

Sept. 28, 1956

Mildred McNeilly,
550 Orange Grove Circle,
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Mrs. McNeilly:

I am sending a carbon copy of my letter, in response of your letter received today, to my publisher. I believe it is self-explanatory.

I believe the publisher will send you a copy of D & D. In case he cannot, he will notify me promptly and I will air mail you a copy.

No, I do not have any agent, and I do not suspect that anything has been done regarding dramatic rights. As I recall, my contract provides mutual consent on that, although I am not sure.

There are many things concerning Smowhala and the prophets not included in the book. One of the surviving drummers, a very good specimen of a Yakima and a direct descendant of another outstanding prophet, is going with me on the book tour starting Oct. 6, publication date. He will replace my principal character, who died a couple of weeks ago and never saw the book in publication. I am sending some clippings pertaining to the death.

Thank you very much for your letter. I think as you look more and more into the Wanapum situation, the naming of a major dam after them in the Northwest and the work being done there behind the scenes, you will see greater possibilities.

I wore my red blanket and danced, throughout the whole night, at the funeral feast at which the body was wrapped in a blanket in the middle of the dance floor. When the body was removed to a truck to be taken to Priest Rapids, I have never heard such a powerful and commanding song of farewell. So much of the chanting is unimpressive, but this had everything for weirdness, sadness, triumphal resurrection, and to see some of the long braids sing, was something I doubt will ever be repeated. Most of the Indians there had never heard this presented as it was, or even knew the words, it was so old.

Thank you again, and you will find me very agreeable to cooperating in any manner possible.

Sincerely

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