



December 30, 1951

Dear Dick and Lorraine,

I have met many people
but truth forces me to con-
fess that you two are near
the top of my list. At the time
I didn't want to gush over
you but you should know
that I was overwhelmed by

the dinner incident, should
this ever happen again
you must tell me bluntly.
I did appreciate deeply the
extreme courtesy and friendli-
ness of both of you.

my promise to read
your manuscript was
not made in an un-
guarded moment. I
meant what I said and
herewith repeat it in
writing.

Gratefully yours
Wm. Forchhoff

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY
SPOKANE 11. WASH.

March 29, 1951

Mr. Click Relander
Route 3, Bx 149
Yakima, Washington

Dear Mr. Relander:

This letter has been delayed for the very simple reason that I have been in the hospital until yesterday afternoon. The doctor removed a sufficient number of clamps, sponges, and sutures to return me to limited active service.

Don't think that you could be of no help in "your humble way" when I come to the next draft of my book on the Yakima War. Let me assure you, moreover, that I had every intention of spending time with you before foolishly rushing into print. When this book is finished it more than likely will not be perfect but it will not be half-baked because the cook rushed the meal! My, Jesuits in Old Oregon, is a printed reminder to make haste slowly. Under these circumstances, therefore, your unsolicited offer is doubly appreciated and will be utilized at the first opportunity I have to spend more than a few hours in Yakima.

Your projected work on the Priest Rapids Indians interests me very much. The question of obtaining typed copies of materials by Mooney et alii is not a serious one. Between the collections here and at the Spokane Public Library (which has a remarkable Northwest Collection) I think most of the printed sources would be available. I am also quite confident that I could engage a responsible student to do this kind of work for you.

My own work on any of the Indian tribes has been meagre mainly because I fear that the one way an Indian can still fool a white man is by misinforming and misleading him regarding Indian lore and History. This is more than a mere personal guess. One of my fellow Jesuits is an extremely talented full-blooded Blackfoot Indian. He has regaled me on more than one occasion with long accounts of how Indians have carefully mislead sincerely inquisitive white scholars. It appears that this is their notion of a huge joke. This is my sole reason for being wary of whatever is presented as true Indian history. If you and I were to discuss your projected study, my only admonition to you would be to exercise the greatest possible caution in accepting information from Indian sources.

With sincere personal regards, I am

Yours cordially

Wm Bischoff

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

SPOKANE 2, WASHINGTON

March 15, 1952

Dear Click,

Thanks much for the clips. I shall follow your advice about waiting for a possible copy of McWhorter's book. If you do come by a second copy of Whiting I would like to have it.

I told you once verbally, once in writing, and now again in writing to send on the "Drummers and Dreamers" when you have it more or less in shape. There is never a time when I am too busy to read a manuscript. Less interesting and important occupations can always be shoved aside.

My sincerest to you and your wife.

God bless you

Father Bill

April 4, 1952

Dear Chick.

The opus reached me just
before lunch today. I am
finished with Chapter 1 &
starting Chapter 2.

Cordially
W.B.E.

5:30 P.M. - Starting Chap. 3.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Dick Belander
Rt 3 - Box 149
Yakima
Wash.

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

SPOKANE 2, WASHINGTON

April 6, 1952

Dear Click,

If you had been looking over my shoulder you could not have sent the opus at a better time. I have it wrapped and ready to return to you in tomorrow's mail. The package is addressed to The Republic because I had visions of it leaning against the post of your home box.

You will see signs of my progress through the manuscript in the form of many jottings and markings. I liked what I read but I think it can use considerable editing--not so much re-writing. Let me list my suggestions in an orderly manner.

1. Careful re-reading for proper paragraphing. I don't know whether your newspaper typing is to blame or whether you intended as paragraphs what are not paragraphs.
2. Occasional repetitious writing should be taken out. Some of this is indicated as much more is not because I did not know whether or not you did it designedly. For instance, the McWhorter material in the text of Chapter VIII and in the notes should be screened. I realize your desire to give credit where it is deserved but I would confine most of the biographical information to the note. Placing it in the text slows reading and distracts from the main theme.
3. I do not like the idea of placing your references in the text. There are distracting and annoying. If I am really interested I will look at the note when indicated by a simple numeral; if I am not interested I don't want to be bothered by these parenthetical references. They spoil the reading ease.
4. A couple examples of what I mean by editing are noted on my pad. Why did you save for the closing chapter material that would have fitted into chapter 1? (b) The fact that Painted Rocks have become a State Park deserves ONE mention in a note and not at all in the text.

Your remark that you don't have too much hope for the Drummers and Dreamers is nonsense. Caxton might publish it but I am sincere when I say that it is a genuine contribution to anthropology and ethnology. I shall be anxious to learn what Dr. Hodge tells you about it.

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

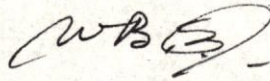
SPOKANE 2, WASHINGTON

Don't follow your urge to hurry the completion of this work. Close your eyes to it for a few days so you can re-read what you have written with clearer vision. There is so much time represented by what you have done that a little more won't hurt if it results in a neater job.

Victor's, Atlantis Arisen we do NOT have.

My best to both of you.

Cordially

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be "W.B. E." with a stylized flourish at the end.

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

SPOKANE 2, WASHINGTON

April 14, 1952

Dear Click,

Your letter was in my box last night when I returned from a prolonged week-end in Rossland, B.C. No! not skiing! I was helping in the church over Easter.

I knew that the speedy return of your manuscript would be a surprise. Long ago I learned that my tight schedule is possible only by doing a job when the free hours appear. As I told you in my recent letter, the manuscript arrived on Friday morning so I set to work on it immediately. Friday, Saturday, Sunday and it was finished. If I had delayed, other matters would have pressed your book into the background for weeks. I have been on the road since last Thursday and will be here long enough for clean laundry before leaving for Vancouver this week. See what I mean?

Now, to your questions.

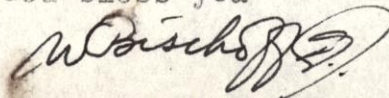
1. Is there too much campaigning in the book? Yes, but not so much that a little judicious editing can't correct it. This material was somewhat in my mind when I mentioned needless repetition. I would place this material after the narrative has made clear the grave injustice done the Indians.
2. Do you have a clear picture of Indian life, the Wanapums, the hopelessness of these people? Yes.
3. Do you have an insight on Smo-Wha-La and does he stand out as a living personage? In other words, a man who SHOULD be written up because of his character and ability? Yes-- but I'm not certain that you have collected sufficient material for a book-length study on him. This raises the question of the one real difficulty I had with what you have done. There is no question in my mind but that your research has been good and that the resultant information is excellent. I am not clear in my own mind that all of this information belongs in a book on Smo-Wha-La. What I'm trying to say is that you may have two books with greater unity instead of one book with too much stuffed into it. A shorter biography-- more strictly interpreted than you have--of Smo-Wha-La would lend itself to more relaxed writing. The other data, on language and the like would fit neatly into a professed ethnological treatise.

These are my reflections on the matter. You may stop thanking me for reading your manuscript. It was a pleasure.

Thanks much for the books that were awaiting me last night.

My best to the bride.

God bless you



GONZAGA UNIVERSITY
SPOKANE 2, WASHINGTON

April 23, 1952

Dear Click,

There is not a great deal I can say about the appendices for the simple reason that linguistic work is bound rigidly by the fact that it was the way it was. Your introductory remarks are too long. To my way of thinking, a word list increases in value in direct proportion to its orderliness and comprehensiveness. Don't use so many examples in your remarks but be satisfied with listing them in their proper places in the lists.

I have noted a mistake or two in your history. Fr. Pandosy did not go to the coast after the destruction of the Yakima Mission. He founded a new mission in British Columbia.

From sources other than Sheridan I am convinced that the Oregon Volunteer troops burned the Mission. Some U.S. troops were in on subsequent looting.

The conviction expressed in a previous letter remains with me--don't try to include too much in one book. You destroy your central idea and you distract me by the variety of data presented.

Your bibliography is not too extensive but it is in very poor form. Not only is it poor form but it is useless as an aid to future researchers to cite various dates and issues from a periodical, e.g. Pacific Northwest Quarterly. Cite author, article, and specific issue for each entry. Give full title, place of publication, and inclusive dates for newspaper entries. Give author, article, specific volume, place, publisher, date, and inclusive pages when citing such sources as the Annual Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology. This entire matter is more than mere convention. It is a question of presenting the fruit of your labor in a systematic, uniform, immediately intelligible form.

Dr. Hodge will be able to give better advice on the question of where to publish this linguistic material. I shall be surprised if he does not tell you that it is a natural for some series of museum studies or ethnological journal.

With personal sentiments of real esteem, I am

Cordially yours

Wm Busch

MANRESA HALL
SHERIDAN AVE.
PORT TOWNSEND 3, WASH.

October 9, 1952

Dear Click,

A belated thanks for your recent letter with enclosed pictures and the news of the Archer letters. Your offer to make copies of any I might want is most thoughtful but I shall not avail myself of your kindness. When I am again free to pursue my historical studies, the only sensible thing will be for me to camp in Yakima long enough to re-read the letters I have seen and read those you mention in your letter.

Your memory is delightful retentive. I appreciate sincerely the copy of McWhorter, Hear Me, My Chiefs.

If I am fortunate enough to be sent to Yakima over Christmas, seeing you again will be one of several anticipated pleasures.

God bless you

A.B.E. [Bischoff]

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

SPOKANE 2, WASHINGTON

July 24, 1953

Dear Click and Lorraine,

It is not often that I have been forced to send a circular letter to all my friends as a gesture of sincere compunction for neglecting them. Most of you have heard nothing from me for almost a year and those who have received any written word were dismayed by its brevity. There is an explanation. Since the same reason was true in all cases, you will excuse me this time if I mass-produce not only the explanation but a monthly journal of personal news for the past eleven months.

The final year of formal training in the life of any Jesuit is known as "Tertianship." This is his third year of probation during which he puts aside all teaching and regular work in studies or parishes and devotes his whole day to refreshing his personal grasp of the spiritual truths. With great wisdom his Superiors tell the Jesuit that long years of academic work have a dehydrating effect upon the spiritual well-springs of his life. Before he is allowed to throw himself unreservedly into the active life he is given a final opportunity to concentrate without interruption upon that aspect of his life that gives meaning to the whole.

The determination of Superiors that the Tertian should have uninterrupted quiet and recollection is brought about, in part, by very stringent regulations regarding visits, letter-writing, and any unauthorized communication with friends and family. This simple fact accounts for my long silence or the occasional whispers some of you heard from me! You might be interested in knowing that this part of Tertianship was not as difficult as it may sound. I was so weary from a hundred activities that this respite from anxiety-ridden hustle was a welcome relief. No telephone calls, no classes, no speaking engagements; nothing to do except read, pray, and examine into the state of my own soul. The first five months of this constituted a heavenly change of pace. I had not realized how many things had encroached upon my time until I found myself completely cut-off from these same things. Perhaps the easiest way to give you a brief run-down of the year is to mention the major activity of the months from August, 1952 to June, 1953.

We were ordered to report to Manresa Hall, Port Townsend, Washington for dinner on August the third, 1952. I had finished teaching the Summer Session at Gonzaga a few days before but three

or four days visiting my mother and three more days with my friends in Seattle, were rest enough. By six o'clock in the evening of the third the Tertians, twenty-eight strong, were accustoming themselves to what would be home for ten months. There were three or four of us who had been held out for varying lengths of time and for various reasons. This spread of ages would prove to be the only difficult thing for me to adapt myself to in the months that followed. I had never realized how great a difference five years of the priesthood could make in attitudes and convictions. The men who gathered that evening did make a most interesting group. One man from Poland, two from Canada, two from Formosa, ten from the Northwest, and thirteen from California gave promise of a less than boring year. The promise was fulfilled!

We spent the first two weeks adapting ourselves to our new surroundings and to each other. The bulk of the group was of one class but the oldsters were nothing more than a myth to some of the younger men. It was literally true that we introduced ourselves as hitherto strangers. The real process of spiritual refurbishing got under way on August the seventeenth with the opening conference of the Long Retreat. Thirty days and 150 hours of prayer later, this great milestone was past. It is often said that a man sets the course of his subsequent spiritual life during these thirty days of soul-searching. There is no difficulty in believing this. Twenty years of experience of Jesuit life is an illumining and illuminating background against which to examine personal deficiencies.

The close of the Long Retreat brings the regular order of Tertianship that was to guide our days, with slight seasonal modifications, until June the third. The hours of the day are apportioned carefully to manual labor, spiritual reading, preparation of sermons, retreats, novenas, with two hours each day being set aside for prayer. The only variation in this order is occasioned by assignments to parishes over week-ends, to hospitals as assistant chaplains, and by the giving of retreats to grade, high school, and college students. No one gets all of these assignments but some type of mixture. In my own case the first job given to me after the close of the Long Retreat (September 17) was to help at one of the large parishes in Seattle for the First Friday of October. At the end of this month I made a brief trip to Spokane to attend a public reception honoring Father W. L. Davis, S.J., whose place I had taken during his two and a half year absence in Europe.

November was without incident until the last week when I returned to Spokane to give an eight day retreat to the Jesuit Lay Brothers stationed at Mt. St. Michael's. I had given retreats to the children at St. Ignatius in Chicago but this was my first experience of giving a retreat to fellow Jesuits, some of them much longer Jesuits than I was years old! It was a humbling week to find myself talking to men who had left home and family to dedicate themselves

to the Indian missions of the Northwest years before I had even been born! Occasions of this kind remind one pointedly that only God could give the gift of the priesthood, that respects neither age nor personal talents.

I returned to Port Townsend on December the ninth and remained until time for Christmas work. The Tertian Master sent me to help in my home parish, much to my Mother's joy. I must confess that it was fun being home for Christmas. The day after Christmas I left Yakima for Vancouver, B.C. where I attended a meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association. The delicate conscious of a Tertian kept me more or less attentive to convention business. You know me too well to think that all the finer things of life were passed-over completely. Two of my fellow Tertians as well as Jesuit and non-Jesuit friends from California and the Northwest made possible several informal discussions of weighty matters! I might even say that we had a whale of a good time!

New Year's Eve saw me back at Port Townsend and started on the one tough month of my ten month's tour of duty. After helping in one of the Seattle parishes on January the third, I returned again to the Port where I stayed until February the fifth. This was a long month in the wintery drizzle and fog of the Olympic Peninsula at its worst. One saving feature of these weeks was their introducing me to hospital work. Across the road from Manresa Hall there is a small Catholic hospital operated by the Sisters of Charity of Providence. I had received the appointment as assistant chaplain on January the fourth. Each afternoon I would visit the patients. This was a gentle conditioning for my next job.

Originally I had been destined as assistant chaplain for the large TB sanatorium in Seattle but my assignment was changed suddenly on February the ninth. The next morning, February the tenth, I left for Providence Hospital, Seattle, where I was to live with life and death, with joy and sorrow for the ten weeks to follow. A chaplain's work in a moderately large hospital demands all that is best and demands it all of the time. In one day you do all those things for which a priest is ordained -- taken from among men to do the things of God. Night and day you are called; here to administer baptism to a premature baby whose little heart beats bravely but weakly; there, to anoint the gasping lips of a man grown old and now weary of life's ruthless struggle. The day becomes routine but what you are doing never falls into a rut. Each adult is a new challenge. Sometimes you thrill with success and other times you find yourself in the chapel asking our Lord not to deny the grace needed because of your spiritual laziness. The twenty-four hour duty is tiring but the work is never tiresome. There is one unshakable conviction I carried away from these long weeks of associating intimately with suffering and death: there is no mystery about how I am going to die -- I shall die the way I live. Time after time this was clearly brought home to me. You have heard of death bed conversions and so have I, but the chance of this happening is too slim to put any money on.

This marvelous experience finished on April the sixteenth when I returned to the Port. Immediately I plunged into the preparation of the retreat to be given to the graduating senior class at Gonzaga. This had to be good because I was coming back to Gonzaga at the invitation of the class. Thanks to God's help, all went well at the end of the month.

The senior retreat was the last piece of interesting business for the year. I spent a few days in the hospital in Seattle in the middle of May. The doctors ran a series or two of fancy-dan Xrays until they diagnosed the pains that had been troubling me for months. Nothing serious, fortunately, was found.

At the end of May we began our eight day retreat in private. This ended on June the second. The next morning all of us boarded the bus for a ONE WAY trip to Seattle. We spoke our mournful farewells for we had become close friends during the months safely survived! One man was assigned to South Africa, two to Japan, one to Formosa, one to Alaska, three to Rome, and the rest of us in less romantic places west of the Rocky Mountains.

I came back to Gonzaga on June the eighth in time to see my brother, and fellow-Jesuit, Fr. Anthony Bischoff, off to England. He has gone for a two year leave of absence for further research and scholarly writing. Since his departure I have been busily moving myself and belongings into his former quarters. In odd moments I have been teaching some in the Summer Session by way of a warm-up for the full schedule that will be mine in September. The prospect of teaching again is a pleasant one for me, all the more so since I can now plan on staying put for a time.

This brings you up-to-date. You must now repay the favor with a detailed account of your activities since your last real letter.

Keep me in your prayers each day as I always have you in my Masses even when you know nothing about it.

God bless you

Father B.

P.S. This should take care of routine news. In a few days I shall answer your recent letter with information that may help Lorraine when she is not shopping on Fifth Ave.

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

SPOKANE 2, WASHINGTON

July 26, 1953

Dear Click and Lorraine,

The news of Lorraine's impending trip to Europe was a most enjoyable surprise. Nothing like being the wife of a newspaperman! She must give me some idea of the length of her stay in London. My Jesuit brother, Anthony Bischoff, is living there now. If Lorraine is a stranger, I'm certain he would like to give her a hint or two as to what one should see. He is now on his third post-war sojourn so he knows the city like a gnat knows the skin of a banana.

There is little or nothing Lorraine could do for you in New York and nowhere else if she will have to watch the hours. The Public Library in New York is impressive in the size and quality of its historical collections but it is the one major library that could be omitted by any one digging for information concerning the Yakima country. There is considerable documentary materials in the Coe Collection at Yale university. Even here, Click, it would take time to get organized and more time to read through the haystack of manuscripts. In New York at The Union Theological Seminary there is the Missionary Research Library. It is not the only collection relevant to non-Catholic missionary activities but it struck me as being one of the best. The files of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (the major agency in the early years of the West) are housed in the Houghton Library at Harvard. Another Protestant Board is The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, 10, N.Y. They also maintain facilities at the Presbyterian Historical Society, 520 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, 7, Pa. This exhausts my knowledge of non-Catholic research centers. Since I do not know where Wilbur fits into the picture, you will have to handle the ball from this point. There are many places in Europe where Lorraine could go for material but there is one archive she must visit if she can do nothing else. The Hudson Bay Company, Beaver House, Great Trinity Lane, London, E.C. 4. The best mode of procedure is to write to them in advance so that Lorraine will not come in like Alice in wonderland!

Sir, you may now count me as being back in the business. Please do make carbon copies of what you find in the Yakima Agency letter books. I take for granted that these are the books that someone told me were feeding the rats at Fort Simcoe!

Before summer ends I might blow into Yakima for an hour or two. I was there in June but not long enough to visit with anyone.

God bless you

Fa. B.

villa st. ROSE

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
597 N. DEKUM STREET
PORTLAND 17, OREGON
Butler 5-3030

January 8, 1968

Dear Click,

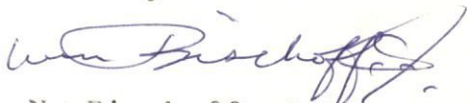
This afternoon I picked up a lead on one of the people in my current research project that sends me scurrying to you for help.

There was a Thomas Kelly, Co A., 1st Regt. Oregon Mounted Volunteers, October, 1855-February, 1856, who ended up living in North Yakima. He was born about 1830 and was alive on October 11, 1903, when he was inquiring about Indian War pensions.

You would do me a genuine favor by sending me any and all biographical data you could unearth for me. It must be clear to you that I would not presume upon your time and your knowledge, were I not convinced that you are my sole bet in Yakima for the help needed. Whatever you can do will be truly appreciated.

Have a wonderful New Year.

Cordially



W. N. Bischoff, S.J.

[Enclosure: 1958, Jan. 5]

Pioneers Form Organization

Kennewick oldtimers, who date their arrival in the immediate area back to 1920 and before, will meet Feb. 7 in the Benton County PUD auditorium to draft a constitution for a Pioneers Club.

At a meeting Wednesday evening called by Mrs. Margaret Thompson, Benton County school superintendent, at the request of Chapin D. Foster, president of the Washington Historical Society, 24 early Kennewick residents agreed to organize a Kennewick Historical Society.

John Vibber, member of the Benton County Park Board, displayed preliminary plans for a museum to be built in Columbia Park.

C B N NOTEBOOK

By Melvin B. Voorhees

Seattle's school administration is studying possible 12-months use of schools, and has made a preliminary report. Very generalized conclusion:

Good idea for students and teachers; inconvenient for and unpopular with vacation-minded, pleasure-bent parents.

In a nation now demanding higher standards and more work on the part of students, maybe it's time to insist that parents act like adults.

Villa St. Rose

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
597 N. DEKUM STREET
PORTLAND 17, OREGON
Butler 5-3030

January 18, 1968

Dear Click,

Your efforts to uncover Thomas Kelly are sincerely appreciated. I'm truly stymied by this fellow and the accidental discovery that he was in North Yakima in 1903 had raised my hopes of finding the basic facts about him.

Is there any chance that there would be unpublished biographies of pioneers in the Yakima Pioneer Association materials? Are these files in the museum? Is there anyone there to whom I could write? I remember seeing this information years ago when, it seems to me, Lester Shaw had it in his custody as President of the Pioneers.

You can't knock off from your own work to do mine. My first letter was based on the chance that your own digging had brought you near some font of data that had escaped me

Whatever you do, has my sincere thanks right now.

Cordially

Fr. Bill Bischoff