

Soux
Sioux101 Ranch
Famous Bill's
Indians

Indians (Soux)
in New York - + Brooklyn
about 1900 - (check dates)

Granny had great affection for the Indians. She took my brother + me to see Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West show in N.Y. (Coney Island) when I was about 4 years old. The Indians all knew granny and when they spotted her in her box, greeted her with whoops and yells - interrupting the show to do so. When the show was over we went to the spot where the Indians rode out of the arena and were greeted by back as they came by. Granny held me up for Sammy Lone-Bear to see and I have never forgotten the enormous hand that engulfed mine. He seemed the biggest man I had ever seen. He lifted me up on the ~~saddle~~ ^{front of} ~~horse~~ and with his great strong arm squashing my middle round the deserted ring. I was too ^{terrified +} surprised to cry out. I caught ^{nearby} a glimpse of granny waving + smiling as I whirled by.

We used to take gifts to the Indians at the
Wild West Shows - they liked mirrors best
loved perfume & gay Handkerchiefs 4

One of her Indian friends was
Iron Tail (?) The model for the
Buffalo nickel - (check)

(I) She gave them paper & pencil
and let them draw pictures in
her studio - (see original Indian
drawings & Photographs) ~~they~~ I will
locate article in Everybody's Magazine

They had a superstitious fear of
the camera believing that the soul
left the body and was transferred to
the picture - But most of ^{them} came to trust
Granny and allowed her to make
some photographs ~~of~~ them - they never
wholly relaxed when the camera was
there - (Story of Red Man)

One little Indian girl died 4
days after granny photographed
her which put a stop to ^{her} photographing
Indians for a while.

They brought her gifts each time
they came east - Tomahawks, beaded
jackets, belts, bags, moccasins
arrow quivers, peace pipes, etc.

The Indians used to take a trolley ^{all the way} ~~from Connetquot~~ from their show (Coney Island?) ^{5th to} Seaside P. D. to see Grammy - My cousin Charles remembers playing in a field adjacent to Grammy and suddenly being disturbed by a noise looking up he saw a band of full grown Indians in their feathers and regalia coming across the field toward him - He didn't know they were Grammy's guests but thought they were coming after him - He ran terrified thru field after field

They used to come to the house in Jersey St. Brooklyn too - Charles remembers sitting in a high chair and, ^{being terrified} seeing the head of an Indian bravely expressionless staring at him thru the window pane - He had to be taken to neighbors until the Indians left -

They didn't like to ring the bell - looked in at windows & doors until they were noticed & asked in.

// ~~Footnote~~ - then back to page 1 -

Grammy met the Indians when she wrote to Buffalo Bill Cody to ask if some of them could come to her studio so she might photograph them - Her studio was packed with them for the next 3 weeks while they played their engagement in N. Y. Always ^{Grammy} after that they visited her whenever they

were nearby.

They came to Newport where she had a studio there and one day one of them saw a bird flying very high above a field. It was only a speck against the sky but he brought it down with a single arrow.

Story of the "Red man" photo -

The Indian was sitting wrapped in his blanket shielding his face from the camera - He was curious about the camera but afraid of it - Grannie payed no attention to him but went on fiddling with the lens and slides until he partially dropped his blanket from his face - Then she took the picture which shows so well the character of the indian - The ~~abofness~~ secretness of the wrapped blanket - the cunning of the eyes, the creasiness of the mouth, the strength of bony structure, and the love of ornament caught by the highlight on the earring

Grannys admiration for the indian was ~~genuine~~ ^{sincere} and they felt and responded to it - ~~she was a very direct and simple person -~~ ~~she~~ was interested in them as interesting people - not as freaks or wild men - They loved to come to her house or ~~her~~ studio and have cakes and tea ¹⁵⁰ Once she had made friends with them they never neglected to come at once to see her when they arrived in town with the wild west show - ^{insert I} ~~It~~ fathered her not at

all that the neighbors stared from their windows and shook their heads over that crazy Kärcher woman who walked down the street to her house followed by a crowd of indian men and women in their ~~feather and bead~~-full costumes of magnificent blankets and beads & feathers.

I doubt if she was even conscious of what the house frans were saying. she had no time for gossip and when sympathized with for her deafness (she was deaf in one ear since she was three years old and her hearing grew worse as she grew older) she used to say it was a blessing - it deprived her of hearing so many trivial things, and if people really had anything to say they could raise their voices a little.

People seldom bother to shout platitudes or gossip. Perhaps her deafness really helped her powers of concentration - but probably it was her intense interest in people and things that ~~drove her to~~ ^{drove her to} work and find a means of expression for all her ideas.

~~Her first artistic attempt~~ ^{artistic} ~~an expression~~ took place when she was a very small girl and living out west in the hills.

INDIANS (Sioux - Buffalo Bill)
in New York & Brooklyn about 1900
to 1912

Granny met the Indians when she wrote to Buffalo Bill Cody to ask if some of them could come to her studio so she might photograph them. Her studio was packed with them for the next 3 weeks while they played their engagement in N. Y. Always after that they visited her whenever they were near by.

They came to Newport when she had a studio there and one day one of them saw a bird flying very high above a field. It was only a speck against the sky, but she brought it down with a single arrow.

Granny had great affection for the Indians. She took my brother and me to See Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in N.Y. (Coney Island) when I was about 4 years old. The Indians all knew Granny and when they spotted her in her box, greeted her with whoops and yells, interrupting the show to do so. When the show was over we went to the spot where the Indians rode out of the arena and were greeted by each as they came by. Granny held me up for Sammy Lone Bear to see and I have never forgotten the enormous hand that engulfed mine. He seemed the biggest man I had ever seen. He lifted me up on the horse and with his great strong arm squashing my middle, rode around the deserted ring. I was too terrified and surprised to cry out but I caught reassuring glimpses of Granny waving and smiling as I whizzed by.

One of her Indian friends was Iron Tail, the model for the Buffalo nickel.

We used to take gifts to the Indians at the Wild West shows. They liked mirrors best and loved perfume and gay handkerchiefs.

She gave them paper and pencil and let them draw pictures in her studio (see original Indian drawings and photographs - will locate article in Everybody's magazine.)

They had a superstitious fear of the camera, believing that the soul left the body and was transferred to the picture. But most of them came to trust Granny and allowed her to make some photographs of them. They never wholly relaxed when the camera was there.

One of the Indians was once sitting wrapped in his blanket, shielding his face from the camera. He was curious about the camera, but afraid of it. Granny paid no attention to him but went on fiddling with the lens and slides until he partially dropped his blanket from his face. Then she took the picture which shows so well the character of the Indian, the aloofness and secretiveness of the wrapped blanket, the cunning of the eyes, the cruelty of the mouth, the strength of bony structure, and the love of ornament caught by the highlight on the earring.

One little Indian girl died 4 days after Granny photographed her, which put a stop to her photographing Indians for a while.

They brought her gifts each time they came East, tomahawks, beaded jackets, belts, bags, moccasins, arrow quivers, peace pipes, etc.

Granny's admiration for the Indians was sincere and they felt and responded to it. She was interested in

them as interesting people, not as freaks or wild men. They loved to come to her house or studio and have cakes and tea and talk. Once she had made friends with them they never neglected to come at once to see her when they arrived in town with the Wild West Show. It bothered her not at all that the neighbors stared from their windows and shook their heads over that crazy Kasebier woman who walked down the street to her house followed by a crowd of Indian men and women in their full costume of magnificent blankets and beads and feathers.

I doubt if she was even conscious to what the haus-fraus were saying. She had no time for gossip and when sympathized with for her deafness (she was deaf in one ear since she was three years old from scarlet fever and her hearing grew worse as she grew older) she used to say it was a blessing - it deprived her of hearing so many trivial things, and if people really had anything to say they could raise their voices a little. People seldom bother to shout platitudes or gossip. Perhaps her deafness really helped her powers of concentration, but probably it was her intense interest in people and things that drove her to work and find a means of expression for all her ideas.

The Indians used to take a trolley all the way from their show on Coney Island (?) to Oceanside, L. I., to see Granny. My cousin Charles remembers playing in a field adjacent to Granny and suddenly being disturbed by a noise. Looking up he saw a band of full grown Indians in their feathers and regalia coming across the field toward him. He didn't know they were Granny's guests, but thought they were coming after him. He ran terrified through

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