



Sunday, 1 P.M.

Aug. 19, 1906.

My Precious Little Boys:

I suppose you are having a nice time out on the farm. It's a delightful place to be in summer. Wish I could be there with you. It won't be long until you will start for home. I feel like I have already started. Said good bye to Pennsylvania yesterday. From this place I will work westward and hope to reach Evanston but a few days after you get there. You see I am perhaps as far or farther on this side of Evanston as you boys are on the other side. There is a great many miles between us - over fifteen hundred. I should

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think. When you start home you will travel much faster than I can for I must make so many stops. When you want to Kaddan every time the car wheel turns around you were that much farther from papa and while your wheels were turning one way my wheels were turning the other. Consequently we were getting away from each other mightily fast. Next time you get on the car you'll be coming this way and I'll be going that way and will be racing for the same place. You'll beat me though but you won't beat me very much.

I shall be mightily glad to see you. I can't be at home very long this time, probably Saturday and Sunday - maybe Monday also. We may not be able to go

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around very much. If we
are very hungry for fish
maybe we can fish up
our poles and start out for
the lake. We want to look
over the wagon and sleds and
skates and prepare for the
winter's sports. It seems to
me that we're going to have
a cold winter and that means
lots of snow and good sledding
and lots of ice and good skating
- it means lots of fun.
There is no question but that you
have a bully good sled and
first class skates.

Tell Trott and Andrew that they
had better come to Evanston during
the Christmas vacation ready for a good

time. It would be nice too if they would bring Kathryn and Bertha Alice and their papa and maama. We can huddle up some how and keep warm. It's up to them to "return" the visit. Christmas is a good time to come. Santa Claus shows himself at that time in all the big stores in the city - and there's always something doing.

A few days ago I visited the Carlisle Indian school. It's not far out of Harrisburg. It's quite a place. There are ^{hundreds} and hundreds of little Indian boys and girls there now. There is more than a thousand when school is in session. They are real Indians. They come from all parts of the country - some from Oklahoma, some from New York, and from Dakota and Montana and

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far off alaska. Now you know that not many old Indians, Popsas and manuas, talk the English language. They can't understand us at all when we talk and we can't understand them. These little Indian boys and girls - your size - can talk English just about as well as white boys. When they are out playing together they talk English. They play games too just like little white boys and girls. I saw a lot of little boys about your age playing croquet. I saw some girls playing tennis. Some were playing ball - they were all having a good time.

Of course the older Indian boys and girls were working. Some were cutting the lawn, some were building a big stone house, some were looking after the stock. I saw one big room in which a lot of Indian girls were ironing clothes. I guess they are taught to do everything. Do you remember my telling you of missing a foot race with an Indian, along time ago? Well, that Indian was from Carlisle. He had been to school then. He was a printer and so was I and we got to be pretty good friends. When I visited the school I went into the printing office when he worked. I didn't see him. I have forgotten his name. Don't know what became of him. There were

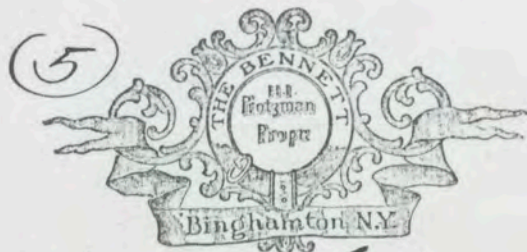
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other Indian boys in the office setting # type but I did not talk with them. They set type just like I used to. I heard a young Indian girl playing the piano and oh how beautifully she did play, wish you could have heard her. Still you shes a star performer. Talk about tickling the keys, that Indian girl could tickle them so that the piano laughed all over. And went out on their foot ball field. It isnt anything like as nice as ours there at northwestern but nevertheless they can play foot ball. Play all around our college fellows. Several years ago I saw

the Carlisle Indians play Northwestern in Chicago. It was on Thanksgiving Day. We wasn't in it. These Indian fellows just walked right away with us. They ran around us, they dodged between us, they rooted us right off of the field. They are athletes.

Their buildings are not as nice as your school building, in fact they are very common old things - all painted white. Some of these buildings were put up long before any of us were born - over a hundred years ago - before the Revolution. I was told that William Penn (you boys have seen his old brick house there in Fairmount Park) gave the ground at Carlisle to the people as a fortress against



the Indians. That was a long time ago when Indians were very dangerous. It seems strange that this same spot which was once the place to kill Indians should now be used to educate them. I understand that Washington remained at Carlisle for a time during the Revolutionary war and that Andr , the traitor was here for a time and that it also played a part in the civil war and was in a certain sense the beginning of the Battle of Gettysburg. Gettysburg is not a great many miles to the south. It is full of some of the Indian boys and girls. They were very

Pleasant and polite. I saw one
girl who seemed afraid of me.
She was about Alma's size.
Her eyes were as black as
ink and she looked wild, as
if she would run like a deer
if I came very close to her
or stayed too long.

I remember very distinctly
that there was no quarrelling
between these Indian boys
and girls - certainly a good
lesson for little white boys.

I tell you what you
had better do -- write me
a letter and send it to Erin Pa.
You'll have to hustle for I
shall be there soon as I am
in a hurry to see you. Be good
boys and there'll be something doing.

Affectionately
Your Papa.

PI-1-1-47



BINGHAMTON, N.Y.
AUG 19
6 - PM
1906



visit to Carlisle Pa.
Indian School

Master Matthew & Wendell Jones,
Hutchinson
Kansas

To Willis E. Vincent
R.F.D. No. 2

Jane Jones is Wendell Jones' (one of the boys)
widow. She was Jane Hays, daughter of Raphael
Hays (Frog. Switch) and is sister of Mrs Jacobs.
The Hays also

JANE JONES
5 WENDELL ROAD
WOODSTOCK, NEW YORK 12498

owned the Gas & Water Co. Dec 8, 1988

Dear Ann Wendell Jones, Mrs. Jones are
artists. (Wendell is dead)
I had that letter I told

you about zeroxed in Carlisle, but
somehow it didn't come with me
so I had it done again and here
it is. It is so much bigger when
it is zeroxed - isn't it?

It was fun to see you at
the parties in Carlisle. I know
Peter enjoyed talking to you at
Milton's party - & so did I.

Merry Christmas to you and
George - Love

Jane