished artist, she drew sketches of landscapes, shrubs, and people as she traveled west. In her original scrapbook, which, being ninety years old, has partially disintegrated, she wrote of her adventures and penciled her sketches.

—Kathleen Moss

From Montreal, Canada, to Bellaire, Kansas, U.S.A.

I left Montreal on November 9th, 1895, at 10:25 P.M., on the through west bound train known as the "Big 5" (Grand Trunk Line). That first night was the hardest part of my journey. The road was the roughest I had to pass over. Sleep was altogether out of the question. When I sat upright on the seat, I was jolted back and forward, right and left, in the worst manner. If I tried to lie down, I was in danger

Picard, 1895-97

By KATHLEEN MOSS
Photos Courtesy of the Author

of being jolted to the floor. I soon gave up trying to do either and spent the night "righting" myself.

As soon as day began to dawn, I forgot all about the discomforts of traveling, for beautiful Lake Ontario was lying close beside us. It was so blue with its waves just rippling, and the clouds rising from its opposite shore were touched with the rays of the rising sun. I forgot to be tired. I felt proud of our Great Lakes.

At Toronto we made our first prolonged stop, and that was only long enough to have breakfast. It was here I noticed a new passenger. He was short, with a wrinkled weather-beaten face, small twinkling brown eyes, and hair turning grey. But it was his mouth which attracted attention. It opened and shut as regularly as the pendulum of a clock sways back and forth, about a dozen times a minute. He uttered no sound at all, but the regular opening and closing went on mile after mile. I had scraped an acquaintance early in the morning with a young lady who was returning to her home in Minneapolis. She also was traveling alone, and together we secretly watched our queer fellow traveller. We wondered if it was a habit or if he was afflicted with some uncommon disease which affected him in that way (and I am wondering over it yet).

We did not guess that before the ending of the day we would think his brown, wrinkled face almost handsome and the perpetual motion [of his] mouth just "all right." Yet this was the case, for he proved to be a friend in need. At Hamilton, when we changed cars, we were both laden down with baggage (a mistake which I shall be careful not to repeat). While we were trying to load on to another car, our friend came bravely to the rescue. His big, sinewy hands grasped those heavy valises, and all we had to do was to follow. When we reached the platform, he told us everything we needed to know and then led us into the right car. He selected the best seat, stowed our baggage, and finally placed himself just across the aisle. He smiled down on us complacently, and opened and shut his mouth without saying anything.

That day's travel we enjoyed. The country from Hamilton to Sarnia was very picturesque with hills and valleys, great rocks and crystal streams, and towns discovering themselves when one least expects them. I thought of the description of the "Grossachs" given by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," and surely that description might apply to western Ontario. Our body-guard across the aisle pointed out the prettiest spots and gave short bits of history, then shut his mouth in the most determined manner and immediately opened it again.

Before we reached Sarnia, he inquired about our trunks. I had had mine examined in Montreal, but the young lady who was with me had not. He immediately asked for her checks, explaining that he was a customs official. He left the car, and in about three minutes was back again with his eyes twinkling as he confidentially told us he had "run them in." In passing through the tunnel from Sarnia to Port Huron, the baggage in the car was examined by a short, thin, spare little man, with a bent nose and a fringe of grey whiskers which skirted each side of his face and met under his chin. He spoke a shrill English accent. He came down the car, leaving confusion in his wake. When he reached our seat, he had hardly repeated the formula, which he had made use of about two dozen times already, when a significant pull at his coat caused him to turn to our body-guard. "Oh!" said he, "some of your folks?" "Yes," replied our friend, "and those black valises at the end of the car belong to us." So the earthquake upheaval did not reach our belongings.

At Port Huron, our friend bade us farewell with a few pointers about the transfer at Chicago, and very reluctantly we watched him leave the car. In a few minutes he was back at the car door to wave an adieu, and while we were acknowledging to each other the loss of a mutual friend, a tap at the window caused us to turn just in time, as the train moved on, to see the object of our talk lift his hat and open and shut his mouth.

WE REACHED Chicago at 9:30 that evening, and there my traveling companion and I separated. I was taking the Rock Island Transfer and leaving the city at 10:10 o'clock that evening. The next morning found us at Rock Island, where we were detained an hour and a half waiting for a train which had been wrecked in a line south of us. The country had now begun to assume a Western appearance. It

was more level, with fewer trees.

About this time an old lady, who sat in the seat behind me, began to get inquisitive and asked if I had come from Chicago. She and John had been visiting their daughter, Mary, in Chicago, she said. Mary had married a professor in one of the high schools in Chicago. In a very short space of time I knew all about the manners and condition of each member of the family. Her genealogical discourse was interrupted by a traveler [salesman] for gloves. He occupied the seat beside me and wished very much to ask me what was in my violin box. (I could not tell how often I was asked that question on the route, and I am wondering yet what they supposed should or would be in a violin case.) He proved quite a comical and interesting talker, but at the first large town he left me. When we reached Kansas City about ten o'clock that night, where I changed cars again, he stowed me safely into the westbound train, and I said good-bye to another friend.

ALL NIGHT we traveled with scarcely a stop, and a very anxious night it was for me for I felt my strength fast leaving me. In the early morning I went to the window. There was no doubt but that we were "West" now and "right in it." We were passing through vast rolling prairies, with here and there a creek, along which usually grew crooked, stunted trees. There was nothing else to rest the eye, save perhaps a farm house with a very small barn beside it, and an immense corn field in the background. At about seven o'clock that morning I reached Bellaire, Kansas, weary and travel worn. The sun rose bright and warm, and the air, to me, seemed so very pure.

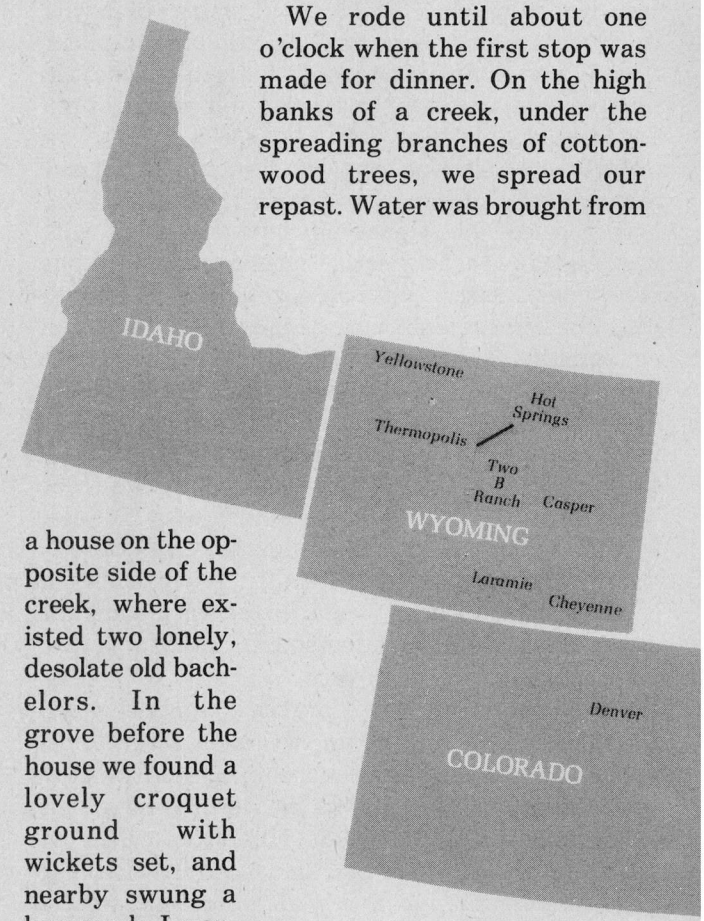
The next day the reaction set in and "Charon," the grim boatman, paddled his barque very close to my door. But the "Ruler of the Universe" motioned him away, and I came swiftly back in health to enjoy Kansas sunshine, the hearty welcome of people, and to be rocked to sleep at night by the fitful wind. It always brings to my mind the familiar song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

A Short Pleasure Trip in Kansas

There were six of us who left Bellaire, Kansas, on Friday morning, June 19th, 1896, at about 10:30 o'clock on pleasure bent. The day seemed made to order. True, old Sol's smile was so warm that it might have raised the cuticle from the backs of our necks and the tips of our noses, had they been exposed. But besides the luxury of having a cover to our carriage, the feminine portion of the party wore the regulation Kansas headdress, huge sunbonnets, most terribly and fearfully made.

Certain laws, to ensure good conduct on the trip, were unanimously passed and their penalties set. The principal law was regarding grumbling, and the penalty for its transgression was very severe. The offender was to be hurried from the carriage into the first creek we came to, which might contain enough water to generate a family of polywogs, and there left a prey for the aforesaid voracious animals. These laws were to be as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians.

We rode until about one o'clock when the first stop was made for dinner. On the high banks of a creek, under the spreading branches of cottonwood trees, we spread our repast. Water was brought from a house on the opposite side of the creek, where existed two lonely, desolate old bachelors. In the grove before the house we found a lovely croquet ground with wickets set, and nearby swung a hammock. I wondered which of the denizens had the passion for croquet, and which lay in the hammock and philosophized on the future? Just then they were doing neither, but were industriously promenading up and down the rows of an immense cornfield which made a picturesque background for the domestic scene.

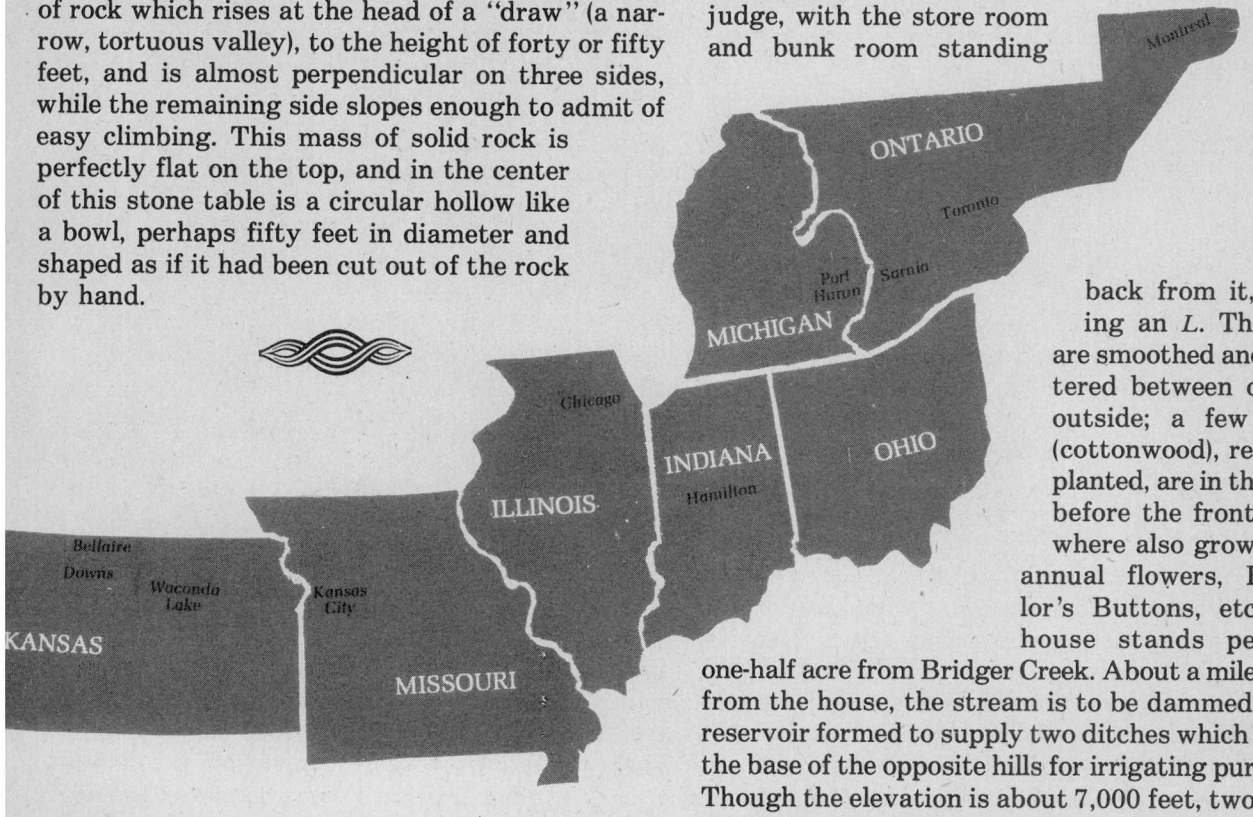


Dinner over, we proceeded on our way, and the early evening found us at Downs, a pretty little town on the banks of the Solomon River. This very muddy stream would never be mistaken for a river by a Canadian. (The Americans do not always call a spade a spade.)

We had got all our paraphernalia in the town, but

this only served as ornamentation for our carriage, for the fish wouldn't bite. Of course they wouldn't! How could they when the water was so dirty they could not find the bait? A bonfire was built by the river's brink, and coffee, equaled only by that made by Brome Lake (where we had so often picnicked near my home in Canada), was made. Supper could not have disappeared more quickly had there been half a dozen Indian conjurers; and then, reclining comfortably in our hammocks with the muddy river gurgling by, and the clear, pure air with that indescribable freshness peculiar to Kansas, we related stories to each other and would not have given a continental if the fish were yawning for our bait.

THE NEXT day we visited the famous "Waconda" or "Great Spirit Springs." They are without doubt the greatest natural curiosity I have yet seen. It is hard to believe that the hand of man has had nothing to do with the shaping of the immense mass of rock which rises at the head of a "draw" (a narrow, tortuous valley), to the height of forty or fifty feet, and is almost perpendicular on three sides, while the remaining side slopes enough to admit of easy climbing. This mass of solid rock is perfectly flat on the top, and in the center of this stone table is a circular hollow like a bowl, perhaps fifty feet in diameter and shaped as if it had been cut out of the rock by hand.



Description of the Two B Ranch
in the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming
and
A Glimpse of Northern Wyoming in 1896

One hundred miles northwest from Casper, Wyoming, the terminus of the Elkhorn and Northwestern Railroad, and about seventy-five miles from Yellowstone National Park, in a long narrow valley in the heart of that wonderful hill country, is situated the Two B Ranch, owned by my Uncle Dave Picard and a Mr. Peterson. Uncle Dave (he had met me at Casper) and I, in his buckboard, entered the valley through a natural gate. The road clings close to the base of the right hand hill which rises in places to about one hundred feet. Below the road runs Bridger Creek, and on the other side are the "everlasting hills" again. After this natural gate is passed, the valley widens on both sides of the creek, until, almost a mile from the entrance, it measures three-fourths of a mile in width, and is almost level, but slanting toward the stream in the middle. Willows often grow by the stream, but not a tree adorns these many-colored hills.

About forty miles from the valley's entrance, we reached the ranch house. The sun was setting and the hills threw long, irregularly shaped, fantastic looking shadows across the valley. The house was a large, roomy, comfortable log building, forty by twenty-five feet, I should judge, with the store room and bunk room standing back from it, making an *L*. The logs are smoothed and plastered between on the outside; a few trees (cottonwood), recently planted, are in the yard before the front door, where also grow some annual flowers, Bachelor's Buttons, etc. The house stands perhaps one-half acre from Bridger Creek. About a mile north from the house, the stream is to be dammed and a reservoir formed to supply two ditches which follow the base of the opposite hills for irrigating purposes. Though the elevation is about 7,000 feet, two crops of alfalfa are raised each summer. On the north of the house lies a tilled field and the vegetable garden. The cattle, 800 head, are ranged north from the ranch; 600 head were shipped east last fall.

Northeast, about seventy-five miles, is the [Buffalo Bill] Cody Ranch, an immense, irrigated farm employing numerous hands. In somewhat the same direction is the M Bar Ranch, owned by eastern capitalists. Lost Cabin, a Post Office, lies twenty miles east. The National Park (Yellowstone) is about seventy-five miles northwest in a direct line from the

Two B Ranch, but, it being impossible for an outfit to travel very far over those hills, a circuit is usually made, making the distance one hundred and fifty miles. Thermopolis (Post Office, General Store, and a Blacksmith Shop) occurs not too far distant from the Two B.

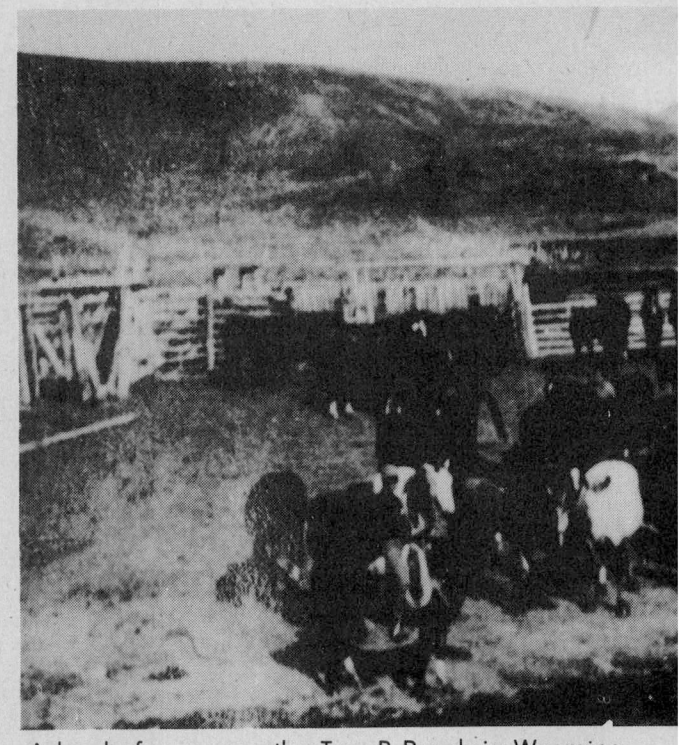
The Big Horn Hot Springs, a mineral springs of great medicinal value, is thirty-five miles northwest from the ranch. Here, every summer come numerous travelers to bathe in its healing waters, and, like the Pilgrims to "La Bonne Saint Anne," leave canes and crutches and also any surplus weight, for the springs are as great a reducer of flesh as are Turkish baths.

As the springs are on the Arapaho reservation, no buildings are allowed. Therefore, the seekers after health and pleasure, like the Arabs of old, carry their tents with them. A hotel made of sagebrush interlaced between poles and pickets, and with the roof thatched with the same material does not come under the ban of being a house, and so does a thriving business on a very small capital. A blacksmith shop attends to the outfits, which usually need treatment after one hundred miles or so of travel over the hills. Thus, during the summer a miniature town rises into existence and the lovely old hills catch a glimpse of throbbing, restless human life, only to lose the mirage at the first approach of the early fall.

If a hard substance is put into the water of the springs for a few days, over it will be formed a thick snow-white covering of silica which will not wear off unless roughly handled. The water, as it evaporates, deposits the mineral with which it is charged, on the rocks over which it flows. This hardens into fantastic, glistening shapes. At a falls some distance from the source, huge icicles of silica hang from the rock like crystal curtains. This spring is very similar to some of those so often described in the Yellowstone Park. The water where it issues from a rock in a high, perpendicular hill is boiling hot. If "Poor Lo" [the Indian] only possessed the Yankee shrewdness, he might make a good thing out of nature's freaks in this region.

Deer, elk, antelope, bear and wolves are abundant, while the coyote is seen slinking around everywhere at any time. This country is, by nature, meant for grazing. Frequently, the long, narrow valleys, which form the courses of mountain streams may be irrigated from these streams, and splendid crops and some vegetables raised. But the innumerable, broken ranges of hills, hills, hills everywhere on every side until they melt their tops into the sky cannot be used for aught else.

The coloring of this country cannot be imagined correctly. One must see it. It gives to the stranger a sense of strangeness and weirdness, and the immensity of the scene deepens that feeling. I will try to give a dim idea by describing the coloring of a single hill. The base may be red, a dark, rich, brick red; the next layer is gray; the line where the two colors meet is clear and well defined, not blending into each other, not irregular or jagged. Then may come a layer of lighter and brighter red, then blue, next drab, then yellow, and then, perhaps, gray or red again. These colors are repeated in any order in thousands of hills, until distance softens and blends the colors with those of earth and sky. I have seen a perfect rhomboid of pretty light blue on the almost perpendicular face of a red hill. The work nature has done here is enough to make an agent for paints and colors turn green with envy. I first visited the ranch in August when the small bunches of short grass on which the cattle and sheep thrive had lost their color or were cured (not dead, for the substance remains in it all through the winter), but to me it appeared wilted and shriveled, and this gave the ground more chance to show its colors. Sagebrush grows abundantly and is sometimes so high that it resembles a small tree.

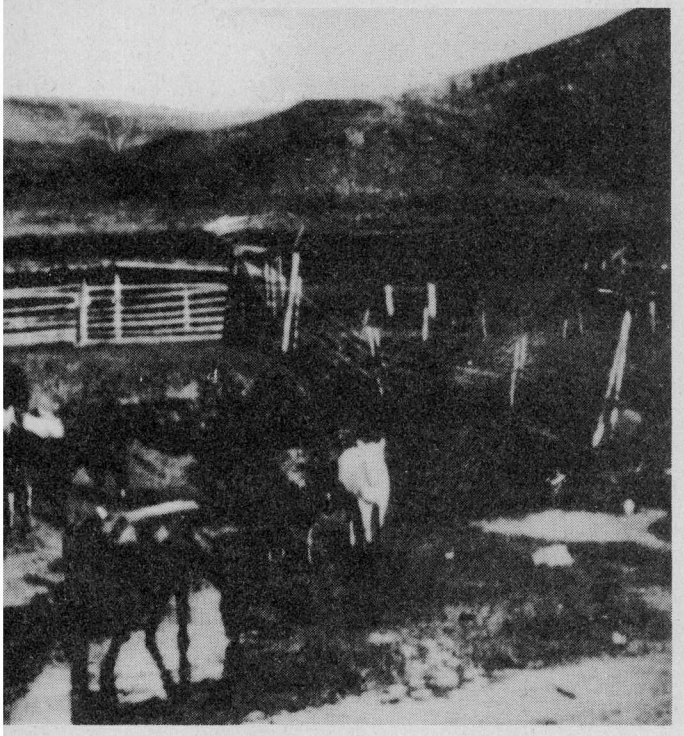


A herd of mares on the Two B Ranch in Wyoming.

PERHAPS HERE I should say something of the inhabitants of this, to me, strange land. The cowboys are especially interesting. We have read so much of his bravery, his strength, his fierce rugged beauty. I should relate some romantic incident of his gallantry to women, etc. But that ground has been gone over again and again in better style than I could do it, and besides, I have no adventure to relate. I was not brave enough or reckless enough

to court danger to prove to the world that a "dashing horseman with fierce mustaches" would at the supreme moment rise up from nowhere in particular, and "snatch me from the jaws of death." I could not trust to fiction that such a rescuer would materialize if I got myself into a "fix."

I found them, with my small experience, much the same as other men, but kinder and with larger hearts. Humanity is much the same the world over, and yet in some ways the cowboy is very different. He has unique traits developed, no doubt, by his special calling. His wit is inimitable; it is his own. His phrases are peculiar and would sound unearthly and unintelligible if used in ordinary city or country life. He adapts words to suit his needs. His dress



is striking—leather chaps with the hair used as fringe down the side of the leg; wide, gray, soft felt hat; pistol and cartridge belt hung loosely around his waist; the inevitable bright colored silk handkerchief around his throat. But all this paraphernalia is necessary in his work and life.

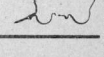
His generosity is proverbial—I can testify as to that. A cowboy would share his last piece of "Battle Axe Plug" tobacco with a comrade, and he would also appropriate that comrade's best pair of boots (if they are strictly new, so much the better), and the chances are that the owner will never own those boots again. He always drinks strong whiskey, but seemingly is never drunk. He is not always round shouldered, but usually walks in a slouchy, dragging manner, as if his high-heeled boots cannot be managed out of the stirrups. His hands are crooked and knotty with toil, and his face is always a brownish red.

A lock used on any trunk or cupboard in their cabins would be considered an offense to the whole fraternity and an unspoken challenge to find out what was inside. I am not drawing any inferences, of course. Their regard for sacred things has not been developed according to our ideas. It was told of an Indian battlefield, not far distant from the ranch, which for years proved a veritable bonanza for these brave "boys." That Indian tribe buried their fallen braves in niches in the rocks after first having carefully wrapped each in his blanket. These blankets are said to be very warm and will hold water. The irreverent cowboys found that they could make use of them as saddle-blankets, and so forth. When the dead warriors were found by some members of the tribe, "shivering" in their niches, other blankets were immediately brought. How could an Indian be happy and comfortable, even in the traditional "hunting grounds" without his blanket? Again and again the sacrilegious cowboys took the goods the "Gods" provided.

It has been told to me that the cowboy's speech is made impressive by many and peculiar oaths, but I, being a woman, never heard, in all my two month's stay in their midst, a profane word from their lips. Their respect for women is almost a reverence, and, when addressing one, their manner reminded me of nothing more than an overgrown schoolboy on his good behavior. They will receive an introduction with a bow that is an obeisance, and answer "Yes, ma'am" and No, ma'am." But woe to the one, even a woman, who in the remotest way tries to laugh at him. The tables will be quickly and dexterously turned and the assaulter will be covered with confusion. The cowboy is sensitive and feels keenly an implied sting, but his natural sharpness always makes him master of the situation. Among themselves, practical joking is a fine art.

The cowboy cannot be patronized. Every breath of pure mountain air he breathes instills into him the meaning of freedom, independence and patriotism. That noble bird, the American Eagle, realizes that such men are its prop and stay, and the knowledge refreshes the royal bird in its weary vigil as it sits over the Stars and Stripes, with one eye on Cuba and the other on Hawaii.

E. Pluribus Unum



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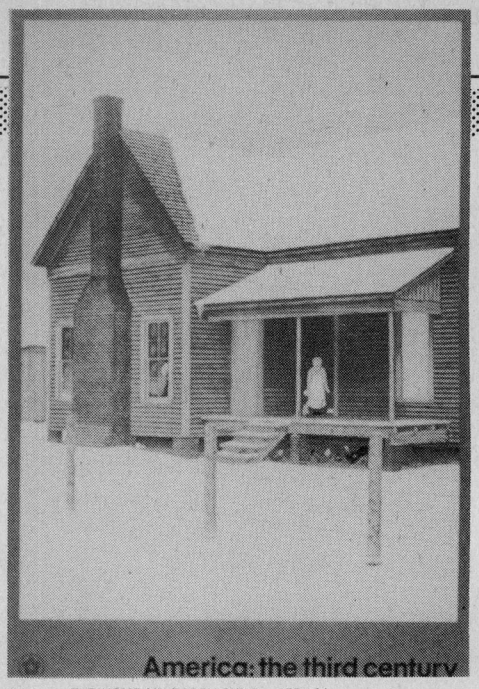
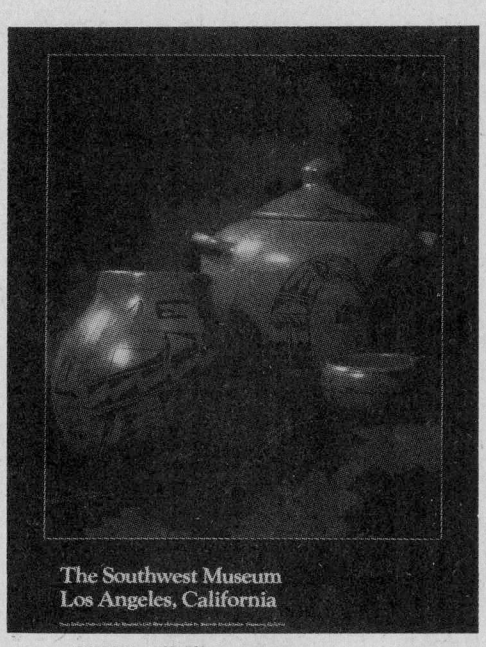
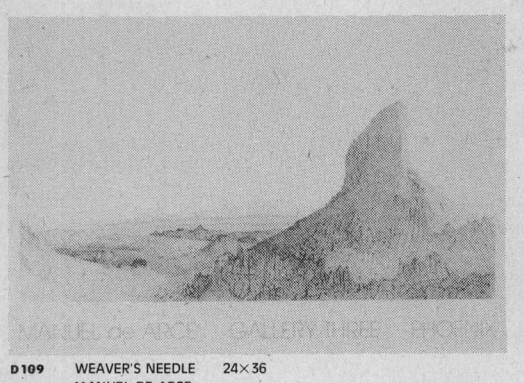


W58 THE HOME MY DADDY BUILT 35×24
WARD

S106



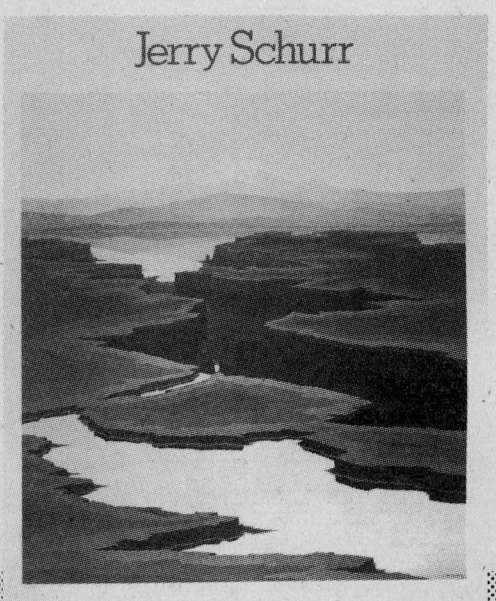
H86 POTTERY 25x39
HOPI INDIAN (photograph)



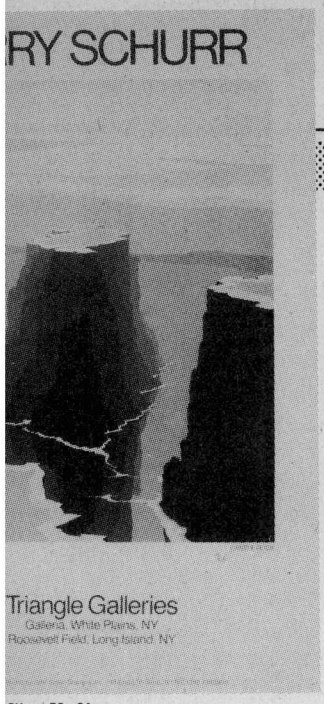
D109 WEAVER'S NEEDLE 24×36
MANUEL DE ARCE

O21 SERIES 1 - NO. 1 39×24¼
GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

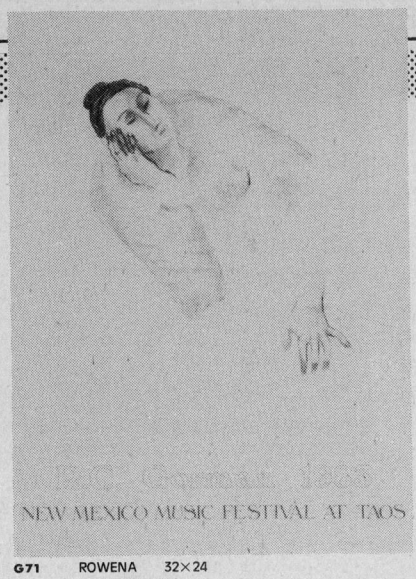
O28 JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT II 39¼×24
GEORGIA O'KEEFFE



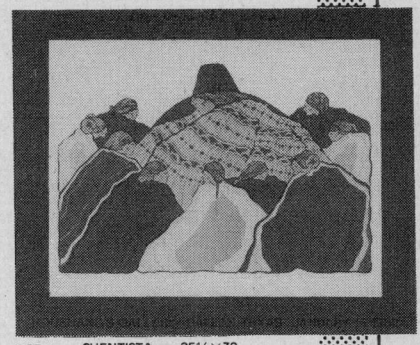
S44 SHADOW LAKE 39½×29½
JERRY SCHURR



CK 36×24
URR



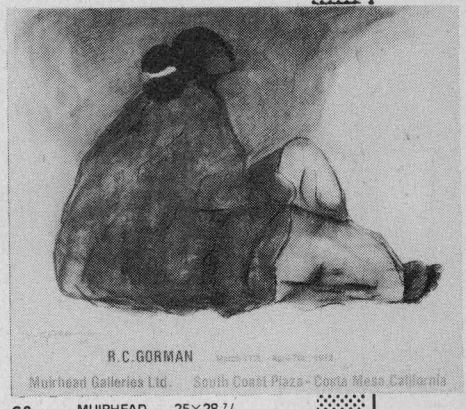
G71 ROWENA 32×24
R.C. GORMAN



P57 CUENTISTA 25½×32
AMADO MAURILIO PENA

RED HILLS 19×24
RGIA O'KEEFFE

P86 MESTIZOS 24×30
AMADO MAURILIO PENA



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Madonnas of the Trail

By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy of the Author

Monuments in themselves mean nothing—their import rests in the mental image they create. Thus it is that those who observe the Madonna of the Trail are compelled to ponder the fortitude and perseverance exemplified so vividly in the inspiring statue before them. It is a portrayal of the Frontier Woman.

There are twelve identical Madonnas, one in each of the states through which the major covered wagon routes passed when our nation migrated west more than a century ago. They were erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution to commemorate the pioneer wives and mothers who so courageously walked beside their men through tortuous terrain from ocean to ocean.

Preservation of the old, covered wagon trails began in Missouri, about 1909. A group of women formed a committee which secured state funds to locate the original Santa Fe Trail in Missouri and mark it permanently with boulders and monuments. Little did they realize the magnitude of that first step toward a nationwide memorial to their foremothers.

In 1911 the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, an organization whose objectives embrace the preservation of our national heritage, established the Old Trails Road Committee to institute a great national memorial highway with monuments from coast to coast. A year later the National Old Trails Road Association was established and adopted by-laws stat-

For the pioneer family on the trail west, the conestoga wagon was home, school, dispensary, and chapel. When the pioneers arrived at their destination, the dismantled wagons served as building materials and furnishings for more permanent dwellings.

The statue at Albuquerque, New Mexico, dedicated September 27, 1928, is among twelve erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution, marking the westward migration of American women.

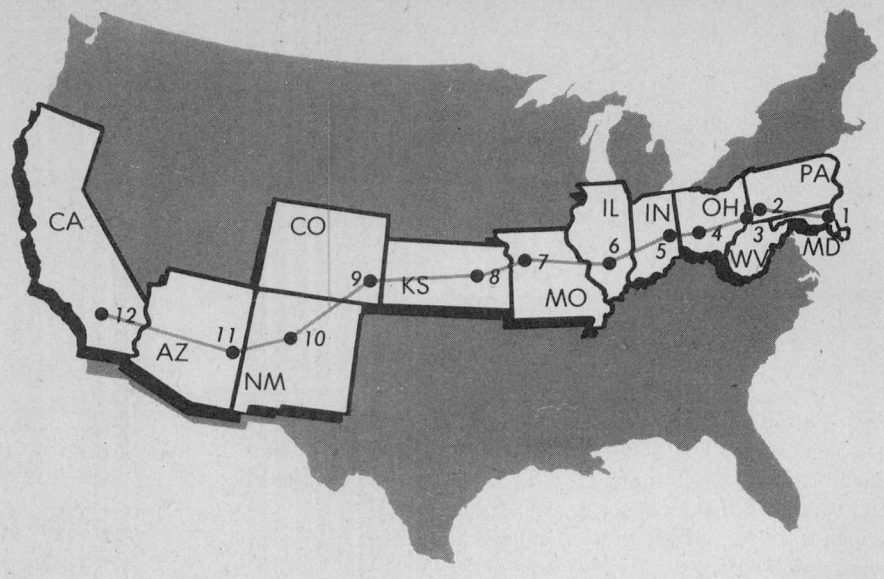
ing, "The object of the Association shall be to assist the Daughters of the American Revolution in marking old trails and to promote the construction of an Ocean-to-Ocean Highway of modern type, worthy of its memorial character."

Judge Harry S. Truman was appointed president of the Association, which forthwith guaranteed the capital needed to erect metal markers along the route. The Old Trails Road combined National Pike, Santa Fe Trail, Boone's Lick Road, Washington or Braddock Road, Cumberland Road, and the old trail from Santa Fe to California followed by the forty-niners.

After the delay of World War I, the DAR revised the plan, deciding to mark the trail with twelve large statues, one in each of the twelve states through which the Old Trail Road passes. The decision to memorialize the Pioneer Mother must be attributed to Mrs. John Trigg Moss, National DAR Commission Chairman. When Mrs. Moss recommended a design by Saint Louis sculptor August Leimbach, he was commissioned to proceed. From his original statue, twelve would be cast. Leimbach's finished model was named "Madonna of the Trail" by the DAR National Committee. It depicts the hardy woman of covered wagon days. Each statue is of heroic but dignified proportions, ten feet high on a six-foot base, all resting on a concrete foundation which stands two feet above ground. The entire monument is eighteen feet high, and weighs twenty tons. Missouri granite was used as an aggregate in the Algonite statue and base, lending the monument a warm, pink shade.

The Madonna is a sturdy, work-worn woman with great strength and determination in her rugged features. She is dressed in linsey and wears a sunbonnet. In her right hand she carries a rifle. Clinging to her skirt on that side is her small son. She cradles a baby protectively against her breast with her left

The National Memorial Highway



arm. Her shoes, heavy, run-down clodhoppers emphasize her forward stride.

The twelve monuments were all poured in the same mold. Upon completion they were shipped to their respective sites and erected with local cooperation. The figures cost $1,000 each, the total $12,000 being borne by the DAR chapters of all forty-eight states. Each chapter receiving a memorial assumed expenses for the freight, mounting, and dedication ceremonies, which ran from $1,800 to $2,500. Other associations and individuals in each area helped defray expenses.

Judge Harry S. Truman dedicated five of the statues and delivered principal addresses at the unveiling of several more. The dedications did not take place simultaneously, but over ten months. Nor were the statues unveiled in numerical order from east to west, following the march of civilization. In fact, the most easterly of the memorials, marking the beginning point of the migration west, was dedicated last.

The locations of the memorials and the dates of their dedications are:

1. Bethesda, Maryland, April 19, 1929
2. Washington, Pennsylvania, December 8, 1928
3. Wheeling, West Virginia, July 7, 1928
4. Springfield, Ohio, July 4, 1928
5. Richmond, Indiana, October 28, 1928
6. Vandalia, Illinois, October 26, 1928
7. Lexington, Missouri, September 17, 1928
8. Council Grove, Kansas, September 7, 1928
9. Lamar, Colorado, September 24, 1928
10. Albuquerque, New Mexico, September 27, 1928
11. Springerville, Arizona, September 29, 1928
12. Upland, California, February 1, 1929

Thus, suitable tribute was finally paid to our Pioneer Mothers in a magnificent blend of compassion and permanence.

If you someday stand before a Madonna, vizualize that stalwart but gentle woman plowing a field, fighting Indians, or panning for gold. Only then will you realize that her vigor and love helped conquer the wilderness, that it was her patient commitment which gave her great physical and emotional strength, character, and courage.

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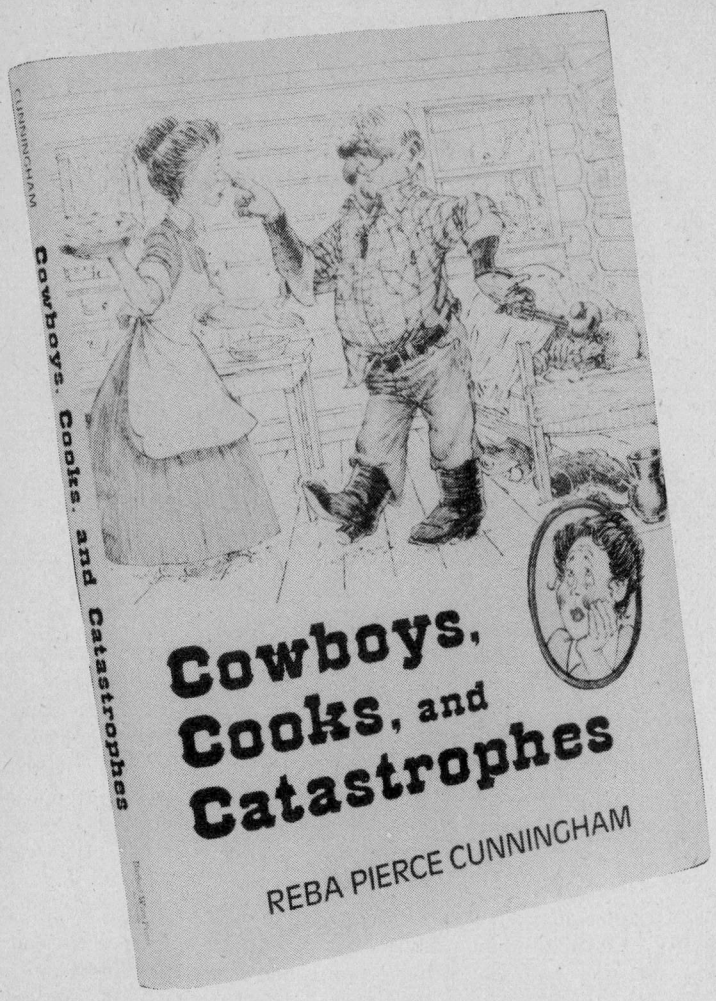

—Nellie Snyder Yost,
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Soiled Doves on Celluloid

By SANDRA HANSEN KONTE

Photos Courtesy of the Author

As every fan of shoot-em-up movies knows, there were two types of females Out West. First, there was the good woman—the town schoolmarm, perhaps, or the feisty daughter of a homesteader about to be dispossessed. Demure and calico clad, she represented home, hearth, and domesticity.

Then there was the Other Kind.

You know her the minute she sashays onto the screen with her brassy hair, low-cut dress, cupid's bow lipstick, and a name like "Belle" or "Frenchy" or "Feathers."

She's the dance hall queen. The saloon girl. The goodtime gal with the heart of gold. Whatever her appellation, she's one of the fixtures of the movie western, and one of the most misrepresented creatures in filmdom.

Everybody remembers that scene in *Stagecoach* where the pregnant Lucy Mallory, (Louise Platt) glares disdainfully across the coach at the "soiled dove" known as "Dallas" (Claire Trevor). Until Dallas redeems herself by the simple task of helping an alcoholic doctor deliver the baby, no one in the traveling party seems to blame Platt.

Among the gentlefolk in western movies, women of Dallas' dubious reputation were sin incarnate, and ever since film's early days, they have been needed simply to tempt the hero (*Rio Bravo, Dodge City*); to do something treacherous (*My Darling Clementine, The Ballad of Cable Hogue*); to start one whale of a fight (*The Virginian, Destry Rides Again*, all four versions of *The Spoilers*); to make the heroine seem even purer and more virtuous by contrast (*Honky Tonk, The Harvey Girls*); or to give the hero a one-of-the-guys sort of understanding.

As film critic Molly Haskell writes in her book, *From Reverence to Rape: The Treatment of Women in the Movies*, "In the movie western, it is the sweetheart-wife character who is constantly after the hero to stop killing, and settle down. But he first must 'do what he has to do,' a mission she can never understand. While 'the bad girl,' a solitary like him, has given up the dream of marriage and children, and understands what he is after."

The real dance hall girl/saloon hostess of frontier days made the "good women" of the West and the domesticity they represented seem a trifle dull. True, there were plenty of fancy women who merited glares from real-life Lucy Mallorys. Take Doc Holliday's murderous Big Nose Kate, who shrieked death threats against any real or imagined rivals. Or Lola Montez, probably the worst entertainer and most prolific lover in the West. But on the whole, they were independent women, trying valiantly to make their way in a man's world.

She's the dance hall queen. The saloon girl. The goodtime gal with the heart of gold. Whatever her appellation, she's one of the fixtures of the movie western, and one of the most misrepresented creatures in filmdom.

Just how far-fetched have the Hollywood stereotypes been? In the first place, there seldom was any such creature as the all-purpose saloon girl/variety entertainer/prostitute. All three were separate, specialized jobs. The saloon girl, known variously as a hurdy-gurdy girl, beer jerker, box rustler, or pretty waiter girl, served two simple functions. She served overpriced drinks, and she danced with the customers.

Variety hall entertainers, whether they sang, recited, or walked on the ceiling (as some performers at Tombstone's Bird Cage Theater did), were also expected to stick around after the tables had been cleared and dance with remaining customers. Hence, the term "dance hall girl," and their confusion with hurdy-gurdy girls and pretty waiter girls.

Unlike two-fisted drinkers such as Marlene Dietrich in *Destry Rides Again*, or Miss Kitty in *Gunsmoke*, many of the real variety hall entertainers never touched the stuff. Their shot glasses were filled with weak tea instead of hootch. In keeping with the code of the West, a drunk pretty waiter girl was also an unemployed pretty waiter girl.

With a fifty percent cut in both drinks and dances (usually worth a dollar each), a girl could make twenty-five dollars a night—a good wage which, contrary to films, did not make it necessary for most of them to entertain customers upstairs.

As for feather boas and red satin dresses, most pretty waiter girls were gawky farm girls who wore thick boots to save their feet from drunken or over-

ly exuberant customers and dressed as sedately as churchgoers.

Furthermore, the girls were far from "giving up the dream of marriage and children." Many proprietors watched dance floors with an eagle eye, forcibly ejecting overly attentive customers, for fear such ardor might result in a marriage proposal. (Skilled help was scarce indeed in the West.) In fact, young girls were often enticed between the fascinating swinging doors of their local saloon by handbills that proclaimed, "The fandango girl's wages of sin are not necessarily death, but often wealth, fame and a respectable marriage."

Of course, there were pretty waiter girls who were required to entertain customers behind closed curtains (hence the name "box rustler"). There were variety performers with painted cheeks and gaudy clothes who strutted the streets looking, as one Montana woman sniffed in a letter, "brazen-faced and bold." And there were those who lived in red-walled luxury above their places of employment. But two points should be noted about those "soiled doves." Unlike the happy, comely hookers portrayed by Angela Lansbury in *The Harvey Girls*, or Shirley Jones in *The Cheyenne Social Club*, most of them only began lives of prostitution when age or ill health made "pretty waiter girl" a sadly false appellation.

Subsequently, their lives were dominated by high rates of alcoholism, drug addiction, and suicide, as well as venereal disease and abortion. It was also not unusual for a drunken customer, whose gun was seldom from his side, to use a prostitute for target practice. Big Nose Kate was killed in such a saloon "accident," as was Dora Hand,

Anne Sheridan portrayed the ultimate saloon girl in *Dodge City* (1940).

Marlene Dietrich was the perfect "Frenchy" in ***Destry Rides Again*** (1939). In ***The Spoilers*** (1941) Dietrich again played a saloon girl with Randolph Scott and John Wayne.

the only woman buried on Boot Hill.

Moreover, their condemnation by "decent people" did not really occur until Easterners began to settle Out West, bringing with them their stringent moral codes. Many real-life Lucy Mallorys felt downright relieved that the libido of a husband who spent long weeks on the plains had another outlet. In the words of western historian Richard Erdoes, "They were often grateful that their soiled doves acted as safety valves for the appetites of their husbands."

But in most cases, saloons, variety halls, and hurdy gurdy houses were run as circumspectly as college dormitories, as evident in these rules posted in a "concert saloon" in Silverton, Colorado:

Rule 1—No lady will leave the house during the evening working hours without permission.

Rule 2—No lady will accompany a gentleman to his lodgings.

How, then, did the cinema create its image of western saloons populated by hussies with feather boas, rouged lips, and moral turpitude? First, in the early days, movies were not so respectable themselves. Even great directors like D.W. Griffith and Thomas Ince felt a constant need to redeem their work by serving up "moral lessons" along with the entertainment. That usually meant the early westerns pitted ministers and missionaries against those sinful saloons, with the saloons' employees made to look especially evil in the bargain. The genre reached its height in Ince's *Past Redemption* (1915), in which the saloon girl heroine feels so unworthy of her love for the town minister that she nobly treks across the desert to die of thirst!

By the 1920s, Prohibition had made the saloon girl less desirable than ever. The most popular western heroes (Tom Mix, William S. Hart, Hoot Gibson) had become so good, and their heroines so pure, that an especially bad girl was needed to balance them out. For instance, the first Cherry Villette in the silent version of *The Spoilers* (Betty Compson) was so evil she was not even allowed to find romance in the final reel, as Marlene Dietrich did in the 1941 remake.

When the Hays Office instituted a rigid moral code for Hollywood films in the mid-twenties, a whole series of movies devoted themselves to the soiled dove's redemption for her imagined sins. In *On the Night Stage* (1925), William S. Hart redeems a saloon girl named Belle by wooing her after the local parson converts her. But she is made to suffer still more for her tawdry ways. She is beaten and almost raped by a former customer before the happy day arrives.

The power-hungry dance hall queen played by Georgia Hale in *The Gold Rush* (1925) is similarly redeemed by finally accepting the attentions of hero Charlie Chaplin. But since the Little Tramp was the joke of the whole Klondike community before striking it rich, and since Georgia spends the whole movie alternately laughing at and rejecting him, the permanence of their happy ending is in doubt.

By the 1930s, a new tool for salvation was introduced, the bullet. In this case, "R" stood for both Redemption and Revolver. Frenchy, the saloon singer played by Marlene Dietrich in *Destry Rides Again* (1939), isn't the most honest person in the world. When we first meet her, she is helping bar owner Brian

girls." As the Dodge City *Times* reported in 1877, "Miss Frankie Bell . . . heaped epithets upon the unoffending head of Mr. Earp to such an extent as to provoke a slap from the ex-officer. Miss Bell was fined 20 dollars the next morning. Mr. Earp was fined a dollar."

Throughout this period in filmmaking, saloon girls either were depicted as just plain bad (Ann Sheridan in *Dodge City* and *Honky Tonk*, Sharon Lynne in *Way Out West*), or novel ways were found somehow to elevate them a notch above the basic soiled dove. In *Virginia City* (1939) variety saloon entertainer Miriam Hopkins is revealed to be working as a Civil War spy. She hangs up her feathers soon thereafter. In *The Beautiful Blonde of Bashful Bend* (1939), Betty Grable plays a hot-tempered barroom singer on the lam after accidentally shooting a judge. She escapes by disguising herself as a schoolmarm, and then happily embraces her new lifestyle.

WHEN ANN Southern's series character, Maisie, went out West to become a saloon singer (*Gold Rush Maisie*, 1945), she even got the guy. Maisie's basic wholesomeness exhibited in other series episodes probably made that possible. Dale Evans also got the guy in her many films with Roy Rodgers, despite her own penchant for playing modified saloon girls. But again, it is likely that the stars' well-publicized marriage and religious beliefs precluded Evans' need for on-screen redemption.

Of course, some of cinema's soiled doves did get married. But invariably, unemployment was just around the corner. In as early a film as *Stagecoach*, Dallas elopes with the Ringo Kid (John Wayne), but gives up her job in the bargain. That genre reaches its nadir in *The River of No Return* (1954). Rather unbelievably, a hard-drinking adventurer played by Robert Mitchum is morally repelled by saloon singer Kay (Marilyn Monroe). She must redeem herself by battling the elements with him, including tackling a raging river in a flimsy raft and watching while he kills her errant husband. Yet even after displaying her courage and winning the devotion of Mitchum's young son, Monroe isn't considered respectable until she is flung over Mitchum's shoulder and forcibly removed from her saloon life.

In the modern-day western *Bus Stop* (1956), saloon entertainer Cherie (again Monroe) is also removed bodily from her place of employment. For a while she protests, but by the end of the movie she appears quite content to retire to her beau's isolated, lonely ranch.

Not many real-life saloon chanteuses were so eager to live happily ever after.

Donlevy cheat at cards by spilling whiskey on unsuspecting players so their hole cards can be palmed. But she is charming and fun-loving, and makes the "good people" in the town (specifically Una Merkel as the wronged wife who engages Dietrich in the screen's most celebrated cat fight), seem stiff and dull by comparison. Because the Hays Office did not believe the wages of sin should look so enjoyable, Dietrich is made to "pay" for her merry lifestyle by stopping a bullet meant for good guy James Stewart.

In *My Darling Clementine* (1946), the saloon girl Chiuaua (Linda Darnell), jealous of Doc Holliday's attentions to the upright Clementine, (Big Nose Kate was presumably occupied elsewhere), takes up with bad guy John Ireland, the killer of one of honorable Wyatt Earp's (Henry Fonda) henchmen. She is later redeemed by dying after an operation performed by her errant lover, gasping out repentance with her last breath.

Cinema misconceptions are raised to new heights in that popular film. Wyatt Earp was in fact notorious for his brutality to such women, claiming several times "but they're only saloon

From left to right, Marjorie Mann, whom everyone will remember as an outrageously outspoken "Maw Kettle," Anne Sheridan, in gaudy attire, and Lana Turner, in demure dress complete with smudges of flour, are caught in a classic good-versus-evil pose in *Honky Tonk* (1941).

Ann Southern got the guy, Lee Bowman, in *Gold Rush Maisie* (1945).

braces of the nearest available schoolmarm.

The second type was the young, slightly tarnished angel. She was usually played by an aspiring starlet such as Ann-Margaret as Dallas in the dubious *Stagecoach* remake, or Angie Dickinson in *Monte Walsh*. She was required to warble a forgettable tune or two while the cowboys threw their hats in the air and cheered. In fact, variety saloon audiences were not always so polite. In Virginia City, Nevada, a chanteuse named Antoinette Adams was so awful that the patrons decided unanimously to throw her enough silver for an early retirement.

The new breed of dance hall/saloon girl at least did not necessarily have to be redeemed. In many instances, she liked her job, and, as in the case of Anita Ekberg in *Four for Texas*, was prosperous and unrepenting at the fade-out. But as

They enjoyed the independence their lifestyles provided and suspected, quite rightly, that respectable women were often little more than calico-skirted drudges whose lives from sunup to sundown were a round of continued work. As Diamond Molly, a hurdy-gurdy girl in Bodie, California, reminisced, "I never had a skirt until I was twelve. All I wore was a long grey flour sack given to me after Ma had used all the flour. After I began saloon work, I sometimes spent $700 on a dress. Why should I wish to return to the other life?" She never did, dying, a wealthy spinster, in her mid-eighties.

By the 1960s and '70s, the term "saloon girl" became increasingly synonymous with "prostitute." Despite the many different types of real-life saloon habitues, Hollywood's new soiled doves seemed to fall into two categories. First, there was the hard-boiled, done-it-all-seen-it-all type portrayed by Jo Van Fleet as Katie Elder in *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*, Jeanne Moreau in *Monte Walsh*, and Lena Horne in *Death of a Gunfighter*. The new breed acted more like one of the guys than ever. Thus they did not represent a sexual interest for the hero, leaving him open to the em-

Linda Hunt heralds a new breed of saloon girl in *Silverado* (1985).

if to compensate for that new live-and-let-live attitude, the bad apples were, if anything, more horrid than ever. Instead of stopping bullets or heroically trekking off into the desert, Julie Christie—high on opium—is oblivious to Warren Beatty's freezing to death outside her door in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller.* The goodtime gal with a heart of gold played by Stella Stevens nevertheless runs Jason Robards over with a vintage car at the end of *The Ballad of Cable Hogue.*

ON THE BASIS of those early stereotypes and modern incarnations (we should not forget Miss Kitty, either, who wore enough make-up for the entire Cheyenne Social Club and never managed to marry Matt), one wonders what impression would have been left on young, gullible western watchers if not for last year's *Silverado.* Writer/director Lawrence Kasden created a whole new version of the saloon worker with the character of Stella, played by Linda Hunt.

The diminutive Stella wears high-necked dresses, and pours whiskey with a dignity befitting the town librarian. Her voice is soft and intelligent. All the men in the film, including the bad guys, treat her with respect. The hero, Payden, (Kevin Kline) in particular begins to feel such platonic affection for her that she is instrumental in his hanging up his spurs and becoming the town's new sheriff.

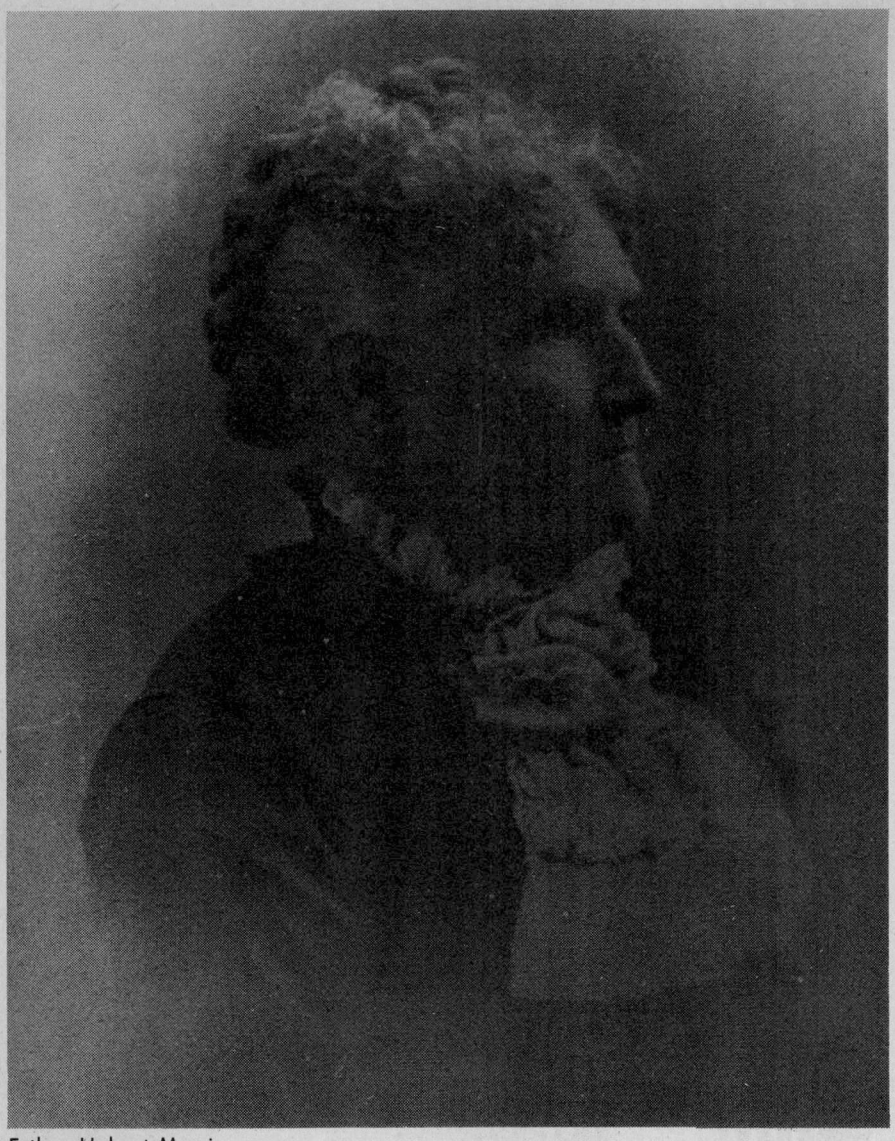
Marilyn Monroe, as saloon entertainer Cherie, had to be forcibly removed from her place of employment in ***Bus Stop*** (1956).

It must be added, however, that of the two saloon girls on Hunt's staff (both of whom are dressed in the customary abbreviated fashion), one sparks a saloon brawl and the other almost dies from—you guessed it—a redeeming bullet. She survives, but only to begin a new, respectable life in California.

Hollywood has a long way to go in restoring the tarnished image of its saloon girls. It can only be hoped that someday they will be depicted as most of them were—brave, hardworking, tough pioneers who didn't really deserve bullets or brawls.

As one contemporary poem written after the untimely death of a town's most popular saloon girl admonished:

Talk if you will of her
But speak no ill of her
The sins of the living are not of the dead
Remember the charity
Forget all disparity
Let her judges be those whom she sheltered and fed.



Esther Hobart Morris

A Rev

Just before the territory's first election, Esther Morris invited some of its leading citizens to a tea party. Among them were Colonel William H. Bright and Captain Herman G. Nickerson, respectively Democratic and Republican candidates for the legisature. In the midst of the tea sipping and conversation, Morris asked pointedly, "Which of you gentlemen will introduce a bill to give Wyoming women the right to vote, if you're elected?"

By MARJORIE VANDERVELDE

Photos Courtesy of the Wyoming State Archives, Museums, and Historical Department

Until Wyoming's first territorial legislature did so in 1869, no political entity in the world had granted women full rights to vote and hold office. That momentous event may have started on September 2, 1869, at a tea party—a tea party as important as any meeting ever held in the fight for women's rights in America. Yet, despite its eventual significance, this tea party took place in a miner's shack, the home of Esther Hobart Morris, in South Pass City, Wyoming, clinging to a mining ledge of the Wind River Mountains.

At fifty-five, Esther Morris was a true crusader for any cause she espoused. Originally from Oswego, New York, she was orphaned at eleven and supported herself as a milliner. Now she and her second husband, John Morris had followed their visions of nuggets to the Wyoming gold diggings. Esther was six feet tall, weighed some 180 pounds, was non-academic, outspoken, and a hard worker.

Even though it was the "biggest little city" in the territory, South Pass City must have bored a woman with Esther's energy. In a territory where men outnumbered women six to one, few white people lived in the vast rural areas. The 1870 census would list only 165 people employed in agriculture, and towns in the territory were few and far between. South Pass was already shrinking to become a mere shadow.

Just before the territory's first election, Esther Morris invited some of its leading citizens to a tea party. Among them were Colonel William H. Bright and Captain Herman G. Nickerson, respectively Democratic and Republican candidates for the legislature.

In the midst of the tea sipping and conversation, Morris asked pointedly, "Which of you gentlemen will introduce a bill to give Wyoming women the right to vote, if you're elected?" Who could say no? Such a first would publicize the territory and might even attract more settlers. Too, the public relations value for either party would be great. Perhaps thinking that it would never come to a

olutionary Tea Party

vote, both candidates promised to introduce such a bill if elected.

It would be Bright who finally kept the promise. He had come to Wyoming from Virginia via Washington, D.C., and Salt Lake City. With a marginal income from his saloon in South Pass, he was worth a total of $700. When Mrs. Bright was near death in childbirth, Esther Morris nursed her back to health, possibly saving her life. Later Morris would take her campaign for women's rights to Betty Bright, a highly intelligent woman who presented the cause convincingly to her husband and to the public.

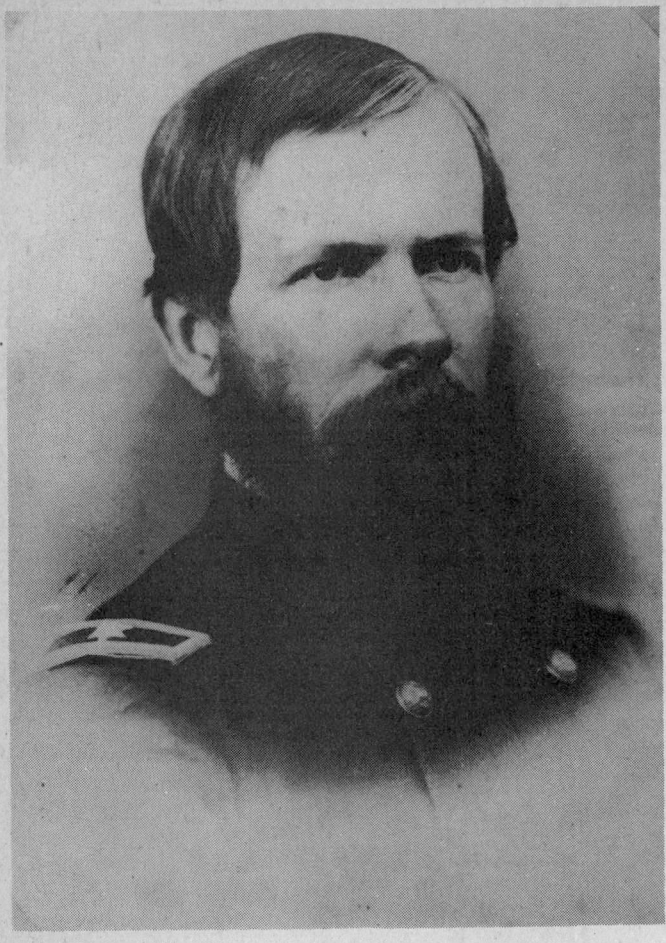
It is said that William Bright never attended school and could not recall how or where he learned to write. Somewhere along the way he picked up the title of "Colonel," and during the first legislature he became president of the senate. In introducing the bill for women's suffrage, he would show the Republicans that Democrats were more in tune with the times.

MOST MALES treated the subject with humor or contempt. The eastern press published wild cartoons intended to make folks snicker at the Wyoming women. But suffrage was a hot topic in the territory, and there were many favorable arguments for its passage.

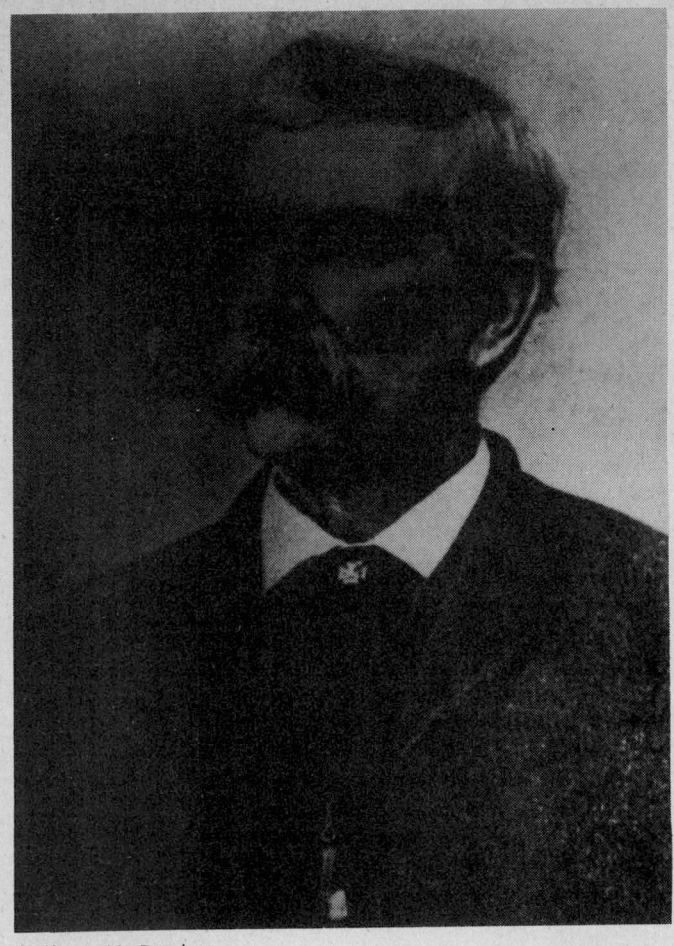
Suffrage might attract new immigrants, who were badly needed to develop the territory. After completion of the transcontinental railroad in May 1869, Wyoming's population had dropped sharply from 16,000 to 8,014 in one year. Obviously, it would take more than a railroad to bring settlers and prosperity.

Although there was strong support for establishing an immigration commission, others claimed women's suffrage would attract as much attention to the territory at no expense. Without that argument, the bill probably would

South Pass City, Wyoming, as it looked in 1870, just a few months after Esther Morris' tea party.



John Campbell



William H. Bright

not have passed. Nevertheless, some supporters of the bill argued simply for the justice of giving women the right to vote. Among them were Colonel Bright and territorial secretary Edward M. Lee, who had also supported women's suffrage as a member of the Connecticut legislature.

At a time when there was no organized movement for suffrage in Wyoming Territory and few speakers in its behalf, Lee actively promoted the idea. When eastern lecturer Anna Dickinson spoke in favor of suffrage in Cheyenne at about the time of Esther Morris' tea party, it was Edward Lee who introduced her.

Nationally, a suffragist member of the House of Representatives had introduced a bill in 1868 to give women the right to vote in all the territories. Its backers argued that the scarcity of women in the West and the excess of women in the East might thus be balanced. The bill did not pass, but suffrage was gaining momentum.

On November 9, 1869, Bright introduced in the Wyoming Territorial Legislature an "Act to Grant to the Women of Wyoming the Right of Suffrage and to Hold Office." In the end it stated simply,

> Be it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives of the Territory of Wyoming: Wyoming:
>
> Sec. 1. That every woman of the age of twenty-one years residing in this territory, may at every election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote. And her rights to the elective franchise and to hold office shall be the same under the election laws of the territory, as those of electors.
>
> Sec. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

During the debate Esther Morris and others wrote letters and made calls to the legislature and the governor. Although Cheyenne's two newspapers came out in support of the bill, the Laramie *Boomerang* urged caution. Opponents of the bill tried to kill it with amendments. All failed except one raising the age requirement from its original eighteen to twenty-one.

Some still claimed Colonel Bright's bill must be an enormous farce. But it passed both houses and went to Governor Campbell. Its opponents now said the Republican governor had been put in an embarrassing position by the Democratic legislature. In the days before Campbell committed himself, proponents of the bill exerted their influence. Amalie Post told Susan B. Anthony that she and other women had gone to the governor's residence and threatened to stay there until he signed the bill.

While it was generally thought that Campbell was not a suffragist, he had been influenced by the lectures of Susan B. Anthony in Salem, Ohio, when he lived there. On December 10, he signed the suffrage bill. For the first time on earth, women had the legal right to vote.

On September 6, 1870, seventy-year-old Louisa Swain, of Laramie, became the first woman to vote. Before going to the polls, she tied a fresh apron over her house dress. She carried a pail for yeast, which she planned to buy on her way home.

Even before Louisa Swain cast her vote, however, women had been appointed to public office. In February 1870, Esther Morris was appointed justice of the peace. Her town's predominately male population of rowdy miners found amusement in making fun

of her. The New York press joined in, printing cartoons of a cigar smoking Morris conducting court. Her docket book includes twenty-six cases, twelve criminal and fourteen civil.

After the completion of the Union Pacific, thousands of idle railroad workers collected in Laramie and lawlessness got out of hand. The all-male juries had brought in so few convictions that someone suggested recognizing the new suffrage act by naming women to petit and grand juries. When Eliza Stewart, a Laramie schoolteacher, received a call for jury duty, for the first time in history, males and females together would sit in judgement of their peers.

Again, the eastern journalists filed sensational reports. When the women saw newspaper artists and cartoonists in the courtroom, they donned veils. The artists then resorted to caricatures. It all provided great grist for the *Police Gazette*, the New York *Observer*, and even for Susan B. Anthony's *Revolution*.

The first mixed jury heard charges of murder, livestock theft, and illegal branding. When they were sequestered overnight, the press wondered if both sexes were in the same room. That possibility continued to stir up a fury even after it was stated that a woman bailiff guarded the ladies in a separate room.

The women took their duties more seriously than male jurists, who were reputed to play cards and drink whiskey while deciding a case. The new juries indicted almost all of Laramie's businessmen for staying open on Sunday in open violation of the law. The law was soon repealed. Women also proved less likely than men to accept a plea of self-defense when sidearms were used as murder weapons.

Women were voting Republican two-to-one and had been instrumental in unseating a Democratic delegate to congress. Democrats reasoned they had given women the ballot and they could take it away.

Wyoming men were beginning to agree with the New York *Times'* declaration that female jurists were "indecorous and unsuitable." Besides, hav-

Wyoming State Capitol, 1890, was the seat of the first state government to enfranchise women.

Sculptor Avard Fairbanks created the Esther Morris statue which stands in Statuary Hall, Washington, D.C. A replica stands in front of the capitol building in Cheyenne.

ing to pay for two bailiffs and two hotel rooms was too expensive. Home life was disrupted, inspiring such lines as "Baby, baby don't get in a fury,/Your mama's gone to sit on the jury." Eventually it was decreed that jury duty was not necessarily an adjunct to suffrage. A few diplomatic politicians softened the blow by asserting that the women had acted with dignity, decorum, and intelligence and deserved the thanks of fair-minded citizens.

In 1871 an attempt to repeal women's suffrage in Wyoming was made. Women were voting Republican two-to-one and had been instrumental in unseating a Democratic delegate to congress. Democrats reasoned they had given women the ballot and they could take it away. They labeled women ingrates incapable of handling the vote. A repeal measure was passed by both chambers of the territorial legislature.

Governor Campbell, who had taken several days before deciding to enact suffrage in 1869 was anti-repeal in 1871. He vetoed the repeal, but was overridden by the house. The senate, however, failed by one vote to override the veto, and women's suffrage in Wyoming was saved.

In 1889, the territory's application for statehood met opposition in the U.S. House of Representatives because of the suffrage article in the new constitution. James Carey, representing the territory, wired Cheyenne for instructions. The women there instructed, "Drop us if you must. We can trust the men of Wyoming to enfranchise us after we become a state." But the state legislature wired Carey, "We may stay out of the Union a hundred years, but we will come in with our women."

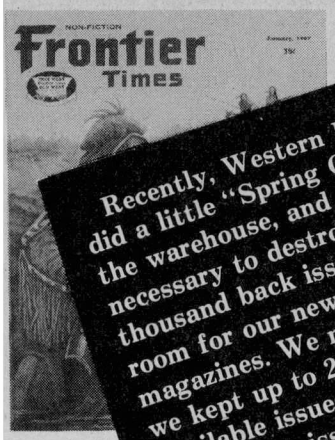
THE BILL admitting Wyoming to the Union narrowly passed. The new state's entire population in 1890 was 62,555. How many had migrated to Wyoming because of the suffrage act and its accompanying publicity? Probably few; legislators who had voted for it because they thought it would bring new settlers to the state were probably disappointed.

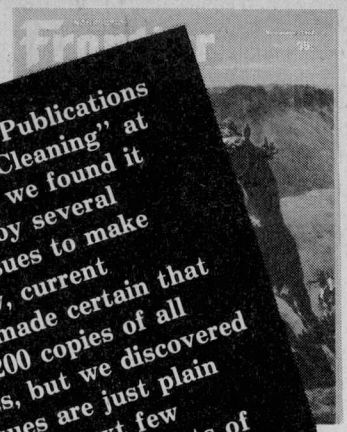
Esther Morris' appointment as the "first woman judge" made her name well known in Wyoming and the urban East. She was to be proclaimed Wyoming's outstanding deceased citizen by the state legislature in 1955. A bronze statue of her was placed in Statuary Hall, Washington, D.C., with a replica placed in front of the capitol building in Cheyenne.

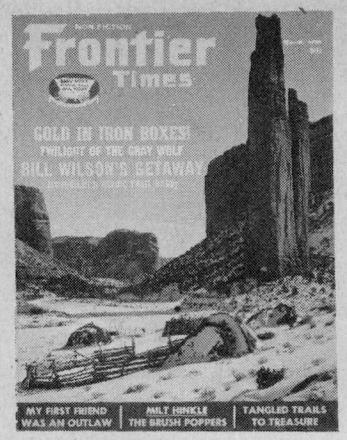
Among the others credited with major roles in women's suffrage in Wyoming were Amalie Post and Mrs. William Bright. Later Therese Jenkins of Cheyenne carried the message to women in other states. Wyoming had become a national showcase for the grand experiment.

The promoters of equal rights left it to other Wyoming women to run for office. In 1910 Mary B. Bellamy became the first woman elected to a state legislature. Jeanette Rankin was the first female member of the U.S. House of Representatives. Nellie Tayloe Ross became the first woman governor in the nation when she was sworn in on January 5, 1925.

The Equality State's role in women's rights is best summarized in the words of Carrie Chapman Catt: "For fifty years Wyoming served as the leaven which lightened the prejudices of the entire world."







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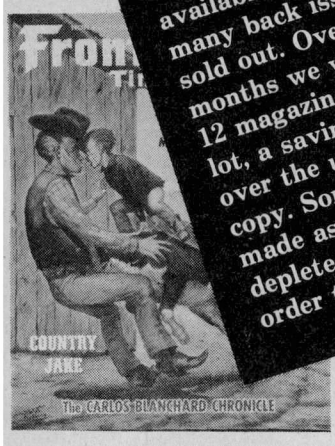

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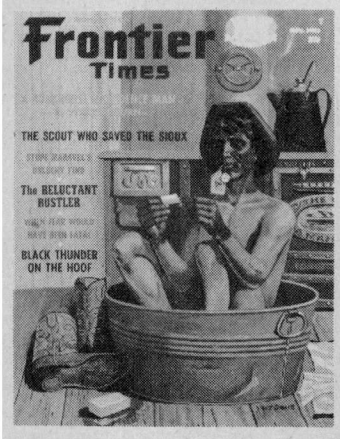

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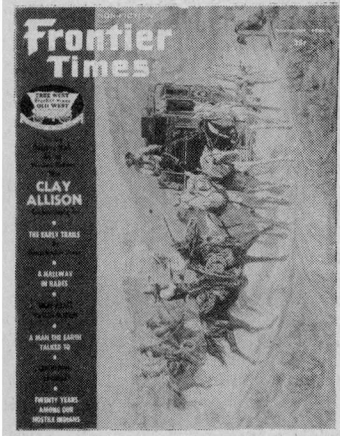

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Mother Ente

Scores of pioneer children were born under the supervision of Dr. Nettie Weems. She was a familiar figure throughout the area, always described the same: "A tiny woman in a black robe." One early settler who knew the little doctor wrote in the local paper years later, "To us kids she was as ageless and untiring as the sun."

One of the most colorful and dedicated figures to etch her signature on the frontier during the post-Civil War migration west was a slight but iron-willed southern belle born Nettie C. Crabb in 1841.

The world knows little of Nettie's early life, only what she wrote in a scant thirty pages of her diary in later years. In that tiny, dog-eared journal she states her birthplace as Shelbyville, Kentucky. There, she wrote, "The brooks and rivers run musically through the luxuriant soil." After reading that passage, written so many decades ago, I felt a warm affinity for Nettie and an urge to pursue her. Ultimately she proved to be one of those shadows who rode covered wagons straight into American legend.

In 1862 Nettie signed on as cook's helper with a wagon train headed west through her hometown. Her duties were sundry and included filling the crew's plates, making and pouring strong, thick coffee from a mammoth enamelware coffeepot, washing and putting away the cookwagon dishes, and acting as nurse under the cook's direction. Nettie excelled at that duty, and she liked it better than any of her other chores. It was her first experience with the world of medicine and seemed to presage her path through life.

She left the wagon train at Richmond, Indiana, where she soon found employment as a nurse's aide in a small convalescent hospital. Nettie was assigned to a recovering alcoholic named Matt Brewer, who quickly became her favorite ward. They were strongly attracted to each other, and the day after Matt's release they were married.

Brewer found work as an apprentice to a cooper. Nettie continued her nursing for several months, until pregnancy forced her to resign. When the child was born in 1863, Nettie noted in her journal that he was: "Fair-haired, and with blue, blue eyes." Her next notation reveals they had "named him Johnny, after my Daddy." Johnny Brewer would remain close to his mother for many years.

Soon after Johnny was born, Matt answered the call to duty and marched away to war. Nettie was left with but one option. She went back to work at the hospital, leaving Johnny with a nearby neighbor during the day. Through the remainder of 1863, all of 1864, and until March of 1865, she worked with such professionalism and verve that the hospital promoted her to assistant head nurse. Then came the first of many sobering calamities to mar Nettie's life: Matt was killed in the line of duty at Waynesboro. She and two-year-old Johnny were left alone.

Nettie and her son remained in Richmond for three years, during which she steadily advanced at the hospital. She had attained the title of head nurse and was reading medicine under a young internist when, in early 1868, she succumbed to the urge to push further west. With the first blush of spring, she withdrew her savings and purchased her own covered wagon and double team. Well stocked with provisions, Nettie and Johnny took the nearest trail to the far frontier.

The going was slow and rough for Nettie, as she was wagonmaster, cook, wheelwright, stableman, and mother to a five-year-old boy. She was learning the sufferings of a pioneer mother the hard way, without a man beside her. After three days they had travelled only twenty-five miles, which brought them to the main trail west. At that juncture a single wagon of westbound companions presented a welcome sight.

Hearing the tread of horses' hooves and the creak of overburdened wheels, Nettie turned from her chores to look down the trail to the approaching

prise

By TOM BARKDULL
Photos Courtesy of the Author

Dr. Nettie C. Weems, 1882. The photo was taken the year before she married Cleveland Hall.

wagon, drawn by four heavy-chested grays. A young man held the reins, while an elderly couple sat on the high seat beside him. After they had pulled off the trail and unhitched next to Nettie's wagon, they all introduced themselves and proceeded to trade pedigrees. It was a pleasant surprise to learn that they were all natives of Kentucky. Nettie's new companions were named Weems. The son, Robert L. Weems, would play an important role in Nettie's future.

According to Nettie's diary, the Weemses were enroute to Pana, Illinois, where they had relatives and both men had been promised employment. As a strong friendship grew among the group, especially between Robert and Nettie, she decided that Pana would be a likely town for Johnny and her to settle, at least temporarily. She mentioned Robert more and more frequently in her notes: a romance was budding.

DANGERS SUCH AS Indians, snakes, wildlife, and treacherous rivers and washes were faced, as were the many hardships of the trail. An unnamed malady struck Johnny, keeping him in bed for two weeks and leaving him weakened for many days. Neither of the Weems men was a wheelwright, so on the three occasions that one or the other wagon collapsed onto an axle they lost hours, even days, repairing wheels with what scant tools they had. Nettie wrote once that they had "dragged my wagon into Paris, Illinois with a tree limb skid under the right rear corner." Twice they became almost hopelessly bogged down in the rivers. Once they spent a whole day and a half extricating the Weems wagon from riverbottom silt and sodden branches.

Details describing the remainder of the misery-fraught trek to Illinois are absent from Nettie's journal. The records do reveal that Robert L. Weems and Nettie C. Brewer were united in marriage at Pana, Illinois, on October 14, 1868. Furthermore, her diary mentions that Robert and his father worked alone as bodgers in a boggy plot of timber outside town. She also mentions several times that Robert was suffering, "a partial paralysis and cer-

tain strange actions," due to injuries sustained in the war.

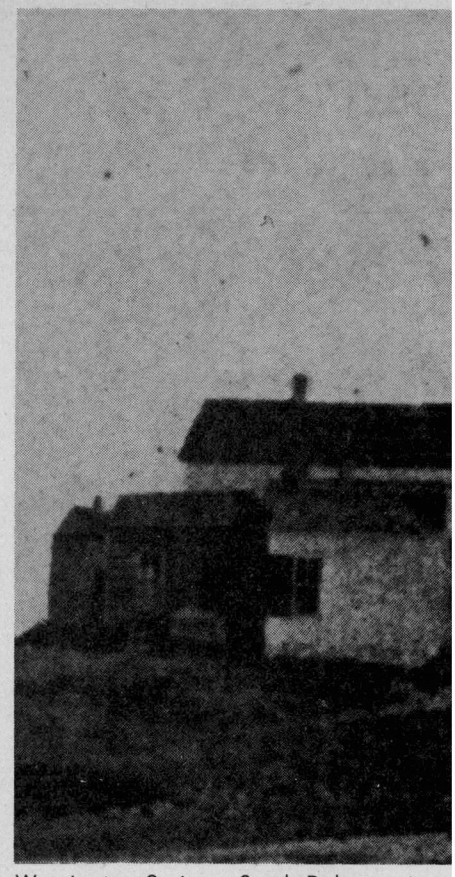
In July, 1872, Nettie wrote, "Robert was admitted to the Illinois Central Hospital for the Insane at Jacksonville on the 11th. day of this month." Nettie traveled from Pana to Jacksonville where she returned to nursing at the hospital and again began reading medicine, this time under Dr. H.F. Carriel, Superintendent. She remained at that institution until 1878. On the first day of April of that year, Robert passed away. The death certificate lists "Exhaustion from Chronic Mania, complicated with Paralysis" as the cause. He was buried in Diamond Grove Cemetery.

WITH NOTHING left to detain Nettie and Johnny in Jacksonville, they joined a wagon train leaving for Quincy, Illinois, on the Mississippi. Again they endured the unending days of torture that went with forging west. Fifteen at the time, Johnny could now carry part of the load that once had been exclusively Nettie's. They obtained berths on a packet headed north from Quincy, and Nettie purchased two fares for Saint Paul, Minnesota. She wrote only that, "The cruise was most pleasurable."

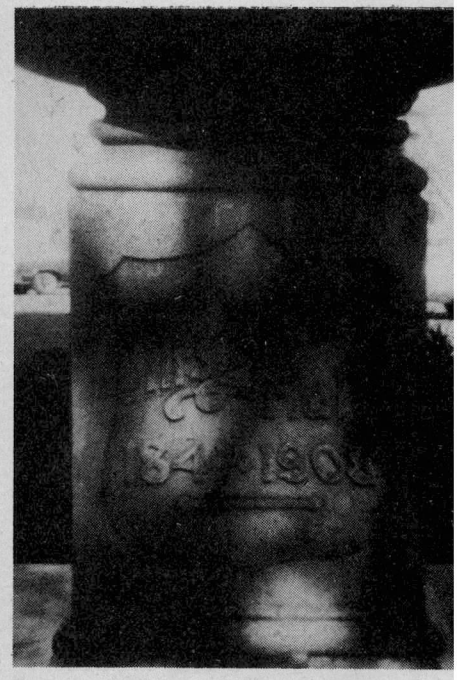
Minnesota in general, and Saint Paul in particular, most certainly shaped Nettie's destiny. She continued her work as a nurse and her studies under various doctors for four years, ultimately earning her M.D.

Dr. Nettie C. Weems was ready and equipped to turn her eyes west again, to volunteer to serve those who needed her on the vast prairie of Dakota Territory. Thus she began her march into immortality. The wagons Nettie joined traveled west to the Big Sioux River, passed through the Hole-in-the-Mountain, and then followed the historic Nobles Trail established in 1857. When the train reached the foot of the Gary Moraine, Nettie found a settlement overlooking the James River Valley and decided to call it home. The tiny hamlet was called Wessington Springs. On that February day in 1882, its handful of residents welcomed a genuine physician into their midst. At the time, many much larger communities had no medical facility of any kind.

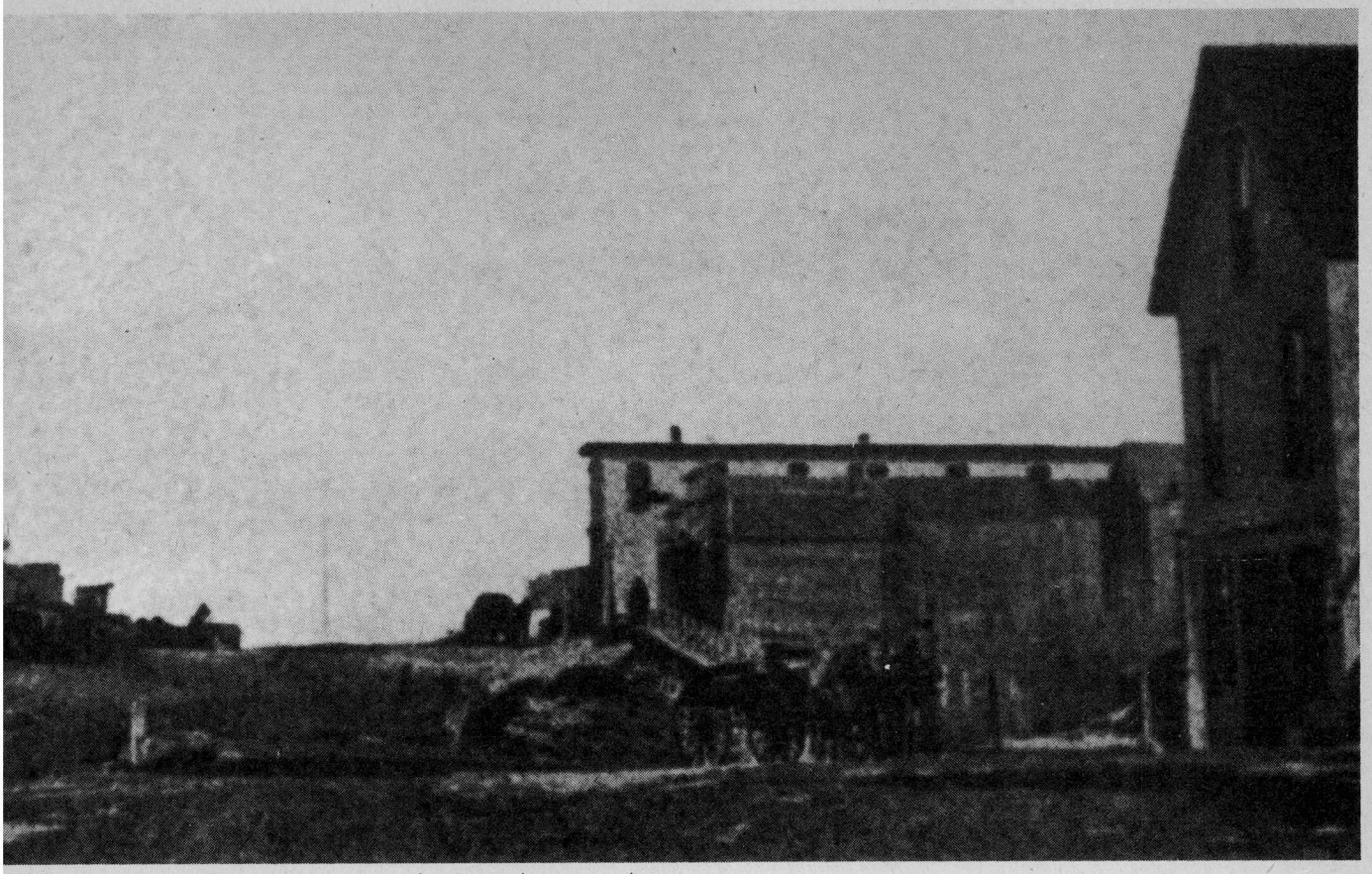
Shortly before Nettie left Minnesota, son Johnny had decided to leave the nest and become his own man. He found employment with the railroad and left for many points in all parts of America. Nettie never saw him again. Years later she was notified of his death in a



Wessington Springs, South Dakota, circa



The city of Fitzgerald, Georgia, erected a fountain as a fitting memorial to the limitless strength and compassion of the little doctor who, through perseverance and determination, turned adversity into opportunity and her dreams into reality.



1880, during the time of Nettie's residence as the town physician.

railroad accident in Washington. From that moment on, railroaders were her "favorite people."

Meanwhile she had adopted infant son, Truman. The baby traveled with her to Dakota Territory and remained with her throughout her stay in the area. Age-yellowed local history books in Wessington Springs speak of "True Weems being seen often pursuing his pastimes on Main Street."

Scores of pioneer children were born under the supervision of Dr. Nettie Weems. She was a familiar figure throughout the area, always described the same: "A tiny woman in a black robe." One early settler who knew the little doctor wrote in the local paper years later, "To us kids she was as ageless and untiring as the sun."

During the early years of Nettie's sojourn in the little town that still bustles on the upsweep of the Wessington Hills, the many gulches were known hideouts for an element called "The Horse Thief Gang." Those marauders raided the farms regularly and were being shot up on a like schedule by the area's vigilantes. Nothing is more indicative of Nettie's character and dedication to medicine than the fact that she administered to the rustlers whenever one or more of the gang needed her services. Her oath applied to every human being.

On February 25, 1883, Nettie was married to Cleveland T. Hall, Civil War hero. Military records show that Cleveland Hall fell at Monocacy with seven bullet wounds and two saber cuts. Yet, he rode roughshod through enemy positions, arriving just in time to warn the Union forces that General Jubal Early's advance had brought him to the outskirts of Washington, D.C., with a clear path to the Capitol itself. Hall thus saved our capital city from enemy invasion.

Hall adopted young Truman and the family remained in Wessington Springs. He died on October 22, 1886, of—quoting the death certificate—"Exhaustion consequent upon continual extreme suffering caused by wounds incurred in the line of duty." He rests in Prospect Hill Cemetery above the town.

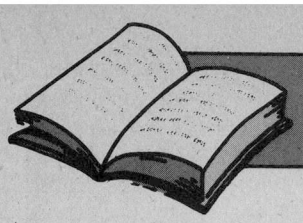
DR. NETTIE bought a drugstore in the village in 1892. That phase of her hard-working life in Dakota Territory continued until 1896, when she moved to Fitzgerald, Georgia, where she purchased the Fitzgerald *Enterprise*.

As publisher and editor of the *Enterprise*, Nettie became known, far and wide as "Mother Enterprise." She reserved a special place in her heart for all railroad workers, as they did for her. The newspapers of the day tell us she often greeted them with a white flower and a cheery, "How do you do?" when their trains pulled in.

Nettie died in her home at Fitzgerald at 8:30 a.m., June 14, 1908. She was sixty-seven years old. She had become ill while preparing breakfast, diagnosed her siezure as a heart attack, and sent Truman for assistance. When the doctor arrived thirty minutes later she was dead.

Funeral services were held at Central Christian Church with rites jointly conducted by the Eastern Star and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, with whom she had long been allied. The *Enterprise* reported, "Fitgerald Weeps . . . a marked air of sadness is apparent over the entire city. One of the grandest of our earth's characters has passed into the Great Beyond." A monument and drinking fountain were constructed at Main and Central by the City of Fitzgerald. The monument bears only the simple inscription: MOTHER ENTERPRISE.

So lived but one of America's frontier wives and mothers who challenged life at its rawest . . . and won.



BUFFALO HUNT

TEN DAYS ON THE PLAINS. *By Henry E. Davies. Edited by Paul Andrew Hutton. The De Golyer Library and Southern Methodist University Press, Dallas, TX 75275. $21.95.*

Paul Andrew Hutton's edition of Henry E. Davies' *Ten Days on the Plains* is a valuable addition to any western library. In 1871 a group of prominent New York entrepreneurs and socialites enjoyed a buffalo and prairie game hunt with Lieutenant General Philip Sheridan. William F. Cody, then just at the inception of his show business career, was the guide for the expedition. After an exciting hunt on the Great Plains, the gentlemen returned east, and in 1872, Davies, one of the hunters, privately printed *Ten Days on the Plains* in a limited edition, one copy going to each member of the hunt. Davies' witty and vivid prose made his narrative a significant account of western travel and adventure, and, because of its rarity, *Ten Days on the Plains* became a collector's item, commanding prices of more than $1,500 per copy. Paul Hutton has now made *Ten Days on the Plains* available to a wide audience.

In a perceptive, well-written introduction, Hutton enhances Davies' original narrative. Placing *Ten Days on the Plains* in its historical context, Hutton points to the close relationship between senior army officers and powerful businessmen in Gilded Age America. He also elaborates on Sheridan's view of the Indian situation and the general's conviction that destruction of the buffalo herds would guarantee defeat of the Plains Indians. This buffalo hunt served Sheridan and the army in two ways—first, it enabled Sheridan to cultivate friendships with influential men; secondly, the seemingly innocent, but wanton slaughter of buffalo undermined Indian resistance to the forces arrayed against them.

Readers will appreciate Hutton's comments about William F. Cody. In 1871 Cody was a well-known figure of genuine accomplishment as an army scout and hunter, and he was just beginning his transformation into "Buffalo Bill," the legendary popular culture frontier icon and show business impresario. Hutton's introductory essay provides the backdrop for Davies' well-written narrative. Hutton has annotated the text of *Ten Days on the Plains* with unobtrusive endnotes, which identify persons and clarify other points. For example, one of Davies' companions was Leonard W. Jerome, the "King of Wall Street," and father of Jennie Jerome (therefore, the grandfather of Sir Winston Churchill).

Ten Days on the Plains portrays the West of 1871 as Davies saw it, and Hutton's erudite introduction and annotations enhance Davies' account. In showing the West as the men of the Gilded Age saw it, *Ten Days on the Plains* also takes readers to a critical juncture in western history just before the final decimation of the great buffalo herds.

—Joseph C. Porter
Omaha, NE

Settling the Northwest

OVERLANDERS. *By Richard Thomas Wright. Western Producer Prairie Books, P.O. Box 2500, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada S7K 2C4. $12.95 paperback.*

This is the story of the overlanders, westward travelers who moved across land, as opposed to oceans. To reach British Columbia's gold fields was the goal of these adventurers from eastern Canada and the northern United States. Few realized their ambition to become rich, but most remained as the region's first permanent white settlers.

Richard Thomas Wright's smoothly-flowing chronicle holds the reader's attention. He skillfully blends into his text quotations from journals, diaries, and letters written by the overlanders themselves. At times he narrates in the present tense. Such techniques put the reader into seemingly contemporary situations, although the movement to western Canada took place from 1858 through 1863.

The author has made personal visits to areas traversed by the overlanders. His power of detailed description enables the reader to see through the eyes of the travelers and to feel as they must have felt. For example, Wright describes the demoralizing effects of travel along an unexplored route:

> A cold, disagreeable night that dumped six inches of snow further soured their dispositions. How much better it would have been, they thought, to stay at home, working on the farm, in the store, or in the land office. Think of what their friends were doing now; how they were warm by a fireplace or stove. And that girl in whose hair the delicate rose blossoms had been twined, where was she? Not in this godforsaken country, that was certain!

Wright's presentation of the details of daily life and his use of anecdotes make the characters seem alive. His recounting of humorous episodes provides comic relief from descriptions of appallingly miserable conditions. He tells of men blistering their feet hurrying to reach Georgetown by May 10 to take the *S.S. International* up the Red River. They met their deadline only to learn that the boat would not be ready for another ten days. On May 20 the *International* departed, but it could not accommodate them. Their decision to walk the river trail allowed them to observe the steamboat's progress. "It was with some humor, then, that Sellar watched the steamer crash into the bank at the first bend of the river. After extricating herself she steamed another mile and ran ashore toppling both tall smoke stacks and crashing the wheelhouse."

Wright explains briefly and clearly terms with which the reader may not be familiar, such as "Red River cart," a wooden, two-wheeled, ox-drawn vehicle used for transporting a miner's belongings. And he gives reasons for things being as they were. For instance, the wooden wheels and axles were allowed to squeal without lubrication because grease would have collected dirt, which would have ground away the moving parts.

The author also examines the over-

landers' interactions with both the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company, giving the impression that the former may have been more sympathetic and helpful.

The twenty-two pages of three appendices, twenty-two pages of notes, and a seven-page bibliography attest to meticulous research. Whenever there are conflicting sources, Wright gives his reasons for selecting what he believes to be the most accurate data. In addition, many photos and an excellent index are included.

This book is recommended for both entertainment and research.

—Evelyn Noren
Ceres, California

Contemporary Cowboys

AFTER BARBED WIRE: COWBOYS OF OUR TIME. *Photographs by Kurt Markus. Twelvetrees Press. Available from After Barbed Wire, 9555 Bennison, Colorado Springs, CO 80908. $45.00 (plus $2.00 shipping and handling), hardbound. 11½ × 14. 100 pages, 90 illustrations.*

This strikingly dramatic coffee table book of black and white photos makes a point that is not new: The cowboy, contrary to what Wister and others said, never did fade away. He lives today, much as his forebears did, on ranches from Texas and Arizona to Montana, Wyoming, and Oregon. In his brief introduction, photographer Markus suggests that cowboys follow their life today to escape the emptiness of an American society dominated by microchips and bank cards. "Everything you've ever read about the West and cowboys is in some strange fashion true," he writes. Clearly, Markus believes in his subject.

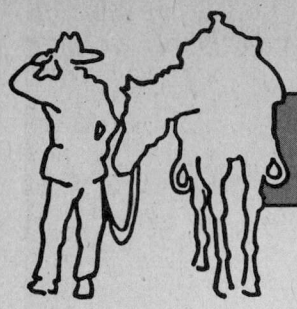
The photographs and the design of this book, however, bring new impact to Markus' theme. There is a starkness about both that commands attention and belief. The dust jacket, for instance, bears no title, no credits, no artwork. It is simply a photo of a remuda, with three men, almost dwarfed, off to one side and distant hills in the background. There is, of course, a title page and that brief introduction, but the book has almost no text. Pictures are identified briefly as to ranch, city, and location.

The photographs are equally stark, realistic rather than romantic in their approach to the cowboys, an approach emphasized by the black and white medium. Carefully reproduced, they are sheet fed gravure plates, sometimes deliberately echoing the grainy quality of old-time photos which first captured the cowboy. About half are scenes of cowboys at work, sometimes dwarfed by the scenery of their land. The other half are portraits, either close up or of cowboys standing in the barnyard, posed in a group, standing by a horse. The photos do not glamorize the man on horseback but rather show him as he is—a man who works hard and intensely.

Studying these photos, you seem to see not only a world apart from microchips and bank cards but also a direct line of descent from the real cowboys of the last century, not the ones in fiction and art but those who rode the trail from South Texas to Abilene or wintered with the herd in Montana.

Markus has created an unusual and worthwhile book.

—Judy Alter
Fort Worth, Texas



Trails Grown Dim

Western genealogy

Collins

I am searching for information on my great-grandfather, John Collins, born circa 1822, I am assuming in Estill County, Kentucky. He married Francis Kersey Lawson July 24, 1860, in Estill County, Kentucky. They had eleven children. In 1881 John moved to Texas, where he was killed in a train accident. He was supposedly buried in Sunset Cemetery, Sunset, Texas. After his death, two small sons were raised by a family named Morgan.

I am searching for the names of John's father, mother, sisters, and brothers.—**Jean Cottongim, P.O. Box 135, Pittsburg, KY 40755.**

Hardin-Huffman

I am looking for information on my grandmother's family. Her name was Flora Irene Hardin. She was the daughter of William Henry Hardin, who was born in Athens, Kentucky, and died in Bethany, Illinois, April 25, 1939. I would like more information about William's parents, with dates and places, and if he had any brothers and sisters, with their names and dates of birth and death.

I would also like information about William Huffman. He may have been born in Cornland, Illinois. He lived in Kentucky for a while, married Melinda Matthews, and with her had nine children. Their names were James, John, Annie, Newton, Ruth, Solomon, Byron, Oliver, and Lou Ella.—**Larry L. Huffman, Rt. 1, Box 56, Cogswell, ND 58017.**

Mitchell

I would like information on Mona Mitchell. Her husband, William, passed away in 1974 near Santa Monica, California. He had served as a colonel in the British army during the Boer War. They had two grandchildren, Kip and Dawn, who lived in Sandusky, Ohio. I am told there were six Mitchell brothers who came from Scotland, some settling near Chicago, Illinois.—**W. Mitchell, 142 Northwood Ave., Dayton, OH 45405.**

Eoff

Phillip Prat(h)er was born circa 1788, in Pickens, Anderson County, South Carolina. He married Cynthia Eoff (pronounced like "loaf") and moved to Rutherford County, Tennessee. They possibly lived in Kentucky for a short time, but were back in Rutherford County when he died in 1855. Cynthia is said to have been killed by Indians in 1830–40, after which Phillip married Elizabeth Mayfield.

Cynthia may have been the daughter of Isaac Eoff, who was listed on the Cannon County, Tennessee, 1840 census as being seventy-nine years old and a veteran of the Revolutionary War. I would like information about the Eoff family.—**Mrs. C.L. Neill, Box 103, Pharr, TX 78577.**

Concannon-O'Concannon

Fremont "Monty" Concannon (O'Concannon) was an early Nebraska cattleman from the 1870s through the early 1890s. He was born about 1850 and died before age forty. He married Elizabeth "Lizzie" Pickeral. They had seven children, two of which died of diptheria the same winter Monty died. I would like to know where Monty and the children are buried, and where Monty was born. He was my grandfather. My mother was a small child when he died. I would also like to know the name of the present owner of his ranch.—**B. LaForce, P.O. Box 955, Alpine, CA 92001.**

Macauley

I am seeking information on my grandfather, James Wilson Macauley. He came to Oregon circa 1900 from New Jersey and homesteaded on Grouse Flat, north of Troy, Oregon. He married a school teacher named Minnie Frances Slow.—**Janet Macauley Jones, 304 N. River, Enterprise, OR 97828.**

Hill

I am searching for information concerning my ancestor, Thomas Hill. He was born to John Hill in Edgefield County, South Carolina, about 1800. Thomas married a Cherokee Indian named Polly Berry in Edgefield County, South Carolina, or Gwinnette County, Georgia, where a son, John Berry Hill was born in 1827. Did Thomas and Polly have other children? If so, what were their names?—**Pauline Hill, Route 2, Box 1508, Poteet, TX 78065.**

Kootz-Johnson-Ray

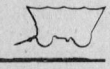
Elizabeth Kootz was born in Pennsylvania in 1803, according to the 1875 census of Greenwood County, Kansas. She married David Johnson. Elizabeth and David lived in Poweshiek County, Iowa, where they owned considerable property, which she acquired after his death. At the time of her death in 1875, she was living with the John W. Ray family of Greenwood County, Kansas.

The name Kootz may have been spelled Koutz, Kutz, Coots, Couts, Cootz, or Coutz.—**John Donovan, 928 23rd Ave., Longview, WA 98632.**

Cammack

I am seeking information on the John Cammack family, who lived either in Primrose, Alabama, or Primrose, Georgia, in 1916. Mrs. Cammack was supposed to have been an immigrant from Germany. I would like to know where John, or his family, emmigrated from.

Mrs. Cammack died about 1919. I would like to know her full maiden name and where she was buried. After her death, John moved to Texas where he remarried. John and his first wife were my grandparents.—**J.A. Smith, 1444½ Sherman, Paris, TX 75460.**



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

REEL COWBOYS

THE TOP TWENTY

By BILL O'NEAL

Robert Redford (left) and Paul Newman (right) starred in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, perhaps the most charming Western ever filmed.

I began writing "Reel Cowboys" nearly three years ago. I've happily reviewed Western films and actors I've liked and some I didn't like. Last month when reviewing *Will Penny* for "Reel Cowboys," I stated that it was one of my Top Twenty Western favorites and that, perhaps, I should list my personal Top Twenty. I don't think anyone can flatly state that this or that film is *the* best Western ever lensed—it was tough enough narrowing it down to just twenty! So I've listed the following films in no particular ranking, just in chronological order. If you have your own favorites, I'd like to hear from you.

Dodge City (1939). Errol Flynn's first and best Western. Alan Hale and Big Boy Williams are delightfully rowdy sidekicks, and the saloon fight is unsurpassed in scale and action.

Fort Apache (1948). The best of John Ford's superb "cavalry trilogy." Better characterizations than *Rio Grande (1950) and more action than She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1949).

Four Faces West (1948). If you've been in love with Westerns since the 1940s, you can't pass by this wonderful movie based on Eugene Manlove Rhodes' *Paso por Aqui*. Joel McCrea is one of the screen's most believable badmen-with-a-trustworthy-heart. Charles Bickford is fine as Pat Garrett, and everyone needs a friend like Joseph Calleia.

Red River (1948). The classic trail drive movie, against which all others must be measured. John Wayne is as domineering and tough as real-life trail bosses must have been, and toothless Walter Brennan renders one of his most memorable performances.

High Noon (1952). Forget the political statement and enjoy the swelling suspense and Coop at his tight-lipped best.

Shane (1953). Remember the impression it made the first time you saw it on the big screen rather than the eleventh repeat on TV with commercial interruptions, and you will recall why it is a classic.

The Searchers (1956). John Ford was the finest director of Westerns, and this is his masterpiece. John Wayne is in top form as the driven, resourceful frontiersman, while Ward Bond heads a host of expert character actors. Never has the cruel conflict between Texans and the Wild Tribes been better portrayed.

The Big Country (1958). Gregory Peck, Charlton Heston, Burl Ives, Charles Bickford, Jean Simmons, and Carroll Baker deliver an entertaining spectacle of range war and romance. Peck and Heston provide one of the screen's epic fist fights, and Chuck Connors is a slimy ruffian.

The Magnificent Seven (1960). The rousing score is unforgettable, the action non-stop, Eli Wallach is the best Mexican villain since Alphonso Bedoya in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and the seven gunfighters are heroic and deadly.

North to Alaska (1960). John Wayne was an expert at comedy acting, and this brawling romance is one of the funniest Westerns ever filmed.

The Unforgiven (1960). Burt Lancaster is a tower of strength on the Texas frontier, Audie Murphy acts his finest role, and the climactic Indian fight is one of the most exciting on film.

Ride the High Country (1962). Who can resist Randolph Scott's last ride into the sunset, Joel McCrea as a fading gunfighter at the turn of the century, the screen's seamiest mining camp until *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, Rocky Mountain scenery, and the direction of Sam Peckinpah when he still exercised discipline.

The Professionals (1966). Lee Marvin and Burt Lancaster lead a crack group of adventurers below the border, and the ensuing action is as hot as the Mexican desert.

Hombre (1967). The *Stagecoach* story line, with a stern but macho Paul Newman as the reluctant hero, a trio of interesting female characterizations, and Richard Boone as the most quietly lethal villain since Jack Palance in *Shane*.

Will Penny (1968). Charlton Heston as an illiterate cowboy facing the limited options of his way of life.

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969). It has humor, scenery, romance, a great chase, and it may be the most charming Western ever filmed.

Monte Walsh (1970). Based on a superb novel by Jack Schaefer, this is the ultimate cowboy movie, starring Lee Marvin and Jack Palance as aging drovers.

Jeremiah Johnson (1972). A poetic but violent mountain man saga, featuring Robert Redford as the trapper who becomes a psychopathic Indian killer.

Tom Horn (1980). The finest Western of recent years, with an unusually accurate Hollywood portrayal of a real-life gunfighter.

For my twentieth choice, I have to announce a twelve-place tie (I *said it was tough narrowing it down to twenty!): Stagecoach* (1939), *My Darling Clementine* (1946), *Three Godfathers* (1948), *Hondo* (1953), *Man Without a Star* (1955), *One-Eyed Jacks* (1961), *True Grit* (1969), *The Wild Bunch* (1969), *The Culpepper Cattle Company* (1972), *Ulzana's Raid* (1972), *The Shootist* (1976), and *Silverado* (1985).

A Special Brand of Courage

By ROY MEADOR

Photos Courtesy of the Author

Ada Reed, near the end of the nineteenth century.

Early on May 25, 1903, in the high country of northeastern New Mexico, Ada Reed said calmly to her teenage daughter Minnie, "Fetch Aunt Reethie. Tell her it's time." So began a drama common on the frontier, the arrival of a new life. High on the list of challenges facing women and their husbands in the early West was childbirth. Giving birth on the frontier demanded stamina, strength, courage, and grit beyond ordinary measure.

Flash floods, tornadoes, stampedes, rustlers, droughts, gunfights, outlaws, and blue northers all added to the difficulty of life on the frontier. The Westerner's job was to make the best of whatever came along or play it safe and head back East. But having a baby in a sod dugout without a hospital, a doctor, or much in the way of ordinary comforts required a special brand of courage.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, Lee Reed and his brother Doc took their families, their cattle, and their dreams of freedom to the wild, open lands of New Mexico. The country was exactly what they had hoped for, vast and silent, stretching to far horizons without a manmade structure anywhere to obscure the view. The Reeds pitched in and built dugouts, snug underground structures sodded over to make solid mounds that blended harmoniously with the landscape.

When the Reeds arrived in New Mexico, the area was generally a place where Indians occasionally roamed and hunted. The Reeds and the Indians never had any disputes, following an unstated policy of "live and let live." The Reed Ranch was a few miles from San Jon, New Mexico, near the Texas line, some twenty miles south of the Canadian River and thirty miles east of Tucumcari. About seventy miles to the Southwest of the Reed place was old Fort Sumner, where the earthly remains of a Kid from Brooklyn, the one they called Billy, were laid to rest in 1881, not long before the Reeds arrived.

The Reeds peacefully went about the slow business of civilizing that violent land. Typical of those who brought permanent life to the West, the Reeds raised cattle and children. Lee's wife, Ada, and Doc's wife, Reethie, made no fuss about the hardships. There was no sense regretting or complaining about things that could not be changed.

Ada and Reethie Reed each had nine children, and each served her sister-in-law as chief midwife in New Mexico dugouts remote from towns and doctors. For those western women, having babies was part of life's regular cycle, one more amongst an endless cavalcade of chores. They were not women to

"baby" themselves in pregnancy. Life went on, and so did the day's work.

When pregnant women of the nineteenth century were strained and overwrought, they could turn to a popular book of remedy recipes *A Guide to Wealth*, written in 1856 by A.W. Chase, M.D. It told how to make three-grain pills with extracts of valerian, henbane, and aconite combined with cinnamon oil. They would "allay irritability" promised Dr. Chase, and he counseled, "Try it all you ladies whose systems are prostrate with anxiety brought on by childbearing, overexertion, neuralgic pains, and general restlessness."

ADA AND REETHIE Reed, however, were miles from pharmacies and had no time to make their own "nerve pills." They solved the problems of anxiety and general restlessness the same way as other frontier women—by keeping endlessly busy from before dawn until well after dark. Even when they carried unborn children in their wombs, the women had their normal chores to do. Ada and Reethie Reed aimed simply to keep their families saddle-fit and well-fed and to deliver healthy babies when nature's clock said "Now!"

In the spring of 1903, Ada Reed expected her seventh child—lucky seven. That same year the area where the Reeds had their grazing land became part of the new county of Quay, New Mexico Territory. In Tucumcari, the railroad had arrived two years earlier and was quickly making the area a major division point and cattle shipping center. The railroad brought people, and people brought politics to the wild country.

Progress was approaching, but Ada Reed had no concern just then for any changes that might lay ahead. She thought about her child. With four sons and two daughters, she hoped it would be another daughter. If it was, Ada planned to name her Gladys Beatrice Reed; Beatrice means "bringer of happiness."

On May 23, 1903, a small band of wandering gypsies with their wagons passed through the area. One of them, an ancient of the tribe, claimed the power to see what was to come. She studied Ada Reed's hand, pointed at the sky, and stated solemnly, "That baby will be born!" Whether the prediction was a shrewd guess or genuine prophecy, two days later Ada Reed knew her time was close. Many years of experience having babies and skillfully treating the various ailments of her family had made her a knowledgeable physician.

Minnie Reed needed no second telling when her mother asked her to ride for Aunt Reethie. She took off at a full gallop on her pony, a sorrel named "Paint." Doc and Reethie Reed's dugouts were some distance away, in a land where wide open space was still as plentiful as fresh air. Minnie finished the gallop in what she knew was record time. Paint, lathered and breathing heavily showed the effort.

Aunt Reethie knew without being told. "I'm ready," she said. Expecting the summons, she had already packed what she would need for a few days' stay with Ada. "We'll ride back together," she said. "Calm down, Minnie. These things always seem to take longer than we figure."

But Ada Reed's seventh was in a hurry to be born. Perhaps somehow the West itself issued an eager summons to the child in the womb. Not long after Minnie and Aunt Reethie joined Ada Reed, her labor ended. Without scrubbed nurses, doctors, or streamlined modern facilities, the women managed together what they had managed before, and Ada Reed's seventh child, a daughter, was born. In that place where the only medical insurance available was foresight, the cost of delivering a child was a little time away from work and extra feed for Paint and Aunt Reethie's mount.

Aunt Reethie stayed a couple of days to help out, but Ada Reed wasn't one to lie around long. There were a new baby, six other children, and a husband to look after. She counted her blessings. The delivery had gone well, and little Gladys seemed hale and hearty, full of zest for life. With Minnie and the other children helping, Ada resumed the routine of day-to-day ranch living.

She had not troubled herself before the birth of the child nor did she reflect much afterward about the hazardous and lonesome task of having a baby with only a daughter and a neighbor to be with her. By contemporary standards and expectations, the challenge of giving birth on the frontier is staggering. Yet frontier women cheerfully faced the ordeal and, by delivering new generations, produced the future.

Gladys Reed as a young woman.

Almost sixty years after entering the world in that New Mexico dugout, Gladys Reed and her older sister, Minnie, revisited the site near San Jon where they had lived when they and the West were young. They found the spot where the dugout had been and the former lime pit where Lee and Doc treated their stock. The place had reverted to pasture land for cattle, but Gladys and Minnie had no difficulty recognizing their one-time home on the range.

The events of Glady's Reed's birth in 1903 should make us appreciate the improved conditions most women today experience when they are ready to deliver. We should also remember with admiration the courage and resolution shown by pioneer women who gave themselves resolutely and unselfishly to the struggle. By nourishing families and building homes in the West, they generously prepared the way for those of us who have gratefully followed after them.

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

Volume 5 | BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1876. | Number 19.

MARCHING ON THE INDIANS

WYOMING, DAKOTAH, AND MONTANA TO BE THE BATTLE FIELDS.

The Big Horn Expedition Pushing Through the Wilderness,

Denver, Col. March 7.

The Big Horn expedition, which is intended to free the whole of Wyoming and large portions of Montana and Dakota from the presence of the depredating red men who now infest the Big Horn, Powder River, and other vast mineral and agricultural regions in that section of the country, is now thoroughly organized and pushing its way into the wilderness of the Northwest. These Indian tribes, together with the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, are to be located in the vicinity of Forts Sully, St. Pierre and Rice, on the Missouri, much nearer to supply points than they are at present, with the advantages of almost direct rail and water communications, thus reducing the expense of maintaining military posts and agencies at least one-third.

The present expedition is under the command of Col. J. J. Reynolds, and is accompanied by Gen. Crook. It consists of five battilions of cavalry, of two companies each, and one battilion of infantry, also composed of two companies. Besides these an excellent corps of twenty-five or thirty scouts, all of whom are thoroughly familiar with Indian campaigns and capable of acting as guides, is under command of Col. T. H. Stratton. Over 1,500 head of stock are required in the various departments, of which 650 are cavalry horses, 480 mules for the wagon transportation, and 400 pack mules. The expedition left Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, last Tuesday, and is at present traversing a region wonderful not only in its natural scenery, but in the wealth of the country in mineral and agricultural area. The Indians known to be scattered over this vast extent are said to number from 18,000 to 20,000 of whom at least 5,000 may be considered warriors,

Indian runners have already conveyed the intelligence of the military movement to the north tribes, so that Gen. Crook cannot surprise the Indians, as he had expected to, and in verification of this suspicion, information reached us that the Minneconjoux and other tribes are already overrunning the northern frontier, and that numerous depredations have been committed by them. The entire command is proceeding in one body in a northwesterly course, taking in old Forts Reno and Phil Kearney en route. Of the direction from this point nothing is definitely known, save that where Indians are scented out by the scouts, there the companies will be. Every man in the expedition has been thoroughly armed and is expected to do active field duty at any time. Six weeks, it is thought, will bring the expedition to an end, but it is possible operations may be protracted beyond this time.

Truths and Trifles.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of rubber boots, and no mud or slush to reach.

There is a funny bill pending before the Iowa Legislature which requires that jurors shall be persons of "good judgement."

A young lady of seven summers, when chided by her parent for jumping over a fence, wanted to know if this was not leap year.

Norwich Bulletin: A woman called at the register's office yesterday, asking for a marriage license, got it and paid for it. It is felt that this will establish a precedent that will oblige most of our best young men to take to the woods.

INDIAN TREATIES.

General Custer has been waylaid by a western reporter and pursuaded to talk on the Indian question. He thinks if Sherman were to become President he would have one general council and end the whole business. The General prefers the drastic method. These Indians must be treated like other people. They should not be made a special race who may murder when they will. The whole idea of treating them as "nations," of making treaties and recognizing them as independent sovereign powers is a mistake. We should deal with the Indians as we do with the whites and blacks. Educate, protect and defend them. compel them to respect the law and earn their br ad This idea of fencing off tracts of rich agricultural and mining lands for wild Indians is a blunder. It has led to abuses of the darkest nature, robbery, murder, massacre, war and the waste of millions of treasure. Let it come to an end. Let the Indian department be abolished. Let the Indians be transferred to the army. Let them be brought within the reach of civilization and kept there. An Indian has sense, He knows when he is hungry, and he should be taught that the way to find br ad is to work for it. This is the common sense of th Indian question.

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It's High TIME For a Correction

May Lillie (above right) appears ready to blast the camera lens. And she just might have squeezed off a couple of rounds if she had known what was to come.

This issue of TRUE WEST seemed a fitting time to set the cards straight concerning this photo's TRUE identity. In *The Cowboys* volume of the TIME-LIFE "Old West" series, the same picture appears on page 208 reversed. Worse yet, the caption accompanying the flopped photo reads: "Ohio farm girl Annie Oakley levels the six-gun that won her Wild West stardom as Little Sure Shot. . . ."

Well, May Lillie, you can rest your shooting eye. We've put the gun back in *your hand*, your left one where it belongs, by printing the picture the way it was meant to be.

Our historical consultant, Glenn Shirley, uncovered this error a while back. Unfortunately, the TIME-LIFE book had already gone to press when he brought it to the editors' attention, so it was too late to make a correction.

Glenn authored the biography of Pawnee Bill, famous Wild West showman and husband of May Lillie. You can imagine Glenn's surprise on discovery of TIME-LIFE's error, especially since he owns the original print reproduced on this page.

In *Pawnee Bill*, Glenn writes: "On November 12, May gave an exposition at the Pennsylvania State Rifle Range. Shooting at two hundred yards, she scored twenty-four out of a possible twenty-five, the best score ever made by a woman at that distance. Her Philadelphia friends presented her with a solid gold medal inscribed:

Photo courtesy Glenn Shirley

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MAY LILLIE
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BY APPRECIATING FRIENDS
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During her life, May Lillie achieved renown as "World's Champion Woman Rifle Shot" and "Princess of the Prairie," a woman truly deserving of proper credit in the pages of Western History.

—Randy Clausen

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Dec. 9	Mar. 1987	Feb. 1 - Mar. 1
Jan. 9	Apr. 1987	Mar. 1 - Apr. 1
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Mar. 9	June 1987	May 1 - June 1
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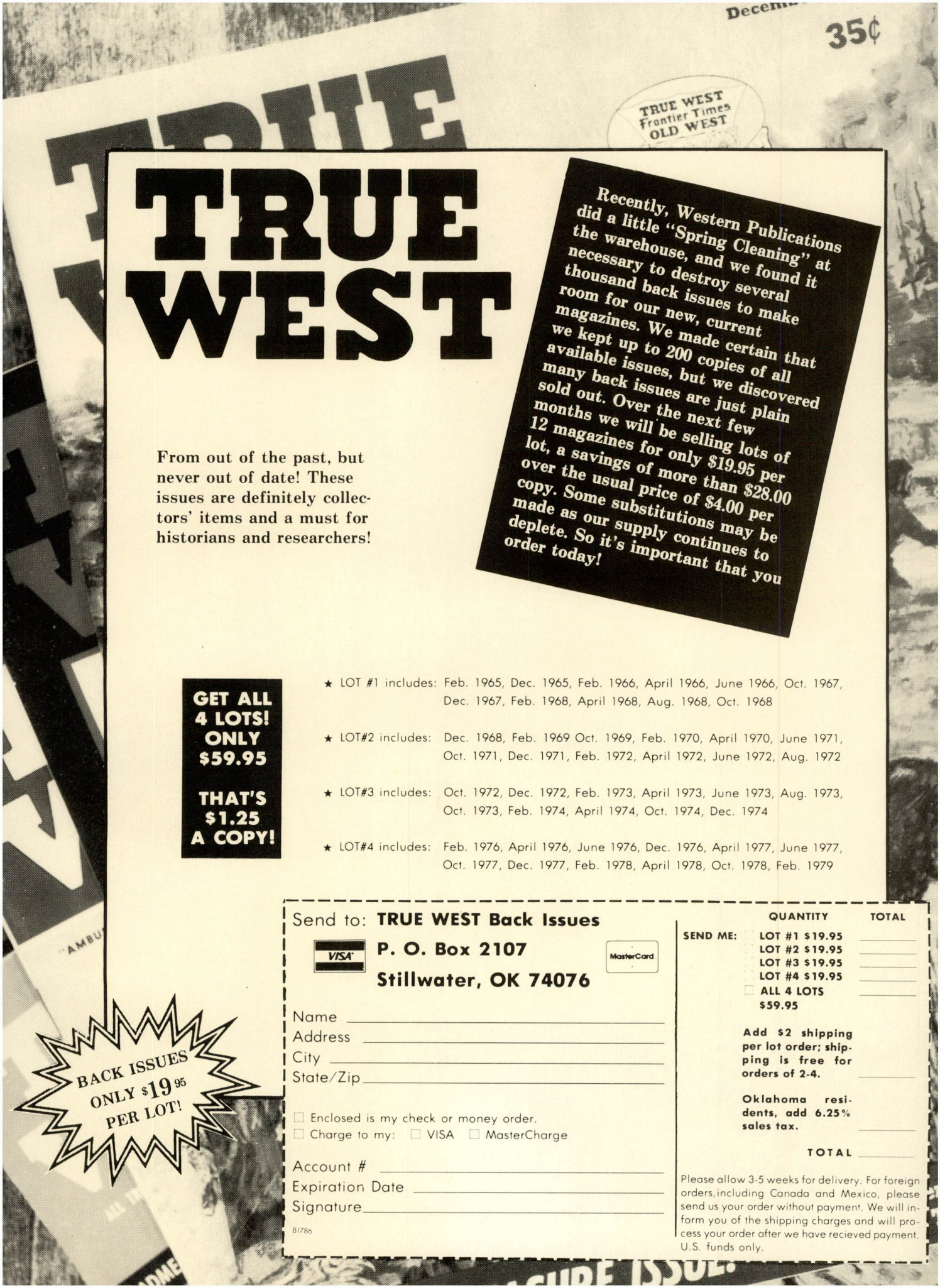

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