

Dear Dave,

3/13/94

We enjoyed your 3/9 on the liencinees very much.

I think being able to prove that they lived where they now live so very long ago is quite something.

Obey's people are hard workers if they met with you and others at 5 a.m.!

There is not much new here. I've sent you all on Case Open and I've heard nothing since.

Yesterday and this morning I drafted a long article on Posner and his book. I may start reading and correcting it after I write this but I will not have time to get far into it because today I'm taking off to listen to a preseason baseball game. It is too long for most magazines and I have no easy way of approaching any of them. I've limited this to his thievery, Qui and Failure Analysis, and the Hartogs.

I suppose it is about 8,000 words.

I'm rather looking forward to tomorrow's visit from two on the Pestis Outlook staff. They did not say why they want to come and I did not ask.

Keck and a friend will be here before you return from your two weeks in various libraries. Hope your searches succeed! I think Lincoln is a man ~~wh~~ we should know more about and understand better than we were taught in school.

Did I ever tell you that the very first book I owned was a Lincoln biography for children? It was given to me by a fine Welsh couple who lived across that street on which we then lived in Phila. I can't remember now whether that was because I was by then going to the library about a mile away or whether that is what got me started going to that library. Of the books I got there the only one I remember is The Swamp Fox, a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne. So I guess my first reading as a child ~~is~~ was of history. I remember that when we moved to Wilmington, when I was not quite 10, I think, my interests spread to animal stories. Of them today I remember only one, Bob, Son of Battle. A story about a dog.

But Mary Pritchard hit me when I was receptive and prejudiced me in favor of Lincoln when I was a tot.

I'm sorry that the writer for the Milwaukee magazine is so ignorant and so unaware of it! I think a good native American story in it would do some good and help the haters hate less and understand more and better.

Looking out the livingroom windows there is but one place where the snow has gone. That is beneath that clump of pines immediately below them toward the pond. Probably because the sun does not hit it as long. Elsewhere most has melted and run off.

And looking farther in that direction, past the pond, we have several trees down.

Mice found their way into the air filter compartment and stocked it with sunflower seeds the birds wasted. Got that cleaned out Tuesday.

Our best,

Harold

5/16 Jerry was here for the first time in some weeks yesterday. He is interested in your Lincoln work.

Jeffrey Frank and Jefferson Morley I think wanted just to meet me and ask me some questions. They both made a good impression on Hil and on me. Frank was interested in having a copy of the Forner article but not for the Post. He wanted to read it. I gave him a copy. He asked me if I have ever been in touch with Peters on either The Washingtonian or Washington Monthly. I told him I'd not been but if he is interested in the article, fine!

Frank is, I think, about 50 and Morley is in his 50s. Morley is the one who wrote that fine article on John Newman's House oversight (Canyers) committee testimony.

We rambled and they interrupted with new questions before I'd finished responses so when I remembered that I wrote Frank at some length to complete those responses.

Morley apparently works for a magazine titled Spin from what he told Hil. He was wearing a winter jacket with that name on the back. Never heard of it. Age?

No stupid questions but they did want to know who I thought was behind it all. I told them what I have always believed and said, that we cannot pinpoint and that it was by some who wanted policy changed.

Our nights are still freezing of near that but the days are now warmer and nicer.

H

Harold Weisberg  
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March 9, 1994

Dear Harold:

For the next two weeks I shall be at various libraries.

Yesterday I picked up a new book by Howard Fast, War and Peace. Observations on our Times.(1993) with many small pieces on the 1990s taken from a column he writes for a New York weekly. My he has punch. I also started reading Carl T. Rowan, Dream Makers, Dream Breakers TheWorld of Justice Thurgood Marshall. This one is a surprise to me. I had thought Rowan to be a type of relief pitcher, often good at a column but nothing sustained, but this was a mistake on my part. The book is a fine one, clearly focused on the concept of justice and a meaningful life as its implicate.

On Monday I went to the Menominee reservation again for a meeting of the Museum committee. It is about 70 miles distant. The three Menominee members and David Overstreet, white and an archaeologist and a fine fellow, met from 2 - 4.30 . This time we discussed the archaeology done around the area of the state where the Menominee had historically and presently live. My oh my was that interesting. By piecing together shards of pots and complete pots taken with carbon dating of their fired and charred bottoms, following the patterns, designs, methods, etc., he was able to date the Menominee in clear and certain terms to 700 a.d. right on the reservation at several sites. Is that not remarkable? This will become one of the exhibits in the museum, when and if completed.

We do not know yet what to include and what to exclude, but are rapidly defining priorities and possibilities. There is so much and funding is limited. The tribe will have to train specialists in half dozen fields, build a rather substantial building with climate and security controls and access and etc. They have a limited budget and some internal opposition from those who are impoverished and ignorant of the implication, but overall strong support. [They recently fired a tribal member who taught in the tribal high school that the Menominee were savages and had no history and less culture--college trained.]

Today--it is about 5.00 a.m.--I meet with the local Congressman's representative and two young faculty women to introduce them to him. He hopes to set up coffee, dinner meetings with six or seven young professionals, over the next six months. Obey, the congressman, says much of his district's population shifts from year to year and he is seeing new people from outside who doesn't

know him and he wants to form a link. An hour and one half dinner or supper meeting with him is him at his finest. A good idea. I have set up two people to host them and have another dozen on standby to see if this all works out and he wants to continue with my strain of humans.

After that I meet with a Menominee elder and language teacher to help him draft a letter to his tribe "using all sorts of words" for a job the head of the tribe has said is his but needs paper work to cover the bureaucratic trail. He will go over the last tribal roll--1930s--and explain what the family names mean and how they relate to each family and to Menominee culture. They are some incredible philosophic statements incorporated into a name. He told me last week after reading off one of the names and then reflecting on the time fifty years ago when he had heard its bearer speak in the ancient language of the tribe--in a speech pattern that has a rhythm to it as well as a visual motion of the body as well as the vocabulary that used many ancient words no longer around as well as philosophical concepts and cosmic articulations--that he thought he was hearing then the very voice of heaven, used during the creation of the earth. Sheer beauty! This was once the normal language of the tribe. He himself has not had anyone to speak to for ten years. The six or seven true speakers left are now aged and not accessible to him on a daily basis in their deep forest homes.

Then this evening we shall have a Menominee language class where he will hammer the voice of the gods into our, the visitors, heads.

Before then I must phone the Milwaukee magazine to respond to their entreaties on the problems of the Indians historically. It seems that the tribes are working against the clock in trying to build an infrastructure on the gambling money before the whites take it away. She does not understand why they would think the whites would take it away. I think she cannot count or read or write either. Her historical mind is like Lincoln said once when asked about his experience as a politician the first time he ran. "It is like a dance with an old woman, short and sweet."

Posoh ]Menominee for good bye]

David R. Wrone