

# WORLD CHAMPION COWGIRL TRAINS LIKE FIGHTER

*Little Oregon Lass Working Hard To Duplicate Wonder Feats At Cheyenne Frontier Days Roundup—World's Greatest Horsewomen Challenge For Title*



LORENA TRICKEY IN ACTION

LORENA TRICKEY, WORLD CHAMPION HORSEWOMAN.



RUTH ROACH, SEVERAL TIMES CHAMPION.



DAISY PARSONS, WONDERFUL CHILD RIDER

THE FAMOUS PRAIRIE ROSE ON AN OUTLAW



JOELLA IRWIN, NOTED COWGIRL OF Y. G. RANCH.

MABEL STRICKLAND, WIFE OF WORLD CHAMPION BRONCHO BUSTER, OUT AFTER WOMEN'S TITLE

By JACK A. BRISTOL.  
Cinderella rose from the ashes and tatters of the scullery maid to the envied place as belle of the prince's hall in but the wave of a wand—and then when the clock struck 12 she was transformed back in the twinkling of an eye.  
But here is a modern Cinderella who rose almost as quickly from taking a cowpuncher's place of an obscure Oregon cattle ranch run by herself and two brothers—from roping steers, branding calves and horses, frequently sleeping on the ground at the side of a range campfire—to the prominence of champion woman rider of the world, winner of the McAlpin trophy at the great Frontier day's roundup at Cheyenne, and much-entertained guest of the largest cities of the east. And for her clock is not going to strike 12, she says, for she will defend her title, successfully she hopes, against the most famous cowgirls of the west when the world's championships in the cow country sports are again fought for at Cheyenne during the last week in July.

**A Slim Lass.**  
Slim, weighing a scant 100 pounds and barely turned 21, little Miss Lorena Trickey looks anything but the champion horsewoman of the world. It is harder still to believe that she is known as one of the best "cowboys" on her home range, and yet for several years she rode with her brothers, handling lariat and branding iron with the best of them, and she has "bossed her own roundup;" no mean accomplishment for one so small.

Miss Trickey learned to ride literally before she could walk, her fondest memory of the father who died while she was yet a child being that of having him lift her to the broad seat of his cow saddle and giving the reins into her baby hands. His death left her and her two brothers to run the ranch, and as a child she would follow them on the roundup, helping where she could, until she herself developed into a full-fledged "hand."

**Her Fame Spreads.**  
Her fame as a rider and absolute superior of "anything that ran on four legs," spread over the range until someone suggested that she enter in a small, nearby rodeo.  
She did, won every event in which she entered, the success bringing a desire for greater fields to conquer. Cheyenne, where the world's championships are decided, became her goal, and with her feet prize money as a nest egg,

she began to save for a tentative timid entry in the great rodeo where the famous ones of the cattle regions gather.  
She raised horses, trained polo ponies, traded for horses and cattle with the Indians, and then organized her own roundup to gather them up from the range, brand them, and ship them to market. This was all but a short while ago.

**New Trick Feats.**  
And then last year, before the gathered thousands, she electrified the big rodeo. She won the cowgirls' relay race, and conquered the worst outlaw bronchos that a combing of the ranges of many states could produce. She startled other riders with new trick feats while her pony was dashing at break-neck speed. She rode in the Roman standing races against men contestants, and overcame a wild steer, riding with but a circling to hold on with.

No lengthy deliberation on the part of the judges was needed. Little Miss Lorena Trickey was announced as the champion horsewoman of the world, and the gold, silver and diamond McAlpin trophy came hers. A modern Cinderella had come into her own.

**Entertained as Princess.**  
But that was not all, she was taken to New York to receive the plaque, emblematic of her championship, and in her first view of the big cities of the east, this little Cinderella was truly entertained as a princess. Maids and motors were at her call. Millionaires and society folk lionized her. Boxes at the opera and the horse shows were hers, and theater invitations poured in until toward the end of her stay she had shyly to beg off.

With the 1921 championship in July offering the possibility of a repetition of all this, it is any wonder that Miss Trickey will again battle wild horses and wilder steers, risk life and limb in devising new feats of horsemanship to go the other girl contenders one better?

**Covetous Eyes.**  
It will not be at all easy, either, this holding of a world's championship. Others have covetous eyes on the beautiful trophy, the trip to the east to receive it, and the wonderful experiences Miss Trickey had there. For the east, to one of these cowgirls, holds all the glamour and romance that the west does for the eastern maid. In fact almost every girl on the ranges who has any pretense to real horsemanship, seems to be

in determined training for the event.  
Several of the more famous cowgirls, already well known at Frontier days, are among those who are expected to give Miss Trickey the keenest competition.  
**Wonderful Trick Rider.**  
There is Ruth Roach of Fort Worth, Tex., who won the broncho-busting championship for women at Cheyenne two years ago, and who has been prominent in several preliminary events this year. A wonderful trick rider, graceful even in the saddle of the worst outlaw horse and the absolute mistress of any of them, pro-

ficient in the quick changing from horse to horse in the cowgirls' relay, and the winner of prize after prize in the smaller rodeos preliminary to the big Wyoming one, she is said to be one of the little Oregonian's most formidable competitors.  
Among the favorites, too, will be Mrs. Hugh Strickland, who enjoys the distinction of nearly keeping even with the laurels won by a famous husband, who is the broncho-busting champion.  
**Emulates Husband.**  
When Hugh began to win broncho-busting events, his wife, not to be outdone, commenced to

enter the cowgirls' riding events. She became a noted wild horse tamer herself, a leading competitor in the cowgirls' relay races, and thinks nothing of mounting a wild long-horn steer for a thrilling dash across the range.  
At the Frontier Days last year, when Strickland was riding a vicious bronc to victory and the championship, Mrs. Strickland, perched high upon a corral fence, kicked trim-booted heels against the boards and remarked, "Well, there is one championship in the family, I'll have to go after the McAlpin trophy next time to keep up with him."  
And this year she is after it.  
**Prairie Rose a Favorite.**  
The noted Prairie Rose will also be on hand, with many who have seen her mount a blindfolded and roped broncho, fighting the four or five wranglers attempting to

hold him yell "Turn 'im loose, boys," and with a shrill "Yip-Yip" ride him to a finish, golden curls streaming out above a gay-colored cowgirl costume. Prairie Rose will be a favorite for the closely contested championship.  
Daisy Parsons, the wonderful little rider who is not yet even in her 'teens, is mentioned as a possibility, although she is too small to take part in the broncho-busting portion of the contest. Kitty Cannutt, Joella Irwin, Bonnie McCarrill, Dona Card Glover and other noted western riders are all said to be desirous of annexing Miss Trickey's honors, and the maid from the Oregon ranch will have to surpass herself to retain her title.  
**To Include Several Events.**  
Judged by a committee headed by "Miss Wyoming," whose figure, carved in gold, is the principal one

on the championship trophy, the contest will include several events.  
The cowgirls' relay will be one of the most exciting events. Here each girl rider dashes in to her station, dismounts usually while her first mount is still in full gallop, remounts a fresh horse, sometimes not gaining the saddle until she has gone a hundred feet or more. The race demands a high degree of horsemanship, as a bad break in luck might cost even the most skillful the victory. However, the judges will award the highest points toward the championship to the best rider, regardless of place.  
**Thrills From Trick Riders.**  
The trick riding furnishes thrills, and several points toward the trophy. In this the girls ride upside down, jumping on and off, at the horse's side, under it, and go through all manner of exciting stunts while the horse is on a tearing run. In this event Miss Trickey is said to be the only girl who can go entirely around under her horse's neck and back up to the saddle on the other side while the horse is on the run.

The broncho busting is the strong point of many of the girl contestants, and to see a slight, pretty maid walk over a squealing, kicking, biting outlaw struggling blindfolded against several strong men, mount and defy him to do his worst, makes the heart of the normal spectator skip several beats. Ability in the broncho riding will count heavily toward the championship.  
**To Rope Own Horse.**  
In one event of the championship contest, each maid will have to rope her own horse, saddle him, tie a blanket roll and slicker to the saddle, mount and ride to a goal. Another is left open, and each cowgirl can do in it whatever she thinks will best demonstrate her horsemanship. Some will choose broncho-busting, some trick-riding, but what the little champion plans has so far been kept a dark secret.  
Some say it will be something sensationally new. Some even think that Miss Trickey will attempt to bulldog a young steer, in itself conclusive proof of horse-

womanship for a cowboy, but absolutely unheard of for a girl.  
In bulldogging, the rider guiding the horse with the knees, pursues the fleeing steer. He leans far out from the saddle over the animal's horns and at the proper moment throws himself from his horse grasping the steer's horns, and with a deft twist of the animal's head, throws him.  
On her home ranch, back in Oregon, Miss Trickey has done this with a yearling steer, having been taught the trick by her brothers. It is extremely dangerous, though, even for a husky man, and should this slight, wiry girl succeed in such a thing, her championship would be assured without further contest.  
Miss Trickey, in addition to defending her championship, intends issuing a challenge to eastern girls, to compete in their own kind of riding.  
**Can Ride Eastern Style.**  
"I don't want people to think that I am only a roughrider," she said. "At the New York horse show last winter, when I suggested that I'd like to try one of the hunters they seemed shocked as though they thought I might try to make him buck or something. I'd like the chance to show the eastern girls that we of the west can ride in their style as well, and should any of them accept my challenge, they'll find me ready to back it up at Cheyenne in any manner they want, from polo riding to tooling a hunter over the jumps."  
**Starts Training.**  
Needless to say, there is a marvelous strength in Miss Trickey's wiry figure, and already she has started training for her defense of the title in July, training as painstakingly and strenuously as that of any pugilist, for as she says she thinks the east is wonderful, and she has set her heart on winning, with the return there as an important part of the prize.  
Will the little modern Cinderella succeed in stopping the clock from striking 12 for her, so that she may remain a celebrity, and perhaps while again in the big cities meet the prince who logically belongs in every Cinderella's story? She thinks she will.

## A Noble Animal, the Horse

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

Whenever I see a film cowboy leap lightly to the saddle, subdue a malevolent mustang with one cut over the flanks and dash madly over the mesa, bounding over the chapparal as he dashes, I wonder how he gets away with it.  
Sometimes I think it must be trick photography. But people who have been in Hollywood say they actually do it. They do it with mean horses, too, horses that live only to curse the day they were born, and revenge the misfortune of their nativity on anybody who attempts to ride them. I love and admire horses, but neither my love nor admiration is in the least degree returned.  
The most gentle horse that ever drew a junk wagon will bare his fangs and try to sink them in my quivering flesh if I attempt to pet his nose or give him a lump of sugar.  
The first time I ever mounted a pony he turned his head, regarded me with a glance in which pity and hatred strived for the mastery and proceeded to roll over on his back.  
He was a light pony, otherwise I would have had to wear plaster casts on both arms and legs instead of merely one arm and one leg.  
There are people who can win the

respect and confidence of a horse by merely looking at him. I am not one of them. Somehow or other horses resent my glances as if they were mortal insults and fly into a black rage if they find me in their neighborhood at all.  
You will, therefore, understand that I was rather reluctant, while the guest at a farm last Sunday, to join a little riding party that was sallying forth to view the countryside.  
I requested, when the invitation was extended, to be allowed to accompany the party in a flivver. I don't know much about a flivver, but at least it is incapable of personal hatred, and I knew that the worst it could do was to refuse to go.  
**A Flivver Is Impersonal.**  
Flivvers follow people about and assault them in moving pictures, but rarely elsewhere. I felt that with a flivver I should be reasonably safe.  
But the man who was organizing the party was one of those back slapping, buck-up-old-scut pests who wouldn't take "no" for an answer.  
"We're going over rotten roads that no car could stick to," he said. "I'll put you aboard an old crowbar that is only about two days ahead of the sausage factory, and he can't

do anything but die under you at the worst. Don't stick around here and be a kill joy. Buck up and come on along."  
Ten minutes later he practically carried me out to the barn and showed me an aged shipwreck that might have been a horse 20 years ago, but which now could not be sure that he wasn't a hat rack.  
I walked up and looked at the horse. The horse looked back at me and his pale dead eyes lit up with a dull glow of animosity.  
He pawed the ground once or twice with his foot, and again regarded me, this time with a challenge in his glance.  
But the animal appeared so frail, so worn by the years, that it seemed impossible for harm to be in him. So, when the farm boy had saddled him, I mounted.  
He stood stolidly at first. Then, suddenly realizing that I was not in the foreground, where he had seen me first, he cast his eyes about to discover what had become of me.  
With a final twist of his rheumatic neck he brought me within the line of his vision.  
He laughed. No other words can describe the demotic chuckle that escaped from his throat.

Then he brought his four feet together, and with a swift upward movement of his back shot me up in the air.  
When I returned to the ground, he had gone on, but only for a little way. I was directly in the range of the heel that reached out for me, but fortunately I crawled away just in time to avoid it.  
Again the farm boy held him, and again I mounted. This time the horse instead of bucking proceeded at a slow trot toward the carriage house. I soon discovered why. The door he went through was low, too low to admit anything but the horse. I was scraped off, and left floundering on the floor.  
Again a queasy heel sought my ribs, but I had rolled out of the way. I was mad now, and determined that no horse should conquer me. So again soliciting the aid of the farm boy I made my third mount.  
I had just settled in the saddle when the horse started out of the barn at a gallop, slid down a steep bank to a pond nearby, and with an acrobatic flip tossed me into the water.  
I decided then that time had taught me nothing about equitation. I quit.  
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