

DRAFT

CAROLINE LOCKHART RANCH
BIGHORN CANYON NATIONAL RECREATION AREA

DRAFT

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CHAPTER I: I HAVE ENDEAVORED TO KNOW WHAT I AM WRITING ABOUT BEFORE I WRITE.

A. Early Life.

Walter Prescott Webb's controversial phrase "...how historians could make 'thick history out of such "thin" material" is an appropriate prelude to the Historic Resource Study of the Caroline Lockhart Ranch. Contrarily, Webb's accusation that historians "...must write of cowboys as if they were noble knights and the cowboys, kings" does not identify with the ranch owner, Caroline Lockhart. Caroline was not "thin material," she did not have to fabricate the spirit of the West in her novels for she knew it; she lived it.

The Lockhart Ranch, also known as the L/♡ Ranch located on Davis Creek in the Bighorn Canyon National Recreation Area, was the creation of Caroline Lockhart. Miss Lockhart, often quoted as saying "I was born on a horse," began acquiring parcels of land in 1926 culminating with over 6,000 acres by 1950. The ranching chapter in her life followed a very successful literary and journalistic career, however, growing up on a Kansas ranch gave her an early western orientation.

As available Eastern virgin land became scarce, the "American Desert" became desirable. By the 1870's, the development and improvements in irrigation, dry farming techniques and drought resistant plants coupled with the Homestead Act of 1862, generated a westward advancement

of the frontier. The Lockhart family joined the advancement. The family had colonial origins in Pennsylvania, but her father, Joseph Cameron Lockhart, "moved west to Illinois"³ before the Civil War. After serving for three years, including two years as an aide on General William S. Rosecrans staff, he returned to Illinois in 1865.⁴

In 1874, Lockhart moved his family which now included Caroline, who was born February 24, 1871, in Eagle Point, Illinois, to Kansas. He began farming near Auburn, 10 miles southwest of Topeka, but most of Caroline's early years were spent on his Burligame ranch near the Old Santa Fe Trail. Before his retirement he had acquired over 12,000 acres in Kansas and Oklahoma and was considered a highly respected stockman of his time.⁵

The heavily traveled thoroughfare, the Santa Fe Trail, saw a transition from pack trains and wagons to the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, but a real flavor of the West still existed. Exposure to this western transition paired with growing up on a ranch would later influence her life and writings even though her education and early years of her career were spent in the East.

Initially, Caroline attended Bethany College in Kansas, but later went to Moravian Seminary in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania and a girl's finishing school in Boston.⁶ In later years, Caroline was fond of relating that her family had sent her East to make a lady of her. "I learned," she said, "the best way to make Vassar fudge and worry the teachers, but not much else."⁷ Actually, she knew that after the death

of her mother and her father's remarriage to the family housekeeper, that her independent spirit would not submit to the new stepmother. So with ". . . a toss of her head and a curve of her lips to emphasize their inability to mould her," Caroline's leaving Kansas was a farewell. After the deaths of Joseph Lockhart and "Step," as she entitled her stepmother, the family found Caroline's sharply autographed, dust-covered books in the ranch house attic. Caroline never knew if her father had read the books.

B. Newspaper Career.

Caroline stayed on in Boston after finishing school, entered the theater briefly and in 1889 was hired at the age of 18 as the first woman reporter on the Boston Post. At the same time that Nellie Bly was writing for the New York World, Caroline was accepting "tough feature story assignments for the Boston Post. The newspaper work was a stepping-stone to a more aspiring type of writing and it was at this time that Caroline developed one of her literary principles, ". . . I have endeavored to know what I am writing about before I write." Adhering to this principle created many situations of excitement, adventure, and enlightenment throughout Caroline's career.

The young reporter's first assignment was to interview a man given a life term for the torture of several children. The fiend had also skinned a cat alive with a pin in his prison cell. In order to secure an interview, she volunteered to perform at one of the prison's Sunday concerts, reciting Ella Wheeler Wilcox "Salavator." She failed to get

the interview, but the experience would only be the beginning of a long string of exciting episodes and introductions to important and interesting people.

The novice reporter was one of the first to query the well-known agnostic, Robert J. Ingersoll. "He was at the Parker House," she said. "And was he surprised to see me--just a brat come to interview him!" Later Caroline laughed saying, "Guess he didn't want to trust his beautiful phrases to me" because he, who was considered a master of the English language, wrote out his treatise on divorce and capital punishment in long hand.

The Home for Intemperate Women became another one of Caroline's conquests. To report on the inside management, Caroline had to seek "cure" for a habit that she did not have. She presented herself for admission posing as a Swedish work woman, Carrie Henderson.

Whispers of conditions, treatment of inmates, of food and filth reached official ears. Official investigations found nothing. Nothing until Caroline calling herself Carrie Henderson gained admittance. She hauled a hack. Got out within a block of the place. Walked through the rain up to the door, looking the picture of battered womanhood. Water dripped from over the brim of her rusty, black sailor hat and on to her shoulders slumped in woe beyond gone dejection.

"I've got the habit," she confessed to the woman in charge. "Can't you help me? I can't keep jobs no more."

"She saw I was good and husky," Miss Lockhart said. The home made money by doing laundry for Boston hotels. "They put me on the mangle to iron napkins. And every morning they'd line us up and dish out a spoonful of liquor cure from a bottle."

"The place was a fright," she reported, grimacing in remembrance. "And so were the women. Carrie Henderson was the laughing stock because she had a toothbrush."

She wanted to get out. She had enough for a story. But, they wouldn't let her. She wasn't 'cured' yet. Finally, the Boston Post editor called up asking for Carrie Henderson's release.

"Release!" The woman in charge exclaimed. "We can't. She's not cured yet." In desperation the editor divulged Carrie's identity.

"Why, I don't believe it," the woman sputtered into the phone.

"Why she's the toughest girl we've got here." But Carrie got out.

And so did the truth. The Home for Intemperate Women was cleaned
up."¹²

While Caroline served on the Boston Post, the city needed someone to test the fire safety nets. So Miss Lockhart scrambled out on the ledge of a fourth story hotel window, looked around and jumped. "You can bet your life you bounce when you hit." Other exciting incidents include donning a diver's suit and spending half an hour on the bottom of Boston Harbor, doing general housework for two days at an address I am afraid to mention, getting into a cage with a lion who had the reddest mouth,
the sharpest teeth, and the longest tongue of any lion who ever lived.¹³

During the 1890's, Caroline moved on to Philadelphia and a position with the Philadelphia Bulletin writing under the name of "Suzette." "Suzette" was so popular that a cigar was named for her. She continued to interview and be associated with famous personages including the "Famed Financier," Jay Cooke, William Jennings Bryan, and the inventor of the "Land Super-Dreadmought," an armored land vehicle which preceded the tank, Frank Shuman.

While boarding with Harry and Nina Peebles, 4836 Hazel Avenue, Philadelphia, Caroline led an active life in the city and she began traveling abroad. In 1900, Caroline hunted in Russia, mountain climbed in Switzerland, and attended the Passion play in Oberammergau, Germany. She arrived back in New York with six cents. "I hung on to that six cents as though it was the Hope Diamond," she said. "That's all in the world I had when I walked into the Waldorf."

Continuing with her unusual assignments, the Evening Bulletin sent their young reporter "out West" to write a story about the Blackfoot Indians. On her return trip, she stopped by the new-fledged town of Cody, Wyoming, to visit her former editor of the Boston Post, Andrew McKenzie who was "out West" for his health, and renewed her acquaintance with "Buffalo Bill" Cody. Finding the town and the surrounding scenery to her liking and usefulness as a background for her forthcoming novels, Caroline rushed back to Philadelphia, turned in her Blackfoot Indian story and her resignation.

C. Move to Cody.

Arriving in "the scenic gateway to Yellowstone Park" in 1904 with 15 years experience as a newspaperwoman, Caroline was ready "to do it before you write it." Cody, incorporated only a couple of years when Caroline arrived, was basically a tourist town, but also suffered the consequences of an advancing frontier. Cowboys, sheepmen, farmers, shopkeepers, and homesteaders were all moving in. From the beginning, Cody was polarized into two camps--those who wanted it to remain "Western" and those who wanted to transform it into a typical Midwestern town such as Ames, Iowa, or Omaha. Caroline liked what she saw in Cody's infancy and she would fight with her pen all of her life to support Cody's western independent spirit.

Caroline's move to Cody was a transitional period from a metropolitan newspaperwoman to western authoress. When asked by a Denver Times reporter why she lived in Cody, she replied, "the monotony." She continued, "Arnold Bennett, in his book The Truth About An Author explains what I mean--what I found out myself by groping and experimenting--that the best results come out of monotony. One's mind is most active in dullness and he can concentrate. Cody here is my workshop. I go East to play and enjoy it twice as much as though I lived there all the time. Besides, I like this country, the mountains and the sagebrush plains, the stimulating air, and the amusing episodes of the town. Excitement isn't necessary to my existence. I've been bored in Paris for that matter."¹⁷

However, Caroline immediately entered into Cody's activities first becoming a co-founder of the Cody Stampede. "The early stampedes were held out west of Cody and were lusty, dusty affairs, with no grandstand and no chutes. The broncos were 'eared down' by real cowhands and were ridden by the 'real McCoy.' The cowboys wore bright colored scarves which served a two-fold purpose. They could be pulled up over the face to protect the mouth and nostrils from dust and at night were tied over the ears to keep out insects as the cowboy slept on the ground with his saddle for a pillow. The ladies wore very long, dark divided skirts, and the cowboys got a thrill when they helped the gals on a horse or in a buggy and got a peep at the ankle above the high top shoe."¹⁸

While serving as president of the Stampede board, Caroline invited about 60 Indians from the Crow Reservation to participate in the July 4th activities including the stagecoach race and the rescue by the cowboys. The Indians, usually accompanied by Chief Plenty-Coups would move into Caroline's Cody home and the hospitality continued after she acquired the L/♡ Ranch near the Crow Reservation in Montana.¹⁹

In addition to serving as president of the stampede, in 1909 Caroline designed and printed the Stampede Ball Poster which prompted the citizens to "Get your haircut, wash your shirt, tallow your boots, rub up your spurs and conchas, saddle old paint and bring that girl up the crick to the Sour Dough party at Cody, Wyo., the Old West's Last Stand."²⁰

Caroline remained president for six years. Usually in the accompaniment of a prominent person such as the governor of Wyoming, she led the

parade riding upon her favorite horse and attired in a buckskin costume
and large Western hat.

D. Authoress.

The scissorbills, professionals, government workers, shopkeepers, sheepmen, cowmen, Indians, "the wets," "the drys," and even the sundry outlaws provided Caroline with the inspiration for her novels she knew she would find in Cody. She had the perception to realize that the spirit of the West and its history was being portrayed before her and she had the genius to record it. Her adventuresome nature combined with her curiosity made her a controversial figure from whose pen and type-writer she had become the voice of Cody.

Her first novel, Me-Smith, received rave reviews, some comparing it favorably with Owen Wister's The Virginian. Use of the vernacular and characterization of the Western types fooled many people as to the gender of the author. The book was first published by Lippincott in early 1911 and by May 1911 it was in its 5th printing. Me-Smith was followed the next year by The Lady Doc. All of Caroline's novels were published by well-known publishers and all of the novels made money, but The Lady Doc ". . . made me infamous," Caroline said, "Some people saw themselves in the characters."

The Lady Doc recounted "a feminine feud. It may be of interest to call attention to the fact that a feud, perhaps of social origins developed between Dr. Frances Lane and Miss Lockhart. Miss Lane had an attractive personality, while Miss Lockhart, though brilliant, was not

exactly prepossessing. At the climax of their differences, Caroline Lockhart published a novel called The Lady Doc, in which she used keen satire and a lively sense of humor at the expense of Miss Lane. Dr. Lane is deceased. Miss Lockhart operates a ranch at Dryhead, Montana." 25

Years later Caroline wrote to John Larson, Wyoming historian, "I drew as accurate a picture of Cody as I could and keep out of jail." 26 The copies of the book, banned in the Cody library, were burned publically in Cody's back alleys. The novel caused Caroline to be in and out of court in a libel suit and during the 1950's, Caroline decided to raise the issue again by having 600 copies of The Lady Doc reprinted. "Sort of wanted a new fur coat," she chuckled, "but I decided I'd get more fun of [sic] of this." 27 The author made many enemies and the book is talked about in Cody today. 28

Caroline began producing novels regularly. The Full of the Moon was published in 1914 followed by The Man From the Bitter Roots in 1915. Keeping with the Lockhart tradition of adventure, the final publication of The Man From the Bitter Roots almost met disaster. While traveling in Central America, Caroline's only draft of The Man From the Bitter Roots was destroyed. Several accounts of the tragedy persist including the draft burning in her hotel when the entire, small Spanish Honduras village was enveloped in flames. 29 The following Philadelphia Bulletin story of April 5, 1914, reveals another demise of the draft:

SUZETTE LOSES NOVEL IN OCEAN

Caroline Lockhart Mourns Manuscript Representing Two Years' Hard Work In Her Trip to the Nicaraguan Coast.

"It's disheartening to contemplate the loss of two whole years' work, but I intend to get busy and write that book again," said Miss Caroline Lockhart, the novelist, yesterday in telling of the loss of her manuscript in the Carribbean Sea during a recent tour of Central America. The manuscript, Miss Lockhart's other baggage, and that of other tourists went to the bottom of the sea when a small boat which was transporting it from the steamship to the coast capsized.

"In spite of my chagrin," went on Miss Lockhart, "I could scarcely resist laughing at the antics of a traveling salesman for a soap concern, who ran up and down the deck wringing his hands and crying, 'My samples! Oh, my samples!' However, my mirth did not last long, for I became poignantly conscious that my manuscript, after two years of hard work and plugging at a typewriter, reposed beneath the waves, together with my wardrobe and other effects. No, it wasn't the weighty import of the manuscript that sank that boat, but I have a notion that my rifle and boxes of cartridges were partly responsible."

Miss Lockhart landed at "one of those dinky Spanish towns the name of which you forget right away, but which possesses beautiful churches." She proceeded to study the Caribs, their manners and customs, ceasing to mourn for the irretrievable manuscript with true philosophic wisdom.

"I shall think of the fortitude of Thomas Caryle and his heroic rewriting of 'The French Revolution,'" said the novelist, "and do my story over like a real sport."³⁰

Caroline had the forbearance to rewrite the book, but she said, "I
31
always felt the original was better." By 1918, the mining story of Idaho, The Man From the Bitter Roots, had been made into a movie starring William Farnum. Jezebel's--Daughter³² was published in Boston in February 1919.

Following her tenent, "learn it, then write about it," Caroline spent an entire summer at the sheep camp of Lucy Morrison Moore, "Sheep Queen of Wyoming." Living with the "eccentric" and her daughters in the Owl Mountains near Thermopolis, she got first hand knowledge of a shepherdess to add local color to her upcoming novel, The Fighting Shepherdess.³³

Again Hollywood knocked on Caroline's door, purchasing sole rights for a movie adaption of The Fighting Shepherdess with Anita Stewart in the lead role. "Douglas Fairbanks offered Caroline Lockhart \$50,000 for a scenario for a 'real humorous western story' or \$10,000 for a suitable story which can be worked up by his own staff. Douglas Fairbanks, in his offer, states that Miss Lockhart is the one western writer who can give him something original."³⁷

Two more books by Caroline Lockhart were published, The Dude Wrangler in 1921 and Old West and Now in 1933. The latter, published in the 1930's gives a modern angle to the cattle rustlers and cowboys. Caroline disguised them in the characters of dude wranglers, filling station operators and prohibition agents.³⁸

As with all her novels, Caroline would "prefer to work from personal knowledge and experience rather than imagination"³⁴ leading Robert H. Davis, head of the Munsey publications to say, "Caroline Lockhart knows the West better than any other living writer."³⁵ Her meticulous allegiance to fact gives her books an unusual exactness in details of the West which raised them above many of the Western books published in the beginning of the 20th century. A fellow Western writer, Hamlin Garland, praised Miss Lockhart's faithfulness to Western detail saying, "You have to be a rancher to know how real and true the talk is."³⁶

Even though Caroline contributed articles to many magazines throughout her entire literary career,³⁹ an excerpt from a 1914 Philadelphia Bulletin reveals her view of American literature:

"The plethoric output of silly drivel by authors of the 'perfect lady type, who must hold their pen in just the proper poise in order to write artistically,'" she referred to with tolerant irony. "Too many American novelists, she said, are interested in producing books that sell rather than books which interpret life." She continued: "I gave up writing short stories because I was too much hampered by editorial restrictions. To produce sincere work a writer must follow his or her ideals, not those of an arbitrary editor. With the novel one has somewhat more freedom than with short stories. The latter must be made according to the accepted pattern to receive attention. Editors are afraid of anything new, and the mediocre writer content to produce marketable wares is much more likely to achieve early success than the serious student whose aim is to create works of art. I believe that editors are mistaken. They judge the calibre of the public mind by the letters they receive from persons who have time to write to magazines. Let us have done with absurd ultra-puritanism.

"I was abused in some quarters for my The Lady Doc and many women physicians wrote informing me that my characterization of one of their fraternity was hopelessly the untrue and unjust. I can only say that I make the truth of my books conform to the truth of life as I see it out in Wyoming."⁴⁰

E. Return to Newspaper World.

In 1918, Caroline expressed an interest to return to writing for a large metropolitan newspaper. The New York World offered her a staff position, but she surprised all of those close to her and chose The Denver Post. While living her research role as a shepherdess, Caroline learned that The Denver Post was the shepherd's Bible. Everywhere she went in the West, she found all classes of people reading The Post, from the millionaires in the lobbies of the Brown Palace and Broadmoor Hotels in Colorado to the literate Crow Indians on the reservation in Montana. Caroline accepted the Post's offer saying, "The Post is distinctively Western and I like it above all other papers. I know I am going to like the Post and the Post Family and I hope the people who read the Post are going to like me."⁴¹

Caroline's reputation for getting the unusual story followed her to Denver. The Post sent her to Pawhuska, Oklahoma to get a story on the

Osage Indians who became rich overnight from oil royalties. The young, white reporter had difficulty in obtaining an interview with the Indians until a local cab driver suggested that she get a job with them. So she went to work as a hired girl for Chief Bacon Rind.

"I worked till I was darn near dead" she recalled. "Most of the time I carried a papoose, Chunka, Indian fashion on my back. The rest of the time I'd fetch and carry for old Bacon Rind. He'd drive up in his limousine and have me lug great bundles of stuff from the car to the wigwam while he walked on ahead. I must have looked like an ant struggling with a huge crumb."⁴²

F. Buys The Cody Enterprise.

According to Miss Lockhart's biographer, Paul Eldridge, ". . . she grew impatient at the length of time it took her to produce the cannonball of a novel, she resorted to lesser ammunition," the newspaper. In 1919, Caroline returned to Cody and purchased the Cody Enterprise, a weekly established in 1899 by "Buffalo Bill" Cody and Colonel Peake, the publisher-editor."⁴³

Writing under the column, "As Seen From the Water-Wagon," the Enterprise gave it's new owner a forum to express her views. The enforcement of the Volstead Act in 1920, aggravated the existing dissention in Cody and Caroline had great fun attacking "the drys" and the Methodist Church whom she felt responsible for the prohibition act and defending "the wets."⁴⁴ Caroline always protected the "oldtimers," who wanted to

keep Cody "the way it was." The newspaper was known to "the better element" as "the booze sheet of Wyoming," and Caroline became the spokeswoman for the anti-prohibitionist both in Cody and the country. She had great fun in exposing local characters and also the failure of the effect of prohibition on Cody. Many prominent Codyites, farmers, and ranchers produced "moonshine" and Miss Lockhart said, "You could smell it when you went into a house. Home Brew." She said of Percy Metz, the district judge, "Yea, he never went anywhere 'without havin' a case of moonshine in his car goin' around to try bootleggin' cases, you know. Oh! it was a farce. It was the biggest farce in this country."

45

Caroline often attacked Mr. L. L. Newton, the editor of a lesser weekly, The Northern Wyoming Herald. Years later Caroline recalled, "Oh! L. L. Newton--he was the head of the Mehtodist bunch. I just doted on fighting Newton. He was the breath of life to me. They frisked his place and found moonshine in his barn." Many of the incidents were humorous, but when violence did occur, the Enterprise exposed the stories and several times Caroline and the newspaper were sued for libel.

After the killing and maiming of two unarmed men north of Cody, Caroline wrote, "It looks to the people of this locality as if human life was getting pretty cheap when any person with a nickel star pinned on him can go out and shoot and kill in the name of the law and order without a warrant, for an offense which, at most, is only a misdemeanor." Caroline named one of the gunmen as the courthouse janitor. Miss Lockhart was sued for libel by the county attorney, but he failed to collect anything.

46

Caroline maintained a continuing feud with the local, young prosecuting attorney, Mr. E. J. Goppert. As one of the leaders of "the better element" it was fated that Goppert and Caroline would clash. Caroline openly proclaimed that the Enterprise was thoroughly wet, that she despised the "stool-pigeons of the better element" and that she would defend the cause of the bootleggers and moonshiners at every chance.

A further encounter occurred between Caroline and the attorney; she held him indirectly responsible for the killing of several moonshiners, resulting in his suing her for libel. The highly explosive case was moved to Basin, a town 75 miles from Cody. "Nevertheless folk from hundreds of miles around came in to Basin by auto, horse, wagon, and every means possible for the big day. Those who could not get into the courthouse sat outside in trees, where Miss Lockhart said, 'they looked like a bunch of blackbirds'." After the case, Wyoming newspapers carried the full page headline "CAROLINE BEATS GOP."⁴⁷

The prohibition issue kept the Enterprise as the hottest selling item in Cody. Both camps awaited the publication of the weekly to see to whom or to what Caroline's scathing pen attacked. Her column "As Seen From the Water Wagon," was known across the country with one of her "picturesque expressions" being quoted in one of H. L. Mencken's books on Americana. He called the newspaperwoman one of the four best humorists in America.⁴⁸ The following are anecdotes from "As Seen From the Water Wagon:"

Mayor Cox curtly cancelled his subscription to our great moral uplift sheet some time ago. Therefore, we were flattered to see him at Otto's cigar counter last Thursday, waiting like a cat at a mouse-hole for the Enterprise to come out,

and to hear him remark, "He didn't want to miss anything." All of which leads us to reiterate: "If you hit a balky horse on the nose he may not love you but he will be interested in your movements."

We are informed that the daily appearance in court of Mrs. E. A. Ingrahm and Mrs. Lydia E. Peckham, (the president of the W. C. T. U., and her right-hand lady), with their knitting and tatting was for the purpose "giving backbone" to the proceedings. In spite of our best efforts, we have failed to learn whether the Judge or Prosecuting Attorney drew the rick-rack edge for his nightie.

In line with the above that all good citizens will aid the local officials in enforcing the law, we wish to call to Sheriff Davis's attention the fact that Andy Martin (an early pioneer and one of Cody's most respected ranchers) had a load of corn stalks in the back of his car recently. Also we have it upon authority that he was asked at the mill whether he wished his corn ground fine or coarse. He replied: "Coarse; otherwise the darned stuff sticks to the pot."

Has it ever occurred to the worthy Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church that temperance and prohibition cannot exist together.⁴⁹

In Nashville, Tenn. they have organized a Sanity League. That might not be a bad thing for Cody while it is still possible to get a quorum.⁵⁰

In 1925, Caroline announced that she wanted to return to her real work, writing, before it was too late. The Cody Enterprise stated:

With this issue our great moral uplift sheet--
The Cody Enterprise becomes the property of Victor H. Abrahamson, who purchased the newspaper this week from the present owner. We had our play at it and feel that we must get down to work if we are to accomplish anything before we reach our dotage.

Publishing a country newspaper is much like taking care of a teething infant or sitting up with a typhoid patient. It has its compensations and we have enjoyed it, and it is with something of regret that we see our child become the property of another.

So, taking the office cat in one hand and S. A. Watkins (Watkins is a Cody attorney) in the other, we hand Vic the key, and God have mercy on his soul."⁵¹

So during the week of October 30, 1925, Caroline turned over to Victor Abrahamson the newspaper which had recorded Cody's colorful history during the first half of the 1920's.

CHAPTER II: WHERE A FRESH WAGON TRACK IN THE MAIN TRAVELLED ROAD IS
AN EVENT.

A. Acquires Ranch.

According to Caroline, "My job is writing books and the last thing I had in mind when I came in to the Dryhead was filing on land or engaging in the cattle business, and certainly not locating in a country where a fresh wagon track in the main travelled road is an event."⁵²

After Caroline "retired" from the newspaper business, she planned to return to writing novels and also articles for national magazines using her home in Cody as her base. But without any premeditation, Caroline found herself the owner of a ranch in the Dryhead country of Montana.

Caroline had taken a wagon trip up into the Dryhead country to see the scenery and visit friends in St. Xavier, a small town on the Bighorn River. During the trip, the hired driver, Lou Ericson, asked Caroline for a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to buy the "Wasson Place," located in the Dryhead, for a home for himself and his good friend, Clay Jolly. Jolly, an old man, had at one time worked for Caroline. Agreeing to a payback after Ericson's mother's estate was settled, Caroline loaned him the money. Soon thereafter, Ericson admitted that there would be no money from the estate and that he could not pay back the loan. So consenting to hand over the deed to the place to Caroline, she ended up⁵³ with a ranch she had never seen.

In keeping with Caroline's style of doing things, it was natural that her new acquisition would not be either a mundane place or in a convenient location. The Dryhead country was isolated, accessible only by wagon trails, and harsh. Even during the first years of Caroline's residence, the area was known as a haven for outlaws and cattle rustlers. The Crow Indians, whose reservations is nearby, gave the area the name because it was a resting ground for buffalo skulls. The Indians also
54
called it "Dry Skulls."

Feeling that "petticoats are no bar to progress in either writing or
55
ranching," Caroline took on the ranch with her usual vigor. The "Wasson Place" became the headquarters for the L/♡ Ranch. James Wasson had moved his family onto the property in June, 1909, after he acquired the property from George Berky. In Wasson's Homestead Final Certificate, dated June 1920, he stated that a house existed on the property in June 1909 but he listed his improvements as 6 room log house, barn, 2 chicken-houses, springhouse, toolhouse, bunkhouse, root cellar, all property fenced and twenty acres cultivated totally: improvements of about \$2,000. He stated that his wife and four children had lived there continuously since June 1909 with the exception of two years when they were absent about seven months of each year sending the children to
56
school.

The proposed transaction of sale of the property from James Wasson to Lou Ericson apparently occurred between February 29, 1926 and September 25, 1926. On September 25, 1926, Lou Ericson deeded a portion to Caroline; the remainder of the "Wasson Place" was deeded to Caroline June 22,
57
1927.

In November 1925, just a few weeks after selling the Cody Enterprise, Caroline filed a Stock Raising Homestead Entry. The 640 acres (W2SW4, SW4NW4 of Sec. 13; SE4SE4 of Sec. 14; SE4, S2, NE4 of Sec. 11) adjoined the land that would be deeded to her by Lou Ericson in September 25, 1926 and June 22, 1927. In pursuance of her mode of doing things, Caroline started acquiring neighboring properties and continued to do so until 1947. The federal government questioned Caroline's Stock Raising Entry focusing on her intent in acquiring property and her method in satisfying the residency requirements.

Caroline claimed in her Stock Raising Homestead Final Proof Certificate that she constructed a 10 x 20 log house on the entry land in the summer of 1926 and that she moved onto the property in July 1926. She stated that she lived there from the time she could physically get onto the property until the heavy snows came in the autumn or winter. The government charged that Caroline moved a chicken house from her purchased property one-half mile away to the homestead site and they tried to prove that she used her purchased ranchhouse as her residence. Caroline countered the charge by insisting that she

established residence in her homestead cabin, and would be there part of the time each day. She would have breakfast at the ranch, would go to the homestead and work there at her writing until in the afternoon, and then she would return to the ranch for supper. After supper she would go to the homestead cabin and sleep there. Sometimes she went to the ranch for lunch and at other times she prepared lunch for herself at the cabin on the homestead. In this

way for more than seven months a year for three years she lived on her homestead." ⁶⁰ The homestead cabin was furnished with a built-in bunk, two chairs, a table, a stove, and a small wooden platform.

The other inquiry dealt with Caroline's housekeeper, Mrs. Lou Ketcham, who filed for a homestead and her similar questionable residency requirement. Mrs. Ketcham contended that she "went to her house on the homestead, a mile from the ranch home and stayed there each night from March or April until late in October or November." ⁶¹

Caroline and Lou Ketcham each filed final proof on their Stock Raising entries on July 7, 1931, but the commissioner of the General Land Office ordered adverse proceedings against the entries on January 27, 1933. A hearing was held October 3 and 4, 1933 in Bridger, Montana, on the consolidated Lockhart-Ketcham case. On the grounds of the transcripts, the register of the district land office held against the women. The women appealed to the land office commissioner who reversed the register. The federal government then appealed to the Secretary of the Interior who sustained the land office commissioner's reversal. ⁶² Final certificates were issued to the two women June 9, 1936.

The controversial lawsuit caused dissention among the landowners in the Dryhead, but Caroline seemed to thrive on dissention. Never winner of a popularity contest, her friends on the Dryhead were some of her employees, one or two neighbors and the Crow Indians.

The government witnesses, ranch neighbors of Caroline's, tried to prove that Caroline's sole purpose for coming to the Dryhead was to build a cattle ranch by getting other people to file on land for her. Caroline felt that her years on a Eastern metropolitan newspaper gave her the experience to recognize a frameup when she saw one.

The following is an excerpt from a letter from Caroline to Mr. Fred Johnson, Commissioner of Public Land Office in Washinton, D.C., which reveals Caroline's viewpoint in regard to the lawsuit and to her neighbors:

In the first place I would say that this Dryhead country always has been notorious as a hide-out for outlaws and horse and cattle thieves, bearing a reputation much like that of Hole-in-the wall country near Thermopolis. Lying between the Bighorn mountains and the Pryors, it is isolated, rough, cut by deep coulees and canyons, and sparsely settled.

The present settlers, with but three or four exceptions, are the same type as their predecessors--who "rim-rocked" outsiders' cattle, cut the fences of newcomers and committed other depredations in order to drive them out.

Last summer, Joe LeFors, formerly deputy U.S. marshal at Cheyenne and, in his time, recognized as one of the best stock detectives in the state, was in here in my behalf. Before he left, he said this: "I have never in all my experience seen so many unprincipaled, conscienceless scoundrals congregated in one small community."

Upon the recommendation of Senators Kendrick and Willis Spear for whom he had done much work, I employed Mr. LeFors to learn if there was any truth in the warning I had had that 'they meant to put me out of the cattle business with poison.' He not only learned that the matter of poisoning the cattle was being seriously discussed but the names of the men who for four consecutive years have riddled miles of my fence by cutting it. Four of these men were among the six who had protested my proof and testified for the government at the hearing in Bridger.

As briefly as possible I will tell you what I know of my own knowledge of the character of these men and what I believe to be true from information I have received from reliable sources.

This man Charles Howard who stated on the witness stand that it was a matter of indifference to him whether I fenced this grazing section or not was the person who did the most talking about poisoning cattle. He also was one of those implicated in the cutting of the fence. It is no secret that he butchers other peoples beef. If it is true that in order to obtain title to an additional, a person must be living on his original homestead, then he perjured himself when he proved up last year for, at the time, I have been informed, he was living on another place than his own.

A second witness was one Claude St. John: This man and his mother, Mrs. Barry, I consider my bitterest enemies in Dryhead--and the most dangerous because the most intelligent. Joe LeFors learned

that he was one of the chief instigators of the fence cutting and participated himself. This was not his first offense. An old man named C.R. Chesmore filed on and fenced a grazing section in here a few years ago. When he returned one day he found the roof of his house pried off, machine oil poured over his furniture and his fence cut. He is an old plainsman and had no difficulty in following the tracks. He told me himself that St. John did this work.

I have in my employ a man named Joe Zeminsky in whose truthfulness I have every confidence. A few years ago he was employed on the Barry-St. John ranch. While there he was approached with the proposition that he burn a tent belonging to a man named Faust who had filed on an adjoining section. He replied that "if he was going to do any dirty work he would do it for himself." The tent was burned nevertheless.

When a cow with a blotched brand was found in their herd by a stock inspector he put it in the barn for the night. When he woke up his evidence was gone. It was taken into a canyon and St. John was one of the two men who cut its throat. [sic] These people's reputation for dishonesty has always been of the worst. They came into the Dryhead from a ranch on Willow Creek near Livingston. There they were known as horse thieves and deadbeats. (When they quit the country owing a large hotel bill, they left a trunk as security which, when opened, was found to contain rocks.) Their machinations since they came in here would fill a book. This is the man the Commissioner choses to believe when he swears to statements in

which there is not a scintilla of truth, namely, that I said "I was going to starve these honyaker out" and told him that he heard my cook, Mrs. Ketcham, say that I was going to pay her \$1,000 for her section when she proved up.

A third witness for the government was Joe Smith: He is one of those implicated in the cutting of my fence, according to Joe LeFors. By his own admission he is the person who also cut the fence on a grazing section upon which a man by the name of Colgrove had filed. He has boasted of wintering his cattle on my hay and stealing wire from my fence. Since I have been in here he was caught redhanded butchering another man's beef. It was common knowledge that he sold moonshine on the Crow reservation while the prohibition law was in force. He has no reputation whatever for truth or honesty.

A fourth witness was Clarence Curens: The most charitable thing a person can say about this man is that he is not well balanced. His testimony at the hearing was a succession of lies. He is looked upon as a joke. The following is an example of his capacity for telling the truth. When he applied to the county last winter for relief he swore that he received a pension from the government of only \$17 a month. Recently an investigator was here and learned that he was drawing a pension of \$27 a month. His supplies, I am told have been cut off.

So far as the last two witness--Phillip and Golden Snell--are concerned, I would say that they are the best of the lot although

on the witness stand neither of them told the truth. Neither of them have been a party to the fence cutting and I do not know them as cattle thieves. However they are both bitterly opposed to us and the fencing of the public land, for the reason that--Mormons themselves--they have derived an income from bringing in Mormon cattle from Cowley and pasturing them on public range, Phillip Snell is a mail carrier and the reason he gave--not to us but to others--for refusing to bring in our wire was that "he wasn't goint⁶³ to haul in wire to fence up his range!"

DRAFT

B. Life on the Ranch.

In 1927, Caroline had a novel developing, but she was distracted by her new interest--developing her cattle ranch in Montana and looking after the ranches in eastern Kansas and Oklahoma that she and her sister had inherited from her late cattleman father, Joseph C. Lockhart. Before Caroline bought the "Wasson Place" a small amount of acreage was planted in alfalfa and hay, but her homestead land was "so hard that the digging of post holes required blasting sometimes." None of the homestead acreage was cultivated, but by 1931, Caroline had 10 to 15 horses and 150 head of cattle. Earlier in 1928, Caroline sensed that running longhorn steers on her rugged Montana ranch would be profitable because the mothers seemed better able in protecting their calves against wolves and other animals.⁶⁴

Between 1928 and 1931 she built a corral, a branding corral, wind-break and chute, a resevoir and 3-strand barbed wire fence in the south-east corner of the homestead site. By 1931, Caroline had bought more

property in adjoining sections and had leased grazing rights to others. She was running about 200 head of stock on the leased and newly purchased lands.⁶⁶

Even though Caroline had a succession of ranch help and depended on Lou Ketcham, her housekeeper, and Dave Good, her foreman, Caroline remained the "boss." One of her less friendly neighbors, Dr. Grosvenor Barry, renamed the spring west of her house, "Bossy Springs."⁶⁷ Dave Good, who was often mistaken by tourists at the Great Northern Hotel in Billings for Will Rogers, worked for Caroline for a number of years. After the sale of the ranch, Good lived in one of Caroline's rental houses in Cody.⁶⁸

Neighboring relations never seemed to have improved over the years, but Caroline was happy and content at the ranch. She purchased additional property during the late 30's and 40's.⁶⁹ The Lockhart cattle topped the market in Billings and the isolation of the ranch gave her the solitude to write. Occasional visitors did grace the ranch, but they would be from her very small circle of intimate friends from Cody or the East.

Conditions at the ranch were not primitive, but could not be considered the lap of luxury either. In two letters to her niece just six years before she sold the ranch, Caroline describes life during the winter,

...A cold wave hit us last night and it is twenty below though the sun is out. My typewriter is stiff and my ink frozen up, while I

sit at my table with my feet on a hot water bottle and a fire at my
back."⁷⁰

...the weather here has been pretty rugged with 30 below every
night when the sun sets. My best friend is my hot water bottle.
Dave made a trip around the house and announced there was a hole
between the logs at the head of my bed. He said he wouldn't have
noticed if he hadn't seen the cat going in. It isn't as bad as
that but it is chilly when the wind blows as the cold cracks the
daubing.

...Must stop abruptly as the animals, Dave and Man Friday, are
squealing and I'll have to feed them.

Love,

71
Aunt Caroline

Caroline's eyesight started failing in her 60's. She spent about
six weeks in Baltimore recuperating from eye surgery at Johns Hopkins
University Hospital.⁷² Other eye operations followed including one in
Oklahoma City which prompted the beginning of the end of her life on the
L/♥ Ranch. Emulating the Lockhart style, it is not surprising that
Caroline should return to the ranch from Oklahoma City via Billings by
helicopter, which at that time must have been the early stages of
civillian use.⁷³

74
March of 1955, Caroline sold the L/♥ Ranch to Issaac H. Tippitts
and returned to her Cody home on Rumsey Avenue. Although her failing

eyesight slowed her down, she continued with literary endeavors, and began compiling an autobiography, Nothing'll Ever Happen to Me. Her last diary entry revealed that she had returned to The Witch of Willow Creek⁷⁵ manuscript which revealed her persistent efforts in the world as well. Research did not reveal if she continued to send the manuscript to more publishers.

Her Cody home had become literally a museum exhibiting memorabilia and objects that could tell the story of Caroline's lifetime experiences. The parlour and dining room walls were adorned with heads of big game animals that she had shot and the floors covered with Indian rugs and hides. A vestige of the prohibition days dominated one end of the dining room. The bar, from Jess Frost's saloon, black crepe draped was a remanent from the night the Volstead Act was mourned by the West's great and near great in the room, this bar, the first in Cody, boasted a crude-lettered sign, "Men Will Fite Outside."⁷⁶ The tables and sideboard were covered with autographed photographs of well-known people and an old poster, "Suzette Cigars" decorated the wall of Caroline's hallway.⁷⁷

Not many people called socially on Caroline, but she seemed to have made peace with the town. She established an annual award for a Cody High School senior showing talent in creative writing,⁷⁸ and recognition was given her for help in establishing the Pioneer Center. Before "Buffalo Bill" Cody died he urged his niece, Mary Jester Allen to build the center. An exerpt from a letter from Mary Jester Allen indicates Caroline's involvement, ". . . Miss Caroline Lockhart, a brilliant writer and publicity person who owned the newspaper (Cody Enterprise)

which formerly belonged to Mother and Uncle Will, wrote me she was willing to help out. . . . I was so desperately busy . . . that I paid little attention. Miss Lockhart pounded away with telegrams and letters, and finally I said that I would do the pioneering here in the East. . . . Miss Lockhart insisted that I go see her (Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney of New York) this I did"

79

Her last years were spent in the company and care of a longtime friend and Cody neighbor, Vernon Spencer. Mr. Spencer, born in Telluride, Colorado, arrived in Cody as an infant shortly after the turn of the century. His father assisted in the interior decorating of the Irma Hotel. Both Spencer and Caroline witnessed the transformation of the frontier town of dusty streets and horses into a modern small town of automobiles, gasoline pumps, and a nationally recognized center of Western Art. Gone were the days of Caroline riding her horse to the newspaper office or having the Crows camp at the Rumsey Avenue home. Gone but not forgotten is Caroline's menagerie. Over the years, Caroline provided a home to an assorted group of animals, the best known, "wampus," a lynx, was the Cody Stampede mascot for several years. Visitors to both Caroline's Cody home and the ranch were often greeted by snakes. At one time or another she had both bull and rattlesnakes. The other creatures that Caroline favored were skunks, most of which she usually acquired locally, but once Mr. Spencer sent away to Wisconsin for one. "Whiffey" arrived and soon became the talk of the town. Caroline paraded "Whiffey" around Cody on a leash and once created quite a stir by jumping up on the bar in Mark's Saloon causing all the patrons to desert the place.

80

Vernon Spencer continued a vigil throughout Caroline's final illness until her death in Cody July 25, 1962, at the age of 91. Mr. Spencer still stands as a sentinel over her personal belongings, her homes on Rumsey Avenue that she will to him, and most of all to her memory.

Memories were still strong when Vernon Spencer talked of Caroline in February, 1980. He recalled the early days as he pointed to Caroline's belongings; a Stetson hat presented to Caroline by John Stetson, her leather gloves, Chief Plenty Coups's beaded Indian mocassins and drum, photographs of Caroline with Buffalo Bill and countless other treasures which make this house literally a Caroline Lockhart museum. He retraced Caroline's position in Cody pointing out that she was a loner and not very social. Her circle of friends were mostly people who had come out to Cody from the East or old friends from Philadelphia. Mr. Spencer remembered a visit by one Philadelphia friend, Anna Jarvis, the founder⁸¹ of Mother's Day. Miss Jarvis conceived the Mother's Day idea after Caroline left Philadelphia, but in a letter Miss Jarvis' nurse wrote Caroline ". . . That she often wished that 'Suzette' was there to help her get after the florists who were commercializing Mother's Day. . . ." ⁸²

Mr. Spencer retraced Caroline's association with the L/ Ranch emphasizing that her idea for the ranch was the only dream in her lifetime that she did not fulfill. Spencer reiterated that Caroline's intent was to develop the ranch into an "old town" to portray the way⁸³ the West was. He amusedly said that he had never been to the ranch, ". . . it was rough country then and it still is." He explained he must

still get up there (to the ranch) for he promised Caroline that he would scatter her ashes over the ranch. Eighteen years later the small gray receptacle of ashes are prominently placed on Spencer's dining room sideboard.

Discussing Caroline with Mr. Spencer was like stepping back in history. With so few oldtimers left in Cody, "scaffolding" around the story. The value of Spencer's recollections of the "old" days recalls Caroline's ponderings shortly before she died, ". . . what do these newcomers know of the old days?, she'd ask. There are no old timers left anymore. I feel like the last leaf on the tree."⁸⁶

Cody and the West are fortunate because this talented, sensitive woman recorded the colorful characters, experiences, changing lifestyles, and the spirit of the West.

1. Walter Prescott Webb, "The American West: Perpetual Mirage," Harper's Magazine, May, 1957, p. 31.
2. Interview with Vernon Spencer, Cody, Wyoming, February 7, 1980.
3. William E. Connelley, A Standard History of Kansas and Kansans. Vols. (Chicago: Lewis Publishing Co., 1918), 3:1593-94.
4. "Pioneer Stockman Dies," Topeka Capital, January 24, 1927.
5. Connelley, P. 1594.
6. "Caroline Lockhart, Dryhead Rancher and Author, Has Had Life as Colorful as Any of Her Books," Billings Gazette, April 25, 1943.
7. Philadelphia Bulletin, May 22, 1907.
8. Paul Eldridge, "Woman on Horseback," p. 5. Paul Eldridge, Caroline Lockhart's biographer, worked for her on the Cody Enterprise after graduating from Harvard. At the time of his death in the 1960s he was a Professor of English at the University of Nevada, Reno.
9. "Author Caroilne Lockhart Dies at Cody at 91 years," Billings Gazette, August 24, 1962.
10. Eldridge, p. 7.
11. Billings Gazette, April 25, 1943.

12. Ibid.
13. Eldridge, p. 8.
14. "Cody Author Recalls Pleasant Interview with famed financier,"
n.d. n.p.

"Suzette Sees Machine That Can Level Cities, End Wars," Philadelphia
Bulletin, May 18, 1917.
15. U.S., Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census, Twelfth
Census of the United States, 1900: Vol. 179 E.D. 671 Sheet 22 Line 10.
16. Billings Gazette, July 26, 1962.
17. "Young Wyoming Girl is Creator of Me-Smith," Denver Times May
18, 1912.
18. "Caroline Lockhart, Writer and Rodeo Sponsor is Living Example
of Wonderful Cody Pioneers." n.p. n.d.
19. Interview with Vernon Spencer, Cody, Wyoming, February 7, 1980.
20. "Caroline Lockhart, Writer and Rodeo Sponsor, is Living Example
of Wonderful Cody Pioneer," n.p. n.d.
21. Explain scissorbills -

22. See attached sheet
23. Lucille Nichols Patrick, The Best Little Town By A Dam Site. (Cody, Wyoming: Flintrock Publishing Co., 1968), pp. 155-156.
24. "Caroline Lockhart, Dryhead Rancher and Author, Has Had Life as Colorful as Any of Her Books," Billings Gazette April 25, 1943.
25. Agnes Wright Spring, Editor, Collected Writings and Addresses of William Deming. Vol. IV (Glendale, California: Arthur Clark Co.), 1947, p. 44.
26. T.A. Larson, History of Wyoming, (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press), 1978, p. 355.
27. "Author Caroline Lockhart Dies in Cody at 91 years," Billings Gazette, July 26, 1962.
28. Interview with Margaret and Sylvester Martin, Cody, Wyoming, February 6, 1980.
29. "Caroline Lockhart, Dryhead Rancher and Author, Has Had Life as Colorful as Any of Her Books," Billings Gazette, April 25, 1943. "Death Stills Pen of Caroline Lockhart, 91," Cody Enterprise, August 2, 1962.
30. "Suzette Loses Novel In Ocean," Philadelphia Bulletin, April 5, 1914.
31. Cody Enterprise, August 2, 1962.

32. "Boy, Howdy! Meet Caroline Lockhart New Star for Post,"
Denver Post, December 3, 1918.
33. Philadelphia Bulletin, n.d.
34. Cody Enterprise, August 2, 1962.
35. Eldridge, p. 8.
36. Ibid, p. 8.
37. Park County Enterprise, Cody, Wyoming, n.d.
38. "Caroline Lockhart Puts Stamp on Old West and Now," Billings Gazette, April 16, 1933.
39. See Appendix I, A List of Articles written by Caroline Lockhart.
40. Philadelphia Bulletin, April 5, 1914.
41. Denver Post, December 3, 1918.
42. Billings Gazette, April 25, 1943.
43. Patrick, p. 24.
44. Untitled article, n.d. in Park County Library, Cody, Wyoming.
History file in folder marked People.

45. David Dominick, "An Introduction to Caroline Lockhart," May, 1959.
Paper presented at Yale University. pp. 49-50.

46. Larson, p. 440.

47. Dominick, p. 52.

48. Cody Enterprise, August 2, 1962.

49. Dominic, pp. 52-53.

50. "As Seen From the Water Wagon," Cody Enterprise, January 25,
1922.

51. Philadelphia Bulletin, October 31, 1925.

52. Letter from Caroline Lockhart to Mr. Fred Johnson. Dated
May 15, 1934. L/ Ranch, Dryhead, Montana.

53. Ibid.

54. National Register of Historic Places Inventory - Nomination
form Dryhead-Buffalo Jump, entry prepared by Edwin C. Bearss, August 2,
1970.

55. "Ranch Work Delays Author in Completing New Book," Casper
Herald, February 16, 1928.

56. Find Certificate, Homestead, James Wasson, June 11, 1920.
National Archives Record Group 49 - Serial Patent 773639.

57. Ibid. Find Certificate, Homestead, James Wasson, February 19, 1926. National Archives Record Group 49 - Serial Patent 980527. NE4, NE4 of NE4, SE4 of NW4; NE4, SE4 of SW4; NE4, SW4, SE4 of SE4; NW4, SW4 of NE4; NE4 of NW4; NW4 of SE4. James Wasson moved from the property in November 1922. Until further research is done, the date that Lou Ericson asked Caroline Lockhard for the loan is unclear.

58. See attached list.

59. Stock Raising Homestead final Proof Certificate, Caroline Lockhart, July 7, 1931. National Archives, Record Group 49 - Serial No. 027323.

60. "Writer and Her Housekeeper Win in Homestead Disputes," Billings Gazette, March 29, 1936.

61. Ibid.

62. Ibid.

63. Letter from Caroline Lockhart to Fred Johnson, dated L/♡ Ranch, Dryhead, Montana, May 15, 1934.

64. Stock Raising Homestead final Proof Certificate, Caroline Lockhart, July 7, 1931. National Archives, Record Group No. 49 - Serial No. 027323.

65. Carbon County Deed Record Books Nos. 46, pp. 38, 40; Book No. 44, p. 341; Book No 54, p. 450; Book No. 71, p. 522; Book No. 45, p. 13; Book No. 64, p. 473; Book 58, p. 499; Book 59, p. 75; Book 69, p. 282; Book 43, pp. 117, 283.

66. Final Certificate, Caroline Lockhart, July 7, 1931, National Archives, Record Group No. 49 - Serial No. 027323.

67. Edwin C. Bearss, Historic Structure Report, Historical Data Section and Historic Resource Study Ewing (Snell) and ML Ranches, and Hillsboro Bighorn Canyon National Recreation Area, Montana-Wyoming. National Park Service: Denver, Colorado) 1974.

68. Cody Enterprise, August 2, 1962.

69. Refer to footnote 58 for list of properties bought during the 1930s-1940s.

70. Letter to Betty Andrews from Caroline Lockhart date January 2, 1950. L/♥ Ranch, Dryhead, Montana. Betty Andrews is a niece of Caroline Lockhart.

71. Letter to Betty Andrews from Caroline Lockhart, dated January 29, 1980, L/♥ Ranch, Dryhead, Montana.

72. Newspaper article n.p. n.d.

73. Eldridge, p. 30.

74. Warranty Deed, "Caroline Lockhart to Isaac A. Tippetts,"
March 22, 1955. Park Co., Wyoming. This record is also on file in the
Carbon County Courthouse, Red Lodge, Montana.

75. Will of Caroline Lockhart, Park Co. Court House, Cody, Wyoming.
The Will indicated that the autobiography was sent to Mrs. Francis
Clarke Smith, 213 E. 89th Street, New York 28, New York, "to be used as
she sees fit and the proceeds when published to be hers." Several Cody
residents refuted the claim that the autobiography was sent to Mrs.
Smith. At this time, May 1980, the autobiography has not been located.

76. Billings Gazette, February 7, 1960.

77. Billings Gazette, August 26, 1962.

78. Ibid.

79. Mary Jester Allen, "Colonel Cody's Dream of Pioneer Center--A
Reality," Annals of Wyoming. Vol. 14 No. 1, January 1942. (Cheyenne)
Wyoming: Wyoming Historical Society, 1942.

80. Interview with Vernon Spencer, Cody, Wyoming. February 7, 1980.

81. Ibid.

82. Letter to Betty Andrews from Caroline Lockhart dated, January 2, 1951.

83. Interview with Vernon Spencer, Cody, Wyoming. February 7, 1980. This interview revealed the only mention of "Caroline's dream" of turning the ranch into an "old town."

84. Billings Gazette, August 26, 1962.

58. Purchased from William Howe, January 26, 1929.
Section 28: S2 of NE4, All SE4, E2, SW4, SE4 of NW4
T7 R28
Section 33: N2 of NW4; N2 of NE4.
- Purchased from Merle Abarr, October 29, 1942.
T8 R28
- Purchased from William Howe, January 26, 1926.
T8 R28
Section 2: SW4 of NE4; SW4, SE4 of NW4; All SW4; NW4, SW4
of SE4.
Purchased from O.C. Skifstad, May 10, 1930.
T8 R28
Section 3: NE4, NW4, SW4 of SW4; government lots 2, 3, 4.
- Purchased from William Howe, January 26, 1929.
T8 R28
Section 3: SW4, SE4 of NW4.
- Purchased from O.C. Skifstad, May 10, 1930.
T8 R28
Section 4: SW4, SE4 of NE4; SE4 of NW4; NE4 of SW4; NE4, NW4,
SE4 of SE4; government lots 1, 2, 3, 4.
Section 5: government lots 1, 2.
- Purchased from Issac Tippetts, October 15, 1947.
T8 R28
Section 10: NW4, SW4, SE4 of NE4; NE4 of NW4; All SE4.
- Purchased from U.S. Government - Pat. August 15, 1950.
T8 R28
Section 11: SW4, SE4 of NE4; All SE4.
- Purchased from Josephine Caldwell, March 8, 1927.
T8 R28
Section 12: SW4, SE4 of NW4; All SW4; government lots 1, 2, 3.
Section 13: NW4 of NW4.
- Purchased from Lou Erickson, June 22, 1927.
T8 R28
Section 13: NW4, SW4 of NE4; NE4 of NW4; NW4 of SE4.
- Purchased from U.S. Government - Pat. August 15, 1950.
T8 R28
Section 13: SW4 of NW4; NW4, SW4 of SW4.
Section 14: All NE4; NE4, NW4, SE4 of SE4.
- Purchased from Floyd A. Chesmore, September 10, 1942.
T8 R29
Section 5: SW4, SE4 of NW4; All SW4; government lots 3, 4.
Section 6: SW4, SE4 of NE4; All SE4; government lots 1, 2.

Purchased from Merle Abbar, October 29, 1942.

T8 R29

Section 6: government lot 4.

T8 R28

Section 12: NE4, NW4 of NE4; NE4 of NW4.

Purchased from Lou Ketchum, August 8, 1938.

T8 R29

Section 7: SW4, SE4 of NW4; All SW4.

Section 18: NE4, SE4 of NW4; NE4, SE4 of SW4.

T8 R 28

Section 12: SW4, SE4 of NE4; All SE4 - August 8, 1938.

Purchased from Lou Erickson, September 25, 1926.

T8 R29

Section 18: NW4, SW4 of NW4; NW4, SW4 of SW4.

T8 R28

Section 13: NE4, SE4 of NE4; SE4 of NW4; NE4, SE4 of SW4;
NE4, SW4, SE4 of SE4.

PART II:

Main House; 10
Privy; 10A
Cabin; 10B
Powerhouse and Root Cellar; 10C
Storage Building and Office; 10D
Shed; 10E
Storage; 10F
Springhouse; 10G
Cabin; 10H
Bar; 10I
Cabin; 10J
Privy; 10K
Bridge; 10L
Chicken Coop/Stable; 10M
Corral and Fences; 10N
Walled Pen; 10-O
Barns and Stable; 10P
Workshop; 10Q
Garage; 10R
Shed; 10S.

PART III.

Site Plan.

PART IV.

Even though Caroline Lockhart led a colorful and exciting life, published articles and books depicting the West and participation in many activities previously denied women, she is perceived more today as a Cody character than a person of national significance. This does not deny her unique experiences and achievements, but rather qualifies the level of significance. Some of the citizens of Cody and others in Wyoming recognize her many contributions at the state level to her adopted town and to the state of Wyoming and entertain some ideas of commemoration in Cody.

The L/♥ Ranch never played an important role as background for her novels as she published most of her novels before she purchased the ranch. The ranching years are but a chapter in her interesting and varied life. (An insight into these years and details of the ranch's activities will be available when the restriction on the Caroline Lockhart journals and diaries are lifted. These journals and diaries are in the Caroline Lockhart Collection at the American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming in Laramie, Wyoming.)

With the exception of the main house, Building 10, the L/♥ Ranch buildings are in poor condition and lack architectural integrity. Therefore, with the lack of national significance of Caroline Lockhart and her association with the L/♥ Ranch and the lack of architectural significance of the L/♥ Ranch buildings, the Rocky Mountain Historical Preservation Team has determined that the Caroline Lockhart Ranch does not merit nomination to the National Register of Historic Places.

The buildings will be included in the Regional List of Classified Structures in Management Category D. Site clearance is recommended with the exception of the main house, Building 10, which should be considered for adaptive use. Specific adaptive use of Building 10 should be a considered and agreed upon by the Superintendent of Bighorn Canyon and the Rocky Mountain Regional Office.

APPENDIX I

The following list of newspaper articles by Caroline Lockhart may be found in the Caroline Lockhart Collection, University of Wyoming, American Heritage Center, Laramie, Wyoming.

"The Spirit That Talked From A Box." The Popular Magazine, July 7, 1922.

"As Meek As Monk." The Popular Magazine, December 7, 1924.

"In The White Man's Way." The Popular Magazine, March 20, 1925.

"Not A Redeeming Trait." The Popular Magazine, January 2, 1929.

"The Double-Breasted Blues." The Popular Magazine, November 7, 1919.

"Doc's Beau." The Railroad Man's Magazine, October 1906.

"The Dude Wrangler." The Red Book Magazine. November 1907.

"The Wildest Boat Ride In America." The Outing Magazine, February 1912.

"Mother of Mother's Day." Coronet Magazine, May 1945.

An article in The Cattleman's Magazine, September 11, 1947.

An article in Smith's Magazine, December 1917.

An article in Smith's Magazine, March 1920.

The following issues of Lippincott Monthly Magazine contain articles by Caroline Lockhart.

August 1902

June 1905

October 1905

May 1906

February 1907

June 1907

July 1908

October 1908

November 1910

NEWSPAPERS

Billings Gazette, April 16, 1933.

Billings Gazette, March 29, 1936.

Billings Gazette, April 25, 1943.

Billings Gazette, February 7, 1960.

Billings Gazette, July 26, 1962.

Billings Gazette, August 24, 1962.

Casper Herald, February 16, 1928.

Cody Enterprise, January 25, 1922.

Cody Enterprise, August 2, 1962.

Denver Post, December 3, 1918.

Denver Times, May 18, 1912.

Park County Enterprise, Cody, Wyoming, n.d.

Philadelphia Bulletin, May 22, 1907.

Philadelphia Bulletin, April 5, 1914.

Philadelphia Bulletin, May 18, 1917.

Philadelphia Bulletin, October 31, 1925.

Philadelphia Bulletin, n.d.

Topeka Capital, January 24, 1927. Newspaper article "Caroline Lockhart, Writer and Rodeo Sponsor is Living Example of Wonder Cody Pioneers," n.p. n.d. (The newspaper article is in the History file--Biography at the Park County Library, Cody, Wyoming.)

Newspaper article "Caroline Lockhart Is Improving After Operation on Eyes." n.p. n.d. (on file in the Caroline Lockhart Collection, Box 5, folder--"miscellaneous," in scrapbook on page with letters dated 1933-1936).

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FROM BILLINGS TO BROADWAY

By ss Caroline Lockhart

Like being separated from one's appendix, the operation of parting from one's conceit is painful, though beneficial; and New York City is the surgeon that can do the trick successfully providing one has the vitality to withstand the shock.

Now out in the sagebrush where I know all the dogs to speak to for miles around, and can tell who is in town by reading the brands on the horses tied to the hitching posts, I am an individual, an entity. When I ride around the corner there by Siggins' New York Emporium somebody over in "Doc" Bennett's Drug-store or George Grupp's Restaurant, or the Buffalo Hump Saloon looks through the window and observes:

"There goes Caroline Lockhart" - or if he wishes to be truly humorous he merely says Caroline - "there goes Caroline Lockhart on the buckskin cayuse. That horse must be, lemme see, that horse must be goin' on thirteen years old. He was about five when Ben Thompson owned him and when Johnny Ruff sold him to Cap. Corfield he was durned near seven." Anyway, when I throw the reins down in front of the P.O. and tighten my spur another hole so it won't make such a racket when I walk, and go in and get a handful of mail from people who want to send me a card of diamond scarf-pins to peddle in the neighborhood, or teach me how to raise mushrooms in my cellar, or send me the "makings" with which to embroider sofa pillows that will enable me to add to my income without leaving home, it never occurs to me that I am a Worm. I don't feel like a Worm. I am not convinced that I look like a Worm. But, let me tell you, the first time

I walked down Fifth Avenue dressed in the last cry - or scream, rather, from Billings, Montana, I did not THINK anything about it, I knew I was a Worm and not even woolly.

It was not that Fifth Avenue stared at me, O dear, no! They did not know I was there. That was the worst of it - THEY DID NOT KNOW I WAS THERE!

Even the hat that would warrant a Crow Injun in killing me for the feathers never got a look.

It is the sublime indifference of New York City which makes one feel like a worm. Upon consideration, a worm is too important, there are people who are afraid of worms. An atom perhaps, or in ion, or better still, that later discovery in infinitesimality, an electron.

The lady who picked holes in my veil with the rib of her umbrella did it in such an impersonal fashion that I felt not the slightest resentment. It was merely that she wanted to get somewhere as fast as she could and my veil was in the way. If it had been an eye I am sure it would have been the same, though she might have been annoyed by the delay of flipping it off the barb. I do like to believe, however, that the lady would have stopped long enough to have returned my eye to me.

Then the resourceful gentleman who tried to get on the subway elevator when the passengers already were bulging through the door - he meant no offense I am sure when he planted his shoulder or his knee in the small of my back and shoved until I caved in somewhere sufficiently for him to get a footing. He puffed triumphantly in my ear and there was not room for me to glare at him even had I felt so disposed - I should have had to disturb the

unshaven person who was resting his cheek against mine to avoid being stabbed by the quill trimming of the hat of the woman who was standing on his feet.

The woman who plunged ahead of me and let the swinging doors fly back in my face did not intend anything personal by it. Not at all. She was going up to see the mannequins walk, and you know very well that the exact thing she wanted to see might have gone by if she had stopped to ask if those were really my front teeth she had knocked out or only some small change that had rattled on the floor.

After living for years in a country whose chief assets are its climate and its scenery, where the smoke goes straight up to a cloudless sky, where snow-tipped mountains, buttes and foot-hills and endless stretches of sagebrush fill the eye year in and year out, and a ten minutes ride takes you into a silence so complete that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to fancy yourself and your horse the only living creatures in the world, the first effect of New York is over-powering, crushing, it overwhelms with its greatness, it inspires awe, its noise bewilders, and the reckless headlong speed of it fills you with fright, until it becomes apparent that the pandemonium is not pandemonium after all since everyone knows exactly where he is going and what he is going to do, and the recklessness is only the sureness of knowledge and experience.

If one of those crime-detecting machines could be attached to the "sagebrusher" upon his first day in New York, I am sure that every known emotion, together with some new ones, would be found recorded when his quivering nerves relaxed for the night.

Coming down a mountain trail on a stumbling horse after a fall of wet snow, crossing slide-rock with a drop-off of several hundred feet, riding unexpectedly upon a mother bear with new cubs, is not half the nervous strain that crossing Broadway is late in the afternoon.

However, I have worked out a system which seems to make the adventure comparatively safe. By waiting until a fat man comes along and then circling until I have him about three feet from me on the windward side, I calculate that I will have ample time to escape in the second that it will take a taxicab to squash him. This is a comforting thought and does not hurt the fat man.

And then the policeman - thank God for cops! - says I.

Isn't it a glorious sight to see that chauffeur who is bearing down upon you with blood in his eye, and the driver of that beer-wagon who is waiting to run over you cross-wise, isn't it exhilarating to see them stop short, foiled in their murderous purpose, at the policeman's regal gesture and the sound of his whistle? I should dislike to come from the land of adventure to be killed in New York by a beer-wagon. It is just like being home with mother when it is thundering to get a grip on one of the buttons of the policeman's coat at such a time. In panic-stricken moments it has even been in my mind to run and land on his back like a catamount.

After I have dined at the Ritz, had tea at the Plaza, ambled down Peacock Alley at the Waldorf with all the gay abandon of a boy going up to speak his first piece in a pair of squeaky shoes, it begins to dawn upon me that perhaps there is something not quite right with my clothes - not meaning at

all to cast aspersions upon Billings, Montana, or Cody, Wyoming, as fashion centres. But the skirt seems a little full and the jacket - ahem - well, I haven't seen a jacket like it east of the Mississippi. The style must have changed since they were laid away tenderly in mothballs!

I fall to reading the fashion column with feverish interest and learn that hips are "out" and ankles are "in." Hips are criminal as the tailor who measures me clearly intimates and legs are no longer a disgrace. At any rate I must have a slashed skirt even if Tom Kane - he's the Town Marshal and mighty particular I can tell you - arrests me before I have gone a block.

With popping eyes I watch my figure change under the hands of the "experienced corsetier." "Can you sit down, dearie?" Oh, no, I cannot sit down. I am wondering how they would raise me if I should happen to fall down. I leave the hands of the "experienced corsetier" felling as though I had had three ribs broken and done up in a plaster cast, but never mind that, dearie, I have no hips, and I can stand pain as long as the next one so long as people in the vicinity don't mind my grinding my teeth.

Then off to the coiffure person whose eyes gleam and who flies like a rat terrier at the neat doughnut on top of my head. Out comes the pins and its down my back and skewered to my neck quicker than I can say "scat" and when she finally stands off and regards her work with honest pride not only have I no hips but I have no ears.

I look very queer to myself and my hat does not fit but that is a small matter it seems compared to the fact that my coiffure is de rigueur, so off on the

high "lope to the milliner who proves to be a sinuous person with a Nazimova walk, a fine contempt for money and independent as a furrier during a cold snap.

She removes my hat, regarding me pityingly as one who looks at a person with a goiter or a disfiguring birthmark. Then she takes it away between her thumb and finger as one carries a mouse-trap with a mouse in it. I can see that she does not like my hat.

"Something simple," I advise.

Unnecessary suggestion. When Poker Nell reformed and took up millinery she would have hesitated a long time before displaying the creation which I find myself regarding with startled eyes. It is an aeroplane effect, boatlike in shape, with enormous wings of ribbon and a long propeller of feathers protruding from the rear.

"By simple I meant plain."

"A very smart hat," in a tone of cold finality, "and extremely becoming. Its your style."

I have a sinking sensation. If I look like that in a hat that is becoming, what must I look like in one that isn't my style? What is my style? I am afraid to ask.

"I msut have a funny fact." This is a feeler.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," evasively. "This is terribly good-looking - only sixty dollars."

"Only sixty dollars! I know where I can buy a good horse for sixty dollars. Only sixty--"

"There's something about that hat I don't like." Why explain that it is the price.

"I could exchange that plume for an aigrette."

"No you couldn't - not for me." Fear of Imogen, the proud milliner, falls from me for I do like birds and, well - I do not know any milliners. "I would wear buttons on my hat before I would buy aigrettes and birds of paradise."

"Oh, Audubon Society." (business of raised eyebrows and curling lip.)

"Not at all. Not even suffragette. I merely have a prejudice against the practice of tearing the breasts out of living birds and killing mothers with nests of little ones so that some dame with a visage like hammered brass can attract a trifle more attention to herself."

"Tis tough," says the milliner reflectively.

"Tis. Now if you'll just show me something that won't scare me if I should come upon it suddenly in the dark, I'll take it." And it is then I discover that she has several caches about the shop wherein are concealed hats for women who refuse to look like Philadelphia New Year's Shooters.

Never until my little cold hands are folded on my still breast will I lose interest in clothes. The opening of a hat-box would be surer test as to whether life was extinct than a hand-mirror, and if a mourner at my bier

should breathe the information that skirts were wider I doubt if I would not rise up and ask how much.

And all the time that I am enjoying myself in the vague pursuit known as "shopping," a gaunt and skinny arm pointing an accusing finger is constantly before me, and I know that I should be somewhere improving my mind. What a better place, if improve my mind I must, than the American Museum of Natural History of which we have heard even in the sagebrush where the assassination of rulers and European ware do not begin to cause the comment as does the news that "a silver-tip has tore up Charlie Gokel."

After it has thoroughly soaked in that one does not look much, then the thing to put the finishing touches on one's self esteem is to have the fact driven home that he does not know much. This a visit to the American Museum of Natural History accomplishes without difficulty.

The size of the massive building is profoundly impressive and the prideful thought comes, that, after all, the Americans are not such a commercial, uncultured nation of barbarians to have built such a building and for such a purpose. Furthermore one warms toward human nature remembering that it is the "selfish rich" who have made many of the wonderful collections possible.

But never again will I go improving my mind in new patent leather boots. Oh, if only I might have run a piece of baling wire throught the button-holes, slung them over my shoulder and rested my hot soles on the cool surface of the meteor that bounced down on Iowa in '88 - or was it Kansas? It must have been Knasas - something is always hitting Kansas. How I

envied the armored dinosaur as he stood there on his pedestal with all his toes spread! And the mastodon, free and comfortable, without any flesh on his bones - and hips!

What an overwhelming feeling of ignorance engulfed me when I stood and looked a fossil in the eye that had sixteen letters in its name! Jes' a li'l ole snail-shell, it appeared to me, and perhaps some professor never got a wink of sleep for excitement the night after he found it. A hectic flush burned on my cheeks and my brain reeled as I tried to measure the extent of the things I did not know. The only crumb of comfort I could extract was in thinking that perhaps the professor who found the snail-shell did not know how to make sour-dough bread, or build a pine-bough bed, or put up his own tepee.

Nor must bohemia be slighted. The average out-of-town visitor, colloquially "Rube" has a beat like a policeman and certain restaurants are always included in his itinerary. When he returns to Keokuk or Meeteetse or Red Lodge the gems of his repertoire are the things he said and the things he did and the sights he saw the evening he went out "amongst 'em."

Having acquired a not too willing escort who has a high regard for his palate and none for bohemia, I start out amongst 'em.

La! la! but the road to Bohemia is a smelly one, and not the faintest of the memories of the evening is the sidewalk merchant with his stock on arm who followed me a block to sell me a combination suit for Easter! Waving it enticingly before my eyes and begging my escort in Heaven's Name to regard the texture.

The babel of tongues, the filthy street, the malodorous atmosphere, the swarming of children that would put a Belgian Hare farm to blush - Whew! It is a relief to escape into the frescoed basement where we are welcomed by the proprietor and scrutinized by the other guests with an expression which seems to say: "Ah, more devils-of-fellows coming to join us devils-of-fellows."

Then every one waits for somebody to do something reckless, each stares about with an air of expectancy until between the roast and the salad it leaks out that nearly every one is from Philadelphia, and Hope dies within us; we all know then that nothing is going to happen.

The nearest thing to it comes when the piano player tells a dishevelled gentleman with hair like a bunch of tumble-week, that 'he isn't from Philadelphia, he's from Jersey, 'and the dishevelled gentleman rises up resting his fingers in the salad dressing and replies in the unmistakable accents of a Jersey truck-farmer that "if he didn't have ladies with him he'd put a head on him and make some alterations in his face." So the piano player, who seems to think well of his face, closes it, and an artiste in pink silk with a green profile and a tiara sings a ballad about her old Love. This relieves the tension and the Bohemian from Jersey wipes his fingers on the edge of the tablecloth and sits down pacified. Everthing is peaceful until one, Mr. Moskowita, at a neighboring table, gets into a bewildering but heated argument with his companion, who, being accused of not knowing something that he should know, defends himself vigorously.

"How could I know something that nobody else knows, Moskowitz?"

"Has all the world got to know something before you can know it?"

"Certainly all the world hasn't got to know something before I can know it, Moskowitz, but if I don't know it, how can all the world know it?"

"Cheesus, can't you know something first before all the world knows it?"

"If I know it first, Moskowitz, then all the world couldn't know it."

Chees, this is a bum dinner! Waiter, tell the boss to come till I tell him what a bum dinner he's got. Good evening - this is my partner, Mr. Moskowitz, we hear of your place and we come over from Philadelphia. I never see fish with so many bones in it. What do you call the name of that fish? The duck is cold, too, can't you send it back and have it warmed up a little? We got plenty time. Over in Philadelphia when you pay dollar and a half for a dinner - Chee, Moskowitz, did you ever see such manners as these New York fellers? - Walk right off and leave you talkin'."

In spite of the complaints of Mr. Moskowitz the dinner is a very good dinner in deed for \$1.50, and far less objectionable than many of the guests who are eating it.

All trails lead to the Waldorf and there, like the Avenue d' l 'Opera one may, if he waits long enough, see everyone he ever knew and Who's Who in America besides. It is more than a hotel, it is an institution - like the Zoo and the Hudson Tubes, The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts and the Flatiron building.

To me, fresh and green as a head of lettuce, with a mind, after years of the Great Outdoors, as sensitive to impressions as an unused "movie" film, the cosmopolitan world beneath its roof, bright, kalaidescopic, is fasinating.

I take the keenest interest in everything and everybody, particularly in everybody, for after all the most absorbing thing about the world is the people in it.

I find myself chuckling in sympathetic enjoyment with the old lady on the fauteuil beside me, her unfashionable bonnet slightly awry, her folded hands resting comfortably on her abdomen, when she declares: "Well, pa has made all the money we need, so now I'm going out and spend it. I'm going to buy hats and diamonds and have a hair-dresser come to the room to do my hair." And "pa" relaxed and at peace withall the world, his whiskers freshly trimmed and newly apparaled as a bridegroom, grins complacently, too busy to talk, for Pa's roving eyes are not missing a trick. Ma rambles on: "When my boy took us to the depot he said: "'Look here, mother, you just cut loose now and rip up the sod.'" Ma's bonnet slips a little farther over her ear and her eyes light up with a sparkle of anticipation. Later I hear pa humorously directing an inquiring page with a card: "She's down the hall there buying herself a \$40 kimona. Get her out if you can - I gave up an hour ago."

The woman from Duluth says it was 30 below when she left and the woman from Miami fans herself as she recalls the heat in Florida while Fred tells Mary in the elevator that they must start for Albuquerque in the morning.

And if something new in the way of a drapery is wafted in from Fifth Avenue there is a certain gleam in the eyes along peacock alley which tells me that it would be a safe wager that that drapery is going to be sprung on Battle Creek, Michigan or Jones Crossing, Missouri, within the month.

At first to my rural mind, everything looks the essence of elegance and modish dressing, of culture and wealth and all that it buys, but by degrees my sub-conscious intelligence catalogues them as the Smart, the near-Smart and the Smarties with a sprinkling of the Queer and the frankly unfashionable who are going-to-wear-it-anyhow-because-it-is still-perfectly-good.

As my unsophistication disappears it is replaced by a mild cynicism and the apparition who minces in with a skirt just a trifle too narrow, slash just a trifle too high, buckles a trifle too large, plume a suggestion too long, with the air of having told the chauffeur not to wait no longer sets me wondering as to which one of the Vanderbilts she is.

The Demon of Suspicion whispers that perhaps she came down in the subway from some of the outlying jungles where second story fronts and third story backs are not so expensive.

And the Debutante Slouch! Ha! I was not long in discovering that my walk was all wrong and that I must get out of the way of picking up my feet as though I were still stepping over cacti. I must slide them along with my knees bent and settled back from the waist line with drooping shoulders and my head thrust forward as though someone had bounced a brick on the back of it - looking pleasant the while. I tried it. Hopeless! I am square-gaited with an easy canter and a good running walk but over-weight for the Debutante Slouch.

The pose appears to have its counterpart among the fashionable youths who congregate where the Debutante Slouch is thickest. While this masculine pose is novel it is not really new. The Glyptodont panoctus had it first.

He is the giant sea-turtle at the American Museum of Natural History and as he stands there a mere child of seven hundred years, cut off and mounted in the flower of his youth, the steal is too obvious for dispute since there is the identical round-shouldered back, extended neck and chin, even a similarity of expression.

At the luncheon or over the tea cups where two or three women are gathered together, like the faithful at prayer, I notice that the chief topics of conversation are how to dispose of that superfluous forty pounds and "Votes for Women." The subject of that forty pounds is of absorbing interest but forgive me if I yawn over "Votes for Women."

Although there is nothing quite so terrifying as a suffragist who is contradicted or who finds a lukewarm member of her sex yet I dare be neutral. Figuratively speaking, I sit on the fence and say "Sic 'em."

Coming from a state where women vote I cannot see that the direful disasters predicted when women had the ballot, have come to pass, or, on the other hand, that the iridescent dream of purity in politics has come true. Going to the polls has not "hardened" or "demoralized" any woman of whom I know, nor has her presence there noticeably "elevated" any man of my acquaintance. The men have not taken to shoving us off the sidewalk or hopping into the easiest chairs because they have given us the ballot and ceased to respect us. It gives the women of limited interests something to talk of beside each other and the good God knows that's a powerful argument in favor of suffrage. Instead of spending all their waking hours working over the neighbors they now devote a share of them to the candidates and the issues. The result is undoubtedly broadening and beneficial.

However, when they have an ambition or grudge to satisfy I cannot see that their methods differ particularly from the methods of the men. For example, in the last election two strenuous ladies tore from house to house "trading votes." They wished to elect the husband of one of them to a coveted office and defeat a candidate on the same ticket against whom the other had a personal spite. So they offered to trade their democratic vote for the candidate whom they wished to defeat for the republican vote for the democrat they wished to elect.

The fact that they could not influence a dozen votes between them in nowise dampened their ardor as they rang door bells and hung about the polls to challenge votes - an undignified and ridiculous spectacle.

But "Votes for Women," and even a marvelous bath powder warranted to make me vanish while I wait, fail to hold my attention when the Princess Passes. In the chattering throng elbowing each other with more or less politeness in the corridors, the throng which seems always eating or about to eat, there are a few that for one reason or another stand out as though they moved in an individual limelight.

There is a girl whom I have named the Balkan Princess, though her blood may be far more red than blue. She is tall and straight and beautiful in her shimmering, wonderfully draped white gown. Her hair is blue-black and her eyes are wise, unfathomable, sphinx-like, yet without hardness. Every movement and gesture is so perfect that if it were otherwise it would seem wrong. She sees without seeing the eyes which follow her in interest and admiration. I doubt if she could look obscure if she tried, or anything other than a personage. At any rate, if she is not a Balkan Princess, I should rather not know it.

Another figure circulating in the limelight is a towering person who attracts quite as much attention in his way as the Balkan Princess but whose personality inspires in the average on-looker a yearning merely, to use a figure of speech, "to get their thumb in his eye."

From the time Mrs. Waldorf raises her shades in the morning until she puts the cat out at night the person is making his rounds, which consists of two laps through the corridors and the finish at the bar. With his silk hat firmly planted, his stick hooked over his arm, his bold eyes gathering in every glance directed his way, his Ego seems to shriek "Here's ME" - that person of whom you have read, - "Typical New Yorker" - "Man About Town!"

And in the corridor without any limelight, clanking of silver chains, out-riders or couriers, stands Mr. Taft exactly like a human being. He is conversing with a gray-whiskered gentleman who is reared back comfortably using a tooth-pick with such earnestness and singleness of purpose that his conversation with the former president seems only a side issue. Real democracy!

In most small towns the importance of the unimportant is one of the joys of life to the observer. In New York City one of the things which impresses me most is the simplicity, modesty, even diffidence of those who stand for something in their respective worlds whether it be the world of art, finance, literature or other lines of achievement. Is it because having "arrived" the acknowledged success can afford to be modest or is it because, perchance, his calibre being more than 22-short - he is big enough to realize how little he is after all?

Upon the rare occasions when the New Yorker strays upon our range there is something in his wistful attitude which reminds me of the tailor who made trousers for Balzac - without feet - of whom Hichens writes in "Felix,"

the tailor who recalls with tears of passionate regret and tender sentiment the days when he all but starved in Paris. And again of the homesick outlaw who wrote from the Isthmus that he would rather be in jail in Montana than free in South America.

It is true enough that the City of Big things lays hold of one powerfully. The fascination of its restless life gets into ones blood. Its spirit of enterprise and of achievement is contagious. It inspires, stimulates and educates for the best in every line of human endeavor gets eventually to New York. And it has to offer what the isolation most lacks, congenial companionship, the sympathy of kindred spirits, the understanding of similar minds and tastes.

Yet even in moments of my most extravagant enthusiasm, when I am voicing the hope that when I die I may go to New York, the doubt creeps in as to whether or not some day the memory of the smell of sagebrush after a rain might not prove more potent than the brilliance of Braodway and the purple peaks and that still gulch back in the hills call with a louder voice than all the many voices of the greatest city in America?

W O M A N O N H O R S E B A C K

by

Paul R. Eldridge

(Retyped from original manuscript)

A horse uprearing its forelegs as high as possible for its rider to keep her seat. The rider in stiff-brimmed Stetson, divided riding skirt, fancy boots, fringed gauntlets, the smile of battle on her face. The horse in the best rigging: Cheyenne bronc saddle, fancy bridle and head-stall, grazing or snaffle but not spade bit. Under his threatening hoofs an oblivious sod-buster about to plow under a wounded cowboy or Indian. Or make it a crippled coyote. This is the way, if we were a sculptor like Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney or Charles M. Russell, we would represent Caroline Lockhart.

This is not the way she appeared at first, of course. When we came to Cody, Wyoming, fresh from Harvard College, to work on a weekly paper she owned and operated, she was simple a picturesque personality who had written three or four books we had liked and told her so. ME-SMITH, the story of a bad man who never smiled--he snarled. THE LADY DOC, the story of a small-town doctor, the "graduate" of a medical mill, and the atrocities she practised on a rough-and-ready Western community who used her perforce because she was the only doctor there was. THE FIGHTING SHEPHERDESS, the story of a young girl who fights her way through the wolf pack of a small town to success in the sheep business. THE DUDE wrangler, the kindest of them all, an hilarious comedy of a new industry, though it had been practised in New England, sans saddles

and cowboys, on something called not "dudes" but "summer boarders" as early as the '80's.

When we had come to The Cody Enterprise in the guise of linotype operator, advertising manager, and reporter, none of which positions we had ever previously filled but about our ability to handle which we had no qualms, and were received by Miss Lockhart, the owner, in a story-and-a-half frame house behind which, in a corral, two lively horses moved actively, we felt we had suddenly been transported into the heart of the West--the West of Bret Harte and Owen Wister and Buffalo Bill. And when a pet wildcat came padding into the room and sprang on our knees, purring throatily as it did so, we were utterly delighted. It was the last finishing touch.

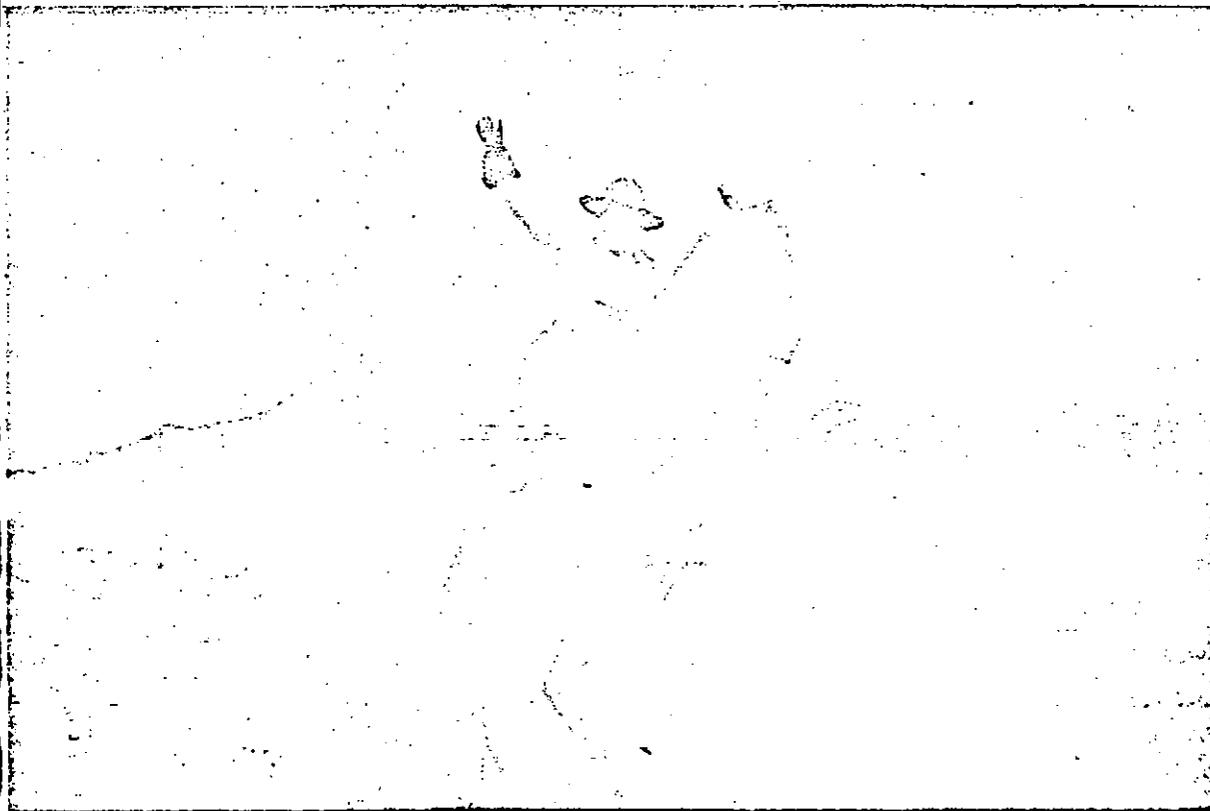
"It likes you," the green-eyed handsome woman in her indeterminate fifties (though she looked no more than 35) with heavy blond hair who exuded vigor and humor and a breezy fearlessness declared. She sat facing me beside a desk on which rested impartially a brand-new Stetson and an archaic Oliver typewriter.

Outside, patches of snow lay on the ground, for winter comes soon to Northern Wyoming, and the month was November. Inside, heat from a round stove met the cold that lashed the north side of the house and repelled it perhaps one foot from my chair. Miss Lockhart sat on the edge of the heat in which might be termed the Arctic circle and seem oblivious to it. She was talking about an old timer and what the town and the

"Drys" had done to him or tried to, and how she had thwarted it and was going to continue to thwart it. In the vehemence of her argument her face grew crimson to the roots of her golden hair, and it was then that the outline of our statue began to appear to her auditor: the intrepid rider, the shape of the homesteader, plow cleaving the sod---and the dim shapes lying almost inert before the coming of the plow, though they were so few and he was so many.

They were not dim shapes to Miss Lockhart, however. They were definite shapes in sourdough coats, or old hats, black hats and blankets if they were Indian, and she bled with them and resented with them this new wave of immigration, this ravage of mediocrity on a life and way of life that was so primitive and so picturesque. As we sat there, we might have been enlisted man and general in a tent on a hill just behind the front line of impendent battle.

For in the bleak little town set down starkly in the shadow of the eastern gateway to the Yellowstone National Park, where the tumbleweeds rooled down Main Street, borne by a winter wind that rattled the roofs of corrugated sheeting on the shopkeepers' emporiums and whistled on impartially to search out shivering shepherders in sourdough coats or cowboys in mackinaws and wreak on them its inhuman wrath---in this little town on its bench above the iceing river the Indians called the Stinking Water---a phenomenon was occurring that was an epitome of what was occurring in a myriad of such towns scattered over the flanks of the Far West. The only difference---and the only thing that made Cody



"It was then that the outline of our statue began to appear to her auditor." (Caroline Lockhart on Lefthanded on sagebrush flat near Cody, 1921).

unique---was that the other towns hadn't a Caroline Lockhart. What I was witnessing was the passing of the Old West under the next wave and the efforts of one individual to stay it.

For I soon found that the community was divided severely into two groups: the old timers, who would keep it as it was, and the newcomers, who would redeem it into the likeness of Cedar Rapids, Iowa or Grand Island, Nebraska or their replicas from whence they had come. And the national Volstead Act exacerbated the dissention.

Falling upon the nation by an act of Congress October 28, 1918, providing through the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the enforcement of prohibition by Federal enforcers alien to the community and by local snoopers, the Volstead Act succeeded in sundering a community that opposing traditions had only divided. Our paper, which was know to "the better element" as "the booze sheet of Wyoming," espoused the cause of the old timers.

Miss Lockhart had not "come West;" she had returned West---and there is a difference. Like her tall, handsome Cavalry officer father, who had returned from the Civil War to his 20 sections of ranch land near Eskridge, Kansas and, on the death of his wife, married his house-keeper, haughtily relegating to his two daughters and his sone the choice of accepting her or leaving home to go elsewhere, so Caroline had returned from her war to win her way in the Eastern newspaper world in which she succeeded gloriously to the extent of having her own by-line of Suzette and having a cigar named after her, so popular her stuff was.

With characteristic independence she had refused to submit to the step-mother the other youngsters had graciously yielded to. Her father was as inflexible determined that she should yield as she was adamantly determined that she wouldn't. When the irresistible force meets the immovable post, we have not been told what happens, but unless one destroys the other, the force weaves round the post or climbs over the post and goes on its irresistible way, the post lending it a push perhaps as it goes. That is what happened to Caroline. The family "sent her" East to make a lady of her--with indifferent results, as she was fond to telling it afterwards, a toss of her head and a curve of her lips to emphasize their inability to mould her.

It was a going which was a farewell, for she never returned to Eskridge. By her own efforts or theirs, it would be hard to say which, the black sheep was separated from the band. Long after the life-long bitterness was allayed by the death of both parties, the rancor relegated to the irrevocable past, copies of her books, autographed tartly but sent to her father if not the unfortunate stepmother, were found collecting dust in the attic of the ranch house by the heirs. Did the father read them and the woman put them up there? He must have, and she must have, and so the hatred perished, and the books were retrieved, which was good, for they were good.

For, prodded into an added incentive for success by the very wrong she had endured, the runaway or the sentaway girl had made good in a startling way. To flee "Step," as she had denominated her mother's successor, she had gone East to school, first to the Bethany College in Topeka and then

to the Moravian Seminary in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Feature-writing on The Boston Post under a rigorous editor who she loved and a finishing course on The Philadelphia Bulletin followed before she returned West to do the novel that every successful journalist and feature writer worth his salt must someday aspire and attempt to do. (That novel was ME-SMITH, a best-seller, by the way, and incidentally one of the best depictions of a Western bad man ever written.)

She had learned, however, from her newspaper apprenticeship under the exacting taskmaster and under his unrelaxing successors--had had drilled into her very soul--a doctrine whose practise was to set her off from the mediocrity of "the Western writer" and to lift her into a special kind of excellence. This tenet was to know what you were writing about before you wrote it: to do it before you wrote it.

Acting on this tenet she had subsequently submitted herself to an extraordinary series of bizarre, monotonous, and often dangerous experiences. It had caused her to go down the Salmon River over dangerous rapids in a trip that made hardy men blench to get for Outing Magazine an article called "The Wildest Boat Ride in America." It had caused her to traverse above timberline in the Rockies and barely save her life in the traverse-- --a slide that paled and appalled her guide to get her first magazine article for the Philadelphia Lippincott's Magazine. It had caused her to trudge to the ranch, near Pawhuska, Oklahoma, and apply for and get a position as hired girl for the Osage chief Bacon Rind when that notable was enjoying affluent oil royalties, and cook and dish-wash for himself and an assorted spawn of relatives, in order to get authentic copy about

wealth-upholstered primitives for two articles for The Denver (Sunday) Post. This Haroun-al-Raschid adventure, we should say, at a time when Miss Lockhart, the then celebrated author, was visiting her sister and husband, bankers, in a nearby Oklahoma town. It was Miss Lockhart's pride that, cast as such, she made a perfectly convincing white hired girl for the red plutocrats. But let her tell it:

Since I began my career of crime on The Boston Post, more years ago than I care to remember, I have endeavored to know what I am writing about before I write it. Working on this principle, I took the 'gold' cure while I was on The Post for a habit I did not have in order to write accurately of the inside management of an institution know as 'the Home for Intemperate Women.' For the same reason I went into a little two by twice cage with a lion who had the reddest mouth, the sharpest teeth, the longest tongue of any lion who ever lived---at least that was the way he impressed me when I was inside the cage and he opened his mouth so wide I could see down his throat. Also I went down in Boston Harbor in a diving suit and did general housework for 2 days at an address I am afraid to mention for fear the woman will come after me even now. Which instances I recite to show taht I prefer to write from personal knowledge and experience rather tahn imagination.

Her scrupulous adherence to/fact gives her books the extraordinary faithfulness to Western detail that lifts them above the ruck and run of others in the field. It is this that caused Hamlin Garland, the famous Western author of an earlier generation, to say of one of them---THE

FIGHTING SHEPHERDESS---when I brought it to his attention: "You have to be a rancher to know how real and true the talk is."

Caroline Lockhart returned to find her West infested with Scissorbills, pilgrims, and cornhuskers, which were terms of opprobrium applied by the old timers to well-meaning Swedes, Nebraskans, Iowans, et al. Furthermore she found this shopkeeper and dry-farmer class backing to the mountains and crowding off the range the more picturesque trappers, sheepmen, cowmen, Indians, and assorted outlaws they found there.

To this battle Miss Lockhart rushed with a joyous whoop. She had settled in Cody, drawn perhaps by the late Buffalo Bill, as the most picturesque Western town she could find. For the straggling, outnumbered, and well-nigh routed forces of the invaded she became a leader and a voice. She was Rob Roy putting horn to lip, rallying the clan. She was Horatious at the bridge.

The community thus opposed may have been Swedish in part, but it was neither too dense nor phlegmatic to know that it was being attacked. It knew that "Prouty" and "Crowheart" in her books was Cody. It knew it was they themselves who were thus pilloried in her pages. And as fast as she wrote the books and they read them, it banned the books from its library. That the books were read outside, however, and were considered accurate, if humorous, depictions of the town's characters and their idiosyncrasies, gave an added ring of red to the town's composite 21-inch neck. And Cody retaliated in kind.

Miss Lockhart was undeterred by the notoriety it thus conferred upon her. When she grew impatient at the length of time it took her to produce the cannonball of a novel, she resorted to lesser ammunition, and in the newspaper, which she bought and operated in their very midst, she opened up on the transplanted Mid-Westerners a barrage, with incidental annoyances. She put on a Cody Stampede and brought to the town, in their colorful regalia, the cowboys, the bronc busters, and the Indians that the tide of the town's civilization was driving down the sunset slope. And to the scandalization and outrage of the usurpers her cowboys led by her did shoot up the town and the dignified and staid Irma hotel, the shade of Colonel Cody ("Buffalo Bill") doubtless riding with them and abetting what to the towns-people was a recrudescence to barbarism.

I should say that, conservatively speaking, she stemmed the Middle Western tide for about 10 years, perhaps showing the old timers the way to a come-back in the form of a counter wave--a something called a dude ranch--that, reproducing the semblance if not the essence of the earlier West, gave those who would adapt to it a factitious victory and gave to the community an industry that existed and exists to-day contemporaneously and peaceably with the Middle Western seizure of the town.

But back to the Homesteaders versus the Cattlemen, the Scissorbills versus the Old Timers. It was a totally inclusive local warfare with no decisive battle, no Waterloo, no Gettysburg to end it, but it was fun while it lasted. Nor was there, while it lasted, any neutral ground for you to light on. Not in Cody. Willy nilly, you were on or t'other.

I arrived in the middle of the warfare somewhat dazed to find myself, by the mere fact of my employment on The Enterprise which was its organ, irretrievably and irrevocably committed, so far as the community was concerned, to a cause of which the day before I had been ignorant. I prepared, however, to direct my shots at the enemy, like any other good mercenary.

Armed not with a six-gun but a Reminton portable typewriter, weaponed not with a Sharps' buffalo gun but an intractable old-style K linotype that I had inherited and cleaned and oiled in The Enterprise office, equivalent in the reach of its utterance to a Sharps', perhaps, I rattled out my cattleman copy and launched my shells, as it were, at the Scissor-bills.

The Scissorbills seemed not to mind. There were so many of them, you know, and more kept coming. Some of them did not mind making overtures to those of us their enemies who were of their own age, though we on the staff sternly refused these tenders, of course. With our elders it was different: the hostility was virulent and fixed.

I suspect I stayed the wave of the future about as much as the Dutch boy of the McGuffey's Reader kept out the sea from his country by ramming his finger in the hole in the dyke. At any rate, I stayed a month or two before I left for a larger arena. I had a feeling that you couldn't hold back history, but it was an unforgettable experience.

DRAFT

In the obit. of Miss Lockhart, years later, I contributed the following paragraph describing her prompt and daily arrival at The Enterprise office:

She rode her horse, although the distance from her residence was not more than four blocks, dismounting, tying him to the hitching post, clumping and jingling in boots and spurs, wearing a divided skirt and a \$20 Stetson, a smile on her face as she meditated mischief on her opposition or inquired as to their latest attack.

I've said that in the corral back of her house she kept a couple of horses though the house was only a block off the Main Street of Cody. These we used to saddle up for a ride when the warfare palled. At a certain point on the trail on the "bench" west of town Miss Lockhart reined in one afternoon to tell me:

A man sprang out of the sagebrush on day when I rode out here. He was a bootlegger who had broken jail and was making his getaway. I knew him. He told me his plans and asked to borrow a horse. I told him I'd give him one if he insisted, but I advised him to go back, before they caught him, and serve out his time. Then he would be free.

Again a glimpse of something or other glimmered before the kid author who was riding with her, a glimpse of something bigger than herself that she stood for as she championed those who by their refusal to abjure their

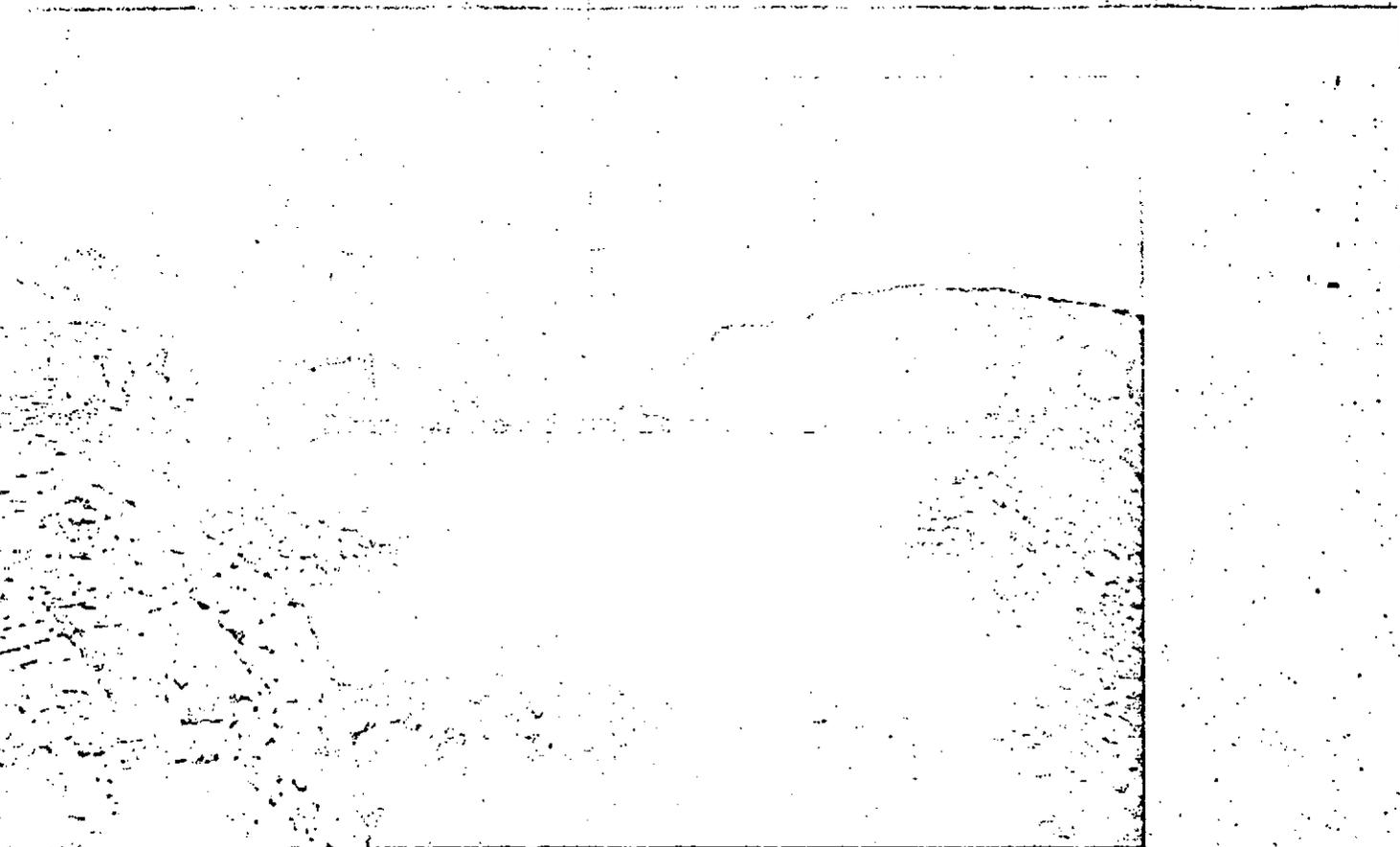
former state or what they considered their rights had enlisted her sympathy and stirred her emotions to action. Seeing farther from her greater height and clearer vision, she had told him:

These days (i.e. prohibition) will be over some time. The country can't carry this much longer.

Well, she was right. Ten years later, 1933, the Volstead Act was repealed. In the meantime, the man went back, served his time, got out, walked and rode free.

I continued to keep in touch with Miss Lockhart, for we had become friends for life. When she sold out to Vic Abramson the paper that had held her to Cody, she announced in a swan song that was a classic her intention to revert to her real work before it was too late. Then almost as fast as it takes to tell it she bought herself, in the rather inaccessible Dryhead country of southern Montana, a 100 or so miles northeast, on the Big Horn river, a cattle ranch.

She was following a familiar pattern: learn it, then write about it, but in order to write of a sheep woman in THE FIGHTING SHEPHERDESS she had merely gone to the camp of Mrs. Moore, the Sheep Queen of Copper Mountain, and lived with this eccentric and her daughters and herders in one of the wagons on the range. Now, in the Dryhead, she had possessed herself of a holding and a considerable one. Afterwards it seemed strange that at the time none of us had any forebodings for the novelist.



"The river descended abruptly into a canyon and was seen no more unless you crawled to the canyon's rim and peered down dizzy depths"....

Though I knew Caroline's fondness for the picturesquely dramatic, I was unprepared, when I stopped off one summer on my way to California, for the vengeance with which she had yielded to the fondness.

In aloofness, it was a country in which even the river, which was sociable enough at Kany, Wyoming where it received unto itself the Stinking Water, even slowing to chat ere it hurried on over its rocks, descended abruptly into a canyon, and was seen no more unless you crawled to the canyon's rim and peered down dizzy depths a thousand or so feet to descry what seemed a sinuous yellow snake dragging itself sluggishly, a delusion in all truth, for it was coursing at mad speed, and you had best not linger and peer unless stout hands of a trusted companion were grasping your heels, the upright look downward being dangerous unless one were immune to vertigo.

In spectacularity, with the exception of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which it resembled, it was the most impressive portion of primal Western earth I had yet seen.

Even to get into it was a formidable undertaking. You got off the train at Kane, Wyoming, the nearest railroad point to the south, and then took the twice-a-week stage on its hair-raising journey into the Dryhead. (The driver, I may say, took the trip with the usual Western nonchalance, as I later found out.) I arrived the day after the stage had left.

Through the efforts of the proprietor of the hotel in Kane, of which he and his wife were, that day, the sole occupants, and through the offices

of the local carpenter, who boasted a car, I gained, by mid-afternoon, the Strong ranch on Crooked Creek, a measurable advance of 10 to 15 miles toward my goal.

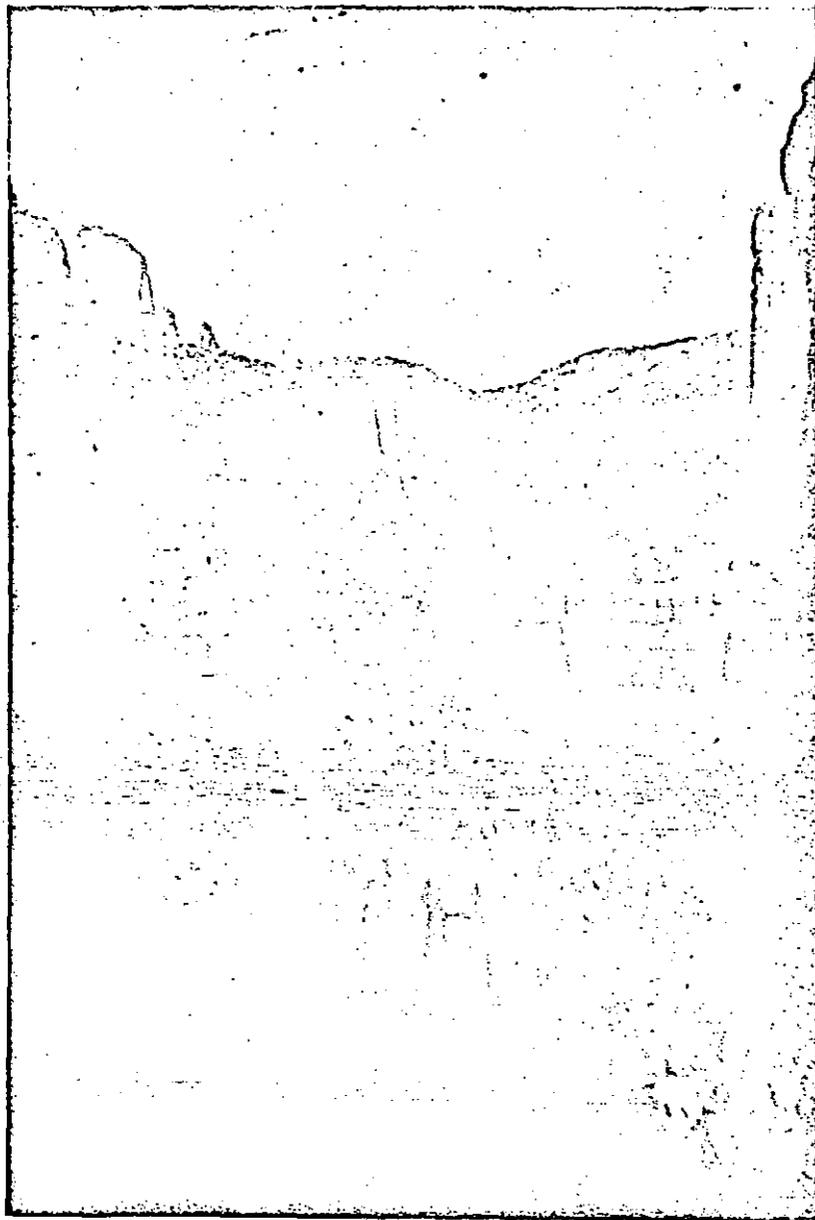
The Strongs were in the hayfield. Through the dynamic kindness of "Ma" Strong (a book should be written about her!) and Jess Sullivan her foreman (ditto), I swapped my grip for a tall bay horse, Ma Strong's personal mount King, and armed with little more than the clothes I stood in and a tooth brush and instructions to stop at an intervening ranch for the night if I tired, I climbed aboard.

"Which one is it?" I turned back in the saddle to ask the hay crew. I didn't want to stop at the wrong ranch. I was very particular about that. (The hay crew consisted of Ma Strong stacker boy, Jess Sullivan stacker, and Jay Kelsey her grandson buck-raker.) I was unprepared for their smiles.

From his halted buckrake Jay informed me: "It's the only one there is between here and Caroline's."

Then I couldn't miss it. On to the Dryhead! So I steered my horse to a dim indefinite space that lay between the fantastically beautiful Big Horns and the nearer bluer Pryors, Little Pryor to be exact.

But the trail---! When I climbed down to open Ma Strong's front gate, shouldered it shut, and got back on King again, the ditch-fed alfalfa field of the Strong ranch stopped as abruptly as if cut by a knife, and the desert began. Desert giving to bad lands. Bad lands giving to



"walls of the Big Horn"

Taken by author

1
juniper-covered rock or lava-strewn acclivities. Acclivities aspiring to mountains. When I halted King to give him a breather and looked back beyond red desert, Crooked Creek was a winding green snake, a rumor in the sunlit distance.

Three tributary dry canyons, as I recall it, cutting the wrinkled up-and-down land and even the walls of the Big Horn in some geologic necessity to reach the river barred our trail. Down precipitous trails to their depths and climbing up again, myself leading the way, we traversed an unconscionable distance that would have been only rods could we have bridged the canyons' rims.

Only Caroline Lockhart, I felt, would have placed herself in this dramatic inaccessibility where the river on my right buried its head as deeply as the mountains on my left raised theirs. And only Caroline seemed to have done so, for on that trail we met no one. The world declared itself an uninhabited waterless waste null and void except for spectacular scenery, though on its surface where rocks gave way to rubble or sand the tracks of the mail stage pick-up lay plain to be seen. Our hoof tracks followed them, King's shod hoofs striking on stone. Where a pick-up could go, even if it careened, a man on a horse could follow.

When night fell like a curtain on a too-stupendous stage set, we had hit a high table-land. Once King sprang aside. Did he avoid a rattlesnake on the trail or his imagination of a rattlesnake? When, what seemed hours later, he stopped at a gate to look back expectantly at me, I gave him his will.

I dismounted stiffly, opened the gate, and led him through it. Another canyon opening out of the plain descended less cruelly. We followed it to the smell of alfalfa and the gurgle of unseen water. At the bottom of the canyon a long log house like a fort backed the opening and commanded the road. Without dismounting, I hailed the house from which emerged in the shadow of the one-story dwelling by means of a flanking porch a silent dark figure. In response to my inquiry of direction to Lockhart's ranch as I sat at the gate, the tall dark figure emitted only enough speech to say: "It's just three miles on up the road," and turning on his heel left me abruptly at 10 or 11 o'clock at night to find my way.

When we reached our destination and regaled our hostess with our reception at the last ranch back, she betrayed agitation:

Good Heavens, I'm glad you didn't stop there. They're our enemies!

Ye gods! Oh, no! Not that again. Not another war! But it was.

The woman who had walked down the Main Street of Cody to do her shopping with a blackjack in her muff in case those who had incurred the shafts of her mordant wit might use the opportunity to retaliate on her physically--- the woman who, when she returned to Cody, was to sleep on a bed with \$3.000 in greenbacks from her rents rustling reassuringly under her mattress, with the lump of a loaded six-shooter within reach under her pillow to protect, if necessary, the greenbacks and herself---this woman now entered the laboring class.

Between cooks--and her cooks were forever quitting to return to their relatives in Nebraska or the bright lights of Billings or of Frannie, Wyoming---she took over their duties. She had to. Feeding the insatiable maw of the cook stove and the wood box beside it with the sticks of pinon whoever was elected as chore boy must be prompted to provide. Peeling potatoes (sometimes taken to bed with her in winter to keep them from freezing). Opening cans (in emergencies). Boiling stews. Seeing that they all came out on time, thought the far side of the stove with the hot water reservoir helped, she learned, to synchronize this unequal race of comestibles.

When the jingle of bit chains and the rattle of a wagon wheels timed to the stamp of horses and the creak of saddle leather came from the corral, an accelerating rhythm like the scherzo in the third movement of a Beethoven sonata or symphony hit the kitchen.

"Here come the savages," Miss Lockhart would say to whatever helper served as her assistant in the domain of pots and pans. "Dish up."

They came in with a very unsavage demeanor to walk to the basin and bucket of water on the stand under the mirror and towel at the south wall of the room, if it were winter; outside by the back door, if it were summer. They sat down on the long benches ranged on both sides of the long table that stretched almost from the wash stand to the north door by which they had entered, and addressed themselves silently to the food set before them. They were young and, occasionally, middle-aged men in the cowboy habiliments that proclaimed their calling; drifters from here and there in the West;

sometimes bits of flotsam plucked from the labor pool of Billings or from the hobo jungles that formed the outskirts of that railroad point. They ate with the single-minded concentration and depthless capacity of men who had dug post holes for five hours, put up fence, or choused reluctant cattle out of juniper.

Dave Good, the foreman, who was old and grizzled as one of the lichen-covered rocks on East Pryor, usually washed first, sat down first, and led such conversation as it was. "Pass the beans." "Any more spuds?" "Pass the turnips."

Miss Lockhart, in a neat house dress, very tight in the waist, fuller above and below in a Lillian Russell effect, hair piled pompadour or yellow braids circled coronet fashion, a limp cigarette in her mouth if she'd rolled her own, stood behind or beside the table and, what time she was not serving the "savages," watched with quizzical eyes that seemed to be asking, "Is this I?"

It was she, all right, and it was she so often that the stage role of the soubrette who might at any time burst into a Jeanette MacDonald song from The Girl of the Golden West became, eventually, an accepted reality.

After the meal when the "boys" filed out to smoke or revert to the bunkhouse, the foreman, umbrella-like sombrero in his hand, ascended one step to the front room, sat down provisionally over a smoke, and detailed to his boss the events of the morning.

"Where's they cut it?"---"There by the Larson place. We had to splice it in two places and put in another post."---"Who---?" "Done it? Oh, them Honyokers, uh course, or ol' Zeb Potts. I see tracks goin' down to his place."---"I'd say half a spoon, but it sells by the spool. A man ought to set up on a pinnacle with a field glass in one hand and a Winchester in the other and dry-gulch a couple o' these apes. Then---" And so on.

Such the life of a cattle queen in the Dryhead.

Unpeopled as the land had seemed to the traveler who came in on a borrowed horse, it was occupied. Sparsely but tenaciously. A bachelor squatter in a shack nailed down to the flat. Another in a crevice down by a seep. A family or two in a fenced plot, using for their cattle as much of the unclaimed unfenced immensity as they needed.

Trails led from one place to another, and this was Miss Lockhart's offense: that in buying possession of the land for her cattle kingdom she had closed time-honored trails; she had fenced in communal property. Hence wire-cutting and depredations. As one family moving into a neighborhood or even an apartment makes its presence known almost tangibly by its subtle push and invasion of invisible boundaries, so her establishment touched others who tensed, tightened, resisted, and, in turn, encroached.

Each person of the opposition became an individual described to her by her help, realized to her by their actions, till she knew them as well as if she had seen them herself or had fraternized with them in their meager houses where they lived lives not unlike those of the first generation of

white settlers. All grist for the mill of the writer, except where was the time for the writing? For the meditation that must, inevitably, precede the writing if it have depth and dimension?

Nor was her own ranch devoid of material were there time to turn it into fiction. Once a cowboy shot another with a 30-30 in the bunkhouse, scattering meat like hamburger all over the place, and requiring an immediate night-ride of 30 to 40 miles over improbable roads north to Billings to get him to a hospital and doctor in time to save his life, the other man riding south on a fast horse as fast as he could to save his.

Gossip, which knows all when it knows nothing, for the L Slash Heart ranch was hermetically sealed from outside contact, claimed lickerishly that the men were fighting over Miss Lockhart. More likely they were fighting over the merits of a double-as opposed to a single-cinch on a horse, a spade as opposed to a snaffle bit, or the fall of a card in the bunkhouse game on which a few bits depended. It might have been over the way the victim snored. Of such fodder are gun-fights fed in the pent life of the far places in winter.

Other times the place was quiet as a church on week-days, uneventful as a Sunday afternoon in Cedarvale, Kansas, the twice-a-week coming of the mail man--ironically dubbed "Lightning" (his real name was Tough Abbot) because the assymetry of the roads and the sudden changes of weather affected his time schedule---a bread in the monotony, whicle the removing of the Black Angus bull, called by the cowboys "Father Divine," with his harem, from one pasture to another, was an event. Christmas was observed by killing the old red rooster, after which feast Our Savior's birth was celebrated by

Miss Lockhart and her foreman retiring to the front room and making out a list of the person they would most like to kill. Her humor, denominated by Miss Lockhart as "ghoulish," was a dominant factor of the L Slash Heart. (It had already been observed by H. L. Mencken, who had included in one or the early editions of his THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE some of her Americanisms, that Miss Lockhart was one of the four best humorists in America.)

Such innocent holidays, however, were the exception, not the rule, on a ranch where there was always something to do. Tangible, manual labor. Insistent, peremptory chores. Daily, unremitting drudgery. Slavery. Travail.

So that the summer visitor who rode over from Crooked Creek to act as a goad to the quiescent novelist (and he rode over twelve successive summers and one winter) grew to lament the paucity of her pages even as he came to rejoice at her tauter fences, her new corrals, and her increased herd.

Her last published novel, OLD WEST---AND NEW, contrasting the life of the earlier unsettled West to that of the pilgrim-infested Cody, on which she had already lived the material, was seven or eight years a-borning. Her last and unpublished novel THE WITCH OF WILLOW CREEK, in which she had polished off to her own satisfaction if not that of her editors her chief enemy of the isolated region, was almost as long in delivery.

Did the popular American women novelists, one wondered, the Edna Ferbers, the Fannie Hursts, the Rineharts, with their periodic production, buy, build, and personally manage businesses between the regular occurrences of their books? Did the top women novelists, the Edith Whartons, the Willa Cathers, the Ellen Glasgows, farm, ranch, truck-garden, in France, Nebraska, 24

Virginia, between their notable and regularly appearing novels? Was the tenet "Do it--then write about it" so practicable reportorially, impracticable novelistically, the novelist's life-span and the novel's length of time it took to produce being what it was?

A change of climate in the American publishing scene was also affecting adversely Miss Lockhart's work. Unconventional as her life was, she was not prepared to follow the frontier of free speech as far as Hemingway, Faulkner, and the tribe of younger writers like George Milburn were following it.

Furthermore the death in New York of her friend Charley MacLean cost her the loss of her most receptive magazine editor. It sealed also the doom of The Popular Magazine he had successfully captained, though the magazine ran on a few years of its own momentum before its heart stopped. The demise of its two closest competitors in the Western magazine field, Adventure and Short Stories, soon followed. High of quality, optimistic of tone, sane of viewpoint, and clean and healthy of story, The Popular Magazine was a source of inspiration to uncounted young and old who were young of heart. They read it avidly, and they read it regularly.

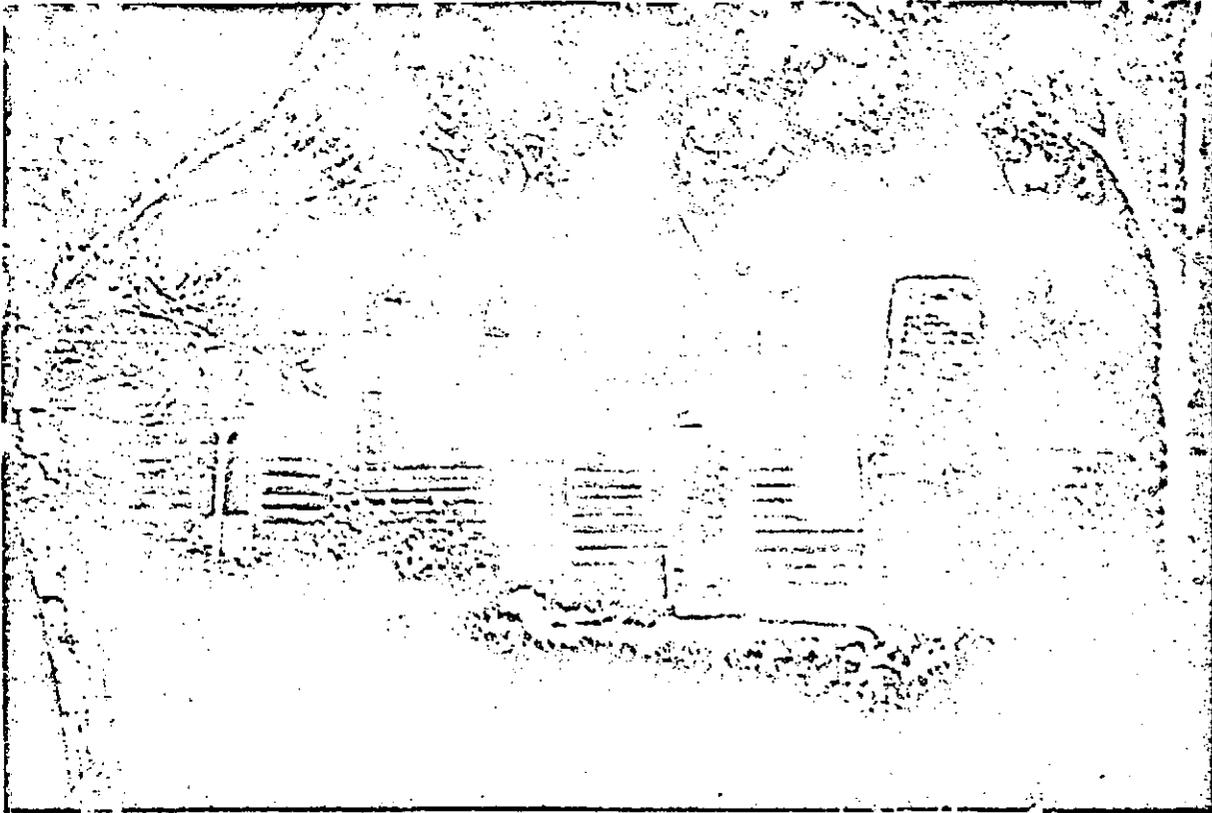
Jack London, Ralph D. Paine, Charles Van Loan, Henry C. Rowland, Holman Day, Charles Neville Buck, Bertrand W. Sinclair, A. M. Chisholm, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Henry Herbert Knibbs, Robert V. Carr, Vingie E. Roe, B. M. Bower, and Caroline Lockhart contributed to it and gave who know what lift to affirmative philosophy.

But the slim erect figure who was never too busy to come out of his sanctum to the outer office to visit with you when you found your way to the drab brick wilderness where existed the offices of the Street and Smith

Company on Seventh Avenue in downtown New York; who invited you into his inner office for "a chat with you" (the name of his department in the magazine)--his glamorous crowded office with on its walls pictures of the men who had made the magazine: Henry Herbert Knibbs hazing a burro or two over the Mojave Desert; H. de Vere Stacpoole in his waxen moustaches, et al---the mainspring of the magazine was Charles Agnew MacLean. He had left the editorial pages of The New York Times to assemble his adventurous crew and give boys on Oklahoma ranches, on Ohio farms, on Australia granges, a sense of the world, of vicarious adventure, and a philosophy to sustain them before they began to wander. Nor had he always been in a newspaper or magazine office. He was one of that gallant band of New Yorkers who served 3 years in the 1st Cavalry National Guard of New York, then Troop C, Brooklyn.

What he gave to the crew he had mustered for those spiritual voyages, we cannot say, for we were not one of them. We were only a passenger, but some of the debt and devotion of them to him can be measured by Miss Lockhart's succinct confession of her reaction to his death. She was not a weeping woman, as may have been gleaned from this article, but she wrote us at the time when she heard the news: "I wept."

Left only two grooves in which the Western writer could thrust his copy and wait confidently 30 days or less for the return of his cheque: (1) the groove of the cheap Western pulps, which she scorned, and (2) that of the "literary" publishers, with their wider latitude of vocabulary and morals, which she desdained. She was cast between two slots. She was in a limbo between two worlds.



L/U ranch house: "in the cottonwood canyon where once only a shallow creek from a spring trickled down to the Big Horn."

Photo by author

In the meantime, her cattle topped the market in Billings.

To the summer visitor, who rode over from Crooked Creed, the plight was less immediately apparent than the sight of the greenery she had created in the cottonwood canyon where once only a shallow creek from a spring trickled down to the Big Horn. The oasis was worth the ride, even without a Caroline Lockhart to enliven it. There were mint juleps if he would walk up to the spring and pluck some of the mint that grew there abundantly to spice them. If there were not many typed pages of her current performance for him to look at, there were new corrals, there were sleek cattle, there were shining horses.

Though bottle flies zoomed against the windows of the Crow's Nest across the road and moths fluttered at night, you slept on fresh sheets, with full-page colored pictures from The Denver Post's artist illustrating the Western verse of Arthur Chapman on the walls for you to wake up to.

There was a spring-house just below where six or eight feet of the creek from the spring were utilized to run through the shelter and cool the butter and eggs of the ranch.

There was a pond of ice-cold water for you to dive in just below the spring. Sometimes the "bathing beauties" (Miss Lockhart and a transient woman cook) paraded past the bunkhouse in the hot afternoons, making the pond off limits till their return. As you walked back from your own swim, you passed an open shed in which reposed, like a museum piece replaced by the truck and the pickup, a yellow buckboard, a black L/Heart stamped on the outside of the seat in which you could envisage the boss riding on the flats below

Cody behind her buckskins, for there was a time when she rode or drove no other color. If, now, a hen leaped, cackling, wings spread like an eagle's, from the front seat, a fresh-laid egg left on the dusty cushion atoned for the sacrilege.

Always the newspaper woman as well as the author, Miss Lockhart kept her hand in by contributing to the Lovell, Wyoming, paper its Dryhead Notes. Amusing as these were to others, sometimes the target objected, and unconsciously simulating great society ladies in great capitals who found it distasteful to see themselves in vulgar print, Dryhead took pencil in hand and wrote laboriously on ruled paper to request and sometimes demand the editor to omit from Miss Lockhart's Dryhead Notes their names and doings. Generally, however, the publicity was appreciated and even coveted. You couldn't always see your name in print under a celebrated author's by-line, and in Montana and Wyoming Caroline Lockhart was celebrated.

Like that of true love, the course of even a successful ranch does not always run smooth. Sometimes the men quit. Once a man quit when the other men were gone and he was the only male who was left there. He was nursing a grouch, and he was biding his time. A chance met ride from a patent medicine man who had lost his way gave him his occasion. Rushing to the bunkhouse to secure his "lump"--he had no war-bag--, he stopped at the kitchen door only long enough to tell the boss he was quittin'.

"Aren't you going to do the chores?"

With an indescribable leer he gloated over her to say laconically: "You do um," and with the satisfaction of a man who is fully avenged by a watchful Providence of accumulated wrongs, he betook himself up the hill, the sound of the pedlar's cart as he lashed the horse to escape from the Dryhead before

sundown coming to the cook who stood ther, stick of wood in hand over the lid-opened stove transfixed by the catastrophe.

Cows. Pigs. Chickens. If Dave would only come. He had gone to get hands for a hay crew. Now it meant one more. She had struck bottom. But she hadn't. There was still an earthquake to come.

Dave proved equal to the emergency. He didn't know a man he could get, but there was a girl, a furriner, he had noticed at Powell at the rooming house when he stopped there, who wanted to get on a ranch. She would be as good as a man. The boss listened dourly. No girl was as good as a man. She assented because she had to. Dave was enthusiastic. Don't you worry, Miss Lockhart.

But Miss Lockhart did worry. She worried when the girl found herself more suited to work in the hayfield than the kitchen. A situation created by inexorable circumstance was working before her very eyes, and she was powerless to prevent it. The supper table, usually monosyllabic, resounded with sentences delivered in the foreman's voice that was habitually pitched to overcome a strong wind inpraise of the girl's ability with a pitchfork.

Long before the foreman on whom she had depended, smitten even as Boaz by Ruth by the alien maid, had confided to Miss Lockhart, after supper one night in the room one step up, his intention to give all for love and quit the ranch for a place of his own, the boss had felt the ground sink under her feet. Whom could she get to replace him? It meant selling the ranch. It was the end.

But though the effect was cataclysmic, she was not one to sink without a struggle. Seizing her pen and dipping it in a vitriol that seemed to come from her very heart, she wrote and then typed for the Dryhead Notes of the Lovell, Wyoming, paper the following paragraphs its editor entitled DECEMBER-JUNE ROMANCE IN DRYHEAD (By Caroline Lockhart) and printed in the next issue:

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Laura Mauch of Powell to Mr. Dave Good of Dryhead, Montana, has caused a considerable stir in their respective communities since the former is only 19 and a school girl while the latter frankly admits he will be 72 on his next birthday. They plan to be married when school closes next spring, but it has not yet been decided whether it will be a formal church wedding or a simple ceremony before the justice of the peace or in the bride's home.

The romance began when Miss Maunch resigned her position as chambermaid in the Klindt rooming house in Powell and applied for a job on Caroline Lockhart's L Slash Heart ranch in Dryhead, where Mr. Good has been cattle foreman for many years.

Owing to the labor shortage Miss Maunch was taken on to assist in the hayfields where her handiness with a pitchfork soon won the foreman's admiration and respect. Admiration and respect quickly developed into a warmer feeling, with above results.

While Mr. Good does not hope to equal or surpass the achievement of his father-in-law, who is 66, he nevertheless is looking forward to a happy family life. He has a wide circle of acquaintance in Wyoming and

Montana who will wish im well in his somewhat startling matrimonial venture.

Whatever sore the satire wrought in the foreman's vanity, time healed. Whatever illusions it destroyed in his desire to turn frosty December into lusty June, he survived. Certainly it spared him a more crushing disillusionment which must inevitably have followed so mismated a marriage. However that may be, as far as Miss Lockhart was concerned it kept him in her employ and in her retinue, for he never left it again until her death.

The dereliction had merely showed him human, and that Miss Lockhart was human, too, despite her armor, was to be shown forthwith in a very poignant way. For print began to blur before her eyes. The American Mercury, The New Yorker the newest books we sent her, lay unread on her shawled table, stacked up to be replaced by others still unread. Strong-lensed glasses did not help. The bright canyon--and it was bright, where the cottonwoods stopped, on the way from back door to the spring, darkened, even at noonday: that opacity of the crystalline lens of the eye, or its capsule, obstructing passage of the rays of light, that afflicts maturity and age, had hit her too---cataracts!--and she covered before it.

The woman who asked no quarter of life and who gave none, who could swim a horse across the broken ice of the Big Horn and think nothing of it; who could ride the rapids of the wildest river in America merely to write about it, now evaded, avoided, sidestepped an operation that, if unsuccessful would leave her in darkness, if successful would give her light.

After which hovering equivocation she had herself driven to Billings, en route looked through her dim film what might be her last at the mountains



Caroline Lockhart visits, near Pryor, Montana, with Goês Ahead, who, earlier, was a regular performer at the Cody Stampede, which the authoress put on, and who became, along with many other Indians from the nearby Crow reservation, fast friends with Miss Lockhart.

she loved, and hopped a plane for the best eye-doctor she could find. This specialist happened to be in Oklahoma City.

Here she knew no one. No one knew her. For all her name meant she might as well have been anonymous. Yet before she was in that hospital three days nurses, attendants, doctors were swarming to her, as if to a celebrity, drawn by that personal magnetism that every stage personality and many personalities in other fields seem to possess and exert.

When a helicopter brought her back from Billings to the ranch, setting her down on the flat above the corrals, the horses in their pen starting and circling at the strange bird alighting above them, every spot and marking standing out on them clean-cut and distinct to her new, unveiled vision, she looked at the ranch, the grand opera mountains (which had been with her all the time during the delicate, successful operation, as if imprinted on the inner lids of her eyes, as if imprinted on the very oniony scum of the cataracts), and bade a silent farewell to the cave men of the Dryhead and the scene of her failures and triumphs. She was moving back to town, and town--to her--meant Cody.

We visited her once in Cody in these after days. The town was quite changed. It was smart, modern. The honyokers, the pilgrims, the cornhuskers of that far past had taken on the appearance of the West. It had modified them to their advantage. There were a few unreconstructed old timers, but others had taken on a modification or succumbed to the ways of their old enemies. Some drove cars. Others dispensed the gasoline that moved the cars, only their talk betraying by range idiom their one-time calling. It was the new West.

Behind Miss Lockhart's house where had stood the corral of active horses stood, now, a series of apartments yielding her rents. Dave, loyal to the last and still following her fortunes, occupied one. A fine girl named Betty occupied another, etc. Miss Lockhart gave us a car. Betty drove us around. On the outskirts of Cody where the bootlegger had risen from the sagebrush rose houses of oil men and bankers that might have evoked a Beverly Hills (if Beverly Hills had had the view). We rubbed our eyes.

In Miss Lockhart's large room was an extra-sized television, and as we clustered before it that night, Miss Lockhart, Betty, Dave in boots and clutching his Stetson, looking no whit older and no whit younger than when first I'd seen him, came a stamping of feet.

"It's the Little Monsters," announced Miss Lockhart of an invasion of neighbor children who came piling in and cast themselves at our feet to get front-row seats for the show, in no wise halted by the designation. She indicated some chocolates to which they helped themselves before they pounded out again at 9 o'clock.

My hostess looked at me, and I looked at her, but I didn't insult the women who wanted to go out without the benefit of a "sky pilot" (i.e. clergyman) by telling her that she was practising some practical Christianity; that she had mellowed.

(She had even, we learned later, with her friend Mrs. Paul Stock, wife of the oil man, given the 'teen-agers of the town that had banned her books from its library, a prize in the form of a yearly scholarship or sum of money for the Cody High School pupil showing the most proficiency in

authorship. Of a truth, she and Cody had buried the hatchet!)

She was still writing persistently. We had suggested taht she do her autobiography, a project she edged into tentatively, for she never felt her own life was of particular interest to others, by writing sketches of picturesque personalities she had interviewed in her newspaper days in the East or encountered in her writing and ranching days in the West:

"Gentleman Jim" Corbett, the boxer, whom in apron and washing dishes she had found and interviewed after one of his championship fights; Chief Plenty Coups under the trees by whose unpainted story-and-a-half frame house north of Pryor Mountain on the Crow Reservation she was wont to camp on her trips to Billings, whom she had met even more informally.

For, stealing a bath at the hot springs back of his house at day-break on her way to town and slipping back like an apparition to her clothes, without a stich on nor so much as even a towel---for who else would be up at such an unholy hour?--she had met once, face to face on the path, the old chief and passed him in dignified silence in the dim dawn as, also an early riser and clad almost as austerely as she was, he stalked to his auroral bath at the same pool: (The incident had cemented their friendship which she had sealed by leaving him, on her way back from town, a bottle of whisky.) She was enough of a pro to send to The Billings Gazette where they were appreciated and printed these gems of humor and concision.

And she was still sending out persistently as it persistently bounced back THE WITCH OF WILLOW CREEK. The last entry of her sporadic diary announces the return of this MS. which, you may be sure, would have been sent out again if death, at 91, had not intervened. She was unbeatable. She was



Caroline Lockhart, noted Cody authoress and former editor of The Cody Enterprise at tombstone she laid on grave of Other Buffalo, wife of Crow chief Joseph Plenty Coups.

also a product of the unconforming, individualistic American West. Only in America, only in Western America, could an individual have had such a free, untrammelled flowering.

Horses to Caroline Lockhart were people, and she was partial to buckskins. One of her last published pieces, "For the Love of a Buckskin Mustang," which appeared in The Cattleman, September 11, 1947, tells of the intervention, at a stockyards corral, of Joe Le Fors, Pinderton man, U.S. Marshall, and the man who obtained the evidence and confession which hanged "the last of the Bad Men"---Tom Horn---in Cheyenne in November 1903, between a shirt-tail "bronc stomper" and the buckskin mustang he is "gentling" with the toe of his boot after it had piled him twice.

Her last published story in The Popular Magazine, entitled "Not a Redeeming Trait," was that of a vindictive ranch owner who tries in court to "send over the road" an unprepossessing ranch hand who has stolen from her a horse that has served him well to save it from the canning factory. The Old Judge who frees the boy and sums up the case might well be Caroline Lockhart herself speaking in defense of the people, the range animals, and the wildlife she loved:

I take exception to the statement of the witness that this boy has not a redeeming trait. I have owned horses and lived among those who have handled horses, all my life, and it is my observation, that a man who is considerate of dumb brutes is never without much that is worth while in his composition, however grave his faults.

I may say that I quite understand and share this lad's sentiments regarding the sale to the canning factories of horses broken down

and worn out by years of faithful service. My sense of justice rebels against such ingratitude. To me there is no more pitiful sight on this green earth than a car-load of such horses going to their death.

The destruction of the range horses may be an economic necessity, as the proponents of the law legalizing their slaughter may declare, but, be that as it may, no true Westerner can think of it without a heavy heart....

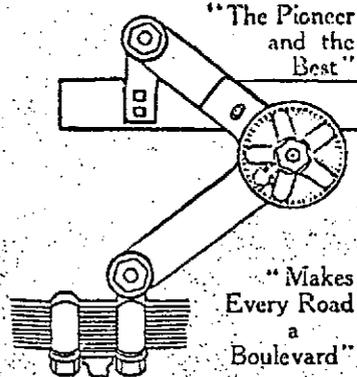
Times, conditions, and people have changed so rapidly and so much that I cannot keep up. Nor can I adapt myself. I belong to the past.

When the government killers have done their work--poisoned the last jack rabbit and prairie dog, taken the last coyote in their traps; when the game hogs with their pump guns have shot the last grouse and sage chicken at the water holes; when bogus sportsmen have slaughtered the last antelope from their motor cars, and more of their ilk have riddled from their airplanes the last flock of geese and ducks; when the stockmen, greedy for range, have pushed the last elk into the mountains to starve---when that time comes---and it is not so far off---I hope to be with them in the happy hunting grounds.

Yes, if we were a sculptor like Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney or Charles M. Russell, we would represent Caroline Lockhart in action on a horse uprearing its forelegs as high as possible for its rider to keep her seat, while under his threatening hoofs a sod-buster about to run over a wounded cowboy, an Indian, or even a crippled coyote is stopped in his tracks. And we would put the statue at the gateway to Cody or the Park.

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resources. A little more and General Joffre will be the incarnation of the soul of France in her life-and-death struggle.

Perhaps this all but universal war will drift suffering humanity toward a new era where silence shall be appreciated as strength. And this time, let it be noted while it lasts, the silent man is the Frenchman.

MOVIE-ITIS IN CENTRAL AMERICA

AS yet no one has written a manual of etiquette for movie audiences. To talk or not to talk; to applaud the thrilling feats of the shadowed performers, or to maintain a sophisticated silence; or how to salute your favorite actress, since there are no footlights over which bouquets may be handed? These be questions as yet officially unanswered for the patrons of the darkened playhouse. Here in our own country we maintain the traditions of the "legitimate" theater, tempered by a realization of the artificiality of screen drama. We still converse in whispers with our neighbor, but only rarely do we meto out applause to the silent players, and then with a blush at our ingenuous appreciation. It is interesting to contrast this dignified behavior with the spontaneity of audiences in other lands. In *Lippincott's Magazine* a writer describes movie etiquette in Central America. There, if anywhere, the motion picture receives the acclaim that is its due. The fascination of the pictured play has seized upon the natives with hypnotic force. We are told that they will walk long distances to attend a movie, and that they will spend their last real for an opportunity to yell themselves hoarse over the pictures. What do they care that the players can not hear them? The play is the thing, and in their childish delight over scene and incident they can successfully lose all sense of its unreality. The writer continues:

Whatever happens on the film is as real as life itself to the audiences made up of Spaniards, Indians, and Caribs, who at exciting moments rise in their seats, shouting admonitions to the actors, yelling encouragement to the noble heroes, and hooting the villains, until the theater is like a gathering of excited bedlamites.

At La Ceiba, a port town on the east coast of Spanish Honduras, an enterprising priest opened a moving-picture show, giving the Passion Play on the opening night.

During the Last Supper it was no fault of the audience that the Apostles did not find out what kind of an *hombre Judas* was, as they were warned often enough from the front, and told to "watch out!" While the crucifixion scene was enacted, several fat señoras fainted and had to be carried out, but when Christ rose from the dead and came out triumphant from the tomb, they cheered him to the echo, all but yolling their heads off with shouts of "Viva el Cristo! Viva el Cristo!"

The Western film, however, is the most liked and surest of a crowded house. The

boy, and he is notified in plenty of when the wily red man is waiting for in ambush.

The spectators writho in their seat wring their hands when the Indians the stockade and the ammunition exhausted save the single cartridge the Colonel reserves for his bea daughter.

"*Hijo de Maria!* [Son of Mary!] lose, old man!" they plead, with the all but streaming down their faces the "bravos!" and shrieks which spl air when a cloud of dust tells them the boys are riding to the rescue would pede a band of Ogallalah Sioux.

A CAST-IRON DIET

THE days of the welsh rabbit are bered. Once it held its own a of the most difficult of dishes to p to a nicety, and one which onl; hardest constitutions could consum impunity, but its supremacy is no Dumboy completely overshadows these and many other respects. The *ington Evening Star* calls dumboy, is the national dish of Liberia, the g nomic wonder of the world, and des at length its characteristics and the n: of its manufacture:

If allowed to stand long after-prepared for the table, it becomes very broken pieces of it being a favorite of shot for use in the long, muzzle- guns of the natives. A casing of du is also used to stiffen the leather sl of the native swords and knives, a ing to G. N. Collins, in a communi to the National Geographic Society.

To attempt the description of novel food is like attempting to de a landscape, writes Mr. Collins.

The constituent parts may b scribed, and the manner in which are combined, but it requires some more than accurate description to duce the sensation of the original. principal ingredient of dumboy is va, or "cassada," as it is called in L. The edible roots of this plant a source of tapioca and some forms of:

To prepare the roots for dumboy are peeled, boiled, and all fibers fro center removed. The cooked roo then placed in a large wooden r and beaten with a heavy pestle. beating requires considerable skill experience. In the hands of a novi result is lumpy and inedible.

The beating requires about three ters of an hour and is hard wor the beaten mass becomes homoge the pestle produces a loud crack time it is drawn from the mortar. sharp reports can be heard long dis through the forest, and are very w sounds at the end of a day's jo When the dumboy reaches this the operator may rest without inju the product, but once the beating i ried past this point it must be r completed and the dumboy eaten at. The natives say it is actually dan.