



Eva L. Alvey Richards

~~110 North 31st Avenue~~

~~Yakima, Washington~~

210 East 85th Street, Seattle 5, Washington.

7th July, 1951.

Dear Mr. Relander --

I was mistaken about the title of the little book I told you of. Here is the correct title:

Indian Notes and Monographs edited by F. W. Hodge,  
(a series of publications relating to the American  
Aborigines.)

STRING RECORDS OF THE NORTHWEST by J. D. Leechman  
and M. R. Harrington.

New York, Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation 1921.

Leechman is with the Division of Anthropology of the National Museum of Canada, was accepted in 1924 and he has been there ever since. He has published several papers on this subject. I have his book "ESKIMO SUMMER". He made three trips to the Eastern Arctic; is now on an archaeological expedition in the Yukon (in Canada).

The first illustration in this little book is of a case containing a string record which Leechman obtained (or found) in the Nicola Valley, B. C. The contents of the book are divided into "String Records of the Northwest," and "Some String Records of the Yakima." The Huichol Indians of Mexico kept such string records also and Hodge has seen the Zuni laborers keep an account of each day's work by tying a knot in a string kept for that purpose. The Kiowas kept such records also, marking the day SUNDAY with a feather.\*

So much for String records.

We did so enjoy the evening at your home. I keep thinking of the fine head you have done of your Indian friend. Your book will surely contain much fine material, and with your illustrations will be a rare work. With all the joy of my Yakima visit I find it good to be home. Had a ten hours sleep last night which readies me for a good day's work today. Have already rid rooms of dust, ordered groceries, and I'm up to 10: A.M. of the clock. Doing alright wouldn't you say? With my best to both of you and a heartfelt thanks for your grand hospitality, Yours

Eva Louise Richards

\* Wouldn't this indicate a Post-missionary line?  
Indians were not aware of Sunday before missionaries  
came among them, E.L.

Weather cool & fine here -  
mountains glorious!



[Enclosure. 24 Oct 51]

## Pioneers in Iron Land

EVA L. ALVEY RICHARDS

To my  
good  
friend  
Eva L. Alvey Richards  
with affectionate  
greetings!

THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS of 1893 had scarcely ceased their ringing when Father declared his New Year's resolution. He resolved to sell our home in Milwaukee and to move us all to northern Minnesota.<sup>1</sup> It wasn't a sudden decision; in truth, he had been thinking about it for some time. And several good reasons guided his thinking.

To begin with, recently business in his line had shown some decline. Not much, but it presaged a little straw and the wind was stirring. Luxuries find few buyers when the economy of a country seems even vaguely dislocated, and Father at that time was importing luxuries—table luxuries, such as truffles and *pâté de foie gras*, caviar, olives, wines, and cordials—a business he had followed for many years.

Father had enjoyed remarkable success in this business—had persistently made the heights his own from the day, when as a boy, barefooted and with his one pair of shoes under his arm, he had walked forty miles from his father's home to seek his first job in St. Paul, and to find it cleaning counters and shelves in a small mid-town grocery store. From his days as chore boy, through less arduous years of hobnobbing with noted chefs and *maître d'hôtel* of the Continent and our own great cities, the years had been kind. But he was tired—merely handling table delicacies can cloy—and weary of travel and of being away from home for long weeks at a time. Take his last trip; he had barely reached home in time for Christmas and then he had been away so long his children regarded him as a stranger. An incident of this home-coming had jolted him to the sober truth of this. His eldest child, then in kindergarten, had told her teacher that "the nice man we call papa has come again and is kissing our mamma and our house is happy now." So Father voiced his resolution. Next he was to live it.

<sup>1</sup>The present narrative is a chapter from a forthcoming book to be entitled "Child Pioneer." It will be published by the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho; this firm has given the author permission to contribute some preliminary sections to this magazine. Others will follow in future issues of *Minnesota History*. In her preface, Mrs. Richards points out that "Child Pioneer" is concerned with social history. "It is well to study the manners and customs of other days," she writes. "The people of my Minnesota were people of strong faiths and stout hearts. They worked long hours and hard; they were resourceful; they helped one another; above all, they loved deeply." It is of these people and of their lives on the St. Louis County mining frontier of the 1890's that Mrs. Richards writes in this and the articles to follow. *Ed.*

Clipped from the current issue of  
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the Minnesota Historical Society's quarterly.

Autumn 1951.  
(September.)

The title of this was selected by the Editor - E.A.R.



A great development was taking place in northern Minnesota, up in the Lake Superior district, where newly discovered iron ore fields had but recently been opened. Father tells me it was just before my eighth birthday that John D. Rockefeller had brought about the consolidation of two great companies, the American Steel Barge Company and the West Superior Rolling Mills, representing seven million dollars in capital.<sup>2</sup> In that day a transaction involving so huge a sum elicited sensational four-inch headlines, but word of it came to Father in a less noisome and more convincing way.

His parents lived in that district—about thirty miles north of Duluth—on a large tract of forest land. Part of this tract they had cleared, and Grandfather and Grandmother were very happy on the small farm they had made for themselves. Now, almost overnight, they and their farm were caught up in a confusion of surveyors and steam shovels and track laying, as the enterprising arms of the steel interests reached out for rich beds of raw material—solid seams of pure hematite, the highest grade of iron ore yet discovered.

This confusion was all very disturbing to Grandpa and Grandma. They were approaching the evening of their lives and wanted above all to be left alone in the calm serenity of their farm, their potato patches, their peas and beans and little pigs. And now here was a tumult advancing upon them—steel rails and spikes and their very woodland about to be desecrated. Grandpa described it pretty well in after years—“just like they put crowbar under my barn and turn it over on Cloquet.” Consequently, in their dilemma they appealed to Father, their one son, Grandpa avowed, whose “head was dependable for business.” To Father, this appeal held just one meaning. Opportunity was knocking at his door.

There followed a different sort of confusion for us—packing crates and barrels—empty rooms with shreds of paper and excelsior lying about—and Mother trying to understand the ways of men.

“Pour l’amour de Dieu, Edouard, why do you want to move us to a wilderness when we are all so comfortable here with everything going so well?”

“What you say is so true, Josephine, we have been comfortable here, but of late my pillow has become but a rock pile—everything is *not* going so well, chérie.”

Father’s decision was timely. The business outlook was none too favorable after President Cleveland’s election. Bank failures and commercial

<sup>2</sup> The birthday mentioned was on March 15, 1893. Rockefeller formed his corporation about five weeks earlier. *Ed.*



distress were widespread. After we were settled in northern Minnesota, repercussions from the bloody Pullman strike in Chicago reached Mother's ears, and she decided that the wilderness might be the safest place after all, and concluded that Father had moved under lucky stars.

Before our home was dismantled, however, Father and Mother gave a farewell dinner. "It would be a comfort to have a picture of our dear friends together this one more time," they agreed. Father's home-comings had always ushered in a round of dinners and parties and visitings, which we children always enjoyed from the edges, walking with big eyes around the flower and cut-glass decked dining table, or standing on our toes before the sideboard to gaze on mounded fruits and frosted cakes and bonbons, or pointing, as we spoke in awed whispers, at the array of hats and feather boas and silk and velvet cloaks reposing on the great bed in the guest room while the festivities rang high below stairs.

For this special occasion Mother dressed us in our best embroideries with ribbon sashes to meet the guests—to be seen and not heard, you must know—the Browns, the Seligmanns, the Bachs, Monsieur and Madame La Boissiere, the Wells, and others whose names I have forgotten. Mrs. Bach was very beautiful, her dark hair elaborately dressed with rhinestone pins and white roses. That evening she wore a pink and white striped satin gown, and I remarked to Mother that she looked like an angel. Madame La Boissiere could sing like a bird—a second Adelina Patti, they called her. The Wells brought their young son John who was at once turned over to us children to be entertained. Jonné, we called him. He was very prim in black velvet with a cascade of ruffles down his silk blouse; Little Lord Fauntleroy apparel was in fashion then. I ran for the picture books and dolls and set them all before him. Our Aunt Clemence set a small table and tied on our bibs, and presently there we were, passing ice cream to one another with spoons—most of it to Jonné—and enjoying ourselves just as all children do when they are treated to an extra party.

This dinner in our spacious home, glittering in retrospect with lights and jewels, music, and gay conversation, was a gala affair. I cannot remember Mother more radiantly beautiful than she was that night, nor Father more lavish of good cheer and hospitality. So they would be remembered by their dearest friends.

Melting snows and gray slush lay around the houses and lined the streets the morning we left Milwaukee. A pale sun pushed its way through murky clouds to throw a lattice pattern of light across the cold waters of Lake Michigan. Father's lively enthusiasms bolstered Mother,



bravely hiding her grief at leaving the home she so loved, while Aunt Clemence disposed the bags and the children in the car seats as if she had been living in trains all her life. Right away I had to exclaim that the red plush seats were "just like our settee at home." Thoughtless little me! to send Mother into a fresh burst of tears! For her the trip was all too sad. For me it was all adventure, the new country, the rivers, the names of the stations, the people — everything.

We must have changed trains once or twice, but of this I remember very little. Of the great city of Duluth I retain an impression of walking up and down steep hills, of a night in a hotel and the novelty of breakfast in a big dining room, and of the day Aunt Clemence left us to stay with friends until we should be settled. But of all these cherished impressions none looms more vividly than the excitement and bustle when we boarded the Duluth, Missabe and Northern train for the last lap of our journey. This time Mother helped to get us all settled in our seats. She was feeling better. I could tell it by the happy way she was pointing out things like birds and cows to our little brother.

Presently our train went clackety over a wide network of tracks with freight trains moving on one side and ore trains on the other, and flatcars with switch engines between. We shouted and clapped our hands and ran pell-mell from one side of the car to the other trying to see everything. Over across all the tracks was a roundhouse. Papa explained about the roundhouse: how the engines ran into it onto a huge turntable, where they were greased and oiled and sometimes repaired, and then turned around to steam off again, north or south, in whatever direction they were to haul the trains. Papa spelled out a station name for us too — P-r-o-c-t-o-r K-n-o-t-t.<sup>3</sup> What child could ever forget that?

And then almost at once our train was running through the forest, the trees close on each side as if they were crowding there, like people, to wave their arms at us as we went by. Papa knew all about the forest, the balsam trees and the spruce, the tamaracks and tall slim birches, white as ghost trees against the pines. He told us how the Indians made their canoes of birch bark, as well as little baskets to pick blueberries or cranberries in. He pointed out to us where these berries grew whenever we passed the bare or swampy places; muskeg, he said, the swamps were called in the north countries.

How we would jump up and look around every time the whistle blew! And this happened many times, for all along the way there were

<sup>3</sup> This village west of Duluth was named for James Proctor Knott, a Congressman from Kentucky. Although he intended to ridicule Duluth in his satirical speech in Congress on January 27, 1871, instead he did much to advertise and promote the infant city. *Ed.*



men working on the tracks—"section gangs," Papa called them—who had to be warned of the approaching train. The new gravel roadbed required constant refilling and attention. You see, at that time, the Duluth, Missabe and Northern Railroad had not been in operation very long and the part over which our train was traveling was a new spur that had just been opened to link up with the Duluth and Winnipeg line at Stony Brook junction, now Brookston. It was so new that when we arrived at Grandpa's he was not yet recovered from the excitement that had prevailed when the first train of ore cars went rolling down to Duluth over it. He would "never forget the first week of October of 1892," he said. Right here I may as well tell you that he did not forget it, for when he was almost ninety he lived those days all over again as he recalled for me, and for the author James Stevens, his experiences of those momentous years.<sup>4</sup>

Suddenly the whistle blew again and the train began to slow up.

"When we get across this bridge . . ."

But Papa never finished, for when we saw him reaching under the seats to get our luggage together, we all shouted at once:

"Papa, are we there? Is this the station? Are we there?"

Mother was tying on our bonnets when we heard the hollow rumbling sound that a train always makes when it is crossing over high bridge work, and looking out we saw the swift brown waters of the Cloquet River far below us.

"Burr-nett! All out for Burnett!"

And there we were, bag and baggage on the platform, the train chugging on in front of us and a small telegraph office behind us—a building so small it was hardly more than a sentry box. Above the door, painted in white letters was the station name, Burnett. Under it, as if to locate the spot for us, were these additions:

DULUTH 27 miles —————→S

N←— MOUNTAIN IRON 43 miles

The telegraph operator was away, but through the window we could see the key with a pad of yellow dispatch paper beside it. In one corner was a tiny pot-bellied stove. There was scarcely room for the operator. It looked a deserted and lonely place. Many years later Mother told me

<sup>4</sup> In the introduction to his *Paul Bunyan*, 2 (New York, 1925), Stevens relates that at Puyallup, Washington, "Z. Berneche, a snowy-maned, shining-eyed, keen-minded veteran logger of ninety years, told me about" Paul Bunyon, hero of the French-Canadian logging camps and of the Papineau Rebellion of 1837. Steven expresses the belief that the Paul Bunyan legends grew out of tales of the historical Paul Bunyon. Berneche, who was Mrs. Richards' grandfather, is listed as "Zephirin Barnache," aged fifty-five, in the manuscript census of Industrial Township, St. Louis County, for 1895, which is among the state census schedules at the Minnesota Historical Society. Ed.



that I had taken her hand in that moment and patted it, as if to comfort her. Perhaps I had been afraid she was going to cry again.

When the train had gone by, we saw Grandpa Berneche across the track. He had come to meet us with his old box wagon, and there he was holding the horses—the poor animals frightened by the train—and beckoning us to come on.

I would like to tell you of that ride here, but I will omit the long way through the forest over the bumpy road with its deep ruts, still frozen in some places, and tell you only of how happy Grandpa and Grandma were to see us.

The mid-afternoon light of a late February day becomes an early violet twilight in these northern Minnesota latitudes, and long before we reached the clearing we could see the lighted windows of the little log house twinkling through the trees. Grandma was standing in the road as we drove up, and I thought she would never leave off kissing each one of us, on both cheeks in turn, and then in turn again.

Theirs was only a one-room log cabin with a loft, but their hearts' welcome presaged a mansion, the threshold of which proved to be my entry into the happiest world a child could ever know.

I started in at once to get acquainted with Grandpa Berneche's farm. Every time he went out to the barn, or to carry in wood, I trudged after him. First thing Grandma did was to find a pair of old shoes for me, big enough to lose myself in, because the paths were in a half-thaw, half-frozen state, and my new kid button shoes were far too fine, she said, for a visit to the cow. Grandpa said my bonnet was too fine also, so he found one of his old knitted caps, and the next thing he was calling me "Garçon." I carried the lantern for him and held it while he milked old Festin. "A fine name for a fine cow," he told me, because it was like sitting down to a banquet every time he milked her—"she gives so much milk and butter and fromage."

Grandma gave him two big ticks as we went out, with instructions to fill them with hay. These were to be our beds for the night. They looked like big balloons when he brought them in, and such a time as he had getting them up the ladder to the loft. Father helped him, Grandpa pulling and Father pushing and squeezing the ticks through the square opening in the ceiling. Later Grandma and Mother went up to make them up as beds, with pillows and red blankets. The pillowcases were made of blue flowered calico. Over our heads hung long strings of dried onions, shining like Christmas festoons of silver in the light of the lantern. In the corner spaces, back under the eaves, were sacks of peas and beans and store supplies, like brown sugar and coffee,



which Grandpa bought in Cloquet. There was a keg of molasses too, right next to the chimney. Through the cracks in the floor we could see the light of downstairs. If we put our eyes to the cracks, we could see the fireplace and Grandma's big bed and her rocking chair.

I found out all this the first night, for I was much too excited to sleep. There was a little square window in the east gable. We could see Grandpa's turnip patch from there, and quite a way beyond—over a quarter of a mile, I guess—the little lighted windows of the Brousseau house, gleaming like yellow stars through the clearing. The Brousseaus were Grandpa's only near neighbors. They were a large family. One daughter was married and lived in Duluth. Mrs. Brousseau's mother lived with them, "a very feeble old lady," Grandma whispered to Mother. We heard about all the neighbors before we went to bed, some of them living miles away.

Grandma knew how to make the nicest bed for our little brother. She turned her big rocker "on its heels" and rested its back on the wood box. It made the dearest crib. And thus we were tucked in for the night in Grandpa's little log cabin, and no covey of young partridges was ever more cozily cuddled. I thought it was wonderful to sleep on the floor up in the loft of Grandpa's house, for it was like being in a big nest full of birds.

It snowed during the night. But that was so we could see the deer tracks in the turnip patch better, Grandpa said. We all trooped out before breakfast to see the dainty footprints, by far, I must say, the most prettily dainty of all wild-life tracks. We could see where the deer had been feeding on the turnips and where they had come out of the forest.

While we were hopping excitedly all over the place, two of the Brousseau children came up with a big pan of hot corn bread their mother had sent. The pan was covered with a flour sack and wrapped in a thick mackinaw jacket. The children carried it very carefully, for you may surmise their eyes were not on the path at all, but rather on us, appraising us from head to foot shyly, as county children have a way of doing when they are under the impression that city children must be far superior to themselves. You see, Grandma had been telling the Brousseaus about us. Grandmothers have a chesty way of talking about their grandchildren, and I suspect that while doing so, our grandmother had placed bright haloes on our heads—little angels in her eyes.

But I was far from looking or acting like an angel that morning, with Grandpa's big boots on and his cap half over my eyes, yelling in the turnip patch:

"Look! A *big, big* deer has been here!"



Whereupon my playmates to be, George and Nellie Brousseau, walked over, looked down at the hoofprints, and said:

"Poof! That's not a *big* deer track. There was a bigger deer than that in *our* turnip patch!"

Such airs to boast a turnip patch! It was no time to punch their noses, but I wanted to.

It was Nellie who smoothed my ruffled pride.

"This is the track of a doe," she said. "Maybe if we look around we can find a buck track."

And look around we did, first giving the corn bread to Grandma. But she made us wait until she cut three big squares, splitting them and placing big lumps of butter between, before sending us out again to see all the deer tracks in the world. It was wonderful! There was not even one admonition—"Be careful of your dress," "Be careful of your shoes," "Don't play in the street," "Don't slide down the cellar door"—but be free to roam the woods of Minnesota as far as your little legs can take you! Free we were—free as the wind that was even then blowing cotton tufts of snow off the trees.

My first day in Minnesota! Oh, the joyousness of that morning! Deer tracks and rabbit tracks and weasels and an owl! And the Brousseau children, who knew everything!



THE FOLLOWING is quoted from J. Proctor Knott's speech on Duluth before the House of Representatives in 1871. A joint resolution relating to the construction of a railroad from the St. Croix River to Lake Superior was under discussion. Although Congressman Knott, who came from Kentucky, intended to be satirical, his address later was used for promotional purposes, and it did much to advertise the infant city at the head of the lakes.

"The climate of Duluth [is] unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression . . . that in the region of Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smoke-stack off a locomotive. [Great laughter.] But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly half way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other may see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights; [laughter,] a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters."



Dear Bob —

Under separate cover  
registered mail goes the "Forts  
of the State of Washington" — to you.  
Have been to Olympia to visit  
with Dad who came up to attend  
the annual banquet of the N. P. S. —  
father being the oldest & longest  
time member of the Chapter —  
(60 years) This was easier than  
going to Portland — I have a  
cousin living in Olympia where  
we all had a glad get. together —

Today — packages off to England  
a busy time all three of us are  
having — On 28<sup>th</sup> I speak before  
the Music & Arts Foundation &  
so go my days. In between we



finish a sent



- 2 -

manage to keep fed. bathed &  
slept -

Beautiful day here - The  
Olympics are a grand show - are  
now almost white & in certain  
morning & evening lights are  
opal. lovely. A light frost this  
morning - Sunshine pouring!

Thank you for your fine words  
on "Chief Pioneer" - You are ever  
the appreciative ones - whether  
my work is good or worse - mighty  
heart warming!

So much for now  
& I'll find time some day to  
add all the details missed in  
this. God bless you both.

Affectionate greetings,  
16<sup>th</sup> November 51 - Eva L. Richards.



B y all money



Eva L. Alvey Richards

110 North 31st Avenue

Bakima, Washington

210 EAST 85th ST.

SEATTLE 5, WASHINGTON

31st January, 1953.

Dear Click Relander ---

Here I am -- after a bout with a severe cold from which I have just about recovered (caught on our return from our holiday sojourn down at Coos Bay). You see I haven't dropped off the earth but I am sorry not to have replied to your good letter of December 11th before this. You should see my desk! Because your letter was in a nice long envelop I pulled it out first -- let the others wait, says I.

Why don't I write an essay on the art of letter writing?? you query. You think I could, eh?? Well, you are a darling to think so, but say, how about your own good self ??? I have only to turn the pages of my Arctic Mood scrap book to read the splendid write-ups you did for me and that book to assure you of what I think of your pen talents. All the same that query in your letter gave me great pleasure -- how could it do otherwise coming from you whose work I have so long admired. Writing, whether letters or books, written words, I think, are the one great exhaustless charm and resource of life; and to think how people fling them about, and strike, and sting and stab and poison and go their way and forget. What else is there that can so delightfully beguile the enthralling hours, (while we make a pretence of understanding them)? Shall we some day play around an essay on letter-writing ?? It would be fun I think.

The fact that your "Drummers and Dreamers" passed the readers and the editorial board at Caxton's is cause for me to shout CONGRATULATIONS! Now as to what you must do: Your Indian names and words must be made easy for the general reader. Hyphens are an abomination to a reader and as for the type-setter, well, I'd rather you as the author would not be sent to where a type-setter would hurl you. I think I would shorten Smo-ha-La to Smohala. I did the same in my names of the Eskimos -- for some I substituted simpler names easy to read, and I was much amused when I had letters from Eskimos at Wainwright who had read my book -- when they wrote that it was Azreoruk who had done so and so and not Tooruk. The name Tooruk was easier on the reader. So I suggest you take out hyphens and simplify the spelling. The accepted spelling can always be noted in an Appendix.

As to style: Every author writes in his own way -- this is his style so I am against the editing for style. As you go over your work you will find places where sentences can be made more clear, but do this yourself -- no professional editor.

As to the typing of the Ms: By all means you must have your Ms. read exactly as you want the book to read. I advise a good copy and you may have to be near when this is done so your typist can consult you on your Indian names or words. It is extremely important to have a well typed Ms. We must keep compositors and typesetters happy. Use two carbons -- this gives you two copies so should you need an assistant in proof-reading the extra copy is most convenient. Change carbons often so your copies are always clear.



Eva L. Alven Richards  
110 North 31st Avenue  
Yakima, Washington

-2-

There is a fine book on MANUSCRIPT & PROOF by John Benbow on what and author needs to know about the preparation of manuscript for the printer and about reading the proofs. Perhaps you can get this at your library. Should you not find it let me know. I can send you my copy. There is more in the book besides the above -- much that will be of value to you. Published by Oxford University Press, New York, 1943.

Yes, I have heard of authors purchasing the type after the book has been published. I think it a wise move for a work such as yours. It may, as you say, have a limited readership, and the financial return may not be large, but to record historical material such as you have found is in itself enough, and more, for pride in accomplishment. And now you are going on with Fort history! This too needs to be in a book and I am glad that you have undertaken what may prove to be a great work. Again, Congratulations!

Have I answered all your questions? And been of some help? I most sincerely hope so, but should I have not covered all, say the word and I'll do my best.

Lorraine's dear letter is beside yours as I type. Perhaps she will be happy to share in this to you and I'll use my pen for her later.

We have not been to a concert or play -- just old stay-at-homes, that's what we are. Grace was quite sick with an unusual form of flu but went back to work last week. Hers was a temporary job, but it has lasted all this time. She hopes to finish in a day or so. Alex has been taking her to work and going for her (nine miles each way). Alex worked until New Year's with the exception of the five days holiday vacation each girl had. We had a week to enjoy Coos Bay and we had a jolly time. Made a stop at Portland to visit Dad on our way home. Due to the trip to England this last summer I live in a rather Pro-British atmosphere these days -- a bit amusing at times for one who is as Pro-American as I am. I am always aware of the line "this too shall pass" and the days go on happily if at times fitfully.

I have not given up hope that some day soon shall see me in Yakima. We look for better weather any day -- so much wetness is not conducive to travel. So much for today. And oh, how I long to see you both for a rich evening of talk.

Fondly and cordially

Eva Lavinia Richards



At Home - 25<sup>th</sup> February 1955.

Dear Clith -

Congratulations on the honours that have come to you for your faithful study of the Indians of Yakima Valley! It was good to see the fine picture of you with your "brothers" in the Herald, not to mention the write-up itself. It must have been a large evening for you. How I wish I could have been at the banquet so to add my clapping to the din. You deserve all these honours and more. Again Congratulations!

I'm doing more and more each day and am beginning to feel quite well. Have been to Coos Bay the past two weeks having a perfect



visit with my son & family - so you  
may know I am beginning to go  
places again - This afternoon I shall be  
at the Pen women meet - to hear  
Muriel Evans - novelist. Her third book  
"Cherokee" will be out the end of the  
year. (Little Brown & Co.) Her other books  
are "Wagons to Tucson" and "Ride the  
High Places". She writes under the  
pseudonym Ed Newsome, her father's  
name, suggested by her publishers as  
more fitting to her masculine books.  
All of her books are set in Arizona.\*  
Her talk may prove an inspiration -

So much for this morning - more  
anon! Again Congratulations! and a  
big handshake!

Ever L. Mary Richards -

\* I have not read them.







it to make it perfect - Again  
Thank you much!

Am just  
home from another 12 days  
at the Hospital - a minor  
affair this time to remove  
certain pictures that were  
giving trouble. They just  
would not absorb. I do feel  
a bit shaky but am otherwise  
going along nicely - Now I may  
not get to Yakima as soon  
as I had planned - but I  
shall be thinking of you  
with all good thoughts. Hope  
all is well with you & Lorraine  
I know you are always

At Home - 21<sup>st</sup> June  
'35

Dear Mr. Pelander,

It takes  
the longest day of the year  
to give the extra spot of  
time and here after a week  
of enjoying "The Yakimas"  
I come to thank you for it.  
I'm very happy to have this  
fine history to add to my  
small collection of western  
Indian lore. I do appreciate  
your thoughts of me to send  
it. Some day I'll have you  
do a bit of hand writing in



busy. Take a little time off  
from your typewriter once  
in a while. It restores one's  
spirit & gives one a look-  
around away so happier <sup>seems</sup>.  
One profits by so doing.

Now must read further  
in "The Yakimas" and write  
you again. Cordially  
and fondly  
Ernest O. Manville.



Reference:

The Catholic Northwest Progress (Annual)  
December 16, 1938

[Enclosure? letter missing]

THE OBLATE FATHERS - PIONEERS - By Rev. Henry B. Conrad, O.M.I.

Diocese of Walla Walla created by the Holy See 1846 - August~~ine~~ Magloire Blanchet, brother of 1st Archbishop of Oregon, chosen its 1st Bishop. Covered eastern parts of present Washington and Oregon - east of Cascades. No priests and no churches in this territory at that time. Inhabitants roving bands of savages and handful of French-Canadian trappers with posts along the Columbia River.

Five Oblates sent to Northwest - one priest, 3 Scholastic Brothers in Minor Orders and one lay brother. Father Ricard, the Superior, later became the first priest to establish himself at Olympia. Father Chirouse, then a Scholastic "has stamped his name and personality deeply on the Indian missions and is justly called the Apostle of Puget Sound. Father Pandosy, then also a Scholastic, worked among the Yakima Indians, only to see his consumed in the holocaust of Indian War." These pioneer Oblates came from Marseilles.

Father Eugene Casimir Chirouse most remarkable. Became so much the missionary that he lived the life of his beloved Indians in every respect, dwelling with them in their cabins, eating their simple food and so endearing himself that his name is revered among them to this day. It is said the Indians date all events of their tribal histories from his advent among them, so that to them B.C. means "Brother Chirouse." Lived their life so completely that he was often mistaken for an Indian and a writer of the present relates that a "native priest" officiated at the burial of Chief Seattle. That "native" was Chirouse. Fathers Chirouse & Pandosy ordained at Fort Walla Walla, January 2, 1848.

The first years spent by Father Chirouse were among the Puget Sound Indians. Worked beyond the mountains first in the Yakima Valley and later at The Dalles in Oregon. During a period of 8 years, until the outbreak of the Yakima War in 1855 which destroyed the missions of the Yakima Valley, stations were established near what are now the towns of Mabton, White Swan, Tappico, Wapato and Ellensburg. The number and exact location of some of those are not known today, due to the fact that the Indians moved about so much that scarcely did the Fathers build a mission when they found the Indians have moved many miles away.

Only evidence of that period of the Yakima missions is the Mission of St. Joseph, on Ahtanum Creek, 17 miles west of Yakima City. Originally established at Wapato by Father Chirouse in 1849, this mission was transferred to the Ahtanum in 1852 by Fathers Pandosy & D'Herbomez. Burned in 1855 at outbreak of Yakima War by a band of volunteer white soldiers. Following the peace in 1858, Father Pandosy returned to the Ahtanum and tried to coax the Indians to come back to the Mission but they refused. He gave up the struggle and the mission was abandoned for a number of years. Father St. Onge, a secular priest, rebuilt the mission in 1867 and labored there until the coming of the Jesuits in 1870. They remained there many years and eventually moved the mission to the town of Yakima where they still administer St. Joseph's.

Two churches built at Olympia, one at Priest Point near the Mission House for the Indians; the other at Tumwater for the white settlers. The Fathers were given a grant of land at Priest Point by the Government on condition that they cultivate part of it. This homestead passed into the hands of the State of Wash. many years later and is now Priest Point State Park.

From Olympia the Fathers extended their influence to all the Indians of Puget Sound, erecting stations at Steilacoom for the Puyallup, Steilacoom and Nesqually tribes: Tulalip (1858) for the Snohomish: at Port Madison (1861) for the Duwamish or Seattle Indians; at Lummi Village near Mariette (1861) for the Lummi



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and other tribes. Later Father Chirouse also visited regularly the Muckleshoot Reservation near Auburn and as early as 1868 built a church for the Swinomish tribe. Of these missions best known are Tulalip and Lummi. Indian school at Tulalip 1859 - kept it open for ten years - organized an Indian Boys' Band and took it on tour of Puget Sound by canoe giving concerts everywhere. Financial troubles overcome by 1869 and the school became the first government contract Indian school in U.S.

Fathers D'Herbomez and Durieu both worked at different times in the Yakima Valley and Puget Sound. 1878 only two Oblate Fathers on Puget Sound - Fathers Chirouse and Pascal Ricard. Secular priests of the Nesqually Diocese were gradually assuming charge of the Indian missions.

#### JESUIT MISSIONS IN THE OREGON TERRITORY - By Rev. Peter Halpin, S.J.

Indians in Oregon, Flatheads particularly, manifested their interest in Catholic religion in a practical way. They sent delegations on 4 separate occasions to St. Louis to beg that a priest be sent to their far-off country to instruct them. They, as well as the Blackfeet, had acquired some knowledge of the Catholic religion from some Iroquois who lived among them. It was this famous tribe that laid waste the Huron Missions of New France etc., yet from the beginning some fruits of conversion had been gathered among them, chiefly those of the Mohawk and Onondaga branches and there were Catholic Iroquois settlements at Caughnawaga and other points before the close of the 17th century.

About 1816 a band of 24 Iroquois went out from Caughnawaga, not far from Montreal, to seek a new home in the far distant West. Their wanderings brought them into the country of the Flatheads in the upper reaches of the Columbia, west of the Rockies. Here they settled down and intermarried with the Flatheads, to whom they imparted some ideas of Catholic truth and prevailed on them to send a delegation to St. Louis petitioning that a priest be sent to instruct their tribes. But priests were few and all the poor Indians could receive in answer to their repeated petition were promises that a priest would be sent among them as soon as one could be found for this work.

On July 24, 1846, Pope Gregory XVI erected the Archiepiscopal See of Oregon City. In view of the new ecclesiastical organization Archbishop Blanchet thought a central Jesuit establishment at the Willamette to be superfluous though it was at his insistence that it had been originally established. The only three Jesuit missions actually established in Oregon at this date were the Sacred Heart, St. Mary's and St. Ignatius. St. Paul's was established as a Residence and it was De Smet's intention to have a Jesuit Novitiate there ultimately.

As time went on we find Jesuit missionaries radiating out from their mission centers, evangelizing the Flatheads, the Coeur d'Alenes, the Shupelpi, the Kutenai, the 'Lake People' from St. Peter's, the Crows, Crees, Spokanes, Nez Perce, Cayuse, Walla Walla and the Palooas. As late as March 27, 1871, we find De Smet writing in his report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.: "In the Yakima Reservation (Washington Territory) we have another mission attended by more than 500 converts. Fourteen small tribes are visited from that mission and among the whites are generally called Yakimas".

In 1868, Fr. Caruana was called from Coeur d'Alene Mission to start the mission at Yakima. In the catalogue of the Society for 1869, four Jesuits are listed as living in the Residence at Yakima. This was by no means the first Jesuit missionary activity in what is now the State of Washington. De Smet made his first acquaintance with the Spokane Indians in 1842. But it was not till 1866 that Jesuit Missionary work was definitely taken up on behalf of this interesting tribe. On December 8, 1866, Fr. Catalda opened on Peone Prairie, northeast of Spokane, the first house of Catholic worship in the Spokane district. Later a school was opened for the Indians and in 1885, Gonzaga College, now a University, was founded.



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# THE MISSION IN THE OKANAGAN TERRITORY

During the early years of the settlement of the Okanagan Territory, the missionaries of the various denominations were scattered over the country. The first missionaries to enter the territory were the Roman Catholics, who arrived in 1846. They were followed by the Methodists in 1847, the Presbyterians in 1848, and the Anglicans in 1849. The missionaries of these denominations were all men, and they were all of the same nationality. The first missionaries to enter the territory were the Roman Catholics, who arrived in 1846. They were followed by the Methodists in 1847, the Presbyterians in 1848, and the Anglicans in 1849. The missionaries of these denominations were all men, and they were all of the same nationality.

About 1850 a band of 24 Indians from the Okanagan Territory arrived in the city of Victoria. They were the first Indians to arrive in the city, and they were the first Indians to be seen by the white people. The Indians were very friendly, and they were very interested in the white people. They were very curious about the white people, and they were very interested in the white people. They were very friendly, and they were very interested in the white people. They were very curious about the white people, and they were very interested in the white people.

On July 20, 1850, the first Indian arrived in the city of Victoria. He was a man named "Old Man", and he was the first Indian to be seen by the white people. He was very friendly, and he was very interested in the white people. He was very curious about the white people, and he was very interested in the white people. He was very friendly, and he was very interested in the white people. He was very curious about the white people, and he was very interested in the white people.

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