

JAMES LEE, D.D.S.  
P.O. BOX 1166, 366 S.W. 13TH STREET  
CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON 98532  
206-748-0024

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Dear Wilma:

Stayed up late Saturday night and early Sunday morning finished my visit with, Mankiller, a Chief and Her People. Thank you.

Although a few years older than the author I could feel the fresh green grass of spring, the hot dusty sand of a county road in summer running between my toes. I could hear the crackle and spit of crawdad tails reddening in a skillet by a clear cool stream. I felt the pang of a rock as it gouged my knee on a dewy morning near Marble City as I picked strawberries for dimes. A real trip of memories. Thank you.

To go along with someone on a journey that in my dreams I could have done. I didn't. To have visited some of the same Indian bars in Oakland years before the author first discovered them. ~~an~~To have longed for a visit to "Redbird" on the nineteenth of July.

All of the family is gone now except my eighty plus year old mother (Lila Yahola). My brother and I are soon to be the family elders. Both robbed in many ways of the heritage which surrounded us at birth. ~~Some~~ of which has been reclaimed over the last twenty or so years.

Thank you for the intertwining of our history, the 'Americanization' of our people and our persistence to remain Cherokee.

Easy reading, easy following and historically sound. The women of our family withstood desertion, abandonment and untimely deaths of their menfolk to keep us together. Even now as we are relocated in Washington, Oklahoma, California. Pennsylvania and Michigan we are still 'together'.

Once at Haskell you and I spoke briefly about Dwight Mission. You mentioned the possibility of your writing a book. As a former student of Dwight I wouldn't have much to offer but would like to sit on your porch some day and visit over a jar of sun brewed tea.

Sincerely,

  
James L. Lee