

14 Elm Hill Pk.
Roxbury 21 Mass.
26 November 1959

Dear Red Wing,

I am writing these few lines to wish you a pleasant Thanksgiving on this day commemorating this nations first gathering of Indians and Pilgrims eating together in peace and harmony.

This I know has not been a day of gladness for you, but look far beyond the northern hills, beyond the land of mighty snows to the land of the north winds for there you will see White Oak smiling at. Not as a man in spirit and body, but as the mighty snowcapped mountains that glistens in the sunlight, and as the tall stately pine trees swaying as gentle winds blow through their branches, and gently waters of placid lakes whose tiny waves touch primeval shores far beyond all civilization. For to me White Oak was all of these, a man of nature whose wisdom

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far surpassed present day man's reasoning.

I do hope that some day you will visit us. and I shall bring my family down to visit you at your museum, for as I probably have told you before, this is something we have vitally needed.

With White Oak's passing we must seek among our young men ~~a~~ man worthy enough to hold his high office. I was most happy to see his many friends present. I only feel sad that I could not stay longer and visit further with you and friends at Roaring Bull's home at Dovecrest. Will you please give me his address so I might write him, as he seems such a fine person.

also I would very much like to know more about your Narragansett people even to be one of them. True I am Micmac and very proud of the history of Mikemulgee.

Please write soon.

Your Friend & Brother

Chief Little Wolf