

Re: death of Emma B. Lee French

The Winslow Mail Nov. 20, 1898
The Holbrook Argus Sat. Nov. 19,
" " Nov. 20, 1898

- Her obituary tells the story

(no mention of death)

The Winslow Mail Saturday November 20, 1897 page 4 (last)

"Died - Mrs. Emma B. French died at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon
[Nov. 16, 1897-PTR_7] of heart failure, aged 63 years and 7 months.
The deceased was a native of England and came to Utah in the
fifties, and from there to Arizona at an early day, and located
in the vicinity of Winslow. She was filled to overflowing with the
milk of human kindness. No matter how inclement the weather, or
what hour of the day or night, she was always ready to respond to
the call of the afflicted, whether rich or poor. She will be
greatly missed in Winslow. The funeral took place at 3 PM Thursday,
and the remains were followed to their last resting place by almost
everyone in Winslow."

DOCTOR GRANDMA FRENCH

She could take out a bullet, sew up a knife wound, fend off an Indian, exist on nothing but hope. It was as if Life had decided she didn't need any favors...

By MAURICE KILDARE

*b. April 21, 1835 at Htts
Rickfield, Sussex Co. Eng.
daughter of Henry Batchelder and
Elizabeth Divil - Sealed to
J. D. Lee Thru Jan 7, 1858 at
12 noon by Pres B. Young in his own mansion in a room*

Emma Batchelder French, about 1890, in Winslow, Arizona

*prepared for that purpose - B.D. in gold the groom tendered
in return for the sealing ordinance.*

1880
A SUDDEN torrential flash flood raged down Cottonwood Wash one August day in 1880. It demolished a long bridge being constructed by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, then pushing across northern Arizona. So swift was the twenty-foot-high wall of muddy water that workmen on the structure had no warning of approaching disaster. Men were tossed about like chips in the deluge and smashed wreckage of big timbers.

As the headrise fell rapidly after losing its power plunging into the Little Colorado River, victims were pulled out of the mud. The dead were placed in one contractor's tent for burial, and the injured in another.

Steel rails ended forty miles eastward and no emergency train could get to the scene. There was no doctor or nurses at the main construction camp anyway. Unless attended to quickly some of the worst injured would surely die.

In this desperate situation one of the gang bosses said to the civil engineer in charge, "Why don't you send a rig down to their ranch for Mrs. Emma French? She learned doctoring the hard way, but there's none better."

Leaping at this straw of hope, a man was dispatched in a buckboard to get her. On arrival the woman went to work without delay. First aid was given the injured and those internally hurt. Fractured limbs were splinted with men helping her. After the injured were taken care of, she remained to doctor them during recovery.

When the broken leg cases were able to hobble around some, a mysterious fever broke out among the workmen. Under Emma's supervision, every one recovered.

The Atlantic and Pacific (now the A.T. & S.F. RR), had advanced its road-bed construction to Hardy, twelve miles east of where Winslow came into being the next year, and had built a two-story station house. Section workers slept on the upper floor while Emma used the first as a hospital.

When the railroad put in a division roundhouse at Winslow, which had grown up around a small log cabin erected in 1876, she and her husband, Franklin H. French, moved there. She continued doctoring railroaders and others, and delivering babies for the settlers who followed the railroad. For the balance of her life this valiant frontier woman, best known as "Doctor" French, engaged herself in doing good deeds for the public welfare.

CONSIDERABLE mystery exists about Emma French. Her life was one of tragedy. Only her courage against all adversity sustained her. Her entire life was one of constant battle for survival. For this the five-foot four-inches tall, amply built woman with a determined jaw was remarkably qualified by bitter experience.

Emma Batchelder was born to a destitute family in Sussex County, England, April 21, 1836. When twenty years old she and a girl friend decided they could better their lot in America. Accordingly they made arrangements with Mormon missionaries for their passage, to be paid from the Perpetual Emigration Fund of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. In return they agreed to work five years in Utah. (By her own statement she did not join the Church until later.)

over for children
Lucy Perry
The girls traveled steerage to New York from Liverpool, and from there to the end of the Rock Island Railroad at Iowa City. They were among the 500 people in the handcart company train under Captain James Willie, departing on July 15, 1856. Reaching Florence, Nebraska, the handcart pullers rested over until August 18.

On arriving at Fort Laramie, Capt. Willie required the immigrants to lighten their push cart loads by dumping out everything except food and clothing. In Emma's cart was a copper washtub containing clothing which had belonged to her mother. Refusing absolutely to leave it behind, she sat down on the tub and would not move.

To survive after the handcart company went on, she washed clothes and mended for the soldiers. When the Captain James Martin handcart company came along, headed for Salt Lake City, Emma joined it. She arrived there on November 30, 1856, after having walked 1,400 miles.

In 1858 she married John Doyle Lee, becoming his sixteenth wife. He established her in his home at Harmony in southern Utah. Emma had studied medicine and surgery in England; in Utah she received the midwife's training given all Mormon women. In those days many frontier doctors knew far less, were self-trained and had never been inside a medical college. Emma was *not* an herb or folklore doctor. She possessed knowledge of disease diagnosis and the use of specific drugs.

Four of her children were born at Harmony: William James (Billy), December 17, 1860; William Isaac, November 29, 1863; and twin daughters, Rachel Emma and Anna Eliza, July 22, 1866. She also kept for a number of years Samuel James Lee, the son of her husband's 18th wife, Ann Gordge.

Of a very resolute and independent character, she was frequently at odds

Handcart experience

with Lee's other wives. Too, she actively defended him against all enemies. Once she threatened to horsewhip a man whom she suspected of sending several salacious letters threatening dire consequences unless Lee left the country.

On one occasion, a man and his beligerent son began cutting the timber behind Lee's home, as well as running off his stock and stealing barnyard fowl. Told to desist, the two continued.

Emma and Ann Gorge attacked them with kettles of hot water. When Emma ran into the house for more, the older man threw Ann to the ground. She was being manhandled when Lee arrived on the scene. Before he could do anything, Emma returned in a run with the boiling water. Under this treatment the woman-abuser gave up, his face and neck a mass of swollen and peeling knots.

LEE was indicted for participation in the infamous Mountain Meadows massacre of 1857. With others who were also charged with the same crime, he sought safer climes beyond the reach of the law. Going to what he named Lonely Dell, a spot later to be called Lee Ferry on the Colorado River, he established two homesteads in Arizona—one there and another west at Jacob's Pools. To the latter place he moved his wife Rachel Andora with her family. Emma and her children took over Lee Ferry.

Either en route, or after being at the ferry site for only a few days, Emma gave birth to another daughter, Frances Dell, January 18, 1872.

Emma and her children lived in a tent at first, then occupied a dugout under a cliff until Lee built the first cottonwood log cabin. Later he constructed others, and also one of stone. One of John Wesley Powell's abandoned boats did crude service as a ferry until John L. Blythe built a regular one.

Emma bossed the ferry operation and ran a small trading post. Traffic between Utah and points in Arizona increased steadily. While hiding out from U. S. marshals, Lee spent his time exploring, searching for valuable minerals, and farming at Moen Ave near Tuba City, which the Mormons later settled.

Hardened prospectors, many of them outlaws or no better, passed back and forth over the river. They were a constant menace, but Emma managed to handle them all. During one of Lee's absences a shoemaker in one party persuaded her to let him use a part of a tanned cowhide to repair his own and her boots. In the process, he continued using her leather until a side and a half were filched. Lee returned about the time Emma discovered the cheating.

When Lee jumped the shoemaker, he declared that Emma lied about any agreement to use only so much of the leather. Emma—taking over the argument—forced the party of miners to trade a considerable amount of their supplies for the leather used to repair all their boots and shoes.

Before gaining the respect of Indians who came to the river to trade, Emma first had serious trouble with them. During the course of bartering one Navajo chief pretended anger and tried to seize her while his braves cheered him on. Evading his clutching hands Emma dashed into the attached lean-to kitchen. He came in behind her fast, but couldn't reach her before she threw the contents of a boiling kettle in his face.

While the Navajo stood stunned and in pain, Emma managed to seize a butcher knife. Then she chased him and his

men from the post. An hour later the chief was back with his badly scalded face, and very meek. Emma doctored his hurts. From then on, the worst Navajo renegades were her friends because they recognized her ability to defend herself.

(Later when I began Indian trading as a boy, Navajos told me about this incident. Due to Emma's resourcefulness in protecting herself and her property, Navajos were convinced all traders' womenfolk were equally dangerous. Her action saved many from future harm, for Indians respected them because of Emma.)

Not long after the Navajo incident a band of Paiute Indians descended on Emma, who was alone with her children. They didn't know that while living in southern Utah she had learned their

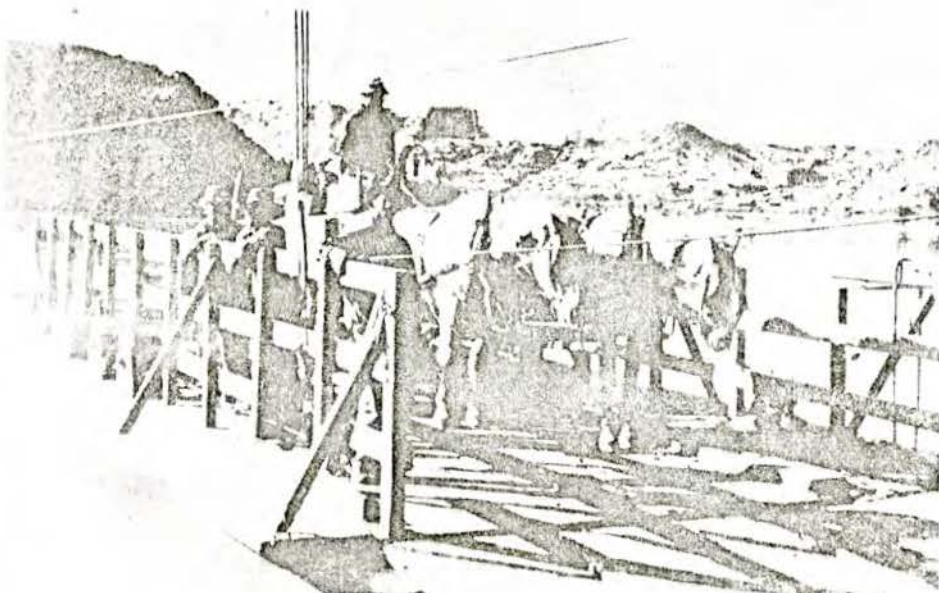
language. Though they traded in broken English, they talked among themselves in their own tongue—and they callously planned to kill her and the children that night, and to rob and burn the post.

At sundown the Indians camped close by. Emma shrewdly devised a means of assuring her children's safety. She wrapped them with blankets and put them to bed right in the middle of the Paiute camp.

"I know what you are up to," she told the surprised Paiutes in their dialect. "Now let's see you try it!"

Confused and shamed by the white woman, they made no attempt to molest her then or afterwards.

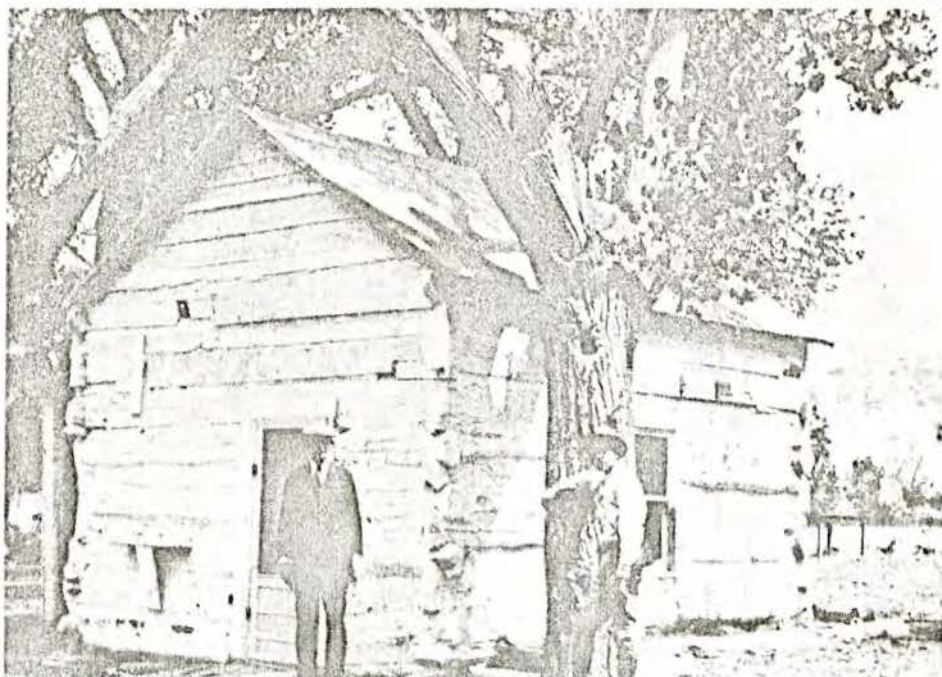
Emma's trials and tribulations were many at Lee Ferry. Perhaps the worst came in July, 1873. Lee returned from

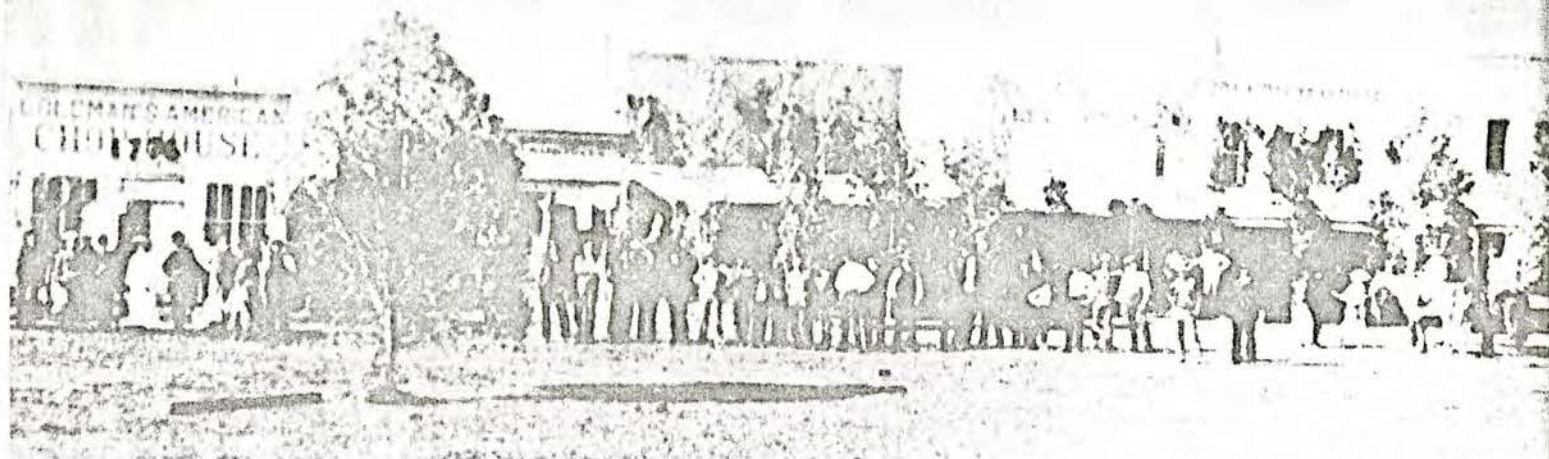


Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

Above, Lee Ferry on the Colorado River. Below, standing beside Grandma French's log cabin at Lee Ferry is Robert B. Hilderbrand and Utah historian, Charles Kelly.

Courtesy Charles Kelly





Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

Winslow's business district about the time Emma French arrived there from Hardy Station

hiding to find that she had delivered herself of a baby girl, Victoria Elizabeth, entirely unaided. Her twin daughters were then only six years old.

WHILE visiting one of his families at Panguitch, Utah, in November, 1874, Lee was arrested by a deputy U. S. marshal. His first trial resulted in a hung jury. His second trial at Beaver City in September, 1876, resulted in a conviction of murder stemming from the Mountain Meadows massacre. Lee was executed by a firing squad March 23, 1877.

Emma stuck by her husband to the last, sending what money was available and selling off stock to pay defense lawyers. During this tragic period she and her children lived alone at the ferry. Finally Warren M. Johnson was sent by the Mormon Church to help run it in their interest. Utah settlers were then flocking into Arizona.

While Lee was confined in the Utah penitentiary between trials many men of influence and power tried to worm from him the secret of a mine he allegedly had discovered in the upper Grand Canyon. One was Judge Wells Spicer, a defense attorney at his first trial.

On Spicer's promise of a share for herself and Lee, Emma lent him three horses, saddles and supplies for an extended search. On learning this, Lee wrote her an angry letter, one which caused Emma to clam up tight forever after. He cautioned her to have nothing to do with Spicer's treasure hunting schemes, and stated that whatever was in the mine did not belong to the attorney.

At no time did Lee deny having located a mine in the wilderness. Several times he sold both gold and silver in varying amounts. If and when questioned he always replied with a dry laugh, "Oh, it came from my silver mine!" Not only was Emma warned against disclosing any information to anyone, but one of his daughters in particular in Panguitch received more specific instructions to be silent.

Among the many who tried to coerce members of the Lee family into helping them locate the mine was Bishop Isaac C. Haight. He, too, was under grand jury indictment for mass murder. He visited Emma but she vehemently denied all knowledge of Lee's gold or silver claims. When he learned from Robert B. Hilderbrand, a waif Lee had befriended and taken on some of his trips over a period

of two years, that such a mine did exist, Haight returned to Emma in high dudgeon. But his threats of harm still failed to produce a single admission, let alone any valid information.

After Lee's execution Emma decided to remain at the ferry to rear her children. The operation began paying well, and she had a small herd of cattle as further support. But tough men descended on the place, intent on seizing all her property, including the homestead and ferry rights.

James H. McClintock in his *Mormon Settlement In Arizona* stated that Johnson bought the ferry and homestead from her in 1877 for 100 cows. On the contrary, Emma and her children were being driven out destitute, the property already in control of ruthless men.

But one thing for sure, she was a self-reliant, independent woman to be reckoned with. A friendly Navajo was dispatched on a pony with a written appeal to territorial authorities at Prescott. South of the ferry at Willow Springs the Indian encountered a patrol of the 6th U. S. Cavalry under Captain E. C. Hentig. Only fifty miles away, Captain Hentig mounted his troopers and Indian scouts, and hastened to her relief.

He could do nothing about the land and ferry, but he loaded her goods and the children into three wagons. His troopers rounded up her cattle and ex-

tra horses. She was then conducted all the way south to Sunset City, three miles east across the river from present-day Winslow. Emma received no payment for the land or ferry. Two years later Captain Hentig was shot in the back and killed by mutinous Apaches.

FROM THE OUTSET, conditions at Sunset City were intolerable for Emma. Fortunately, at this point a man she had met a few years before came back into her life.

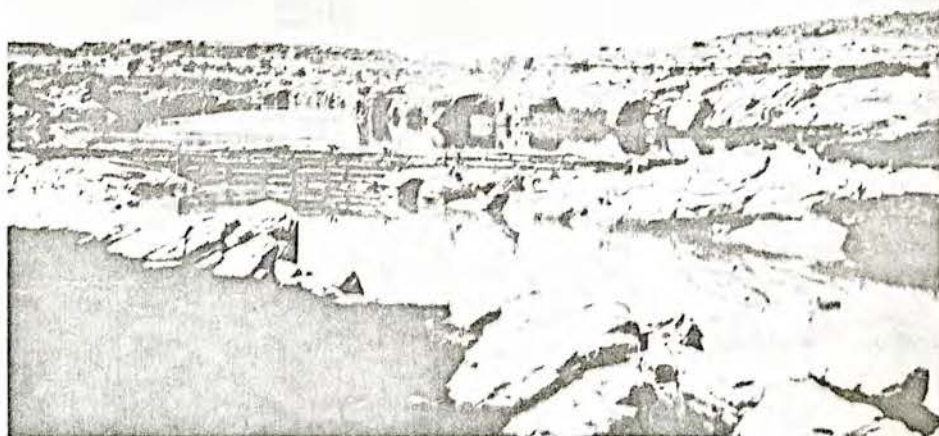
Franklin H. French, tall, heavily built, dark complexioned, his face covered by a heavy beard, was a Civil War veteran. He entered Arizona in 1872 from California after his wife died in Grass Valley. His sons, Frederick, Marcus and Charles Albert, were left with their maternal grandfather.

First prospecting the Grand Canyon country, he moved up the Colorado River and met Emma at the ferry. On his crossings, prospecting into wild and dangerous Indian lands, he saw her several times afterwards.

While she lived in a quandary about where to go from Sunset City, French happened along. This meeting resulted in their marriage and removal south of Horsehead Crossing near where Holbrook was to be established on the railroad. There, Apache Indians raided, stole almost half the stock, and burned the house

Franklin H. French built this dam on Clear Creek to irrigate land in the area.

Courtesy Mrs. Ella Jenkins



Frontier Times

with all the family possessions. Not rebuilding, the family moved closer to the railroad right of way, squatting on another piece of range with Emma's remnant of cattle.

During their sojourn at Hardy station French, whom she always called Frank, resumed his aimless wandering, prospecting most of the time. Emma tended her children and made a living.

After Winslow came into being, she moved there and remained in town even after French took up a homestead, the first in that area, one and a half miles from Winslow on the western bank of the Little Colorado. In 1887 his two sons came to Arizona. By then Frederick Marcus was married.

The boys homesteaded next to their father. Indeed, they farmed his land while he struck off into the wastelands searching for gold.

Frederick French was a civil engineer. To irrigate the farms he surveyed Clear Creek below Winslow for a dam site and ditches to their land. This was an expensive project even in 1889. Emma furnished the funds to begin construction. Frederick worked for the railroad at Winslow for the rest of the money to get the ditches in.

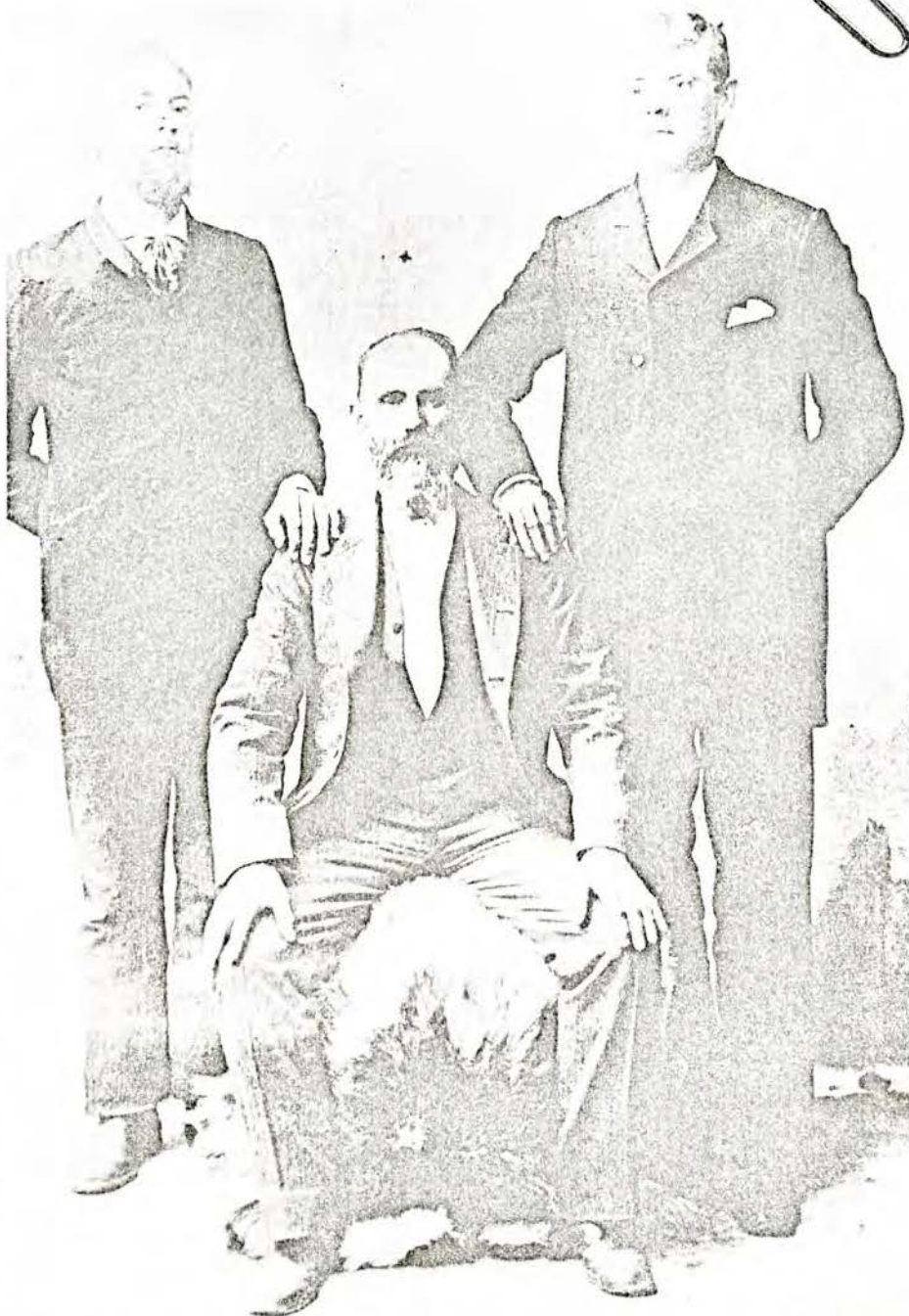
Where did Emma get the amount she invested? It could not have been from her professional services. Much of her doctoring was never paid for, as most of her patients were the poor and destitute. Nor could enough have come from the sale of what cattle she had left. Joseph Hyrum Lee, one of John D. Lee's elderly grandsons, told me that she brought from Lee Ferry three small cans of gold and several hundred pounds of silver which she subsequently sold a little at a time. This reserve, it was alleged and believed by many people, furnished the money for the dam and ditches. Most of French's descendants agree that Emma put up some money for the project, but not all of it. All of them loved their step-grandmother very much and accorded her great respect.

Although she did not know where the secret mine actually was located, Emma gave French what information she had. He, with Seth B. Tanner as a partner, built a trail into upper Grand Canyon in 1889 to reach what they believed was the lost Lee mine. First called the Tanner-French Trail, it soon became best known as Horseshoe Trail. Such gentry used it via a connection from the north rim.

The Tanner-French trail ended at the mouth of Lava Canyon, where they found an old, short tunnel. They enlarged it and dug deeper under the canyon wall, but after sporadic working, over several years, the pair abandoned the project as futile. Tanner went back to freighting for my father and great-uncle at Redlake. Others followed them into Lava Canyon, driving in at least two more tunnels.

AT WINSLOW Emma continued doctoring railroaders, especially up and down the line at remote places. Most of them lived in section houses. Whatever the nature of her trips the railroad hauled her there. In emergencies they furnished a special engine and caboose.

Eventually the railroad put in a small hospital west of the Harvey Hotel. Emma assisted the contract doctor there and did most of the nursing. Even so, she remained on call to attend the injured and sick up and down the long line of steel rails from Gallup, New Mexico, west to Flagstaff.



Courtesy Mrs. Etta Jenkins
Franklin H. French, seated, with his two sons, Frederick Marcus, left, and Charles Albert

In 1891 an epidemic of diphtheria struck the Mexican section of Winslow. It spread rapidly, and the afflicted would have been unattended except for Emma. Her strength was taxed to the utmost, as she was on the go day and night from one family laid low by the choking disease to the next. For six whole weeks, until vaccine was brought in and began to take hold, she got hardly any rest. Yet not until the epidemic subsided and the danger was past did she relax.

Emma had long since established a regular routine. Her medicine bag was kept filled and standing handy by the front door. Two freshly laundered white aprons were laid out with her street clothing beside the bed at night. When summoned, she donned one white apron after hurriedly dressing, and carried along the folded second one to be used later. A stickler for cleanliness, sanitation, and disinfectants in the sick room,

Emma's unswerving attitude in this respect undoubtedly saved lives.

When her long time friends, the western Navajos, learned that she lived at Winslow, they journeyed great distances to see her. Through them, those who lived north across the river from town started coming to her for treatment. Not infrequently she was taken to hogans to deliver babies.

Emma was the first to preach to Indians the value of the white man's medicine. Most desert dwellers suffered from the dread trachoma. Many who would have gone blind shortly, had their vision restored by her treatment. Small wonder that Indians of the Painted Desert loved this woman who brought them miracles. Appreciative of medical efforts in their behalf, they often brought her a fat mutton, or wild game from hunting expeditions. In return, if any came in need of food, she gave it to them, and clothed

(Continued on page 63)

Youngs' Chapel, at few miles north of Bagwell. Here he received forty dollars a month. Too, he had some money from his father, Capt. William Somerville, who had a good cotton crop or cattle sale or something like that.

Cut-over pine land was sold at ten cents an acre then. Papa had a hundred dollars and began negotiations to buy a thousand acres in one block.

When he mentioned this to the president of the school board at Youngs' Chapel, Mr. Menafee was horrified. So were the other leading citizens.

"That land isn't worth riding over!" he exclaimed in dismay. "Why, Henry, it's just poor sand, fit for nothing but raising pines. You'd just lose your hundred dollars!"

"It'll be twenty years before the trees are big enough to make even a small log," Mr. Teenor told him. "Unless you intend to stay here, like I will, people would steal your timber even when it did get grown. You'd better save your money!"

"It seemed the entire community was determined to keep the young teacher from throwing his money away," Papa used to say ruefully. So he put the money in bank stock and the bank later went broke.

In the 1930s, as we would drive by the plot Papa had thought of buying, he would shake his head. "Why, that land is worth five dollars an acre now," he'd say. "If I had bought it, I could sell it right now for five thousand dollars!"

And now that same land is worth at least a hundred dollars an acre. There's been at least another hundred dollars of timber cut off each acre.

The country is fast changing from the impractical and happy days of the one-room schoolhouse. Most of the rural students ride school buses into town now.

Even the happy custom of putting a silver dollar in the pocket of a murder victim has changed. This custom, going back to early days of mythology in other countries, started when the dead man would be given a coin to pay his way over the River Styx.

In 1940, when I taught at a two-teacher school at Negley and my sister Ann taught at Brickley nearby, something happened that shows how much progress has taken place.

One of her school trustees was shot dead. When his wife talked, we found that his name was an alias and that he

was wanted for murder out of state. Turned out also that one of the missing persons from the area was buried under some beautiful pines on the trustee's land.

"Well, did you put a silver dollar in his pocket to help him over the River?" I asked one of the men who attended the trustee's funeral.

"Well, sort of," he acknowledged, grinning. "It wouldn't be kindly to send him to eternity broke. I didn't have a silver dollar, so I wrote a check for that amount and placed it in his coffin."

Doctor Grandma French

(Continued from page 17)

the naked.

Emma was not yet an old woman when people began calling her "Doctor Grandma French." The unofficial "Doctor" was a token of respect and honor for her remarkable healing ability, and "Grandma" a synonym for a most wise matriarch. (This respect was curiously undying, lasting as long as the people who knew her lived. I can recall as a schoolboy in Winslow that we kids, when passing the small house once her home, grew silent as though it were a shrine, and retained the feeling until well beyond.)

In Winslow Emma suffered two most bitter tragedies. One was the death of her son, William Isaac, better known as Ike. Married in Winslow, he had no offspring. One night he was shot and killed by a cowboy in a fight not of his making. He was the first to be buried in her plot in the old cemetery.

The second terrible happening, in 1891, was the death of her daughter, the one she delivered of herself at Lee Ferry. Victoria Elizabeth was a beautiful young girl of eighteen when she drank half a bottle of laudanum from her mother's stock of drugs. Emma and Victoria were rushed to a specialist at Albuquerque by special train, but nothing could be done. Victoria was buried beside her brother in Winslow.

Soon after Emma had established herself in the railroad town, she heard from her brother, Harry Batchelder, then an old man and alone. Emma sent him money to come to America. For several years he lived with her, and on his death he, too, was buried in the French plot.

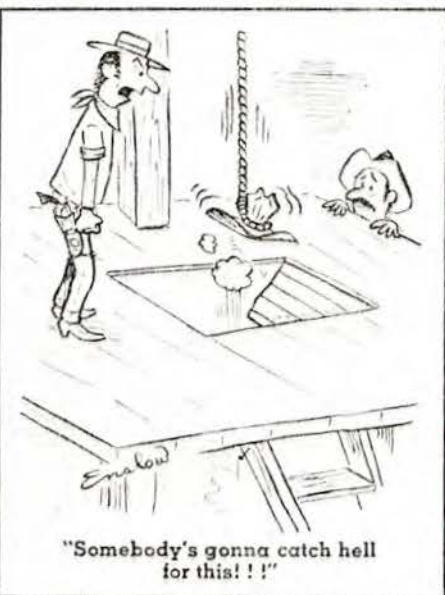
Meanwhile all her children had grown up, married and gone their several ways. Anna Eliza married a man called "Buttermilk" Healy, because that was all he would drink. They moved to Los Angeles where in time he was elected to political office. Frances Dell married D. B. Blair. Before they removed to southern Arizona three of their children died in infancy and were laid to rest in the French plot. Also buried there was the infant of Rachel Emma, who married a man named Clift. They settled in Stockton, California, where they and their children passed on. William James Lee married and with his wife, Clara B., lived in Winslow until after his mother's death.

Clara is the only member of Emma's immediate family still living, a spry, handsome and mentally alert woman of ninety-six years.

After Victoria's sad end, Emma lived alone most of the time except for brother Harry. Her husband continued seeking the elusive yellow metal. Outfitting for three months, French invariably remained out four or more. On each return he felt certain that had he but gone around the next hill, he would have struck it rich.

French always returned home gaunt

(Continued on page 66)



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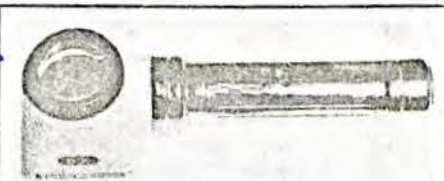
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Doctor Grandma French

(Continued from page 63)

and badly battered. Emma fed and doctored him back to good health, whereupon he repeated his futile quests.

The families of Frederick Marcus French and Charles Albert French grew up on the river homesteads where fine homes had been built. Their children's greatest delight was to look out of a window and see their Grandma French walking across the open ground from town coming to visit. She always had many wonderful stories to tell them. When she was seen approaching, they rushed to their mothers, who immediately started making custard pie—Emma's greatest culinary delight.

IF DOCTOR GRANDMA FRENCH could be remembered for a single difficult case, certainly one occurring on a snowy December night, 1892, might qualify. One man was cut to pieces with a knife and another shot through the lungs in a drunken street brawl. The local deputy sheriff arrested their assailants, assuring them that as soon as their victims succumbed they would be charged with murder.

The injured men were taken into the back room of a saloon. The one physician handy was sobered up enough to inspect them. He said there was no use doing anything. Both were fatally injured and would soon expire.

When he departed someone exclaimed, "Send for Dr. French!"

On her arrival she asked that they be carried to the railroad hospital.

"But the doctor has been gone for two days!" she was told.

Nevertheless, the two dying men were carried there. Emma probed the bullet out of the gunshot victim, and spent two hours stitching up the knife cuts of the other. Five days later both were able to stand in a Second Street saloon and order drinks. When the Santa Fe doctor returned he could hardly believe the pair survived such terrible wounds.

Winter was always the busiest time for Emma. The worst epidemics broke out then, especially childhood diseases.

Emma always walked to "town" cases, sloshing in boots through mud, snow and ice filled streets. If snowing or raining, she carried her extra apron and medicine bag under a long floppy coat.

One night an aged wanderer was given shelter at the Frederick Marcus French home on the river. Soon after his departure all the French children came down with diphtheria, but Emma saved them all.

The man went on north into the Navajo country, throwing in overnight with John Chandler at his trading post under Chandler Butte. The same thing happened there. Chandler's family was stricken with the terrible disease. In a few days he had buried his wife and three of his children; only one survived, a six-year-old daughter, Annie.

The bereaved father hardly knew where to turn for help. Then he thought of Emma, who had brought two of his babies into the world. He took Annie to her. Emma doctored the little girl back to health and gave her a home. (After Emma's death Annie fell into the keeping of a harried running a rooming house. It was said at the time, and still declared true, that in two years' time the wanton woman worked and starved the little girl to death. She was buried in the French cemetery plot.)

WHEN NOVEMBER, 1897 rolled around, French had been gone since the previous July. As the days passed and he did not return, Emma became very restless. One night she awoke in a cold sweat from a bad dream in which she saw him trying to reach her through a shining wall of light. But some powerful, unseen force held them apart, the nature of which she could not determine. From that night on, she worried and grew most distraught. Emma confided to friends that something was going to happen and that she needed him at home the worst way.

On encountering men just off the trails or in from the desert she would ask, "Have you seen anything of Frank?" When told they had not she would request, "If you do run across him, tell Frank to come home at once. I need him."

The night of November 13, Emma unaccountably rested easy and slept well. The next morning she was confident he would be home that day. In fact, she baked a large pound cake, his favorite.

Near noon Emma was called out to deliver a baby a few days before it was expected. At two o'clock she hurried home, rushing into the house hoping her husband was back, but finding only empty rooms.

Emma was doing kitchen work, when a little later she looked out a window. French was seen leading his riding and pack horses into the small barn lot from the alley. In a few minutes he entered the house, a weary man badly in need of rest.

After greetings were exchanged in happiness to be reunited, Emma hustled about making him comfortable and serving a big meal. No calls came for her services that night or all day Sunday. The two aging people sat around talking and visiting.

On Monday morning Emma prepared breakfast before reluctantly taking her leave to visit the new baby and check on two other patients. She returned home just before ten o'clock. She remarked about feeling unusually tired.

As she sat in the front room resting, Emma listened to Frank's account of the last trip. Surely on his next, the big find would make them wealthy.

At last Emma started for the kitchen to see about the noon meal. After taking a few steps she turned partly around, half sobbing "Oh, Frank!" before dropping to the floor in a heap.

When the railroad doctor was summoned, he said that she had died instantly.

On November 16, 1897, it was all over for this wonderful woman whose adventures, tribulations and tragedies on the frontier had been overwhelming. Only by the utmost courage and iron will had she managed to survive them.

The funeral was held in her home the next afternoon at two o'clock. Santa Fe Railroad officials, county and territorial officers, and so many friends attended, that the house and yard overflowed and people stood in the street.

The railroad officials, in respect for Emma's services to the company over the years, did a singular thing. They ordered all trains passing through Winslow to halt for a few minutes. Neither entering nor leaving the yard limits was whistle or bell sounded.

Of the graves in the French plot, only those of Emma, Victoria and the Blair and Clift infants can be identified today. French spent his last years in an old soldiers home in California, and was

buried there when he died in his nineties

Emma's gravestone of blue granite has been pitted
badly by sand hurled against it by the tireless desert winds. T
But there can still be made out the words

MOTHER

AT REST

EMMA B. FRENCH

BORN IN ***ICHFIELD

SUXSEX CO. ENGLAND

April 21 1836

died Nov 16 1897

DR. FRENCH

1897

1836

62

Franklin B. French & Emma B. Lee

San Francisco, Aug. 6th 1879.

Territory of Arizona }
County of Apache }

I do hereby certify
that on the 5th day of August A.D.
1879, I did unite by the bonds of
matrimony, and according to
the laws of the Territory, Franklin
B. French of Verde del Rio, and
Emma B. Lee of Verde del Rio,
and Territory of Arizona, with their
intentions ascertained in the presence
of the following named

Justices

J. M. Muller,

J. W. Miller

James Stinson,
Robert J. French & Co.,
(Arizona)

I certify that the above and
previous mentioned certificate was
filed in my office at St. Johns, Apache
County, Arizona Territory, the 8th
day of October A.D. 1879, at 10.15
A.M.

Recorded the 20th day of
January A.D. 1880.

Wm. J. Miller, Recorder
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona.



[illegible]

Dear Mr. G. M. 1880. 13. After my kind love to you & the children, I wish to say I found Rachel & her baby sick. She is now almost frantic with a pain in her face I think that we got some oil or essence that is recommended for the tooth aches, please let R & if you find any send some in a vial. A telegram reached by Geo. Adair for all the Saints to recross the River & let the Savages keep on their own side until they learn who their friends are. Jacob Humblin & 9 men had started to St. Francis when the telegram came to see the agency. He sent a dispatch to bring them back - but he refused to come back, without seeing the agency. Mr. R. then started himself with an other company in pursuit. The result, I have not learned yet but I trust things see the agency before they return. I have thought best to send & bring my wagon harness single trees stretcher & the cutting - keep about a thousand of the grape cutting that is loose - don't trouble those that are tied up in bunches - get the old carpet & put on the bottom & also all over them - tell Billy to bury the cattings in damp ground near the creek & send the sacks of wheat there is not a lip of flour here - I started a few days ago with Mr. Boyd & expect to start in the morning. I have to raise 100 lbs of flour & 3 papers of Sea Monkeys to go with Rachel. Kept the 1.15 of meal & 3 papers of Sea & a pair of new shoes, that Rachel bought for Ralph. Besides most all the melasses - he is small in the cabin - send one quart of factory coarse for cornmeal - & 1/2 the thread & let the ladies be till I come back - for in all probability we will have to move tell Billy to keep the water running the water running on the hand & trees in particular - the sawdust & Pig - don't forget to send all the wagon covers - as we will have to have a cover the dogs & chickens or they will perish with the heat & no water for 3 to 4 miles - if you could bury that little keg of alcohol & the bottle of wine for Rachel it would come very acceptable. I have been sick myself ever since I left I think I got a cold reding the night - you can put them in the middle of the vines - I wrap them up careful - so that it will not waste or be seen open the factory & throw it over the vines & contents of 200 lbs of flour - from B to B that was stored at my house for 34 lbs of my corn that they fed at the Mowee crop & 2 sacks of ground wheat (horse feed) one of which was Blythe's father's who look to be his name to Ramab, I find no fault with it & I'll

Cubba May

M. Emma & F

After my Kind love to you & the children I wish to say I found Rachel & has been verry sick She is almost frantic with a Pain in her face I think that we got some oil or Essence that is recommended for the toothache, please look & if you find any send some in a vile -- A Telegram reached by Geo Adair for all the Saints to recross the River & let the Navajus keep on their own side until they learn who their friends are-- Jacob Hamblin & 9 men had started to FF Defiance when the Telegram came to say the agency John R sent a dispatch to bring them back-- but he refused to come back, without seeing the agency Jno R. then started himself with an other co--in persuit-- the result I have not learned yet But I trust they see the agency before they return. I have thought best to send & bring my waggon Harness singletrees stretcher & the cutting--- & about a thousand of the grape cuttings that is loose--dont trouble those that are tied in Bunches wet the old carpet & put on the bottom & also all over them--- tell Billy to bury the cuttings in damp ground near the sect *Send* tea & sacks of wheat- there is not a lb of Flour here -- Echols Started a few days ago uncle Jno. Boyd expects to start in the morning & I have to raise him 100 lbs of Flour & 3 Paper of Tea & money to by Bacon with--Echols kept the 115 of meal 3 Paper of tea & a Pair of New Shoes, that Rachel bought for Ralph besides most all the molasses-- he is small in the caliber-- Send one boalt of Factory, coarse for garments & 1/4 the thread & let the calves be till I come back-- for in all probability we will have to move tell Billy to keep the water running // on the land & trees in particular- the sow had 7 pigs--dont forget to send all the waggon covers--as we will have to have a cover the hogs & chickens or they will perfish with the heat & no water for 3 4 miles--if you could hurry that litle Keg of alchahal & the Bottle of wine for Rachel it would come verry acceptable I have been sick myself ever since I left I think I took cold riding in the Night you can put them in the middle of

the vines - & wrap them up careful^{ly}--so that it will not waste
or be seen--open the factory & throw it over the vines & contents
get 200 lbs of Flour from Bro Blythe that was stored at my house
for 3 & 65 lbs of my corn that they fed at the Mowencropy & 2
sacks of ground wheat (Horse feed) one of which Bro Blythe afterwa
rds took to feed his team to Kanab, I find no fault with except ?

/ written along the side of the page/

that corn they had taken I told him it was my Bread- He said that he would

/ written up-side-down near the top of the page/

I believe that he did the very best that he could under the
circumstances- & in fact if it had been for the interest that

he took in ^{my welfare,} I would not have had anything
^{the Ferry}

~~in~~ the shape of Bread left, there is a talk /paper torn & illegible/