

Bulletin Board Archives

Bernice receives all sorts of cool things in the mail from folks following the ride. She also is lucky enough to stay in some interesting locations along the way. This page was created to put links/information to those cool places and also a place to showcase the work of talented individuals who have chosen to share their talent with the Lady Long Rider! Thanks to everyone that takes time to create and send things in, as always, it is greatly, greatly appreciated!

NICODEMUS HISTORICAL SOCIETY & MUSEUM

"The Master Has Already Written the Script"

611 South 5th Street

Historic Nicodemus, Kansas 67625

• nichis@ruraltel.net

nicodemushistoricalsociety.com

October 26, 2010

National Cowgirl Museum and Hall of Fame

1720 Gendy Street

Fort Worth, Texas 76107

Dear Nominating Committee:

I write to nominate Bernice Ende to the Cowgirl Hall of Fame. She is an example of and an embodiment of the true pioneer women of the West. Over the last six years Bernice, her dog Clair and horses, Heart, have traveled over 14,000 miles from her home in northern Montana near the Canadian border, across the entire west and southwest and parts of the Midwest, pitching a tent at night, picketing her horses, and setting up camp in ditches, abandoned sheds, and buildings, or sleeping out under the canopy of the stars. Bernice has met no stranger along the way, instead making friends and leaving her legacy that continues the long legacy of women in the West. Her life on the trail has become a living legacy for those of us who look forward to seeing her again and pray for her safe journey. A journey she makes not just for herself and those women she honors from the past, but for all of us who wish we could go with her and make the journey ourselves. She exemplifies what many of us have a deep desire to do, but because of other distractions in life or commitments, or just the lack of courage, keep us from doing.

Our prayers for her safe travel and journey, our meeting her along the trail, or anxiously awaiting her arrival, or our expression of joy and wonderment as we peer into her bright eyes, warm smile, and sun darkened face, or our basic level of admiration for just another soul who has broken the modern model of life in the 21st century, are all accolades and kudos for a true women of the West.

She deserves to be honored with an induction into the Cowgirl Hall of Fame. The West demands it. The West knows her. Her spirit is the West. The brush, cactus, desert sand, tall grass, sunflowers, tumble weeds, endless prairie, desolate dessert, majestic mountains, and wide open spaces, the wind, the rain, the lightning, the thunder, the bitter cold, the scorching heat, the mountain lion, the singing locus, the buzzing bees, the crying crickets, and stinging mosquitoes, the grizzly, the antelope, the big horn sheep, the deer, the elk, the beaver, the raccoon, the badger, the water moccasin and even the prairie rattlesnake, the hawk, the owl, the eagle, the buzzard, and even the singing Meadowlarks of Kansas call out her name. They remember her trail, they remember her scent, and they remember her spirit that has touched even them. They all cry out her name to be remembered in the annals of the West. She is the West.

She is a Cowgirl in the Hall of Fame if not in name, then always in spirit. She must be remembered!

I met Bernice four years ago on her way to the southwest after leaving Minnesota. I have seen her for the third time in August, when she again made Nicodemus one of her destinations in Kansas. She has deeply affected the lives of the descendents of black pioneers here at Nicodemus, the oldest and only remaining all black towns west of the Mississippi. As a historian and 5th generation descendent of black pioneer woman that settled the West, I am honored to have met her, and made a lifelong friend as a result. I keep in touch with her by emails and am in awe of her courage, strength, vision and, unbelievable spirit. I pray for her safety on the trail, and am one of many thousands who have met her on trail. I pray and anxiously await her return next year. She carries my spirit and thousands of others with her as she travels what we know and remember as the West!

The descendents of the black pioneers of historic Nicodemus, Kansas and Nicodemus National Historic Site nominate Bernice Ende to the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame.

Sincerely,

Angela Bates

Angela Bates,
Executive Director

A bit of contact information on my generous hosts in Brainard, NE and about CSA farms. Fox Run Vines is family owned and operated and can be reached at:

124 N Cleveland Street
Brainard, NE 68626

Email contacts are: foxrunvines@gmail.com **OR** kirstinbailey@gmail.com

Build a connection with a local family farm!

Community Supported Agriculture (CSA) is based on a simple philosophy: reconnect people to their food that is locally produced, with the environment in mind. You form a relationship with the farmer and in turn your food source. The benefits of becoming a member at Fox Run Vines are:

Fresh local food: you receive fresh naturally grown food from May 27th through August 12th.

Community: You get the experience of being a part of a local family farm and the benefits of being a part of it. You get to connect with a farm family and get to know them and the land that produces your food. **Your membership supports local, sustainable agriculture.**

Experience: CSA members can come out and work if they choose. We also will have three member get togethers, a breakfast, lunch, and dinner on the farm.

We strive to have our community share the bounty of our farm! We hope you will join us and become a founding CSA member. Sign up now and suggest some of your favorite veggies!

May 15, 2010

This was a poem written about Bernice by Jay L. Stewart. Thank you so much for sharing this beautiful poem with us Jay!

Lady Long Rider

Long rider's are of their own special breed, horseback and a spirit of enduring creed,
One rider's endeavors in Montana begins, a Lady Long Rider by the name of Bernice
Ende;

Born a Midwesterner to a dairy farming clan, her roots run deep tied closely to the land,
The lure to be horseback was always inside, riding a fair mount across the land open and wide;

Early adulthood led her to dancing, the ballet kind, performing for others with riding on her mind,
Teaching her craft became the fashion but riding still lingered it too was her passion;

Later years found her in a cabin in Montana, teaching her students the style of Vaganova,

Teaching students to ride became a new lesson, during those times when dancing wasn't in session;

Retirement brought a draw to something in her roots, putting on a hat and pulling on some boots, she felt the draw to be free out in God's creation, sustaining the elements more than your average vacation;

In 2005 on a borrowed mount, she struck out on a ride that four gaited hooves would count,
Covering five states and ending in the land of enchantment, long riding got in her blood and Bernice knew what that meant;

With her new mount Honor and her "ditch puppy" Claire, the next ride would include this flop-eared dog and Thoroughbred mare, both being rejects of their respective clans, the three of them formed a long riding band;

The next long ride covered five-thousand miles, seeing familiar and new sights all awhile, sharing with children and adults her vision, painting pictures with words while grabbing their attention;

Offers for food, water or a dry place to stay, each morning's a new adventure in a Long Rider's day, the lures of the adventure and test of their mettle, keeps folks asking questions and an offer of a dry place to settle;

Needing a packhorse for future rides, Bernice began the search for a stout one to lead beside, her trusty mount Honor and to carry her blue eyed girl, she settled on a Norwegian Fjord and named her Essie Pearl;

This new arrangement formed a Grand Pas de deux?, maybe, but those terms are only known to those out there who, are familiar with dance but I'm sure it portraits, a long rider, her animals and their traveling ways;

This year's endeavor started like most others, trouble free as Bernice had her druthers, with Honor, Essie Pearl and Claire all together, they set out for the "Big One", to face the unknown and the weather;

With adventures and sights only the travelers can tell, in search of green grass and a not-so-dry well, making camp where they could and accepting kind offers, for meals or feed and generosity of others;

One day in Texas while riding a lone stretch, they came upon an orphan puppy laying in a ditch, similar beginnings as Claire, Bernice called her Francis, found out among those big West Texas Ranches;

Another to teach the way of the Long Rider, Bernice trained Francis all the while her trusty canine Claire, though not addled, together atop Essie Pearl and the packsaddle;

Life was good the five made their way, to a relatives house for an extended stay, a much needed rest her sister would arrange, but blowing their way were the winds of change;

Unforeseen events happen everyday, but the events that I speak of will always lay, on the hearts of those who love the animal kind, forever to reside on our hearts and in our minds;

Honor will be remembered for qualities we all adore, thirteen thousand miles of Long Riding maybe more, through broken hearts and eyes with tears, only Bernice knows the great view through those dapple-grey ears;

The decision was made to continue the ride, the route would be altered but Bernice couldn't abide, to ride Essie Pearl on the continuing quest, from the heart of Texas she was truly blessed;

Hart as he's titled became Bernice's new mount, a gift from fine folks with a large amount, of generosity and feeling for the Long Riding kind, salt of the earth folks comes to mind;

An altered route with a Northerly direction, with provisions for the trail and limited protection, Panhandle bound was Bernice and her band, more heartbreak in store for all to withstand;

Little Francis' life would be cut short, succumbing to a sickness or illness of sort, through questions and tears and Texas sized emotions, we all mourned again for Bernice and her little "devotion";

As I write these words they are still on the trail, keeping in touch through the internet and email, still finding favor from folks of the land, you know the kind that have compassion, grit and sand;

The Long Rider is an explorer, an adventurer from the past, mounted on fine horseflesh their journey has to last, because there's always those traveling with them though vicariously, you know the one's I'm talking about, those like you and me.

J.L. Stewart