

1212 N. 32nd Ave.  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX XXXX

July 21, 1954

Mr. Wm. White Jr.,  
The New York News  
220 East Forty Second Street,

Dear Mr. White:

I've been marking time, before answering your June 21 letter regarding the Lincoln Day feature and the color shot.

The suggestion you made, \$75, is entirely satisfactory. As I wrote, and I meant just that, I leave that entirely up to you and your standards.

The photographer has been laid up with an operation and just started back on the job today. It is now a problem to get the photographer and painting, which is being checked by the restorer and expert, in Sacramento, together. And then I shall send a transparency or two. Also, I shall send a letter from the museum curator, confirming that he will not release the picture material. I plan my vacation late in August, and will want to go by the place where this was found a run a couple of checks--it is in the general area in Western Washington where I will be, before I send my research material. I hope that will be satisfactory.

I won't have the cover for my book for some time--publication date has not yet been set, and I'm not trying to plug you, but I'll mention a few things, just in case you are interested.

I'm enclosing a poor transparency--taken by our other photog in the absence of the color man, of the Quigley jacket. It's illustrative type and not representative of Quigley's best, so I stick in a tear sheet from one of his catalogues.

He has been down on the 800,000 Yakima reservation on some wild horse rundups--actual wild horses--and should come out with something good. I don't know whether he'd go for it or not, but in case you were interested in a couple of color shots of his wild horse paintings and a short, I could provide in time. I know he would want assurance that he not lose right to the color shot or painting, and that it would go no further with you than the publication. The photog could pick it up some time when he's in Portland and Quigley is there, too.

I enclose, also, a sculpture of one of the heads I've done for my illustrations. I am plugging away at running down the last of their race of certain tribes, nearly extinct. On my vacation I will work over an old lady, the last of her race.

In that connection, I spent last weekend around Celilo and The Dalles, where the Army Engineers are building a \$350 million dam. It will flood the old Celilo fishing village--now a quaint shack town, and they will take the shacks off a year from October. It will be 150 years that year, that Lewis and Clark passed down the Columbia



and camped, <sup>or</sup> October 23-25, 1805 on this village site ~~and~~ close by it.

The old Wyam chief, high in his 90s, who is one of the last two living real chiefs in Washington, and of whom I have made a better sculpture than the one enclosed of another man, gave me his old name last Sunday.

He, and these other remnant people, are not recognized by the government. The government is now trying to give \$23 million to the Yakimas, Umatillas, Nez Perce and Warm Springs, but most of them, especially the Yakimas, are turning it down. The money is for compensation for the loss of salmon fishing rights at Celilo.

This settlement, when reached, will result in \$700,000~~00~~ capitalized at 3 per cent, and will provide per capita tax for the 4,000 Yakimas. It all ties into the government termination of Indian reservations, going on over the entire country.

I know you are not too interested in this, but there is some good stuff once in a while, and little has yet been touched.

My book, about Drummers and Dreamers, for which no publication date has yet been set, deals with the Priest Rapids Indians, 250 miles up the Columbia, a remnant group of non-treaty Indians. The Senate last week completed action on the Priest Rapids dam, a \$364 million project to be privately financed, the first of its kind in the country. Let these eight people, survivors of 2,000 to 3,000 ask no money, threaten no suits, but because of their religion, the Dreamer, want only some worthless land nearby--and the government owns hundreds of thousands of acres, so they can perpetuate their culture, etc. These people have given me a family name. So far as I know I am the only one so honored by any of the Indians, although they sometimes--the Yakimas--give Army generals, Dept. of Interior officials etc. honorary names that aren't really even Yakima language words.

You can shoot the color transparency back one of these days. It will give you a little idea about Wigley's handling of colors. The scene is the Wanapum village, where they still live. Right on the Priest Rapids dam site! You can discard the photo and catalogue tear sheet.

And don't get the idea I'm entirely an Indian lover. I've testified for the Department of Justice as an expert ethno-historian to resist some of the absurd claims that run into the multi-millions.

Sincerely

Click Relander.