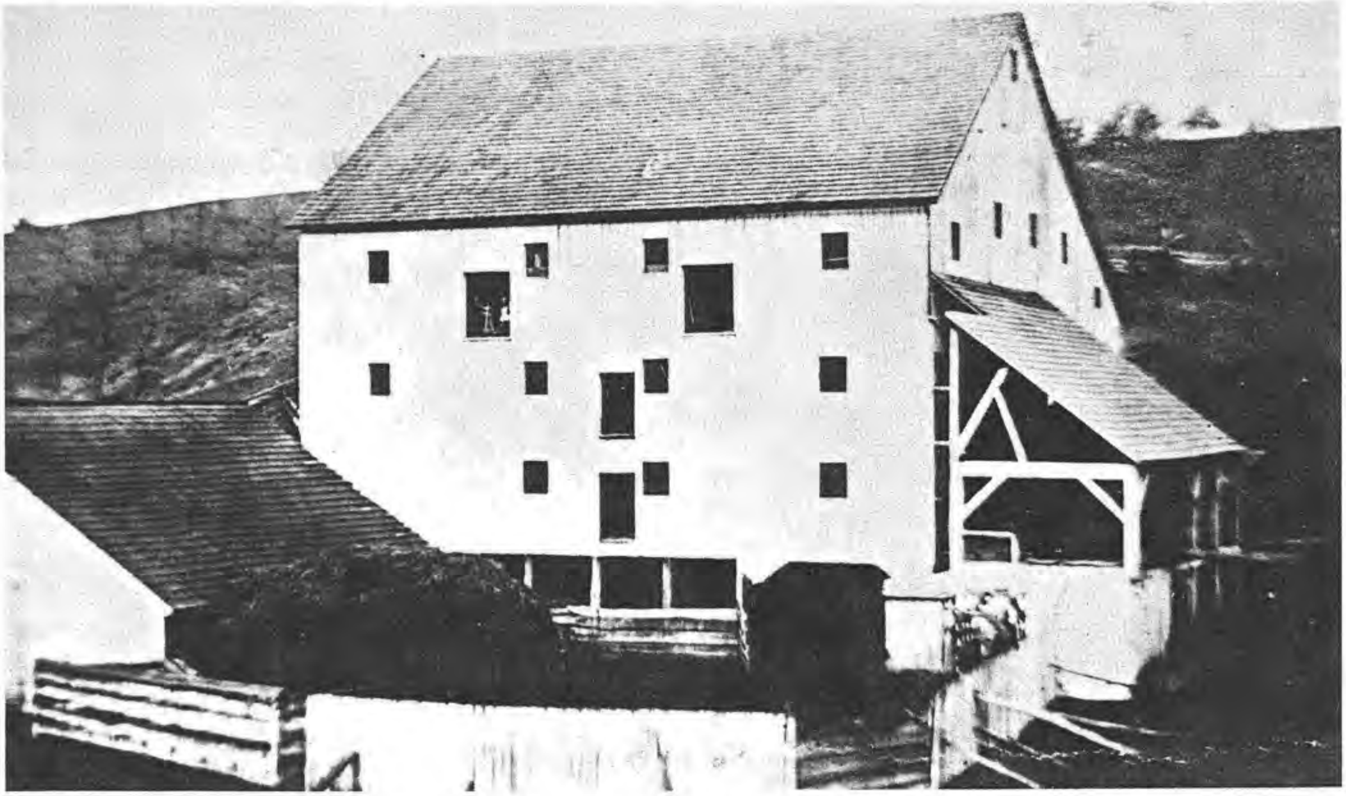
Copyright ©1981 by the Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial and Educational Foundation

ISSN 0197-663X
Literary 1981

Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial Newsletter

VOLUME XXV, No. 2 & 3 Editor, Mildred R. Bennett RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA



Sheep barn at Willow Shade, Back Creek, Frederick County, Virginia. Childhood home of Willa Cather.

— Photo Courtesy of Nebraska State Historical Society

WILLA CATHER'S VIRGINIA 1873-1883

(Continued from Volume XXIII, No. 4)

She had married James in 1819, and there had been years of quiet happiness and sorrow, and then in their old age, the terrible war between the states. James had foretold what would happen. "If Virginia secedes she will open her bosom for a common burying ground for the whole world." James was against secession and slavery, but he believed in States' Rights.

The one topic on which Charles and Virginia Cather could always agree was John Brown. The mention of his name could stop any argument. Jennie (Virginia) felt the animosity between family members and resolved to end it. She could count on Aunt Sidney Gore (William's sister), whose son, Perry, had worked for William after the war. Aunt Sidney could talk to the Cather relatives. Jennie could talk to a Cather cousin who had kept a secret room for Confederate troops to hide. Her own brothers had been secreted there. And all of her own family, Confederates, could be won. Jennie Boak Cather had charm, wit and an aristocratic bearing.

She planned the party for December, a time of softening of hearts. Jennie Ayre, Charles' sister, could not come from Langollen. She expected her second child in February, and dare not risk the long ride.

Weather continued mild all through the latter part of November and the first week in December. Even the purple asters and rusty marigolds kept blooming. With the weather so soft and gentle, Jennie dreamed that Grandmother Ann Howard Cather might come. And she did. William brought her the day before so that she might rest. The party proved a great success. Old hurts healed and Grandmother Ann saw her children at peace with each other. (Great credit must be given to Charles and Jennie Cather that Willa gives no hint of any of the family strife connected to the War Between the States.)

December continued mild. January too was warm. Apple and peach trees bloomed. In February, Caroline went over to Langollen for the birth of a fine baby boy, Preston Ayre.

But the open winter, so legend said, bred illness. In May little Preston Ayre died. Moreover both John and Jennie Ayre coughed too much. Caroline Cather had reason to fear those persistent coughs.

In 1876 George wrote from Nebraska that French Canadians had settled in Harmony Precinct, just northwest of his place. The precinct where George lived had been named Catherton. By August George reported corn eleven feet high with ears fifteen inches long. String beans were a foot long. One could hunt wild deer and might buy a wild pony for anything from twenty to forty dollars a head. Men drove them through from the Columbia River in Oregon. (Note wild ponies in ''Eric Hermannson's Soul''.)

The Nebraska legislature had passed ''The Grasshopper Act,'' which said that all able-bodied men between the ages of sixteen to sixty could be drafted by the road commissioners to kill hoppers. The men would work not less than two days nor more than twelve. If they failed to respond to duty call, they could be fined ten dollars and costs. (Now repealed.)

In Virginia, the winter of 1876, Willa Cather, three years old, could enjoy an outing with her parents. A favorite sport was skating on Back Creek (not the little creek which runs in front of Willow Shade, but a much larger one which once ran the Mill, but is now diverted from the old site). Charles and Jennie both skated well, but Willa, not content to watch, begged for attention. Her father cut a large bough from an evergreen and set Willa on it, and pulled it as if it were a sled. She never forgot the joy of that ride on the bough or the joy she felt in the beauty and companionship of her parents. (She recalled this pleasure on the occasion of her parents' fiftieth wedding anniversary in Red Cloud, December 5, 1922.)

On January 1, 1877, John Ayre, not yet twenty-nine, died of tuberculosis. The weather which had been snowy but mild now turned vicious. The day of the funeral ten inches of snow lay throughout the valley, and in the low places, the wind had heaped drifts two feet deep.

Jennie Ayre, too, had changed. Much thinner, she coughed constantly. Her father, William, could think of one thing only — getting her and her baby girl to Nebraska. The only treatment known for a tuberculous person was to rub the hands and feet with bergamot salve. The sweet ointment helped warm the body and discouraged the cold perspiration and the sensation of burning.

The problem was leaving Ann Howard Cather, but her sister, Mary Howard Shearer, promised to live with her. By mid-September affairs were settled so that the William Cather family might start west. The group included William and Caroline, Jennie Ayre and her three-year-old Retta, Vernie Clutter and her son, Kyd, and John's boy, Clark.

At Hastings, Nebraska, George met them with a wagon filled with straw and covered with a feather bed. Once in the wagon Jennie sighed and slept a little but the jolting soon made her cough and coughing brought blood to her lips. Halfway to George's place they stopped at a homestead to stay the night. (See the poem, ''Macon Prairie''.) At George's dugout, she rallied a little. But on October 7, she died. They buried her in George's apple orchard where the trees were not yet high enough to reach above the prairie grass that surrounded them.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Cold December rain beat against the window of the basement workshop where Charles Cather was making shoes for his sheep dogs. When they had to climb the stony mountains, their feet might be cut, and festering sores could result. A man was lost without his dogs, but more than that, Charles couldn't bear to see them suffer.

Charles Cather told stories with a charm and ability that his children always remembered. Willa, now four, must have demanded them often, especially as her mother now tended a baby brother, Roscoe.

Charles and Jennie Cather did not tell stories of bitterness. Some war stories her father felt he could tell. When he was about twelve years old Stonewall Jackson's men were in the Shenandoah Valley. Many of the Confederate soldiers became ill with measles. Cold, wet weather added to the serious condition of grown men having that so-called childhood disease. Some fainted on the road in front of Willow Shade. Charles' parents (although Union oriented) could not let anyone suffer and they brought the sick men in and put them to bed all over the house. More and more sick men came — they had heard it was a hospital. Soon every bed, comforter and sheet was in use. Even feather beds lined the floor. Someone continually brewed broth in the kitchen. And the house had to be kept clean and without odor.

One bitter rainy day Charles' mother had to go into Winchester for supplies, whatever could be obtained. Charles stayed alone with the sick men. His brother, George, was over with relatives in West Virginia. And most of the men were out of danger. But Grandmother Caroline warned Charles not to let another sick soul into the house. No beds remained.

About five o'clock Charles heard a rap at the door. When he opened it, the wind and rain swept in. A man's voice, weak and low, asked, ''Could I come in?''

The man was scarcely visible in the deepening gloom, but his voice was ''deep South.'' Charles told him he was sorry, but there was no more room.

''Well, then, might I write a note to my wife? For I shall be dead before morning.''

Charles let him in, but he could not resist his helpless condition. He brought a pile of skins and old lap robes from the barn and placed them in the little space under the open staircase. The man fell upon them and lay there. When his mother came home she commended Charles for his kindness. After the war he often wrote William and Caroline Cather.

Grandmother Boak also told stories. One which Willa loved described what had happened to her own mother when she was a little girl. Grandmother had two little girls and both of them were sick with diptheria. Then one of the little sisters died, and the doctor said the other one would die too. But this second little girl had cried for some hot bean soup that grandmother had made, and grandmother couldn't deny her last wish, although people said it was a mistake to give a sick child anything to drink.

Well, after the little girl drank the soup, her throat felt better and she began to get well. ''And that little girl,'' grandmother would say, ''was your mother.''

The year 1878 began with everyone in good spirits. Grandmother Boak stayed at Willow Shade much of the time, helping Jennie with the children. Since the time Grandmother Boak had so nearly lost her, it seemed Jennie was her favorite child. Also helping in the house was Mrs. Anderson and her simple-minded daughter, Marjorie. (Mrs. Ringer in **Sapphira and the Slave Girl** and the girl, Marty, of the poem "Poor Marty", Mahailey of **One of Ours**, and Mandy of "Old Mrs. Harris".)

Grandmother Boak cooked excellent dishes. Moreover, she would sit for hours and read the Bible or **Pilgrim's Progress** to Willa. In years past she and Grandmother Cather had sat in the kitchen and read to each other and cried over **The Tinker's Blind Daughter**. Grandmother Boak and Grandmother Cather loved each other like sisters — in spite of the fact they had been on opposite sides during the war.

J. Howard Cather, William's brother, had returned from Nebraska, unable to say that the visit had helped his cough. He reported that the Burlington and Missouri would come through the county at Red Cloud. The railrood had agreed to put up a two-story courthouse and give 320 acres to the county for a poor farm, and settle 200 families in the county within a year. In return, the people would float bonds to build the railroad.

The government had given the railroads land all the way west, and they were selling it in Nebraska for $3.50 to $4.00 an acre.

The town of Red Cloud was growing. Mr. J. L. Miner from Iowa had opened a general store with a remarkable stock of goods. A scientific expedition had traveled in light spring wagons along the Republican River, studying geology, botany, and anything else they could find.

George was putting in a pond that would hold water up to ten feet so that he could water his stock the year round. Water had always been a problem on the divide. George had sheep, cattle, and hogs. William had already acquired over 2000 acres of land.

J. Howard Cather came home in time to see that his mother, Ann Howard Cather, had failed. Dr. Love, the family physician who had delivered Willa and her brother, had assured the family that she had no pain and would probably just fall asleep.

No doubt the Cathers planned some sort of Fourth of July celebration that year, but that morning a messenger came across the mountain. Grandmother Ann had fallen asleep just as Dr. Love had predicted. Fortunately no celebration had been planned for Winchester. Some of the military units went to Martinsburg, West Virginia, others to Edinburg. A quiet day would be appropriate.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Miss Willie had a "Bone Business." She and Marjorie collected the bones of sheep that had been killed by catamounts or packs of wild dogs, or had died a natural death on the mountain. When she had enough, Mose, the hired hand, would take a wagon full into Winchester where they could be sold for use in a sugar refinery. (Some of the later Cather children shunned sugar because of this dubious connection.)

Willie played with Marjorie on the hills, hunting flowers and weaving elaborate fantasies to account for things. She spent time sitting under the quilting frame listening to the old woman from the hills repeat gossip and superstition. Fearless, she would climb to the fourth floor of the sheep barn and look out the window, unconcerned that a fall from that height would kill her, unconcerned about the grinding stones of the mill that pulverized straw and grain for the sheep.

Dr. Love, family friend, had two little girls. Willa formed a friendship with Mary Love, about her own age. Elsie Love was younger. Their mother had been a school girl in France during the time of Empress Eugenie. Mrs. Love's father was the Honorable Charles James Faulkner, minister to France from 1860 to 1861.

Mrs. Love could tell stories about the Empress — the January evening when the Emperor Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie were going to the opera house to hear **William Tell**. Someone threw a bomb under their carriage and blew it to bits. The Royal family weren't hurt badly, but cut, and splattered with blood from some of the seriously injured. About 150 persons were hurt and some killed because people always crowded about the Emperor's carriage. This incident had happened in January 1858 but was a common story repeated in France.

The family of the minister were invited to Compiegne, forty-five miles northwest of Paris. They went by train and stayed in an inn. Compiegne was the Emperor's favorite palace for the autumn months. It held the history also of Joan of Arc's being taken prisoner there. Some of Mary's flowers in her botany book had been picked in the park there.

The Empress was Spanish and although she loved beautiful clothes and jewels was instrumental in encouraging Catholic missionaries to go all over the world.

It is altogether possible that Willa Cather's first interest in France, the Catholic missionaries, and French history began here. Mary Love's son, William Huggins, wrote me that he knew of correspondence between Willa Cather and his mother (he had seen the letters) but his mother died during World War II when he was not at home, and he did not know what had become of the precious letters. (What a loss to literary history!) Mary was a lady, won first prizes for handiwork at the Fair and proved an ideal friend for the tomboy, Willa.

During those Virginia years President Hayes and his first lady came to the Fair. Many resented him because he was a Northerner. Willa's father told her he was a brilliant man, that he had graduated with the highest grades in his class, and that he knew many languages. He had studied with Agassiz, the greatest man in natural science, and with Longfellow who wrote fair poetry, not up to Byron and Moore, though. Hayes was a lawyer too, and a Whig, turned Republican because he was against slavery. He wanted stable currency and he had fought right there in the Shenandoah Valley — had lost his horse in a slough but had climbed out and led forty men to capture a battery.

The Fair began October 16. The way into town gleamed with red, yellow and gold forests, dotted with dark pines. Father explained that she would see history made. At one o'clock the parade started. The light infantry led in blue uniforms, the band with the stars and stripes waving, and then the dignitaries. Finally the President stood on the flag-draped platform.

He talked about money-greenbacks. Willa, no doubt, dreamed her own fantasies of Cato addressing the senate, Nero burning Rome, or Mark Antony standing above the body of Caesar, or Moses descending from the Mount Sinai, or even Christian viewing the Delectable Mountains. Familiar with all sorts of history and literature, even at that age, we have reason to believe she created a world of her own. When the President had finished, her father took her to see the rest of the Fair.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In 1879 Grandfather William Cather came back to Willow Shade. His purpose was to persuade Charles to bring his family to Nebraska. Willa loved the house where she lived, the little stream that ran along the front yard where tame ducks floated. Also one could often find the jewel-weed, a sort of touch-me-not with orange blossoms hanging from dainty stems. And when the seed pods ripened, she could touch them and make them explode, and if she were very quiet, she might see a mockingbird come down to eat the seed.

Willa would miss the old mill. Grandmother Boak had told her it was built of hewn oak right after the Revoluntionary War. About 1850 Great-grandfather Seibert — that was Grandmother Boak's father — had owned the mill. Great-grandmother Seibert had kept slaves, and old Aunt Till was living yet down in the slave cabins by the mill.

Grandmother Boak had helped Aunt Till's daughter escape to Canada, and Great-grandmother Ruhamah Seibert had been very angry. But Great-grandfather Jacob Seibert had helped grandmother with it — that is, he had listened to her story and had left his coat with money in the pocket hanging by the open window of his room in the mill. Till's daughter was coming back from the north to visit that very spring.

The day finally came and Willa witnessed from the upstairs window the welcome home of the handsome yellow woman, whose accent was northern and crisp and strange.

Soon thereafter Grandfather Cather would return to Nebraska. Willa may have expressed some dislike of the man because he wanted them to go west, but her mother blazed with anger. "Don't let me ever hear you say a word against grandfather! Many's the day after the war that I and my family would have gone hungry and barefoot if it hadn't been for Father William. And who, do you think, arranged for me to go to school and paid my way? Never, never say anything against your grandfather."

Willa was not mollified. She fixed a chariot with one chair upside down on another and was soon in a faraway world — ancient Rome. The slave who ran along to do her bidding was bald and had a long beard. In fact, he looked very much like grandfather, and Willa made him run a long, long time.

Grandfather Cather did tell good stories, though. He said cousin Retta was as big as Willa. One day the Indians wanted to trade a papoose for Retta, but she yelled so loud they decided against any such trade. Grandfather loved the new land, the sunsets which were more beautiful than any in the world. Grandmother Cather did not act her fifty-five years either. She was a new woman. Also she had Vernie (her daughter) and little Kyd Clutter, Retta, and George had a daughter about Roscoe's age.

To Willa's relief Grandfather finally went back to Nebraska. Other things caught her attention. On June 6 the monument to the Unknown and Unrecorded Dead that were buried in Stonewall Cemetery at the east edge of Winchester was to be unveiled. It stood also for a monument to Uncle Willie, in an unmarked grave in Manassas. The monument was Italian marble, thirty-two feet high and placed on Richmond granite. Winchester was one of the first places where flowers were scattered on the graves of both Union and Confdderate soldiers.

June 6, the day that General Turner Ashby had been killed, had become "flower strewing day" for Winchester. (This illustrates an early form of Memorial Day.) The Cather family did not however, get to attend the ceremonies. The night before, a messenger came with the news that Uncle J. Howard Cather had died, one more of the family sacrificed to lung disease.

Willa had visited the old Seibert Burial grounds with Grandmother Boak to lay laurel in May. Inside the iron gate, under the shade of the stone fence, she could dream of the days when the mill ran every day and farmers came from all up and down the creek to wait for their flour to be ground.

By June the odor of jasmine and lilac filled the silent air. Another odor too grew strong and pungent, — English boxwood. If they went to Nebraska, who would keep back the poison ivy vines that insisted on creeping into the hedge?

In July, the dressmaker came to sew for mother. While she was working, mother was frightened almost into illness. Ross liked to fix a bent pin and fish from the foot bridge over the creek in the front yard. He would sit for hours and talk or sing to himself.

One day as mother stood at the upstairs bedroom window letting the dressmaker pin up a hem, she glanced down to see Ross tumble head first into the creek. Mother ran down into the yard and waded in after him. He was limp, unconscious. Suddenly an old man appeared from nowhere and took charge. He laid Ross face down and pressed his back in rhythm. After a while Ross started to cry. Mother took him in her arms, and while she was holding him, the old man disappeared without giving her a chance to thank him or even ask his name.

When Mother carried Ross into the house and up the stairs, she cried, but without making a sound. Mother did not know that her new dress was ruined and they would have to start all over again. Jennie Cather loved her babies, and a new one would come the first of the year.

Sometime during the years of 1880 and after, father asked the teacher over at the private schoolhouse on the mountain to let Willa attend. The teacher, kind, but explicit, explained that all the other students were much older, and he could not make a special grade for one child, but she was welcome to come and listen. Father used to take her over on the horse and leave her for half a day. The school sessions were not wasted on the curious-minded little Willa.

Charles Cather knew much about history and literature, and he told his favorite poems and stories to his children. One story told of Thomas Campbell and his poem, "The Battle of Hohenlinden." Although Campbell hadn't seen the battle in which the French defeated the Austrians, he wrote the verses and then disgusted with them, tried to forget them, but his friends liked them and wouldn't stop repeating them.

About that time Campbell was invited to a dinner party. To honor him one of the guests rose and recited the poem, dramatizing the flowing lines, "Iser, rolling rapidly."

As the evening wore on some of the men drank too much and as they were leaving and as Campbell went down the stairs, one of his drunken admirers tripped at the top step and tumbled to the bottom. Campbell clung to the bannister and looked down, "Who on earth was that?"

"I, sir, rolling rapidly!" replied the drunk.

Charles Cather's favorites were Tom Moore and Byron. He would often read his children poetry from these authors. Early Willa learned to love good poetry.

One of Willa's enterprises was trapping rabbits, which ended up on the big kitchen table, and into a stew. Her father had made her a box about a foot long and six inches wide, and eight inches deep with a door that could drop into a groove, and a snare with an apple for bait. Hickory saplings proved best for the snare. When the rabbit nibbled the apple, the snare would spring and the door would drop shut.

The best place to catch rabbits lay beyond the old mill down in the trees and grasses by the creek where the steep bank rose on the opposite side. Here pokeberries grew much taller than Willa, herself, and once when she was setting a trap, a mockingbird fell at her feet, quite drunk. Father said that when birds ate too many of the purple pokeberries, they intoxicated themselves. The birds had queer tastes, Willa did not like the berries.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the summer of 1882 father announced he was taking a trip to Nebraska. During those weeks while father was gone, Willa made a great discovery. She had always thought that mother made all the decisions — said what would be or would not be — but now she saw that mother was really lost by herself, that she leaned heavily upon father.

Finally father came home. He said Aunt Vernie had married Ed Paine and now had a baby girl called Wilella. Uncle George had two little girls, Carrie and Blanche. The family in Nebraska was fine, tanned and healthy.

In September, Willa and her father went to White Post, where father had business. Father could turn time back a hundred years or more and make the valley come alive with Indians, Lord Fairfax, and young George Washington. Imagine what it would have been like to ride along a path so narrow that one could reach out and touch the horse chestnut trees, or pick a scarlet leaf from some hard maple. The weeds would have been the same a hundred years ago — the clover, the thistles, the wild asters and the golden rod. And the pines — they did not change.

George Washington, only sixteen, when he surveyed for Lord Fairfax, had ridden this way. And later he had built Fort Loudon right where Winchester stood, and when he was fighting the Indians he had gone through these very woods, with myrtle on the ground and willows along the creeks. He would have seen many wild turkeys and probably the brown flash of painted Indians in the shadows of the pines.

Father pointed out Braddock's white oak tree where he tied his horse in 1754 at the beginning of the French and Indian War. This very Romney Road was called the old Indian Trail. And when they came to Hogue Creek, father pointed out an old brick house on the west bank — the place where Patrick Denver lived when he came from Ireland. His son, James William Denver, had been a general in the Mexican War, a general under Lincoln in the civil war, and then governor of Kansas.

Some ex-slaves of the Denver family lived in Winchester after the war, when father was deputy sheriff. General Denver would send money to Grandfather Cather and father distributed it. One old slave refused anything but silver dollars. He liked the sound and weight of them. The city of Denver, Colorado, was named for General Denver.

Willa also wanted to know about Lord Fairfax. His body was buried in the cellar of the Christ Church. His body was supposed to be under the chancel, but no marker had been placed. (In later years the members of the church remodeled the cellar for a Sunday School room Eventually someone decided they should exhume Lord Fairfax's body and give it proper burial and recognition beside the church. But they could not find it in the supposed place. One old black told them he had seen a vision that it was under one of the supports of the building. His opinion proved true. The support had been put in after his unmarked burial. At the time of my visit, 1956, the body was not yet buried in the churchyard and the tombstone stood unmounted by the church.)

Greenway Court, the home of Lord Fairfax, stood not too far from Winchester. In his day he would never let a female enter his home, unless she were a servant. Some said that in England he had a sweetheart who had jilted him on the wedding day — that he had never forgiven her.

George Washington had hunted with Fairfax and proved so bold and fearless that Fairfax had invited him to survey lands beyond the Blue Ridge, lands Fairfax owned but had never seen. Fairfax's attendants wore bright red coats in the retinue of the Baron of Cameron.

Greenway Court looked peaceful with sheep grazing in the pastures to the west and cattle down the hill by a pond to the north. But in the days of Lord Fairfax, the woods came right up to the low protecting eaves of the long front verandah. In those valleys and woods grazed all manner of game. Willa realized that not too far back in history the valley had been ruled by Shawnees, and filled with wild game and herds of bison.

The time spent with father, reliving history, went rapidly. When they returned home, they found the great sheep barn had burned to the ground. No one had been hurt. All animals had been saved. The opinion prevailed that spontaneous combustion had started the fire.

Please Remember to Renew Your Membership.

In compliance with new postal regulations we must have your route, street, or box number. Thank you.

DR. RUTH CRONE
1938 SOUTH 39TH
OMAHA, NE. 68131

Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial
326 North Webster Red Cloud, Nebraska 68970

Nonprofit Organization
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
RED CLOUD, NE 68970
Permit No. 10

William Cather did not want to rebuild the barn. Providence had given a reason for Charles' family moving to Nebraska. The move could not be arranged until next spring.

Mrs. Anderson down in the kitchen heard the news. She begged Jennie Cather to take Marjorie with her to Nebraska. Marjorie was not competent to live at home alone, and she was devoted to the Cather family, particularly to Miss Willa. Mrs. Cather promised to care for Marjorie. (The Cather family kept this promise. Marjorie Anderson is buried in the Cather family plot in the Red Cloud Cemetery.)

Willa's ninth birthday, December 7, 1882, passed. Christmas and New Year passed. Dressmakers sewed clothes, mother packed dishes in confederate bills, worthless memories of the war. No one knew just what might be lacking on the prairie.

One April day, when everything had been done and the house stood empty and aloof, the neighbors came with two carriages and the family climbed in. Not only Charles Cather, his wife and four children were going, but also Grandmother Boak and two of her grandchildren, Bess Seymour and Will Andrews, and Marjorie Anderson.

As they started to drive away, across the fields came the loyal old sheep dog, barking and dragging her chain. Father could not stop Willa from jumping out of the carriage and running to the dog, hugging her and crying. Father had to pull her away and carry her to the carriage while someone else held the dog.

And so Willa Cather left Virginia.

— Mildred R. Bennett

YOU CAN PARTICIPATE IN THE LIFE AND GROWTH OF THE ORGANIZATION

- By being a Cather Memorial Member and financial contributor:

BENEFACTOR .... $1,000.00 and over

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Patron	$100.00
Sustaining	25.00
Family	15.00
Individual	10.00

WCPM members receive:
Newsletter subscription
Free guided tour to restored buildings

- By contributing your Willa Cather artifacts, letters, papers, and publications to the Museum.
- By contributing your ideas and suggestions to the Board of Governors.

ALL MEMBERSHIPS, CONTRIBUTIONS AND BEQUESTS ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE

Under Section 170 of the Internal Revenue Code of 1965

•

Special group memberships (such as clubs or businesses) are available. Write to the Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial for details.

AIMS OF THE WCPM

- To promote and assist in the development and preservation of the art, literary, and historical collection relating to the life, time, and work of Willa Cather, in association with the Nebraska State Historical Society.
- To cooperate with the Nebraska State Historical Society in continuing to identify, restore to their original condition, and preserve places made famous by the writing of Willa Cather.
- To provide for Willa Cather a living memorial, through the Foundation, by encouraging and assisting scholarship in the field of the humanities.
- To perpetuate an interest throughout the world in the work of Willa Cather.

Newsletter Contribution Only $5.00
(not a membership)

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Keith Albers
William Thomas Auld, MD
Bruce P. Baker, II
Mildred R. Bennett
W. K. Bennett, MD
Vi Borton
Don E. Connors
Josephine Frisbie
David Garwood
Ron Hull
Robert E. Knoll
Ella Cather Lewis
Lucia Woods Lindley
Catherine Cather Lowell
John March
Dale McDole
Miriam Mountford
Harry Obitz
Helen Obitz
Jennie Reiher
Ronald W. Roskens
David E. Scherman
C. Bertrand Schultz
Marian Schultz
Margaret Cather Shannon
Betty Sherwood
Bernice Slote
Helen Cather Southwick
Marcella Van Meter