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Hazel Heckman
Anderson Island, Washington 98303

October 16, '74

Dear Murray:

I only realized yesterday, when I tried to take the Duke of Wurtemberg's TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA back to the branch library here that you must have asked the TCC library to send it out. I had asked the branch library to ask the county for it earlier and they had reported back that they could not find it. It was only when I turned it in yesterday that we discovered it contained no card. It had, you see, come by mail directly to me. But that is the way request books come now. I then turn them in along with their envelope to be mailed back in boxes by our librarian to county headquarters.

So, thank you very much. I brought the Duke back home and will mail it back to TCC.

And I did thoroughly enjoy it. It is good writing and all of his journey was over familiar territory. The Liberty he passed through is of course not my Liberty. His was Liberty, Missouri. Our Liberty is Liberty, Kansas and is in the southeast corner of Kansas. But the town was similar in its early stages and the rocks he describes with Indian writings were very reminiscent of our Picket Rock with most familiar writings. Indeed, his Osage Indians were our Indians, the tribe we always held responsible for the writings. I see that he encountered some painted in color, which I never saw.

His side trip on the Kansas, which we called the Kaw, was certainly through familiar territory. Lawrence, Kansas is on the Kaw and we spent almost every Sunday when I was in the University hiking up that river. All of his botany was more than familiar and the footnotes are most helpful. His descriptions of the heat and the storms were superb and really took me back.

My mother and dad met and were married in Osage country, but that was farther south, in Oklahoma Territory, which, for some reason, they always referred to as "the nation." My mother taught a subscription school down there and my dad raised sheep. He told us many stories about the Osage Indians, who were, as the duke mentions, a "friendly people." My mother used to tell about a half dozen or so big painted bucks who opened the door of her little log schoolhouse one day when school was in session, walked in, squatted down, and quietly listened for a half hour, and then filed out without having said a word. She said she was nervous at first but then went on with her instruction in order to calm the children. After their first two children were born, she and Dad moved across the line into more civilized Kansas.

I wish I had listened more.

Thanks again, much, Murray, for being so kind as to do this.

Love to Rosa, too,

Hazel

PS no word from Mr. J. Spencer Brown

October 18, 1944

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... as the ...
... and ...
... and ...

I wish ...

Thank you, ...

Love ...