

HISTORY OF THE GALLATIN CANYON WOMEN'S CLUB
as told by Dorothy Vick
at the home of Donna Kessler 8/10/83

The Club, begun in the Fall of 1927, is fifty-six years old this year.

There was snow the day Mrs. White picked Ede Benson up. They stopped for
Eloise Bennett and were joined by Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Lemmon, Mrs. Hinkey and
Mrs. Durnam at the home of Mrs. Earl Benham on Buck Creek, September 28.

Grace Miller, who had belonged to a women's club in Wyoming, addressed them on
the need for an organization to bring the women of the area together. The men
met often because of business, but the women seldom left their homes and had
little opportunity to become acquainted. The purpose of the club was social,
and the ladies elected Mrs. Freeman president and Mrs. White secretary.

Mary Mills at Red Rock served as secretary for five years. Ede Benson
was vice-president for eight years. For a number of years only Mrs. White,
Mrs. Lemon and Mrs. Benson were able to make the Fall Meeting and enjoyed a
luncheon at Gallatin Gateway Inn, famous for its decor, food and service.
~~For some years Reno Sales, Mary Mills' brother, subsidized the club a bit when
it ran short of funds.~~ Though no dues were asked at first, the ladies soon
decided a dime a meeting was a good idea in the 1930's. Ede Benson wrote the
Club Song...In The Good Old Busy Time...which reflected the summer meetings
and the dime dues.

Elections were casual. Mary Mills caused, a certain amount of note
writing was done, and a whispering campaign..thus were officers put in. Mrs.
Karst and Mary Mills kept winter meetings going. During the Depression quilts
were made. In the end no one wanted them and they were disposed of. From the
first flat tires were a frequent casualty enroute to meetings.

Susie Taylor came into the canyon at the 320, Dr. McGills's ranch, in
1937. She was in charge of the Breakfast Meeting for several years...the first
Spring Meeting. While she fed her ranch crew and the game warden, she prepared
for the Club with fried ham, eggs and biscuits. On one occasion Maudie Sappington

