

E Bar Trumb  
Jan 1 1953

Dear Mr. Gelander:

I still haven't found whom to pay  
for my membership in the Vestration Society so I  
am sending my dollar to you in hopes that you  
will contact the right person for me - if it isn't  
inconvenient.

Thank you for the Wilbur picture - I appreciate  
having it - Also thanks for the continued journal -

We went out to the old Wapato church and  
cemetery when we went to Chelan after Ray. Bobby  
Evans, a member of the tribe, is a concert pianist and  
gives on occasional tours but seems to prefer to  
stay there and play locally. Ray had just been  
to his concert and really enjoyed it and says  
he has really helped the Chelan people to  
appreciate fine music.

Sincerely  
Shelma Kimball



E Bar Ranch  
Route 2  
Toppenish, Wash.  
January 26 1953

Click Relander  
Route 3 Box 146  
Yakima Wash.

Dear Mr. Relander:

In answer to your letter I wish to say that I am willing to participate in the research work if I can be of help to you. As you probably know Father Wilbur and Fort Simcoe have been my special hobby for years and I will be glad to make the material I have already collected available to you.

However I do have a heart ailment that interferes with my driving and activities to some extent. If the meetings come on evenings or Sundays I would be more certain of transportation. I will be glad to do all I can through correspondence and in cataloguing material at home.

The State and County Librarians have been most helpful to me so far in collecting material for a biography of Father Wilbur. George Olney and Judge Kuykendall, who knew Father Wilbur well, have also helped me but they are now getting to an advanced age where it is not so easy for them to be interviewed.

Several years ago Milton Johnson, then Indian Agent at Toppenish, showed me a book of Wilbur's letters. Later I could not find these available and I have heard since that the book has been removed from the Agency. I believe the letters would be a boon to the research.

As so many had sent to me for material, and I could not answer each demand separately, and as the time seemed right for stimulating interest in Fort Simcoe, I permitted my notes to be published in the Toppenish Review. I do hope however to effect a more complete biography.



At present I am trying to locate the site of the Paiute Agency  
(Wilbur's)  
built at Fort Simcoe (within five miles of it) in 1879. His diary is supposed  
to be in the Willamette University and I have the hope of obtaining it either  
through a loan to our central library or by having it copied. This is concerned  
with his trip West. Perhaps you have some suggestion here or friends at the  
University who might copy the material for us.

Naturally I am most interested in this part of the research  
but I will be ready to help with any of the work you may suggest. I believe  
I can find others who may be willing to help in locating material.

Several summers back a Catholic priest spent several weeks  
in White Swan visiting with George Olney and traveling about the country side  
collecting material for a paper. I have not been able to find where this was  
published. George Olney told me that the priest spent days visiting with  
him and going through old possessions. I was also told that Lester Pearne  
had an original photograph of Father Wilbur. I have many leads that may be  
followed up.

Several teachers and students have asked for a booklet form  
of the Fort Simcoe Story as it was printed in the Review. I wish the publisher  
might be induced to print it in pamphlet form for sale at the Toppenish Pow  
Wow with proceeds going into the museum fund.

I will await your suggestions and I thank you for considering  
my interest in this project.

Sincerely,

Thelma Kimmel



E Bar Ranch

Toppenish, Wash.

February 6 1953

Click Relander

Research Chairman

Dear Mr. Relander:

Since writing to you I have received a letter from Judge E.V. Kuykendall of Pomeroy telling me of the articles (concerning his life at Fort Simcoe) which he is writing for the East Washingtonian paper there. They begin with the February issue (Feb. 5).

He told me that The Holland Library of Washington State College has some of his father's manuscript's about Fort Simcoe. A collection of Indian legends written by Doctor Kuykendall appeared in the West Shore magazine which is no longer published.

Judge Kuykendall read an article on Father Wilbur at a Methodist Conference in June of 1942 and he says that any Methodist minister should have a copy.

As he is in his 83rd year, the judge feels that he could best meet his any committee members at his home where he has his own records and files. I cannot make the trip at this time. I am writing to Mrs. Brock of Kennewick whose husband also spent some boyhood years at Fort Simcoe while Wilbur was in charge - and if she is still alive, we may have more material as he was a prolific writer.

As there is no possibility of gaining a loan of Wilbur's early Journal, I am having a microfilm made of it.

I talked recently to a wife of one of the Agency officials and she told me that many of the Indians had rare relics in their possession. I don't know just how one would go about procuring these for the museum but I am going to try.

Sincerely,

Thelma Kimmel



Toppenish, Wash.  
Feb. 12 1953

Click Relander  
Route 3, Yakima,

Dear Mr. Relander:

After receiving your last letter I have been a bit worried and thought I would write to you. In discussing my writing articles for the Centennial I suggested to the Editor of the Toppenish Review that he run an add asking for names of anyone having materials or pictures pertaining to Fort Simcoe that they might let members of the Restoration Society copy. I do not know whether he has done this. If it has been done already I hope it will not interfere with your plans. I have spoken to no one personally for material except friends.

I wonder if you have thought of Katie Hyler ( I believe she is Mrs. Clyde Hyler) who lives on her farm out of Toppenish, as one who might help with the work. She is the daughter of Fred Jensen and one of a family (small part Indian) closely connected with many on the Reservation. I have heard that she is an efficient and intelligent person.

Mrs. George Foster ( her husband is a member of the well known family) is a capable and intelligent half-breed lady who would give you help I believe. She is my neighbor here and has worked years with the Satus Home makers and Garden Club. Mr. Foster and his brother attended the Fort Simcoe boarding school and later Chemawa.

Leland Streit, Extension Agent at the Agency, has close contact with the Indians and is quite interested in writing and speaking. You might like to talk to him if you have not already done so.

I have the micro-film ordered and hope we will be able to get it copied successfully. Perhaps the minister you mentioned has this address but I will send it to you, as he is supposed to be good authority. (Dr. Thomas D. Yarnes, President Oregon Methodist Historical Society, 1108 East Hancock St., Newberg, Oregon.) Fred W. Wilson - long time Circuit Judge at the Dalles - with in his boyhood, knew Father Wilbur well. A visit to him should also be very interesting.



(concerning Fort Simcoe)

Any material that I have collected for personal use will also be available to the research program. At present I am working on a novel but I have all my research finished.

Our neighbor plowed up a most unusual stone bowl last summer that was evidently made by early Indians. The Howard Splawns of Ellensburg may still have some of the relics they found on their White Swan ranch.

My husband's nephew, who teaches at White Swan, tells me that there is some material (Wilbur's letters) in possession of the high school. My sister, who is the school librarian at Granger, may be able to give us some help in the research work although her time is quite filled.

I do hope the matter explained at the beginning will cause no difficulty. I am most anxious that the restoration program will prove a success.

Sincerely,

Thelma Kimmel

Route 2 Toppenish, Wash.

E Bar Ranch



E Bar Ranch  
March 27. '53

Dear Mr. Pelander:

Mr. Skarna no doubt told you of my suggestion that you dine out to the ranch <sup>last</sup> Thurs. night. (I understood Sunday that Thurs. was to be your day at the Agency). He probably told you about the pictures <sup>etc</sup> which I received - a rather indefinite gift.

The hymn book, Bible etc. will be valued probably for the J.S. collection but I feel that the pics. might prove more interesting for your private collection - Although I am not versed enough to know their value - they are quite interesting.

Rev. Peirner's pictures - excepting an excellent pic. of Kate McKay Pearne - are not of any great value - He does however have many early day Tappanish pics.

You said that you would type the micro-film for me - Now please don't laugh at the suggestion - but could you use a news story now and then as a return favor - no strings - write up as your own and keep pics? I have some occasionally that are local & timely but not suited



to the Sunday Mags. where I send when I find any extra time — I'm enclosing one just in case.

I thought Mr. Alexander's collection was wonderful but personally I'd rather own the ones you had there Sunday. Mr. A. did not take into consideration the fact that most of us know the A.B.C.'s of N.W. history & so we missed a lot that we hadn't seen to see the familiar ones. However he has done a marvelous work and I am pleased to know he is enlisted in the research.

If I could know some evening you had to be in Liffenich and would drive out (we are the first place on the gravel road from Latus Store on Latus Creek (Plank Rd.)), I would try to be at home — I cannot say during the day. I want you to go over the pictures. I wouldn't know which to bring to you — Wonder if Mr. Whiting has discovered the date of the fort's fine bldg.!! This same Scholl designed Fort Dallas<sup>1858</sup> and in 1904 they were still arguing whether the wood was local or imported.

We really enjoyed Sunday —

Sincerely  
Helma Kimmie



Toppenish, Wash.  
April 10 1953

Dear Mr. Relander:

First of all I will say that we enjoyed having you come to our place and hope that you can do so again. Anytime you would like to meet with Mrs. Travis( she is a close friend of my husband's family), Mr. Bennet, Mr. Meninick and me , we would be glad to have you all here for an evening with coffee etc.

It was also a pleasure to meet the interesting young couple. I would like to see more of them though my knowledge of anthropology goes little farther than Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture". I would like them to see the Indian bowl which I told you about. We have been finding more arrow points and flint here since the last flood as they had to dig up so much ground with the repair work. Our place (the Indians tell us) was a favorite campsite and race track, and evidently an arrow making spot.

Many thanks for the copy of Wilbur's diary. Please do not make a burden of copying it for me if it is inconvenient at this time. Quite an insight into the good man's personality! Reminds me of a Missionary uncle who used to come home from China every seven years to visit us. Do wish he had been a little less intent upon his own salvation and told a bit more about his companions on the voyage. However I am most pleased to have the journal.

Concerning the "chuck" story. Please don't worry <sup>about it</sup> if it can't be used as your own. I had a bright idea I might pay back some of your efforts as I do get a story lead occasionally. Mr. Charles ("Hub") Wilson is still alive in case you'd like to see him and get a picture. He lives south of the new highway just out of Toppenish coming toward Satus near the big asparagus farms, in a small square white house. He was an old freighter from the Dalles to Water-ville and also moved the first house from Old Town to North Yakima.

Esquire Bond  
MADE IN U.S.A.



All I can learn about the blind Indian lady is that she was Indian Nellie now deceased. I have written to Mr. Barrett , enclosing a return envelope but have not heard from him as yet. I am also on the search of Agent Kendall, who, Wilbur says in his letter, was the man who deposed him.

The old <sup>Indian</sup> "Turkey Lady" who wandered between here and the hills on her old horse (she wore a patch over one eye) is dead now too. She lived alone on what was once an old turkey ranch in the hills; broke horses, and is said to have shot at intruders - definitely unapproachable and anti-social, although her son in law (I believe) is apparently educated and pleasant.

I have been informed by sheep herders that the deserted Johanssen house on Satus Creek, between here and the Goldendale highway, is full of old letters and pictures. I can get no rise out of the remaining member of the family here (Bessie Tuli Holmes, who is definitely moronic) and I don't want to make a raid.

Our rock hunting trip was quite productive and the men are on the trail of more new fields. Mrs. Nelson of Bickleton wrote that the Indian festival at Rock Creek would take place this Sunday as you probably know.

You asked about the Oregon History I had and I forget to tell you that you ~~could~~ take it home with you . Would you like me to mail it? You might also enjoy the Pete French story ~~too~~ when it returns. Indians participating in the Oregon raids were among those brought to Fort Simcoe. My sister visited the French home just the year before it burned and got some sketches. I regret that we did not go there to get pictures when we were so close and the buildings were still standing. I have a snap of the location of Fort Harney but there is nothing left, to remind one of a fort or even a town.

One thrill we did have while visiting in Burns was the privilege of attending a Basque Banquet with all the ~~delicious~~ delicious native foods. Father Egan attended and he is a charming personality. You have perhaps heard about the Oregon Priest who wears riding boots all the time. He is a great horseman and was given the right to wear boots while he was Chaplain in World War 2.



A little French Basque sheepman who has college degrees and speaks several (eight I believe) languages was our host and he really was delightful with his singing and dancing that improved with the rich red wine that literally flowed. He never lost his charm or courtesy though. Father Egan invited all of us to a banquet to be held two weeks later and I regretted that we couldn't be there. Really Burns, the "Saturday Evening Post Town" is quite a place.

Well I am getting a bit off from history so will close for this time as I am afraid I have little new to contribute.

Thank you again,

Thelma Kimmel

A few stamps to help a bit in the mailing anyway.



E Bar Ranch  
April - 18 - 1953

Dear Mr. Pelander.

This is a hurried mid-day note - to thank you for the Wilbur Journal and the "Chuck" article - "Drummers and Dreamers" sounds thrilling. Much more is accomplished when one has a definite goal.

The White Swan participation must have been exciting. We didn't get to go to Pack Creek as a trip down to the points to be covered by the lake (McNary) had been planned. Found an agate along the river too large to bring home.

Just played through a Prokofiev Symphony when I found the article in the April 20 Time. (in case you were interested). Murie Dept.

The petition has started its rounds. Do you wish it returned immediately? you didn't say.

No word has come from the Wilbur prospect at Walla Walla. I find that Kendall discharged Wilbur because he "usurped the authority of the agent" - "invited interference to further his own selfish schemes" - "etc. etc." Not too complimentary!



We have some acquaintances who are buying up Indian goods quite avidly - old copper kettles made in the 50<sup>s</sup> and 60<sup>s</sup>, handwork etc. (from Indians.) They are not the approachable type so I cannot explain their intentions; can only hope the material may go to the museum eventually - knowing the people I'm crossing my fingers -

Thank you again -  
Helma Finne

The enclosed is for stamps - slight repayment on the Journal work. I know -

Envelope Bond



*[Handwritten signature in blue ink, possibly reading "M. J. Smith"]*

*[Faint, mirrored handwritten text at the bottom of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side]*



E Bar Ranch  
April 20 1953

Dear Mr. Gelander:

This letter came right after I had mailed mine to you - and, being a little dubious about the work done here - I have asked Mr. Barrett to send the fee. direct to you by registered mail - (I sent the required postage and registration fee.) This is not according to your directions but I will pay for the fee. if you let me know the cost to you -

We just had a visit from Ellen Weoley (Mrs. Harner Watson - widow) who came in to see about getting the creek trees we pulled for wood. She is quite elderly - was raised by the Catholic sisters in Yak. (I believe) - and loves to talk about the other Indians and the legends etc. She says that Chief Saluckin is no good; that he sold out the others & made money on the Daller Dam - She says the Paiute village was this side of White Swan; that many Paiutes died and they farmed over their graves -

Ellen's step daughter, Agnes, is older than she is and was also raised by the sisters - I believe both can read & write quite well though they are getting feeble. The step-daughter's home is in Athlunum but both are living now at the Tennewacker place - Coming from Yakima on the new highway, you turn right when you reach  
(over)



the Brownstown railroad (I believe) to find the place. There is a big old dilapidated house built by Mr. Jannewacher's mother at the turn of the century.

We took a drive yesterday to points above The Daller Dam. It seems there could have been up river places used as well for a dam had they wished to do so. The scenery was quite beautiful - with wild flowers and the Goodhue Hills "Almond orchards" in bloom. The men shot chucks and located some more splized wood. Rock hunters were busy in the area.

We have nineteen signers on the petition so far - hope more to come.

Sincerely,  
Thelma Timme



PARKER BARRETT

1041 Isaacs Avenue

Walla Walla, Washington

April 13<sup>th</sup> 1953.

Mrs Thelma Kimmel  
Topeka, Wash.

I have your letter relative to Father Wilbur and will give you what information I can but do not pose as much of an authority on the subject. My mother and Father Wilbur were good friends and she played the organ for him at the dedication of Wilbur Chapel. When he called at the house to ask her to do that, he left the photo which was used to make the picture that appeared in the Union Bulletin. Personally I have no recollection of him.

The account of the organization of the First Methodist Church at Wacouvera written by Father Wilbur is in the possession of the Historical Society of the Pacific Northwest Conference. I have no recent information as to who heads that group but Rev Hubert Vincent, Rockford, Wash did a few years ago. Very likely they also have other material in regard to Wilbur's activities.

Wilbur's daughter accompanied him on the voyage around the Horn that brought him to Oregon. She later married and had one son but died soon afterwards. The child was taken by Wilbur and his wife but he also died before reaching maturity. So there are no descendants. Neither are there any pictures of Mrs Wilbur, the daughter, or grand son that I know of.



PARKER BARRETT

1041 Isaacs Avenue

Walla Walla, Washington

You undoubtedly know Walter J Purdin  
213 S. Hillcrest St. Yakima, Wash. He has a  
historical sketch on Wilbur's connection with  
the Simcoe reservation which was quite a help  
to me when writing the article for the Union-  
Bulletin.

Wilbur was one of the group that started  
Willamette University and that institution  
should have considerable information in  
regard to him.

The photographer here asked \$2.50 to make  
a negative from the Wilbur picture and I  
thought it best not to order one until you  
approved it. This picture may be the same  
as the best pictures referred to in the news-  
paper clipping you inclosed in your  
letter. If you wish I can send you the  
picture so you can get a negative there.

Both Wilbur and his wife died here in Walla  
Walla but no one here seems to know the dates or  
where he was buried. The only reference to it that  
I have been able to find is that within a few months  
after the dedication of Wilbur Chapel <sup>(Sept 15 1887)</sup> both he and  
his wife died and that she preceded him in death  
by only a few weeks. The city cemetery has no record  
of interment there. It could be that he was buried in  
the local Odd Fellows or Masonic cemeteries but I have  
been unable to contact the custodian of these altho I made  
two trips there in the last few days for that purpose. The Union  
Bulletin has newspaper files that might help. Parker Barrett



May 4 1953

Dear Mr. Pelander:

We spent yesterday with the Nelsons and Mrs. Nelson asked me to tell you that she would do typing for the Research work. We enjoyed visiting their "Sky Mountain, FR" ranch and they took us about the hills hunting <sup>(Petrifying)</sup> wood and picnicking at their own park on Pine Creek. They are quite unusual people. He studied Economics at W.S.C. where his brother is a teacher & Doctor of Economics. She is a concert violinist, a graduate of Whitman and has taught Commercial courses in high school for twelve years.

I am going to wind up my Review articles and try to devote more time to the research work. We have been so rushed here on the ranch I haven't accomplished much in organizing my material. Typing is my problem as I'm so slow at it. If it proves agreeable I may enlist Mrs. Nelson to do some for me.

Did I return the petition too soon? I might have gained more signers by holding it but as I did not hear from you, I thought best to send it in.

I told Mr. Barnett that the picture would be returned by registered mail. The \$/ is for the picture as <sup>(Wilbur)</sup>



I wish to pay for its printing.

The Nelsons took us to view the results of a most unusual phenomenon - a huge crater high in the hills above their pasture - called the "Blow-Out". They said arrow heads were often found there. I wonder if there is any Indian Legend connected with it. Not too far to the North on this side of the range is an old race track -

Thanks for the last Wilbur notes - I am not too sure - from the poetic outbursts - that my protagonist was too stable emotionally but at least I'll stand by the good work he apparently did accomplish - If we get too objective the results might not be quite so inspiring -

Sincerely -

Thelma Ximene



E Bar Park  
May 13 1953

Dear Mr. Velander: In answer to your letter: - the first dollar was for stamps; the second for the picture to be put in the "Research" files. I felt that this should have been my contribution - If you do not feel that acceptable I would of course appreciate a picture for my own use - Mr. Allen seems quite anxious to publish my Wilbur material <sup>(in booklet form)</sup> and we do need a Wilbur picture. Our pic of George Olney turned out quite realistic and the one of the Commandant's house is very satisfactory.

I received the notice of the historical meeting but could not of course attend as we are so busy here - Mrs. Travis planned to go - She writes me that she is at a loss in knowing how to help best with the research work - If you have not already invited her at the <sup>above</sup> meeting, perhaps you can meet here.

I hope I did not fail you too much with the petition; I am most anxious to know the outcome.

I spent a short time in the Yakima Museum and had an enlightening visit with Miss Burge concerning her family. I hope I can repay you in some way for the Wilbur journal. I know I must be a prodigious amount of work - I hope you find some enjoyment in the material too.

We plan to picnic again Sun. with the Nelsons - as he has written



to Elmer a new "chief" territory and they seem to have much in common. She sent me some typed notes from his set of Washington History books.

I have been re-reading some of your clippings and I am looking forward to having them sometime in book form. This old Indian bowl pie is for your friends if you wish. It does not, however, bring out the indentations too well. I have seen nothing exactly like it in museums but perhaps it is common.

As I wrote you before I plan to wind up the "W.E.H." articles and try to do more on the research - especially in getting my material in order.

Sincerely,

Phelma Himmel.

A letter from Mr. Alexander invites us to tour Walla Walla "Historical Spots" with him on Memorial day but as we go after Kay in Chelan that week end I will have to refuse his kind offer.



E Bar Ranch

July 13 1953

Click Relander

Dear Mr. Relander:

First of all: many thanks for the completed Journal; I know it represents a tremendous amount of work and I appreciate it a great deal. Also thanks for the interesting clippings and the membership card.

I have had considerable illness and a lot of company so my summer has been far from productive though I have a few new leads to follow. I would like to see you before I have some of the letters typed (Wilbur) as it seems useless to make duplicate copies if you have these already on file. I am just beginning to take down <sup>his</sup> the 1865-1866 report so you can see I am slow, but I want to have all the letters authentically on file. When I took them down before I just took the parts I wished for my own use so my notes were not authentic. I have been sharply criticized for not giving a bibliography as you have done, much to your credit.

I have had no time to redo my Wilbur story (Toppenish Review) so I am letting him use my original rather than prolong its publication, however I feel now that with time I could make a much better biography. I wonder if you have uncovered much concerning his New York period. I am afraid I will never find the time to take advantage of your gracious offer to go through your material.

If you ever have a call for sketching or mural work, I hope you (Larry George) will call on my Indian neighbor boy who is doing some excellent pictures. Mr. Skarra suggested that I consult Mr. Hart in obtaining permission for Larry to sell some of his work at Fort Simcoe on tourist days. (Which I am doing by letter immediately.)

I have had quite a few calls for material and at present I am somewhat bogged down with letter writing. I hope you had a very pleasant and productive vacation.

Thank you again ,

Sincerely, Thelma Kimmel.



[Bells - Story Ideas]

E Bar Ranch  
July 26 1953

Click Relander  
Dear Mr. Relander:

Thank you for the River articles. They are most interesting and well done - as usual- and I appreciate having them. I was thrilled to see the old river boat models on display at Maryhill Museum recently.

No, I do not have the Oregon Historical Quarterly but I have written to the library for it. In case I do not get a copy I will appreciate the use of yours very much.

I did not write to Dr. Thomas Yarnes or Dr. Thomas Griffith (as Judge Wilson suggested that I should) as I understood from you that material was being sent by them to Dr. Johnson. Nor Have I heard from Dr. Johnson. I had a visit from Rev. Hubert Vincent of Rockford (who is an avid Lincoln historian) - who has become interested in Fort Simcoe and Wilbur as he is writing a story of pioneer days. His people pioneered in the Bickleton area and Rev. Vincent has held several pastorates about the valley. His son is music instructor at Wenatchee Junior College.

I have sent out numerous letters with return envelopes but am disappointed in the unusual lack of response. Perhaps everyone is vacationing. I have not heard from Supt. Hart concerning the possibility of Larry George putting his work on display at Fort Simcoe. However I have him busy at present getting some exhibits ready for the Fair and Mr. Chausee at Satus Store has permitted him to put up a display there for selling. Larry's pen and ink and charcoal works are much better than his colors as yet. I hope his art teachers will give him more help but some of these youngsters fresh out of college and steeped in "Modern Art" can't be bothered with a <sup>o</sup>humbly little Indian boy redolent with buckskin and sagebrush. I have given him some Fort Simcoe snaps and he is going to try some sketches.

About the "Wilbur" articles: sometime ago Mr. Allen (Toppenish, Review) asked to publish them in a booklet. I gave him the original manuscript to use as he wanted a longer work than that I had condensed. I do not know

- continued



which he will decide to use but I believe he is beginning on it this week. I just do not have time to re-do it now but as my material grows I still have dreams of a real biography.

My novel waits for typing. It is the one Dr. Savage felt I should try on some Eastern Pub. Co. The first version, a Seattle Co. (McCaffrey) wrote me they planned to use as their novel of the year but that they ran short on funds and paper. Then Binford and Mort kept it a year giving me the impression (by letter) that they would use it, but eventually sent it back. They asked for a fictionalized Father Wilbur novel but I have not tried that. Caxton's asked me to wait my turn on the list to send in a book length Wilbur story but I haven't done that either--same excuses: lack of time, and illness.

I thought you might get a small kick out of this story I sold some years ago to McFaddens when Fulton Oursler was editor of their magazines. Remember I told you I sat down one evening and wrote a local story and sent it in longhand. I've sold others but not for that price. (You can catch an editor off guard once in a while)

The trip to Europe sounds wonderful and I hope that Mrs. Relander has a grand time. Three years ago a young friend, Beth O'Brian of Pasco, took the tour to the Vatican via London, France, etc., and the pictures she brought back were marvelous.

I also hope that Mrs. Relander can find us something more of Wilbur's New York period and maybe a bit about the aberrations that caused him to pray with such self-abnegation on that long trip West.

*(They have a museum of Music Boxes)*  
I wonder if she would be interested in visiting Berand's Music Box headquarters in New York. Some of our friends visited there and had their old music box repaired and bought a lot of fascinating music box records *(for phonographs.)*

Of course we'd like her to find out what Tiffany's did with the Lynch Fort Simcoe collection.

Thanks again for the splendid articles.

Sincerely,

Thelma Kimmel



# MAN of My Own People

[Enclosure. 26 Jul 53]

HOME! I looked down at the scattered tents and shacks, sick at heart. For this I had left the pleasant order and cleanliness of the Indian school! Even the creek, where I now sought solitude on a fallen alder, was strewn with litter that spoiled its natural beauty.

I had taken my handwork upstream a short distance from the camp, but I had no inspiration for work. They had told me at the school that I had unusual talent for basketry and beadwork.

After my graduation, the matron had advised me to go home for a rest and, as I was not strong, to live out-of-doors.

I had not been back to my birthplace for over eight years. My mind had been filled with pleasant childhood memories; of wild ducks flying against the sunset; of migratory swans settling down in a white cloud over the reeds of a swamp lake; of wild hawthorn, snowy with sweet blossoms, above the restless water of the winding creek.

My mother had taught me to love the wild life of the creek and the lake. She had told me many wonderful legends of the coyote, the beaver, the muskrat and the badger. The coyote held an important place in the primitive religion of our tribe in which many animals are personified.

Together we gathered the wild flowers; the violets, the tinted penstemons, the syringa and the lupines.

My mother had taught me to gather the early, edible greens and to find the herbs used as healing agents, while she warned me of the poisonous plants—the parsnip, the nightshade and the nettle. I helped her pick the wild currants and elderberries, as well as the edible roots.

Into my beadwork, as a sort of consolation to my homesickness, I had woven these memories; woven the delicate golden mimulus, the iris and the rose, the larkspur and the cactus, woven the heron and the wild goose, the coyote and the badger.

At my mother's last request, I was sent to the Indian school several hundred miles away, after her death. At first, my handsome young father came often to visit me, but during the last few years I had received no other word than an occasional card. He had married again, and no longer sent me gifts or the money with which he had been so generous before. I had mourned my mother's death greatly, as I knew he had, and I was deeply hurt at the thought of a stepmother.

My mother had been the daughter of an American officer in the early days of our territory. My grandfather had followed the example of many white men who had come to the West without families. He had loved, and left, a broken-hearted Indian girl.

My mother was educated by many years in a Mission school. My father could read and write fairly well, and could speak intelligible English. He often filled the position of interpreter for the Indians. Unlike many children of the reservation, my early childhood had been spent in clean, pleasant surroundings.

Now, as I meditated I was, filled with utter desolation. Surely all my school training had been for nothing. I had no place in the old home where relatives of my stepmother, both near and distant, had set up housekeeping in tents and shacks. When my mother lived, my parents and I had dwelt alone in the small clearing, in a clean little cabin on the creek's edge, just high enough to miss the spring floods.

My reverie was disturbed by a sudden attack. From behind, I was seized bodily in big, rough arms; my neck and face were bruised by fierce, hungry kisses. It was a few moments before I could summon strength enough to fight for freedom. I clawed and bit in savage anger until I was released. I looked bitterly at my assailant, not admitting to myself the thrill I had felt in the strength and passion of those arms around me.

"So it's you!" I said in a shaking, scornful voice, trying to squelch with a glance the tall young Indian, Harry Jo.

Since my return home, Harry Jo had trailed my footsteps. He was an orphan, and distantly related to my stepmother. A white family had raised Harry Jo and had given him the advantages of home and the common school until he had found work for himself. He was clean, and dressed like any young white man. His good-looking face, above broad stiffened shoulders, was both hurt and angry.

"I want you, Nellie. I want to marry you," he said violently. "We'll live on my eighty acres. I'll settle down and farm."

"I won't marry you, or any other of your dirty tribe," I raged, still trembling. "And you leave me alone!"

I was a little ashamed, in spite of my anger; for I knew that Harry Jo really cared for me, but the feeling of distaste for my stepmother's family tried to include him. I had, since my return, been molested by others far less pleasant than Harry Jo, and I was very bitter.

WHEN I had tried to explain to my father, hoping for sympathy, he laughed, much amused.

"You'd be smart to get Harry Jo," he said shaking his black braids. "He's one fine boy."

My father, once so clean and handsome, was now dirty and ambitionless. It hurt me greatly to find that he had fallen back into the ways of the tribe. My stepmother, only a few years my senior, was all blanket-native, scarcely able to utter a word beyond the jargon of the tribe, and she seemed to revel in dirt and disorder. Her pretty face and youth must have been her attraction to my father, and evidently she did have a sense of humor, for she was always laughing.

She took no care of my two little half-sisters and one little half-brother, and laughed at me when I made any attempt to clean them or feed them properly.

Little Jerry looked so much like my father, and was such a bright, friendly little fellow that I liked to do for him. I found my only real pleasure when I was teaching him or playing with him.

My father treated me with good-humored tolerance, giving me a corner of the kitchen for my cot and a chest of possessions which I now found necessary to keep under lock and key.

My first Sunday home had been the day of the annual Root Festival at the Common Meeting House where all members of the tribe collected to feast upon the bitterroot gathered from the hills. Combined with canned salmon, it made a savory dish.

My mother had often prepared it when I was a child, but the stench and crowded disorder of the festival made it impossible for me to enjoy the once-relished dish.

I had not wanted to attend the celebration, but my father insisted that I go anyway.

"They'll think something's wrong with you," he said. "You ride with Harry Jo."

*Where did happiness lie for this girl, loved and adored by a man of her own people, yet fiercely hating their ways? Should she submit to his mad love—or revolt?*



*considers it a duty and its readers great as this extraordinary Effie Crawford, mother miracle baby. Here and fascinating picture untold thousands in a way of life totally unbelievable to millions other Americans*

I knew what had happened in that brief instant when our eyes first met. I began to tremble. I didn't love Louis; but the strangeness of it all stirred my emotions.

By the time we reached my gate, Louis had asked me to marry him. He spoke to me frankly and honestly.

"I'm twenty years older than you, Effie," he said, "and I'm a poor man. But the Crawfords are respectable folks, and you'll always have a good home—even if it's not fancy. I don't expect you to love me now, but that'll come. In a few days my job's out, and I'm going back. I want to take you with me."

I left him with the promise that he could come for my answer the next evening.

I DIDN'T sleep very much that night. Louis Crawford wasn't the kind of man I'd dreamed of for my some-day-to-be husband. His reddish-brown hair, blue eyes, work-worn hands and nearly forty figure did not spell romance. But I knew enough to recognize within him something more than good looks—sincerity and kindness and an earnest sense of right.

My mother was delighted with the idea of a son-in-law. My marriage made the way clear for her own plans. But, quite aside from that, I am sure she thought Louis would make a good husband; and she was happy to imagine me safe in the protection of a home I could call my own, with a future—so she thought—free from want.

Louis and I were married quietly in Green County a couple of days later. The same afternoon, we took the train back to Pearl River—where, for generations past, Louis' people have lived, loved, and died.

My marriage had been without excitement—without love in my heart. And certainly Louis had not painted any rosy pictures of what he had to offer me in the way of worldly goods.

Still I wasn't prepared for the bareness that awaited me in the lonely silence of the Pearl River pines.

The town of Pearl River is a dismal little place in itself, springing up from the heart of a dreary Louisiana swamp; but we were not even to live in Pearl River. Louis's place was more than three miles out from town, on the Bogalusa Highway.

We got a lift that far. Then we had to trudge up a rough, dusty wagon road three-quarters of a mile to—no, not a modest



Effie Crawford and her "wilderness baby" whose amazing story is here told completely for the first time

cottage, not even a shack—but to a weather-beaten, two-room *cabin!* A rickety wooden step led up to the narrow door, and two tiny windows stared out into the dusk like empty eyes.

My heart sank, but I didn't want Louis to know. He was so happy to be "home". I couldn't spoil his high spirits. I swallowed the lump in my throat and went into the cabin with him.

LOUIS lit a kerosene lamp. The yellow light flared up along the bare board walls. Numbly I looked about me.

At one side of the room stood an old, white iron bed, the paint peeling off into ugly black scars; no curtains at the windows; no rug on the rough floor. An oil drum, set on its side and fixed up with a home-made flue, served as a stove. Two rickety chairs, a worm-eaten bureau, and a battered trunk were the only other furnishings. Beside the door, leading to the lean-to box of a kitchen, stood an old-fashioned hand-lantern.

I had never felt any of the thrill of a bride; but now a dull kind of despair began to creep through (Continued on page 119)



# A \$1,000.00 PRIZE STORY

So I had gone with Harry Jo in his roadster and he had kept close watch of me, keeping the other young fellows away — the real reason that I went with him. Ever since that day he had regarded me as his special charge.

My heart was racing wildly from his passionate attack on this afternoon as I sat on the bank of the creek. I gave him a withering look and, gathering up my work, I made my way back to the camp.

Old cars, parts of cars, hacks, skins, tin cans, feathers, bones, and decaying fish surrounded the tents, houses and sweat houses. One old shed held the grim spectacle of drying eels. A large number of shaggy dogs and nondescript ponies added to the haphazard effect of the scene.

Some of the tents were of reed and some of canvas; some artistic young Indian had covered the latter with large painted figures. Even the home-owning Indian holds to the tent, and one is almost always seen at the side or back of a shack or house.

It was no wonder that my heart sank as I picked my way to our house, where my stepmother sat on the doorstep, a place she enjoyed for hours at a time, scarcely moving her fat body beneath its layers of cloth and blankets.

She liked an abundance of everything, including frills and finery. It was not unusual to see the baby in a dirty lace bonnet, wearing a dress of lace and beads, and a blanket for a diaper. She had fashioned the carrying boards herself with much decoration. It worried me to see the baby laced tightly in its stiff board, gazing cross-eyed at the dangling beads of the head shade.

The greatest cross I had to bear was in the changed religion of my father. Religion had been taught to me in the hopeful, conservative manner of Christianity. Now I found that my father had wandered from the faith of my mother, and had become an enthusiastic Shaker, the favored religion of many Indians.

He seldom missed a meeting at the Shaker church, a weather-



"Don't, don't, Mr. Cary!" I cried. "Let me go! You must be drunk!"

beaten sentinel in a lonely district. These gatherings lasted for days, and were like some heathen festival, a queer blending of Christianity and paganism. The first meeting filled me with terror. The long, very dilapidated room, packed with natives, shaking violently as the spirit took hold of them; the robed preacher with his outspread hypnotizing hands, the bells ringing, the frenzy of unloosed emotions filled me with terror. The smell of burning candles mixed with the sickening odor of sweat. I tried to explain to my father this feeling of fear, but he shook his head gravely.

"You need the spirit, Nellie. You need help. You must



have a devil." This feeling seemed to widen the break between us. I had no one to turn to for understanding or sympathy.

Early in the summer my youthful stepmother gave birth to her fourth child. She performed this function with scarcely a spasm, and was assisted only by an old squaw and myself; no medical attention was deemed necessary. The infant lived but a few hours, and soon the camp began preparations for the burial.

While my stepmother stayed at home, wailing and chanting to the great wonder of her older children, the relatives went into town to purchase toys and beads and trinkets. My father went to the agency where he obtained a small box coffin for

the infant. Back home the trinkets were strung by the mourners, with the beads, into a long fantastic string.

After a long night of weird praying and mournful wailing accompanied by the low thud of a tom-tom, morning found a mysteriously-gathered procession making its way toward the little Indian cemetery at the top of a lonely sage-covered hill.

Approaching the burial ground, there was wild whooping; horses were whipped savagely; car horns were honked and all was pandemonium.

There was behind this outburst, I knew, a challenge to fear; to imaginary spirits that might abide here. An Indian does not return to his burial ground alone. An unwilling member of the





gathering, I watched it all with dismay and bewilderment.

A high fence, with a government sign against trespassing, protected the yard, but the graves showed no care.

The new grave was covered with the toys and beads for the use of the departed spirit. Similar articles, bearing the ravages of weather, covered other graves where badgers had played havoc. The wind moaned through a fallen jar, adding a ghostly accompaniment to the ceremonies.

To me, accustomed to the hopeful beauty of real Christianity, of services filled with soft organ music and song, there was something terribly wrong about it all.

As the summer drew on, I was forced into many such ceremonies, into fishing trips, berry hunts and festivals until I felt I would go mad.

One day a wise old squaw nudged me, winking slyly as she did so.

"You awful pretty, Nellie. Why don't you go town, get work like lotta girls, get money, get white men?" She named a house of ill-fame in the main reservation town. I was sickened with disgust and filled with desire to escape from the whole tribe. It was no uncommon thing for an Indian girl to have white customers.

Harry Jo persisted tirelessly in his advances toward me, doggedly protecting me from rough or drunken assaults of other young Indians. My father urged me to marry him. I think he felt that I would be safe, and that he really wished to be free of the responsibility of my care; and perhaps the memory of Mother that I brought to him, for he had told me once, in a

brief moment of confidence, that I looked like my mother.

The camp had been buzzing for sometime with talk of a frontier Fourth of July celebration. The head of the agency, a man of rare talent, with a real feeling of good will toward the Indians, was inducing them to take part in a parade and pageant which would be a revival of the early days of our country.

There would be some money and a lot of sport in it. A tent village was to be built up in a corner of town for the accommodation of all Indians taking part.

I could not rouse any interest for it, as the others seemed to do. It was too much like making sport of tragedy. The story of the brave old chief, Kamiakin: his own men turned from him, seeking refuge in another part of the country after the late Indian wars—always struck a chord of pity in my heart.

There are still a few Indians who remember that last battle, and the fall of a great leader. It was he who had brought the cattle industry to his people. It was he who constructed the first irrigation system of our state. It was he who had gone to the white people to ask for Christian ministers for his tribe, and whose greatest desire was to preserve their land, the great central position of the state.

My father reproached me when I begged to be left out of the celebration.

"We need the money," he said. "You want to help too, Nellie. You're pretty. Get out your mother's things and you'll lead the show." I couldn't understand how he could so lightly sacrifice old memories in this way.

The day before the Fourth, we (Continued on page 73)

I felt myself struck with inward admiration as I watched Harry Jo, splendid in breech cloth and feathers, his brown skin oiled to perfection





*Recently, in the death house at Sing Sing, there were six youths, all under twenty-one, awaiting execution. What is back of this terrifying parade of modern youth from high chair to electric chair? Who is responsible for the boys and girls that are sucked into lives of crime? You will find much to think about in this fascinating story of one youth's career outside the law*

*By Warden  
LEWIS E. LAWES  
of Sing Sing Prison*



## SECOND

**A**MONG the most informative and instructive years I have spent in the study and supervision of criminals, are the five years—from 1915 to 1920—that I was superintendent at the New York City Reformatory for Boys at New Hampton, New York. There you have boys gathered from every part of a big city; from the slums to the over-indulgent homes of the rich. And it is the duty of the institution to see that these boys, when they leave, are re-educated and readjusted to take their places as normal members of society.

What happens after a boy leaves a reformatory depends on the boy himself, his family, his environment—and how ready society is to receive that boy.

And the fact that so many of these boys do not make that social readjustment, is a tragedy for which society has to pay heavily—for, in the making of second offenders, society itself is not altogether blameless.

The next step, usually, for a boy who has not made that readjustment to society is Sing Sing.

Sing Sing is a prison with many second offenders. The new men who are admitted almost daily are often men whom I have seen behind these or other walls before. Our modern system of identifying criminals makes it easy enough to recog-

nize them—the gangster, the burglar, the habitual forger, the racketeer.

Therefore, I just glanced casually at Prisoner 540297 as he stood in the line-up. There was something vaguely familiar about his tight-lipped mouth and sullen eyes. But the thing that caught my attention particularly was the color of his hair—bright red it was; the reddest hair I had ever seen. He did not look at me as I walked by him, but kept his eyes fixed straight ahead. I knew that I had seen that face and that hair somewhere before. But where? I was disturbed. I stared at the prisoner for a moment.

**H**E moved nervously under my gaze, and then a smile, thin, sardonic, flickered at the side of his mouth. A multitude of thought associations flooded my mind, and then a clear, sharp picture began to form—that same thin smile, the same red hair, gray eyes glaring defiance. But they belonged to a boy, not a man.

George Bramley, who now stood before me in the line-up here in Sing Sing, had been admitted to the reformatory at New Hampton in 1916. He made a strong and not altogether agreeable impression. About eighteen, tall, broad-shouldered,



# Man of My Own People

(Continued from page 29)

moved in a mass to the mock village, with our regalia, to join the many other participants. The town was alive with people, horses and banners. At the street intersections, they were holding mock trials and hangings.

Old wagons, stage coaches, and even an ancient box hearse, had been resurrected. In spite of its being prohibited for the Indians, liquor flowed freely, and many of them were under the influence of it.

Many of the Indians were in native costume, but many dressed as the white people. Still more wore a comical half-and-half ensemble. Indian girls boasted permanent waves, lipstick, high heels, and cigarettes. I found myself an outsider. I had been trained to dress in simple clothes and sensible shoes. I wrapped my braids about my head and, except for the earrings that had been my grandmother's, I wore no jewelry.

HARRY JO scarcely left my side and was persistent in his treats of ice cream and candy. He seemed eager to show me that he did not get drunk as the others did.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, the parade started with a blare of band music. The floats and decorated cars came first, followed by animals, the ancient vehicles, clowns and quaintly attired people on foot. Then came the seemingly endless procession of Indians on horseback in war paint and feathers, beads, furs and skins, some dragging the ancient *travois* and bearing the double-horned saddle.

I wore the buckskin dress that had been my mother's with its heavy beads and fringe, while my white horse, borrowed for the occasion, staggered under his exhibit of beadwork and basketry.

Harry Jo was splendid in breech cloth and feathers, his brown skin oiled to shining perfection, his own pinto pony gleaming from days of brushing. I felt myself struck with unwilling admiration as I watched him.

Tom-toms beat rhythmically, accompanied by war whoops, shrill and drink-loosened. Everywhere there was noise, yelling and hooting. Two little Indian boys did a war dance on the back of a truck to the great amusement of the crowd crowded close to the sidelines.

Now and then some energetic photographer leaped out to halt us for pictures.

"There's a beauty!" some insolent bystander yelled at me. "How's a chance to date you, Pocahontas?"

I felt miserable and humiliated, but the others seemed to be enjoying it all a great deal.

I am afraid I made a poor showing in the pageant, where I went wearily and automatically through my part.

I was glad when it was all over, when the last of the fireworks had died away. But it was late the next day before my crowd had sobered enough to start for home, their money burned up in sport.

I was ashamed of them all and, lonely and desperate, I resolved to leave the camp at the first opportunity. I had sold a couple of bead bags as souvenirs, and I determined to find some means of escape.

I felt dirty and cross after the heat and dust of the celebration. Not caring for the common sweat house bath, I went up the creek to find a secluded bathing spot where I would be unmolested. It was not unusual to see my stepmother or any of the others in the camp come from the sweat houses, where the hot stones left them dripping with perspiration and leap naked into the cold water of the creek, where they would swim or crawl idly about. The utter lack of modesty disgusted me.

My mind tormented with thoughts of escape, I wandered a long way from the camp. In a sheltered nook, where the tree trunks were covered with rose vines, I stripped off my clothes and plunged into the cool water, cleaning myself luxuriously with a treasured bar of sweet-smelling soap. There was something soul-easing in the clear ripples over my bare body, and I felt a little more cheerful.

Reluctantly I climbed out at last and began to dry myself briskly. I was startled by a crackle in the brush upstream and quite near to my hiding place.

I dressed quickly and peered through the vines. Just beyond, a fisherman sat, leisurely watching his line.

"Hello!" he said, not even turning his head my way. Seeing that I was discovered, I stepped out, wondering how he had remained so silent that I had been unaware of his presence. My turbulent thoughts must have absorbed me completely.

He turned at length and his friendly, middle-aged face showed surprise.

"Why it's my little Princess of the big parade. You were really quite beautiful," he said pleasantly.

"I—I didn't know—any one was here," I stammered.

"I won't bother you, make yourself at home. I'm Wayne Cary if you don't know me. I have the advantage of knowing you. I couldn't ever forget the picture you made on the Fourth."

I had often heard of Wayne Cary. He was foreman of a big cattle ranch farther up the creek, and often hired Indian riders, Harry Jo among them. His kind and friendly attitude inspired a fatherly confidence, and before I was aware of it I was pouring out my troubles, forgetting that he was a white man.

"I WILL do almost anything to get away,"

I said with fervor, after telling him my history. "I have been taught to keep house, to cook, to sew, to be clean."

I even told him of Harry Jo and his desire to marry me.

"Harry Jo is a good Indian," Wayne Cary said. "I'm sure that he would be good to you."

"But I want to be different," I cried impulsively. "I can't bear to live as my people do. My mother was different. My school was different. I want to work and be clean."

"Would you like to keep house for me? I get tired of eating at the mess house. I could pay you to keep my house, and get my meals."

I was filled with hope as I accepted his offer eagerly.

"I'll talk to your father. If it's all right with him you are hired as my housekeeper." Mr. Cary said seriously.

My father was not at all pleased, but when he saw how eager I was, he couldn't do much but agree. He had the Indian's natural distrust for white men.

"I'm never coming back—never!" I told Harry Jo whose face had become a picture of black gloom.

"Maybe some day," he answered bitterly. "Maybe I won't want you then, Nellie. I guess I love you awful. Won't you stay? Won't you marry me now—before it's too late?"

"I won't marry you any time," I answered as I shook off his urgent hand. But I felt a little sorry to leave Harry Jo and his faithful protection. I wanted somehow to atone for my past harshness. I held out my hand to him.

"Let's be friends, Harry Jo. Good-by." There were several hired hands on the

cattle ranch who shared a mess house and a bunk house, but the foreman had a neat cottage set apart from the other buildings beneath a small grove of cottonwood trees. It was this pleasant house that I was to keep in order. Everything was modern, and it was well furnished. I had a small room attached to the kitchen, and I was eager to begin my duties at once. Here was all the pleasantness of the school with the added incentive of responsibility; for Mr. Cary turned everything over to my care, even his own room that led from the long living room filled with easy chairs, books, a radio and a fireplace. I was mistress of the domain; a paradise after the past months of harrowing experiences.

I saw little of Wayne Cary, save at meal-times, when he insisted that I eat with him and he praised the food and order of the house. His duties took him out for long hours, and he seemed always tired. Whenever he returned from town it was always with some gift for me, candy, a magazine with a gay cover, or material for handiwork.

SURELY it must all be a bright and beautiful dream from which I must sometime awaken!

Mr. Cary was very kind and fatherly, and I looked up to him with the feeling I had wanted to have for my own father. I learned that he had a wife and family in the East, but why he had left them I never knew.

Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of Harry Jo riding past, and the sight of his handsome figure, with face turned longingly toward the house, made me a little sad. Only once had I spoken to him. This time I had been in the yard when he had ridden up unexpectedly.

"When are you coming to me, Nellie? I'm waiting, I can't wait always," he pleaded as he leaned from the saddle.

"I'm making my own money, and I don't want to leave—ever," I answered. "I'm awfully happy here."

What wonderfully happy days those were, speeding by too swiftly on the wings of my happiness.

In my spare moments I was working on an intricately designed pair of leather gloves for Mr. Cary's Christmas gift. I wished to show in some way my appreciation of his consideration and kindness.

It was late autumn, and the trees of the canyon had turned into a myriad of colors, the late greens and browns splashed by patches of flaming sumac. Here and there a late flower hid from the frost beneath tangled vines.

Ducks were settling down over the lakes, and feeding in the fields and swamps. Now and then a flock of geese passed over in formation, honking harbingers of winter, and on moonlight nights coyotes serenaded in the near-by hills.

I loved it all. It was home as I had hoped it to be; though I sometimes regretted that I had no one of my own kin near to me and I found myself at times praying to my mother's spirit.

Occasionally Mr. Cary's work took him away overnight, and on one of these evenings, when I decided that he would not be coming home, I locked the house and went to bed. I went to sleep to dream of my mother. She came to me with her arms laden with wild flowers, her lovely face smiling.

"Come, Nellie," she said, taking my hand, "I am going to show you the way to a land of happiness."

She led me up a hillside fragrant with flowers and trees. Then abruptly we started down in to a valley. Suddenly she paused, listening.



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"Why are you waiting?" I cried.

"Some one is coming to take you the rest of the way. Good-by, my dear." She kissed me gently, and her vision faded away as out of the trees came a handsome figure on a pinto pony, his naked body gleaming above a breech cloth of gold, his dark head thrown back.

As I went forward to meet the dream figure he said, "I have come for you, Nellie," and lifted me up behind him on his pony.

We started down into the valley where ducks played above a mirror lake, and swans floated like graceful boats on the water.

I was awakened from this beautiful, haunting dream by the sound of Mr. Cary's car in the driveway. I slipped a wrap over my nightgown and went to unlock the door, thinking to slip back to my room unnoticed.

"Wait, Nellie! Help me with these packages," Mr. Cary called and I gathered my robe tightly about me as I held the door wide for him to enter with his arms full.

"YOU must have been shopping, Mr. Cary," I laughed.

"So I have, little princess. I have been shopping for you. Come, see what I have for you, my dear."

"Wait until I get a dress," I cried eagerly. Then with an afterthought, "Oh, dear, it's after midnight."

I started to go past into the kitchen, but Mr. Cary, turning from the table where he had laid the packages, suddenly seized my hand. My wrap fell away, disclosing my figure, thinly clad in my white nightgown.

"What's your hurry, you little beauty? You aren't afraid of me, are you?"

Paralyzed by this sudden change in his attitude toward me, I stood bewildered.

"Don't you know thinking of you has been driving me mad, Nellie? I can't stand it any longer. I've waited and waited, trying to make you care too. Come, see what I have for you. Gifts for your loveliness."

He drew me to him, crushing me in his arms, his eyes burning with a strange, new light. This could not be my fatherly Mr. Cary, his kind face become suddenly old and repulsive beneath its mask of passion.

"Don't, don't, Mr. Cary!" I cried. "Let me go! You must be drunk!"

"I am drunk, drunk with your maddening beauty, Princess. Did you think I was more than human, that I could go on and on without touching you? Don't you care, Nellie? Why did you come here? Surely you want me as I do you."

Trembling, I fought free of his hot hands, working my way backward to the door, my robe left behind me in the struggle. It must all be a bad dream, a nightmare. I must soon wake up.

I stumbled out into the yard blindly, not caring where my feet led.

"Come back, Nellie, come back!" Mr. Cary called from the door. "Don't be foolish. You'll catch your death of cold. Come back, I tell you!"

With thumping heart, I stumbled on down the canyon, bruising my bare feet on the rocks, not conscious that I was headed for my old home. I felt that I must escape; that Mr. Cary, now enlarged by my emotions into some destructive monster, was behind me in pursuit. The rose bushes caught at my nightgown, tearing my flesh, but I hardly noticed them. It was not light enough to see the trail, but I ran on, not stopping until I was past the bunk houses, the barns and the corrals.

At the bend of the creek I paused for breath, my heart ready to choke me. All was silent behind me, but just beyond the curve a lone figure bent above a campfire.

I tried to move quietly but a twig snapped under me and I saw the figure leap to his feet and pull a gun from its holster.



"Don't shoot!" I called in a shaking voice. I knew that my white nightgown would stand out in the darkness.

"Who is it?" Instantly I recognized Harry Jo's voice.

"It's Nellie," I cried, amazed at the fate that had brought me to Harry Jo. I felt a warm sense of relief sweep over my shaking body.

"Nellie, what you doing here? I thought you were a coyote or some wild creature." Harry Jo came swiftly toward me.

"I—I ran away from him, Harry Jo. I couldn't care for him that way. He was so good to me, but I couldn't, I couldn't!" I was crying hysterically, each sob bringing relief as Harry Jo's arms went roughly about me.

"TELL me, Nellie," Harry Jo said, fiercely shaking me, "Tell me, you haven't been his woman?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't! He was like a father to me, and then so quickly he changed. I'm so sorry, I didn't want him to be different."

"It's high time you was coming to me, Nellie. Every night I come up here to be close. I said maybe I come close, you can't forget me. I couldn't let him have you. You're meant for my woman."

Willingly I let Harry Jo wrap me in his blanket and place me by his fire. There seemed to be no one in the world so good then as Harry Jo.

"We'll go to that white preacher tomorrow, Nellie. I've waited too long already. I'll be good to you. I'll work for you. Don't worry, I'll never be a lazy Injun."

\* \* \*

I have been Harry Jo's wife for four years now, and we have two precious babies. We live on Harry Jo's allotment where renters have left a modern little house.

We are just below the foothills of a historical old mountain range. Looking into the sunset I can see the grove of mighty old oaks that hide the buildings of the old fort where, years ago, my grandfather lived for a brief time.

How different from my grandmother's home, is my little home with its garden and flowers, its gasoline washer, its radio, and sewing machine.

Harry Jo tries courageously to farm the land well, though it is still a new and strange occupation to him. And he is also building up his herd of cattle.

I know there are times when he longs for the freedom of the old life; the fishing trips and the berry picnics, but his love for me and the babies holds him. He never complains, and has never become a "lazy Injun."

To the white people, we are just "Injuns." The half-breeds ignore us and we do not want to fall in with the tribe. We want to bring up our children as the white people, and to keep them free from the disease and drink that are a scourge to our race.

We want to win a place among the white people by our efforts and determination but we can never hope to be accepted socially.

I know there must be many other Indian girls with problems like mine.

In the nearest town, a large, modern school is being erected which my children will some day attend. Will it be an advantage or a disadvantage to them?

But we are going to fight to make a home for our children and we have each other and our love; although I must be called, with the other women of my race, "a squaw."

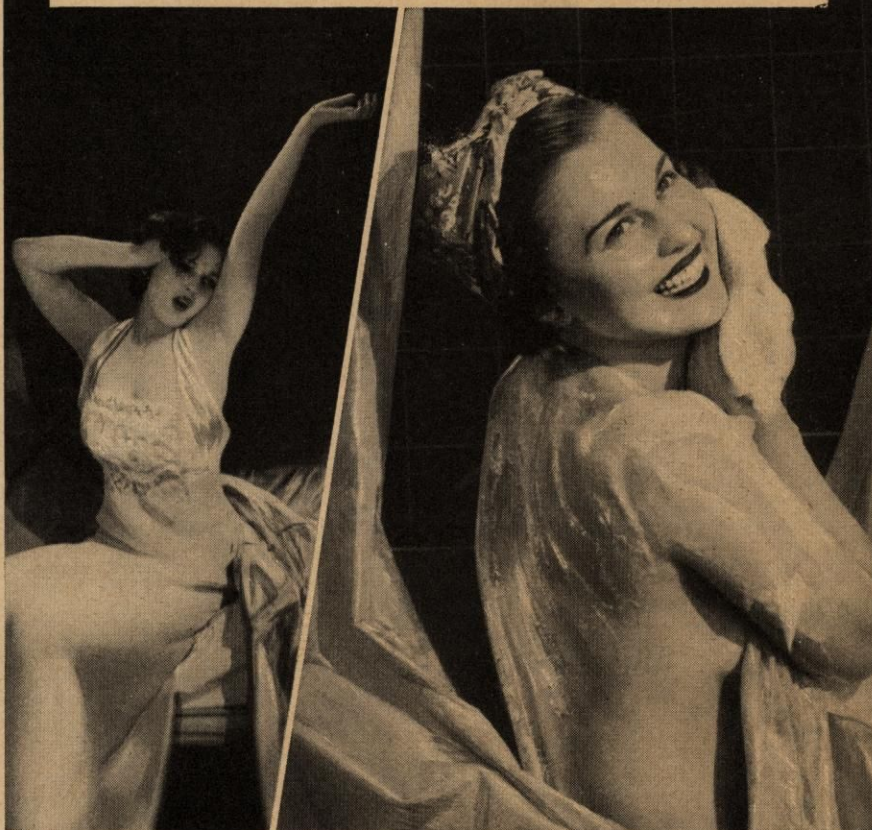
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If so, obtain Form S22 and 22B from the carrier or your local Post Office and mail it to the following address at once. You will then be assured of the uninterrupted delivery of your magazine.  
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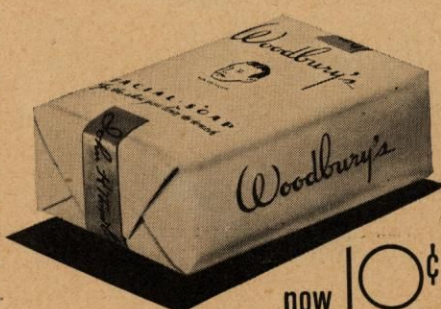
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ing American university have proved it!

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So begin today to give your complexion Woodbury's "Filtered Sunshine". Let this soap with Vitamin D keep all your skin fit and healthy, fresh, alive.

Only 10¢ now at drug, department, ten-cent stores and grocers' everywhere.



now 10¢



# No Woman's Right

(Continued from page 49)

One morning, I was walking back to my room. It had been a particularly happy morning, the echoes of my instructor's praises were tingling pleasantly in my ears. I was going back for lunch and an hour's rest before the afternoon's arduous practice.

But, instead of the customary letter I had been expecting from Dad, Mrs. Betts handed me a telegram. It was brief, but for several tense minutes I could not grasp the full, terrible meaning of it.

"Come home immediately, your father very ill," it read. It was signed "Bob."

The receipt of the message was so unexpected. Somehow I could not connect Dad with real illness, he had always been so robust. An icy hand seemed to clutch at my heart, something immovable seemed to stick in my throat.

REMEMBER the next hour vaguely; my dazed, yet hurried throwing of some things haphazardly into a bag; Mrs. Betts trying to help in a flustered way, and promising to pack the rest of my things in my trunk and send it on. The interminable, agonizing ride on the train, the meeting with a white-faced, serious Bob at the station. The imploring, sad look with which he answered all my questions, and at last, entering Dad's room, knees trembling, heart beating to near suffocation. Dear God, how pale and weak he looked! I looked questioningly at the white-capped nurse; she nodded, whispered that I might speak to him. Trying desperately to still my trembling, summoning all the courage he had always tried to instill in me, I placed my hand lightly on Dad's pale one.

He opened his eyes, and the dear smile broke over his face. "Helen, my darling," he whispered, so low and weak I could hardly hear, "I'm glad you've come, it's good to see you again."

After that, he had rallied long enough to tell me, "Sit down, here next to me, my darling. Put your arm around me. I want to say something to you." I had done so, and then he had continued, "Now, dear, I want you to listen closely. I'm afraid I won't make the grade this time, but I don't want you to be too sorry. Promise me that. You see, you mustn't forget that when I go, I will be meeting some one I've been waiting a long time to meet—your mother—and the two of us will watch over our darling."

"But this is what I wanted really to tell you:

"Bob loves you, has loved you for a long time. I hope you will find you can return that love, and marry him. He's a fine chap; I could not find a better husband for my girl.

"I know you've planned and looked forward to a career, and if I were granted more time, I'd want you to go on with it first, for after all, you are very young. But, as it's turned out, I'll go happier, knowing that you and Bob will be together always. He has promised to look after you, even should you not care enough to marry him. Do as your heart dictates, Helen. I know my girl can think for herself, but I hope your answer to Bob's question will be 'yes.' But, at any rate, you'll think about it, dear?"

I could not speak; could only nod my head. He leaned back with a sigh of contentment. After that, he apparently fell into a peaceful sleep, but he was never to awaken again. The doctor told me that Dad had been suffering from a leaky heart for a long time, this last attack had been the fatal culmination of a series of milder attacks. And I had never even known! He

had not wanted to distress me! As quietly as he had lived, so quietly he left life.

The weeks following the funeral were heartbreaking enough. I don't know how I could have stood it without Bob's constant presence. Everything reminded me of Dad. His books, his desk, his old favorite chair, with the lines grooved in as a perpetual reminder of where he had sat. But throughout my grief my intense suffering and longing for the gentle man who had been everything to me, I was conscious of one happy thought—that Dad had died happy in the belief that he left me well provided for. I was glad that Dad had not known that most of the money he had invested to provide for my comfort, was lost. The lawyer had explained it. Had Dad lived, he probably would have pulled it through, but his sudden death had left things at loose ends. Just an insurance policy remained. Though the lawyer's words had frightened me, still I was glad that Dad had not known.

The career I had so blithely looked forward to such a short while ago, seemed very far in the remote past. There was no money, but even if there had been, it became meaningless with Dad not here to share my happiness. I did not go back to the conservatory.

Several months passed. The house had to be disposed of. Heartbreaking thought! But I could not keep it—its upkeep was beyond my slender means.

It had not seemed so before, but during those months after Dad's death when only Kate, my old nurse, and I lived there alone, the house seemed so big and empty. It was then, when I talked with Bob about disposing of the place, that Bob spoke of what was nearest his heart. He told me of his love, the sweet, tender love he had always felt for me.

"OH, my sweet," he whispered, "I've never dared to say anything before, though it was awfully hard at times. You've always treated me as a sort of older brother, and then you've always been wrapped up in your music. But now, Helen dearest, I want so much to take care of you, to love you, to have you with me, always. Could you care a little in return, enough to make the thought of marrying me not too hard to bear?"

Darling, lovable Bob! With his arms around me, his whispering lips so close to mine, I realized suddenly that I *did* love him in the only way a woman loves the only man, the way he wanted me to love him. I raised my face for a kiss. He crushed me to him, roughly, and yet so infinitely tender! Oh, how wonderful it was to be in his arms, as again and again he rained kisses on my face.

Our wedding, naturally, was a very quiet affair. Just the minister and Kate and Bob's parents. I had no family of my own. My aunt, Dad's only sister, whom I'd never known, lived in Vancouver with her husband and family. As I stood there, with Bob by my side, listening to the minister's words, I suddenly realized how utterly alone I was. For a moment I was terrified. Then, looking up at Bob, with his reassuring smile, the feeling passed. I could never be alone, no, not when I had Bob. He was my world.

There followed weeks of happiness, such as I had never dreamed of. It was with renewed wonder and awe each time that I gazed at my husband. He was the same Bob I had always known and yet what a wonderfully different Bob! But while I had always looked upon him just as a valued friend, I now saw him with the eyes of an adored wife. He was wonderful!

I delighted in the new house he had taken on the other side of the town, not far from his office. I found enchantment in fixing it up with new furniture and draperies. I had taken only a few things from the old house; books, Dad's chair and desk, and my beloved piano. The rest was sold. And Kate—the dear soul—was with us in our new home. She had been overjoyed at coming with us.

Bob and his old chum, Ben Parket, had formed a partnership together. Both had taken an accountants' course and had finished together. They were both well liked in the community, and when they established their office, the business flourished almost from the start. In fact, they were on the way to becoming amazingly successful. Ben and his wife lived not very far from us.

WE lived very quietly the first year, with friends dropping in for a quiet evening or we visited some of them occasionally. But mostly we were contented to stay home, just the two of us, Bob relaxing in the easy chair, reading and smoking his pipe, while I played the piano softly. Or we'd sit and chat, giving each other the small news of the day, happy and satisfied just to be together. If, at times, there was a pang for my lost career, I put the thought aside. Bob was my only career now. His quiet satisfaction when I played, was worth more than the applause of thousands.

Later, we were drawn into the social life of the town. We could not very well help that. Bob was popular and we were received with open arms by everybody worth while, and soon we were part of society. My services as a musician were in demand often at this or that function. I gladly consented, feeling that after all my accomplishment was not wholly in vain if, in a small way, it helped in a worthy cause. Between the praises and compliments of friends, and my husband's all too evident pride in me, I'm afraid the flattery of it all turned my head a little. It was delightful to know that I was liked a bit for myself.

A second happy year went by. Then a brief consultation with the doctor confirmed my suspicions that my secret longing was to be realized. When I whispered the glad news to Bob, his expression of unbelief, amazement, and then joy, was wonderful. Almost as if he were breathing a prayer, he whispered huskily, "My darling, *our* baby! Yours and mine!"

It was next to ridiculous to watch Bob's attitude toward me in the following months. If he had loved and adored me before—well—now I had become something almost holy. He seemed almost afraid to touch me, as if I had become too fragile to touch, and would break at the least little jar. It was silly, of course, but I loved the absurdity of it. What woman doesn't, when she knows and is told over and over, that she is the main object of her man's devotion, and adoration?

At the appointed time, I entered a private maternity hospital. I don't believe my case was any more difficult than the average, but it did seem pretty awful at the time. Bob was the picture of despair. When, at last, the awful racking pain was gone and I lay weakly on the hospital bed, our son was brought to me. What a funny little, red-looking, adorable monkey he was! Bob was simply wild with joy!

I was of a naturally healthy constitution, and very shortly I regained my strength. Kate, who had been my nurse, was crazy over the baby. She would not hear of my getting a younger and stronger nurse. I had long ago vowed that Kate would always



[Vocational Training, ""]

E Bar Ranch

September 2 1953

[picture removed]

Dear Mr. Relander:

I have just received word from Blanch Emery that the U.S. Dept. of Interior annual report for 1861 ( from the University ) is in the out library at Yakima for my use there but cannot be taken. It will be held until September 20, but it is almost impossible for me to be in town long enough to copy the material if it is of any length. I wonder if you have this report, and if not, if you would have time to copy it for us as you will probably want it in the research files. It is held at the main desk in my name.

I am sending a picture of Larry George and a bit about him with the hope that you might find a corner for it in the paper (no reference to me or charge), I think it would give him a little publicity and encouragement. I think that he is improving and I am hoping to get some of his work mounted for display at the Fair. I feel that he deserves a place in the regular art display but so far I have been able to contact only the Indian Club leader-Mr. Strait.

Sincerely,

Thelma Kimmel



# Indian Displays Artistic Future

Larry George, Yakima Indian boy who designed the cover for Mrs. Thelma Kimmel's "The Fort Simcoe Story", continues to get calls for his copies of Charles Russel pictures.

One of his pictures recently went to an Oregon collector of western pictures by Russel. Although Larry perhaps has some distance to go to reach Russel's color technique, critics are amazed at his drawing skill that all but surpasses many of the originals.

His work is not all copying, for he has done some excellent designing. He is studying hard by correspondence drawing courses with an eye to developing his own style.

Yppenish Review  
4-29-54

[Enclosure 2 Sep 55]



nigh." Luke 21:28-30.

We know not the hour—but it is near, "even at the doors." The hour is striking. It is the beginning of God's tomorrow! Are you ready for it? (Next: What Your Adventist Neighbors Believe.)

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E Bar Touch  
Sept. 9. 1953

Dear Mr. Pelander.

The book Mrs. Emery ordered to be read at the Yakima Library was not the one I wanted. I hope I caused you no inconvenience by writing. I have the Oregon Historical reports on Wilbur (1918) and (1909) if these are the ones you suggested.

There might be a nice little news story about the new art teacher at Changer if you happened to be down that way. She just drove in straight from New York.

I hope Mrs. Pelander is having a wonderful trip.

Sincerely,  
Thelma Himmel



E Bar Ranch  
Oct. 3 1953

Dear Mr. Gelander:

Thank you for the information sent. I doubt if we will attempt a copyright on the booklet. The doctor gave Elmer little encouragement other than experimental surgery. He suffers considerably.

Kay appreciated the program and ordered tickets immediately. She is back at school and apparently as busy as she always is. With good luck she will have five years of college work and two years of teaching finished in a five year period.

The sculpturing sounded so interesting and I do hope you have the best of luck with "Drummers and Dreamers". I couldn't help but think how much better your articles are written than those in Heritage and other magazines.

Thanks again for your thoughtfulness,

Sincerely,

Thelma - Elmer - Kay  
Kimmel

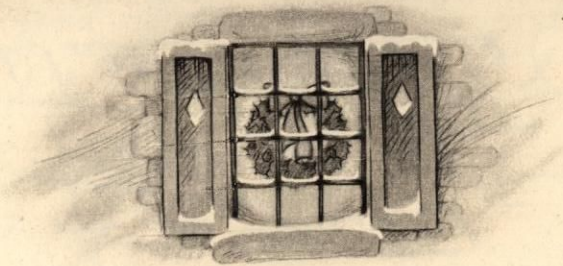




STEEL ENGRAVED 5

*Holiday Greetings*





And good wishes  
for happiness  
in the coming year

To you and yours  
all good wishes -  
the Kimmels

(inside)



E Bar  
May 24 - 54

Dear Mr. Velander.

Thank you for the order and the  
clippings and congratulations for your much-deserved  
prize and for what promises to be a wonderful  
book publication. Did you enjoy the Conference and  
find it educational?

We made a rush trip to Seattle last  
wk. to see Neurologist Rankin and learned that  
they had just missed the right spot on the spine  
when operating for Elmer last fall. He has been  
suffering considerably. Now surgery seems inevitable -  
However Rankin recommends Stevenson as the best  
spinal surgeon in the West.

Ray has been notified that she has  
her Masters (Special research - 6 hr. rating - gr. A) and her  
thesis is being bound for the college library (and loan).  
So she is ready to relax (I hope). She has a home  
course in French (records and all) ready to tackle this  
summer. Her official graduation is Sun. (30).



Did I tell you that Park Supt. Weldon wrote to us wanting artifacts for a wall of his new museum? - I feel that all here should be saved for Lincoln unless it has a direct Whitman connection. If you know of any one having such material, he would appreciate hearing about it.

We have had a couple of nice Sundays with the Nelsons (Bickleton). He has been finding some interesting Indian relics. I haven't approached him on the loan of it as yet. Schellehan (? spelling) of Prosser is doing some ardent collecting but I think he has a "commercial" slant. It has become something of a mania -

Because of the drought the wild flowers are not so profuse this spring in the hills. There are rock and relic hunters out everywhere -

We were told that Fred Jensen left an incredible amount of old implements (mostly farming) and that they were going to a junk dealer. It might be worth while for an investigating committee to look into it for possible relics -



I have just had to turn down the requests  
 (on J. L. Simcoe) to speak at different meetings but I try to send  
 material or a substitute - With all our "ailments"  
 this year - just about have my hands full -

I've been informed that "Linnæa Story" will be our  
 next year's school book - Makes me wish all the  
 more that it was more completely done -

Larry George is improving in his work. He is  
 taking the same art course now that John Clymer started  
 out with. (so I was told). I hope Mr. Skarnas' leaving  
 will make no difference in his future - I am  
 sorry to have Mr. Skarnas go as he seems like  
 such an intelligent leader - but imagine he looks  
 forward to a new field -

We are finding interesting things in our sand pile  
 but really need digging & sieving equipment -

Thanks again -

Sincerely,  
 Melina L.

The book will go out  
 today



E Bar Touch  
June 8 1954

Dear Mr. Pelander.

If it would be possible for you to speak at the Silicium Club in Wapato on the evening of November 16, will you please let me know this week. They want a member of the Research Committee to talk to them on Fort Simcoe, its history, museum, etc.

I am writing to you as you are much the best prepared but if you feel that you cannot spare the time I will contact Mrs. Graves. I promised to let the club know soon as they are preparing their winter program.

Elmer has had his surgery and feels much improved. They found a crushed disc this time. We hope to bring him home soon. His shop burned down in last Thursday's storm. He has been the mechanic for the Satus Community for years so he lost quite



2.  
a collection of tools and equipment.

Jacks have been digging around here finding more arrow heads. We haven't had much time ourselves. Ray was most pleasantly surprised by the gift of a samisen from a little old Japanese lady who found out she was interested in musical instruments.

Mrs. Foster gave me a stereoscope pic. of the black house at Fort Simcoe made by L. C. Smith 114 South 9th. Street. North yak. There is an elderly man sitting by the bld. but there is no name or date.

I guess I told you that we visited the old Morris Log house in the woods back of Cleveland. It was built in 1878 and had bits of newspaper for 1882 but none that we could piece together in sequence. If you happen to attend the Pioneer Picnic you might follow the trail just back of the park and get a picture and story. It is quite picturesque -



The Buckleton rock club seems to be quite active and there seems to be an epidemic of relic hunting all along the Columbia - The neighbors are bringing huge petrified tree chunks down from the Reservation hills. They said that now we had shown them what to look for they start digging whenever they see a sign - The Indian country is practically untouched as yet.

I will appreciate a note about the club talk -

Very Best Wishes

Thelma X.



E Bar

Aug 2<sup>nd</sup> '54

Dear Mr. Kelander:

I am going to bother you again -  
Do you suppose you could find Don Lockman's  
address for me? I have been unable to locate  
it. Larry has a stock of pictures for the  
fair including a Russell picture. He sells the  
Russells pictures so fast that it is hard to collect  
a group. He has been getting ten to fifteen dollars  
for them. I am trying hopefully to interest  
him in original ideas. He has done some ex-  
cellent portraits (or so we "locals" think).

I enjoyed the Priest Rapids article -  
From the excellent writing you have done in the  
papers - there is no doubt about the value of  
your book. I was pleased to know that a  
New York City library had sent for "The Fort Sincere  
Story". I am so anxious to get a full<sup>size</sup> volume done.



Mr. Allen says orders come in slowly but quite persistently. Mr. Shellen sent me the gift of his "Courage and Water" and asked for some way the Restoration Society might boast my booklet. He seems to feel it is "boasting" the project and I am glad for that. He also thought I would enjoy attending the Sept. 10 - affair but it seems to me I wouldn't belong in that.

We picnicked yesterday with the Nelsons and found some arrow heads, flint scrapers etc. up in the cattle pasture on the old Eliza Sapelia camp site. Indian Springs.

We visited with the Aukens at Vantage a couple of weeks ago on a trip to Moses Lake and another collector was there with a new find of arrow heads. As you probably know the University students have been busy digging all summer. They were all most adamant about loaning anything to museums - saying that even the best couldn't be protected from theft and unreliability.

Sincerely, Helma X-



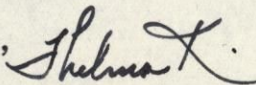
E Bar Ranch  
September 20 1954

Dear Mr. Relander:

I feel both sorry and guilty that I could not take advantage of your request to bring Larry George up for pictures and story. It seems there have been too many demands here. However I hope Larry's work will speak for itself at the Fair. We have another young Satus artist who is studying architectural engineering at J.C. He is very shy and needs a great deal of encouragement but I believe you would find John Morgan's work promising. I wish some architect might give him apprentice work. I happened to see your friends in Toppenish this summer and they seemed to be busy with their anthropology work. I had a short visit with Mrs. peeler and she told me about her trips to Washington and the tragedy of Mrs. Swanstrom. It seems a tragedy to me that Fort Simcoe is being stripped down to represent only the military period when that was such a short and not too significant time. The twenty years that followed were so full of historical significance. It also hurts to see the interest in Fort Simcoe lag. I was there this summer for a short visit and watched tourists from other states turn away in disappointment. They were not allowed to enter the buildings and <sup>were told they</sup> would not be able to see any exhibits until the restoration was completed, and that would be when money enough was raised for the work. Concessions would not be allowed until that time. If money is needed, it seems that some concessions could be going to draw interest and aid in the financing. I'd like to see the fort restored to represent the bustling agency it once was, with schools and shops etc. Indian work could be sold to summer tourists, as well as books, pamphlets etc.

By the way, do you happen to have a map of the old Dalles-Fort Simcoe road? I have had several requests for it lately. I have an acquaintance who traveled over it with old Abraham Lincoln, who lived at the Fort, if I can locate him. Mr. Allen reported last wk. that the "Fort Simcoe" booklets were still selling. I hope you have had a pleasant and productive summer.

Sincerely,

  
Thelma Kimmel



E Bar Ranch  
Oct. 18 1954

Dear Mr. Kelander:

Again I am writing to ask a favor. Would it be possible for you to speak before the <sup>Wash</sup> history class of the Sunnyside School on Fort Simcoe and perhaps on your own book and research writing? If so will you please write to: Robert S. Virgin - Box 362, Sunnyside - naming your time and day. If you cannot do so please write to me. I know you are very busy and that these arrangements are hard to make. Mrs. Meyers wrote me that they were looking forward so much to your Wafato talk. Larry George was very pleased



with his fire prizes. I am anxious to know what you think of his work.

I have just had notice that an article of mine will appear in Oct. 24 issue of Tacoma Tribune Pacific Parade. I am anxious to find time to fill their request for more articles.

I am sure you know of Adam East's museum but we did enjoy viewing his artifacts and listening to him on a recent visit to Moses Lake. Ray finds the work and people most interesting but everything is so new and crowded that there is much confusion and an endless amount of work in getting a program set up. Add to it the expected participation in Symphony Orchestra, Chorus-etc.

We drove to O'Sullivan Dam but could



find no one to tell us where Lord Blyth's  
palace mansion had been.

I was sorry to miss your Archer Art. (Jt. Sim.)  
and have hoped to trace a copy.

Mr. Allen told me last wk. the library  
orders were still coming in for the  
booklet -

Sincerely,  
F. H. K.  
Henna



E. Bar. Trench  
Oct. 28 1954

[Kimmel]

Dear Mr. Trench:

Many thanks for your response to my letter and for the Archer article which has so much of interest in it. I hope to get at least one book typed this winter. We have our shop going strong again & as I am "mechanics helper" the writing has to be secondary.

I received a clipping of the Kammikin article from Mrs. Richardson - published Oct. 10. in the Wenatchee Daily World

Mr. Nelson<sup>(Burkleton)</sup> loaned me his Lewis and Clark Journals (De Voto) and I am hoping to get them read. Mrs. Nelson is teaching in Grandview High this year.

Thanks again very much -

P.S. I am pleased that you feel Larry has promise.

Sincerely,

Helma K.



[Thelma Kimmel?]

E Bar Ranch  
January 14 1955

[Kimmel]

Dear Mr. Relander:

I received notice that an article of mine on Fort Simcoe was printed in The Tacoma Pacific Parade on January 9. I was not notified ahead of the publication so do not know whether I will be able to get copies. If I do I will send one to you. I also had the news that my "The Fort Simcoe Story" was being bought and used in connection with their Washington History Course, by C.W.C.E.

Sometime ago I sent an article to the Herald on the death of  
(after the Pacific Parade article of mine which I sent to you)  
Simon Shafer with a story and pictures of his museum, but the editor wrote me that the story was never received so the pictures were most likely lost. As Simon was a pioneer of Outlook I felt that many would be interested.

This has been a very full winter and I have only started to type one of the novels I had hoped to do years ago. We will probably know by next week whether Elmer has to undergo his third spinal operation. He has been working steadily in the new shop and that seems to be much easier than sitting or riding which seems very painful.

Moses Lake Civic Symphony Orchestra put on their second  
n  
Cocert last Monday night - since their beginning in 1953 under the direction of Dale Johnson. Jeanette Pekneik, ballet artist, studying at the Univerity, was their guest performer. Kay played with the violins and Ann(Rosser)Ballard of Yakima, who teaches there, played with the flutes. Kay said their time had been well filled with practicing for the event which was sponsored by the Soroptimists who sold the tickets. They have several performers from Ellensburg- Dr George Beck of CWCE is their cellist , and others from Ephrata and Warden as well as Moses Lake-forty in all. It seems like the town goes all out for cultural undertakings but next years expected increase of 2000 students is apt to put an end to ert and music in the schools.



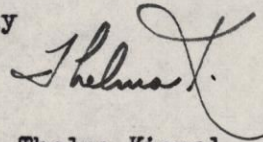
[Kimmel Series]  
[Conclusion of Jan 14, 1955?]

I am most anxious that you see some of the work of John Morgan, a neighbor boy who is attending Yakima J.C. I think I wrote you about him before. He is studying architectural engineering and hopes very much to attend the University next year. He will not be able to do this without some financial aid. If you know of any scholarships or any groups offering help to talented students the information would be so very much appreciated. John is quite versatile in his work, can do either modernistic or realistic pictures and designs and has a wealth of appreciation, and I believe considerable intelligence. I am not any authority on art but I feel that his "houses of tomorrow" show beauty and skill and originality. He does not copy as Larry does though I am very hopeful of Larry's future.

who  
We had two house guests over the holidays were University graduates and art majors so the discussions ran high and quite beyond our lay appreciations.

I do hope that you have a wonderful New Year for your writing and hobbies.

Sincerely

  
Thelma Kimmel



Feb. 13. 1955  
E. Bar

Dear Mr. Kelander:

Thank you for your letter and interest. I wonder if you have had a chance to look up Mrs. Annie Billie, the Indian lady, about whom I wrote to you. Mrs. Morgan tells me that she is very old - past 100 - and that one might do well to talk to her <sup>(because of her foolishness)</sup> soon; that the other Indians believe she has special powers, even to causing death at long distance for her enemies. I have had no experience trying to talk through an interpreter so I hope you will be able to communicate with her soon if you are interested. I surely appreciated getting the clippings - yours are always so packed with information and interest. I recently had a letter from Mrs. ("Archie Wood") Richards and she had so much good to say of "Drummers and Dreamers" - I hope you can see John Morgan's work - and especially his designs for "houses of tomorrow". He is very shy but so interested in becoming an artist and architect I hope some way will show up for him to attend the U. He works at the "Four Winds" now to earn his school money. About the booklet publication cost - I can't offer any information. When Mr. Allen asked me about publishing "The Fat Sioux story", he just said, "I think I can make some money for you and me", and no business arrangements were made.



(He gave me 23 free copies)

So many teachers and students had asked me for material on Wilbur and Fort Lincrope I was just glad to have it printed. When I go in to buy copies for those ordering autographed booklets, he charges me the full price plus tax and as most fail to send postage or tax with their dollar - I pay that, which of course isn't much. I guess Broads get 40% for selling. I don't know whether Mr. Allen intends to make me any final payment or whether he has made a second printing. However, if the book has helped any to arouse interest, I am satisfied. There have been orders from a great variety of people and places, colleges, and even from New York libraries - quite surprising to me.

Maxine Nelson (the Bickleton folks) was here with her <sup>little</sup> <sup>brother</sup> last night. Mr. Nelson (Elmer) is now visiting a brother in Paris and relatives in Denmark. We are anxious to hear all about his trip - he plans to fly home this week.

Elmer X. is much better after undergoing severe shots to dissolve scar tissue forming on the spine. We hope to be able to go up to see Xay soon. We have had dozens (almost) of neighbor hood tractors to repair this winter and now the sugar beet outfit at Tappinsh wants him to do theirs but I don't think we will add that to our local work.



I am so happy that we've been able to carry on as much as we have after almost a year's loss of work. It will soon be cattle time. I really want to do a biography of Wilbur but beyond that I'm anxious to get on with the novels.

Elmer is pursuing his gun hobby and re-loading shells for a new scope. rifle whenever he finds a minute - and (I doubt if he can do much of it) hoping he will be able to tramp the hills again. Neighbors are getting set for rock hunting again. Did I ever tell you about all the petrified trees Mr. Puryear rescued from the Snipes Mountain Grand Pits? Beautiful to look at.

Jay says they are preparing for quite a few singing Concerts this spring - the adult group. School work surely keeps her busy with new schools to organize etc. My sister enjoyed last Sunday's ballet also. The best we have done is the Napoleon story "Desiree". When looking up Wilbur's N.Y. period I found that his brother (Joseph Bonaparte Helme) lived in exile near to Wilbur's Cincinnati. He had a special tree made <sup>into a chair</sup> for his immense size, so that he could sit and shoot deer his servants drove to him.

This seems to be a long letter so. Thanks very much again.  
Step by any time - Sincerely - the Kimmels (over)

Not as the historical lens - but I'm enjoying Schweitzer's Philosophy of Civilization.



For the Historical Conference in Spokane  
have you included - Robert S. Virgin  
P.O. Box 1362 Sunnyside

and

Mrs. Marie Richardson - Box 855 - Wenatchee!



E Bar  
April 11 1955

Dear Mr. Relander:

First of all-Congratualations for your much deserved Newspaper honors. May your success continue- I know it will. A set back in the heart condition has rather held me at home this spring except for visits to the doctor. I would like to attend the historical convention now that it is so close to home but I know it will be impossible. James Babb has been kind enough to have the Yale librarians search for material on Wilbur's Eastern period for me. It is also possible that he may bring some of it with him to the conference. If he happens to do this I suggested that he give the information to you. I will appreciate it very much if you find it possible to collect any notes for me- though I can well imagine you will be more than busy. Mr. Sheller advised me to hurry up my biography as the time is propitious. I have enough for book size but would like more of that early period. I do hope you have had luck with the pamphlet and I am looking forward to its publication. I have been getting so many nice letters about the Simcoe booklet- makes me feel good even though I know they are not really deserved. Also about the article inspite of the printing mistakes. Mr. Nelson(Bickleton) flew to Europe in January to visit with his brother in Paris and with relatives in Denmark -quite a trip- so fast by plane. Elmer is so much better that it seeme almost miraculous. He has already been on a rock and chuck hunt- 18 chucks and some petrified wood. We have had a few arrowheads and much flint and some shells unearthed here by these terrific winds. Key lost two weeks of school with laryngitis and the doctor ordered no singing for months. She has had to do her demonstrating with instruments. However they told her they would give her two more helpers if she would return next year and she was asked to teach a college extension course there. I could not attend the Chinook meeting because of illness but my siater attended in my place. Mr. Sheller also wrote me some notes on the meeting. I wonder if details of the Historical Conference could be sent to Rev. Hubert Vincent-Rockford, Wash. I guess Reverend Reisner of Toppenish decided not to wait for us and gave his collection of pictures to the local library.

Excuse typing- sincerely-

Shelma K-



E Bar Ranch  
May 20 1955

Dear Mr. Pelander: Thank you for the grand article. The  
Linnets are again out of circulation except for doctors & hospitals -  
Elmer had a sudden recurrence of the back trouble and has  
been down for sometime with the doctors trying various treatments.  
Tuesday we made another trip to Dr. Tankin in Seattle. Do  
not know yet whether surgery is imminent. I am just getting  
some strength back after another heart attack. However our  
troubles seemed as nothing when we were at St. Elizabeths  
and saw one of our Ganger youngsters - a senior this year -  
lying between life & death with rheumatic heart. It isn't  
so bad for us older ones -

I have been most anxious  
to hear about the Historical Conference & wonder if you came  
home with many new ideas. Mrs. Travis wrote me that  
she was unable to attend because of a leg injury. I watched  
the papers but evidently missed any accounts if such there  
were.

We made one trip this spring to Whitman  
Mission and found them very depressed by lack of funds,  
and intent to sponsor the planned-for museum. Promised  
to do something in the way of writing a booster - Took a  
few pics.



2.

We have had to have others do our work at the ranch and have been with my sister in Changer the past month - We are surely anxious to get back & catch up with the work. The wind rolled us up some big sand dunes this spring but also unrolled a new bed of flint with occasional worked pieces.

My sister has built up quite a nice Northmont Library section for the youngsters at school and also keeps her own in circulation for students and teachers - She is curriculum supervisor and Librarian and terrifically busy. Has the hope of writing juvenile Northmont stories when she retires - I am sure she will never retire - Never saw anyone love her work so much.

(Dr.)

Did you know that Marion Hancome <sup>1917-1918</sup> <sup>Reedley</sup> of California - one time Principal of the Outlook School, had just published a new book "Appointment with Fortune"? It is definitely a story of his own life though not openly avowed as such. One part deals with his experiences at Outlook - (Vantage Press - Copy. 1955) I can remember the author as I was in Outlook grade school at the time. Also remember his wife who is very much in the story - I think a lot of local people remember him though I am not sure just what impressions he may have left.

If you have time I will enjoy hearing something of James Babb though I know that you must be more than busy



now with the Treaty Centennial. I didn't find time to do anything for the papers. I keep hoping that I can fill some of the requests and also carry out some of my own plans for writing this up.

Is the research work through as a group for the Fort Sincere Society? Will the Yakima Museum take precedence?

If you were influential in doing the article on John Morgan (which I did not get to see) and in finding him his first architectural work - thanks so very much. Larry George is working in oils but I am not able to judge his progress.

Thanks again for your thoughtfulness -

Best wishes -

from the Limmels



(Temporary address:  
Box 355 Changer)  
Aug. 30. 1955

Dear Chick Pelander.

Again I am writing to ask a favor. I have need of a picture of Wilbur as soon as possible. Will it be convenient for you to have another one finished for me?

I hope you have had a pleasant and profitable summer. Elmer had his <sup>(bone fusion)</sup> third spinal surgery on July 20 in Seattle and seems to be getting along fine. Ray and I spent two wks. with him and during the time we could not be at the hospital we took in all the museums and libraries we could contact. Enjoyed it all as much as possible under the circumstances. Surely a lot of wonderful things.

We left Elmer to convalesce with friends so Ray could attend the Music Work Shop at



C.W.C.E. conducted by Lilla Belle Pitts of  
Columbia. I visited classes and haunted the  
Northwest Library. So in a way I had a  
rather profitable summer though I did no  
winning.

We have another trip to the Seattle  
doctors before going back to the ranch. Mail  
reaches us at both places but quicker here.

If there is more charge on this request causes  
difficulty, please let me know.

Sincerely,  
Helma



B-353 - Changer, Wash.  
Sept. 7 1955-

Dear Chick Kelander -

Thank you so much for the book -  
picture and good letter. I am sure there must be  
some charge for the picture and mailing anyway -  
I immediately mailed out notices to the following  
persons:

Irving Petite - Box 5-284 - Issaquah, Wash.

Jerome Pettie - Clark's Old Book Store - Spokane.

John White - 623 E Palat St. Dayton -

Elmer Nelson - Bickleton

I will send the other to Robert Weldon at Whitman  
Museum. These people are all intensely interested in  
state history and I believe are good prospects - Have  
you mailed a notice to Leta and Clara Smith - Olmstead  
Place, Ellensburg?

Here are other prospects:

Roger Chute - 432 (winter traveler)  
East Alder St.

Walla Walla, Wash

Mrs. Paul Ruffy

Rt 1, Twisp, Wash.  
(Winthrop Museum)

Anna J. Graham  
615 Jefferson, Ave.  
Tappanish, Wash.

Most of these named  
seemed especially  
interested in my book  
so I'm sending them  
knowing you have  
much more historical  
value they will be even more  
receptive.



N. L. Goodwin - 6418 Alder - Tacoma 9. Wash.

E. T. Hatten <sup>(Historian)</sup> - Centralia - 415 N. Iron - Wash.

M. B. <sup>(History teacher at Seattle University Summer School)</sup> Lecture - 901 - 18th. Ave. North - Seattle, Wash.

Seattle - History and Industry Museum - 2720 - 1st Wash. North.  
(They said they were ordering my book here)

Mark Piindle <sup>(Indian collector)</sup> 302 Dayton Ave. Tappanish, Wash.

Mrs. Marie Richardson - Box 855, Wenatchee, Wash.  
(Historian)

Rev. Hubert Vincent - Asotin, Wash. (Historian)

Robert S. Virgin - P.O. Box 362 - Sunnyvale, Wash.

I know that I can add more names later and I will notify all interested with whom I correspond.

My sister says she is sure her library will O.K. one if not two volumes. As they get a discount from Saxtons they will order direct. She and I will order our personal copy together as we share our <sup>N.W.</sup> library together and money is something of an issue at present. The book will be wonderful I know and we are looking forward to it.

Kay's music library has grown some this summer. I don't know where she will keep it all. Besides her increase of work in the schools they have asked her to serve on the Concert Directors board. She will probably be teaching night classes too. Outside of attending the Music Work Shop.



(she did not get to attend her Denver college etc. as planned)  
 she stayed to help us this summer.

We are enjoying your articles in the paper. I do hope  
 to get more done this winter - I was pleased to know  
 my little book was circulating in the school libraries but  
 I want to get the more complete one finished - a few  
 years ago Saxton wrote me to wait my turn and send  
 in the Wilbur Biography - I have never followed up -  
 Binford & Mott asked me to make more of a fictional  
 biography - I haven't prepared for that.

I had quite a letter from a Mr. Goodwin of Tacoma <sup>(address on Pg. 2)</sup>  
 who says he was an early Yakima pioneer and he wrote me  
 a rather sketchy account of the Moses story. Each one  
 tells the story a bit differently - but I'm glad to get it -

Yes, I have calls for articles waiting on me but I'm  
 either terribly busy or terribly slow -

Best Wishes  
 Thanks again from all -  
 the Kemmels -

Enclosed down payment on "Drummers and Dreamers".



Box 355 Langer, Wash.  
Sept. 8. 1955 -

Dear Chick Telander -

Since I wrote to you, my sister found that she could make an order direct to you, and I thought you might like to have it immediately. I wish you would send an order blank to <sup>Mr. & Mrs.</sup> Arthur Davis - Box 214 Tappinush (Indian collectors with plenty of money.) I found I didn't have another to send Mr. Weldon after all, so please include him - Robert K. Weldon - Whitman National Monument  
502 West Whitman Drive  
College Place, Wash.

Another possibility is Mrs. Gwen Kline  
(teacher - Langer, Wash.)

also - Mrs. Francis Furling  
Librarian - Eastvale School  
2902 Fruitvale Ave.  
Yakima, Wash.

Thanks again -  
Sincerely -

Helma T.



Box 355 Granger

September 12 1955

Dear Click Relander.:

Thank you for your letter and also a thankyou from my sister for Mr. Fergine . I am sending a notice immediately to Dr. Robert Ruby at Moses Lake and I will send others as I think of them. Please do not even consider any idea of commission or refund. You were more than helpful in promoting my booklet. I am sorry that Mr. Allen did not carry through his enthusiasm but Broad's tell me that orders 'continue to come in. I have been unable to learn from Mr. Allen whether he has made a second printing. The last orders that have come to me I have picked up at Broads.

In view of the past I have scarcely dared to be too enthusiastic over what seems to be Elmer's marvelous recovery. We are going to Seattle on the 20th for the check up and if all is well we will soon be home. He has had two years of suffering but since returning from the last hospital trip has not even taken one aspirin. To vary his diet of a <sup>consuming</sup> book a day he has been writing his memoirs of kid days in the wheat hills (you know I met him when I taught on the Rattlesnakes), and stories of hunting trips, etc. He can walk about but still can sit very little( Doctor's orders).

I've enjoyed the Long House Story. Charley Telekish is quite a personality. A few years ago he and his wife came to us tearfully <sup>out</sup> begging us to hurry to the jail and bale his son <sup>out</sup>. Jimmie had been arrested for drunken driving . We rushed in and paid the hundred dollars and <sup>(him on our lease)</sup> you never saw more delighted people. Jimmie said the Jail was "just too dirty and unsanitary"! Charley would never talk to me directly until after we took him up to his timber claim one day and shared a picnic lunch with him. He told Elmer (I listened) about all the old burial grounds etc. The next time I saw him he broke the barrier(descended from his dignity) by asking me "how I liked it up in the pines"?

Excuse hurried typing,

Thanks again-

Remaining book payment  
will follow soon -

All the -

Annals

P.S. Have you visited the old Ind. lady about whom I wrote -



[Enclosure, 12 Sep 55]

I'm mailing a notice of Drummers and Dreamers  
to Adam East - with the request that he  
pass it on <sup>(with instructions about publication)</sup> if he does not use it.

I am also mailing one to my nephew  
to take to his high school librarian - La Grande, Oregon.  
My nephew is going in for Journalism along with athletics, music -  
Student leadership etc.



September 18 1955

Dear Click Relander:

(La Grande, Ore.)

My nephew wrote me that his librarian was very interested in the notice of "Drummers and Dreamers" which he took to her, and that she would probably order it as she was building up a section on Indians of the Northwest. She suggested that I send an order to Dr. Lee Johnson of E.O.C. which I am sending at once. The librarian will no doubt order through the company as Oaxton's give them a special discount.

I was thrilled to read in today's paper that Adam East was at last to have a sponsor for his museum. <sup>(to whom I sent the book notice)</sup> Dr. Robert Ruby, of Moses Lake, wrote that he was very interested in your book and in studying the Northwest Indians more thoroughly. Have you read his book, "The Oglala Sioux"? His address- in case you do not have it- is 414 Crestview Drive, Moses Lake, Wash.

Tuesday is our Seattle day and we are looking forward hopefully. May also crowd in another visit to Volunteer Park Museum- I could spend hours in that library too.

Sincerely,

Helma



E Bar Ranch  
September 29 1955

Dear Click Relander:

I wonder if you could find it possible to print this little story and picture and give a local boy a little boost- no charge. No doubt you are acquainted with "The Oglala Sioux".

We are back on the ranch and Elmer is feeling good although he learned on his Seattle trip that the bone fusion was semi-hard and he was to do no heavy work until he returned for another check-up in sixty days.

We were sorry to read in the paper of the illness of your wife's father, and hope by now you have had better news.

I received a letter yesterday from Irving Petite, telling me that he had visited with you at the Long House dedication. He has a story on Maryhill coming out in October- Seattle Times. I am anxious to see the story. Seattle Times turned me down on a Maryhill Story which I sent on to Inland Empire and they published it, sending me the most complimentary letter I have ever received from an editor. So go the ways of writing.

Please do not worry if you cannot use this story. I just thought it might help out a young writer.

Under separate cover I am sending a money order for the final payment on "Drummers and Dreamers". All whom I have contacted seem most interested and I hope they will follow through.

Larry George did not do so well at the Fair this year though he seems to be doing more at school. The teacher has allowed him to conduct some of the classes and he has full charge of the art work for the school Annual.

Sincerely,

*Elmer X*  
*Family*



E BAR RANCH  
October 5 1955

Dear Click Relander:

I am sorry that I caused so much trouble about the book payment. I understood that money was not to be sent to the publisher, but when ordering direct to you it was permissible. The \$4 was to be added to the \$2 to complete our payment on the book. If it isn't handy for you to keep or apply at this time, you can return it when I see you and bill me later.

I don't believe I will join the Historical Society at this time. As far as participation in much of anything, the heart attacks this summer, make it imperative that I be quite careful for sometime.

I am pleased that you could use the Ruby article and thank you for your thoughtfulness about the clippings. I did not expect any payment for it. I hope that sometime before your book comes out (or around that time) I can have a try at your story-with picture- for the Sunday Magazines, especially dealing with your Indian work and sculptoring. I have been rather lucky with the Sundays and my time seems to discourage any longer works at present.

Elmer is doing gun repairing now that garage work is out for at least two months. He enjoys especially, polishing and repairing old guns for exhibit, but is getting hunting rifles ready for friends and neighbors. He regrets that he cannot go to the hills this year. He found an excellent spear head here recently. It is always fun hunting for them.

Kay is busy organizing a Central Washington Unit of M.E.N.C. for Elementary Music teachers. I believe they will hold their first meeting at the Chinook but I don't know the details.

We were sorry to hear about your wife's bereavement. Please extend to her our sympathy.

Stop and have coffee with us anytime you are down this way.

We'd like that.

Thanks again for everything,

Sincerely- Helma & Elmer K.

*P.S. El says if you ever find out what became of Dr. Anglin's (or Englund's) guns, he would appreciate knowing.*