



Smithsonian Institution

National Museum of the American Indian Archives Center

Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation - M.R. Harrington: Correspondence, Personal, 1927-1934

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Rochester, N.Y., Oct. 9, 1927

[[marginalia]] Sent you a "Host Book" at your N.Y. address.
[[/marginalia]]

Dear old Pal:

Back from Boston and a long siege of hay-fever, I am getting adjusted again as cooler weather comes. It was my first experience with the strange malady.

It was fine to hear from you again, as I did not know where you went, other than for the short conference at Pecos. What was decided there? I have not seen a report yet, but hope "The Anthropologist" publishes something.

Your brief account about Endeke was timely, for I have heard nothing for some weeks and Dad wrote nothing. Dear girl, she is brave and determined. I hope she succeeds in every way, for her experience has made a very capable woman suffer many disadvantages. Yaka bibliolater delait pelton, pe kumtuxxliterally.

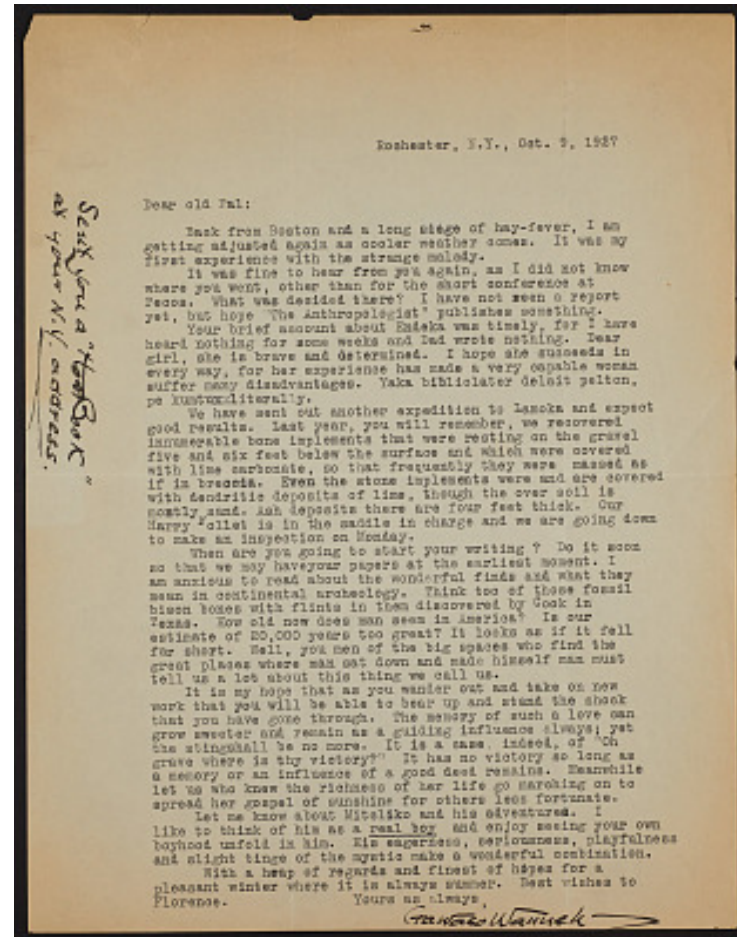
We have sent out another expedition to Lamoka and expect good results. Last year, you will remember, we recovered innumerable bone implements that were resting on the gravel five and six feet below the surface and which were covered with lime carbonate, so that frequently they were massed as if in breccia. Even the stone implements were and are covered with dendritic deposits of lime, though the over soil is mostly sand. Ash deposits there are four feet thick. Our Harry Follet is in the saddle in charge and we are going down to make an inspection on Monday.

When are you going to start your writing? Do it soon so that we may have your papers at the earliest moment. I am anxious to read about the wonderful finds and what they mean in continental archaeology. Think too of those fossil bison bones with flints in them discovered by Cook in Texas. How old now does man seam in America? Is our estimate of 20,000 years too great? It looks as if it fell far short. Well, you men of the big spaces who find the great places where man sat down and made himself man must tell us a lot about this thing we call us.

It is my hope that as you wander out and take on new work that you will be able to bear up and stand the shock that you have gone through. The memory of such a love can grow sweeter and remain as a guiding influence always; yet the stings shall be no more. It is a case, indeed, of "Oh grave where is thy victory?" It has no victory so long as a memory or an influence of a good deed remains. Meanwhile let us who knew the richness of her life go marching on to spread her gospel of sunshine for others less fortunate.

Let me know about Mitcliko and his adventures. I like to think of him as a real boy and enjoy seeing your own boyhood unfold in him. His eagerness, seriousness, playfulness and slight tinge of the mystic make a wonderful combination.

With a heap of regards and finest of hopes for a pleasant winter where it is always summer. Best wishes to Florence.



Yours as always,
Gawaso Wannek

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