

Why Women Wear Purses

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Mos' people says that women wears purses so's they kin carry all their stuff easily. But I knows the honest t' goodness true story as t' why women wears purses.

See, back in the pioneer days, women wore dresses an' these itty bitty fancy purses. 'Course they wuz only fer show 'cause ya cain't fit much o' use in those tiny things. Anyways, in the pioneer days the men had t' wear guns on account of all the outlaws an' Indians an' wolves an' coyotes an' bears an' whatnot. But the women, they couldn't wear guns a'tall 'cause guns would look pow'rful ugly with a dress an' besides it wuz awful akward workin' household type chores with a gun strapped t' their belts. So the women just had t' fare as best as they could without a gun. But see, on Saturday nights, some o' the men would git drunk an' foller some o' the pretty liddle gals around. An' the gals, see, they didn't like bein' follered so they mostly stayed inside on Saturday nights. But what if a gal needed a doctor urgent, or had t' go t' the store a'fore Sunday t' buy somethin' mighty important? So the gals an' womenfolk got together an' discussed what they could do t' defend themselves from these drunk men. Then one gal, I ain't sure jest who, but one gal had the idea t' load their itty bitty purses with a bunch o' liddle rocks an' pebbles, an' if they wuz follered, they could jest swing their purses and knock the men out cold. Well, all the womenfolk an' gals like this idea, so they all went home an' filled their purses with rocks. So come next Saturday, when a drunk feller started follerin' a pretty liddle gal, she paused at a corner, an' when he wuz in range, she whirled 'round an' swung her purse hard. The feller didn't know what hit him! He was knocked out cold an' I heard it took several hours, three pitchers o' water, an' one whole bottle o' whiskey t' revive him. Now the menfolk, they wuz astounded! How in th' world could those itty bitty gals pack such a *pow'rful* wallop? An' the gals, they wuz mighty pleased with their success. So the gals started goin' ev'rywhere with them little bitty purses full o' stones. The menfolk realized that the gals wuz now armed, so they purty much left the gals alone on Saturday nights.

But after many years, see, the women started t' get inconvenienced with them purses full o' rocks. There wuz more an' more stuff that the gals needed to put in them

purses. All the useful stuff ended up smashed t' pieces b'tween all them rocks. Even with purses gittin' bigger an' bigger, wit' more room for rocks an' pockets fer stuff, the useful stuff ended up smashed. The younger gals, who hadn't been follered cuz rocks was introduced t' purses before they wuz born, started t' take the rocks out o' their purses. Of course, when the boys with sisters larned that the purses didn't hold rocks no more, an' they told all their friends, the gals started gittin' follered agin'. What could the gals do? They needed their purses filled with rocks fer protection, but they also had a lot of stuff t' carry like money an' hankies an' cards an' new stuff like car keys an' newly introduced make-up, an' sum women even had itty bitty Bibles that they carried around. Then one gal got this bright ideer. She started wearin' jeans, like the men did. That way the gals could put their stuff in their pockets, an' put the rocks in their purses! All the gals soon caught on, an' the men got pow'rful upset an' started protestin'. See, before, the gals might not have swung their purses cuz they didn't want their stuff smashed. The men would have had a fightin' chance if they follered a gal. But now the gals would have no qualms whatsoever about swingin' their purses. The men argued that gals looked purtier in dresses an' shouldn't wear jeans, but the gals knew that the men wuz arguin' cuz they wuz scared o' gittin' walloped, an' so the gals didn't go back to dresses. An' so the menfolk left the gals alone agin'.

But after many more years, the women didn't put the rocks in the purses no more. They figgered that the men couldn't tell the difference if they didn't put rocks in their purses. The men wouldn't want t' git close enough t' find out if'n them purses still contained rocks. So the next generation o' gals didn't even know about the rocks. Purses contained only the gals' belongin's an' not a single rock. In a pinch, gals could still use their purses fer defense, but lipstick bottles an' mirrors weren't *nearly* as effective as rocks. So nowadays most gals wears purses 'cause it's supposed t' be fashionable an' it helps t' carry all their make-up an' keys an' drivers license an' money an' cell phones. But some of us still remember why women *really* used purses, an' we still use our pockets for belongin's an' our purses for rock-solid defenses. But I'm afraid that the tradition has been sadly neglected now. The men is startin' t' foller the pretty gals agin'. A few fellers will still wind up with a lump an' a bruise on their heads, but not many. I hope that gals will start gittin' some sense an' put them rocks back in them purses. I'm

sure that this practice will come back in style, jes' like it did before. I know about this great defense mechanism 'cause my great great great gran'ma was in on the original conference back in them pioneer days. An' that's how *I* know about the real, original, honest-t'-goodness definitely true reason that women used purses.