

Dear Mrs Tekstrom

I am enclosing one of my blushing Algonkian products on Anacisco = Casco, the name of the bay where Portland is seated. While acknowledging your patience I recognize the limitations of the child and offer it as a sacrifice on the altar. Like the man who tried to acquire him taming by a course in a correspondence school I may get mangled up in the process.

I make no claims to more than a bowing acquaintance with the Abenaki dialect and in every case of monkeying with its brass and I beg to be corrected. The only thing I have tried to do is to deal with the subject by scientific historical methods, in the hope of eliminating the sentimental mush work that has already overloaded the interpretations of shovel engineers and learned cordwainers.

I think I tackled Monhegan and I